

of the wide, desolate, and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which, for miles, presented a desert of whins, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a clingle covered with thick brushwood: he slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm which now raged in wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded about two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the way-side. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard, hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms; but, in a moment, the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail for the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying, in groups, to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor; but no trace of the robbery could be obtained.

The mail which contained his death warrant had been robbed; and before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the King's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and the second time the bigoted, and would-be despotic monarch, had signed the warrant for his death, and within a little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of Heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" returned Grizel, with wild vehemence; "but my father *shall* not die!"

Again the rider of the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane:—he spurred his horse to its utmost speed; he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him; and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghastly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. When turning the angle of a straggling copse, his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eye. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said, "Give me thine arms, or die!"

"The heart of the King's servant failed within him; and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave with me the mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee." The man therefore arose, and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling; and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged: he again fell on the neck of his daughter, and wept, and said; "It is good: the hand of Heaven is in this!" "Said I not," replied the maiden; and for the first time she wept aloud; "that my father should not die."

The fourteen days were not yet past, when the prison doors flew open, and the old Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son: his intercession with the confessor had been at length successful; and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the King had sealed his pardon: he had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house; his family were clinging around him shedding tears of joy; and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mys-