

of regard. "I delight," says he in his diary, "in these professional men of talent. They always give you some new lights by the peculiarity of their habits and studies—so different from the people who are rounded and smoothed and ground down for conversation, and who can say all that every other person says—and nothing more." He recalls his first visit to a theatre after fifty years, and says that he had not since passed many hours of such unmixed delight, and even wonders that people having the means do not constantly spend their evenings at the theatre. He bought a share in the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, and for many years took an active part in its management—even superintending the rehearsal of one or two dramas founded on his own novels. And now I come to the crowning honour conferred by him upon the Theatrical profession. On the establishment of the fund for the relief of decayed actors in Edinburgh, Sir Walter was asked to take the chair at the first dinner given in aid of the subscription list of the new charity; and here in the presence of some 300 gentlemen,—here at a meeting of poor actors, after twenty years of mystery,—the Great Unknown, the Great Magician, the Wizard of the North, confessed his secret and for the first time openly avowed himself the author of the Waverly Novels! Was not this a triumph for my profession? (Cheers). After having shrouded his secret for so many years from the whole world; after having point-blank denied the authorship to his Sovereign, George the IV., who once indiscreetly asked him the question, he selected a meeting of actors for the important disclosure with which the newspapers teemed for weeks, and which was received with interest by the whole civilized world. (Cheers.) This was the