

CHAPTER VII.

THE entry of the Jacobite forces into Edinburgh caused comparatively little disturbance. Although determined to obtain possession of the capital, Prince Charles knew better than to stultify himself by assuming the role of a conqueror, when no real opposition had been offered to him. He was content to take what he considered his own by right of lineage. By many of the good folks of the "Maiden Town" he was regarded as a presumptuous intruder; at the same time it must not be forgotten that there were not a few, of all sorts and conditions, who devoutly looked to him as the last hope of the "hapless Stuart line," which, in spite of its many weaknesses and shortcomings and sins, yet retained a strong hold on their affections. It has sometimes been urged that the charming personality of the Prince entirely accounted for the wondrous enthusiasm evoked by the Rising of the Forty-five; and, had it been any other country than donee, undemonstrative Scotland, this might have been so. As it was, there can be no doubt but that there were other elements of a far more serious character moving the actors in this pathetic drama. Was it not, rather, the deep-seated hatred of everything English, and of the dynasty which was so alien to their Scottish hearts? Necessity had compelled many to hide their deepest feelings and desires, and to make the best of what they could not alter; but no sooner was there a ray of hope for the "Cause" which they had never forgotten, than they came out prepared to link their fortunes with those of the Young Chevalier.

The romantic character of the whole rising is apt to blind many to the fact that there were men on both sides who never gave their country's weal a moment's