

all, the works of the great man whose centenary we celebrate, are in reality cosmopolitan,—belonging to no country, to no nationality,—as well appreciated in England, Ireland, France, Italy, Germany, and wherever a printing press is to be found, as they are in Scotland itself. (Cheers.) I am quite aware that no Scotchman will allow this. To him it is an impertinence, almost an insult, to hear an Englishman pretend to relish Scott or Burns or Hogg; but in spite of his natural wish to appropriate to himself and his own country the mighty genius who sprang up from their midst, it is in vain that he attempts to exclude the whole civilized world from participating in his enthusiasm. (Hear, hear.) That many of the choicest bits of humor, the most characteristic points of his novels, are lost to the foreigner is unquestionable; they must, of course, be better enjoyed by his own countrymen who thoroughly understand every idiomatic expression. But fortunately his beauties are not confined to such minutiae. Even his Scotch novels are not wholly dependent upon such small matters as the correct transcript of his natural dialect. You might as well say that no man can enjoy the *Mysteries de Paris* who is not thoroughly conversant with the argot of the *Tapis Franc*. (Hear, hear.) It is the truth of his descriptions and of his characters, his adherence to nature, the interest of his stories, the purity of his style, the character of his sentiments, and the charming sweetness which prevails all his writings, that make him not only understood, but admired and beloved by readers of all nations. (Cheers.) Besides,—although Scotland owes him a debt of undying gratitude for having been the first to blazon forth her history,—to unveil her local beauties, and