

we see through a mist, and cannot easily determine, what is correct, and what is false or exaggerated.

Long accustomed to pore over English romances, which it must be confessed, are in general, better written than our American novels, we read with admiration the descriptions of places, which imagination has already dressed in so many beautiful colours. Yonder seems to be the land of heroes. We see kings, thrones, and noblemen : but America has no kings to boast of : it has only plain dressed governors. Treaties that have decided the fate of lords and princes, have been held in that place, and in other places, oppressed men who have spurned the yoke of tyranny, or assaulted the monarch's ears with blasphemous words, have yielded their lives upon the scaffold. Here treaties have only been held with wild wandering savages, and those merely to settle the claims of states and territories, not above three hundred miles square ; and as to beheading, hanging, and imprisoning, all we have is now and then a solitary example of a pirate, a mail robber, or some foreign rogue, who has emigrated here, and seeks for riches and notoriety. Here are no palaces, no dungeons, no monasteries, no relics, no chains, and no hobgoblins. Instead of castles we have only forts, and instead of thunderbolts, panic struck squires and lovers ; we have only tornadoes, and dismayed farmers, viewing their barns flying in the air. Such may be the reasoning of those people,