

(ORIGINAL.)

MARY OF ENGLAND.

BY E. L. C.

Continued from our last Number.—(Conclusion.)

The noise of her intended nuptials soon spread throughout the country, and the national pride was flattered at the idea of an English princess ascending the throne of France. In the meantime, the most splendid preparations were making for her departure, all of which she witnessed without an emotion of pleasure. She was publicly affianced by the Duke De Longueville in the name of the king his master, and when the day of her departure at length arrived, Henry and Catherine, with a brilliant train of courtiers, accompanied her to Dover. Her personal attendants were numerous, and gorgeously attired, and her retinue was swelled by a host of volunteers, anxious to express their loyal admiration, or perhaps, hoping to advance their fortunes by adherence to the royal bride. Hitherto Mary's grief had been silent and restrained, but when, for the last time, she felt herself clasped in her brother's embrace, it burst forth with a passionate violence, which it required all his efforts to soothe, and as he tenderly caressed her, and whispered words of hope and enduring affection, his conscience smote him with the keenest pangs of remorse, and he inwardly cursed the ambition which had led him to sacrifice a sister so beloved. But it was now too late for repentance, and reiterating his assurances of future protection, should circumstances ever occur, to render it desirable, he led her himself to the beautifully decorated yacht, in which she was to embark. The crowd pressed eagerly around them, and as Mary raised her tearful eyes, to cast them for the last time on the happy English faces of those who were calling down blessings on her head, she was startled by the fixed gaze of one among them, who stood regarding her with more than common earnestness. The view which she obtained of his figure was indistinct, and his features were half hidden by the folds of the cloak, which he crowded round his face; but their eyes met, and never yet did she encounter that speaking glance, without a thrill through every

fibre of her heart. In an instant after he was lost among the crowd, but Mary felt that she had seen Suffolk for the last time—that he had stood to witness the agony with which she tore herself from that dear spot of earth where he still dwelt, and there was a soothing power in this conviction, that calmed, but could not quell her sorrow. But at length the last word was spoken, the last embrace given, and yielding her hand to the Duke of Norfolk, he led her on board the vessel, waiting to convey her to her dreaded destiny.

Their passage across the Straits was short, though stormy—but Mary endured no terrors—the depths of the ocean seemed to her a quiet haven of repose, and but for the impiety of the thought, she would have wished that the tossing waves might engulf her in their bosom. The royal yacht was driven into the harbour of Boulogne, where the waves rose so high, that the princess might long have been confined to the narrow limits of the vessel, but for the knightly courtesy of Sir Christopher Cornish, who, with that same spirit of gallantry which afterwards distinguished the illustrious Raleigh, when he spread his cloak beneath the feet of the virgin queen, “stood in the water, took her in his arms from the boat, and carried her to land.” She was here met by a numerous cavalcade, composed of the flower of the French nobility, at the head of whom, rode the Count D’Angouleme, afterwards the gallant and warlike Francis the First.

This prince was the husband of Claude, the only child of Lou’ she had been permitted to assume the title of Dauphin, and long to consider himself as heir presumptive to the crown. It was therefore not to be wondered at, that he should contemplate with dissatisfaction the unexpected event of the king’s marriage to a youthful princess; and through respect for his sovereign, and the habitual courtesy of his nature, induced him to head the band of nobles, who hastened to welcome her to