

where the smoke lazily curls from the apex of conical bark cabins—the indolent native reclines in the shade, and unclad youth sport on the unfenced lawns. In the rear are herds of buffalo, elk, and deer, grazing in quiet security; while the light-footed hunter is seen stealthily threading the ravines towards the lair of his game.

Beyond these, all else is solemn stillness, lifeless, repose—nature apparently asleep—uninviting barrenness, and fearful monotony. How vastly different are the ideas of the same land, when civilization lends to it the magic of another name, and styles it “West!” This word indicates an inhabited and habitable land, enjoying the special care, attention, and protection of the general government. It is hallowed by a thousand agreeable associations, and expresses hopes, fears, expectations, desires, and joys. It is associated in the mind with the vast and beautiful, the grand, the noble, the pleasant, the sparkling, the delightful, and the amusing. It is suggestive of a clear sky, a pure atmosphere, a rich soil, limpid waters, magnificent streams, waving fields, plethoric granaries, herds of cattle, droves of swine, pleasant villages, capacious farm-houses, quiet homes, groaning tables, glowing hearths, happy faces, quiet conscience, contented mind, troops of children, apple orchards, blackberry bushes, strawberry beds, prairie chickens, venison hams, corn dodgers, plates of bacon, pumpkin pie. The word West sounds honeyedly in the ear of the starving millions across the briny deep; for the soup-fed peasants, it savors of substantial beef, pork, potatoes, corn cakes, and wheaten bread.—Both to the housed and the homeless, the poor and the