

man is more mixed up, through the force of his sympathies, with the community to which he belongs. The Englishman's house is his castle, and he glories in its being such. England is a country studded over with innumerable detached fortalices, each one furnished with its own sturdy independent castellan, ready, no doubt, to join, for purposes of mutual defence, with his brother castellans, but not greatly drawn towards them by the operation of any internal sympathy. Englishmen somewhat resemble, in this respect, particles of matter lying outside the sphere of the attractive influences, and included within that of the repulsive ones. The population exists as separate parts, like loose grains of sand in a heap, — not in one solid mass, like agglutinated grains of the same sand consolidated into a piece of freestone. Nothing struck my Scotch eyes, in the rural districts, as more unwonted and peculiar than the state of separatism which neighbors of a class that in Scotland would be on the most intimate terms maintain with respect to each other. I have seen, in instances not a few, the whole farmers of a Scotch rural parish forming, with their families, one unbroken circle of acquaintance, all on visiting terms, and holding their not unfrequent tea-parties together, and all knowing much of one another's history and prospects. And no Scotchman resident in the parish, however humble, — whether hind or laborer, — but knew, I have found, who lived in each farm-house, and was acquainted in some degree with at least the more palpable concerns of its inmates. Now, no such sociableness appears to exist in the rural parishes of England; and neighbor seems to know scarce anything of neighbor.

In the "Essay on National Character," we find Hume remarking a different phase of the same phenomenon, and assigning a reason for it. "We may often observe," he says, "a wonderful mixture of manners and characters in the same