

might have been saved to that young heart, had a note been appended to the likeness, stating that it did not represent the marks of the small-pox. Why was it not done? Because the cup of Henry's guilt was not yet full, and he was permitted to add to the list of his victims, the plain, but unselfish, Anne of Cleves.

The third of October, 1539, was a holiday in Dusseldorf. All business was suspended that the departure of the young Princess might be marked and admired. The peasantry of the surrounding country flocked into the city, and among them might be seen the widow and the orphan weeping for the loss of their benefactress. No wonder they mourned. Never again would they hear her sweet voice pointing them to the home of the soul—no more would they come to the Old Castle Hall to hear her read from the blessed volume the truth which purifies the soul. Alas! their tears were ominous.

The last adieus were said—mother, sisters, brothers—seen for the last time, and the journey towards England was commenced. The first day's stage lay along the bank of her favorite river, and eagerly did she mark every tree, every island, every ripple—so eagerly, that ever afterwards the whole was a vivid picture in her mind. The autumn sun shone clear, but soft on hill and valley, and as he drew near his setting, shed a flood of radiance over all. The tears flowed fast from the Princess' eyes. She turned to her foster-sister, and exclaimed—

"Ah! Katrine, take thy last fond look of that glorious stream. England may be fair, but it can have no view like this before us. Even now, I could with a right joyful heart turn back and dwell in quiet in my own turret, never asking to leave it."

"But, noble lady," said the follower, who in point of intellect was the superior, "bethink you that you go to wealth, to power, to honor; that our noble Duke desired it; that even the preference your early bridegroom*—the young Marquess of Lorraine—has evinced for the Lady Anne, and the indifference you have shewn for him, all point this path out as the will of Heaven."

"Yet, Katrine," replied the mourner, "my honored father urged it only as a bond of union between Protestant Princes, and I am sure would not have sent me away an unwilling bride. But I will not murmur. As you say, it is the will of God. I will strive to do my duty and leave the future to him."

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival

of the *cortège* at the gates of Cleves, and sad as was the heart of the Lady Anne, she could not but be gladdened by the warm welcome she received from her father's vassals.

We will pass over the slow journey by Antwerp, Bruges, Nieuport and Dunkirk, to the English frontier at Calais, where a splendid procession came forth to meet them, giving fair promise of the honor the Princess of Cleves might expect from her future lord. It was afterwards noted as a little extraordinary, that among those deputed by their master to receive his bride at this place, were kinsmen of five out of the six Queens of Henry VIII.

Accustomed as was the English Monarch to triumph over all obstacles, in his wedding arrangements, the winds and waves were beyond his control, and Christmas had passed away ere the royal convoy of fifty ships set sail for Deal. Thence to Dover the flower of the Southern English Nobility conducted the bride, and rested for the Sabbath. The Monday morning was dark and gloomy, and most earnestly her attendants begged their young mistress to delay her progress; but accustomed to implicit obedience, she would not deviate from the prescribed plan, and in the midst of rain and mud commenced her journey to Rochester. The kind and paternal greeting of the venerable bishop, as he welcomed her to his palace, warmed her heart, and gave her more happiness than she had known since leaving Dusseldorf, and she heard with joy that under this hospitable roof she was to remain, until her royal spouse should condescend to make known his wishes.

Meantime Henry, tired of his ordinary amusements of burning people and altering creeds, had gazed on the lovely miniature, until having persuaded himself into the belief of his being desperately in love, he hastened incoeg. to her resting place. The poor Princess sat silent and sad in her apartment, when a messenger from His Majesty craved admittance, and after paying the most respectful salutations, besought Her Most Gracious Highness to receive from her Royal Bridegroom a New Year's Gift he had condescended to bring, begging permission to present it in *propria persona*. By means of her interpreter the necessary assent was calmly given; but who shall tell the tumult that reigned within her breast? None but those who have themselves been bought or sold. Would the King be satisfied with her? Should she love him? Tears filled her eyes; but recollecting herself, she sank on her knees and prayed earnestly. The fervor of devotion had given to her countenance an expression of combined dignity and softness, and as the Monarch entered the immense hall, he

*In Germany, engaged parties are called bride and bridegroom.