

of biography, and yet in spite of this fact there is, to modern readers, an air of old-fashioned conventional stiffness running throughout Lockhart's pages. The world that surrounded Scott is in many ways strikingly different to the world in which Macaulay found himself. The contrast is heightened by the opinions we know these two men of letters to have held. They did not at any time quite understand one another, and when they accidentally met, the meeting was an awkward one, and the effect was inharmonious and decidedly disappointing. Scott, in the hey-day of his success, surrounded by the glitter of fashionable society at Abbotsford, with the patronage of George IV.—this is not the author of "The Waverley Novels" at his best, but there is in this life a valuable contrast to the sombre sadness of the final struggle. That heroic fortitude and magnificent vigour with which he met the calamities of his later life exalts the novelist into a man of a sublime stoical grandeur. Mr. R. H. Hutton has admirably expressed this final beauty of Scott's life: "What there was in him of true grandeur could never have been, had the fifth act of his life been less tragic than it was." With the additional aid that the "Journal" offers us in understanding even more vividly this fifth act, Scott's character becomes glorious in its grandeur, and mighty in its muscular force. The story of "The Waverley Novels" alone repays contemplation. When we think that almost the whole of "Ivanhoe" was dictated to one of the Ballantynes or to Willie Laidlaw, while Scott was suffering the most acute pain, ought not this thought to increase that keen enjoyment of the

novel which most of us have felt while poring over its romantic pages, and produce an additional feeling of admiration? Among the crowd of men and women that night after night congregate in a modern opera house to witness the present dramatic representation of this wonderful novel in Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera, there may, perchance, be a few,—probably a very small part of the audience,—who will recall to their minds the circumstances under which the creator of the plot—the source alike of librettist and composer—wove his immortal romance. The luxury of a modern theatre, the gorgeous scenic arrangement of the nineteenth century stage are more likely to hide for the time the scene of a great intellect dictating his story and unweaving his plot, while at every interval the room is filled with the shouts and cries of an agonized body. It is perhaps late in the day to be reminded of those novels which came from the furnace of adversity, wrung from the pen of a Samson Agonistes, that the end might be what?—that of a true gentleman, an honourable name left not to his family alone, but a name which has become an inheritance of ours, of all who enjoy the result of his labour.

Undoubtedly there is a most undeniable charm, an incessant interest to be found hidden between the pages of the biography of a man of letters; a charm which can only be fully enjoyed by those, who, not content with merely eating the fruit that falls from the tree of Literature, would also peer into the branches and bask beneath its hallowed shade, enveloped in an atmosphere of "sweet reasonableness" and sober joy.