

throughout every period of the history of man,—which gave of old their hero-gods to the Greek and the Roman, and the red-letter saint-days to the calendar of the Papist; and which in these latter times we may see scarce less active than ever in the worlds of politics and letters. We find them alike developed in the “hero-worship” of Carlyle, and the Pitt and Fox dinners and clubs of our politicians.

As a piece of mere show, the festival of Burns, like the tournament of Lord Eglinton, was singularly unhappy. Both got sadly dragged in the mud, and looked like bepowdered *beaus* who set out for the ball-room in their thin shoes and silk stockings, and are overwhelmed in a thunder-shower by the way. Serious earnest stands a ducking: mere show and make-believe becomes ridiculous in the wet. The 92d Highlanders were thoroughly respectable at Waterloo, though drenched to the skin; and we have seen from twelve to fifteen thousand of their devout countrymen gathered together amid their wild hills, in storm and rain, on a sacramental Sabbath, without appearing in the slightest degree contemptible. But alas for a dragged procession or a festival first dressed up in gumflowers and then bespattered with mud! Processions and festivals cannot stand a wetting. Like some of the cheap stuffs—half whitening and starch—of the cotton-weaver, they want *body* for it. Their respectability is painfully dependent on the vicissitudes of the barometer. Every shower of rain converts itself into a jest at their expense, that turns the laugh against them; and every flying pellet of mud becomes a practical joke. And as the festival of Burns, like the tournament of Eglinton, got particularly wet,—wet till it steamed and smoked like a salt-pan, and the water that streamed downwards from its nape to its heels discharged the dye of its buckram inexpressibles on its white silk stockings, and flowed over the mouth of its thin-soled pumps,—it returned to its home in