

it to the imagination, or to the curiosity of such as love to search the chronicles of ancient days, to read in their quaint pages, the deeds of chivalry performed on this occasion.

Every where Suffolk was triumphant—neither strength nor skill, availed the opponent who encountered him—from all he won the victor's wreath, and if his humbled foe escaped with life, he owed it only to the mercy of his conqueror. Mary could scarce conceal the joy with which she marked his prowess. Francis beheld it in her radiant eye, her glowing cheek, and bright electric smile, and fired with emulation, performed such feats of valour, as drew forth long and reiterated bursts of applause. But less fortunate than his envied and gallant rival, he was not destined to leave the lists unscathed. In a resolute encounter with a stubborn knight, the lance of his adversary pierced his sword arm, and so severely wounded it, as to disable him from further combat. Chagrined and deeply mortified, he was forced to quit the field; but no sooner had the surgeon bound up his wound, than, in spite of his injuries, he repaired to the royal balcony, to soothe his vexed and disappointed mind, with the society of the fascinating Mary. But he was annoyed to perceive she betrayed no emotion at his approach; in a voice of only friendly interest, she expressed her concern for his accident, paid him a well turned compliment on the valour he had previously displayed, and then yielded her whole attention to the jousters, or rather to the meritorious Suffolk, by whom alone her whole soul seemed to be engrossed.

The duchess Louisa, the artful and intriguing mother of the count, noticed her son's chagrin, and her thoughts were busy to devise some method by which to be revenged on the detested Mary. This princess had regarded the queen with jealousy and aversion, ever since her appearance at the French court—she viewed her as the plunderer of her son's presumptive rights, and she determined to make her abode in France so wretched, as, if possible, to drive her from its shores. With watchful and penetrating eye she had read the secret of Mary's heart, and in order to mortify her, she now hoped to find some opponent, who, by superior strength, since none could rival him in skill, should humble the pride of this invincible Duke. In the suite of a foreign nobleman, recently arrived, there was a German of prodigious size and muscular power, and the idea instantly presented itself to her mind, of matching this giant with the English duke, who she was persuaded must yield to a physical force, which was said to be unequalled. But she was compelled to defer her evil purpose till the morrow, as the sports of the day were drawing to a close; though it was strengthened, by the annoyance with which she listened to the deafening shouts of triumph and applause that greeted the victorious Suffolk as he retired from the lists.

The hasty resolve of an angry moment was confirmed by Mary's deportment at the evening ball. Never before had the duchess seen her beauty so radiant, her movements so free and graceful, her smile so captivating as now, while, with winning courtesy, she received the homage of her noble countryman, or led the dance with the gallant victor of the day. The Count D'Angouleme was unable to partake the gaieties of the evening, still suffering from his wound, and chagrined by the indifference of the queen, but still more by her evident enjoyment of Suffolk's presence; he reclined on the same couch with the invalid king, totally unable, notwithstanding his native suavity, and the courtly polish of his manner, to hide the gloom and bitterness of his feelings. The duchess marked his disturbance, and promised herself sweet revenge upon the morrow.

It came—the lists were again opened, and again the undaunted Suffolk breathed forth his proud defiance. It was answered by the appearance of the gigantic German, mounted on a coal-black steed, and exhibiting a front of such herculean height and breadth, as seemed to promise destruction to all who might oppose him. Suffolk beheld this new adversary with wonder, but without dismay, and instantly placing his lance in rest, prepared for the encounter. The adversaries met, and such was the fury of the onset, and so overwhelming the physical force of the German, that at the shock, Suffolk reeled in his saddle. At this sight Mary grew pale, she faltered, and was near falling. The duchess marked her disorder with malicious joy; but Francis, though aware of its cause, sprang forward to support her. In an instant, however, she recovered, for Suffolk, with inimitable grace and skill, immediately regained his seat, and with unrivalled adroitness, quickly unhorsed the German, whom, “after the first attack,” says the chronicler, “he beat with the pommel of his sword, till the giant had enough of it.” At this unlooked for termination of her petty and revengeful scheme, the Duchess D'Angouleme abruptly quitted the balcony, burning with rage toward the innocent objects of her hate.

The remainder of this day, and the one that succeeded it, were a continued series of triumphs for the Duke of Suffolk—and whether in tilting, in the wonderful achievements of the two handed sword, or in the other feats of chivalry practised at that period, he was alike victorious. The prize of valour was adjudged to him, and with a throbbing heart and mantling cheek, the hero of the tournament knelt before the agitated Mary, while her trembling hand clasped round his neck the splendid collar of jewels which was awarded as the guerdon of his valour.

Again came the banquet and the ball, and many days of gay and festive amusement, made the court a scene of splendour and rejoicing. Suffolk was