

Poor Amy Robsart is another example of the woman who had to endure, but owing to her untimely death we can only conjecture whether she would have suffered and triumphed as Rebecca did, though in a more tragic style, or whether it was a Fate, more kind, that saw fit to take her young life rather than condemn her to the sad fate of the mad Lucy Ashton. The only child of an indulgent father, left motherless from infancy. Amy had never been taught the very necessary lesson of submission to authority. She recognized no authority. All her young life, she had been accustomed to frame her wishes and leave to some one else the fulfilment of them; she possessed frivolous tastes and the education of the times had done little or nothing for a mind naturally gay and adverse to study. The betrothed bride of Tresillian, her father's noble friend, it becomes somewhat difficult to excuse her flight from home without leaving that aged father with a certainty of her fate, but it is a child we find in Cunnmore Place, delighted with her handsome husband and the beauty by which he has surrounded her; but that it was a strong-minded child who held her honour as the most sacred thing she possessed, is shown by her insistence against such a plausible adviser as Varney that in the eyes of God, if not of the world, she would be true Countess of Leicester. Dudley recognized that though Amy was flexible in many matters, where her honour was concerned not Elizabeth on her throne had more pride than the daughter of the obscure gentleman of Devon.

Her love for Dudley was not of a childish nature. When the treachery of those around her was forced upon her she became a woman, strong in her love and her determination to fathom the mysteries. Her courage in the face of inexplicable difficulties, and her faith in her husband, in spite of appearances, is highly commendable, but she failed in execution. Scott says: "At the most momentous period of her life, she was alike destitute of presence of mind and ability to form for herself any reasonable or prudent plan of conduct."

While forsaken, half crazed with grief, the least welcome guest at the revels of Kenilworth Castle, the domain of her own husband, the innate grandeur of Amy's character bursts upon us and overwhelms us. Dragged before the imperious Queen to tell her own story, she forgot self and all her wrongs in her fears for Dudley's safety.

No greater contrast between women both in love with the same man was ever shown than in the demeanor of Elizabeth, the Queen, and Amy the obscure maiden. No one doubts which