

bloodthirsty Sioux. "Oh! Yes we will," said Mr. McDougall; "we have a little flag that will carry us safely through any Indian tribe in America." The prophecy proved true, for when, a few days later, the travellers met a band of Sioux, the sight of the Union Jack, fluttering from a whip-stock, caused them to throw down their arms and approach to shake hands with the Britishers. In passing through the Sioux country, on Mr. McDougall's orders, the white men stowed away their arms, and met the Indians as friends. At nights the camp-fires of these redoubtable warriors could be seen on the plain, but the missionary party travelled and slept in peace. Nothing was disturbed or stolen.

Nevertheless, it must never be forgotten that if an Indian war had really broken out in Canada, these stalwart savages would certainly not have been on the side of the white men. Their presence, therefore, was an important factor in hastening the consummation of the Indian treaties, the story of which will be related in the next chapter.

The Sioux were the hereditary enemies of the Canadian Indians and half-breeds. In 1862, however, a great peace was consummated through the instrumentality of the redoubtable Gabriel Dumont. The remarkable treaty which brought to an end the regularly recurring war expeditions of the preceding century was signed at Lac du Diable. The Sioux declared that the country would belong to them, to the halfbreeds, and to their Canadian Indian friends in common; that all parties to the agreement should be permitted to hunt the buffalo in peace. This notable event reduced the danger of any immediate resort to hostilities on the part of the Indians. On the other hand, by the settlement of their own internicene feuds, the native races were really rendered in some respects more dangerous, from the point of view of the whites. Should trouble arise, the struggle would not be with isolated bands, but with a confederation extending far and wide over the plains for hundreds of miles.