

## EPILOGUE

*"I live and die for Loyaltie."* The great vow had been kept; kept, alas! with a lie on the dying lips, the lie of a devotion that would see nothing mean or despicable in its idol. With his last breath my lord praised and blessed his king; and his king had denied and forsaken him.

It may be that in the midst of his debaucheries Charles Stuart was pricked by the memory of his own perfidy and treachery in sending the most devoted, the most chivalrous of his servants to death. At any rate, the people of Edinburgh were commanded to assemble for another pageant, the greatest they had ever seen. From the four air the scattered limbs were gathered; the desecrated body was lifted reverently from its pit among the felons on the Borough Muir, the head taken down piously by the hand of a Graham, from its trinket-prick on the front of the Tolbooth. The heart they did not find; for love had taken possession of it long before. In the blackness and secrecy of midnight the dishonoured grave under the common gibbet was opened, and the heart taken thence. Tenderly, lovingly it was wrapped in a sheet of fine white linen with costly pearling or lace, and