

there was an American, one Arnold, who is said to have been a great general in your army; he seemed to enjoy it mightily, and swore *upon his honour* that all the author said was true. So that, sir, you plainly see that I was deceived. I thought I was right, because I had not only English, but American authority.

There, in fact, was the book, which my bookseller had just sent me, together with the Novel of Cyril Thornton, by the same author. The Doctor pointed out the principal passages, and I found that he had not exaggerated. A luminous idea then suddenly flashed across my mind; I made two or three jumps, crying out *Eureka! Eureka!* I have found it! I have found it!

The Doctor appeared stupified.—And what have you then found, sir, that makes you jump so like an inhabitant of my present place of residence?—The subject of my discourse. Here it is, said I, pointing to my head; here it is, complete; I want no more of your advice. And so, my good Doctor, I dismiss you; go, and only take care not to return unless I call you.—That I will be sure not to do, he immediately replied, and having made me a fine Scotch bow, he instantly disappeared.

Full of my bright idea, I took up the books on my table, and read them all through. I became more and more confirmed in the plan I had adopted. Ah! said I, Men and Manners! you are the very man that I want. After enjoying our hospitality, and receiving every kind of attention and kindness that a stranger could expect, and to use your own inelegant expression, *with your mouth full of turkey*,* you have abused our country in a shameful manner; it is just that you should be exposed in *propria persona* before my audience, and thus serve the purpose of our rising institution. You have said that we want intellect; that is the very thing to make people subscribe to our library; for all will understand that

* Speaking of the harmony which prevails at our literary meetings, called "Wistar parties," he accounts for it by saying, "No man can say a harsh thing with *his mouth full of turkey*." This is truly disgusting. Throughout his book, the turkeys, beef-steaks and jellies, the wine, the punch, the liquors, the *prog*, in short, are every where prominent. After that, this writer will talk of *elevation of mind!*