

never expresses itself in superheated declamation, or in boisterous huzzas, or in untimely protestations of loyalty. It assumes that a Scotsman *must* love his country, because it is his OWN, in the abstract, as the metaphysician would say. It was from this standpoint that Sir Walter Scott wrote :—

“ Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land?”

As much as to say, can it be possible that any man—I mean any Scotsman—would FORGET his native country. And if there should be such a monstrosity, the poet, to show his detestation and contempt for him, hurls at him the strongest invective perhaps in the English language :—

“ The wretch concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.”

2. *It is æsthetic.* A Scotchman, loves his country because to his mind “it is beautiful of situation and the joy of the whole earth.” So fervid is this