

artificial and catered to the aristocracy, but against every detractor of this class a thousand ardent champions have arisen.

When the mystery of the authorship of *Waverley* was still unveiled, and novel after novel came from the fruitful brain of the unknown author, with their wonderful variety of scenes and characters, the number printed of a first edition was 10,000 copies. This would often run up to 50,000 in the ultimate demand, and that, too, when the price of each novel ran from a guinea and a half (\$7.50) to two guineas. Such was the absorbing interest felt over the advent of each new romance by the author of *Waverley*, that people not only besieged the bookshop in throngs, but eager readers, unable to buy, entered their names weeks in advance at the circulating libraries, while young men sat up all night taking turns at reading aloud the coveted volumes. Nor was this popularity at all limited in range by the country whose scenery and manners were the chief themes of the tales. London vied with Edinburgh, and New York with London, in the relish with which fascinating volumes were devoured. And even now after nearly three-quarters of a century of unparalled literary activity, with works of the imagination poured out literally by the thousand, with our libraries and bookshops full of an evergrowing flood of British, French, German and American novels, the popularity of Scott still remains the same.

In attempting briefly to portray some of the characteristics of Scott the writer and of Scott the man, it is necessary to dwell upon the familiar facts of his biography. Everything connected with his career hinges upon his literary activity. Scott's father was in no wise a person of notable talent or acquirements, but his mother possessed intellectual gifts of a high order, and wonderful conversational powers. To her he owed much of his talent for story-telling, with which in his early years he fascinated his school-fellows. He had a native passion for books. When he left the university in his sixteenth year he had read more than most men in a long lifetime. If his knowledge of the sciences was slender, and that of Greek none at all, he had filled his strong and retentive memory with inexhaustible stories of poetry, history, legends, voyages and travels, biography and romance. His wide and discursive reading gave him a better equipment as a writer of imag-