

Whilst we take pride in the hardships cheerfully borne by our forefathers in the early colonial days, may we not be sometimes inclined to forget those fleet-footed, clever, dusky sons of the forest, to whose generous aid they were not infrequently indebted for protection from hostile men and savage beasts, and even sometimes for sustenance?

When we have secured positive information that now and again there have appeared among the brawny men of the forest noble specimens of all that is true and kind, let us not fail to record their deeds of faithfulness and heroism. The least we can do for such is to bring to light their actions and preserve their history. When beneath the shade of the forest, on the trackless desert, on the rushing river, in tempest and thunder, or when watching in the vicinity of an old fort or near the log cabin of the early colonists, the Red man has been found a faithful friend and guide; should not his deeds of kindness, faithfulness and bravery be recorded side by side with those of the noblest of the human race?

The story related in the following chapters has been gathered from facts stated in time-worn documents, which have been lying for generations concealed in a wooden box. The only regret of the writer is, that it was impossible for him to gain access to all the old musty and defaced papers in the box. The old gentleman, in whose possession they were found, is very old and eccentric, and by no effort or persuasion could the writer induce him to part company with the documents, but for a short time. But although the task of procuring them was extremely difficult, and that of deciphering them afterwards was both difficult and tedious, still