

tent for my work, but, am impelled forward by the thought that the nation whose history I here feebly sketch seems passing away and that unless a work like this is sent forth, much, very much that is interesting and instructive in that nations actions will with it pass away.

Though I cannot wield the pen of a *Macaulay* or the graceful wand of an *Irving* with which to delineate an Indian's life, yet I move a pen guided by an intimate knowledge of the subject it traces out, the joys and the sorrows it records.

It is not many years since I laid aside my bow and arrows, and the love for the wild forest, born with me, I yet retain. Twenty months passed in a school in Illinois has been the sum-total of my schooling, save that I have received in the wide world. During my residence of six years among the pale-faces I have acquired a knowledge of men and things, much, very much more I have yet to learn, and it is my desire that my brethren in the far west may share with me my crust of information; for this end I have labored and do labor, and will continue to labor, till success crowns my efforts or my voice and hand are silent in the home of the departed.

To the Christian and the Philanthropist, I present