

As she spoke she thrust her hand into her bosom, and drew forth a letter, which the Lady Arabella eagerly received, a flush of joy mantling her pale cheek as she saw and pressed to her lips, the dear, and well-known writing of Seymour. With what a beating heart did she tear open the precious letter, and devour the few hurried lines traced by the hand she loved, and what hope and comfort they brought to her desponding mind. He entreated her not to give way to despair, but for his sake to bear their separation with patient endurance. He trusted it would be of brief continuance, for, though a prisoner, he was not kept in rigorous confinement, but had many privileges granted him, and was allowed the freedom of the Tower. He said that through the medium of the keeper's servant, with whom his own was on terms of intimacy, he should be able constantly to write to her, and receive her letters in return. Nor was he without a hope that they might concert a plan of escape, which, if effected, would place them forever beyond the reach of their enemies. He ended with many fond expressions of affection, and begged her immediately to write him, as he suffered much on her account, and should find no relief to his anxiety till he heard from her.

A change from despair to hope, from misery to comparative happiness, came over the heart of Arabella as she read these cheering lines. The one thought that he lived, and was her own, and that there might yet be years of happiness in store for them, absorbed every fear, and with a buoyancy of spirit, she had thought never again to know, she sat down to write a reply full of tenderness and hope. It was sealed and entrusted to Jean, by whom it was that evening given to the gardener's wife, who, true to her word, waited at the appointed place to receive it.

From this time the health and spirits of the Lady Arabella rapidly amended, as her intercourse with Seymour continued constant and uninterrupted. History has preserved some of the letters which passed between them, and also a petition, or rather a remonstrance, which she at this period addressed to the king, and which, notwithstanding its style of touching and noble eloquence, was without effect in softening the heart of the obdurate monarch, who, as he folded up the document, briefly remarked, "She has eat of the forbidden fruit," and coolly cast it aside. Cheered by almost daily tokens of Seymour's love, and encouraged by him to look to their final escape as certain, she wore an air of peaceful serenity, and repaid the kindness and urbanity of her hosts, (for so they insisted upon calling themselves,) with a sweetness, and anxious attention to their wishes, which, though faithful to their sovereign, won for her their sincerest sympathy and affection. She beguiled much of her time with her needle, for like most high-born ladies of that age, she was

skilled in the art of exquisite embroidery, and we read of her presenting some of the fruits of her industry to the queen, through Sir Andrew Sinclair, whom she thanks, to use her own words, "for vouchsafing to descend to these petty offices, to take care even of these womanish toys, for her whose serious mind must invent some relaxation." Her books also, and her pen, with an occasional ride round the park on her gentle palfrey, and frequent walks in the garden, afforded her pleasant and varied occupation, and still feeding on the one dear thought of Seymour's love, and the final success of a plan for escape, which they were secretly maturing, she could not fail, with her humble trust in an overruling and beneficent Providence, to be calm and cheerful, though clouds would sometimes arise to overshadow her hopes.

But this reign of tranquillity was suddenly and cruelly terminated. The person employed by Vincent to carry his master's letters to and from the Tower, was so heedless as to draw one forth by mistake, in the presence of the Earl of Rochester, when searching for some other papers with which he was charged to that nobleman. The Earl's quick eye instantly detected the man's embarrassment, as he strove to conceal the fatal letter, and sternly demanding its surrender, he immediately recognized the hand-writing of Seymour, and delivered it forthwith to the king. It contained only an assurance of health, and continued affection, and fortunately made no allusion to their meditated plan of escape; but it was sufficient to show, that a secret correspondence existed between the separated pair, and James' wrath burst forth without control. Enraged at the audacity of those, over whom he assumed a right to exercise the most arbitrary authority, he commanded that Seymour should henceforth be placed in close confinement, and the Lady Arabella be removed to a distance from the capital, and consigned to the strict charge of the Bishop of Durham.

This sentence was communicated to Arabella, when, two days having passed without the customary letter from Seymour, she was beginning to torment herself with a thousand doubts and fears relative to the cause of his silence. Fearful, beyond her worst imaginings was its explanation; but with a wild vehemence, an energy of despair, that one so gentle seemed hardly capable of displaying, she resisted the designs of those who sought her, to execute the mandate of the king—she wept, she entreated not to be borne away from the sight of her husband's prison—she turned her tearful eyes towards those dark and gloomy walls, and supplicated them to take her thither, and let her share his fate. But her tears, her cries, her humble supplications availed her nought—and when she was told that it could not be, that the king had decreed otherwise, and on the morrow she must depart, she sank exhaust-