

as political, as fastidious, or as impartial as he will, but if he be an Englishman at all this will run through his blood and give him, for the moment at least, a glimpse of greatness and national life. Here is the speech in which the Electress Sophia—a true descendant of Shakespeare's Old Gaunt—rebukes her boorish sons and her daughter-in-law—the latter, like her husband, “doesn't want” to be Queen of England.

Thou'lt not be Queen of England?
 No, for by Heaven that needs a royal heart!
 What were it to be Queen of England? Answer,
 Shade of the illustrious dead, answer, Elizabeth!
 Were it to pack, distil into one brain
 The master-thought of millions, in one bosom
 To house a love great as a million loves
 And manifold as they; one word, “My People,”
 Being in your mouth, what mother, spouse, child, lover
 Mean upon other lips—your soul's main utterance

And key to your entire life?

Then comes the reward.

Consider it, women, you whose happiness
 Is lightly blown from ephemeral joy to joy,
 Maidenhood, beauty, motherhood, ere it fall
 Unwinged and spent with half your years. Consider
 What 'twere to be a Queen,

A Queen of men, not marketable serfs.

Perchance you lean out from your balcony
 One spring day, in the prime and rapture of youth,
 And mark the immense crowd billowing beneath,
 A sea of worshipping eyes, a ripple of hands
 Claiming you theirs, lifting you to the height
 Of their heart's throne—all fathers, lovers, friends,

All yours and yours for ever.

These are the Immortals,

Not to be changed by mutability
 Of the inconstant blood, or alienated
 By circumstance, or in the unfeeling grave

To slumber careless.

You the years will change,

The small mechanic hours, you will grow old,
 Dim-hearted, cinder-grey, will drop your playthings
 One after one—Ay, but on any day