

*burn in effigy my body, yet the people, having won for themselves light and liberty, will welcome home, and place in the rostrum of the nation, the despised refugee. Farewell, Mac-Alpine! May God bless you.*

“MacKenzie.”

“An impossible man chasing an impossible ideal,” muttered MacAlpine between set teeth, “urging to fight on, and yet declaring that only a mythical success can ultimately be reached.”

“Why fight on at all?” pleaded Marie, “with scarcely fifty men left and a thousand against you.”

“I shall fight to the death, and die with the battle-cry of the MacAlpines on my lips.”

“But, father, though the cause is hopeless, we could still escape from these islands before it is too late. There’s always a refuge beyond the border,” urged Marie, still more earnestly.

“Never, child; I came here to be free, and shall stay until the end, if I fight to the last breath. But for you, Marie—the only one left—it is different. Something must be done. What did you say about Madge? Is she still here? I could send you both away in the dead of night in my best barge. It would be quite safe. What say you, child?”

“And leave you to fight it out alone? Never!”

“But you must. It’s the only reasonable plan. After I am gone—but mark you, I shall slay every man I can first—things will be quiet again. In the end you may find