

He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind
Is all made up, in haste put off the rage
They had mocked his misery with, and all in
white,

His long white beard which he had never shaven
Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the
c.ain

Where with they bound him to the stake, he
stood,

More like an ancient Father of the Church
Than heretic of these times; and still the friars
Admired him, but Cranmer only shook his head,
Or answer'd them in smiling negatives;
Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry:
"Make short! make short!" and so they lit the
wood.

Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,
And thrust his right into the bitter flame;
And crying, in his deep voice, more than once,
"This hath offended—this unworthy hand!"
So held it till it all was burn'd, before
The flame had reached his body; I stood near—
Mark'd him—he never uttered moan of pain:
He never stirr'd or writhed, but like a statue,
Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
Gave up the ghost; and so passed martyr-like.

Joan and Tib, two country wives,
thus moralize on the "burnin':"

"TIB—'Eh, the wind and the wet! What a
day, what a day! Nigh upo' judgment day
loike. Pwoaps Pwoaps! be pretty things, Joan,
b it they wunt sit in the Lord's cheer o' that
daay."

"JOAN—'Eh, my rheumatiz be that bad,
how wuv be I to win to the burnin'!"

"I'm—'I should say twur ower by now. . . .
My ow'd man wur up and awaay betoimes wi'
dree hard eggs for a good plecto at the burnin'
. . . . A-burnin' and a-burnin', and a-makin' o'
vork madder and madder; but tak my word
vor't, Joan, the burnin' o' the owld Archbishop
[Cranmer, 'ill burn the Pwoap out o' this 'ere
land for ivir and ivir."

In the fifth Act the tragedy darkens
towards its sombre close. Plague,
famine, distress, consume the land.
Calais, where for two hundred years
the English leopards had ramped on
the fluttering folds of the royal stand-
ard, was wrested from the grasp of
Mary. Wasting disease, and hope
deferred, and heart-breaking disap-
pointment had brought her to the
borders of the grave. Abandoned
by the faithless Philip, who in cold-
blooded speculation on her anticipated
death, caused advances, with a
view to marriage, to be made to her
younger, fairer, and heretic sister
Elizabeth; hated by her people and
haunted by remorse—not that she
had burned many, but that she had
not burned more—the utterly deso-
late and forlorn condition of the un-

happy Queen cannot fail to awaken
commiseration in the most stoical
bosom. For a moment the undaun-
ted Tudor spirit is aroused as she
issues sudden orders for the recovery
of Calais.

Send out, let England as of old
Rise lion-like, strike hard and deep into
The prey they are rending from her—ay, and
rend
The renders too. . . . Oh, would I were
My father for an hour.

But soon she sinks into deep des-
pondency:

I am a by-word. Heretic and rebel
Point at me, and make merry. Philip gone!
And Calais gone! Time that I were gone too! . .
My people hate me and desire my death.
My husband hates me and desires my death.
I hate myself—and I desire my death.* . . .

She repels the offer of her attend-
ant to arrange her disheveled hair. .

No, no, what matters,
Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn,

and seizing a lute she sings a mel-
ancholy plaint:

Hapless doom of woman happy in bethrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath, and love is lost in
loathing!

Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the
world is nothing—

Low, lute, low!
Love will hover round the flowers when they
first awaken;

* Hers seems to have been a heritage
of hatred. She had previously said:

My hard father hated me;
My brother rather hated me than loved;
My sister cowers and hates me.

"A happy morning to your Majesty," said the
foreign ambassador. "And I should some time
have a happy morning," she replied. "I have
had none yet."

Contrast this same poet's apostrophe
to the happier occupant of the same
august throne, although herself not un-
touched by sorrow—our own beloved
and widowed Queen:

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure. . .

May all love,
His love unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee by his side again!