

massiveness and power. There was a cast of true tragic greatness about it. There was a largeness in his heart, and a force in his passions, that corresponded with the mass of his intellect and the vigour of his genius. We receive just such an impression from reading his life as we do from perusing one of the greater tragedies of Shakspeare. Like the Othellos or Macbeths of the dramatist,—characters that fasten upon the imagination and sink into the memory from causes altogether unconnected with either literary taste or moral feeling,—we feel in him, per force, an interest which exists and grows, alike independently of the excesses into which his passions betrayed him, or the trophies which his genius enabled him to erect. Burns was not merely a distinguished poet,—he was a man on a large scale; and the festival of the present month bore emphatic testimony to the fact.

It is not uninstrusive to mark how this admiration of the merely great and imposing grows upon mankind, until at length, at the distance of an age or two, the departed great man reckons among his semi-worshippers individuals of not less calibre than himself. Burns,—to borrow from Cowper's allusion to Garrick and Garrick's commemorative festival at Avon,—“was himself a worshipper.” “Man praises man!” The great hero of the poet was Robert the Bruce. He was selected by him to form the leading character in his projected drama; we find frequent allusion to him in his letters and journals; and the most spirit-stirring of all his songs is the address of the hero king to his troops at Bannockburn. Now, we have seen faithful casts of the skulls of worshipper and worshipped resting side by side on the same shelf in a museum, and have been greatly struck by the fact that they should have existed in such a relation to each other. The worshipper, if there be a shadow of truth in the science that professes to draw conclusions from the material organ of mind,