

the successor to his rank is heir also to his generous spirit and affections. He was my kind friend.

Ever yours,

W. SCOTT.

The next of his letters to Joanna Baillie is curious, as giving his first impressions on reading Childe Harold. It contains also a striking sketch of the feelings he throughout life expressed, as to what he had observed of society in London — with a not less characteristic display of some of his own minor amusements.

TO MISS JOANNA BAILLIE.

ASHESTIEL, April 4, 1812.

I ought not, even in modern gratitude, which may be moved by the gift of a purse, much less in minstrel sympathy, which values it more as your work than if it were stuffed with guineas, to have delayed thanking you, my kind friend, for such an elegant and acceptable token of your regard. My kindest and best thanks also attend the young lady who would not permit the purse to travel untenanted.¹ I shall be truly glad when I can offer them in person, but of that there is no speedy prospect. I don't believe I shall see London this great while again, which I do not very much regret, were it not that it postpones the pleasure of seeing you and about half-a-dozen other friends. Without having any of the cant of loving retirement, and solitude, and rural pleasures, and so forth, I really have no great pleasure in the general society of London; I have never been there long enough to attempt anything like living in my own way, and the immense length of the streets separates the objects you are interested in so widely from each other, that three parts of your time are passed in endeavoring to dispose of the fourth to some advantage. At Edinburgh, although in general society we are absolute mimics of London, and imitate

¹ The purse contained an old coin from Joanna Baillie's niece, the daughter of the Doctor.