

entrance in the more subtle state into a class of minds from which, in its grosser and more tangible condition, it had been excluded. We are introduced in the letters of Burns to an ancient lady, stately and solemn, and much a Jacobite, who boasted that she had the blood of the Bruce in her veins, and who conferred, in virtue of her descent, the dignity of knighthood on the poet. We learn further, that the poet and the ancient lady, during the evening they spent together, agreed remarkably well : she would scarce have knighted him otherwise. She proposed toasts so full of loyalty to the exiled family, that they were gross treason against the reigning one ; but, notwithstanding their extremeness, the poet cordially drank to them, and, in short, seemed in every respect as zealous a Jacobite as herself. But there was a wide difference between the Jacobitism of Burns and that of the ancient lady. Hers was of the solid, his of the gaseous cast. Her mind was of the order in which *effète* opinions and dying beliefs are cherished to the last ; his of the salient order, that are the first to receive new impressions, and to take up new views. She would undoubtedly have died a Jacobite of the old grim type, that were content to forfeit land and life in the cause of a shadowy loyalty ; he, on the other hand, only a few years after, incurred the suspicion and displeasure of Government, by sending a present of artillery to the French Convention, to assist in defending a people who had deposed their king, against all other kings, and the *Jacobites* of their own country. The *Jacobite* of one year, who addressed enthusiastic verses to the “revered defenders of beauteous Stuart, and composed the “Chevalier’s Lament,” had become in the next the uncompromising *Jacobin*, who wrote “A man’s a man for a’ that.” Now, through the very opposite classes of minds represented by the old lady and the poet has Jacobitism passed in Scotland, in its progress to extinction. The class of true Jacobites,—the men in whom Jaco-