

tasselled like a pall, the work of fond feminine hands bathed in tears, and embalmed and encaased, was preserved as a sacred relic.

Four months the collected fragments lay in state that the whole people might do them reverence. Then with a pomp and ceremonial befitting majesty itself they were borne from the Abbey Church of Holyrood to the Church of St. Giles, where the gorgeous tomb remains to this day. Fourteen of the proudest earls in the land, among them Eglington, Aboyne, and Tullibardine, carried the coffin, a dozen of noble birth sustained the pall, and all officialdom attended in mourning robes.

As "the great Mar" —great now in the estimation of every man—went down to his last rest, train-bands volleyed and artillery crashed a farewell.

By the grave-side stood two men with drooped heads and very singular thoughts, Patrick Graham of Inehbrakie, Black Pate of the battles, and his friend through good report and ill, the Tutor of Struan. As the Castle guns boomed they looked at each other meaningly, well knowing who should hear that thunder. And, in fact, in the very moment that they thus exchanged looks of intelligence, a prisoner in the Castle, lying under sentence of death, started up as in fright, asking his jailer what the cannonading meant. It was Archibald Campbell, Marquis of Argyle. Before Inehbrakie and Struan went back to their hills they saw his head fixed on the very trinket-prick from which Montrose's had just been removed in honour.

"Time's irony and revenge," said Inehbrakie