

(ORIGINAL.)

MARY OF ENGLAND.

BY E. L. C.

For, oh, the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love, or thrones without!

MOORE.

It was a warm bright morning, early in August, 1514, when a band of lovely females assembled in the sweet groves of Havering Bower, in Essex, at that time, occasionally a royal residence, to while away the summer hours, unrestrained by etiquette, and forms of tedious ceremony. Among them, was the virtuous and modest Catherine of Arragon, then the beloved Queen of Henry the Eighth, and the Princess Mary, his young and beautiful sister. The attendant ladies were of the first rank in the kingdom, and of the number immediately attached to the persons of the two princesses; but the distinction of sovereign and subject seemed in this sequestered spot to be forgotten, or at least thrown aside with the gorgeous trappings, and idle ceremonies of a court.

Arm in arm, as inclination prompted, they threaded the mazes of the grove, or threw themselves to rest upon the soft turf, protected by umbrageous trees from the increasing fervor of the sun. All around them was peace and beauty; the sound of gushing waters mingled with the melody of birds and occasionally a herd of deer was seen through an opening glade of the forest, or a solitary straggler crossed their very path, and paused for an instant to gaze on the intruders of his sylvan sanctuary, then pursued his graceful flight and passed like an arrow from their view. But the Queen, naturally indolent, and accustomed to depend upon the labors of the tapestry loom, or the exertions of her attendants for amusement, soon grew weary of wandering through tangled groves, and stooping to gather wild flowers that were too lovely to be passed unnoticed. With her hands full of fragrant blossoms, she now seated herself beneath the broad shadow of an oak, and began to select the fairest, and form them into bouquets and garlands. Her ladies

gathered around her, and one of them, at the Queen's request, drew forth a book from which she prepared to finish aloud a tale of chivalry, commenced on the preceding day. The Princess Mary, and her favourite attendant, Lady Jane Nesbit, were alone absent from the group. Absorbed in earnest conversation, they had wandered away to a distant part of the grove, and re-appeared, just as the Lady Boleyn, having finished the tale, was laying aside the book.

"How now, good sister," said the Queen, "thou art a loser by thy absencé, for we have but just made an end of Sir Roland's tale, and never did our ears listen to more marvellous or goodly passages. Is it not so, my ladies?"

"Truly, your grace has cunning judgment in such matters," answered the Lady Boleyn; "naught that we have read passes the truth, and yet methinks his Majesty met with as magnificent and diverting entertainment, in the good city of Tournay, whence he has but late returned, as did this famed Sir Roland, at the castle of Bellefontaine. Neither did the lady governess prove herself a less bewitching enchantress, than this fair Rosabelle of whom we have now just read."

By the mass, thou'rt right," said Catherine, laughingly, "for she bewitched the heart of the gallantest knight in England."

"Nor need the daughter of the Imperial Maximilian," said the Duchess of Norfolk, "deem it the least of her conquests to have won the heart of the brave Charles Brandon, as your Majesty saith, the gallantest knight, and I will add, the noblest gentleman in England."

"Nay, prithee, good madam," said the Queen, "use thyself to his new honors. Margaret of Sa-