at Boston, before he was hanged. 'Hagel!' says my Uncle Ben, says he, 'what's that in your right hand, my friend?' 'What's that to you?' says the old sailor. 'We mariners get many a broad and deep red scar, without talking about, or marking them; but then we get the heavy red gold, and broad pieces along with them, and that's a tarnation smart plaster, I calculate.' 'Then, says my Uncle Ben again, says he, may I make an *enquerry* of you? Where were you *raised?* Who's your *Boss?*' 'Oh!' says the sailor, 'I was born at Nantucket, and Cape Cod, and along shore there, as the Nigger said; and for the captain I belong to, why, he's the chief of all the daring hearts which have been in the world ever since time began.' 'And pray, where's your *plunder?*' says my Uncle Ben to the *strannge* sailor; 'and how long have you been in that hogshead?' 'Over long, I can tell you, brother, I thought I was never going to come out, I calculate. As for plunder, I reckon I do'nt show every body my locker; but you're a bold fellow enough, and only give me your paw to close the bargain, and I'll fill your pouch with dollars for life. I've a stout ship, and comrades ready for sea, and there's plunder every where for lads of the knife and pistol, I reckon; though the sqeamish Lord Bellamount does watch them so closely.' 'Lord who?' says Uncle Ben, a *leetle* bit madded and wondered. 'Why, Lord Bellamount, to be sure,' answered the *strannge* sailor, 'the English governor of New England, and admiral of the seas about it, under King William the Third.' 'Governor and Admiral in your teeth!' says my Uncle Ben again; for now his pluck was up, and there war'nt no daunting him then; 'what have we to do with your old country, your kings, or your governors? this is the free city of Boston, in the Independent United States of America, and the second year of liberty, seventy-seven, I reckon. And as for your William the third, I guess he was dead long before I was raised, and I'm no cockerell. I'll tell you what it is now, my smart fellow, you've got pretty considerably drunk in that rum cask, if you've been there ever since them old ancient days; and, to speak my mind plain, you're either the Devil or Captain Kidd. But I'd have you to know, I'm not to be scared by a face of clay, if you were both; for I'm an old Kentuck Rowdey, of Town-Fork, by the Elkhorn; my breed's half a horse and half an alligator, with a cross of the earthquake! You can't poke your fun at me, I calculate; and so, here goes upon you for a villain, any way!'

My Uncle Ben's pluck was now all up; for pretty considerably madded he was, and could bite in his breath no longer; so he flew upon the *strannge* sailor, and walked into him like a flash of lightning into a gooseberry bush, like a mighty, smart, active man as he was. Hold of his collar laid my uncle Ben, and I reckon they did stoutly struggle together for a *tarnation* long time, till at last the mariner's coat gave way, and showed that about his neck there was a halter, as if he had only been fresh cut down from the gibbet! Then my Uncle Ben *did* start back a pace or two, when the other let fly at him with a pretty considerable hard blow, and so laid him right slick sprawling upon the ground. Uncle Ben said he could never guess how long they all laid there; but when they came to, they found themselves all stretched out like dead men by the niggers of the house, with a staved rum cask standing beside them.—But now mark this well—on one of the head boards of the barrel was wrote, 'W. K. The Vulture, 1701,' which was agreed by all to stand for William Kidd, the pirate. And July White, Uncle Ben's woolly-headed old nigger, said that he was once a lob-lolly boy on board that very ship, when she was a sort of nickarooning privateer. Her crew told him that she sailed from the old country the very same year marked on the cask, when Kidd was hanged at Execution Dock, and that they brought his body over to be near the treasure that he buried; and as every one knows that Kidd was tied up twice, why, perhaps, he never died at all, but was kept alive in that mighty elegant rum cask, till my Uncle Ben let him out again, to walk about New York and Boston, round Charles Bay and Cape Cod, the Old Sow and Pigs, Hellegat, and the Hen and Chickens. There was a fat little Dutch parson, who used to think that this story was only a mighty smart fable, because nobody could remember seeing the pirate besides Uncle Ben; and he would sometimes say, too, that they were all knocked down by the rum and not by the captain, though he never told Uncle Ben so, I calculate; for he always stuck to it handsomly, and would'nt 'bate a word of it for nobody.—When Uncle Ben had finished, he says, 'Jonathan W.' says he, 'I'll tell you what it is: I'll take it as a genuine favor if you'll pay Major Hickory for the sangaree and the toddy, and we'll be quits another day.' And so I paid for it every cent; but would you believe it? though I've asked him for it a matter of twenty times, and more than that, Uncle Ben never gave me back the *leetle* triffle that he borrowed of me, from that day to this!"

EXCERPTS.

All sects are different, because they come from men, morality is every where the same, because it comes from God.—*Voltaire.*

The reason of things lies in a narrow compass, if the mind could at any time be so happy as to light upon it. Most of the writings and discourses in the world are but illustration and rhetoric, which signifies as much as nothing to the mind in pursuit after the philosophical truth of things.—*South.*

Get not your friends by bare compliments, but by giving them sensible tokens of your love; it is well worth while to learn how to win the heart of a man the right way. Force is of no use to make or preserve a friend, who is an animal that is never caught nor tamed but by kindness and pleasure. Excite them by your civilities and show them that you desire nothing more than their satisfaction; oblige with all your soul that friend who has made you a present of his own.—*Socrates.*

Some men are brave in battles who are weak in counsel, which daily experience sets before our eyes; others deliberate wisely, but are weak in the performing part; and even no man is the same to-day, which he was yesterday, or may be to-morrow. On this account, says Polybius, "a good man is sometimes liable to blame, and a bad man, though not often, may possibly deserve to be commended.—*Dryden.*

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent, who can suit his temper to any circumstances. *Hume.*

CONSTANCY.

When all things have their trial, you shall find
Nothing is constant but a virtuous mind.
Shirley.

What real good does an addition to a fortune already sufficient, procure? Not any. Could the great man by having his fortune increased, increase also his appetites, then precedence might be attended with real amusement.—*Goldsmith.*

For my own part who have conversed much with men of other nations, and such as have been both in great employments and esteem. I can say very impartially, that I have not observed among any, so much true genius as among the English; no where more sharpness of wit, more pleasantness of humour, more range of fancy more penetration of thought, or depth of reflection among the better sort; no where more goodness of nature and of meaning, nor more plainness of sense and of life, than among the common sort of country people: nor more blunt courage and honesty than among our seamen. But, with all this, our country must be confessed to be, what a great physician called it, the region of spleen; which may arise a good deal from the great uncertainty and many sudden changes of our weather in all seasons of the year: and how much these affect the heads and hearts, especially of the finest tempers, is hard to be believed by men whose thoughts are not turned to such speculations.—*Sir W. Temple.*

Natural history is no work for one that loves his chair or his bed. Speculation may be pursued on a soft couch, but nature must be observed in the open air.—*Johnson.*

MR. ABERNETHY.

The following anecdotes of Mr. Abernethy are from the National Portrait Gallery, an able work edited by Mr. Jordan.

Mr. T——, a young gentleman with a broken limb, which refused to heal long after the fracture, went to consult Mr. Abernethy; and, as usual, was entering into all the detail of his complaint, when he was thus stopped almost in limine—"Pray sir, do you come here to talk, or to hear me? If you want my advice it is so and so—I wish you a good morning."

A scene of greater length, and still greater interest and entertainment took place between our eminent surgeon and the famous John Philpot Curran. Mr. Curran, it seems, being personally unknown to him, had visited Mr. Abernethy several times, without having an opportunity of fully explaining (as he thought) the nature of his malady; at last, determined to have a hearing, when interrupted in his story, he fixed his dark bright eye on the doctor, and said---"Mr. Abernethy, I have been here on eight different days, and have paid you eight different guineas; but have never yet listened to the symptoms of my complaint. I am resolved, sir, not to leave this room till you satisfy me by doing so." Struck by his manner, Mr. Abernethy threw himself back in his chair, assuming the posture of a most indefatigable listener, exclaimed in a tone of half surprise, half humour, "Oh, very well, sir, I am ready to hear you out, Go on, give me the whole---your birth, parentage, and education. I wait your pleasure; go on." Upon which Curran, not a whit disconcerted, gravely began: "My name is John Philpot Curran. My parents were poor, but I believe honest people, of the province of Munster, where also I was born, being a native of Newmarket, county of Cork, in the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty. My father being employed to collect the rents of a Protestant gentleman of small fortune in that neighborhood, obtained my entrance, into one of the Protestant free-schools, where I obtained the first rudiments of my education. I was next enabled to enter Trinity College, Dublin, in the humble spere of a *sizer*---" and so he continued for several minutes, giving his astonished hearer a true but irresistibly laughable account of his "birth, parentage and education," as desired, till he came to his illness and sufferings, the detail of which was not again interrupted. It is hardly necessary to add, that Mr. Abernethy's attention to his gifted patient was from that hour to the close of his life assiduous, unremitting, and devoted.

Again, Mrs. I—— consulted him on the nervous disorder, the minutiæ of which appeared to be so fantastical, that Mr. Abernethy interrupted their frivolous detail, by holding out his hand for the fee. A one pound note and a shilling were placed in it; upon which he returned the latter to his fair patient, with the angry exclamation of 'There, ma'am! go and buy a skipping-rope; that is all you want.

Mr. Abernethy's strong point in prescribing is generally addressed to the relief of the bowels, and to the lowering and regulation of the diet and regimen. He is, consequently, much sought in dyspeptic disorders; and it is stated, often refers to such a page in one of his books, where he has already given the remedy. The patients have only to buy the work, where they will find an exact description of their symptoms, and a recipe for their cure. On one occasion, a lady, unsatisfied with this amount of information, persisted in extracting from Mr. Abernethy what she might eat, and after suffering from her volubility with considerable patience for a while, he exclaimed to the repeated "May I eat oysters, Doctor? May I eat suppers? "I'll tell you what, ma'am, you may eat any thing but the poker and the bellows; for the one is too hard of digestion, and the other is full of wind.

The reported fashion of his courtship and marriage is also extremely characteristic. It is told, that while attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those amirable qualifications in her daughter, which he truly esteemed to be calculated to render the married state happy. Accordingly, on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport:---"You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my farewell visit. But, in the mean time, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware, but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to £—— and I can settle £——on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of a family; such a person must be all that a husband covet; and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday when I call, I shall expect your determination, for I really have not time for the routine of courtship" In this humour the lady was wooed and won; and, we believe we may add, the union has been felicitous in every respect."

OLD AND NEW PARIS.

Much may be seen in a great capital, before a stranger is supposed to have seen any thing. Much may be inferred from the outline and surface, before time and opportunity are afforded for analyzing elements or sounding depths. To day, the exigences and incidents of my manifold little businesses, pleasures, duties, and amusements, seconded by French job horses, whose patient endurance of fatigue approaches to the impassibility of a steam-engine, carried me nearly through all Paris. The charming city! Every house is a monument; every quarter has its annals, where the very stones furnish memoirs, as those of Rome are said to embody histories: and where the names of the streets point to the leading epochs of time, when bigotry destroyed, or philosophy benefitted mankind. In the narrow avenues and gloomy edifices of the ancient *quartiers*, what food for meditation! Plague, pestilence, and sudden death, seem to lurk in their ill ventilated and uncleansed thoroughfares. The faithful descriptions of Old Paris are not to be perused without a sensation of horror. The very enumeration of its localities betrays a moral state as baleful as the physical. The "*Rue Malvoisin*," leading to the "*Rue Coupe-gorge*," and the "*Val de Misere*," running parallel to the "*Rue Coupe-gousset*," indicate the insecurity and the suffering of a barbarous and an undisciplined people. In great and crowded cities, nothing favours crime more than the existence of such obscure shelters for the degraded and the vicious. Filth and offence, darkness and outrage, go but too well together. The axiom of Comus, that "'Tis only day light that makes sin," though good poetry, is but indifferent philosophy. Day-light reveals, and by revealing, abashes and baffles crime. When all Paris was, what some of its oldest quarters still are, every species of violence was publicly committed in its streets. "*Chose etrange*," exclaims the *naive* L'Estoile, the annalist of Henry the Fourth,---"*chose etrange de dire, que dans une ville telle Paris, se commettent avec impunite des villainies et brigandages, tout ainsi que dans une plaine foret.*" Down to the end of the seventeenth century, organized banditti patrolled the streets, who, equipped with masks and daggers, stabbed and robbed passengers, pillaged houses in open day, plundered passage boats on the Seine, under the windows of the royal palace, and retired, unmolested by the authorities, to their dens, in the desolate suburbs, beyond the walls, where none had the courage to pursue them. Such were the well known band, who, by the name of the "*mauvais garcons*," set an example of successful rapacity, which even princes, instead of punishing, imitated for the purposes of their own vengeance, or of amusement.

In the light, airy, and spacious streets of modern Paris, the chances of concealment and impunity are infinitely lessened: nor is the benefit of modern philosophy less apparent in destroying the physical causes of crime, by bettering the condition of the people, improving their security and health, and raising them above the temptations to criminality, than in amending the laws, and rendering them more efficient safeguards of the citizen, from the violence and injustice of both great and little offenders.

In the Augustan age of Louis the Fourteenth, when poets were pensioned, and "*la langue fut fixee*," as modern classicists have it, (that is, when the king set bounds alike to the capital and to the intellect of his people) such was the ignorance of the sovereign and his ministers, that an attempt to enlarge the limits of the crowded metropolis, was deemed an invasion of the royal prerogative. The seventeenth century but quoted precedents for the propagation of pestilence, from the 16th and 15th; for Henry the Second, in 1548, issued an edict to prevent the enlargement of the city, by building beyond the wall; Louis the Thirteenth passed a similar law in 1638: and Louis the Fourteenth in council decreed, that a "statement should be drawn up of the boundaries of Paris, and of the houses which had been built beyond them." By another act he declared that the government would permit the proprietors of such houses to retain their buildings as they were, on paying a tax of about one tenth of the value; but ordered the demolition of those houses, whose owners should neglect to pay the prescribed sum within a certain limited time; yet in this day, the inhabitants were lodged even on the bridges, and under the very roofs of the houses. When it is remembered that the immense number of convents, founded within the walls of Paris by Louis the Fourteenth, by his mother, wife, and mistresses---all large edifices with spacious courts and gardens---entrenched on the ground assigned for the residence of the citizens; that the court drew to the capital all the ambition, wealth, and luxury of the provinces; that the parliaments and tribunals filled the city with pleaders, their clients, and witnesses; that the academies and libraries made it the centre of literature and the sciences; that the increase of public amusements, and the splendour exhibited by the nobility, all contributed to draw strangers to the metropolis, to quadruple its population, and to make it "*deborder de son enciente*,"---it seems scarcely credible that the government should have passed such ill conceived laws, and mistaken its own most obvious necessities. Yet this is the age, quoted as, *par excellence*, intellectual. A tragedy of Racine, or a sermon by Bousset, was deemed the proof of a condition beyond which human genius could never reach.

All the edifices raised in this gorgeous reign, are so many monuments of the insatiable pride and personal vanity of him, who gave the age its character. Even the opening of the *Rue de la Ferronniere*, which by its narrowness had assisted in causing the death of Henry the Fourth, was made conducive to the gratification of this weakness; and exhibited at one of its corners the royal bust, dressed in the accustomed voluminous peruke. All improvement was made with reference to the king and his nobility, who, secluded and sheltered in their palaces, surrounded by spacious courts and gardens, felt not the misery of the citizens, shut up in the narrow streets and filthy habitations, exposed to the inundations of the Seine (which frequently swept away the houses from the bridges and banks,) and to the devastations of pestilence, which, under various forms, filled those hospitals, the glories of a monarch, whose bad laws and bad police had rendered them so necessary.

In the improvements of Paris with which I was so much struck in the course of my morning's drive, the greater part is for the advantage of the people, rather than for the honour of the privileged. Old streets have been opened, and new ones laid down, of sufficient width. Arcades give shelter, and passages afford facility of communication. Trottoirs are every where in the course of formation; in the new streets continuously, and in the old by patches.

It is remarkable, that while the scale of domestic architecture in Paris is diminishing, in order to provide the comforts of individual proprietorship for householders of small fortunes, the dwellings of the citizens of London, are in their way also considerably improved. This demand for space and air is not more a result of police regulation, than of what may be considered almost a new sense in the inhabitants. The wealthy merchants of London will no longer consent to dwell, as their ancestors did, in the narrow, stifling courts and alleys in which their counting houses stand, but have emigrated westward, to tenant the numerous squares, the peculiar ornament of the modern capital. The opening of Regent Street, and the other similar improvements now going on in the metropolis, are in strict accordance with public opinion, with the wants and wishes of the people, to whom these changes are an act of deference. In both countries the *tiers etats* are rising in importance; and an attention to their health and comfort is forced upon the government. It is lamentable, however, to be obliged to add, that the influence of excessive taxation shews itself in England under a thousand forms of suffering and annoyance, to which Frenchmen are less exposed. To this cause must be attributed the Lilliputian scale on which the houses of our artizans are still built; and what is worse, the insufficient and perilous manner in which they are put together. The consequence is the almost daily occurrence of fires, attended but too frequently by loss of life. From the narrow scantling of the timbers, rendered thin as laths, to meet the imposts upon the article, a modern tenement of this class may be considered as a box of matches, or rather as a pile constructed for the express purpose of being involved in flames, in the shortest possible time after applying the spark. The quantity of wealth thus annually destroyed is out of all proportion to the value of the duty, and is, therefore, most burthensome and wasteful to the nation. But the fiscal dæmon is a blind and uncalculating spirit, which requires the frequent intervention of the schoolmaster to exercise it, and keeps its activity within *decent bounds.*

The splendid Rue de Rivoli is a monument justifying in itself the revolution, and typifying, in its actual state, as contrasted with what has preceded it, the immense benefits which that calumniated event has showered on the human species. In the reign of Henry III., the ground on which the Rue de Rivoli now stands, was principally occupied by one of the most celebrated and wealthy monasteries of the powerful order of Capuchins. Towards the close of the sixteenth century, when the progress of reformation gave new alarm to the intriguing courts of Rome and Spain, they resolved, on reinforcing the cohorts of the teachers and ministers of catholicism, by the establishment of an order which should obtain the same influence over the consciences of the people, which the more learned and astute jesuits possessed over the courts and aristocracies of Europe. The bigoted and profligate Henry III., to whom every vice was familiar, and by whom every superstitious rite was practised, lent himself to the schemes of the Vatican and Escurial, which ended in his own assassination by one of their agents. The order of Capuchins, thus introduced into France, was nobly endowed, and taken under the "especial protection and safeguard of the king." Their convent, situated in the Rue St. Honore, with its courts, garden and church, extended to the very walls of the royal palace of the Tuilleries, and constituted the most considerable and magnificent of all the *Capucinieres* of the kingdom. An hundred and twenty monks, with their numerous train of followers, lived there like princes, and ruled like despots, beyond the power both of the law and the sovereign. The consumption of their table, as registered in their own books, exceeds belief; and their *queteurs*, who daily scoured the streets of Paris, and beset the citizens, levied contributions, which were an exorbitant tax on the industry of the city.

The power and influence of these monks was first invaded, and the dark holds of their crimes first broken in upon, by the dawning illumination of an age, whose fulness will dispel every ancient error and delusion. In the year 1764 the vices and quarrels of the brotherhood, and the scandalous scenes to which they gave rise, produced a public prosecution. The attention of the nation thus awakened, led to still further inquiries. The trial brought to light unguessed at enormities. Crimes were proved, horrors revealed, and the establishment became a bye-word of popular dislike. At the breaking out of the revolution it was the first devoted to public execration; and in the year 1790, the national assembly charged the municipality of Paris to cause the building to be evacuated and cleared out, for establishing the public offices on the cite of this vast and once impenetrable hold.

In the reign of Louis XVI., that reign of feebleness and procrastination, of projects wisely conceived and indolently adjourned, the opening of the capital had become a subject of discussion, but of discussion only. In the first epochs of the Revolution, there was neither money nor leisure to devote to such a purpose. The revenues of the nation were all required to purchase those victories, which were necessary to its very existence. The ruins of the Capuchin monastery therefore, continued to present a mass of rubbish, intersected with rude walls, and hovels built up to the very gates of the Tuilleries, which it required means to clear away, not posessed either under the directory or the consulate. It was not therefore until the year 1804, that the great embellisher of cities, Napoleon Buonaparte, directed his attention to this spot, and removed the remnants of the "*Grand Capuciniere.*" Then it was, that the Rues de Rivoli, Castiglione, and Mont Thabot sprang up like magic, with their arcades and passages for the embellishment of the capital, the facility of trade, and for the pleasure and amusement of the people.

When we first visited Paris, the magnificent plan was executed only to a very partial and limited extent. The Rue de Rivoli was still encumbered with a scaffolding, and with large blocks of stone, and it looked like a great quarry, out of whose roughness some noble forms and fine proportions might hereafter be developed by the sledge and chisel. At present, the great monument of French improvement is finished; and the Rue de Rivoli, with the beautiful gardens in which it opens, and the noble views it commands from the Champs Elysees to the palace of the Tuilleries, stands less a triumphal testimony of the victory its name recals, than of the physical and moral advancement which a few years of self-government can impress on a nation.

In comparing the present aspect of the scene, with the "*oubliettes*" and "*vade-in pace*" cells, which may have haply occupied the very site of the luxurious dressing room in which these notes are penned, the contrast is so terribly striking, that the feeling and fancy would willingly take shelter in a belief that such horrors had never existed: but history leaves our sympathies no such resource; and if the unhallowed vows of a party should once more recal the "*Freres Anges*" of the Capuchins, this boudoir may again become a "*vade-in-pace*," where some such refractory danger of the Church and state, as myself, may expiate her rebellions against the orthodox maxims of social order—as I have expiated the sin of denouncing their inquiry in the "*Carcero duro*" of ministerial reviews.

DOMESTIC.

CONVERSION OF THE INDIANS.

Copy of a Letter from the Venerable Archdeacon of York to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society.

York, 23d March, 1829.

Reverend Sir,

Many causes, with which it is unnecessary to trouble the Society, have prevented me from addressing you sooner on a subject which I have very much at heart, the conversion of the Aborigines of this country to the Christian religion. But a longer delay appears criminal, for the Indians are perishing for lack of knowledge.

In 1819, a Bible Society then existing in this place, (but which is now changed into a Branch of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) appointed a committee to consider what measures could be adopted towards instructing the Mississagua Indians, and converting them to the Christian Faith. After several meetings the committee found that a recommendation to assist in procuring a translation of the scriptures in the Mississagua language, and to disseminate them among the neighboring tribes, was the only thing which the society could do according to its consideration. On making this report, the committee requested to be discharged from any further consideration of the subject, at the same time urging the necessity of doing something towards reclaiming the Indians, and the impossibility of taming their wild hearts without first collecting them into societies and making them feel the comfors of a fixed habitation. To effect these two were necessary; assistance to build villages and zealous missionaries to reside among them. These matters, the committee remarked, came more properly under the great Church Society, than one whose simple object was the dissemination of the Scriptures.

To your noble institution, therefore, we look with the greatest confidence for the accomplishment of this work; and while we behold with joy the pious labours of the various societies of our MotherCountry, which are yielding their golden increase in the South Sea, in the wilds of Africa, and on the banks of the Ganges, we intreat you to turn your eyes towards this Province, which presents a field for a Christian as fertile, tho' perhaps not so brilliant as any in the world, and which promises, under the divine blessing, to yield an abundant harvest.

So far from doubting the practicability of their conversion, I am convinced, under judicious management, of its speedy accomplishment; and indeed great progress has already been made among some of the tribes by our Methodist brethren, on a system which admits of improvement. And we must not forget, that omitting all care of the spiritual condition of the Indian, is omitting a most serious duty; for he is our brother; and if we make not an exertion to stay the desolating degration that seems to have seized upon him, we belie our profession.

It was believed that the Mississagua or Chippawayan, which is the principle Indian language, and which extends from Lake Ontario to the frozen ocean, would present a great obstacle, as it had never been reduced to writing. But in this Providence has kindly interposed; for when a reference on this subject was made to the Chiefs of one of the tribes which has attained some progress in the civilization, the answer showed their good sense, and for the present removed the impediment.

We are surrounded, said they, with the white inhabitants, all our dealings are with them, we are entering upon a new course of life, and instead of Hunters, we are to become permanent settlers and cultivators of the soil. Our language has never been reduced to writing; it contains no books. We are fading as a nation from the earth, and may in a short time, be lost or mixed among our white brethren; it is therefore more beneficial to us to be instructed in the English language and to learn and read in that tongue. This wise determination removes the principle obstacle to the civilization and conversion of the Indian Tribes within the Province, though it may still be found necessary to reduce their language to writing when we proceed beyond its limits.

In 1824, His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, anxious for the civilization and conversation to Christianity of the natives, built a village for one of the Tribes on the River Credit. He likewise assigned them a portion of land, and preserved for them a valuable fishery at the mouth of the river.

The result has been favorable beyond expectation; for although we had unfortunately, no missionary to station at the village when completed, the American Methodists have sent one who has been very successful. Of the whole number (220) rather more than one half, viz. 120, have acknowledged Christianity, and according to the practise of that denomination are divided into six classes, under as many native leaders, and two schools are in operation, one for the males, and one for the females: a great change in character and manners is visible, intemperance is fast diminishing, the women are becoming more clean and tidy in their habitations, and the comforts with which they are surrounded have excited, as was anticipated, a great desire among other tribes to become cultivators of the earth, and to live in villages. Providence seems to interfere in their favor; for last spring, the Rev. Mr. Scott, an Anabaptist minister, was sent to this Province by the new England Society in London, established in the reign of Charles 2d, for converting the Indians in North America to Christianity, to assist in promoting the temporal and spiritual welfare of the natives. This gentleman has authority to expend £500 per annum in building villages—supplying them with farming utensils, and establishing among them such crafts as are most essential—carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, &c. leaving it to the various denominations of Christians to provide for their spiritual improvement.—It is indeed true, that liberal as this expenditure appears to be, a long time must elapse before we can go round the whole, but the lord will raise up other help, and perhaps government and the society may soon unite in building at once all the villages that can be required within the Province. To this expectation we are encouraged, for already another event has happened to still greater importance to the forwarding of this precious work.

It has pleased His Majesty's Government to place the Indian tribes under the care of the Lieutenant Governor of the Province instead of the Commander in Chief at Quebec. This change will enable the governor to attend at once to the wishes of the Indians, and to promote, according to his own knowledge and judgment, plans for their civilization. And never could the change have happened at a more favorable time than under the administration of Sir John Colborne, who adds, to great energy and decision of character, an enlightened and ardent zeal for the conversion of the Indians. His Excellency has already taken some important steps to promote this desirable end, and being indefatigable in his enquiries, he cannot fail in bringing it to a happy conclusion.

zealous missionaries to set down in the places which the Lieutenant Governor judges most necessary, and to follow Mr. Scott in the villages which he is building, we might, with the divine blessing on our labours, bring many over to our Lord Jesus Christ.

Such missionaries supported by your Society, and answerable in all things fitting, ought, nevertheless to be placed under the Lord Bishop of Quebec, for it would be highly pernicious to exhibit any thing like a difference or divison among the clergy of the Church of England.

The table annexed gives us a complete view of all the Indians within the Province, as I have been able to obtain, by which it will appear that 7 or 8 missionaries would be quite equal to our wants, when all the tribes shall have been collected, and for a time four will be sufficient.

Besides these, there are many Indians who, being beyond the limits of the British dominions, occasionally resort to the Posts of Ambersburgh and Penetanguishine, at which two places missionaries might be profitably stationed. At the same time, it ought to be remarked, that a great desire to convert the Indians begins to manifest itself among many of the religious denominations in the United States, and in some of the native villages missionaries are already to be found.

One of the most important steps towards their conversion, is that of qualifying, as soon as possible, native teachers; and this may be done at the mission establishments, where schools ought to be kept, and still with great effect at the college, when it comes into operation. As the number of tribes is not great, and in some instances two might be associated in one village, the labour within the Province has limits, and promises completion at no distant period. This circumstance offers great encouragment, for we can ascertain at all times with great exactness, the progress that we have made.

The great dispute which has arisen about civilization preceding christianity, appears to me rather a question of words than of things—for what tends so much to civilization as religion?---with so much to enlarge the mind; and in what way can you so effectually ameliorate the fierce passions of barbarism as by that mildness and docility which the spirit of Christianity inspires?

It has been said that the Christian religion was never meant for man in a savage state, that in such a state it would be of little use; because from ignorance its sublime doctrines and awful sanctions would be abased and perverted---that it must, therefore, be preceded by some degree of knowledge and general improvement in those who receive it---that, agreeable to this, the