

Ralph." Sir Ralph What or what Sir Ralph, I know not, but Macmurtrie swears he is "Sir Ralph the Deevil." Player, sage, knave, or fool, he at 'east was our good friend, and there is ever a welcome for him in Kilellan Castle.

Of our enemies, too, we have seen no more. Young Jamie is in India and like to stay there. The Macdonalds have kept the peace, and, indeed, after the chieftain's death "at the hands of a murtherous robber in Glasgow," the small sept scattered and became lost among the Glencoe and Appin peoples. So that the cattle thrive in Cowal and we are sure to reap our own oats.

Don Alvar stayed with us at Kilellan Castle for many months. He wished us to return to Spain with him, but such was the nature of Mariposa's desire to stay at Kilellan for a time, that our grandfather decided to wait, too. I remember, when little John Alvar had learned to smile at the approach of his great-grandfather's footsteps, the old man said it was time for him to return to Spain, if ever he was to return at all. We strove to keep him with us, but he smiled and said no.

"I grow old," were his words, "and there is much to be done for my great-grandson."

His ship was sailed around from Leith to Kilellan Bay. It struck me strangely that the Spanish ship should have followed the old wake of the fated Armada. On the day before his departure, Don Alvar said: