

Are you not cold, let me thus mantle you ;" and with a respectful air, he fastened his velvet cloak around her.

"Henry," said the Princess, "this night you are to have your final answer—hear it then. I see you no more, four days from now, sees me the bride of England's monarch. I love you, I do not hesitate to confess it ; this confession, however, is but the prelude of our parting."

"Katherine, dearest, once more I implore you to fly—I am rich, we will go to some far isle, where nature is always beautiful. We will rear our home under its sunny sky ; your path shall be strewn with fair flowers, and as they spring up, the very air you breathe shall be filled with their perfume. Your life shall glide on like the course of a river in a southern clime ; I will anticipate your every want, and fulfil your slightest wish, and with me to shield you from all danger, you need know no fear. I have trusty friends here, eay but the words, and an hour from this time, shall find us far on our way ;" and as her lover painted in such glowing terms, her life with him, her beautiful lips parted into a smile, but there was a tear struggling with the smile, and the smile was lost in the mark of sadness by which it was accomplished—

"Urge me no more, Henry," said she, "my promise is given to my father, and although I cannot make Henry Plantagenet a loving wife, I at least can make him one who will consider it her duty to consult his wishes in every respect. Take back your ruby heart, and keep it for the one, who will supply my place in your affections ; you will go into the world, and in new scenes, and among new faces, will learn to forget me."

"Never, by Heaven," said Henry, "yon moon may forget to shine, and yon star may forget its course, but never will Katherine of France be forgotten by Henry Hereford."—Katherine heeded not his words, but continued, "farewell Henry, we must part, we must never meet again."

"Yes, Katherine, we will meet again ; my office is near the King, I shall be in the throng who meet you on your wedding day. I shall see you there the happy bride of Henry V. Farewell, sweet lady, may you be happy."—He turned away, and in a few moments was lost to the sight of the unfortunate Princess.

The fourth day after this sad farewell, witnessed Katherine's marriage by proxy to Henry. The bride looked beautiful, but mournful in her beauty. Her face grew pale, and her

lips trembled, as she pronounced the words made her the wife of one unknown to her. Numerous was the throng that followed sweet lily of France to the vessels of war was to take her and her retinue from her friends and their country.

Fair winds soon brought them to the girt isle ;" Katherine was received with a hearty welcome by the rough islanders, who were charmed with the beautiful bride of their adopted monarch. At the gates of London she was met by a number of Lords on horseback. Among the group of nobleman, Katherine looked eagerly for the king ; there was one mounted on a statlier charger than the rest, and alone was bonnetted. A long white plume concealed his face from her sight, but she knew him to be the king. He dismounted, and sat at the carriage and by her side in a moment. She dared not look at him—she heard only the cry of "God save their Majesties." A well known voice murmured "Kate," she turned eagerly, and in Henry the Fifth, King of England, she saw Henry Hereford.

Katherine did not dare trust herself to speak, and Henry looking fondly at her, whispered— "Well, sweetheart, do you like Henry of Hereford better for being Henry Hereford. I wanted to be loved for myself, and Katherine must fairly confess, that Katherine of France is both wooed and won."

That evening the marriage service was solemnly performed, and right willingly did Katherine now give her hand where her heart was already bestowed. Numerous were the pleasures that were set on foot, to shew the joy of the people at their King's choice. And Henry, did he repent it ?—No ; Katherine was to him all that he had promised to be ; and her fate, unlike the generality of Queens, was a happy one ; she never regretted the treaty between France and England, which at first had caused her much misery, and now made her so happy, and her happiness was increased when she heard that her father knew of her love for Henry. It was he who had proposed the deception to Henry, for he said that he never wished his daughter to marry one she did not love. When Henry sued for his bride, her father's answer was, "Woo her Henry, win her, she is worthy of a crown." How well wooed and won, my readers must judge.

St. John, January, 1842.

CLARA



That defect or fault which has become habitual, cannot be very trifling.