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here the money if we understand each other. Now, we ask you again, are you wiser than your brothers that I have seen before? I do not think that you will say you are, but we want you to take away our last trouble. What I find strange is this: we are Chiefs; we have delivered the message of our great Queen, whose words never change, whose tongue and the tongues of whose messengers are never forked; and how is it that we have not heard any voice back from the Crees or Saulteaux, or from their Chiefs? I see before me two Chiefs; we know them to be Chiefs, because we see you put them before you to shake hands with us. They must have been made Chiefs, not for anything we are talking about to-day, not for any presents we are offering to you, not because of the land; then why are they chiefs? Because I see they are old men; the winds of many winters have whistled through their I think they must have learned wisdom; the words of the old are wise; why then, we ask ourselves—and this is our trouble—Why are your Chiefs dumb? They can speak. One of them is called "Loud Voice." He must have been heard in the councils of the nation. Then I ask myself, why do they not answer? It cannot be that you are afraid; you are not women. In this country, now, no man need be afraid. If a white man does wrong to an Indian, the Queen will The other day at Fort Ellice, a white man, it is punish them. said, stole some furs from an indian. The Queen's policemen took him at once; sent him down to Red River, and he is lying in jail now; and if the Indians prove that he did wrong, he will be punished. You see then that if the white man does wrong to the Indian he will punished; and it will be the same if the Indian does wrong to the white man. The red and white man must live together, and be good friends, and the Indians must live together like brothers with each other and the white man. I am afraid you are weary of my talking. Why do I talk so much? Because I have only your good at heart. I do not want to go away with my head down, to send