

mined of the many kind and agreeable people, by whom I have been entertained in my manifold journeys, or with whom I have sported in the lonely wilderness, and to all of them would I send a wish for their prosperity and happiness. From them, and from Nature, have I gathered the staple of this work, and the secret of my success thus far, I fancy to be, that I have always written from impulse, with an honest intention, and in the hope of securing the approbation of those only whose hearts beat in sympathy with my own.

One word more. Should some of the earlier passages of my present publication appear, to the matured reader, to be somewhat too fanciful in idea or expression, he will please remember that it is not manly always to condemn the follies of youth;—and I must add the confession, that I would rather be wrong with the warm-hearted lover of nature, than to be right with the cold-blooded critic.

*Georgetown, D. C., Summer of 1856.*