

pageant, like its origin, seems to have been a sufficiently poor affair; but underneath that surface there must have beat a living and vigorous heart, neither poor in its emotions, nor yet uninteresting in its physiology.

We would recognise in it, first of all, the singularly powerful impression made by the character of Burns on the people of Scotland. The *man* Burns exists as a large idea in the national mind, altogether independent of his literary standing as the writer of what are pre-eminently the national songs. Our English neighbours, as a people at least, are much less literary than ourselves. The fame of their best writers has scarce at all reached the masses of their population. They know nothing of Addison with his exquisitely classic prose, or of Pope with his finished and pointed verse. We have been struck, however, by finding it remarked by an English writer, who lived long in London, and moved much among the common people, that he found in the popular mind well-marked though indistinct and exaggerated traces of at least one great English author. He could learn nothing, he observed, from the men who drove cabs and drays, of the wits and scholars of Queen Anne, or of the much greater literati of the previous century; nay, they seemed to know scarce anything of living genius; but they all possessed somehow an indistinct shadowy notion of one Dr Samuel Johnson,—a large, ill-dressed man, who was a great writer of they knew not what; and almost all of them could point out the various places in which he had lived, and the house in which he died. Altogether independently of his writings,—for these are far from being of a popular cast,—the Doctor had made an impression by the sheer bulk and energy of his character: he loomed large and imposing simply as a man: an impression of the strange kingly power which he possessed, and before which his contemporaries the Burkes, and Reynolds, and Charles James Foxes of the age,