

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 marveling with gratitude at the mysterious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted, and the robber entered, he was habited as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarser jerkin, but his bearing was above his condition. On entering he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

“When you have perused these,” said he, taking two papers from his bosom, “cast them in the fire !”

Sir John glanced on them, started and became pale,—they were his death-warrants.

“My deliverer !” exclaimed he, “how shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life ! My father,—my children,—thank him for me !”

The old Earl grasped the hand of the stranger—the children embraced his kness, and he burst into tears.

“By what name,” eagerly enquired Sir John, “shall I thank my deliverer ?”

The stranger wept aloud, and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

“Gracious Heaven !” exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father—“my own child !—my saviour !—my own Grizel.”

It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest, and we may only add that Grizel Cochrane whose heroism and noble affection we have here hurriedly and imperfectly sketched, was the grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Allanbank, and great grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker.