

wings, was delivered her by Jean. She had received it from a newly hired servant of Sir Giles Manby's who, it is hardly necessary to add, was a friend and associate of Markham's. Ill as she still was, Arabella, insisted upon immediately replying to it, and supported by pillows, she poured forth the feelings of her heart, in a flood of impassioned tenderness, that brought tears of grateful joy to the eyes of the desolate Seymour. From this time they enjoyed constant intercourse, and again their former plan of escape, with some changes, rendered necessary by circumstances, was agitated. With the assistance of Markham, Seymour had contrived a plan for his own flight which he confidently hoped would prove successful, and at the same time the Lady Arabella was to effect hers, disguising her person, and attended by Jean and Robin, the servant of Sir Giles Manby, who was in their interest. It was agreed that they should meet at Lee, where, through the agency of Father Everard, with whom they had also communicated, a French vessel was to be in waiting to convey them immediately across the channel.

The Lady Arabella felt that it would be no difficult thing for her to achieve her liberty at any time, since Sir Giles and Lady Manby treated her with extreme indulgence, and harbouring no suspicion, every day relaxed in vigilance towards her. But freedom was no longer dear to her, unless it could be shared with Seymour, and therefore she remained a patient dweller in her prison, till impelled by the dear hope of a re-union with him, she at length prepared for flight. It was a bright and lovely day towards the close of July which was to witness their attempt, and till the appointed hour arrived, the Lady Arabella, overwhelmed with conflicting emotions, was scarcely able to sustain herself. Sir Giles Manby had been absent from home since an early hour of the morning, and was not expected to return till evening, and the weather being fine, Lady Manby went out at two, to take her accustomed ride. Directly after her departure Jean prepared to attire her mistress, in the disguise she was to wear, striving as she put it on, to divert her melancholy, by mirthful remarks touching her strange and uncouth appearance.

And, in truth, no eye could have recognized the beautiful and high-born Arabella Stuart, beneath the coarse and masculine attire that enveloped her delicate person. She turned shuddering from the reflection of her own image, and intreated that she might wear a female garb, however coarse and rude; "the dress of a gipsy or a beggar," she said, "any thing that did not violate the modesty of her sex, and force her to affect that, which she never could appear." But when assured by her attendants, that under no other disguise could she be so effectually concealed, that indeed there was no other, so calculated to ensure her safety, the dread of failure, induced her to consent, and without farther resistance she sub-

mitted to wear the frightful and *outré* garments which the assiduity of Robin had provided for her. They consisted, to quote the veritable words of the chronicler, of "a pair of large French-fashioned hose or trousers which were drawn on over her clothes, a man's doublet or coat, a peruke such as men wore, whose long locks covered her own ringlets, a black hat, a black cloak, russet boots with red tops, and a rapier by her side."

Thus accoutred, and trembling with shame and fear, the lovely Arabella followed by Jean, wearing a more simple, but also a masculine disguise, passed down a private staircase, and issuing into a thick grove in the rear of the house, crossed it to a gate at its extremity, which was immediately opened by Robin, who waited on the other side with three stout horses, ready saddled for their use. Silently and with the speed of thought, they mounted, and set off at a brisk pace towards London, the Lady Arabella scarcely realizing that all was not yet a wild and fevered dream. But as the certainty of her escape forced itself upon her, she trembled at her daring, and overpowered with fear for the result, grew sick at heart, lest even yet she might be re-captured, and doomed to imprisonment for life. These emotions, combined with the oppressive heat, and the fatigue of riding, to which she had so long been unaccustomed, completely subdued her; and when they had proceeded a mile or two, she was scarcely able to sit upon her horse. They drew up for a moment, at a little solitary inn by the road-side, that looked as if no traveller ever disturbed its quiet; and here her attendants besought her to dismount, and rest. But nothing could induce her to grant herself the repose she needed; she asked only for a cup of milk, and drank it without alighting. But it refreshed her greatly, and by a strong effort, rallying her fortitude, she resolved to give no more indulgence to her fears, but trust to a directing Providence, and look forward with certain hope to her speedy meeting with Seymour.

Drawing up her rein, she thanked "mine host," for his kindness, and turned her horse's head again towards the road; but he looked doubtfully at her as he arranged her stirrup, observing that "the gentleman could hardly hold out to London." She waited to hear no more, and with renovated courage spurred on her steed, followed by her faithful and trusty attendants. As the day declined and the shadows lengthened on her path, she began even to enjoy her favourite exercise of riding. With every onward step her spirits rose, and the fresh air, as it blew gently in her face, tinted her pale cheek with a glow of health, and brought back something of its wonted radiance to her soft blue eye.

Towards evening the fugitives reached Blackwall, and proceeded directly to the river's bank, where, joy to behold! a boat was waiting to receive them. At its bow stood Father Everard, who, as he lifted the