

were incited and expected to do, in token of their abhorrence, he could not use his hands to save his face. But the people did not stone ; instead, they murmured in pity and admiration.

Chained in couples, the other prisoners went through the seething streets, my lord following in his cart, with the hangman for outrider. Opposite the Lady Home's Lodging, otherwise Moray House in the Canongate, the cart stopped. Sounds of laughter and revelry came from above ; for the son of Argyle had newly married the daughter of the Earl of Moray and the wedding festivities were at their height. At the word that my lord was passing the Marquis of Argyle stepped forth upon the balcony to enjoy in public the exquisite gratification of beholding his fallen rival in the hands of the hangman. Lorn stood beside him, jesting with his bride concerning this time, and apposite spectacle furnished for their wedding entertainment. Close by too was the Lady Jean Gordon, Countess of Haddington, daughter of Huntly, niece of Argyle, a Jezebel in the venom of her wickedness. "See, my lord of Argyle," she cried with an insolent laugh, "this is what I do to James Graham," and in view of all she spat on the captive below. The people roared for shame, calling on her to come down and get the reward of her deeds, her reputation being none of the sweetest. My lord looked up and caught the eye, not of the shameless Jean Gordon, but of Archibald Campbell, who paled to the lips and shrank behind his curtain.

"Ay, well may you slink out of sight, my lord,"