

poured the pale moonlight over the grey ruins of Melrose—which raised the shadowy superstitions that thrill the heart in the tale of the Lord of Ravensworth—which conjured up the swart form of Bois de Gilbert—which drew prophecy from the wan stars on the heights of Ellangowan—which raised the warning wrath to the bold eye of Mac Ivor,—and once more filled the heaths of Scotland with the mailed chivalrie of Flodden.

In minds differently constituted, it mingles with this lingering passion for the Past, an aspiration after the Pure—the Spiritual—the High in morals. It wraps the mind in a golden Platonism; and bows its worship before the Beauty of the Ideal Good. Thus did the sentiment display itself in the transparent majesty of Milton; and at this day in the patriarchial tenderness of Wordsworth—a rare and holy effect of veneration, which the passions are the most opposed to, and which is usually coupled with a deep and bright philosophy. This is the prevalent shape in which the reverential faculty displays itself amongst the Poets of Germany; and it constantly breaks forth amidst the fire and energy of Schiller, as well as the elaborate tranquillity of Goethe.—Elevates the knightly soul of Chateaubriand—and makes itself a Grecian temple in the restless genius of Shelley. In the last especially, the Platonic veneration for the Good—that fluent and governing Spirit of Beauty which glides, harmonizing, through the universe—is especially to be marked; and the same rash being, that entangled in a maze of the most incomprehensible metaphysics that ever man spun round his own reason, dared to deny the Deity—seems never to have escaped the absorbing thirst to worship—to adore—to dissolve away before the light of the divine attributes of which the nature of the Deity is composed.

In dispositions of a lower nature, the habit of veneration displays itself in the respect for names and titles—the ceremonies and pomps of a court. This, in all ages, has been the common weakness of Poets: it has been constantly satirized, but we have never seen it traced to what we consider its right source. This attaches the Poet to Kings and Kaisers—this makes him flatter, and yet be in his flattery sincere—this chains Horace to his Mæcenas, and devotes the creator of the Æneid to Augustus—this makes Waller and Dryden the alternate sycophants of a Cromwell and a Stuart—this bowed the stubborn sense of Johnson to reverence Lord, and smoothed the grin of Voltaire when he wrote on the lives of Kings, and boasted that he was gentleman to Louis the Fifteenth. In Voltaire—the sceptic, the leveller, the arch-abuser of human pride—the close observer may yet discover the sentiments of reverence largely, but always erratically, developed.—What God is to the religious, Glory was to him. The great, the splendid, never failed to dazzle his eagle eyes. All the subjects of his tragedies betray the influence that Pomp held over him; the magnificent Mahomet—the superb Merope—the noble Zaire!—his soul walks only in courts—his very tales are about Kings—and nothing is more amusing than the rage he indulges when any “*Impertinent*,” who has not lived with the great, ventures to satirize him.

In short, look to the Poetical Character, however modified, and the leading feature is that of veneration. The ideal—the vision