

at Orange Harbor, were of the Pecherais tribe. His descriptions correspond with those of former voyagers, but their interest is greatly heightened by the illustrations which accompany his valuable narrative. "They are," he says, "an ill-shapen and ugly race. They have little or no idea of the relative value of articles, even of those that one would suppose were of the utmost use to them, such as iron and glass-ware. A glass bottle broken into pieces is valued as much as a knife. Red flannel torn into stripes, pleases them more than in the piece; they wound it round their heads, as a kind of turban, and it was amusing to see their satisfaction at this small acquisition."

The Indians of this party wore no other clothing than a small piece of seal-skin appended to the shoulder and reaching to the waist. This was shifted from side to side according to the direction of the wind, serving rather as a shelter than a covering. Their bark canoes were of exceedingly slight construction, "sewed with shreds of whale-bone, seal-skin, and twigs." Their navigation was mostly confined to the limits of the kelp or sea-weed, where the water was calm, and they could assist the operation of their small and inefficient paddles by laying hold of the marine plants.

Those natives who were taken on board the vessels, exhibited little or no astonishment at what they saw around them. This did not proceed from surliness or apathy, for they were vivacious and cheerful, and apparently happy and contented. A most uncontrollable propensity to mimicry prevented the establishment of any kind of communication, as, instead of replying to signs and gestures, they would invariably imitate them with ludicrous exactness. "Their imitations of sounds were truly astonishing. One of them ascended and descended the octave perfectly, following the sounds of the violin correctly. It was then found he could sound the common chords, and follow