

meantime the Princess' companion having looked on, Katherine followed her, but not without turning several times to follow with her eyes the handsome young stranger.

Three weeks passed away, and one fine evening might be seen a lady and gentleman slowly walking on the banks of the Seine, not far from the palace. The young man was apparently twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, his features were elegantly and correctly formed, his head, which was uncovered, presented a profusion of dark glossy hair, falling in long curls on his shoulders, after the fashion of the time. His dress, which consisted of a close fitting suit of black velvet, with a short cloak of the same rich material, with a bordering of blue fur—was without ornament. The young lady was perhaps seventeen, she was very beautiful; her form was below the common height, but perfect in its proportions. Her complexion, like the daughters of vine-clad France, was surpassingly fair—her features were Grecian. Her eyes were blue, not that laughing blue eye so common, but the deep blue eye, so pensive, and yet so tender in its expression, with long brown lashes, increasing if possible that same pensiveness. Her sunny brown hair was fastened back plainly, by a band of pearls from her low broad forehead, and fell in wavy luxuriance to her waist. Her dress bespoke much higher rank than the gentleman's. The sweet smile that played round her mouth was succeeded by a look of haughty displeasure, at something her companion had whispered to her. She withdrew her arm from his, and stood a moment without replying. At last she said with much earnestness, and with a voice like distant music—

"Believe me, Henry, nought can change me, even though the diadem of England's King was offered for my acceptance, I would spurn it for your sake; but never mention *flight* again to a daughter of France. Farewell, I must away."

"Stay, lady," said her lover, "stay at least, I hear." They were standing by a seat under the branches of a lofty oak; with gentle silence the lover drew his mistress to it, and threw himself beside her. "Katherine," said

"there is a rumour that England's proud monarch demands your hand from your father. I am of his court, and know him well—he will take no refusal, but sweet one, the tenth night from this, I shall be here waiting for you, when I shall know your determination. In the meantime keep this for me." So saying, he took from his neck a fine gold chain of exquisite workmanship, to which was attached a

ruby heart. He placed it on her neck—Katherine gave the promise of meeting, and after some whispered words of farewell, they parted. I need hardly inform my readers, that these lovers were Katherine of France, and Henry Hereford.

As the Princess entered her saloon, she was met by her father, who affectionately kissed her. He passed his arm around her waist, and said "come with me my love, I have something of consequence to communicate to you. Kate, do you know that we are soon to have a wedding in our court." Katherine looked up with an enquiring air. "Your cousin Maria," continued the King, "marries the Duke of Orleans," and then fixing his eyes on his wondering daughter, he added, "and you my little Kate, wed with Henry of England." He stopped, startled at the paleness of the Princess' cheek, and before he was aware of her intention, she was on her knees before him. "Father, dear father, only unsay those words; would you condemn your child to a wretchedness of life, like cousin Joan's." Her father raised her, and in a few brief words as follows, explained to her the necessity of complying with his wishes. "My Katherine," said her father, "your country demands this sacrifice of your feelings. France is in a wretched situation, England has seized many of our towns; I have this day, concluded a treaty with England's Monarch, your hand is the pledge of our mutual good faith, and now my child, all you can say will not change my purpose; a fortnight will see you the bride of Henry." After saying those cruel words, the King imprinted a kiss on his daughter's forehead, and left the room. Katherine sank insensible on the couch where her father had placed her. I will not dwell on the agony of her young heart, nor tell with what a crushed spirit, she saw the brilliant preparations for her marriage.

The evening appointed for her meeting with Henry Hereford, arrived. The evening was beautiful, not a cloud was to be seen, the sky was all blue, save, where a silver shade marked the moon's course through it.—But that moon never looked on a sadder heart than Katherine's, as she walked out to meet her lover. A few moments, and she was by his side. "My Princess," said he, "I thought you would never come, but dearest love, how sad and pale you look." They sat down under the old oak that had witnessed so many happy meetings, and now was to witness their sad parting. "You are ill, dearest," continued her lover, "this night air is too much for you.—