

## THE ABBOTSFORD BARONETCY.

THE intimation in our last of the death of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Walter Scott, and the extinction of the Abbotsford baronetcy, must have set not a few of our readers a-thinking. The lesson of withered hopes and blighted prospects which it reads is, sure enough, a common one,—a lesson for every-day perusal in the school of experience, and which the history of every day varies with new instances. But in this special case it reads with more than the usual emphasis. The literary celebrity of the great poet and novelist of Scotland,—the intimate knowledge of his personal history which that celebrity has induced, and which exists co-extensive with the study of letters,—the consequent acquaintance with the prominent foible that stood out in such high relief in his character from the general groundwork of shrewd good sense and right feeling,—have all conspired to set the lesson, as it were, in a sort of illuminated framework. Sir Walter says of Gawin Douglas,—in his picture of the “noble lord of Douglas blood,” whose allegorical poem may still be perused with pleasure, notwithstanding the veil of obsolete language which mars its sentiment and obscures its imagery,—that it “pleased him more,”

—“that in a barbarous age  
He gave rude Scotland Virgil’s page,  
Than that beneath his rule he held  
The bishoprick of fair Dunkeld.”

Not such, however, was the principle on which Sir Walter estimated his own achievements or prospects. It pleased him more to contemplate himself in the character of the founder, as seemed likely, of a third-rate border family,—of importance enough, however, to occupy its annual line in the