

by the magic of his genius. He discovered regions of surpassing beauty, and peopled them with beings of like passions with ourselves, possessed of human loves, and human hopes, and aspirations. And men from all lands came to hear and see and admire. They went back with him in spirit to the regions of romance, and the lands of Palestine were once more alive with mailed warriors, fighting under the blessed cross, to rescue the holy sepulchre from the pollution of the infidel. Old France again echoed to the step of the Scottish knight, as he went forth in quest of fame and fortune; and the blue mountains of Scotland sent back the holy psalm of the Covenant, or the shout of the plaided mountaineers rushing to the battle. It needed but a touch of the enchanter's wand, and they were in an instant transported into England, as she once was, to look, with beating hearts, on the lists, all ready for the strife, and dazzled by the ladies of overcoming beauty, the banners, the impresses, and the combatants, whose fame had been carried by the minstrel from far lands.

Another touch of the magician's genius created a lovelier and a holier picture. The peasant's cottage is in the foreground, and near it and all around, are the tokens of industry and content. It is the abode of intelligence and morality; the nursery of firm-hearted patriots. All that elevates and refines, and softens, in domestic life, all that tends to raise above self, and to incite to a uniform quiet discharge of every day duty, in Scott's writings we find personified and recommended. Familiar sympathies, willing reverences, and habits of subordination, are almost naturalized into instinct; naked hills and bleak wastes are beautified, nay sanctified, by the power of his matchless genius, which interfuses human sympathy and affection into the very rocks and inanimate clouds. In a word, Scott loved his race and was repaid by their affection. Philosophers who read, or tried to read, his works, as they would the dullest volume in a monkish library, and who judged of them only by their tendency, were charmed equally with the young and enthusiastic. The authors of the present day deluge the world with fiction in all its thousand varieties, and too often deprave the public taste and morality. These authors grow up in a night and perish in a night. If they seek for immortality and love and gratitude let them with Scott,

"Urge Freedom, Charters, Country, Laws,
Gods and Religion."

Scott is but one example of that mental gravitation of readers towards authors, which may be seen in many other instances. He was the universal favorite and drew all men unto him; others depict the feelings, and speak the language of a class, and consequently their adherents are but few. But every one has his favorite authors—to them he turns with eagerness, and cherishes their opinions and prepossessions and prejudices as sacredly as his own.

They are his advisers in perplexity, his comfort and solace in distress, his crown in the day of his rejoicing. He considers it a species of insult to speak slightly of his favorites, and is ready and anxious to defend them at all times.

It is not necessary to enquire into the origin of this feeling, and perhaps it might be no easy task to discover it; but every one has felt the attraction whose opinion on the matter is worth seeking for; those who have not felt it, would be no wiser after reading a volume on the subject. There are friendships for the *living*, which have originated we know not how, springing up and expanding silently and unperceived, gathering strength perhaps from a word, a look, a kind deed done in secret, until they have become parts of our very being. Our attachments for the *dead-living* in like manner spring up, in many instances alike unnoticed. Perhaps they have been our teachers, the parents from whom we drew our intellectual life, the silent monitors who rescued us from a temptation, or who propped our decaying virtue. Perhaps their words were imprinted on our hearts when we were young, and they may be as links in the mysterious chain of sympathy which binds us to the past. Converse with them may serve to bring before us in vision, realities which were once cherished and which are not yet entirely forgotten amid the cares of riper years.

But it is in vain to speculate further on the origin of this attachment, let every one see to it, that he does not diminish it by coolness or neglect. Cultivate intimacy with the great, *in your libraries*. You will find them silent but delightful companions. Friends who will not drink your wine, nor increase your butcher's bill. They keep not fashionable hours, nor will they refuse to feast you because you have nothing to offer in return. It is unnecessary to dress to receive them, for they stand upon no ceremony, and do not despise you even in your night gown and slippers. They will allow you to consult your case in any posture you like, and are never offended at the fumes of a cigar. They will joke when you are merry, and be grave when you are sad. They are no tale bearers, neither are they vexed when you do not enquire after their health.

Cicero may read you, now and then, a lecture on morality, but you cannot fly into a passion, for he never scolds. Horace never stays too long, nor does his satire make you wince, for he is too well bred to be personal. Your Greek friends will furnish you with any quantity of wit, and elegant extracts, which you may retail at the dinner table without fear of being found out. Greek fire warms but does not scorch. Attic salt loseth not its flavour in the parlour, and you can lose yourself among the most beautiful creations of Grecian art, without catching cold, or being shot at from behind a pillar. If you like French wit, Molière will wait on you in an instant. Madame de Staël will talk sentiment by the hour, Cousen give a fine lecture on philosophy,