

# THE GLEANER.

And Northumberland, Kent, Gloucester, and Restigouche Schediasm a.

Volume XIII:

Nec araneorum sane textus ideo melior, quia ex se fila gignunt, nec noster vilior quia ex alienis libamus ut apes.

Number 29.

Miramichi, Tuesday Morning, March 29, 1842.

## THE GLEANER.

### NEW WORKS.

ANNE BOLEYN; an Historical Romance.  
By Mrs. A. T. Thomson.

#### THE TOURNAMENT.

Rochford was gaily curvetting round the enclosure upon one of the most agile and fleetest of steeds, having first ridden to the pavilion to offer his obeisance to Henry, who sat on a great charger, in full armour, before the tent, looking like a mass of burnished steel. For the figure of the King was growing daily more and more ponderous, while his passions became more furious, and bodily disease, which, at last, brought upon him some faint retribution for his heinous crimes, was insidiously making inroads into the animal enjoyments of one who would scarcely submit even to the stroke of death, from which he seems to have expected his kingly frame to be exempt. Again,—a shout,—and Norreys, the stout-hearted, the honest, the true, and the brave, came into the tilt yard. His bright armour reflected at all points the bright rays of the May day sun; and his bearing was no less gallant than that of Lord Rochford. He carried no glove in his helmet, but the trappings of his horse, no less sumptuous than those of his antagonist, were of green velvet, beauteous with roses and pomegranates of gold, bordered with damask gold. Thus richly caparisoned, his gay charger neighed, and curvetted, as it bore him from the Queen's tent to that of the heavy, motionless, and as it seemed, sullen effigy of royalty, which was planted before the pavilion. And now the heralds proclaimed the challenger and defendant; the trumpets sounded, and the two brave horsemen ran at each other. At the first encounter, the spear of Norreys resounded upon the helmet of Rochford. The Queen leaned forward. Early accustomed to these feats, she had still a woman's heart. Alas! poor Anne dreaded the sight of blood, and could not bear—such was the humanity of her nature, remarkable in those days—that a fellow creature should be hurt. Another encounter—Lord Rochford fell back. 'Ah!' cried Anne, leaning still more forward 'he is hurt! my—my brother is hurt.' 'Tis not sport!' she added, covering her eyes with her hands. 'My Lord,' said Lady Rochford, 'is safe for to day.' There was a diabolical sneer on her face as she uttered these words. 'He is unhorsed—but, thanks be to heaven, unhurt!' exclaimed Anne, again fixing her eyes on the combat. 'Gallant Norreys is the victor.' Norreys was indeed the victor; and whilst the air resounded with his name, and Rochford, dispirited, rode round the ring, the conqueror passed before the Queen's tent to pay his homage. Anne drew from her bosom a richly embroidered handkerchief, the guardron often of the brave in those days. 'There, there,' she cried, 'brave Norreys take thy reward; my brother is unhurt.' She threw the handkerchief on the ground, and Norreys, blushing, picked it up, and pressing it to his heart, bent his knee before the tent. Anne smiled and drew back, and turning to Lady Rochford, was prepared to utter some lively sally, when she perceived that the eyes of her lady of the bed chamber were directed earnestly to the pavilion of the King. A confusion seemed to reign in that quarter of the tilting ground: the king had suddenly left, although expected to engage in the lists, and accompanied by six attendants only, had sped on his way to London ere Anne perceived his absence. Surprise and dismay prevailed throughout those of the assembled crowds who were near enough to observe that not from caprice alone, but in a burst of ungovernable rage, Henry had withdrawn from the scene of action; and gloomy conjectures became current—men looked for some awful occurrence, some sanguinary vengeance, and they were not mistaken.

#### THE ARREST.

A solemn silence prevailed upon her entrance, and it was not broken for some moments afterwards. The Duke of Norfolk spoke first,—Lord Audley stood immovable, and looked not at the queen,—the eyes of Cromwell were bent upon the ground. When he did raise them, it was to behold a statue, an image; for every tinge of colour had faded from the face of the most beautiful, the most hapless of God's creatures. Anne had not at first perceived Sir William Kingston, who, from delicacy perhaps, added to a loathing of his office, had retired to a remote part of the room: when she saw him, she knew him, for Kingston had received her at her coronation.

And there she stood, her hands clasped together, her eyes fixed and dimmed—her brow ston, 'I am ready to depart.' She walked like marble—her lips essaying, vainly, to speak. There was something imploring in her attitude,—it was as if the prayer for mercy had been uttered, not heard. So still she stood that not a movement disturbed the pendant and white jewel which hung around a whiter neck—so still, that she seemed entranced, or as one ready to sink and swoon away into the arms of death. Oh that she had! that England's citizens had not witnessed that which ensued! that the foul stain of her blood had never been shed, whilst Englishmen looked on and avenged it not. Oh that the fiat had indeed summoned at once to the mercy seat of Him who loved and chastened his erring, but not sinful child. Gradually, as if awaking, she saw and felt what was around her. The harsh tones of her uncle's voice aroused her attention: yet she heard but indistinctly the formal preamble with which he set forth the proceedings in which he was a party. 'Your offence madam, is high treason against the king's liege, but upon what premises shall be declared unto you.' Then, ere the helpless subject of his harangue had regained the use of her faculties, whilst yet her senses were confused, her head dizzy, Sir William Kingston stepped forward, and bending his knee before her said—'Madam! I arrest you at the commands of our Lord the king!' His words restored Anne to consciousness, to that presence of mind which had forsaken her—to the recollection that she was a Queen. 'The King,' she replied, 'does this but to prove me; I—I obey his behest.' And she smiled, as if she indeed relied on the truth of what she said, yet an instant after she melted into tears. 'I would see the Princess Elizabeth ere I go with ye?' She put the request as an interrogatory, and her anxious eye wandered from the Duke her uncle, whom she greatly feared, to the lord chancellor, to Cromwell, even to Cromwell. Cromwell turned aside, and even the grim chancellor avoided being a party to the stern refusal that he awaited from Norfolk's lips; but the duke spared those about him all responsibility. He answered her agonised inquiry in a few words. 'Tis not in our commission madam, that the princess should be sent for, by five o' the clock we must go hence. His cold, prompt manner, his words, had the same effect as if ice had fallen the shivering form of the queen. She saw her doom, she read her fate in the insolence of the man who but lately was fain to kiss even the hem of her garment. With a wild hysterical shriek, she fell back in the arms of her attendants,—they bore her to a seat, loosened her dress, and put back from the marble forehead the bands of her dark hair. Faithful and compassionate, they tried to soothe and cheer her; but the words 'My child, my child, may I not see my child?' broke in tones of anguish from their unhappy mistress. Suddenly she broke from them, she ran up to her uncle, sank on her knees before him, clasped his knees, and beseeching him to have pity on her, again the wild scream 'My child! I must see my child!' was mingled with the accents of despair. Once more she was borne to a seat, where a paroxysm of those hysterical sobbings, to which, during the short period of her numbered days, she was prone, exhausted her strength, but failed to relieve her barthened heart. By degrees calmer moments came; Anne was truly pious, and this, the last succour of the unfortunate was still hers. She entreated time to prepare herself for the trials which she now foresaw; she begged permission to retire within her closet, and to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The petition was met with the utmost disgust by her uncle, and his customary expression, 'Tut, tut,' was uttered between his teeth, whilst the words 'accursed heresy' fell from his lips. 'Were my bishops about the King's grace,' said Anne rising, and coming forward into the midst of the apartment, 'they would speak for me to the king.' There was a smile of hope on her varying countenance as she spoke, for she remembered Cranmer. Cromwell, whom she partly addressed, bowed low, but an expression of the utmost scorn settled on the face of Norfolk, whom they all feared, so that Cromwell, Audley, and Kingston, were fain to be content with pity. 'Yes,' exclaimed the queen, clasping her fair hands together and looking up, full of a hope so beaming, that it gave somewhat of sublimity to her whole appearance, 'I shall be a joyous saint in heaven, for many good deeds that I have done; and upon this unhappy land will not God send his rain, nor blessing, but heavy judgments, for this crying sin which ye now commit.' She looked defiance at her uncle as she spoke, for the spirit of the flattered woman and the queen arose once more in that guileless bosom. 'And

now,' she said, looking at Sir William Kingston with dignity and a serene deportment towards the door, but her voice died away as she attempted to say, looking at her ladies of the bedchamber, 'If any fear to go with me to prison let them stay here.' There was a slight murmur amongst the attendants; three only of those who had of late been so zealous, followed their queen to her doom,—and these three, immortal be their memory though unknown to fame their names, remained with her until the end.

#### THE TRIAL.

The depositions were read, and the grossest and most improbable charges detailed, until every woman's cheek was dyed with shame, and the scorn of men who dared to feel was marked on every honest countenance. Enough! Into eternity the contrivings of the foul calumny passed away, there to answer for their insult to woman, in the charges urged against the hapless Anne. The face of Norfolk grew more and more livid as each fresh document was read, for every successive fabrication proved too much for any reasonable person to believe. The affidavits were finished: the dolorous voice of the clerk of the court ceased, and Brandon rose in his place. He bowed with his accustomed courtesy, and Anne, who had scarcely returned the obeisance of her uncle, rose, and curtsying low, awaited, standing, the address of Brandon. 'Your highness,' said the comely duke, 'may permit, ere we continue these questions, one question. In your youth, as we well know, your grace had many suitors: we would fain speak touching that matter,—hath there not been a pre-contract between your highness and Henry Percy, now Earl of Northumberland, or hath report deceived us?' A smile of hope played upon the features of the injured Anne. It would have been Henry's resource, had the proof of her guilt failed, to have pleaded this early contract, equally binding by the law of England, with the ceremonial of marriage, and to have rendered his marriage with Anne invalid, her child illegitimate, and thus to have placed both of the young princesses at his mercy, and to have rendered their succession a matter for His favour to decide. There was a time when Anne would have shrunk from right that could prejudice the interests of her child; dearer now to her mother's heart than when prosperity gladdened the unclouded path. But the love of life, the hope of escaping ignominy, of insuring, perchance, freedom forever from persecution, combined with a natural love of truth, prompted her eager reply. The court hung breathless on each word she uttered, and hurried were those gentle accents, for Anne remembered that there had been a threat of executing the old punishment of her imputed crime,—that of burning,—should her guilt be proved. 'I was,' she said, 'it is true, contracted to my Lord of Northumberland in our youth.' Her voice faltered, for recollections of tenderness, of hopes gone by, contrasting with her present condition, shook her frame with stern emotion. 'He,' she added, relying on the honour of the lover of her youth, 'will not gainsay what I have said.' There was a silence—a pause—then a brief conference between the Duke of Suffolk and her uncle. At last the courtly Brandon rose, and with much suavity of manner replied—'the earl, madam, hath denied any knowledge of such a pre-contract or participation in it. He saith there hath been no pre-contract. He paused for the crimson flush of indignation on Anne's cheek arrested his attention. 'On oath hath he denied it, and received the holy sacrament on the same. We are convinced your highness's plea is false. Anne held up her hands, but spoke not the sting was pungent; but she complained not. Pale, and meek, the image of despair, she stood, whilst, for a brief instant, the dread of death was forgotten the excitement of the moment unfelt, the hall and judges were unseen, and her thoughts ran back to Hever, and to the former love of one who might have saved her,—but who had sealed her doom. The queen was then called upon for her defence. As she rose to speak the innocence and sweetness of her youthful countenance won even the prejudiced to her favour. There were those who groaned in spirit to see a modest and lovely woman, scarcely twenty six years of age, confronted with impassioned, unprincipled judges, veterans in every art which could baffle her efforts, and weaken her assertions. There were others, of careless morals, who anticipated, almost hoped, that Anne might be induced, from dread of death, to confess. Never, however, were innocence and truth more effective. 'I am conscious,' thus spoke the queen, 'of a righteous cause, else had I not dared, unadvised by stronger minds, to raise my voice. For let not the king imagine that his poor wife will ever be brought to confess a fault where there

has been none! There was a murmur at this moment, and the hoarse voice of Norfolk, muttering his customary 'Tut, tut, tut,' interrupted and embarrassed his unhappy niece. 'Bring before me,' resumed Anne, when she recovered her composure, 'those who accuse me. They must doubt their evidence who dare not produce it to the light—I am innocent. Let me be tried,' she added, in a firm voice, and fixing her eyes on her uncle as she spoke; 'but let me have a lawful trial, let me have an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges! Then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, or my guilt openly declared!' Her words were echoed among the pillars and the arches of the great council chamber; and as she ceased, every corner of its gloomy space resounded with murmurs of pity. Some moments elapsed ere the judges arose to answer the eloquent appeal. It was observed meantime, that the pale lips of Lord Surrey, who sat before his father, quivered—and that a gaze of wild despair on Anne followed the queen's address. Her words, spoken in a calm, clear voice, thrilled through many a heart, and to the honour of the citizens be it ever remembered, that they were, with their mayor, confident of her truth and honor. The Duke of Norfolk at length rose. He began a short harangue, with which he prefaced the last act in this tragic scene, by assuring the prisoner—and whilst he spoke the passions of a demon raged in his face—that the poorest in the land had justice, and it should be more especially allotted to the queen. Calmly the queen raised her eyes to Norfolk as he spoke. Hope had deserted her, but from this time her character rose to sublimity. Fortitude, courage, resignation, brooded her, as it might be said, into a foretaste of the angelic virtues. 'Anne Boleyn,'—thus, she spoke, as the lords rose, the hollow voice of the tool of power; his words were slow and few,—'thou art judged by thy peers, and found guilty; and are sentenced to be taken hence and—burned,'—he laid an emphatic emphasis on the word 'or beheaded, at the king's pleasure. So help thee God.' All eyes were turned upon the queen. Her hands and eyes were raised to heaven. She stood for a time in silence. Then, from her lips, slowly and involuntarily muttered, in prayer, broke these words—'Oh Father of Heaven! Thou art the way, the truth, and the life; Thou knowest if I have this death.' In this appeal to Him who heard the desolate, she stood for some moments absorbed, her hands upraised—her head thrown back—and never was sculptured figure of piety more beautiful. Her soul was with Him who gave her life. To those who took that life away she then turned. 'I will not call your sentence unjust,' nor suppose that my reasons can alter your convictions. I will rather believe that your lordships must suppose that ye have some good reason for what you have done. I am clear from all offences with which I am charged. Yes, my lords,' she added fervently, while a smile played upon her face, and she looked up at her judges; 'I have ever been faithful to the king, though in due humility to him I have been wanting. Nor can I say, and she sighed, as she uttered these words, 'that I have not nursed some foolish jealousy of his highness. Other misdeeds,' she added, so firmly, 'I have never committed against him. But since his highness hath determined that not only my death but an infamous slander, shall bring him his desired happiness with one whom I could long ago have mentioned, then I pray God that he will not call the king to strict account for his unprincely usage of me; at that dread judgment seat,' she added in a low and solemn tone that thrilled the whole assembly, 'where both the king and I shall shortly appear, my innocency will be declared; where also mine enemies, the instruments of this crime, shall have their guilty deeds revealed.' As the queen concluded she moved as if to depart: yet once more she addressed herself to her judges: to Brandon whose milder countenance bore some semblance of pity. 'My last request shall be—oh my Lord, I prefer it to the king that myself alone may bear the burden of his grace's displeasure. If ever I have found favour in his sight: if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been pleasing in the king's ears say to him as thou speakest it, that I would willingly die a thousand deaths than let my poor brother perish. She looked around her as she spoke; and then, not trusting herself to utter another word, meekly and quietly she left as she had entered the hall. A silence, not of repose or thought, but from destruction ensued; a confusion in the ideas of some, as if they had witnessed a dream; in others instant but unavailing remorse, in many overwhelming compassion, which, even in the eternal sex-