

been a great reality a hundred years ago, entered upon the stage at nearly the same place and time, but with a very different result from that which almost always takes place in the ghost scene in Hamlet. Hamlet the living,—a thing, as he himself informs us, of "too, too solid flesh,"—attracts but a small share of attention, compared with that excited by the unsolid spectre of Hamlet the dead: the shadow fairly eclipses the substance. But here, on the contrary, it was the substance that fairly eclipsed the shadow. The solid reality so occupied the mind of the Highlands, that it had not a thought to spare on the unsolid ghost; and so the ghost, all drooping and disconsolate, passed off the stage unapplauded and unseen. We could find no room at the time for the paragraph that formed the sole record of its entrance and exit: our columns were occupied to the full with matters which the "clans" deemed of more serious concernment than the centenary of their gathering in Glenfinnon,—among the rest, with the very grave fact, that not a few of their present chieftains are grossly outraging their rights of conscience, and chasing them, when they meet to worship God on the brown moors and bleak hill-sides of their country, to its exposed cross roads and its wild sea-beaches. But we have found room for it now, not as a piece of news,—for, after the lapse of a month, it has become somewhat stale,—but as the record of an event which, though but a trifle in itself, is at least interesting in what it indicates. A feather has been held to the lips of dead Jacobitism, to ascertain whether there was breath enough left within to stir the fibres, and not a single fibre has moved; and the paragraph on the "Centennial Commemoration" records the experiment and its result.

There are curious mental phenomena connected with the history of the decay of Jacobitism in Scotland. Like the matter of decomposing bodies, it passed, at a certain stage in its progress, from the solid to the gaseous form, and found