

Patrick Graham of Inchbrakie, who is not unknown in Athole. Thank you, be not disturbed," he said, turning aside to the officer who had made him prisoner and was now so sorely smitten with contrition that he begged permission to replace the sword with his own hand. "I will myself buckle it on. And now that we may proceed with confidence and all convenient speed," added the Marquis, "I exhibit for your information the commission which I had the honour to receive from the hand of his Most Gracious Majesty the King."

Every head was uncovered as he unrolled the parchment. Macdonald bowed very low to scrutinise what he was too excited to read.

"Your Excellency," he said with a deep-drawn breath, "I and all who are with me place ourselves at your Excellency's command. Men," he cried aloud, for by this time the news had spread and the force crowded to the great scene regardless of discipline, "he for whom we waited has come and is before you. Salute the King's General!"

And with a thunderous shouting and furious waving of torches the grateful order was obeyed.

"And how agrees the Athole air with you, Macdonald?" Montrose asked cheerily when the tumult of welcome had spent itself. "Methought as I came hither of a pretty conceit of Will Shakespeare, a master of poesy lately dead in England. It concern the Castle of one Macbeth, a Thane of the olden time. Let me see, does it not run thus?"