

sary to the success of the other's work. Unless the minds of men had been first aroused and enlightened by the writings of the earlier Reformers, Luther, when he made his great stand, would have failed from want of support. As the monks said, "Erasmus laid the egg, and Luther hatched the cockatrice." And unless a more vigorous hand had carried on the earlier work, it would have failed of its due effect. Erasmus' mainly destructive criticism might have driven some unstable souls into partial infidelity, or have thrust back others, in despair, into deeper darkness. In times of darkness and death two things are needed—light and life. If the special characteristic of the former movement was light, that of the later was life.

There have been times in the history alike of states and of churches, when quiet constitutional methods of reform seem unavailing, when the slumber of men's souls has been too profound to be shaken by anything less than the shock of some great convulsion. The Reformer for such times must be a son of thunder, a man of sterner stuff than the noble Colet, or the tolerant Erasmus, or the polished More. Such a time was that which preceded the Protestant Reformation: such a Reformer was Martin Luther.

W. E. PLATER.



ART. III.—SIR WALTER SCOTT—(CONTINUED).

"THE Lady of the Lake," which depends for its chief interest on incident and romantic situation, but which is also full of light and colour, martial ardour, and national feeling, was published in May, 1810. Scott's reputation had so steadily increased that he sold the copyright for double the price that "Marmion" had produced. A lady, a cousin of his, who, when the work was in progress, used to ask him what he could possibly have to do so early in the morning, and to whom he at last told the subject of his meditations, tried to dissuade him from publishing a poem after "Marmion," fearing lest its popularity should stand in the way of another, however good. "He stood high," she said, "and should not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for he might depend upon it a favourite would not be permitted even to stumble with impunity." But he replied, in the words of Montrose:

He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all.

As the last sheets were passing through the press he writes to Morritt: "If I fail, as Lady Macbeth gallantly says, I fail, and

there is only a story murdered to no purpose; and if I succeed, why, then, as the song says:

Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,  
The dirk and feather and a'."

Success was not for a moment doubtful. "The Lady of the Lake" appeared in all the majesty of quarto, with every accompanying grace of typography, and with, moreover, an engraved frontispiece of Saxon's portrait of Scott; the price of the book, two guineas. This edition of 2,050 copies disappeared instantly, and was followed, in the course of the same year, by four editions in octavo, namely, one of 3,000, a second of 3,250, and a third and a fourth, each of 6,000 copies; thus, in the space of a few months, the extraordinary number of 20,000 copies were disposed of.

The interest which the poem excited in Edinburgh, for two or three months before it was published, was unprecedented. A great poem was on all hands anticipated. None of the author's works were looked for with more intense anxiety, nor did any of them, when it appeared, excite a more extraordinary sensation. The whole country rang with the praises of the poet. Crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine—till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighbourhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. From the date of the publication of this poem the post-horse duty in Scotland rose to an extraordinary degree; and, indeed, it continued to do so regularly for a number of years, the author's succeeding works keeping up the enthusiasm for the scenery, which he had thus originally created. Jeffrey preferred the new poem to either of its predecessors. "The diction," he says, "is more polished;" indeed, he compared it at times to "the careless richness of Shakspeare":

The versification is more regular, the story is constructed with infinitely more skill and address; there is a larger variety of characters more artfully and judiciously contrasted. There is, nothing, perhaps, so fine as the battle in "Marmion," or so picturesque as some of the scattered sketches of "The Lay"; but there is a richness and a spirit in the whole piece which does not pervade either of those poems; a profusion of incident, and a shifting brilliancy of colouring that reminds one of the witchery of Ariosto; and a constant elasticity and occasional energy which seems to belong more peculiarly to the author.

This is a candid and discriminating judgment, but I think the verdict of the general public is different, and that, both in regard to the painting of nature, and the description of war, in its passionate excitement and its poetical power, "Marmion" carries off the palm. Nevertheless, there is marvellous vigour in some of the martial episodes in "The Lady of the Lake," and two or

three brilliant passages in the description of battle carry us completely away. Soldiers in the field have felt their power. We read, in Lockhart's "Life of Scott," that, "in the course of the day, when 'The Lady of the Lake' first reached Sir Adam Fergusson, he was posted with his company on a point of ground exposed to the enemy's artillery, somewhere, no doubt, on the lines of Torres Vedras. The men were ordered to lie prostrate on the ground; while they kept that attitude, the Captain, kneeling at their head, read aloud the description of the battle in Canto vi., and the listening soldiers only interrupted him by a joyous huzza when the French shot struck the bank close above them." We can imagine how such a passage as the following would thrill the hearts of the Scotch soldiers as they lay on the ground to shelter themselves from the French guns:

Their light-armed archers far and near  
 Surveyed the tangled ground,  
 Their centre ranks with pike and spear  
 A twilight forest frowned,  
 Their barbèd horsemen, in the rear,  
 The stern battalia crowned.  
 No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,  
 Still were the pipe and drum;  
 Save heavy tread, and armour's clang,  
 The sullen march was dumb.  
 There breathed no wind their crests to shake,  
 Or wave their flags abroad;  
 Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,  
 That shadowed o'er their road.  
 Their vaward scouts no tidings bring,  
 Can rouse no lurking foe,  
 Nor spy a trace of living thing,  
 Save when they stirred the roe;  
 The host moves, like a deep sea-wave,  
 Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,  
 High-swelling, dark, and slow.  
 The lake is passed, and now they gain  
 A narrow and a broken plain,  
 Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;  
 And here the horse and spear men pause,  
 While, to explore the dangerous glen,  
 Dive through the pass the archer-men.  
 At once there rose so wild a yell  
 Within that dark and narrow dell,  
 As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,  
 Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!  
 Forth from the pass in tumult driven,  
 Like chaff before the winds of heaven,  
 The archery appear:  
 For life! for life! their flight they ply—  
 And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,  
 And plaids and bonnets waving high,  
 And broad-swords flashing to the sky,  
 Are maddening in their rear.

Onward they drive in dreadful race,  
Pursuers and pursued ;  
Before that tide of flight and chase,  
How shall it keep its rooted place,  
The spearmen's twilight wood ?  
"Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down !  
Bear back both friend and foe !"  
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,  
That serried grove of lances brown  
At once lay levelled low ;  
And closely shouldering side to side,  
The bristling ranks the onset bide,—  
"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,  
As their Tinchel cows the game !  
They come as fleet as forest deer,  
We'll drive them back as tame."

Scott had begun "Waverley" in 1805, and then laid it aside and resumed it in 1810, but still left it unfinished. In 1811 he published "The Vision of Don Roderick ;" and in the original preface to this poem, he alludes to two events which had cruelly interrupted his task : the successive deaths of his kind friend, the Lord President of the Court of Session (Blair), and his early patron, Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville. The immediate proceeds of the poem were forwarded to the board in London, formed for the purpose of affording relief to the Portuguese who had suffered from the war in the Peninsula. Scott says, in a letter to Mr. Morritt, who had lost a dear young friend in the battle of Barrosa :

Silver and gold have I none, but that which I have I will give unto thee. My lyrics are called, "The Vision of Don Roderick ;" you remember the story of the last Gothic King of Spain descending into an enchanted cavern to know the fate of the Moorish invasion,—that is my machinery. Pray do not mention this, for someone will snatch up the subject, as I have been served before ; and I have not written a line yet. I am going to Ashestiel for eight days to fish and rhyme.

The poem was received with favour, and called forth letters of admiration from Canning, Sir Adam Fergusson, and Lady Wellington ; but though it contains some fine stanzas, yet we must admit the justice of Mr. Palgrave's criticism, who describes it as "an unsuccessful attempt to blend the past history of Spain with the interests of the Peninsular war."

The year 1812 was an eventful one in Scott's life. As the death of Mr. Horne had placed him in the enjoyment of the clerkship of Session, his income was now £2,000 a year, independently of any profits from his literary labours. He felt, therefore, he could indulge a desire, long entertained, of possessing a house of his own. His lease of Ashestiel was about to expire, and he resolved to purchase a piece of ground sufficient for a cottage and a few fields. These stretched along the Tweed,

near half-way between Melrose and Selkirk; and the whole farm, of one hundred acres in extent, once belonged to the great Abbey of Melrose, of which it commanded a fine view. Its name was Abbotsford. The farm-house was small and in bad condition, but it was situated on land connected with many romantic associations, and the site was one of great natural picturesqueness and beauty; while the Tweed, which he loved, flowed broad and bright through undulating grounds, and was overhung by the alder and the birch. The price was moderate, about £4,000; and, as Lockhart says, "his prophetic eye already beheld rich pastures, embowered among flourishing groves, where his children's children should thank the founder." At first his idea did not go beyond a cottage with two spare bedrooms, with dressing-rooms, each of which on a pinch would have a couch-bed; and as he eagerly pressed the work on, it was sufficiently completed to allow of his removal to it in the summer of 1812. He and Mrs. Scott "were not a little proud," as he writes to his brother-in-law, Mr. Carpenter, "of being greeted as the Laird and Lady of Abbotsford;" and he celebrated his occupation of his new abode by a grand gala to all the Scotts in the county, from the duke to the peasant, who were to dance on the green to the sound of the bagpipes and drink whisky-punch. "We are very clannish in this corner."

Of the £4,000 which Scott paid for the original farm of Abbotsford, he borrowed one-half from his eldest brother, Major John Scott; the other moiety was raised by the Ballantynes, and advanced on the security of the, as yet, unwritten, though long-meditated, poem of "Rokeby." He had requested Mr. Stark, of Edinburgh, an architect of some talent, to give him a design for an ornamental cottage in the style of the old-English vicarage-house, but, before this could be done, Mr. Stark died. Checked for a season by this occurrence, Scott's plans gradually expanded; and twelve years afterwards the site was occupied, not by a cottage, but a castle.

Scott was now engaged upon two poems, of which the longer, "Rokeby," appeared first, being published at the beginning of the year 1813. The scene is laid near Greta Bridge, in Yorkshire, the seat of his friend Morrilt. Scott, when on a visit to his friend, had been struck with the extreme loveliness of the place—its romantic variety of glen, torrent and copse, and the flow of two beautiful rivers, the Greta and the Tees, which unite their streams in the wooded demesne. He now made it the scene of a poem whose action was laid in the civil war of Charles I. The whole edition of 3,250 copies was sold off within a week, but the demand was sooner satisfied than that for his earlier poems; and though Lockhart is warm in his praise of many incidents and passages, he is "compelled to confess that

it has never been so much a favourite with the public at large as any other of his poetical romances." Scott's own description of it to Mr. Ellis was that of a pseudo-romance of pseudo-chivalry. He had converted a lusty buccaneer into a hero with some effect, but the worst of all his undertakings was that his rogue, always in spite of him, turned out his hero. But, in defiance of this perversion or conversion, he hoped the thing would do, chiefly because the world would not expect from him a poem of which the interest turned upon *character*. "If it was fair for him to say anything of his own poems, he would say that the force in the 'Lay' is thrown on style; in 'Marmion,' on description; and in the 'Lady of the Lake' on incident."

There is no doubt that "Rokeby" shows exhaustion, and though Morritt assured Scott that he considered it the best of all his poems—his judgment no doubt being biased, as he was lord of the beautiful demesne where the scene is laid—yet Moore ventured to raise a good-humoured laugh at it, as the poem owed its existence to being the abode of a friend, hinting that if Scott had any friends equally valued in the more southern counties, their seats might come to be celebrated in the same manner. "Mr. Scott," he wrote,

Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,  
Is coming by long quarto stages to town;  
And beginning with Rokeby (the jade's sure to pay),  
Means to do all the gentlemen's seats by the way.

Nevertheless the poems contains some graceful and spirited songs. Here is one:

"A weary lot is thine, fair maid,  
A weary lot is thine!  
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,  
And press the rue for wine!  
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,  
A feather of the blue,  
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—  
No more of me you knew,  
My love!  
No more of me you knew.

This morn is merry June, I trow,  
The rose is budding fain;  
But she shall bloom in winter snow,  
Ere we two meet again."  
He turned his charger as he spake,  
Upon the river shore,  
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,  
Said, "Adieu for evermore,  
My love!  
And adieu for evermore."

Here is another, "The Cavalier":

While the dawn of the mountain was misty and gray,  
 My True Love has mounted his steed and away,  
 Over hill, over valley, o'er dale, and o'er down;  
 Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the Crown.

He has doffed the silk doublet the breastplate to bear,  
 He has placed the steel-cap o'er his long flowing hair,  
 From his belt to his stirrup his broadsword hangs down,—  
 Heaven shield the brave gallant that fights for the Crown!

For the rights of fair England that broadsword he draws;  
 Her King is his leader, her Church is his cause;  
 His watchword is honour, his pay is renown,—  
 GOD strike with the gallant that strikes for the Crown.

They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all  
 The round-headed rebels of Westminster Hall;  
 But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town  
 That the spears of the North have encircled the Crown.

There's Derby and Cavendish, dread of their foes;  
 There's Erin's high Ormond, and Scotland's Montrose!  
 Would you match the base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown,  
 With the Barons of England, that fight for the Crown!

Now joy to the crest of the brave Cavalier!

Be his banner unconquered, resistless his spear,  
 Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may draw  
 In a pledge to fair England, her Church, and her Crown!

Scott's other poem, "The Bridal of Triermain," was published anonymously early in the year 1813, and in the hope that even his most intimate friends would not discover the author. "He had even," as he afterwards said, "tried to mix something that might resemble (as far as was in his power) the feeling and manner of a friend who was more than suspected of a taste for poetry, Mr. Erskine." Lockhart thinks it next to impossible that many should have been deceived; but the Reviewer in the *Quarterly* was taken in—though it was probably Scott's own intimate friend, Mr. Ellis. The Reviewer spoke of the poem as "an imitation of Scott's style; one which, if inferior in vigour to some of his productions, equals or surpasses them in elegance and beauty, and is more uniformly tender." The diction "reminds him of a rhythm and cadence he had heard before; but the sentiments, descriptions and character have qualities that are native and unborrowed." The subject was taken from the Arthurian legends, though the particular episode in his history was due to the poet's own invention, and the scene was laid in the lovely vale of St. John. This valley had an especial charm for Scott, for it was at a ball in the neighbourhood that he first met his wife, and in the vision of Lyulph he describes the most striking features in a district of the English Lake Country, which is "beautiful exceedingly." Those who have visited the valley of St. John on their way from Keswick to Grasmere, know well the black rocks and the roaring stream, the lofty hills and the narrow dale, the mound that rises with airy turrets crowned,

which in the dim twilight, or when the mists and clouds gather round its head, seems like a castle's massive walls. But here is the passage itself :

He rode, till over down and dell  
 The shade more broad and deeper fell,  
 And though around the mountain's head  
 Flowed streams of purple, gold, and red,  
 Dark at the base, unblest by beam,  
 Frowned the black rocks, and roared the stream.  
 With toil the king his way pursued  
 By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,  
 Till on his course obliquely shone  
 The narrow valley of Saint John,  
 Down sloping to the western sky,  
 Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.  
 Right glad to feel those beams again,  
 The king drew up his charger's rein ;  
 With gauntlet raised he screened his sight,  
 As dazzled with the level light,  
 And, from beneath his glove of mail,  
 Scanned at his ease the lovely vale,  
 While 'gainst the sun his armour bright  
 Gleamed ruddy like the beacon's light.

Paled in by many a lofty hill,  
 The narrow dale lay smooth and still,  
 And, down its verdant bosom led,  
 A winding brooklet found its bed.  
 But midmost of the vale, a mound  
 Arose, with airy turrets crowned,  
 Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,  
 And mighty keep and tower ;  
 Seemed some primeval giant's hand  
 The castle's massive walls had planned,  
 A pond'rous bulwark, to withstand,  
 Ambitious Nimrod's power.  
 Above the moated entrance slung,  
 The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,  
 As jealous of a foe ;  
 Wicket of oak, as iron hard,  
 With iron studded, clenched, and barred,  
 And pronged portcullis, joined to guard  
 The gloomy pass below.  
 But the gray walls no banners crowned,  
 Upon the watch-tower's airy round  
 No warder stood his horn to sound,  
 No guard beside the bridge was found,  
 And, where the Gothic gateway frowned  
 Glanced neither bill nor bow.

Once more, and for the last time, did Scott court the judgment of the public with a poem ; but before he did so, he had broken new ground as a novelist, and the reception which " *Waverley* " received induced him for the future to devote himself to prose as a vehicle for fiction.

Before proceeding to speak of his novels, I shall conclude  
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what I have to say of his poems. Not long after the publication of "The Bridal of Triermain," he had the flattering offer from the Prince Regent, of his own free motion, to make him Poet Laureate; but though finding a difficulty in declining an honour which was meant both as a compliment and a service, yet his own judgment induced him to do so, and his friends approved of his determination. He feared that "if he accepted the post he should be well quizzed," and dreaded lest, favoured as he had been by the public, he might be considered, with some justice, as engrossing a petty emolument which might do real service to some poorer brother of the Muses. He was the more satisfied with his decision when, through his influence, the offer was made to Southey, the man nearest himself in literary reputation, and whose circumstances did not make him equally indifferent to an increase of income.

The scenery of the Western Isles had impressed his fancy as full of poetical suggestion on a visit to the Laird of Staffa, and he resolved to place the action of the "Lord of the Isles" amidst the mountains and mists, the lakes and islands of Skye and Arran. It was published in January, 1815. Both the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Quarterly* spoke in warm praise of its glow of colouring, its energy of narration, and its amplitude of description. "Mr. Scott," says the *Quarterly*, "infuses into his narrative such a flow of life and, if we may so express ourselves, of animal spirits, that without satisfying the judgment, or moving the feelings, or elevating the mind, or even very greatly interesting the curiosity, he is able to seize upon, and, as it were, exhilarate the imagination of his readers, in a manner which is often truly unaccountable." Each reviewer tempered his praises with a suggestion of defects both in the language and in the composition of the story, and complained that the poet neglected to bestow on his work "that common degree of labour and meditation which it is scarcely decorous to withhold." The poem contains, however, many fine passages, and the character of Robert the Bruce, who is its real hero, is delineated with surpassing power, while the picture of Bannockburn is hardly inferior to the description of Flodden Field in "Marmion." The heroines, too, are painted with the utmost delicacy, and their difference of character is indicated by exquisite and beautiful touches.

The first edition of 1,800 copies in quarto was rapidly disposed of, but the demand was not sustained as had been that of the former poems, and the falling off was decided; and Scott, who was wholly unprepared for this result, felt keenly the disappointment. There is no doubt that this decline in his popularity as a poet was owing in a great measure to the rising of a new and brilliant star in the poetical horizon, and that

Byron, who was now throwing off his Eastern tales with unexampled rapidity, was supplanting Scott in public favour. In the "Giaour," the "Corsair," the "Bride of Abydos," and "Parisina," Byron, by the intensity of his passion, the richness of his imagination, and his mastery over language, took the fancy captive, and, for the time being, rendered all competition hopeless. Scott felt that he was overshadowed by the genius of Byron, and, only expressing a wonder that his poetical popularity should have lasted so long, determined to confine himself to the writing of novels.

In his last poem, "The Lord of the Isles," there is the same feeling for colour, the same glow as in his other poems; the same passionate love of the beautiful and picturesque; the same rush and force in the battle scene, and the same life thrown into Nature, though he never lends her a soul as does Wordsworth, so notably in that magnificent poem, "Tintern Abbey." There is a graphic piece of word-painting in the following description of Lake Corriskin :

"This lake," said Bruce, "whose barriers drear  
 Are precipices sharp and sheer,  
 Yielding no track for goat or deer,  
 Save the black shelves we tread,  
 How term you its dark waves? and how  
 Yon northern mountain's pathless brow,  
 And yonder peak of dread,  
 That to the evening sun uplifts  
 The griesly gulphs and slaty rifts,  
 Which seam its shivered head?"—  
 "Corriskin call the dark lake's name,  
 Coolin the ridge, as bards proclaim,  
 From old Cuchullin, chief of fame,  
 But bards, familiar in our isles  
 Rather with Nature's frowns than smiles,  
 Full oft their careless humours please  
 By sportive names for scenes like these.  
 I would old Torquil were to show  
 His Maidens with their breasts of snow,  
 Or that my noble Liege were nigh  
 To hear his Nurse sing lullaby!  
 (The Maids—tall cliffs with breakers white,  
 The Nurse—a torrent's roaring might.)  
 Or that your eye could see the mood  
 Of Corrievreken's whirlpool rude,  
 When dons the Hag her whitened hood."  
 Huge terraces of granite black  
 Afforded rude and cumbered track;  
 For from the mountain hoar,  
 Hurl'd headlong in some night of fear,  
 When yelled the wolf and fled the deer,  
 Loose crags had toppled o'er;  
 And some, chance-poised and balanced, lay,  
 So that a stripling arm might sway  
 A mass no host could raise,

In Nature's rage at random thrown,  
 Yet trembling like the Druid's stone  
     On its precarious base.  
 The evening mists, with ceaseless change,  
 Now clothed the mountains' lofty range,  
     Now left their foreheads bare,  
 And round the skirts their mantle furled,  
 Or on the sable waters curled,  
 Or, on the eddy breezes whirled,  
     Dispersed in middle air,  
 And oft, condensed, at once they lower,  
 When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower  
     Pours like a torrent down,  
 And when return the sun's glad beams,  
 Whitened with foam a thousand streams,  
     Leap from the mountain's crown.

Let us now turn to the immortal Waverley novels, in which Scott shone without a rival, and in which his genius is most fully displayed. "Waverley," the first of the brilliant series, appeared on the 7th of July, 1814, and was published anonymously, being left to win its way in the world without any of the usual recommendations. Begun in 1805, it had been laid aside, and was now finished in a time incredibly short, the last two volumes having been written in three weeks. It had a success unprecedented in the case of an anonymous novel, and put forth at what is known among publishers as "the dead season." The whole impression of 1,000 copies disappeared within a few weeks, and edition after edition was rapidly called for. Scott's aim as a novelist was to attempt for his own country something of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth had so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favourable light than they had hitherto been placed, and might "tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles." Till near the close of his career as an author, Scott clung to his incognito; one reason for secrecy being lest a comparative failure, or even a moderate success in fiction, should endanger the great reputation he had gained as a poet. Another reason may have been that it stimulated his imagination, and gratified the boyish pleasure which he had in wearing a mask to the outside world. As Morritt, however, foretold, his disguise was penetrated by some of his friends, and the Reviewer in the *Edinburgh* closed his notice of the book with the suggestion that "if it were indeed the work of an author hitherto unknown, Mr. Scott would do well to look to his laurels." The disguise Scott persisted in maintaining, even after it had been seen through; and it was not till after the ruin of Ballantyne's affairs that novel after novel was issued with any other description of the writer than as "The Author of

‘Waverley.’” There is an anecdote told of Scott when, in the height of his fame, he paid a visit to London in the year 1815. The Prince Regent, wishing to do him honour, asked him to dinner; and as the authorship of “Waverley” was still unavowed, the Prince thought he could make a custom, usual in those days at dinner-tables, available to extract a confession of the truth. The Regent filled his glass, and called for a bumper, with all the honours, to “The Author of Waverley.” Scott was not a man to be taken by surprise. He, too, filled his glass, and “since His Royal Highness looked as if he thought he had some claim to the honour of this toast,” explained that he had no such pretensions, but promised to “take care that the real Simon Pure should hear of the high compliment that had been now paid him.” But neither was the Regent to be baffled in his purpose. Once more he filled his glass, and demanded “another of the same to the author of ‘Marmion’; and now, Walter, my man,” he added, “I have checkmated you for once!” —the checkmate being an allusion to an anecdote that had just before been told by Scott of a well-known Scotch judge. Other dinner-parties followed, and all of them flattering to the distinguished guest; and as a lasting memorial of his visit, the Prince gave him a golden snuff-box, set with diamonds, and further embellished with his own portrait on the lid.

Scott’s power as a novelist is seen in the ease with which he takes you back to days long gone by, and paints them with a truth and with a freshness unsurpassed and unrivalled by any other writer but Shakespeare. It is not merely the life of his own time and country that he describes, but he transports you to the distant scenes of the past, and makes us live amid the political and religious controversies of those days, showing us how the men long dead were affected and influenced by the public strifes and social interests of their age. Not that he neglects the private passions of individuals, but these are not the all in all of the story, but are closely associated with the public life and the historical interests of the epoch in which the scene is laid. Not only does he paint the lights and shades of Scottish life and character, its richest humour and its purest pathos, but he portrays for us the ambitions of the great, the jealousy of nobles, the forethought of statesmen, the craft of kings, the policy of courtiers, the tenderness of women; and so great is his power that we “weep with them that weep, and rejoice with them that do rejoice.” And what a variety of characters he has drawn for us in his novels! He paints with a life-like brush kings and queens, princes and peasants, statesmen and courtiers, lawyers and farmers, freebooters and preachers, gipsies and beggars.

Scott’s heroes may sometimes be a little colourless, with not

enough of decision in their character, prone to reasoning when action is demanded; and hesitating when it would have been more natural to yield to their sympathies, or to be carried away by impulse. He confessed himself the weakness of his own heroes. "Edward Waverley," he said, was "a sneaking piece of imbecility;" and "if he had married Flora she would have set him up upon the chimney-piece, as Count Borowlaski's wife used to do with him. I am a bad hand at depicting a hero, properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of borderers, buccaneers, highland robbers and all others of a Robin Hood description."

But Scott does himself injustice; many of his men are living and informed with the very spirit of genius, Scott breathing his own life into the character. I cannot think that Carlyle judges him aright when he says that "these great types of his are drawn from the outside, and not made actually to live":

His Baillie Jarvis, Dinmont, Dalgettys (for their name is legion) do look and talk like what they give themselves out for; they are, if not created and made poetically alive, yet deceptively enacted, as a good player might do them. What more is wanted, then? For the reader, lying on a sofa, nothing more; yet for another sort of reader, much. It were a long chapter to unfold the difference in drawing a character between a Scott, and a Shakespeare, and a Goethe. Yet it is a difference literally immense; they are of a different species; the value of the one is not to be counted in the coin of the other. We might say in a short word, which covers a long matter, that your Shakespeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them. The one set become living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automatons.

But is it true of Scott that he "fashions his heroes from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them"? Can this be said of Balfour of Burley, or Dalgetty, of Rob Roy, of Richard the Lionhearted, or Saladin? Can it hold for one moment when you consider how powerfully he has drawn the great figures of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, as he paints for us the historical portraits of the Dukes of Argyle, and Claverhouse, and Monmouth, of Sussex and of Leicester; of Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart? And what a gallery of fair women we have in the romances and novels! Lucy Ashton and Amy Robsart, Catherine Seyton, Di Vernon, Edith Bellenden and Alice Lee, Jeanie Deans and Madge Wildfire, Meg Merrilies and the fascinating Queen of Scotland! And all are drawn with such an exquisite touch that we know not which most to admire, the purity of the conception, or the delicacy of the execution. These women are all the direct intuitions of genius, and will live so long as the English language is spoken—will live beside Juliet, and Desdemona, and Imogen; beside Beatrice, and Portia, and Viola, and the other lovely

pictures of pure womanhood for which we are indebted to Shakespeare. Many, too, are the scenes in the novels which are unsurpassed for vividness and brilliancy, and which, taking us back to the times and events which they describe, impress us with their grandeur, or touch us by their force. They are certainly "painted from the heart outwards," and not "from the skin inwards." Instances of such scenes will occur to the reader when he recalls "Quentin Durward," "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," "Old Mortality," "The Bride of Lammermoor," and others of the same interest, picturesqueness and beauty, whether dealing with Scotland or with other countries. As to descriptions of nature, I will give only one passage, in which, as Ruskin says in one of the numbers of his "Præterita," "he has contrasted with the utmost masterhood the impressions of English and Scotch landscapes." Few scenes of the world have been oftener described, with the utmost skill and sincerity of authors, than the view from Richmond Hill sixty years since; but none can be compared with the ten lines in "The Heart of Midlothian":

A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas, and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom a hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to the whole.

As the Duke of Argyle looked on this inimitable landscape, his thoughts naturally reverted to his own more grand and scarce less beautiful domain of Inverary.

"This is a fine scene," he said to his companion, curious, perhaps, to draw out her sentiments; "we have nothing like it in Scotland." "It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here," replied Jeanie, "but I like quite as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur's Seat, and the sea coming in anent than as at a' these muckle trees,"

Ruskin, in the same number of "Præterita" (vol. iii., chap. iv.), after, in my opinion, a somewhat unjust judgment of the novels that deal with the history of other nations, makes these eulogistic remarks on the *Scotch* novels: "'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'The Abbot,' 'Redgauntlet,' and 'The Fortunes of Nigel'—they *are*, whatever the modern world may think of them, as faultless throughout as human work can be, and eternal examples of the ineffable art which is taught by the loveliest Nature to her truest children."

But let us return to Scott himself. Towards the end of November, 1818, Scott received from his friend Lord Sidmouth, then Secretary of State for the Home Department, the formal announce-

ment of the Prince Regent's desire to confer on him the rank of baronet. The offer was made by the Regent in this year, though it was not actually conferred till after George's accession, on the 30th of March, 1820. He was the first baronet that George IV. made on succeeding to the throne after his long regency, and Scott accepted the gracious and unsolicited honour, not only gratefully, but with extreme pride, because it was offered by the King himself, and was in no way due to the prompting of any Minister's advice. "Several of my ancestors," he writes to Joanna Baillie, "bore the title in the seventeenth century, and were it of consequence, I have no reason to be ashamed of the descent, and the respectable persons who connect me with that period, when they carried into the field, like Madoc,

The Crescent, at whose gleam the Cumbrian oft,  
Cursing his perilous tenure, wound his horn ;

so that, as a gentleman, I may stand on as good a footing as other new creations."

It speaks well for George IV. that he knew how to value Scott; and if his friendship did honour to the poet, it equally did honour to the King. Scott had no doubt a strong personal devotion to his sovereign, despite all his vices; but it betrays a weakness in his character to know that, after his intimacy with the Regent, he began to change his tone with regard to the Princess of Wales. For at first his relations with her were most friendly, and he spoke of an invitation to dine with her at Blackheath, in 1806, as a great honour. In the introduction to the third canto of "Marmion" he wrote a tribute to her father, the Duke of Brunswick:

Or deem'st thou not our later time,  
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?  
Hast thou no elegiac verse  
For Brunswick's venerable hearse?

And, at the close of the passage, he has the following spirited lines:

And when revolves, in time's sure change,  
The hour of Germany's revenge,  
When breathing fury for her sake,  
Some new dominion shall awake,  
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come  
To whet his sword on Brunswick's tomb.

In acknowledgment of this tribute to her father's memory, he received from the Princess a handsome silver vase. He had written, in 1806, some lines on Lord Melville's acquittal when impeached by the Liberal Government, and in these he introduces this verse about the Princess Caroline:

Our King too, our Princess,—I dare not say more, sir,—  
May Providence watch them with mercy and might!

While there's one Scottish hand that can wag a claymore, sir,  
 They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up for their right.  
     Be damn'd he that dare not,  
     For my part I'll spare not  
 To beauty afflicted a tribute to give ;  
     Fill it up steadily,  
     Drink it off readily,  
 Here's to the Princess, and long may she live !

But however ready he may have been at this time to "stand up" for the Princess, it shows that he shared in the weaknesses common to humanity; for after his intimacy with the Prince Regent began, he grew colder towards her, and, deserting to the other side, spoke of her only with severity.

*(To be concluded.)*



#### ART. IV.—THOUGHTS ON THE DECALOGUE.

THE Decalogue is the centre and pivot of the Old Testament revelation, as the doctrine of the Cross is of Christianity. Sinai and Calvary are the sites on which were reared the two temples in whose shrines respectively the Mind of God was revealed in justice and in mercy, in righteousness and in grace, in demanding from us and in giving to us, or, to use more theological terms, our sanctification and our justification. Hence, as "the Old Testament is not contrary to the New," as the seventh Article of our Church hath it; and, in the well-known words of St. Augustine, "the New Testament is concealed in the Old, and the Old is revealed in the New," they must not be separated, as the Gnostics of old and some of the sectaries of our own day have taught; nor should we join in the raid made against the Hebrew Scriptures, by attacking the authorship of the books, changing the order and sequence of the facts, disputing the validity of the laws and the futurity of the prophecies contained therein, as is the sad wont of the rationalistic school; but our part should rather be to follow in the footsteps of the Apostles and early Fathers and all orthodox teachers in all subsequent generations, and learn, in the suggestive features of the type, to fill in the perfections of the antitype. The Old Testament must be our pædagogus to lead us to the School of Christ. The Ten Commandments, the moral law, have ever been held by the universal Church of Christ to be the embodiment of our duties to God and to man. It is true, and must ever be remembered and carefully guarded, that our justification before God is not the result of the poor and partial obedience which the Christian renders—yet inasmuch as the law is the revelation of the Mind