

lips moved as in prayer, but she shed not a single tear, she breathed not a single sigh. She arose, she beckoned to her attendants, and accompanied them from the court house. Still his friends entertained the hope that the Pardon Power might be removed, they redoubled their exertions, they increased their importunities, they were willing to make any sacrifice so that his life might be but saved, and even then, at the eleventh hour, they hoped against hope. But Fanny yielded not to the vain thought. Day after day she sat by her lover's side, and she in her turn became his comforter. She no longer spoke of their bridal, but she spoke of eternity,—she spoke of their meeting where the ambition, the rivalry, and the power of princes should be able to cast no cloud over the happiness of the soul.

Fourteen days had passed, and during that he betrayed no sign of terror, she evinced none of a woman's weakness. She seemed to have mastered her griefs, and her soul was prepared to meet them. Yet, save only when she spoke to him, her soul appeared entranced, and her body lifeless. On the 29th of July an order was brought for the execution of the victims on the following day. James Dawson bowed his head to the officer who delivered the warrant, and calmly answered—"I am prepared!"

The cries of his mother rang through the prison house. She tore her hair, she sank upon the floor, she entreated Heaven to spare her child. His father groaned, he held the hand of his son in his, and the tears gushed down his furrowed cheeks. Fanny alone was silent, she alone was tranquil. No throes of agony swelled her bosom, flushed in her countenance, or burned in her eye. She was calm, speechless, resigned. He pressed her to his bosom, as they took their last farewell:

"Adieu!—adieu!—my own!" he cried—"my Fanny—farewell! an eternal farewell!"

"Nay, nay," she replied, "say not eternal—we shall meet again. 'Tis a short farewell—I feel it—I feel it. Adieu love! adieu! Die firmly. We shall meet soon."

Next morning the prisoners were to be dragged on sledges to Kennington Common, which was the place appointed for their execution. In the first sledge was the executioner, sitting over his pinioned victims with a drawn sword in his hand. No priest, no minister of religion attended them, and a-

round the sledges followed thousands; some few expressing sympathy, but the majority following from curiosity, and others venting their execrations against all traitors. In the midst of the multitude was a hackney coach, following the sledges, and in it was the gentle Fanny Lester, accompanied by a relative and a female friend. They had endeavoured to persuade her from the fearful trial, but she was calm, resolute, and not to be moved, and they yielded to her wish. The coach drew up within thirty yards of the scaffold. Fanny pulled down the window, and leaning over it, she beheld the piles of faggots lighted around the scaffold, she saw the flames ascend, and the soldiers form a circle round them. She saw the victims leave the sledge, she looked upon him whom her heart loved as he mounted the place of death, and his step was firm, his countenance unmoved. She saw him join in prayer with his companions, and her eyes were fixed on him as he flung papers and his hat among the multitude. She saw the fatal signal given and the drop fall—she heard the horrid shout, the yell hurst from the multitude, but not a muscle of her frame moved. She gazed calmly as though it had been on a bridal ceremony. She beheld the executioner begin the barbarities which the law awards treason—the clothes were torn from the victims, one by one they were cut down, and the finisher of the law, with the horrid knife in his hand proceeded to lay open their bosoms, and taking out their hearts, flung them on the faggots that blazed around the scaffold. The last spectacle of barbarity was James Dawson, and when the executioner had plunged the knife in his breast, he raised his heart in his hand, and holding it a moment before the horror stricken and disgusted multitude, he cast it into the flames, exclaiming as he flung it from him "God save King George!" Fanny beheld this, her eyes became blind, she heard not the shout of the multitude, she drew back her head into the coach, it dropped upon the shoulder of her companion. "My dear! I follow thee! I follow thee!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "sweet Jesus! receive both our souls together!" They attempted to raise her head, to support her in their arms, but she sank back lifeless—her spirit had accompanied him—loved, she died of stifled agony and a broken heart.