

well nigh abortive, by intelligence that a train of English Knights had arrived on the preceding evening, to be present at the coronation and the tournament.

With more than woman's fortitude, she suppressed her deep emotion, and bore herself throughout the ceremony, with such a lovely union of majesty and sweetness, as captivated every heart. The Count D'Angouleme's soul shone in his eyes, as with rapt gaze he watched her graceful motions and the ever changing expression of her beautiful and speaking face, and when she knelt to receive the crown, ponderous with gold and gems, he took it from the consecrated hand that would have placed it on her brow, and with indescribable grace held it suspended above her head, as though he feared its weight might crush so fair and delicate a flower.

At length the tedious ceremonial ended and as the new queen rose from the embroidered cushion on which she had knelt to receive the final benediction of the archbishop, her eye accidentally rested on the band of English nobles, who occupied a conspicuous station near the altar at sight of so many dear familiar faces, her heart beat high, her colour deepened, but in an instant more, both lip and cheek were of a marble paleness, for amidst that group stood Suffolk, and as she met his sad but tender gaze a thrill of mingled joy and agony shot through her heart.

Deep and overpowering as was the strong emotion of that moment, it was instantly subdued—yet did it not escape the notice of the watchful Francis, but awoke in him a pang of jealous fear, and an eager desire to discover the object who could thus ruffle the before tranquil demeanor of the lovely Mary—for he could not attribute her disorder solely to the pleasure of seeing her countrymen, of whose presence she had been apprised. Nor was he long in suspense, for at a splendid banquet, which succeeded the coronation, many of the English nobles were invited, and among them Suffolk, as one of the most distinguished. Francis marked her, as with frank and cordial smiles, she received and answered their greetings, and he saw nothing to confirm his suspicions, but when, last of all, Suffolk approached her—he read in the glow that mounted to his temples, and in Mary's downcast eye, her trembling lip, and low and faltering voice, the secret of her deep despondency and gloom. The count, for the moment, felt impelled to detest the man, noble and prepossessing as was his exterior, who possessed the affections of the captivating Mary; but as he turned away with a bursting sigh, he encountered the mild eye of the Princess Claude, and read in its gentle beams, the reproof which his conscience told him he deserved. She had been no indifferent observer of his devotion to the new queen, but she was too much accustomed to his neglect to complain of it, and however deeply she might feel wounded by his indifference, she ever endured it without a murmur of reproach. In the pleasures of maternal love, and

in the strict performance of religious duties, and beneficent acts, she found ample occupation, and a sweet, if not an adequate solace for the coldness and alienation of a husband whom she tenderly loved.

On the succeeding day the tournament commenced. The fame of the Duke of Suffolk as a chivalrous and gallant knight, was familiar to Francis, and solicitous, in presence of Mary, to attain the glory of a victor, and already from motions of the deepest interest, desirous to cultivate a friendship with the Duke, he selected him as one of his aids, and appointed the Marquis of Dorset, another English nobleman of redoubted bravery, also to that honour. On a balcony erected for the purpose, and superbly ornamented, were stationed the king and queen, with their court and attendants, though Louis, fatigued by the pomps and gaiety of the preceding day, reclined on a couch, too ill to enjoy the splendid spectacle, at which he obliged himself to be present, only in compliment to his young and beautiful bride. But Mary more awake to pleasure than she had been since her departure from England, stood in front of the balcony, magnificently attired, attracting all eyes by her unequalled beauty, and winning all hearts by the fascination of her lovely smiles.

The tilting field presented a gorgeous and imposing shew. The triumphal arch at its entrance was emblazoned with the arms of France and England, and surmounted by the blended colours of the two nations, whose amity Mary felt, had been bought at so dear a price. The knights were arrayed in splendid suits, embroidered with fanciful devices, and mounted on proud steeds, whose trappings blazed with gold. Francis displayed his well known badge, the Salamander, with the expressive motto, "*I nourish the good, extinguish the guilty,*" while, the Duke of Suffolk, surpassing even the French prince, in the tasteful magnificence of his equipments, exhibited the delicate device of a rose, encompassed with the words, "*Thy sweetness is my life.*" Mary's heart too well understood the secret meaning of these words, nor was Francis slow in comprehending their significance. At length the lists were opened—a herald proclaimed aloud the challenge of Francis of Valois, Count D'Angouleme, and Dauphin of France, and the several combatants sprang into the barriers, eager to break a lance with the appellants.

It is not ours to hold the wand of the Scottish magician, who summoned at his will the beings of past ages, and who, whether he told of "tournaments and deeds of arms," or recounted the simple actions of a peasant or a beggar, threw over all the warm hues of his own rich and beautiful fancy, and gave to every look, and word, and gesture, the vivid colouring of life, touching the minute links that formed the rare and exquisite whole, with a graphic skill, that none have equalled. We therefore leave