

## PREFACE.

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“I consider men who are unacquainted with the savages, like young women who have read romances, and have as improper an idea of the Indian character in the one case, as the female mind has of real life in the other. The philosopher, weary of the vices of refined life, thinks to find perfect virtue in the simplicity of the unimproved state. He sees green fields and meadows in the customs and virtues of the savages. It is experience only can relieve from this calenture of the intellect. All that is good and great in man, results from education; an uncivilized Indian is but a little way removed from a beast who, when incensed, can only tear and devour, but the savage applies the ingenuity of man to torture and inflict anguish.

“SOME years ago, two French gentlemen, a botanist and a mineralist, the botanist a very learned man, and truly a philosopher—but his brain turned with Jean Jacques Rousseau’s, and other rhapsodies—the man of nature was his darling favourite. He had the Indians with him at his chamber every day.—Fitting out a small boat on the Ohio, with only two other persons, and without arms, he descended. It was in vain to explain the danger, and dissuade him. He was conscious to himself of loving Indians, and doubtless they could wish him no harm. But approaching the Scioto river, a party came out in a canoe, as he thought, to pay their respects, to him; but the first circumstance of ceremony when they came on board, was to impress the tomahawk and take off the scalp of the philosopher.”