

first glance at her face pleased him. He approached and the illusion vanished. The cloud on his brow was not unmarked by the Princess. A sense of her forlorn situation and her dependence on his favor, crept over her, and falling on her knees she clasped her hands together, while her long curls swept the ground.

Even Henry was touched. He raised her gently, and tenderly kissing her, besought her to be of good cheer; but ignorant of the language, her ear only caught the bluff tone meant for kindness, and, disgusted at his appearance, she could scarcely conceal her dislike to his caresses. Little love-making could there be under these circumstances. The German accents of his bride were not the most soothing to the royal ear, and fear had rendered hoarse the sweet voice of Anne. She was soon left alone, much to the indignation of her attendants. Well was it for the outraged Germans that their words could not be comprehended or repeated, else might the prison or the stake have rewarded their comment on the royal interview.

And their young mistress, how was her night passed? Long after the garrulity of her women was silenced by their slumbers, the poor girl walked the room, wringing her hands in agony. Must she indeed stand before the altar and plight her troth to that hideous-looking man—twice her own age, and with a face distorted by malignant and cruel passions?

"Methinks," she exclaimed, "I could have borne it did he love me, but too well I feel that his own loathing for the match is not less than mine. He *hates* me."

Then came the thought, perhaps he will send me home; and visions of the beautiful Rhine, with its white sails and castled steeples rose before her. Again she heard her mother's tone and felt her sister's embrace; but the dream was past—the future was before her, filled with gloom, and morning dawned ere sleep weighed down her eyelids heavy with weeping, and the sun was high in Heaven ere the faithful Katrine allowed her to be awakened.

Bitter as were the reflections of the Princess, their poignancy would have been increased, had she heard the reproach of Henry VIII. to his Ministers.

"Said you not she was fair, my Lords,—and call you this *Flanders Mare* the wife for a King?"

The wary Cromwell reproached the Admiral for having brought over his freight after seeing it, but the Earl of Southampton, who held that office, declared his sole duty was to obey orders. This he had done. He had gone to Calais, met the Princess, and transported her to his native soil. Could he then be blamed?

Then it was luckily suggested that some of the Germans had spoken of a previous contract with Francis of Lorraine, and the pretext was eagerly caught at. When, however, the Dutch Ambassadors were summoned, they declared that the agreement had been entered into by the parents, only on condition that when the children grew up they should choose to fulfil it; that the young Lorraine having declared his preference for his cousin Amelie, the contract had been formally annulled and registered as such.

Moreover, it was plain that to send back the lady would be to embroil Protestant Germany; as all true Catholics were at present opposed to the English King, it would be well to retain a few friends.

"Is there no remedy then, but that I must put my head into the yoke?" passionately exclaimed the King—and he resigned himself to his fate.

Magnificent was the pageantry which celebrated the first state interview between the royal pair, for in this case, as in many others, in proportion as there was less of real feeling, there was a greater attempt at its display. Sixty-five of the first ladies in the kingdom were in attendance, and no wonder that the tall ungraceful Anne, chilled alike by the climate and the royal hesitation, and attired in the curious fashion of her country, appeared to disadvantage among England's fairest daughters. The public gracious behaviour of the monarch, and the sweet smile of his bride, charmed the populace. Few guessed the anguish that must have filled the heart of a young woman of twenty-five—a beloved child and sister, to find herself in a strange land—all her forebodings of evil fully realized—her hopes of happiness crushed—her affections thrown back on herself; and, added to all this, the fear of the scaffold or the flames. Such is life. The crowd gazed and admire the grandeur—perchance envy it—forgetting that the human heart is nearly the same in the castle and the cottage, in the palace and by the peasant's hearth, and that unless love is answered by love, it is lonely everywhere.

And now the Privy Council are again assembled, and again every effort is made to discover a loop-hole sufficiently large to allow of the King's escape, but in vain; the die is cast, and orders are issued for the celebration of the nuptials on Twelfth Day.

Few and sad were the preparations of the bride. Nights of sorrow and days of anguish were hers, and nothing supported her through the struggle but that child-like confidence in Divine guidance, which had been the constant lesson taught by her revered father.

The morning arrived, and Henry sent a very unceremonious summons to his *fiancée* to join