

deadly, and desperate was his resistance; but, at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailer waited but the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes, and of his house—even Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady.—Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright, and tearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow too deep to be wept away; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered—

"My child! my own Grizel!" he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

"My father! my dear father!" sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

"Your interview must be short—very short," said the jailer, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

"God help and comfort thee my daughter!" added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow.

"I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come, my love—thou art come! and the last blessing of thy wretched father!"

"Nay! forbear! forbear!" she exclaimed; "not thy last blessing! not thy last! My father shall not die!"

"Be calm! be calm, my child!" returned he; "would to Heaven that I could comfort thee! my own! my own! But there is no hope: within three days and thou and all my little ones will be!"

Fatherless, he would have said, but the words died on his tongue. "Three days!" repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; "three days! then there is hope: my father *shall* live! Is

not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and the master of the King: from him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die."

"Nay! nay, my Grizel," returned he; "be not deceived: there is no hope; already my doom is sealed: already the King has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way."

"Yet my father *shall* not! *shall* not die?" she exclaimed emphatically, and clasping her hands together; "Heaven speed a daughter's purpose!" she exclaimed; and turning to her father, said calmly; "We part now, but we shall meet again."

"What would my child?" inquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

"Ask not now; my father—ask not now; but pray for me, and bless me—but not with thy *last* blessing."

Again he pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick, from the north, and proceeding down Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the "Main-guard" then stood: he did not enter the inn; for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head-quarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the Sixth had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials: he was evidently a young man; but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In the one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim's staff: having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

"Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this!" said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the borders