

though, in reality, and of this Suffolk was well aware, she was far from intending to sacrifice her ambitious views to the gratification of a soft and feminine passion. Had Mary not prejudged her lover, all this might have been told, and both have been spared the misery that was in reserve for them. But their present estrangement had produced such deep misunderstanding, such thorough misconception of each others views and feelings, that a long explanation was necessary to unravel the clue in which they had involved themselves. The present opportunity was too brief to serve that purpose.—Suffolk had not the most distant idea that the Princess really supposed him false to herself, and seriously entertaining views of an alliance with another. He believed her resentment arose from a report of some gallantries, which as the chosen knight of Margaret of Savoy, he was bound to render her, and fancied, that from this apparent departure from his allegiance, he was doomed to suffer her anger, and perhaps the loss of her affection. Mary on the contrary, actually believed him faithless, and considered her love as sacrificed on the altar of his ambition, and in the brief conversation which now passed between them, these erroneous impressions were strengthened in the hearts of each.

For several minutes they followed in silence the merry troop who preceded them. Suffolk's half-suppressed sighs burst continually on Mary's ear, and once or twice she observed he made an abortive effort to address her. But the words seemed to die away upon his lips, and touched by his agitation, from whatever cause it might spring, she could scarcely restrain the tears that were ready to gush from her eyes. At length he spoke, but it was in a subdued and unsteady voice.

"These maskings and sports are joyous things for gay hearts, but it is with an ill grace, a sad one bears its part in such pageantries."

Mary breathed quick, and the throbbings of her heart were painful, as those low sad tones fell upon her ear, but she called a womanly pride to her aid, and replied with calmness and affected gaiety:

"A truly sad one, my lord duke, would scarcely trust itself among such reckless revellers, and I know not that any here deserve our pity on that score, unless it may be my good mother Guildford, anxious for the dignity of her royal mistress, or perchance her grace of Norfolk, fearful lest a sturdy yeoman may lurk among the band of vizored nobles, and contaminate her by his presence."

"Would to God, there were indeed no sorer causes of sorrow than those your highness names, in any bosom here," exclaimed the duke, in a tone of impassioned feeling. "Nothing," he continued, after a momentary pause; "nothing except the king's mandate could have compelled me to join this band of maskers, to trust myself amidst the sylvan shades of this dear familiar forest, which was the

scene of my boyish happiness, the birth place of hopes, that, I fear me, have perished in the bud."

Mary trembled, but she answered not, and with a rapid and agitated utterance he resumed:

"Even that oak, beneath which we just now found you seated—does not your highness remember the day, when with Prince Arthur, and the King, and all of us thoughtless boys, we lured you and your royal sister, Queen Margaret of Scotland, from your attendants, to make you spectators of our mimic jousts, and awarers of the victor's prize?"

"Ah, yes," sighed Mary, yielding for an instant to softening recollections; "as vividly as though it were but an event of yesterday. Those were happy days, but why recall them with regret? The joys of childhood could not satisfy you now—they have given place to dreams of ambition, and glowing hopes of power and greatness, that alone can satisfy the heart of man."

"Oh, how is mine misjudged," exclaimed the Duke; "misjudged by her, to whom of all the world, I would its leaves were like an open book! Had your highness granted me but one short hour, of all the many for which I have so humbly sued, you would now have understood me better, and I should not today, perchance, be mourning your altered favour."

"My lord," said Mary haughtily, "I wish no explanation; deeds are more eloquent than words, and yours have spoken loudly. The plains of Tournay witnessed the success of your valour, and the last tournament at Greenwich, explicitly declared, at whose feet you were solicitous to cast the honours that were to win your favour."

"Fallacious appearances have proved the ruin of my dearest hopes," replied the Duke; "but the Princess Mary has not now to learn, that her royal brother's will must be law to his subjects—aye, even to those, whom he honours with the name of friends, and admits to the familiarity of close companionship, and she may not give me credence, when I say, that the selfish and intriguing policy of his Grace of York and Lincoln, which has crushed the happiness of many trusting hearts, has in the present instance combined with the schemes of others, to overthrow my cherished hopes, and place me in a situation of the most cruel uncertainty and embarrassment."

Mary understood these words only as an apology for having deserted her, and a wish to cast the stigma of such an act upon those whose power he could not resist, and with a sparkling eye, and glowing cheek, she indignantly answered:

"My Lord Duke, if I comprehend you aright, this is language, to which Mary of England cannot listen longer. And if in carving so brilliant a destiny, your grace has had aid from king or prelate, you have surely no right to complain of the manner in which it has been rendered, nor cause to regret