

recalled by Lockhart. (*) The elevated window in the yard opposite, through which the students looked in, on Sir Walter, writing at the table where I now sat, is still the same. My eye scanned it closely, measuring the distance and the extent of the diminutive grass plot, in the little court adjoining Scott's "den" as Lockhart styles it.

Alas! how many changes in the Edinburgh world during these sixty-seven intervening years (1814-81) and Scott's memory is still fragrant, may greener and fresher each year! In this iron age of utilitarianism, laying aside the intellectual aspect of the question, how much in hard cash have Scott's writings been

(*) "Happening to pass through Edinburgh, in June 1814, I dined one day with the gentleman in question (now the Honorable William Menzies, one of the Supreme Judges at the Cape of Good Hope), whose residence was then in George Street, situated very near to, and at right angles with Castle Street. It was a party of very young persons, most of them, like Menzies and myself, destined for the Bar of Scotland, all gay and thoughtless, enjoying the first flush of manhood, with little remembrance of the yesterday, or care of the morrow. When my companion's worthy father and uncle, after seeing two or three bottles go round, left the juveniles to themselves, the weather being hot, we adjourned to a library which had one large window looking northwards. After carousing here for an hour or more, I observed that a shade had come over the aspect of my friend, who happened to be placed immediately opposite to myself and said something that intimated a fear of his being unwell. "No," said he, "I shall be well enough presently, if you will only let me set where you are, and take my chair; for there is a confounded hand in sight of me here, which has often bothered me before and now it w'out let me fill my glass with a good will." I rose to change places with him accordingly, and he pointed out to me this hand which, like the writing of Belsbazzar's wall, disturbed his hour of hilarity. "Since we sat down," he said, "I have been watching it—it fascinates my eye—it never stops—page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS, and still it goes on unwearied—and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night—and I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books."—"Some stupid, dogged engrossing clerk, probably," exclaimed myself, or some other giddy youth in our society. "No, boys," said our host, "I well know what hand it is"—"t's Walter Scott's." This was the hand that, in the evenings of three summer weeks, wrote the two last volumes of Waverley. Would that all who that night watched it, had profited by its example of diligence as largely as William Menzies"! (*Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. IV, pp. 28-9, American Edition.*)