

It is not, however, my intention to trouble the readers of the "HURON CHIEF" with useless apologies for the defects that it may possess, knowing that a poem of such length can scarcely be free from errors ; and, particularly, when written, without much opportunity for correction, on the inner rind of birch bark, during my travels through the immense forests of America, and under many difficulties and privations, arising from causes that I must, for the present, avoid mentioning. The innocent, and unassuming, friendly treatment that I experienced among the Indians, together with the melancholy recital of the deep wrongs which they received from those calling themselves "*Christians*," induced me to undertake this dramatic poem.

From the days of the American Revolution until this very hour, the poor Indians have been so cruelly treated, and driven from their homes and hunting-grounds, by the boasted freemen of the United States, that the MOHICANS, the NARAGANSETTS, the DELAWARES, and others, once powerful Tribes, have now become totally extinct—while