

that in their thrown, and hunted down, and starved condition, the future "gallopers" across the plains and Rocky Mountains, would see here and there the scattered, and starving, and begging, and haggard remnants of these once proud and handsome people—represent *them*, in their entailed misery and wretchedness, as "*the Sioux*," "*the Chayennes*," "*the Osages*," &c., and *me*, of course, as a liar.

From the very first settlement on the Atlantic coast there has been a continual series of Indian wars. In every war the whites have been victorious, and every war has ended in "*Surrender of Indian Territory*." Every battle which the whites have lost has been a "*massacre*," and every battle by the Indians lost, a "*glorious victory*!" And yet, to their immortal honour, be it *history* with its *inferences* (for it is truth), they never fought a battle with civilised men excepting *on their own ground*! What are the inferences from this, and to whose eternal shame stands the balance in the books?

I have said that I was lucky enough to have been born at the right time to have *seen* these people in their native dignity and elegance; and thanks to Him in whose hands the destinies of all men are that my life has been spared to visit most of the tribes in every latitude of the American continent, and my hand enabled to delineate their personal looks and their modes, to be seen and to be criticised after the people and myself shall have passed away.