

fortunate queen, and
sheet, placed them
carried them to the
re," continues he,
meaning her fellow-
ner to the scaffold.
Whether the mangled
the place generally
the Tower as the
that her warm and
died in no better
used for keeping
r after the execu-
a grave that had
murdered brother.
obsequies than the
those true-hearted
and were the sole
is to be lamented
out of this gentle
were worthy to
every page sacred

k, a curious tradi-
son, for upwards
chains were secretly
r of darkness, and
ent burial-place of
ht, with the holy
usband at her first
slab, without any
t.
the loftiest in Norfolk,
ast of England. The
tic fane rises in lonely
ve been favourable for
dition were founded on
Norfolk ancestry were
Reepham, on a gentle

inscription, is still shown in Salle church as a monumental memorial of this queen, and is generally supposed, by all classes of persons in that neighbourhood, to cover her remains. The mysterious sentence with which Wyatt closes his eloquent memorial of the death of this unfortunate queen, affords a singular confirmation of the local tradition of her removal and re-interment: "God," says he, "provided for her corpse *sacred burial*, even in a place as it were consecrate to innocence."¹ This expression would lead us to infer that Wyatt was in the secret, if not one of the parties who assisted in the exhumation of Anne Boleyn's remains, if the romantic tradition we have repeated be indeed based on facts. After all, there is nothing to violate probability in the tale, romantic though it be. King Henry, on the day of his queen's execution, tarried no longer in the vicinity of his metropolis than till the report of the signal gun, booming faintly through the forest glade, reached his ear, and announced the joyful tidings that he had been made a widower. He then rode off at fiery speed to his bridal orgies at Wolf-hall. With him went the confidential myrmidons of his council, caring little, in their haste to offer their homage to the queen of the morrow, whether the mangled form of the queen of yesterday was securely guarded in the dishonoured grave, into which it had been thrust with indecent haste that noon. There was neither singing nor saying for her,—no *chapelle ardente*, nor midnight requiem, as for other queens; and, in the absence of these solemnities, it was easy for her father, for Wyatt, or even for his sister, to bribe the porter and sextons of the church to connive at the removal of the royal victim's remains. That old elm-chest could excite no suspicion when carried through the dark narrow streets and the Aldgate portal of the city to the eastern road: it probably passed as a coffer of stores for the country, no one imagining that such a receptacle inclosed the earthly relics of their crowned and anointed queen.

It is remarkable, that in the ancient church of Horndon-on-the-Hill, in Essex, a nameless black marble monument

¹ Singer's edition of Cavendish's Wolsey, vol. ii. p. 215.