

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 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 *dingle* 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 past 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