

of the highest concomitants of civilization. Beyond all, it was a return to my native State after long years of travel and wandering, adventure, and residence, which would bear, I thought, to be looked at and reflected on through the mellowed medium of reminiscence and study.

The journey was easily performed by steamers and railroads, which occupy every foot of the way, and it was accomplished without any but agreeable incidents. I left the island, which is the object of so many pleasant recollections, about the middle of August, and reached the city of New York during that month, in season, after some weeks agreeably passed at a hotel, to take a private dwelling-house in the upper part of it (Chelsea, 19th street) early in September. I now cast myself about to publish the results of my observation on the RED RACE, whom I had found, in many traits, a subject of deep interest; in some things wholly misunderstood and misrepresented; and altogether an object of the highest humanitarian interest. But our booksellers, or rather book-publishers, were not yet prepared in their views to undertake anything corresponding to my ideas. The next year I executed my long-deferred purpose of visiting England and the Continent with this plan in view, and was highly gratified with the means of comparison which these finished countries afforded with the rough scenes of Western America. France, Belgium, Prussia, Germany and Holland were embraced in this tour.

This visit was one of high intellectual gratification, and carried me into scenes and situations for which the reading of books had but poorly prepared me. I kept a journal to refresh my memory of things seen and heard, approved and disapproved.

The Western World, they tell me, turns too fast,
By European optics scanned and glassed;
But when we look at Europe, although fair,
They must have had new Joshuas working there;
For, be our eagerness just what it will,
She, spell-bound, seems to stand profoundly still.

THE END.