

having a memory both cramped and treacherous, which, added to his excluded life (for many years, and at an age when the human mind is most susceptible of improvement) among Indian tribes, wilds and woods, where nothing is heard, but the ruthless blast or the howl of the savage, without even books to derive information from; he trusts that the following tale will be perused by the generous Reader with a forgiving spirit for the Author's imperfections.

This little work was never written with the intention of appearing before the Public eye, but in these days of scibbling, and being solicited by a few friends (whose knowledge the Author conceived to be far superior to his own) he has issued it forth with fear and trembling.