

it, fearing so trifling a work might injure his reputation as a poet. He never for a moment imagined that the novelist was doomed to throw the poet into the shade, and that in a short time all Europe would ring with the fame of this "trifling anonymous sort of a novel," and the centennial celebration of the author's birthday be observed wherever civilization extended. (Cheers.) For twenty years he proceeded from success to success, from triumph to triumph, producing some thirty matchless works, which have been translated into every European language, and have never been surpassed. He founded a school which has given us countless worthy disciples, enriching our literature with admirable works of fiction—novels which, as he himself says, he may surely claim as the style

"Which he was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use."

But I am telling you nothing but what you know better than myself, and as Sneer says in the "Critic,"—"If her, Walter *knows* all this, why does her Christopher go on telling him?" and he is right. So I'll turn at once to what you don't know, and, as briefly as I can, give you one or two personal reminiscences. It is not vanity that prompts me to introduce myself into the subject, but an excusable pride; for if a Scotchman is proud of being SCOTT's townsman, or even his countryman,—of having been born in the same hemisphere,—surely I may be pardoned for feeling equal pride in having been honored with his intimacy,—of having visited him in Edinburgh, and been his guest at Abbotsford. (Cheers.) The first time I had the gratification of meeting him was on a memorable occasion. It was at a breakfast with Lord Byron in his rooms at Long's