

whose names conferred honor on the wall. There was poor Goldsmith : he had been my companion for thirty years ; I had been first introduced to him through the medium of a common school collection, when a little boy in the humblest English class of a parish school ; and I had kept up the acquaintance ever since. There, too, was Addison, whom I had known so long, and, in his true poems, his prose ones, had loved as much ; and there were Gay, and Prior, and Cowley, and Thomson, and Chaucer, and Spenser, and Milton ; and there, too, on a slab on the floor, with the freshness of recent interment still palpable about it, as if to indicate the race at least not *long* extinct, was the name of Thomas Campbell. I had got fairly among my patrons and benefactors. How often, shut out for months and years together from all literary converse with the living, had they been almost my only companions, — my unseen associates, who, in the rude work-shed, lightened my labors by the music of their numbers, and who, in my evening walks, that would have been so solitary save for them, expanded my intellect by the solid bulk of their thinking, and gave me eyes, by their exquisite descriptions, to look at nature ! How thoroughly, too, had they served to break down in my mind at least the narrower and more illiberal partialities of country, leaving untouched, however, all that was worthy of being cherished in my attachment to poor old Scotland ! I learned to deem the English poet not less my countryman than the Scot, if I but felt the true human heart beating in his bosom ; and the intense prejudices which I had imbibed when almost a child, from the fiery narratives of Blind Harry and of Barbour, melted away, like snow-wreaths from before the sun, under the genial influences of the glowing poesy of England. It is not the harp of Orpheus that will effectually tame the wild beast which lies ambushing in human nature, and is ever