

Solid and lasting, where a numerous train
 Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
 While nations perished and long ages ran,
 (Nations unborn and ages unbegan);
 Nor time itself should waste the blest estate,
 Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
 How fond our fancies are! * * *
 And must this building, then,—this costly frame,—
 Stand here for strangers? Must some unknown name
 Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?
 Why were these walls raised for this hapless end,
 Why these apartments all adorned so gay,
 Why his rich fancy lavished thus away?—
 The unhappy house looks desolate and mourns,
 And every door groans doleful as it turns.”

We find we cannot better conclude our desultory remarks than in the words of the London “Morning Herald,” whom we find thus referring to the death of the Lieutenant-Colonel, Sir Walter :—

“The deceased Baronet was the last of a family which it cost one precious life to create, and for whose perpetuation its founder would have accounted no purchase too dear, and reckoned no sacrifice too costly. It was not sufficient for the head of that house, whose last member has so recently quitted the earth, that he stood foremost in the ranks of celebrated men during life,—that he secured immortality upon his departure. Beyond the prodigal gifts of Heaven he esteemed the factitious privileges of earth, and treated lightly an imperishable wealth, for the sake of dross as poor as it was passing. The memoirs of the first Sir Walter, —albeit penned by no unloving hand,—leave painful impressions upon the minds of all who have made for themselves the character of the great magician, as far as it was possible, from his undying works. If the history teaches anything at all, it is one of the saddest lessons that can be brought home to humanity,—that of gigantic powers ill used, of insatiable though petty ambition derided and destroyed. The vocation of Sir Walter Scott was to enlighten and instruct mankind: *he* believed it was to found a family, and to become a great landed proprietor. To achieve the ignoble mission, the poet and the novelist embarked the genius of a Shakspeare, and the result is now before us. The family is extinct: the landed proprietor was a bankrupt in his prime. Who that has read the life of Sir Walter but has wept at his misfortunes, and marvelled at the sacrifices heaped upon sacrifices, freely made, in furtherance of a low