

if they will admit of any delay, I will apply to the Reverend Brothers for good and prudent advice, to which I have already wholly commended myself.

As to the natives of this country I find them entirely savage and wild, strangers to all decency, yea, uncivil and stupid as posts, proficient in all wickedness and godlessness, devilish men, who serve nobody but the Devil, that is the spirit, which, in their language, they call *Manetto*: under which title they comprehend every thing that is subtle and crafty and beyond human skill and power. They have so much witchcraft, divination, sorcery and wicked tricks that they cannot be held in by any bands or locks, They are as thievish and treacherous as they are tall; and in cruelty they are more inhuman than the people of Barbary and far exceed the Africans. I have written concerning these things to several persons elsewhere, not doubting that Brother Crol will have written sufficient to you, Right Reverend, or to the Lords Managers thereof; as also of the base treachery and the murders which the Mohicans at the upper part of this River, against fort Orange, had committed; but their misfortune is by the gracious interposition of the Lord, for our good; who when it pleases Him knows how to pour unexpectedly natural impulses into these unnatural men in order to hinder their designs. How these people can best be led to the true knowledge of God and of the Mediator Christ, is hard to say. I cannot myself wonder enough who it is who has imposed so much upon you, Right Reverend, and many others in Fatherland concerning the docility of these people and their good nature, the proper *principia religionis* and *vestigia legis naturæ* which should be among them; in whom I have as yet been able to discover hardly a single good point, except that they do not speak so jeeringly and so scoffingly of the godlike and glorious majesty of their Creator, as the Africans dare to do. But it is because they have no certain knowledge of Him, or scarcely any. If we speak to them of Ged, it appears to them like a dream: and we are compelled to speak of Him not under the name of Menotto, whom they know and serve,—for that would be blasphemy,—but under that of some great persons, yea, of the Chiefs Sackiema,—by which name they,—living without a king,—call those who have the command over any hundreds among them and who by our people are called Sackemakers, the which their people hearing, some will begin to mutter and shake their heads as of a silly fable, and others in order to express regard and friendship to such a proposition, will say *Orith*, that is, *good*. Now, by what means are we to make an inroad or practicable breach for the salvation of this people? I take the liberty on this point of enlarging somewhat to you, Right Reverend.

Their language which is the first thing to be employed with them, methinks is entirely peculiar. Many of our common people call it an easy language, which is soon learned, but I am of a contrary opinion. For those who can understand their words to some extent and repeat them, fail greatly in the pronunciation and speak a broken language, like the language of Ashdod. For these people have difficult aspirates and many guttural letters which are formed more in the throat than by the