

INTRODUCTION.

ON my return from America some months ago I was hailed on all sides by the question—put sometimes cheerfully, more often with a sort of polite despair—“Of course you are going to write a book about it?”

To go to America and to come back and write a book seems one of the recognized forms in which we can prove an unutterable nuisance to our friends and the public in general.

It seemed to me that wild horses should not drag me to swell the ranks of these literary bores. Moreover, Mrs. Pfeiffer's clever and charming book had lately been published. How could one hope to touch that in interest? Then Miss Florence Marryat has given us an amusing volume of Transatlantic chat; Sir Lepel Griffin, in his “Great Republic,” has dealt very powerfully with the political aspect of the country; Mr. Edward Money tells us the “Truth about America,”