

that will patiently endure to be regarded as under subjection to any Power whatsoever; it will perhaps call itself an ally, but nothing more. Therefore the Savages immediately sent a few of their number to Monsieur the Marquis de Vaudreuil, Governor-general of new France, to inquire if it were true that the King really had thus disposed of a country of which he was not master. It was not difficult to quiet their uneasiness; all that was done was to explain to them those articles in the treaty of Utrecht which concerned the Savages, and they appeared content.<sup>22</sup>

At about that time, a score or so of Savages entered one of the English dwellings, either to trade, or to rest themselves. They had been there only a short time when they saw the house suddenly invested by a force of nearly 200 armed men. *We are dead men*, cried one of the Savages, *let us sell our lives dearly*. They were already preparing to rush upon this force when the English, perceiving their intention, and knowing also of what a Savage is capable in his first outbursts of fury, endeavored to appease them. They assured them that they had no evil design, and that they only came to invite a few of them to repair to Boston, for the purpose of conferring with the Governor about methods of maintaining the peace, and the good understanding that ought to exist between the two Nations. The Savages, a little too credulous, appointed four of their tribesmen who went to Boston; but, when they arrived there, the conference with which they had been beguiled ended by their being made prisoners.

You will, without doubt, be surprised that such a little handful of Savages should have presumed to