

illustrate her habits, her peculiarities, her romance, her superstitions, and making her the object of countless pilgrimages,—filling her hills and lochs with thousands of tourists from every land, anxious to visit the various localities which his pen has immortalized,—to penetrate the haunts of Rob Roy,—to explore the Trosachs, and behold the lovely scene of the Lady of the Lake,—to gaze upon the hundred spots peopled with his creations,—Stirling, Holyrood, the Grass Market, Mushat, Cairn,—places unnoticed and uncared for until his genius connected them with King James and Rizzio,—with Jeannie and Effie Deans,—let it be remembered that it is not Scotland alone that has been vivified by his magic wand. (Hear, hear) The Histories of England and of France have been equally subjected to his delightful treatment; and if his Lady of the Lake, Marmion, Rob Roy, Guy Manering, Heart of Mid Lothian, and so many others endear him to Scotland, his Ivanhoe, Nigel, Peveril, Quentin Durward and others make him equally dear to England and France, and thus we all claim kindred. (Cheers.) If Shakespeare was "not for an age, but for all time," so Scott was not for a nation, but for the world at large. (Cheers.) He was the pioneer of a new epoch in Literature. What was the state of things before he burst upon the world? The novels of Smollett and Fielding, admirable as they were, had become too coarse for the delicacy of the age, as those of Pigault Lebrez had become in France. The Sir Charles Grandisons and Clarissa Harlows of Richardson, sinning in the opposite extreme, had grown wearisome from their conventional and stilted affectation of over delicacy; while the namby-pamby productions of the Minerva press had