

## Literature, &amp;c.

From the St. John Amaranth.  
A TALE OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

'Ah, Marie, believe me that I will never wed with a crowned Prince; tell me sweet friend what happiness I could expect? Look at my cousin Joan, though wedded to the bold Burgandy, do you ever see a smile on her countenance?'

Such were the exclamations of the only daughter of Charles VI. of France. Her companion's reply was met with a sweet, childish laugh of surprise; and Katherine raising her beautiful eyes to her friend's countenance, said to her—

'And so my sage Marie, you believe that my father would wish his daughter to wed with one she liked not. Oh, I tell you truly, *ma belle cousine*, that even if England's lion-hearted Henry were to sue for my hand, I would refuse him. Katherine of France gives not her hand where her heart is not given; and I must be right well wooed before I allow myself to be won.'

It was in a retired walk of the palace garden that this conversation was going on. The speakers were both beautiful: one was tall and of queenly grace—the other was fair and delicate as a fragile flower; but for all that she looked well fitted for the high station in which she was placed.

They continued their earnest conversation as they thought unheard; but they had a listener, and if one might judge by the smile on his countenance, he was well pleased with what he had learned.

'A dainty lady,' whispered he to himself; 'and so not even Henry of England would suit her.' As he said this, something lying in the walk attracted his attention—it was a glove, which, by its size, he knew must belong to the smaller of the two ladies; he quickly turned into the walk in which they were promenading, and presenting himself before the ladies, proffered the glove to its fair owner; their eyes met and the destiny of both was fixed in that single glance; and the young man, instead of returning the glove, placed it in his bosom, with these words—

'Lady, this glove shall never be out of my possession, unless Katherine of France reclaims it; he fixed his searching eyes on the lady's face, and he knew his surmise was right. 'This sweet bud of beauty, that seemed just bursting into womanhood, was Katherine of France. 'Farewell, sweet lady,' he continued, 'and do not forget Henry Hereford.' In the meantime the Princess' companion having walked 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 from the 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 sable-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, unlike 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 pensive-ness. 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 for 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 fight again

to a daughter of France. Farewell, I must away.'

'Stay lady,' said her lover, 'stay at least and hear.' They were standing by a seat under the branches of a lofty oak; with gentle violence the lover drew his mistress to it, and threw himself beside her. 'Katherine,' said he, 'there is a rumor that England's proud King 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, then I shall know your determination. In the mean time 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 round 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 inquiring air. 'Your cousin Maria,' continued the King, 'marries the Duke of Orleans, and then fixing his eyes on his wandering 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 the intention, she was on her knees before him. 'Father dear father, only unsay those words; would you condemn your child to 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 the 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. '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.—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 rare 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, say 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 a 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 that made her the wife of one unknown to her.—Numerous was the throng that followed the sweet lily of France to the vessels of war that was to take her and her retinue from their friends and their country.

Fair winds soon brought them to the 'sea girt isle; Katherine was received with a hearty welcome by the rough islanders, who were charmed with the beautiful bide of their adored monarch. At the gates of London she was met by a number of Lords on horseback.—Among the group of noblemen, Katherine looked eagerly for the king; there he was, mounted on a stately charger than the rest, and he alone was bonnetted. A long white plume concealed his face from her sight but she knew him to be the king. He dismounted, and was at the carriage and by her side in a moment. She dared not look at him—she heard on all sides 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 England better for being Henry Hereford. I, too, wanted to be loved for myself, and Kate you must fairly confess, that Katherine of France is both wooed and won.'

That evening the marriage service was again 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 ever repent it?—No; Katherine was to him all she had promised to be; and her fate, unlike the generality of Queens, was a happy one; and she never regretted the treaty between France and England, which at first had caused her so 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, and when Henry sued for his bride, her father's answer was, 'Woo her Henry win her, for she is worthy of a crown.' How well he wooed and won, my readers must judge.

By Dr. Champbell of Edinburgh.  
THE SHORTNESS AND UNCERTAINTY OF TIME.

Consider that the period allowed for securing the salvation of the soul is short, and will soon come to an end. This can in no case be extended beyond the limits of human life. But life is short, even when protracted to its utmost term: 'The days of the years of our life are threescore years and ten, or if by reason of strength they be fourscore years; yet these are soon out off, and we fly away.' Men, however, die not by seniority: and but few, comparatively, are permitted to arrive at old age. Many are cut down in the morning and meridian of life, and no man can boast of to-morrow, or tell what an hour can bring forth. In a few days the harbinger of death may appear: and disease, by its ordinary progress, in a short time conduct the individual to the tomb. The case is so common and familiar, that the death of those, who but a few weeks ago were in the bloom of life and in the vigor of health, excites no great alarm; at least produces no permanent

impression on the minds of surviving friends.

Death regards not the convenience or wishes of men: nor will he wait till you are prepared to obey his summons. You flatter yourself with the prospect of many future years of comfort. So did multitudes at the commencement of the year which has been lately concluded, whom it has consigned to their long home. And the year on which you have now entered may be pregnant to you with the issues of eternity. While your friends at the beginning of the ensuing year shall participate, as you have often done, in the festivities which usually accompany the return of the season, that anniversary may find you a tenant of the narrow house, an inhabitant in the world of spirits. 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might: for there is no work nor device nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest.' 'This day I am deliberating whether I shall believe or reject the gospel of the Son of God, whether I shall embrace or disregard the great salvation: whether I will have God or the world for my portion: heaven or hell for my eternal home.—But if I decide not instantly, and make not the choice which duty and interest combine to dictate, the day is at hand when the period of deliberation shall be past, and my doom unalterably sealed for ever.'

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.  
The following sketch of the great fire in London, is taken from Mr Ainsworth's new work, now in course of publication, entitled—Old St. Paul's.

Not half an hour after this the flames poured upon Lombard street from the four avenues before mentioned and the whole neighborhood was on fire. With inconceivable rapidity, they ran up Birch lane, and reaching Cornhill, spread to the right and left in that great thoroughfare. The conflagration had now reached the highest point of the city, and presented the grandest and most terrific aspect it had yet assumed from the river. Thus viewed, it appeared, as Pepys describes it 'as an entire arch of fire from the Three Cranes to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill, for an arch of above a mile long, it made me weep to see it.' Vincent also likens its appearance at this juncture to that of a bow. 'A dreadful bow it was,' writes this eloquent non-conformist preacher, 'such as mine eyes had never before seen; a bow which had God's arrow in it with a flaming point, a shining bow, not like that in the cloud which brings water with it, and withal signifieth God's covenant not to destroy the world any more with water, but a bow having a fire in it, and signifying God's anger, and his intention to destroy London with fire.'

As the day drew to a close, and it became darker, the spectacle increased in terror and sublimity. The tall black towers of the churches assumed ghastly forms, and to some eyes appeared like infernal spirits plunging in a lake of flame, while even to the most reckless the conflagration seemed to present a picture of the terrors of the Last Day.

Never before had such a night as that which ensued fallen upon London. None of its inhabitants thought of retiring to rest, or if they sought repose after the excessive fatigue they had undergone it was in such manner as would best enable them to rise and renew their exertions to check the flames which were continued throughout the night, but without success. The conflagration continued to proceed with the same alarming rapidity, and halls, towers, churches, public and private buildings were burning to the number of more than ten thousand, and the clouds of smoke covered a vast expanse of more than forty miles. Travellers approaching London from the north-east were enveloped in it ten miles off, and the fiery reflection in the sky could be discovered at the same distance. The 'hideous storm,' as Evelyn terms the fearful and astounding noise produced by the roaring of the flames and the falling of numerous fabrics, continued without intermission during the whole of this fatal night.

From Tait's Magazine.

## STRIKES, AND THEIR CURE.

There appears to us to be one root to the errors and evils of working-class waywardness. The want of faith in every other class. It is that which distances them from instruction: which enchains them to the leaders whose vocacion it is to mislead, and who