

isting Jacobitism, or, rather, the Jacobitism not existing, but merely supposed to exist,—a shadow of a shade,—a cripple a thousand times more lame than the Jacobitism its immediate predecessor, for it has got no legs at all, and not only no legs, but it can neither sing nor make poetry,—is rendered ridiculous by being represented as all right absolutely, and not as a cripple,—as one of, not the fantasies, but the forces, of the country,—as one, not of its mere night-dreams, but of its waking-day realities,—as not a phantom, but a power. The grand mistake of the *Times* on this subject must still be fresh in the minds of our readers, as it took place little more than three years ago, during the time of her Majesty's first progress through Scotland. The Scotch Lowlanders, said this journal,—usually so sagacious in its estimates, but sorely bemuddled in these days by its Puseyism,—were no doubt a narrow-minded, fanatical, puritanical, selfish set, all agog about non-intrusion and the independence of the Kirk; but very different was the spirit of the Highlands. There the old generous loyalty still existed entire; the long-derived devotion to hereditary claims, and the ancient implicit subjection to divine right. There, in short, ambitious Puseyism, eager to fling its shoe over Scotland, was to find in existing Jacobitism such a friend and ally as the “king over the water” had found in it a century ago. The *Times* has since been undeceived. But there still exist quarters in which Highland Jacobitism continues to be fondly clung to as an actual power, and a religious party that regard it as a *bona fide* ally. We found, when in the Western Highlands last summer, that the approaching commemoration was regarded as a Popish movement at bottom; and it would be certainly not uninteresting to know what proportion of the some three or four hundred Highlanders that are said to have turned out on the occasion belonged to the Romish communion. Certainly, if Rome wished, by masquerading at the