

news that he might gather. His next night he spent under the shadow of the ancient palace of Linlithgow, where he found many who were not slow to avow their Jacobite tendencies; they told the carrier how the Prince had arrived on a Sunday, just when the people were making ready to go to worship; how their pious duties were suspended for that day, and how Mrs. Glen Gordon, keeper of the palace, had entertained the Prince and his suite with the best at her disposal. Here there seemed to be a strong Jacobite feeling; but Leslie, for all that, used his customary caution, saying as little as possible, and listening eagerly to all they had to tell. The following day at noon found him within sight of the Jacobite troops, resting under the crest of Corstorphine Hill.