

than truth, and almost all of them love it better than inquiry." "You are almost the only instance of a Scotchman that I have known," we find him saying, on another occasion, to Boswell, "who did not at every other sentence bring in some other Scotchman."—"One grand element in the success of Scotchmen in London," he yet again remarks, "is their nationality. Whatever any one Scotchman does, there are five hundred more prepared to applaud. I have been asked by a Scotchman to recommend to a place of trust a man in whom he had no other interest than simply that he was a countryman."—"Your Grace kens we Scotch are clannish bodies," says Mrs. Glass, in the "Heart of Mid Lothian," to the Duke of Argyll. "'So much the better for us,'" replies the Duke, "'and the worse for those who meddle with us.'"—"Perhaps," remarks Sir Walter, in his own person, in the same work, "one ought to be actually a Scotchman, to conceive how ardently, under all distinctions of rank and situation, the Scotch feel the mutual connection with each other, as natives of the same country." But it may seem needless to multiply illustrations of a peculiarity so generally recognized. The gregariousness of the Scotch,—*"Highlanders! shoulder to shoulder,"*—the abstract coherency of the people as a nation,—their peculiar pride in the history of their country,—their strong exhilarating associations with battle-fields on which the conflict terminated more than six hundred years ago,—their enthusiastic regard for the memory of heroes many centuries departed, who fought and bled in the national behalf,—are all well-known manifestations of a prominent national trait. Unlike the English, the Scotch form, as a people, not a heap of detached particles, but a mass of aggregated ones; and hence, since at least the days of Knox, Scotland has formed one of the most favorable soils for the growth of Protestantism,