

Manners prepared to admit that Great Britain, in point of intellect or knowledge, is inferior to France, at least in the proportion of four to one? People should be careful not to throw stones, without knowing where they may light.

I have said enough, and, perhaps, too much on the subject of this ill humoured traveller. But, as he has taken the liberty to amuse himself at our expense, I beg you will permit me to entertain you for a few moments at his, and to show you by that means to how little respect his opinions are entitled.

Know, then, gentlemen, that this same traveller, as I have been credibly informed, is a native of Scotland. No disgrace to him, I am sure; there is not a more true hearted people on the face of the earth, than that which inhabits old Caledonia. They hold a high rank in science and literature, and, though a little tinged with pride, they are exceeded by none in excellence of heart, or urbanity of manners; above all they are distinguished by their patriotism and by their attachment to the soil that gave them birth. You will, therefore, not be a little astonished when you hear that that gentleman, in describing the men and manners of his native country, has treated it, it would be too little to say with more severity than our own, but with unexampled, and, I am convinced, with unmerited cruelty. Have a little patience, while I try to make good my assertion.

The writer that I speak of, has made himself known to the public, as the author of a novel, entitled "Cyril Thornton,"* and we have no right to know him by any other description. After reading his travels through our country, I had the curiosity to read that romance. My astonishment was as great as yours will presently be, when I read what I am going to relate.

The hero of the tale is a young Englishman, who is sent to

* Sir Walter Scott, while he wished his name to remain concealed, published his novels as written "by the author of Waverley." Since that time every romance writer has adopted that mode of describing his own person, forgetting that this kind of imitation will not bring them a step nearer to the name or fame of the great unknown.

General Washington was very fond of those hickory nuts which we call *shell barks*. In consequence of that, the young officers of the revolutionary army affected a great fondness for that fruit. But there has been but *one* Washington.

