

often regarding the hope of obtaining a reprieve from the king. Many of his friends had tried to procure a remission of the death sentence, but as far as known without success. Grizel was a determined woman, and believing that the movement which had been set on foot for obtaining her father's liberty, would probably lead to his pardon, if the execution could be delayed, she determined to effect that purpose by a bold attempt. Shortly before the death warrant was expected in Edinburgh, she visited her father and told him that she would be absent from him on business of an urgent nature, but would rejoin him in a few days.

Suspecting that she had some design in hand for effecting his escape, he urged her to be careful and not enter into any rash undertaking ; but her answer was short and emphatic, for with the words, "I am a Cochrane," she left on the pursuit of an adventure which was only to be carried through by her own personal heroism. Early next morning, long before the burghers were astir, she was some distance from Edinburgh following the great mail road between that city and London. Dressed as a young servant lass, she was riding on a borrowed horse to the house of her mother. Her second day's journey brought her in safety to the dwelling-house of an old nurse that used to be in the service of her mother's family, and who now resided on the English side of the Tweed and a few miles south of the walled town of Berwick.

To this woman she revealed her secret, telling her that she had resolved to save her father's life by stopping the postman, and forcing him to deliver up the mail bag in