

"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 word 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 Pètre, 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 repeated 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?" enquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

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

He again pressed her to his heart and wept upon her neck,—In a few moments the jailor entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

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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 hostlerie on the south side of the street nearly fronting where what was called