

Atholemen swung darkly into a glade of the forest.
"Let us hasten, Pate, to greet them."

Colkitto was still in the excitement and bustle of withdrawal when a vast roar, a raging tornado of voices which rose and sank and rose again, peal upon peal, told him the Highlanders had at last found their chosen leader. Compared to that mighty outburst the greeting from his own men seemed half-hearted and meagre. Such a thunder and tumult of rejoicing had, perhaps, never before resounded among those sombre hills. For a little while, indeed, Montrose was in actual jeopardy from adherents as impetuous and frantic in joy as they were ardent and fierce in battle. Men fought to get near him, to touch his hand, to kiss the hem of his garment. It was a *melée* of loyalty and affection, a furious mobbing, as of an exiled prince restored to a people overwrought by the long strain of waiting.

And what was he who thus moved grim warriors to the madness of enthusiasm by his mere presence? Not a hero of towering stature; not a man of giant brawn; but rather like Achilles, a man of graceful and beautiful mould, with a voice as soft as a woman's, and the nameless charm which bewitches hearts. In the beginning there was presented to him the prospect of a long life of obscurity and ease, or a few years of fame and glory. Without an instant's hesitation James Graham made the choice of Achilles. And the gods were kind. The glory and the fame were his in full measure, and the years