

ath been since two
been one powerful
d from which she
mother, and was
ation of the trea-
in Henry's state,
and Anne Boleyn
our would prove a
had been to the
the hour of death.
see her little one,
and to return her
e age of two years
e queen preferred
led to the scaffold
g embrace on her
ew would unfit her
e that awaited her
y required.

res us that Anne
atness of mind at
t by a messenger,
o was one of the
went to execution,
me to his majesty,
his career of ad-
n he made me a
and now he hath
my innocence the
r durst not carry
passion, yet tradi-

¹ This sarcastic
letter which Anne

Anne Boleyn is well
timately connected his
England, being tutor to
dly Bacon, both in the
re uttered, as all these

wrote to Henry from the Tower, probably by Cromwell or his secretary, and it has frequently been quoted by historians; but lord Bacon is the only person who places it in its apparently true chronology,—the day of her death, when hope was gone, and the overcharged heart of the victim dared to give vent to its last bitterness in those memorable words.

The scaffold prepared for the decapitation of the unfortunate queen was erected on the green before the church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula. The hour appointed by her ruthless consort for her execution having been kept a profound mystery, only a few privileged spectators were assembled to witness the dreadful, yet strangely exciting pageant. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, the portals through which she was to pass for the last time were thrown open, and the royal victim appeared, led by the lieutenant of the Tower, who acted as her lord chamberlain at this last fatal ceremonial. Anne was dressed in a robe of black damask, with a deep white cape falling over it on her neck. Instead of the pointed black velvet hood edged with pearls, which is familiar to us in her portraits, she wore a small hat with ornamented coifs under it. The high resolve with which she had nerved herself to go through the awful scene that awaited her as became a queen, had doubtless recalled the lustre to her eyes, and flushed her faded cheek with hues of feverish brightness, for she came forth in fearful beauty. "Never," says an eyewitness of the tragedy, "had the queen looked so beautiful before."¹ She was attended by the four maids of honour who had waited upon her in prison.² Having been assisted by sir William Kingston to ascend the steps of the scaffold, she there saw assembled the lord mayor and some of the civic dignitaries, and her great enemy the duke of Suffolk, with Henry's natural son, the duke of Richmond, who had, in defiance of all decency and humanity, come thither to disturb her last moments with their unfriendly espionage, and to feast their eyes upon her blood.

¹ Letter of a Portuguese contemporary, published by sir H. Nicolas in *Excerpta Historica*.

² *Excerpta Historica*. Lingard. Meteren.