

INTRODUCTION.

'You surprise me, sir; and what should prevent my publishing it?'

'Fate, my friend, fate, that destined your birth on the wrong side of the Atlantic. Are you not an American? Can you, then, hope to vie with a native of Europe?'

'You provoke my patience, Mr. Noxbury. Am I not a descendant of those same Europeans, whom you extol so highly?'

'And so are all Americans, Canadians, Nova-Scotians, New-Brunswickers, Yankees, &c. They all doubtless derive their descent from the natives of Europe; yet whoever heard of a *Shakespeare*, a *Racine*, a *Tasso*, a *Milton*, a *Cornelle*, a *Hume*, a *Robertson*, an *Addison*, not to mention the immortal geniuses of the present day; who ever heard of one of those being born in America? And the best judges allow that the human race degenerates in America.'

'Great God! Can this be borne with patience? Can I who feel that vital spark, that emanation from the Deity, first breathed into man at his creation, raising me above all materiality, and bidding me, by the divine pursuit of knowledge, to imitate and follow in the paths of superior intelligences? Can it be told, that this divine emanation is confined to one particular spot of the earth? Mr. Noxbury, compare the rivers, the mountains, the lakes, and the plains of your native country; compare them with the stupendous works of Nature ever present in America, and then say, can 'mau be the only growth that dwindles here?'

'Oh, pray descend from the clouds, my young friend,' cried our portly neighbour, laughing. 'It would be too fatiguing an excursion for me to follow you there. And now answer me in the language of common sense, can the litera-