

Seventeen — and knew eight languages — in music
Peerless — her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchmen ; yet so meek, so modest
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatch'd with her for policy ! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him,
She fear'd it might unman him for his end ;
She could not be unman'd — no, nor out-
woman'd —
Seventeen — a rose of grace !

She wrung her hands
And trusted God would save her thro' the
blood
Of Jesus Christ alone.

STAFFORD.
Pray you go on.

BAOENHALL.
Then knelt and said the Miserere Mei —
But all in English, mark you ; rose again,
And when the headman pray'd to be forgiven
Said, " You will give me my true crown at last,
But do it quickly ; " then all wept but she,
Who chang'd not colour, when she saw the
block,
But ask'd him, childlike : " Will you take it off
Before I lay me down ? " " No, Madam," he said,
Gasping ; and when her innocent eyes were
bound,
She, with her poor blind hands feeling — " where
is it ?
Where is it ? " — you must fancy that which
follow'd,
If you have heart to do it ?
The " Thou shalt do no murder," which God's
hand
Wrote on her conscience, Mary rubb'd out
pale —
She could not make it white — and over that,
Traced in the blackest text of hell — " Thou
shalt ! "
And signed it — Mary !

The character of Pole, the papal
legate, a thorough churchman yet
inclined to toleration, and rebuking
the persecuting policy of the brutal
Bonner, is well and clearly limned.
He blasphemously attributes to the
blood-stained Queen the salutation
of the angel to the Blessed Virgin :

" Ave Maria, gratia plena, benedicta tu in
mulieribus
Sit benedictus fructus ventris tui."

The marriage, upon which Mary
had so passionately set her heart
proves a joyless, loveless one. Philip
is cold and faithless, and, as the un-
happy Queen learns, actually hates
her and finds her " pesteringly fond"
and irksome.

There comes, indeed, a gleam of
joy in the anticipated birth of an
heir to the vast domains of united
Spain and England. In a burst of
exultation she exclaims :

Oh, Philip, husband ! now thy love to mine
Will cling more close, and those bleak manners
thaw,
That make me shamed and tongue-tied in my
love
The second Prince of Peace —
The great unborn Defender of the Faith,
Who will avenge me of my enemies —
He comes, and my star rises.
The stormy Wyatts and Northumberland's,
The proud ambitions of Elizabeth,
And all her fiercest partisans — are pale
Before my star !
The light of this new learning wanes and dies,
The ghosts of Luther and Zuinglius fade
Into the deathless hell which is their doom
Before my star !
His sceptre shall go forth from Ind to Ind
His sword shall hew the heretic peoples down !
His faith shall clothe the world that will be his,
Like universal air and sunshine ! Open,
Ye everlasting gates ! The King is here ! —
My star, my son !

Yet even this hope fades out of
her firmament, and Philip can no
longer be detained in England.

MARY.
Go ! must you go, indeed — again — so soon ?
Why, nature's licensed vagabond, the swallow,
That might live always in the sun's warm heart,
Stays longer here in our poor north than you —
Knows where he nested — ever comes again.

PHILIP.
And, Madam, so shall I.

MARY.
O, will you ? will you ?
I am faint with fear that you will come no more.

PHILIP.
Ay, ay ; but many voices call me hence.

MARY.
Voices — I hear unhappy rumours — nay,
I say not, I believe. What voices call you
Dearer than mine, that should be dearest to you ?
Alas, my Lord ! What voices and how many ?

PHILIP.
The voices of Castile and Aragon,
Granada, Naples, Sicily, and Milan —
The voices of Franche-Comte and the Nether-
lands,
The voices of Peru and Mexico,
Tunis, and Oran, and the Philippines,
And all the fair spice islands of the East.

MARY (admiringly).
You are the mightiest monarch upon earth,
I but a little Queen ; and so, indeed,
Need you the more.

They hate me also for my love to you,
My Philip ; and these judgments on the land —
Harvestless autumns, horrible agues, plague —

PHILIP.
The blood and sweat of heretics at the stake
Is God's best dew upon the barren field.
Burn more !

MARY.
I will, I will ; and you will stay.
What, not one day ?

PHILIP.
You beat upon the rock.
MARY.
And I am broken there.