

never agree with your opinion. We are wandering, however, from the point in hand. What a wonderful establishment the *Times* must be, which, almost at an hour's notice, can turn out such an article as that to which I referred."

Again, in 1852, thus closes a discussion on Cooper, the United States novelist. The Major, or editor, thus speaks of the book before him, viz., a "Memorial of Cooper," as a pleasingly compiled record of certain proceedings which have recently taken place in New York, with the view of giving expression to the public sentiment on the death of that illustrious novelist. On the Doctor's observing that "Cooper's Leatherstocking" is a *chef-d'œuvre*, the Laird rejoins: "I like his writings weel eneuch; but ah, man, he's no to compare wi' Walter Scott," &c. The peroration of a eulogy by W. C. Bryant is quoted, of which the language is somewhat high-flown. This draws from the Squireen the observation: "Ah! how swately the dew of praise must fall on the sensibilities of departed genius, if the spiritual essence be cognizant of the incense of corporeal votaries at its shrine and susceptible of its influence." To which the Laird gruffly replies: "Nane o' your poetical flights o' fancy! Dinna forget we ha'e four miles o' limestone to hirple o'er afore the sma' hours come ringing frae the St. Lawrence Ha'. Guid nicht, Major." (*Exeunt.*) Thus the sederunt closes.

Solomon of Streetsville was the Rev. J. MacGeorge. Mr. MacGeorge, prior to his emigration to Canada, was an experienced litterateur, a contributor to *Fraser* and other English periodicals. In his graver moods, Mr. MacGeorge was a poet of no mean grade, as we shall perhaps hereafter see.

I observe in Morgan's *Bibliotheca Canadensis* that in 1858 a work of fiction, highly spoken of, appeared in Montreal, entitled "The Life and Adventures of Simon Seek; or, Canada in all Shapes," by Maple Knot. I regret that I have it not in my power to give a sample of Maple Knot, who was Mr. Ebenezer Clemo, now deceased. The nom-de-plume Maple Knot suggests to me the mention here of "Maple Leaf," or rather "The Maple Leaf," a very handsome Christmas or New Year's gift book, which was published in Toronto in 1847, and in several successive years. The "Maple Leaf" introduced to the Canadian public a goodly company of creditable local writers, who, without the stimulus afforded by this publication, would perhaps never have ventured to try their hand at such