
Preface

THE papers inclosed in these covers were, with the exceptions indicated, written in the Northern woods, and drawn from the surroundings. Having there acquired resources of health which have made old age so far the pleasantest period of my life, I desire here to enter a plea for our own country. It is to be regretted that our devoted people pour in a dizzy tide across the sea in quest of pleasures which are only to be found at home; enjoyments and benefits incomparably superior to any that can be found elsewhere left untasted and unaccepted. There are two American gulf streams flowing across the Atlantic to Europe, the one marine, the other social. They both irrigate those otherwise unhappy lands with rains and gold, but both of them are headed for the melancholy Arctics.

The country boy knows that when he drives his cows to a fresh clover-field they will rush all over it, and from side to side, in quest of pasture as good as what they are trampling: the same with the American man or woman turned loose upon the world. Such Americans reserve the ample room and fresh air allotted to them by their own generous country, for their future state of existence in a cemetery. The only reservation they make is, that