

GLENGARRY'S REVENGE.

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My legend has to do with that very Castle of Eilean Donan with which yours has already made us so well acquainted. The time of the action was about the early part of the seventeenth century, and the great actor in it was a very celebrated MacDonell of Glengarry, whose name I have forgotten, but who is said to have been remarkable for his gigantic figure and Herculean strength. The Lord Kintail of that period was a great favourite with the court, so that he thereby rose to great power and influence, which he very naturally employed, according to the laudable custom of those days, in humbling his enemies. Amongst these, none bore him a larger share of animosity than his hereditary foes, the MacDonells of Glen-

garry. It was not in their nature tamely to submit to the dominion which Kintail was permitted to exercise with comparative impunity over some of the other clans. On the contrary, they were frequently disposed not only to resist themselves, but they also very often found means to stir up others to resistance, and in this way they sometimes furnished Kintail with specious grounds for accusing them, when all apology for doing so might have been otherwise wanting.

It happened that the chief of Glengarry was on one occasion engaged for some days in a hunting expedition in that range of his own country, which surrounds the sea lake of Loch Hourn, already so often mentioned in the last legend. The sun was setting on a mild and beautiful evening, and the breeze was blowing softly from the sea, when, as Glengarry was returning from the chase, attended by a small party of his followers, he espied a couple of gallies standing inwards towards the very part of the shore where stood the little group of black bothies, that at such times formed his temporary place of encampment. Doubtful whether the approaching vessels might contain friends or foes, he

deemed it prudent to put himself and his people into ambush behind some broken ground, where they might lie concealed until they could patiently observe the progress and the motions of those who came, and so judge as to the result.

“ Knowest thou the rig of those craft, Alaister More ?” demanded Glengarry of his henchman, as they peered together over the black edge of a moss bank, and scanned the approaching sails with earnest eyes. “ Whence may they come, thinkest thou ?”

“ I would not say but they may be Kintail’s men,” replied Alaister.

“ Kintail’s men !” exclaimed Glengarry, “ what would bring Kintail’s men here at this time ?”

“ I’m not saying that I am just exactly right,” replied Alaister, “ but I’m thinking it looks like them.”

“ Curses on them !” said Glengarry bitterly, “ they are bold to venture hither while I am here.”

“ They are so, I’m thinking,” said Alaister ; “ but it may be that they have no guess that Glengarry is here. But, troth, that Kintail holds his head so high now-a-days, that I’m judging his

men think themselves free to thrust in their noses just where they like. He's king of the north-west, as a man might say."

"Accursed be his dastard dominion!" said Glengarry, with bitterness of expression; "and shame upon the slavish fools that yield their necks as footstools to his pride. Is't not galling to see it? Is't not galling to see men of wisdom and bravery,—such a man as my staunch friend and ally, MacLeod for instance, yielding so ready an obedience to one whom all should unite to oppose, overthrow, and crush as a common enemy."

"That's very true that you're saying, Glengarry!" observed Alaister; "but I'm thinking that they are not all just blessed with your spirit. If they had been so, I'm judging that the MacCraws could not have been left as they were without help but what they got from you."

"By all that is good, it was our help alone that saved them," cried Glengarry in an animated tone. "Half of them would have been hanged on the gallows-tree but for our interference. The MacKenzies had no reason to pride themselves on the event of that day, nor had we any cause to boast

of the zeal of those whom we have been wont to reckon among our allies."

"Troth, you're not wrong there, Glengarry," said Alaister. "So I'm judging that we must even go on to trust to our own MacDonell swords in all time coming; and we have reason to be thankful that their blades are not just made of cabbage stalks."

"Thank God, indeed, that they are made of better metal!" said Glengarry, smiling proudly. "And small as this our party is, would, with all my heart, that these were Kintail's men, with Kintail himself at the head of them!"

"I should not be that sorry to see Kintail," said Alaister.

"We should give him a hotter welcome than this cold coast might lead him to look for," said Glengarry.

"We'll not be slow in giving him that same, I'm thinking," said Alaister.

"Stay! dost thou not make out a banner yonder?" demanded Glengarry.

"I'm thinking I do see something like a banner," replied Alaister.

“ With this failing light we cannot hope even to guess at the bearing with which it may be charged,” said Glengarry, straining his eyes, “ but if that be a banner, as I believe it to be, then is there certainly a chief there. Look to your arms, MacDonells, and let us be prepared for what may happen !”

By degrees the gallies drew nearer and nearer ; but as the night was falling fast, their forms grew less and less distinct as their bulk swelled in the eyes of the MacDonells, till at last they came looming towards the shore like two dark opaque undefinable masses, which were suddenly reduced, by the displacement of their sails, to about one-fourth part of the size they had grown to. For a time they were rocked to and fro until their keels became fixed in the sand by the receding tide. The dusky figures they contained were then seen pouring out from them, and passing like shadowy spectres across a gleam of light that was reflected on the wet sand from the upper part of the sky ; and they showed so formidably in numbers, as to render some short council of war necessary before assaulting them with an inferior force, not from any fear of defeat on the part of him who took this

precaution, but dictated by his prudence to prevent all risk of the escape of those whom they were about to attack.

Whilst Glengarry was thus concerting his measures, the strangers were seen moving in a body towards the cluster of huts, which stood at something less than an hundred yards from the water side, and they speedily disappeared within their walls, and lights soon afterwards began to start up within them, as if they were preparing to make themselves comfortable for the night. Glengarry observed this, and in order that he might lull all apprehension of attack, he resolved to give them full time to employ themselves in cookery, or in whatever other occupation they might find to be necessary.

The broken ground which concealed the Mac-Donells, discharged a small rill, that ran, between banks of mossy soil, in a diagonal line, and opened on the sand at a point almost opposite to the spot where the two gallies were lying. No sooner was the chief of Glengarry satisfied that the time was come when the assault could be most opportunely made, than he led his handful of men silently down between the hollow banks of the brook,

so as to get unperceived between the enemy and their vessels. So far every thing went well with them, but as they debouched from the mouth of the water-course, the partial light that gleamed from the upper part of the sky, glanced unexpectedly on the blades of their naked claymores, and instantly a loud bugle blast blew shrilly from on board the nearer of the two gallies.

“Dunvegan! Dunvegan!” cried a loud voice from the bothies, after the bugle had ceased.

In an instant their little black heaps gave forth their living contents,—some armed, and others with blazing torches of moss-fir, plucked suddenly from the great fires they had kindled.

“’Tis MacLeod!” said Glengarry in a peevish tone, that sufficiently betrayed the disappointment he felt, that his well-concerted scheme of attack was thus rendered useless. “’Tis but MacLeod, then, after all!”

“Hoo!” said Alaister, “sure enough it’s MacLeod and no one else. So we’ll be supping, I’m thinking, and drinking together like friends, instead of fighting like wild cats.”

“Would it had been otherwise!” said Glengarry, “much as I love MacLeod, I would at this



moment rather a thousand times have encountered the Lord of Kintail. By the rood, but I was more i' the humour for dealing in blows than pledging in beakers! But since it could not be Kintail, I rejoice that it is MacLeod, for as I could desire no better foe than the one, I can have no worthier friend than the other."

"Both good of their kind surely, I'm thinking," said Alaister.

Nothing could exceed the joy and cordiality of the two friends at thus meeting so unexpectedly. The fattest buck of the chase was dragged towards a fire, kindled for culinary purposes in one of the huts,—steaks cut from its haunch were added to the fare which MacLeod's people were preparing, and after a hasty and unceremonious meal, the two chiefs retired with some of those in whom they reposed most confidence, into a separate bothy, where they might have leisure for full converse over a cup of wine.

"To what happy accident am I to attribute our meeting thus in Knoidart?" demanded Glengarry.

"If I had not chanced thus to meet you here," said MacLeod, "I should have gone on to Inver-

garry Castle, as I originally intended. But it is well that I am saved so long a journey."

"Nay, by all that is friendly, that is not well said of you, MacLeod," said Glengarry. "But I shall not be baulked of your visit. We shall break up hence, and set forward thither before to-morrow's dawn. If there be deer on my hills—fish in my streams—steers in my pastures—or wine in my castle-vaults, thou shalt be feasted like a prince as thou art."

"That may not be," said MacLeod, "for this is no time for you to devote to friendship and feasting. Thou knowest not that the object of this voyage of mine was no other than to warn thee of certain wicked plots that are about to be brought to bear against thee."

"What!—some evil machinations of the accursed Kintail, I warrant me," said Glengarry.

"Thou hast guessed, and guessed rightly too," replied MacLeod.

"Cowardly villain that he is!" cried Glengarry, "what has he done?"

"Thou knowest that he is in high favour at court," said MacLeod. "They even talk now of his being made an Earl. But be that as it may,

he hath somehow or other acquired the means of using the king's ear. And foully doth he misuse it, by pouring poison into it to farther his own ambitious and avaricious views, to the injury of the innocent."

"'Tis like the cold-hearted knave," said Glengarry. "But what I pray thee hath he said of me?"

"I know not what he may have said of thee," answered MacLeod, "but I know that he must have sorely misreported thee, seeing that through certain channels he hath persuaded his Majesty to arm him with letters of fire and sword and outlawry against thee."

"What said'st thou?" cried Glengarry, choking with his rising anger; "did I hear thee aright? Letters of outlawry, and of fire and sword, put into the hands of MacKenzie of Kintail, to be executed against *me*!—Oh, impossible!"

"What I tell thee is too true," said MacLeod.

"The dastard dare not use them!" cried Glengarry, grinding his teeth from the violence of his rage.

"Backed by the king, as he now is, he may dare do anything," said MacLeod.

“I defy him though he be backed by the king,” cried Glengarry in a fury; “aye, and though both were backed by the black monarch of hell! God forgive me for coupling the name of a sovereign whom I would fain love and honour, if he would but let me, with those of MacKenzie of Kintail, and that devil whom he delights to serve.”

“Moderate your passion, Glengarry,” said MacLeod, “and listen to me quietly, until I put thee in possession of all that is brewing against thee.”

“I am calm,” said Glengarry.

“It is my duty as a friend of thine to tell thee, then,” said MacLeod, “that a meeting is summoned for three days hence at the castle of Eilean Donan, of all those whom Kintail chooses to call the king’s friends in these north-western parts, who are called together for the ostensible purpose of giving him counsel how best to put in force those letters against thee, which he affects to be deeply grieved to have been charged with.”

“Hypocritical villain!” cried Glengarry.

“I am one of those friends of the king who are thus summoned,” said MacLeod, “and my present object was to prove to thee, that although I may be so ranked, I am not the less a friend of thine.

I wished to make thee fully aware of the whole state of matters, before I go to Eilean Donan to swell, as in regard to my own safety I must needs do, that majority which he looks for to strengthen his hands against thee."

"Thou hast proved thyself a friend indeed," said Glengarry, after ruminating a few seconds. "Thou hast proved thyself to be that old and steady friend of mine which I always have believed, and ever will believe thee to be. And now it is my turn to ask thee, whether thou hast ever found me in one instance to fail thee?"

"Thou hast never failed me, Glengarry," said MacLeod, "and I trust our clans shall be ever linked together like one bundle of rods."

"Aye!" said Glengarry, with a bitter laugh, "a bundle of rods which I trust may one day be well employed in scourging this pitiful tyrant of the north-west. I love thee too much to demand thine open aid at present. But haply thou mayest well enough find some excuse for not going to this meeting thou speakest of. An excuse, mark me, to be sent after the day is past. Thou canst be grievously ill, or anything may serve as an apology, if an apology should be required; for I have friends at

court too, and I may yet find the means so to bring things into proper joint, as to render apologies more necessary from Kintail than from us. All that I ask of thee then is, that you may not appear at this nefarious assemblage at Eilean Donan."

"MacDonell," replied MacLeod, "I know the risk I run, but I am ready to incur any risk for so old a friend as thou art, especially in a case where the securing aid in arms rather than in council, is so evidently the object of Kintail in calling us together. Say no more then; we shall weigh hence for Dunvegan by to-morrow's dawn, and be assured nothing shall drag me thence, to be marshalled against thee in any way."

"Thank thee—thank thee!" said Glengarry, cordially shaking MacLeod by the hand. "This is no more than I expected of thy generosity and good faith. Thy kind and friendly information shall not be thrown away upon me. I shall for Invergarry Castle by to-morrow morning's sunrise. But thou shalt hear from me without fail. And if thy little finger be but brought into jeopardy, thou shall have my neck to answer for it."

This important conversation between the two chiefs being now ended, they gave themselves up

to the enjoyment of that good fellowship and revelry which arose between their two clans. Small was that portion of the time subjected to the rule of night which was by them devoted to slumber, and soon were they both astir each to pursue his separate way ; and, as the rising sun was glancing on the arms of Glengarry and his people as they wound inland over the muirland hills, they looked back towards Loch Hourne, and beheld the galleys of MacLeod winging their way for Sky, under a favouring land breeze, that seemed to have been begotten by the genial beams of morning, which then poured a flood of brilliant light after them as they flew over the trembling surface of the waters.

The tide was fully up around the little island, which gives name to the castle of Eilean Donan, and the ferry-boat was moored on the landward side of the strait, when the shades of night began to descend upon it, and upon the whole of the surrounding scenery, on the evening of that day which was fixed for the gathering that Lord Kintail had summoned.

“A plague take this MacLeod,” said the boatman in Gaelic, to his assistant, as they sat glued to their benches, listening with envy to the sounds

of mirth that came to their ears from within the castle walls. "A plague upon this MacLeod, who keeps us waiting here in the cold, when we might be warming our toes at a blazing fire, and cherishing our noses with a goodly flaggon of ale!"

"A plague upon him, with all my heart," echoed the other man. "Is it for him alone that we are condemned to tarry here?"

"Aye, Donald," said the master, "MacLeod is the only man awaiting, it seems; and, sure enough, I think there be plenty without him. Hast thou ever before seen such an inpouring of eagles' wings into the castle of Eilean Donan? There is surely something a-brewing."

"Whatever may be brewing, Master Duncan, we seem to have but little hope of drinking of it," said the man, laughing heartily at his own joke.

"Faith, Master Donald, they may be brewing some *browst*, which neither you nor I would be very eager to drink," replied the master, "I would rather be turning up a creaming cup of the castle ale, than have aught to do with any such liquor. But hold, heard ye not the tread of men? Come, loose the rope, and to your oars. That will be MacLeod at last.—Who comes there?"



cried he, as he dimly perceived a small party of men approaching the spot where the boat lay.

“MacLeod!” cried a voice in reply, and immediately a tall and bulky figure, completely enveloped in an ample plaid advanced, and after having given some secret directions to his followers, to which the impatient boatmen neither cared nor tried to listen, he stepped solemnly and silently alone into the boat, and was speedily rowed across.

The hall of Eilean Donan was that night crowded beyond all former precedent. The feast was already over, and Lord Kintail was then presiding over the long board, where flowing goblets were circulating among the numerous guests, who were all his friends or allies, or who at least feared to declare themselves to be otherwise. But fully aware of the uncertain materials of which this great assemblage was composed, the chief of the MacKenzies had most prudently intermingled the stoutest and bravest individuals of his own clan among these strangers; and, as was customary in these rude times, each man sat with his drawn dirk sticking upright in the board before him, ready for immediate use, in case of its services being required; and this precaution was the more naturally adopted.

ed upon the present occasion, because every one at that table was jealous and doubtful of those sitting to right and left of him.

On a sudden the door of the hall was thrown open, and a huge man strode slowly and erectly into the middle of it. He was muffled up in a large dark plaid, of some nameless tartan; and it was so folded over the under part of his face, as completely to conceal it; whilst the upper part of his features was shrouded by the extreme breadth of the bonnet he wore. His appearance produced a sudden lull in the loud talk that was then arising from every mouth, the din of which had been making the vaulted roof to ring again. The name of "MacLeod" ran in whispers around, and Lord Kintail himself having for a moment taken up the notion that had at first so generally seized the company, he signed to his seneschal to usher the stranger towards the upper end of the table where he himself sat, and where a vacant chair on his right hand had been left for the chief of Dunvegan.

The stranger obeyed the invitation indeed; but he sat not down. He stood erect and motionless for a moment, with all eyes fixed upon him.

"MacLeod!" said the Lord Kintail, half-rising

to acknowledge his presence by a bow. "Thou art late. We tarried for thee till our stomachs overmatched our courtesy. But stay, am I right? art thou MacLeod or not? Come, if thou art MacLeod, why standest thou with thy face concealed? Unfold thyself and be seated; for there are none but friends here."

"I am not MacLeod!" said the stranger, speaking distinctly and deliberately, but in a hollow tone, from within the folds of his plaid.

"Who art thou, then, in God's name?" demanded Kintail, with some degree of confusion of manner.

"I am an outlawed MacDonell," replied the stranger.

"A MacDonell!" cried Kintail, with manifest agitation. "What wouldst thou under this roof?"

"I am come to throw myself on thy good faith, Lord Kintail, with the hope that thou mayest be the means of procuring a reversal of the hard sentence which hath been so unjustly passed upon me and my clan."

"I must first know more of thee," said Kintail.

"I can give no promise until I know who thou art."

“ I said I was a MacDonell,” replied the other.

“ That is a wide name,” said Kintail. “ Heaven knows, that for the peace of the earth, it holds too many that bear that name.”

“ That may be as men may think,” said the stranger, with greater quickness of articulation.

“ What MacDonell art thou, then ?” demanded Kintail? “ Pray, unmuffle thy face.”

“ One MacDonell is like another,” said the stranger carelessly.

“ That answer will not serve me,” said Kintail. “ I must see thy face. And methinks it is a bad sign of thee, that thou shouldst be ashamed to show it.”

“ Ashamed !” said the stranger, with emphasis ; —and then, as if commanding himself,—“ In times of feud like these,” added he, after a pause, “ thou canst not ask me to uncover my face before so promiscuous a company as this, where, for aught I know, I may have some sworn and deadly personal enemies, who may seek to do me wrong. But give me thy solemn pledge, Lord Kintail, that I shall suffer no skaith, and then thou *shalt* see my face.”

“ I swear to thee before this goodly assemblage,”

said Kintail, "that whoever thou mayest be, or whatever enemies of thine may be amongst us, thou shalt be skaithless. Nay, more; for thy brave bearing, thou shalt have free assoilzieing from outlawry and all other penalties, be thou whom thou mayest, with one exception alone."

"Whom dost thou except?" demanded the stranger, eagerly advancing his body, but without unveiling his face.

"Glengarry himself," said Lord Kintail.

"By all that is good, Glengarry may well be a proud man, by being so distinguished," said the stranger, with great energy both of voice and of action. And then, after a short pause, he made one bold step forward, and throwing wide his plaid, and standing openly confessed before them all, he exclaimed in a voice like thunder,—"*I am Glengarry!*"

There was one moment of fearful silence during which all eyes were turned upon the chief of the MacDonells, with the fixed stare of people who were utterly confounded. Then was every dirk plucked from the board by the right hand of its owner, and the clash which was thus made among the beakers and flaggons was terrific; and the sa-

vage looks which each man darted upon his neighbour, in his apprehension of treachery, where each almost fancied that the saving of his own life might depend on the quick dispatching of him who sat next to him, presented a spectacle which might have frozen the blood of the stoutest heart that witnessed it. But ere a stroke was struck, or a single man could leave his place, Glengarry sprang on Kintail with the swiftness of a falcon on its quarry; and ere he could arm himself, he seized his victim with the vice-like gripe of his left hand, and pinned him motionless into his chair, whilst the dirk which he had concealed under his plaid, now gleamed in his right hand, with its point within an inch of the MacKenzie's throat.

“Strike away, gentlemen,” said Glengarry, calmly; “but if that be your game, I have the first cock!”

The MacKenzies had all risen, it is true. Nay, some of them had even moved a step forward in defence of their chief. But they marked the gigantic figure of Glengarry; and seeing that the iron strength he possessed gave him as much power over Lord Kintail as an ordinary man has over a mere child, and that any movement on their part

must instantly seal his doom, each man of them stepped back and paused, and an awful and motionless silence once more reigned for some moments throughout the hall.

“Let any man but stir a finger!” said Glengarry in a calm, slow, yet tremendous voice, “and the fountain of Lord Kintail’s life’s blood shall spout forth, till it replenish the goblet of him who sits in the lowest seat at this board! Let not a finger be stirred, and Kintail shall be skaitless.”

“What wouldest thou with me, MacDonell?” demanded Kintail, with half-choked utterance, that gave sufficient evidence of the rudeness of that gripe by which his throat was held.

“Thou hast gotten letters of outlawry and of fire and sword against me and against my clan,” said Glengarry.

“I have,” said Kintail. “They were sent me because of thy rescue of certain men of the Mac-Craws, declared rebels to the king.”

“I ask not how or whence thou hadst them,” said Glengarry. “But I would have them instantly produced.”

“How shall I produce them, when thou wilt not suffer me nor any one to move?” said Kintail.

“Let thy chaplain there—that unarmed man of peace—let him produce them,” said Glengarry.

“Go then, good Colin,” said Kintail to the chaplain, “go to yonder cabinet, thou knowest where they lie. Bring them hither.”

“This is well!” said Glengarry, clutching the parchments with his armed hand from the trembling ecclesiastic, and thrusting them hastily into his bosom. “So far this is well. Now sit thee down, reverend sir, and forthwith write out a letter from thy lord to the king, fully clearing me and mine in the eyes of his Majesty from all blame, and setting forth in true colours my own loyalty and that of my brave clan. Most cruelly have we been belied, for before these gentlemen I do here swear, that as God shall be my judge, he hath nowhere more faithful subjects.”

“Use thy pen as he dictates,” said Kintail, “for if he speaks thus, I will freely own he hath been wronged in the false rumours which have been conveyed to me, and through me to his Majesty.”

“’Tis honest at least in thee to say so much, Lord Kintail,” said Glengarry, “and since thou dost grant me this, thine amanuensis here may as well write me out a short deed pledging thee to



the restitution of those lands of mine which were taken from me, by the king's order, on former false statements of delinquency. And be expeditious, dost thou hear, lest thy good lord here may suffer too long from the inconvenience of this awkward posture in which thou art thyself detaining him by thy slow and inexpert clerkship."

"Write as thou art bid! and as expeditiously as may be," said Kintail, sincerely coinciding with Glengarry's last recommendation. Accordingly, the papers were made out exactly as he desired—signed by Kintail—and then placed in the capacious bosom of the MacDonell chief.

"All this is so far well," said Glengarry. "Now swear me solemnly that I shall be permitted to return home without molestation, and that thou wilt faithfully, and truly, and honestly observe all these thine engagements."

"I swear!" said Kintail, "I solemnly swear that thou shall pass hence and return into thine own country, without a hair of thy head being hurt; and I shall truly and faithfully observe every thing I have promised, whether in writing or otherwise."

"Then," said Glengarry, quietly relinquishing

his grasp—sheathing his dirk—and coolly seating himself at the board as if nothing had happened ; “ then let us have one friendly cup ere we part,— I would pledge to thy health and to thy roof-tree, my Lord Kintail !” and, saying so, he filled a large goblet of wine and drained it to the bottom, turning it up when he had finished, to show that he had done fair justice to the toast.

“ Glengarry !” said Kintail, “ thou shalt not find me behind thee in courtesy. Thine to be sure hath been in certain respects somewhat of the roughest to-night, and I must own,” continued he chafing his throat, “ that a cup of wine never could come to me more desirably than at this moment, so I now drink to thee as a friend, for enemies though we have ever been, thy gallant courage has won my full applause.”

“ And I repeat the pledge, and in the same friendly guise, Kintail,” said Glengarry taking him by the hand, and squeezing it till this demonstration of his new-born friendship became almost as inconvenient to the chief of the MacKenzies, as the effects of his ancient enmity had so lately been. “ And now I must bid you all God speed in a parting draught,—*Slainte !*”

“One cup more, Glengarry, to *Deoch-an-dor-rus!*” said Kintail.

“With all my heart,” said Glengarry, and this last pledge was a deep one. Again he squeezed Kintail’s hand, till he made the tears come into his eyes. “Be assured,” said he, “thy letter to the King is in safe hands, my Lord Kintail, for I shall see it delivered myself.”

“Lights and an escort there for Glengarry!” cried Lord Kintail; and the bold chief of the MacDonells, bowing courteously around him to all that were assembled in the hall, left them full of wonder at his hardihood, whilst he was marshalled with all due ceremonial and honour to the boat, and ferried across to his impatient people. He found that his little knot of MacDonells, with Alaister More at their head, had been kept so long in a state of anxiety, and they had begun to doubt and to fear so much for his safety, that they were on the very eve of resolving to endeavour to break into the castle, that they might ascertain what had befallen him, or to die in the attempt.

“My horse, Alaister!” cried Glengarry, as soon as his foot had touched the shore; and throwing himself into the saddle, he let no grass grow at his

heels till he reached the capital, and was presented at court, where he speedily re-established himself in the good opinion of his sovereign.