

inducements are not confined to the vicinity of Russelville; they may be found in every portion of the State. Mount St. Mary's, near Fayetteville, Washington county, is fast filling up. Several families are now on board the steamboats that passed here a few days ago for Van Buren, destined for that beautiful settlement. Father Corry is at present in New Orleans, and writes that many are leaving that city for a rural life in Arkansas, where they will find before them a generous, kind, and intelligent people. This I say from experience, and a thorough knowledge of the people in town and country, where my duties would call me. I leave (God willing) for Hot Springs, about sixty miles south-west of this city, where there is a small colony of our good people, lately arrived directly from the *Insula Sanctorem et Doctorum*. I have now (thanks be to God) three priests to assist me, who are truly zealous and exemplary, sweetening for me the toils, the labors, the difficulties, and the privations that may be before me.

With the most sincere regard and esteem, ever
your friend,

✠ ANDREW, Bishop of Little Rock.

A VISIT TO THE INDIANS.

On Tuesday last we paid a visit to the Indians above Dartmouth. We have ever felt an interest in the well-being of these children of the Forest, who in the midst of growing civilization adhere with such firm tenacity to the manners and maxims of their Fathers. They are a striking illustration of the influence of Nature in fashioning manners and bearing; and of the perfection which both attain when left to Nature's tutelage. Who has seen any thing superior to the ease and self-possession of an Indian's *entre*; to the calmness of his address and the classic regularity of his gesture? We havenot; and we doubt whether the most fashionable intercourse of artificial life can impart the 'nil admirari' which is marked in every phase of the red man's character.

The 'camp' outside Dartmouth is most effectively situated for all the purposes of modern Indian existence. The rough outline of forest-life is preserved in the woods around them; while their proximity to Halifax enables them to find a ready market for the work—useful or ornamental—which they may manufacture. The encampment is on the facing sides of two rising grounds, though the intermediate valley has its occasional rude domicile. The view within the wood is very picturesque. All around the wigwam, peers above the trees in every fantastic form and colour. The rude and rough paths worn by village intercourse lose themselves in every direction, and give you the idea of the forest 'trails' with which the lovers of Indian history are familiar. Here and there a lounging squaw or a rambling child in their peculiarly quaint dresses attracts your regard. While the song, the whistle, and the occasional cheer remind you that you are in a region where fashion has not brought its cares and where its enjoyments are not desired.

We were accompanied by one or two Catholic Clergymen, who had not before seen an Indian specimen of their fellow religious's. The presence of the "Faders" was a sure passport to every home and heart. The smile of welcome awaited us at every door, and the blessing of grateful feeling followed our departure. The wigwam seemed to replete with human life. In one, men were preparing the wicker work for their baskets; in another, women were busily plying the Porcupine quills, which in varied and gorgeous dyes were fashioning themselves into fanciful and graceful figures; in a third, we saw three or four young hoydens engaged in an Indian game, which seemed very interesting to them, but the progress of which we could not trace. Eight counters figured on one side, were placed on a rude salver or trestle. These were tossed by a rapid movement of both hands, by each antagonist in succession. A young squaw sat in the circle, who carefully increased or diminished a pile of small twigs, as the players were successful or unfortunate in the game. And all around seemed to watch with an absorbing interest the ever changing fortunes of the combatants. They interrupted their occupations only by a smile of recognition for the "Faders," and a blessing as we retired.

We were much struck by the universal adoption of the Rosary and Cross as the great ornament of the neck and bosom. They cherish the memorial of redemption with a love and respect which mark the obedience to Nature's voice most strongly in Nature's children. Men, women, and children all bore the livery of the Nazarene, and seemed to reflect in their happy faces the light of present election and future joy.

As we sauntered along the paths through bush and brake we thought we heard the sound of a familiar "Vesper chant" at some distance. We soon perceived that it came from a wigwam on the summit of a neighbouring rising ground; and, even at the risk of provoking the reader's smile, we declare that we were fascinated and rivetted to the spot. There, in the woods, the song was sweet, enchantingly sweet. A treble voice, soft as the warbling of a nightingale commenced the air; another then joined in; a fine full tenor succeeded, and then another; then all proceeded on—when there burst upon the ear such a flood of natural melody as concert rooms might envy and find it impossible to rival. We much feared that our approach should suspend the spell that bound us; and patiently waited the conclusion of the piece. We then approached and were received with the usual quiet smile and a request to enter the wigwam.

On entering we found portions of four generations of the Mirmac, seated round the rude dwelling. A fine athletic, though aged Indian did the honours. He placed a trunk for our accommodation—and when we had been seated pronounced the "Welcome Fader—Welcome Fader," in his own quiet way. The other occupants of the hut, two young women—as many men, and the great grandmother of some children, who were present noticed us only by raising their eyes and a faint, quiet happy smile. We found that all the family combined with their porcupine-quills operations, the singing which we had heard. Neither engagement impeded the other. Large manuscripts in the Indian language were scat-