

the third. It would seem as if we had an illustration, in this portion of the literary history of our country, of Double-day's curious theory of population. The human mind attained in these remarkable men to its full intellectual development, as the rose or the carnation, under a long course of culture, at length suddenly *stocks*, and doubles, and widens its gorgeous blow of a thousand petals; and then, when in its greatest perfection, transmission ceases, and there is no further reproduction of the variety thus amplified and expanded to the full. Nature does her utmost, and then, stopping short, does no more.

Abbotsford, a supremely melancholy place heretofore, will be henceforth more melancholy still. Those associations of ruined hopes and blighted prospects which cling to its picturesque beauty will now be more numerous and more striking than ever. The writings of Scott are the true monuments of his genius; while Abbotsford, on which he rested so much, will form for the future a memorial equally significant of his foibles and his misfortunes,—of bright prospects suddenly overcast, and sanguine hopes quenched in the grave for ever. Is the reader acquainted with the poem in which the good Isaac Watts laments the untimely death of his friend Gunston,—a man who died childless, in the vigour of early manhood, just as he had finished a very noble family seat? The verse flows more stiffly than that of Shakspeare or Sir Walter Scott, for Watts was not always happiest when he attempted most; and there is considerably more poetry in his hymns for children than in his "Pindaric Odes" or his "Elegies." Still, however, his funeral poem on his friend brings out not unhappily the sentiment which must breathe for the future from the deserted halls of Abbotsford.

"How did he lay the deep foundations strong,
Marking the bounds, and reared the walls along,