

woman. To understand her and appreciate her we must not and cannot judge her by the same standard that we would use in portraying Queen Victoria. Our study must be with reference to the times in which she lived; and we must consider Scott's picture of her a true, historical one, allowing a little latitude for his well-known Protestant sympathies which would tend to gloss over her many and serious faults.

No better example of her vanity, and also of another trait in her character, could be given than in the author's own words regarding her audience with Raleigh: "Raleigh in knowing how to mix the devotion claimed by the Queen with the gallantry due to her personal beauty, succeeded so well as, at once, to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity and love of power."

Elizabeth, true daughter of Henry VIII, would brook no opposition to her authority, while for a time, womanlike, she might give way to the finer feelings, she never failed to return with a bound, and impress upon all who had witnessed her departure that she was Queen more than woman. She enjoyed having men in the capacity of suitors, but with no one would she share her power.

"The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium."

In sense and sound policy she had no equal in any woman of her time, and no superior in any man. It was to the interest of England to effect a reconciliation between the rival Earls of Sussex and Leicester. Elizabeth effected this, but the tactics she used were taken from the womanly side of her character: "Sussex I entreat — Leicester I command," but the words were so uttered that the entreaty became almost a command, and the command an entreaty.

Elizabeth, unlike Rebecca, was not proficient in reading human nature, and when this knowledge was forced upon her by Leicester's confession of the deceit that had been practised she forgot her dignity in her passion. Her faithful adviser, Burleigh, saw that something deeper than her vanity was wounded, yet her pride instantly came to her rescue and she became once more the calm, dignified sovereign. It was not a magnanimous dignity, however, for she taunted the fallen Dudley with his presumption in thinking that she, Queen of England, ever entertained a particular regard for him. "What, ho! My lords come here, and hear the news: My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband and England a King."