

Evidently no great pressure was needed; the flask again changed hands, and in a few minutes the heavy, stentorian breathing of the sentry told that the well-drugged liquor had taken effect. Now was the time for action. Changing coats and headgear with the sleeper, Kilgour picked up the gun which the sentry had dropped, and set out to find what he sought, before the light of returning day should compel him to leave the camp.

What his exact intentions were it would be hard to say. He made his way to where the Darvel men lay, being guided thither by the position of the picketed horses. Rightly imagining that Alistair, as orderly, would be near his chief, he slunk around the tent to see if all was safe, and was just about to enter it when Charles, who had kept him carefully in sight, suddenly threw himself upon him and kept him pinned to the ground. The noise of the scuffle roused the men who were nearest, Alistair among the rest, and very soon the Hanoverian spy was bound hand and foot and committed to the care of the guard, from whom there was little chance of escape.

We can readily imagine the feelings of the young cornet when he saw his contemptible rival a prisoner in the hands of his friends. He felt that a merciful Providence had interposed to keep him from present harm, and he was grateful accordingly.

When Kilgour was brought before the assembled chiefs and officers the indignation of some was so bitter that they would at once have had him strung up to the nearest tree. The Prince, when the case was referred to him, gave a calm and pacific judgment, which sent the spy back to the care of the guard, until an understanding was arrived at by the Prince and the people of Edinburgh.

The delay of the Edinburgh authorities to reply to the Prince's demand for unconditional surrender of the city