

wo names, Philip and Calais ; open his,—
So that he have one,—
You will find Philip only, policy, policy,—
Ay, worse than that—not one hour true to me !
Foul maggots crawling in a fester'd vice !
Adulterous to the very heart of Hell.
Hast thou a knife ?

ALICE.

Ay, Madam, but o' God's mercy—
MARY.

Fool, think'st thou I would peril my own soul
By slaughter of the body ? I could not, girl,
Not this way—callous with a constant stripe,
Unwoundable. Thy knife !

This Philip shall not

Stare in upon me in my haggardness ;
Old, miserable, diseased,
Incapable of children. Come thou down.
[Cuts out the portrait of Philip from the
wall and throws it down.]
Lie there. (Wails.) O God, I have killed my
Philip.

ALICE.

Madam, you have but cut the canvas out ;
We can replace it.

MARY.

All is well then ; rest—
I will to rest ; he said. I must have rest.

[Cries of "ELIZABETH" in the street.]

A cry ! What's that ? Elizabeth ? revolt ?
A new Northumberland, another Wyatt ?
I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave,

LADY CLARENCE.

Madam, your royal sister comes to see you.

MARY.

I will not see her.
Who knows if Boleyn's daughter be my sister ?
I will see none except the priest. Your arm.

[To LADY CLARENCE.]

O Saint of Aragon, with that sweet worn smile,
Among thy patient wrinkles—Help me hence.

[Exeunt.]

[The Priest passes.]

Enter ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH.

The Queen is dead.

CECIL.

Then here she stands ! my homage.

ELIZABETH.

Peace is with the dead.

Her life was winter, for her spring was nipt ;
And she loved much : pray God she be forgiven.

LORDS.

God save Elizabeth, the Queen of England !

BAGENHALL.

God save the Crown ; the Papacy is no more.

ACCLAMATION.

God save the Queen. [Curtain falls.]

We have said that there are comparatively few lines that fix themselves in the memory like the barbed phrases of Shakespeare. But there are some such : as where the Lady Magdalen Dacres says of the coarse and profligate Philip :

"It is the low man thinks the woman low ;"

and where the princess Elizabeth replies to young Courtenay,

"My Lord, the hatred of another to us
Is no true bond of friendship."

Apologizing to her jailor for her complaints of the closeness of her prison she exclaims :

"It is the heat and narrowness of the cage
That makes the captive testy ; with free wing
The world were all one Araby."

See also Thirlby's characterization of Cranmer, and Cranmer's of Bonner, previously quoted. Howard's account of the prison sufferings of the martyrs is too horrible to quote in full :

"Fed with rank bread that crawled upon the
tongue,
And putrid water, every drop a worm—
Until they died of rotted limbs, and then
Made even the carrion-nosing mongrel vomit
With hate and horror."

The supple sycophancy of the Spanish ambassador is photographed in the single line of his reply to Philip's brutal comment on the waning beauty and "doubly aged" appearance of his Queen :

"Sire, if your Grace hath mark'd it, so have I."

Philip tersely indicates Elizabeth's fondness of flattery in the line,

"She is none of those that loathe the honey-comb."

To a waiting woman who said, "It was never merry world in England since the Bible came among us," Ceci with the wise prescience of a Protestant statesman, replies :

"It never *will* be merry world, in England,
Till all men have their Bibles, rich and poor."

The metonymy and metaphor in the following despairing utterance of the unhappy Mary are worthy of Shakespeare's self—

"Clarence, they hate me ; even while I speak
There lurks a silent dagger, listening
In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn,
And panting for my blood as I go by."

Some of the similes are admirable : as the following of the Church and its shadow, which is almost an allegory in brief. Pole is pleading for toleration :