

# **A TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649237999

A tour on the prairies by Washington Irving

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**WASHINGTON IRVING**

**A TOUR ON  
THE PRAIRIES**



---

---

ENTERED according to an Act of Congress, in the year  
1835, by WASHINGTON IRVING, in the Clerk's Office of  
the Southern District of New-York.

---

---

STEREOTYPED BY A. CHANDLER

## ADVERTISEMENT.



THE "Crayon Miscellany" will appear in numbers, from time to time, as circumstances may permit; and will contain scenes and sketches of life in America and Europe; together with such other themes, both real and imaginary, as may present themselves to the mind of the Author.



A

TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES.

---

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH BOOK.

---

Philadelphia:  
CAREY, LEA, & BLANCHARD.

1835.



---

---

ENTERED according to an Act of Congress, in the year  
1835, by WASHINGTON IRVING, in the Clerk's Office of  
the Southern District of New-York.

---

---

---

STEREOTYPED BY A. CHANDLER.

---

## INTRODUCTION.



“As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away, like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all that was most dear to me in life; what vicissitudes might occur in it—what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood!”\*

Such were the dubious thoughts that passed like a shade across my mind many years since, as I lost sight of my native land, on my voyage to Europe. Yet, I had every reason for bright anticipations. I was buoyant with health, had enough of the “world’s geer” for all my wants, was on my way to visit the fairest scenes of Europe, with the prospect of returning home in a couple of

\* Sketch Book, Vol. I.

years, stored with recollections for the remainder of my life.

The boding doubts, however, which had beclouded my mind at the moment of departure, threatened to prove prophetic. Years and years elapsed, yet I remained a voluntary exile from my home. Why did I so?—The question has often been asked; for once I will make a brief reply.

It was my lot, almost on landing in Europe, to experience a reverse of fortune, which cast me down in spirit, and altered the whole tenor of my life. In the midst of perplexities and humiliations, I turned to my pen for solace and support. I had hitherto exercised it for amusement; I now looked to it as my main dependence, resolving, if successful, never to abandon it for any prospect of worldly gain, nor to return to my friends, until, by my literary exertions, I had placed myself above their pity, or assistance.

Such are the main reasons that unexpectedly beguiled me into a long protracted absence. How and why that absence was thus protracted, would involve a story of baffled plans and deferred hopes, which led me on from month to month, and year to year, and left me where they found me; would involve, in short, the checquered story of my humble concerns and precarious feelings—and I have a shrinking repugnance to such an exposure.

Suffice it to say, that my path, which many are apt to think was a flowery one, was too often beset by thorns; and that at times when I was supposed beguiled by the