

"Do you believe all this?" I asked.

"We want your information," said the speaker.

"Then," answered I, "it is true that more King-George-men (as they call the English) are coming: they will soon be here; but your land will be bought at a fair price."

"We do not wish to sell our land nor our water; let your friends stay in their own country."

To which I rejoined: "My great chief, the high chief of the King-George-men, seeing that you do not work your land, orders that you shall sell it. It is of no use to you. The trees you do not need; you will fish and hunt as you do now, and collect firewood, planks for your houses, and cedar for your canoes. The white man will give you work, and buy your fish and oil."

"Ah, but we don't care to do as the white men wish."

"Whether or not," said I, "the white men will come. All your people know that they are your superiors; they make the things which you value. You cannot make muskets, blankets, or bread. The white men will teach your children to read printing, and to be like themselves."

"We do not want the white man. He steals what we have. We wish to live as we are."

These were the first savages that I had ever seen, and they were probably at that time less known than any aboriginal people under British dominion, not excepting even the Andamaners.

A civilized settlement was now formed almost immediately in their midst, and the natives stared at the buildings, wharves, steam-engines, ploughs, oxen, horses, sheep, and pigs, which they had never seen before.