

America, with a view of adopting the United States as his future country. His reasons for taking this step, were similar to those of most Emigrants. Dissatisfaction with the Government, and the state of things in his own country, by which he had, as he concluded, been hitherto kept back in fortune, and disappointed in his aims, together with a high admiration of the American Republic, formed the foundation of his reasons for Emigrating." To these reasons, were added the well known opinions of his deceased Father, who, for many years before his death, "had cherished the intention of becoming himself an American." We are sorry that we cannot furnish details of the early childhood of this distinguished traveller, whom we may venture to compare to that renowned, but much ridiculed tourist, Sir John Carr, Kt.; the little however we can learn of his personal history, we gather from the present work. By his frequent allusions to Yorkshire and Cumberland, it appears probable, that this modern Dr. Syntax, was born in the North of England, and we may therefore not inaptly term him an Aurora Borealis. The Rev. James Tate of Richmond, had the honor and felicity, to teach his young idea how to shoot: a fact, which we learn from an interesting passage in the work before us. During his visit to Boston, the American Athens—but, where, alas! the Persian and Nagaree characters were little known, our author attended an evening party, on which occasion,

"Refreshments of various kinds, were served round, among which were stewed Oysters, of which I partook in memory of a parting supper, which I once ate in company with my much revered preceptor, the Rev. James Tate of Richmond, whose name I found to be held in great esteem among scholars in America."

Our Reverend Radical, however, no sooner sets his foot upon the

American shore, than a change comes over him. The Republican edifice, when viewed from the other side of the Atlantic, presented a noble and imposing aspect to the disappointed Moonshoe; upon closer inspection, he abuses it, as if it were no better than a miserable shanty, or a tumble-down log hut. In vain he opens his intellectual stores; the Yankees listen to his learned dissertations on Sanscrit, Persian, and Hindostance, but calculate that they are rather useless and outlandish tongues, in the Forests and Prairies of the New World, and first guess and finally conclude, that no money can be made by the operation. In return for this neglect, for this infatuated insensibility to learned worth, the Moonshoe finds fault with almost every thing American, and to add to his troubles, gets afflicted with the jaundice, which makes him behold every object in the most unfavorable colors. He forthwith shakes the dust off his feet against the Sons of a Republic, which, a few short weeks ago, he had regarded with an "hereditary" veneration: and leaving "Mrs. F." behind him, at New York, proceeds to Upper Canada, in the hope, of course, that immediately upon his arrival, he would be appointed Professor of Oriental Literature, to the Upper Canada College. It would seem though, from his Reverence's book, that he expected, to find us, Governor and all, a herd of Canadian Savages; for, upon having an interview with His Excellency Sir John Colborne, he "was struck with his gentlemanly appearance and deportment,"—and a little farther on he says, on the occasion of his calling on a gentleman living on Yonge-St., 13 miles from York.

"The gentleman I called on, is a person of opulence, and a Justice of the Peace. My surprise on entering his house, was great, to find in the wilds of