

thought, but simply espoused that party which gave most promise to their selfish aspirations. Such a man was Alan Kilgour—a mean, sordid soul, without a tinge of patriotism in his nature—a man so bent on the attainment of his own ends that it was for him an easy descent to the perpetration of crime. Not without a certain amount of natural ability, he could bide his time patiently until the opportunity for action presented itself. His victory was shrouded in an almost preternatural coolness which made it hard to detect. His conduct while held a prisoner by the Jacobites was sullen and indifferent. He showed no desire for freedom, and when his liberty was restored to him by the command of the Prince he said not a word, but went out into the High street, and in a few minutes was lost in the stream of citizens passing to and fro. Evidently his plans were already formed, for he showed no hesitation, but made for a house in the old White Horse Close, which he entered as if quite at home there. As soon as day dawned on the following morning he was astir and making ready for a journey. Doffing the military garb he had been wearing, he attired himself in a long riding-coat, such as was worn by country gentlemen of the time, with headgear and other accompaniments to correspond. His short black hair was entirely covered by a well-trimmed wig; indeed, no one only casually acquainted with him would ever have detected in the middle-aged civilian the smart military officer of the previous day.

Obtaining his horse from a stable in one of the numerous lanes off the Grassmarket, he got into the saddle and rode leisurely through the West Port, just as if he were setting out over a well-known road to his home in the country. Through Corstorphine and Kirkliston and Winchburgh he made his way, ascending to the rising ground, from which he could look backwards and forwards for several