

gentlemen, we all know that in works of that description, the fable and its incidents are indeed fictitious, but the manners, habits and customs of the time and place where the scene is laid must be correctly represented. A novelist is expected to "paint the manners living as they rise;" this was well understood by Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Miss Burney, and particularly by the late Sir Walter Scott, whose excellent novels, admirable as they are, would lose all their interest, were it not for the faithful pictures which they exhibit of the manners and customs of different times and different places. A little colouring, I admit, is allowed to the novelist, to give effect to his pictures, but that should never go so far as to destroy altogether the likeness of the objects which he intends to represent.

I would ask, now, gentlemen, whether this author has given such a picture of bonny Scotland as a conscientious romance writer would consider legitimate? If he has, we must bless heaven that we live in America, and not in such a country as he has described. If, on the contrary, he has calumniated that country, then why should we complain that he has not shown more favour to ours?

But why, you will ask, should a man thus try to degrade the country that gave him birth, and indiscriminately hold up to derision and contempt the respectable classes of the society to which he belongs? It is not for me, gentlemen, to investigate this author's motives; to us they are of no importance; the best apology that can be made for him is, that the same ill humour which prompted him to write against this country, guided his pen when he wrote about his own.

Among the reproaches which the same author makes to our country, there is one, I regret to say, which is not altogether unfounded, but which, according to his custom, he makes the pretext of contumelious language. I mean our too great dependence on the literature of Great Britain, which he is pleased to call *mental allegiance*. I pray you to hear what he says. After advancing, as I have mentioned before, that we are deficient in taste, originality and imaginative powers, he thus proceeds to assign a reason for it. "Starting," he says, "like another Adam, into sudden political existence; preserving the laws, and dependant on the literature of Eng-