

some one cried, embodying the general sentiment.
"These seven years you have been afraid to look at him in the face, and you are afraid now."

"On with you," commanded the captain of the guard. "On with you, they will be trying a resurrection next."

At the city wall, that is the Nether Bow Port, the lord saw the instrument of his doom rising ominously under its black cloth. He neither blenched nor averted his eyes, but looked at it composedly even as he had looked at Argyle a minute before. He had shuddered to the heart but once, and that was not over the prospect of his own end. Wearied and fordone he entered the dark portals of the Tolbooth, after four hours' procession, to be immediately pounced on by the inquisitors of the Covenant.

"I beseech you give me a little peace," he pleaded. "For in truth I have found the ceremonies and compliments of this day somewhat tedious."

He pleaded in vain. They were about him like hornets. Their mission was not peace: but execution by sword. Though already sentenced he must appear at the bar of Parliament, and to the surprise of all and the scandal of not a few he went dressed as for a fête. For when man failed the fond heart of woman contrived to send, as token that he was not wholly deserted in his hour of tragedy, a gift of almost regal apparel. Wherefore he went to meet his mortal enemy, Loudon, in a costly suit of black, laced with silver, a rich scarlet cloak, silk carnation stockings with garters and shoe-rosettes of the like colour.