

Centenary in the romance of "The Forty-Five," to make an impression on the more active imaginations of the country, she has not been very successful. There is vastly more of the bizarre than of the solemn in the trappings of the Jacobite domino, as accident and pretension have conspired to trim it. It has got bells to its cap. We see it championed by "Young Scotland,"—a personage recognised by the half-dozen that ever heard of him as *very young* indeed,—and headed by a Percie Shafton, the undoubted descendant of the royal Stuarts, that edits tartan patterns, the strips of which had been preserved in manuscript in the library of the Scotch Church at Douay, and trembles, meanwhile, lest some unlucky bodkin should establish the maternal relation of old Overstitch the tailor. Happy modern Jacobitism! It is no more a great-grandson of the Pretender that you can boast of as the central figure in your picturesque group, but the Pretender himself, whole and entire.

Yes; the river, with all its deep pools and eddying currents, has turned into a different channel from that in which it flowed a century ago; and it is but idle work to be wandering along the deserted course, with its few stagnant shallows, where a handful of landlocked minnows await the droughts that are to lay them dry, as if the water and the great fish were still there. The tide of Highland devotion has long since set in, in a direction entirely opposite. The meeting at Glenfinnon was a meaningless pageant, and, it would seem, a miserably poor pageant to boot. Its enthusiasm, warmed up specially for the occasion, and but lukewarm after all, had no more truth or reality in it than that of the ancient Pistol in the play. The heart of the Highlands was to be found beating elsewhere. It was at the Assembly at Inverness, to which from distant valley and solitary hill-side the earnest-minded Celtæ had congregated by thousands, that the enthusiasm was spontaneous and the devotion true.