

were content to bow acquiescent, had somehow reached the masses ; and the lapse of two generations had failed to efface it. The only other man of whom the author of the remark found similar traces among the common people of London was not a writer at all ; but he, too, far excelled his contemporaries in the kingly faculty, and stamped, not on the mind of his country alone, but on that of civilized man everywhere, the impress of his power. The men who carried about with them this curious shadowy idea of Johnson had an idea, also existing in exactly similar conditions, of one Oliver Cromwell,—an idea of some kind of undefinable greatness and power, not extrinsic and foreign to him, but inherent and self-derived, and before which all opposition was prostrated. The intrinsic weight of the two characters had sunk their impress deep into the popular memory. And on a similar principle has the popular memory been impressed in Scotland by the character of Robert Burns.

Scotland has produced many men eminent for literature and philosophy,—exquisite poets, like him who wrote the “Battle of the Baltic,” and scholars of the highest reach, such as the author of the “Franciscan :” the history of Hume is still supereminently *the English History* ; the novels of Scott are the most popular fictions ever produced in any age or nation : but the authors of these works, though great writers, were not properly great men. Some of them, on the contrary, were rather small men. Campbell was decidedly diminutive, maugre his fine genius and exquisite taste ; Hume was merely a cold though not ill-tempered sceptic, who enjoyed life at his leisure, and grew fat ; nor would Scott, though rather a happy-dispositioned, hospitable country gentleman, who made money and then lost it, have greatly shone as a hero in one of the dramas of Goethe or Shakspeare. But, altogether independently of his writings, the character of Burns, like that of Johnson, was one of great