

your *Encyclopædia Americana*, and, in the articles on French, German, Italian and Spanish literature, you will find matter enough for twenty discourses, provided you know how to dilute it properly.—That, Doctor, I cannot do; I hate to repeat what has been said five hundred times, and what every body can find on the shelves of his library. What you propose to me is the *Pons asinorum*.—*Pons asinorum!* replied he, with a hellish sneer, and who do you think will be those that will compose your audience?

I own that my anger rose at these words, and I was going in my rage to crush the poor Doctor to atoms, when I recollected that he had come on my invitation, and that it would be violating the laws of hospitality. I, therefore, assumed as placid a countenance as I could, and mildly said, Why, Doctor, you have hardly been five minutes in our country, and you already begin to abuse it!—Beg pardon, sir, beg pardon, I really meant no such thing; indeed, the opinion that I have so foolishly expressed is not my own; I have received it from others. In the inferior regions, where I reside, we have, as you may well suppose, but little amusement, and, to make time pass away as well as we can, we read all the modern London publications, and particularly Books of Travels through your country. Now, sir, without meaning any offence, in most of those books you are described as a very stupid, ignorant race, devoid of all elevation of intellect, without books, without libraries, without judgment, without taste; in short, you are the *Respublica asinorum*,—so that I was wondering at your hesitating to walk on the bridge of donkeys. I must own, however, that you possess some knowledge of necromancy, for your confounded spell made me jump up a great deal faster than I had an inclination to do. So, sir, I most humbly again beg your pardon.

I felt somewhat pacified. And who, said I, Doctor, are those writers of travels, who make so free with our country and our countrymen? Sir, said he, I could easily name them all to you; but I see on your table a book entitled “Men and Manners in America.” I presume you have not read it; but if you will take the trouble to look into it, you will find that I have not overcharged the description that he makes of your country. That book was read lately at one of our meetings;

