

the others the bleeding body of the unfortunate queen, and having reverentially covered them with a sheet, placed them in a chest which there stood ready, and carried them to the church, which is within the Tower; where," continues he, "they say she lieth buried with the others," meaning her fellow-victims, who had two days before preceded her to the scaffold. There is, however, some reason to doubt whether the mangled remains of this hapless queen repose in the place generally pointed out in St. Peter's church within the Tower as the spot where she was interred. It is true that her warm and almost palpitating form was there conveyed in no better coffin than an old elm-chest that had been used for keeping arrows,¹ and there, in less than half-an-hour after the executioner had performed his office, thrust into a grave that had been prepared for her by the side of her murdered brother. And there she was interred, without other obsequies than the whispered prayers and choking sobs of those true-hearted ladies who had attended her on the scaffold, and were the sole mourners who followed her to the grave. It is to be lamented that history has only preserved one name out of this gentle sisterhood, that of Mary Wyatt, when all were worthy to have been inscribed in golden characters in every page sacred to female tenderness and charity.

In Anne Boleyn's native county, Norfolk, a curious tradition has been handed down from father to son, for upwards of three centuries, which affirms that her remains were secretly removed from the Tower church under cover of darkness, and privately conveyed to Salle church, the ancient burial-place of the Boleyns,² and there interred at midnight, with the holy rites that were denied to her by her royal husband at her first unhallowed funeral. A plain black marble slab, without any

¹ Sir John Spelman's Notes in Burnet.

² The stately tower of Salle church is supposed to be the loftiest in Norfolk, and it is certainly one of the most magnificent in the east of England. The profound solitude of the neighbourhood where this majestic fane rises in lonely grandeur, remote from the haunts of village life, must have been favourable for the stolen obsequies of this unfortunate queen, if the tradition were founded on fact. Her father was the lord of the soil, and all his Norfolk ancestry were buried in that church. It is situated between Norwich and Beepham, on a gentle eminence.