

Almanac,—than that his name should be known as widely as even Virgil's own. And the ambition was one to which he sacrificed health, and leisure, and peace of mind, with probably a few years of life itself, and undoubtedly the very wealth which for this cause alone he so anxiously strove to realize. Never was there one who valued money less for its own sake ; but it flowed in upon him ; and, save for his haste to be rich that he might be a landholder on his family's behalf, Sir Walter would have died a man of large fortune, quite able to purchase three such properties as that of Abbotsford. And in last week's obituary we see the close of all he had toiled and suffered for, in the extinction of the family in which he had so fondly hoped to *live* for hundreds of years. One is reminded by the incident of some of the more melancholy strokes in his own magnificent fictions. He describes, for instance, in the introduction to the "Monastery," a weather-wasted stone fixed high in the wall of an ancient ecclesiastical edifice, and bearing a coat-of-arms which no one for ages before had been able to decipher. Weathered as it was, however, it was all that remained to testify of the stout Sir Halbert Glendinning, who had so bravely fought his way to a knighthood and the possession of broad lands, but whose wealth and honours, won solely by himself, he had failed to transmit to other generations, and whose extinct race and name had been lost in the tomb for centuries. Henceforth the honours of the Abbotsford baronetcy will be exhibited on but a hatchment whitened with the painted tears of the herald. A sepulchral tablet in Dryburgh Abbey will form, if not their only record, as in the imaginary case of the knight of Glendinning, at least their most striking memorial.

It is a curious enough fact, that Shakspeare, like Sir Walter Scott, cherished the ambition of being the founder of a family. "All his real estate," says one of his later biographers—Mr C. Knight—"was devised to his daughter,