

"Right you are, Pat, after all. Reckon we'll start for home now."

"For home, say you, and every place on Fingal's Notch, except Janet's cottage, burned to the ground."

"I'm glad we didn't tell her. Time enough when we get back."

"Aye, aye, true you are; but what will become of the old Commodore?"

"That's the question. One of the bravest and truest men that ever lived. He has his faults—who hasn't? He took his toll from every brig coming into the islands. Why shouldn't he—he was king. But if they acted decent he gave them a clean bill and no trouble. They were always safe. And when in distress or wrecked on the islands, who came to their rescue? It was MacAlpine and his men every time."

"And did you ever know him turn down a man who was stranded?" said Pat, "or a beggar who wanted a meal, or a wench who needed a home?"

"No," said Alick, "nor even a dog that wanted a bone."

"It's a' true," said Pat, "every word of it; but he had some quare notions, that same Commodore MacAlpine, King of the Islands, as he was. His word was law. He was always chief, and nary a single spalpeen ever dast go agin him. No parlyment for him, except the parlyment of one man, and that man hisself; neither republic nor ould country gover'ment would ever suit him. He was just: