

**PETER PILGRIM: OR, A
RAMBLER'S
RECOLLECTIONS, VOL. 1**

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Peter Pilgrim: or, A rambler's recollections, Vol. 1 by Robert Montgomery Bird

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ROBERT MONTGOMERY BIRD

**PETER PILGRIM: OR, A
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RECOLLECTIONS, VOL. 1**

PETER PILGRIM:

OR

A RAMBLER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF "CALAVAR," "NICK OF THE WOODS," &c.

R. M. Bird

And sometimes I do for my recreation now and then walk
abroad, look into the world, and cannot choose but make some
little observation.

Burton's Anat. of Melancholy.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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LEA & BLANCHARD,

SUCCESSORS TO CAREY & CO.

1838.

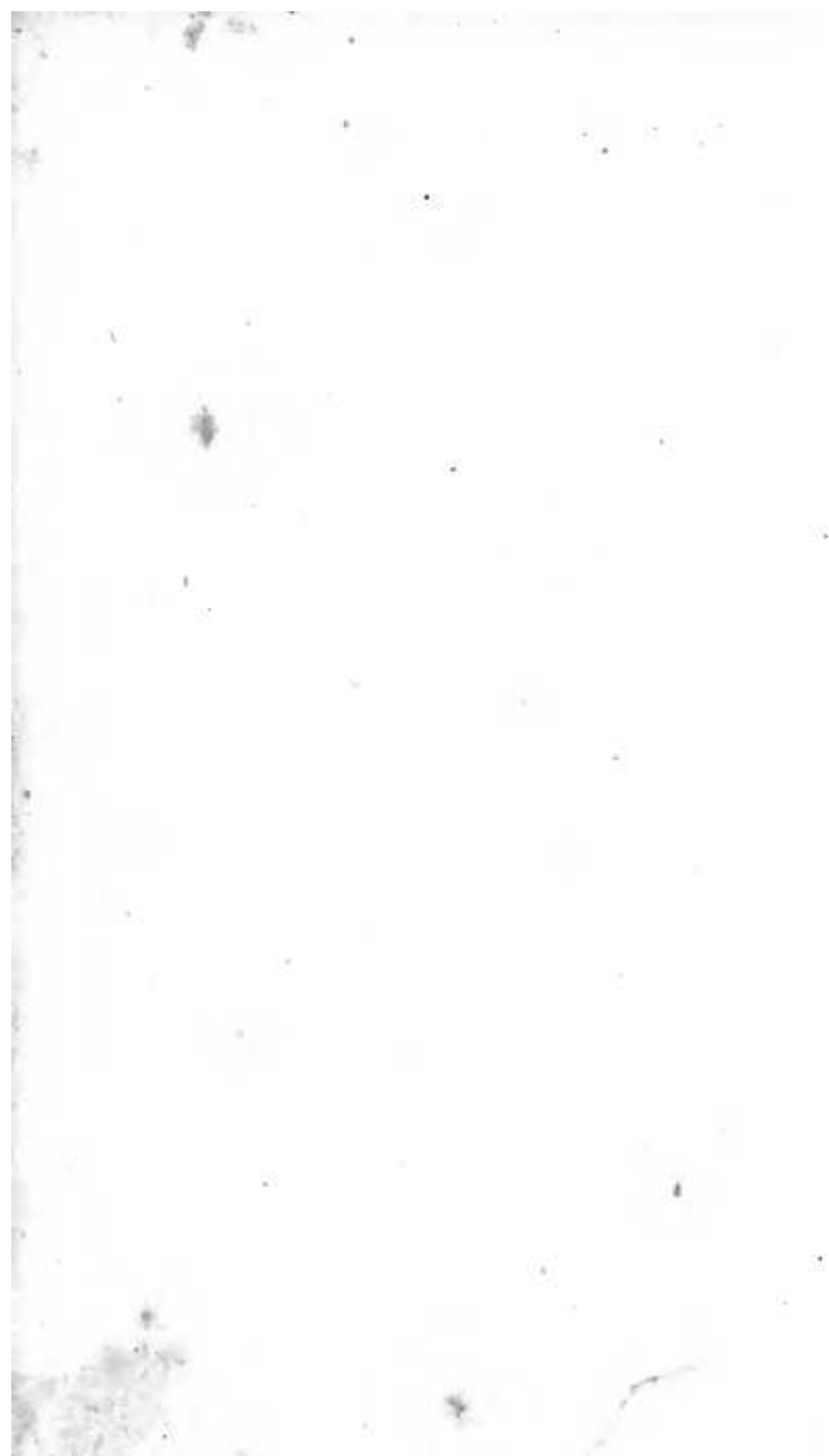
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NOTICE.

Two of the pieces contained in the following pages—the Mammoth Cave and The Tale of a Snag—appeared some time since in the American Monthly Magazine. They are repeated here, not from any opinion that they are peculiarly deserving of republication, but because they properly belong to, and were always intended to form a part of, the budget of “Peter Pilgrim.”



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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

PETER PILGRIM.

CHAPTER INTRODUCTORY.

“TRAVELLERS,” quoth Rosalind, the wise and the witty, “have great reason to be sad;” an assurance to which I know not whether I feel inclined to subscribe assent or not; the opinion of the world, (and to the opinions of the world I always endeavour, as a modest man, to square my own,) judging from the world’s practice, being directly the reverse. To travel is to gain experience, (so runs the argument;) and to have experience is to have that which makes us sad.

To travel is undoubtedly to put ourselves in the way of experience, since every highway of the world may be said to be paved with it; but the task of picking it up, while thundering along at the locomotive speed of modern travel, is no easy matter, even to a

philosopher; and as for travellers in general, the multitudes of busy idlers, who "sell their own lands to see other men's," rambling up and down with no better or wiser motives than a mere rage after novelty, and the ambition to do what their betters have done before them—to talk bad French in the Palais Royal, and swim in a gondola at Venice—it is, this same experience, a kind of lumber with which they would be little likely to burthen themselves, were it even to blow up in their faces like dust, at every turn of their chariot wheels.

It is only the man of Jaques's temper whom travel makes sad. He who is of an humour to see things on the dark side, to moralize instead of admiring, will find occasion enough for melancholy. To such a man, every inch of the earth's surface is pregnant with thought, every scene has its record, every countenance its lesson; thought, record, and lesson being, for the most part, of a very sombre and lugubrious character. To travel is, in such a case, only to become better acquainted with human folly, to ponder more deeply on the extraordinary perversity of a race, which, with the means of making a paradise of the globe, its glorious dwelling-place, has labour-