

Laird, but still I will venture to affirm that in some points he approached so nearly to the standard of your countryman's genius as to render it difficult to discriminate.

THE SQUIREX.—There's Bulwer, few would think of classing them together either.

THE DOCTOR.—In some respects I prefer Cooper.

THE MAJOR.—May I venture to suggest Marryatt as a name worthy to be placed along with his.

THE DOCTOR.—You certainly have made admirable selections for the purpose of your comparison, may I not rather as correctly say, contrast. Each of those authors is a type of a peculiar style, in which they certainly have not as yet been excelled. But the great charm of Cooper in my estimation is, that in each of these varieties of style he has written with a vigour and success which render his works generally acceptable. Nor is this feeling confined to those speaking the same language. Of this, as well as the reputation enjoyed by his novels, Mr. Bryant adduces the following evidence:—

"Such are the works so widely read, and so universally admired, in all the zones of the globe, and by men of every kindred and every tongue; works which have made of those who dwell in remote latitudes, wanderers in our forests, and observers of our manners, and have inspired them with an interest in our history. A gentleman who had returned from Europe, just before the death of Cooper, was asked what he found the people of the Continent doing. 'They are all reading Cooper,' he answered; 'in the little kingdom of Holland, with its three millions of inhabitants, I looked into four different translations of Cooper in the language of the country.' A traveller, who has seen much of the middle classes of Italy, lately said to me, 'I found that all they knew of America, and that was not little, they had learned from Cooper's novels; from him they had learned the story of American liberty, and through him they had been introduced to our Washington; they had read his works till the shores of the Hudson and the valleys of Westchester, and the banks of Otsego lake had become to them familiar ground.'"

THE SQUIREX.—By the powers, I believe that after all, that is the best praise any author can expect.

THE DOCTOR.—I would fain read, for your enjoyment, the peroration of Mr. Bryant's address if it would not tire you.

ONES.—Not at all! Fire away!

"He is gone! but the creations of his genius, fixed in living words, survive the frail material organs by which the words were first traced. They partake of a middle nature, between the deathless mind and the decaying body of which they are the common offspring, and are, therefore, destined to a duration, if not eternal, yet indefinite. The examples he has given in his glorious fictions, of heroism, honour and truth, of large sympathies between man and man, of all that is

good, great and excellent, embodied in personages marked with so strong an individuality that we place them among our friends and favorites; his frank and generous men, his gentle and noble women, shall live through centuries to come, and only perish with our language. I have said with our language; but who shall say when it may be the fate of the English language to be numbered with the extinct forms of human speech? Who shall declare which of the present tongues of the civilized world will survive its fellows? It may be that some one of them, more fortunate than the rest, will long outlast them, in some undisturbed quarter of the globe, and in the midst of a new civilization. The creations of Cooper's genius, even now transferred to that language, may remain to be the delight of the nations through another great cycle of centuries, beginning after the English language and its contemporaneous form of civilization shall have passed away."

THE SQUIREX.—Ah! how sweetly the dew of praise must fall on the sensibilities of departed genius, if the spiritual essence be cognizant of the incense of corporeal volarities at its shrine and susceptible of its influence.

THE LAIRD.—Nane o' your poetical flights of fancy. Dinna forget we hae four miles o' limestone to hirlle o'er afore the sma' hours come ringin' frae the St. Lawrence Ha'! Guid nicht, Major. [*Exeunt.*]

COLONIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

THE JUNE Colonial annals present few items of general interest, and consequently our readers must not blame us if the abstract we lay before them be correspondingly meagre. It is difficult, as the old proverb teaches, to manufacture a silken purse from the ear of a sow, and this difficulty we at least, have not been able to overcome!

On the 6th a signally calamitous fire visited Montreal, which consumed an immense number of buildings in the densest business portion of the City. *The Herald* in trying to estimate the loss says that

"The rental of buildings destroyed amounted to £5,915; and taking it for granted that real property pays ten per cent per annum, this gives a total value of nearly £60,000, or \$240,000. The value of the land should be deducted from the amount. The property destroyed within the buildings was probably much in excess of the value of the buildings themselves, for this calamity has fallen upon us, at a time when every merchant had just completed his Spring importations. It is not at all easy to arrive at the proximate amount of this part of the loss. But we have gone into detail over the several commercial establishments which have been wholly or partially