SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth.

A good many years ago there appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a series of papers which were based on the private reports made by representatives of the Court of France in London, and which set forth from time to time what was known and what was suspected about the prospects of the various pretenders to the hand of Queen Elizabeth. It is, apparently, a wholly independent study of the same and additional documents, which is embodied in the volume entitled *The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth* (McClure, Phillips & Co.), by MARTIN HUME, the well known editor of the Calendars of the Spanish State Papers preserved in the Public Record office, and the sympathetic author of "The Love Affairs of Mary, Queen of Scots." The present edition of the work has been revised and enlarged in response to the requests of many readers who have expressed or implied regret that in the first edition the question of the actual relations that existed between the Queen and various favorites had not been dealt with. To Mr. Hume as a political historian this phase of the subject had not appeared to be of any great importance, inasmuch as the national results of the courtships described had depended rather upon the political intrigues that prompted them than upon the real or feigned passion that accompanied them. It had seemed to the author that a review of Elizabeth's non-political philanderings, about which his book originally had little or nothing to say, though useful in elucidating the personal character of the Queen, would throw but little light upon the subtle war of wits from which England, under Elizabeth's guidance, emerged the victor. In the present edition, on the other hand, the Queen's courtships are considered in their personal as well as their political aspects. Mr. Hume is alive to the difficulty of treating adequately and yet inoffensively this branch of the subject in a book which will naturally reach the hands of readers of all ages and conditions. He foresees the probability of being reproached by some inquirers for a want of frankness in stating his final opinion, but he is inclined to think that those to whom the knowledge will be innocuous, and who care to seek for it, will find it easy to gather from his text the unstated conclusions which seem to the author to be inevitable corollaries from the facts indicated.

I.

There is no doubt that the Protestantizing of England and the establishment of Protestantism as a permanent power in Europe could never have been effected without the supreme and sustained statecraft of the Queen and Burleigh, her great Minister. If Elizabeth eventually triumphed, it was as much by her weakness as by her strength; her bad qualities were as valuable to her as her good ones. The nimble shifting from side to side, the encouragement or discouragement of the French and Flemish Protestants, as the policy of the moment dictated, the alternate flouting and flattering of the rival Powers, and the agile utilization of the Queen's sex and feminine love of admiration to provoke competing offers for her hand, all exhibit statesmanship as adroit as it was unscrupulous. The political methods adopted were those which met with general acceptance at the time, but the dextrous juggling through a long course of years with regard to Elizabeth's marriage is unexampled in dynastic history. Not a point was missed. Full advantage was taken of the Queen's maiden state, of her feminine fickleness, of her solitary sovereignty, of her assumed religious uncertainty, of her accepted beauty and of the keen competition for her hand. In very many cases, neither the wooer nor the wooed was in earnest, and the courtship was merely a polite fiction to cover other objects; but, on at least two occasions, if not three, the Queen was very nearly forced by circumstances, or her own feelings, into a position which would have made her marriage inevitable. Her caution, however, on each occasion caused her to withdraw in time without mortal offence to the family of her suitor, and to the end of her days she was able, painted old harridan though she came to be, to act coquettishly the part of the peerless beauty whose fair hand might possibly reward the devoted admiration paid to her—with their tongues in their teeth—by the bright young gallants who sought her smiles.

Almost as soon as the little daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn was born, negotiations were opened for her marriage with the child prince, Duke of Angoulême, third son of Francis I. Henry asked for too much, as was his custom, and the negotiations fell through. Elizabeth was only 3 years old when her mother's execution removed her temporarily from the line of the succession to the English crown. When she was 9 years old her hand was offered by her father to the son of Arran, head of the House of Hamilton, and, after Mary Queen of Scots, next heir to the Scottish crown. Henry's plan was thwarted by French intrigue and French money, backed up by the influence of the Queen Dowager of Scotland, Mary of Lorraine. Subsequently, while a treaty of alliance between the King of England and the Emperor was under discussion, a suggestion was made that Philip of Spain, son of Charles V., and then a lad of 15, should be betrothed to Elizabeth, who was 11. In January, 1547, Henry VIII. died, leaving the succession to his two daughters in tail, after his child son, Edward VI. and his heirs. The Queen Dowager, Catharine Parr, immediately married Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral, brother of the Protector Somerset, and uncle of the little King. To their care was confided the Princess Elizabeth, then a girl of 14, who resided principally in the Queen's dower houses at Chelsea and Hanworth, and it was at this critical period of her life that her personal interest in her love affairs may be said to have begun.

When subsequently to the death of the Queen Dowager, a short year afterward, her husband's ambitious schemes had aroused the jealousy of his all powerful brother, one of the charges brought against the Lord High Admiral was that he had planned to marry the Princess Elizabeth and to use her as one of his instruments for obtaining supreme power. The original confessions and declarations of those who were supposed to be concerned with Seymour in the plot are still among Lord Salisbury's papers at Hatfield. Mr. Hume discreetly refrains from repeating in full the story divulged by these curious revelations. It should suffice to say that, even when we allow for the free manner then prevalent, they disclose scandalous treatment of a young and sensitive girl both by Seymour and by Catharine Parr. It is hard, indeed, to understand what can have been Seymour's real intention toward the Princess unless it was the guilty satisfaction of his own passions. His wife was young and healthy and in the natural course of events might have been expected to live long, so that he could hardly have looked forward to marriage with Elizabeth; yet Mrs. Ashley, her governess, confessed in the Tower, in February, 1549, that Seymour was in the habit of visiting the girl's bedroom before she was dressed, sometimes alone and sometimes with his wife, and there indulged in much indelicate and suggestive romping, in which Catharine Parr herself occasionally took part. Thomas Parry, the cofferer, repeated in his confession a story told him by Mrs. Ashley which carried the revelation somewhat further. She said that "the Lord Admiral loved the Lady Elizabeth but too well, and had done so for a good while, and this was the cause that the Queen Dowager was jealous of him and Lady Elizabeth. On one occasion the Queen Dowager, coming suddenly upon them, had found him holding the Lady Elizabeth in his arms; upon which she fell out with them both, and this was the cause why the Queen and Lady Elizabeth parted."

The confessions of Parry and Mrs. Ashley with regard to Elizabeth's conduct and their own are bad enough, but Mr. Hume opines that they kept back far more than they told, for on Elizabeth's succession, and for the rest of their lives, they were treated with marked favor. Parry was knighted and made Treasurer of the Household, and when Mrs. Ashley lay on her deathbed in July, 1565, Queen Elizabeth visited her in person and mourned her with great grief. The author of this work deems it probable that the inexperienced girl was really in love with the handsome, showy Seymour, but how far their relations went will probably never be known. It is certain that she wrote indignantly to the Protector Somerset, complaining of the slanders that were current about her to the effect that she was with child by the Lord Admiral, and demanding to be allowed to come to Court and "show herself as she was." Virtuous indignation, however, real or assumed, was always one of her favorite weapons. Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, who was sent by the Protector to worm out of her all that she knew of the plot attributed to the Lord Admiral, expressed the belief that a secret compact had been entered into between her and Ashley and Parry never to confess during their lives. "They all," he reported, "sing one song, and she hath set the note for them."

After this dangerous escapade and the execution of Seymour, Elizabeth became almost ostentatiously saintly and straitlaced until the accession of her sister Mary made her the heiress presumptive to the Crown, and the hope of the Protestant party, now that Northumberland's nominee, Lady Jane Grey, had been disposed of. It is well known that thereafter Elizabeth's hand was sought in marriage by the brothers De Valois, or rather by their intriguing mother, Catherine de' Medici, and that matrimonial overtures were also made to her by Philip II. and other princes of the House of Austria, and not by them alone. There is no doubt, either, that a good deal of gossip touching the relations of Elizabeth to the Earl of Leicester and other Englishmen was current during her reign.

In the chapters of the book before us which aim to throw light upon the inner character of the Queen, Mr. Hume lays down the safe rule that one should regard as only auxiliary indications the unsupported assertions, favorable or otherwise, made by the accused person or by her friends or foes. Outside of such assertions, there are usually extant and verifiable in the case of great historical personages numberless small circumstances, details of conversation and demeanor and scraps of correspondence which, pieced together and considered critically in the light of worldly experience, form a much more trustworthy guide to judgment than any interested protestations. There are times when the critical onlooker is disposed to murmur *sotto voce*: "Methinks the lady doth protest too much." Queen Elizabeth's own proclamations of her spotless virginity were so constant and vociferous that their emphatic repetition, while perhaps serving the political purpose aimed at, positively added to the social obloquy that was cast upon her by the malicious gossip about her which circulated throughout Europe. On the other hand, the gross accusations of habitual immorality launched at the Queen by Father Parsons and his followers, accusations which from the very nature of things could only rest on assumption, not only ranged the opposite political party strongly on her side as a Queen, but raised up countless friends for her who resented what seemed an unfair attack upon a woman. Between these two extremes of immaculate virtue and abandoned viciousness opinion had to choose. Obviously, both descriptions of Elizabeth's character could not be true, and belief in the one carried with it a total rejection of the other. The people of her own day, with the exception of a few confidants, were in a worse position than we are for the formation of a sound opinion on the subject, and Mr. Hume justly says that the fact that even in her own court, and much more abroad, the scandals against her were generally believed should not be allowed to bias our judgment if the inferences drawn from evidence now accessible, but not in the possession of the Queen's contemporaries, seem to point in an opposite direction.

II.

Mr. Hume submits that the facts now known, many of which were cited in the earlier chapters of the first edition of this book, seem to prove beyond doubt that the Queen was as much in love with Leicester as it was in her nature to be with any man; and consequently that, if he was not her favored lover, no other of her suitors was likely to be. Even before the death of his first wife, Amy Robsart, the Queen was said to visit his apartments night and day; and the assertion became a subject of continual gossip at court and was eagerly seized upon as a political instrument by the Conservative nobles to discredit Leicester himself. That the matter was made the most of by a powerful party, with the result of rendering Leicester the most hated man in England, is unquestionable in the face of numerous State papers, now accessible in the Calendar. Mr. Hume's conclusion is that, after all deductions for malignant exaggeration have been made, the evidence available from many trustworthy sources leaves no doubt that the relations existing between the Queen and her lover were very intimate, and even compromising, for at least ten years after her accession. As early as February, 1561, soon after Amy Robsart's death, when Leicester's friends were really hopeful of seeing him married to the Queen, it was asserted that already Elizabeth had been wedded to him secretly, and previously to the performance of the ceremony had had children by Leicester. The statement was repeated with many variations, particularly abroad, until it became an article of faith with Elizabeth's enemies.

In connection with this imputation the author of this work relates somewhat at length a strange story, in the first place because, so far as he has been able to discover, it had never received attention until he exhumed it at Simancas after the first edition of this book had been published; and, secondly, because it is the only known account which gives details of the birth and youth of Elizabeth's alleged offspring. There is no doubt that a young man calling himself Arthur Dudley did appear in Spain and tell the story summarized in the book before us. So much may be averred, not only on the strength of Mr. Hume's transcription of original Spanish documents, but also on other evidence. In the eighth volume of the Venetian Calendar is a letter from the Venetian Ambassador at Madrid, dated April 14, 1587, giving the news of Dudley's apprehension at Fuenterrabia, on the French frontier, and saying that King Philip II. was very doubtful whether to keep him prisoner or let him go. A later letter from the same Ambassador conveyed the information that Dudley had been sent to the Castle of Lameda and was believed to be a spy. Then darkness falls upon him and we hear of him no more.

The story as Mr. Hume recites it may be summed up as follows: In 1587 a young Englishman in the garb of a pilgrim was arrested at Fuenterrabia, in the north of Spain, on suspicion of being a spy. It was at the period when the great Armada was in active preparation, and the presence of an undomiciled Englishman in Spain was naturally looked upon as a grave matter. The suspect was eventually sent to Madrid for examination and there confronted with King Philip's English secretary, Sir Francis Englefield. To him the young man told, verbally at first and afterward reduced to writing in the Dominican Monastery of the Atocha, an extraordinary story, which Sir Francis at first was somewhat inclined to believe. His name, the young man said, was Arthur Dudley, and he was, he alleged, a son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester. His story was carefully constructed and he evidently knew many of the personages about the court. He had been brought up, he asserted, in his childhood by one Robert Sothern, a dependent of the Queen's closest confidant and former governess, Mrs. Ashley, to whom we have referred above.

Sothern had been summoned to Hampton Court by his mistress, and was ordered by Lady Harrington, a relative of the Queen, to procure a nurse "for the new-born child of a lady who had been careless of her honor." The next morning the babe was handed to Sothern in a corridor leading to the Queen's apartments. Thenceforward the child was brought up, at first in the country and afterward in London, being cared for and clothed much better than Sothern's own children. When the child had reached the age of 8 years, Mr. Ashley, who was keeper of the royal domain of Enfield Chase, made Sothern his deputy there, and at Enfield the young Arthur Dudley had henceforth passed the summers, being there instructed in all the accomplishments expected in gentlemen of birth. He represented himself as stealing at the age of fifteen a handful of silver from Sothern and running away to see strange lands. While waiting at Milford Haven for a ship to take him abroad he was the guest of the Hon. George Devereux, the uncle of the Earl of Essex, and during his stay there a horse messenger came in hot haste from London with a letter signed by seven members of the Privy Council ordering his immediate return to London. He was thereupon carried before the local Justices of the Peace, whom he named, and conveyed under their order to Pickering House in London, satisfied, as he says, by this time that he was really a much more important personage than the son of Robert Sothern. He was gravely taken to task for his escapade by John Ashley, Sir Henry Wotton and Sir Thomas Henage, who told him that Mr. Ashley had paid for his education and had authority over him. Some time afterward, he says, Mr. Ashley, finding that his determination to go abroad was irresistible, sent him in charge of a dependent of the Earl of Leicester to join Gen. La Noue, the famous Huguenot leader, then serving in the Netherlands against the Spaniards.

This was early in the spring of 1580. La Noue was taken prisoner shortly afterward, and Dudley then went to France, where he stayed until his money was all spent, upon which he returned to England for a fresh supply. After another stay in France he was again recalled home at the end of 1583 by Robert Sothern, who told him that his immediate return would be advantageous to him. He found Sothern paralyzed and apparently mortally ill at Evesham, where he kept an inn; and, after much hesitation on the one side, and entreaty and threats on the other, Dudley learned from Sothern that he was the son of the Queen by Leicester. Seeking Mr. Ashley, who was with Sir Drue Drury in London, Dudley taxed him with a knowledge of his parentage, and the alarm expressed by his hearers being very great, the mysterious young man represents himself as at once flying to France. There he seems to have consorted with English Jesuits and other disaffected persons—not a very probable thing for a man of his antecedents—and after apparently endeavoring, but without success, to extort funds from Ashley by letter, and from Sir Edward Stafford, the English Ambassador in France, personally, he returned to England. It would seem that the ostentatious mystery of his demeanor frightened the shipmaster who brought him over, for he was told that he would be denounced to the Justices of the Peace on his arrival at Gravesend. He begged that instead of this the skipper would take a letter from him to the Earl of Leicester. This he did, and Leicester is described as receiving the missive graciously. The next day, as the vessel passed Greenwich, two of the Earl's gentlemen, one of them his equerry, Blount, came on board to attend Dudley, and on their arrival at Ratcliff, Mr. Fludd, the Earl's secretary, was in waiting to conduct him to the presence of his alleged father at Greenwich. We quote from Mr. Hume's version of the Simancas archives an account of what followed:

"The Earl was in the garden with the Earls of Derby and Shrewsbury, and, on Arthur's arrival, the Earl of Leicester left the others and went to his apartment, where, by tears, words and other demonstrations, he showed so much affection for Arthur that the latter believed he understood the Earl's deep intentions toward him. The secretary [Fludd] remained in Arthur's company all night, and the next morning, when the Earl learned that the masters and crews of other ships had seen and known Arthur and had gone to Secretary Walsingham to give an account of the mysterious passenger, he said to Arthur: 'You are like a ship under full sail at sea, pretty to look at, but dangerous to deal with.' The Earl then sent his secretary with Arthur to Secretary Walsingham, to tell him that he [Arthur] was a friend of the Earl's, and Fludd was also to say that he knew him personally. Walsingham replied that, if that was the case, he could go on his way. Fludd asked for a certificate and license to enable Arthur to avoid future molestation, and Walsingham then told Arthur to come again and he would speak with him." The young man then represents himself as going that day with his alleged father (Leicester) to Wanstead House and as returning for the night to Greenwich with Fludd, but, being afraid of Walsingham's searching questions on a renewed request being made for the license, he again took fright and appealed to Castelnau de la Mauvissière, the French Ambassador, for a passport for France, which, after much difficulty, he obtained in the disguise of a servant. He states that he supped that night with the French Ambassador, with whom he stayed until midnight, but finding, on his arrival at Gravesend, that his passport would have to be countersigned by Lord Cobham, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, before he would be allowed to embark at Dover, he surreptitiously went on board an English transport carrying troops to Holland, which lay in the river, and thus escaped, landing at Bergen-op-Zoom, and apparently at once entering the English service. This must have been early in 1585, and the narrative thenceforth consists of a somewhat rambling account of Arthur Dudley's attempt to betray the English cause in the Netherlands to the Spaniards, and his wanderings in Germany and Italy, in the course of which, according to his own showing, he everywhere entered into communication with high personages, the enemies of his country and, as it would appear from the contest, lived luxuriously on his story.

He claims that he came to Spain on a pilgrimage to Monserrat in Catalonia, and, hearing of the condemnation of Mary Queen of Scots he took ship for France and was cast back upon the Biscay coast, where he was apprehended as a spy. His cool proposal to Englefield, the English secretary of King Philip II., was that the Spanish sovereign should take him under his protection and make use of him in his projected attack upon England. He suggests that a rumor could be spread to the effect that he had escaped, "As everybody knows now that I am here. My future residence could be kept secret. I could then write simply and sincerely to the Earl of Leicester, telling him all that had happened to me, in order to keep in his good graces; and I could also publish a book to any effect that might be considered desirable, in which I should show myself everybody's friend and nobody's foe." Mr. Hume says that in the Spanish manuscripts there is much more to the same effect, the poor, foolish young man being apparently under the impression that King Philip was an amiable altruist, who would help him to a crown for the sake of his *beaux yeux*. Englefield, though inclined to believe the story, surmised, after much conference and cogitation, that Arthur Dudley might be an instrument in the hands of Elizabeth herself, perhaps with the object of sounding the Catholic Powers with regard to the murder of the King of Scots, which Dudley had suggested, and the absorption of Scotland by England, conjointly with a settlement of the religious question in a way satisfactory to the Catholics, after which the claimant, Dudley, might either be acknowledged as the Queen's son or might receive some such other position as could be arranged with neighboring Powers. In any case Englefield recommended that the unfortunate young fellow should be detained in a monastery.

III.

Mr. Hume holds that on the face of it this story is a very plausible one. Lady Harrington and Mrs. Ashley were, in fact, the only ladies about Queen Elizabeth who were absolutely in her confidence and who would be likely to undertake so delicate a task as the disposal of her infant. Mrs. Ashley died on July 18, 1565, so that if Dudley was born, as the dates and events he gives seem to indicate, in 1562 or 1563, she well might have taken part in the affair that he imputes to her. In October, 1562, the Queen fell ill at Hampton Court of a serious illness, which was supposed to be smallpox, and, in the extremity of her illness made the famous Protestation to the effect that though she had always loved Leicester, she called God to witness that nothing improper had ever passed between them. It was then, moreover, that she urged his appointment as Protector of the realm, with an income of £20,000 a year, and granted to Tamworth, the Earl's confidential man, a pension of £500 per annum. So humble a person as Robert Sothern, it might be thought, could be safely invented so many years after his death as when Arthur Dudley told his story in Spain; but such a man actually was a dependent of the Ashleys, and in 1576 was one of the deputy keepers of Enfield Chase. Fludd, moreover, was actually Leicester's private secretary, and Blount was a member of the Earl's household, who was specially attached to his nephew, Philip Sidney, when the latter went to the Netherlands. The events said to have occurred in Flanders also fit in accurately; so that, whoever Arthur Dudley was, his story must have been very carefully drawn up by some person much older than himself who could recollect the date of the Queen's illness, the position held by Mrs. Ashley at the time, and the details regarding so inconsiderable a person as Robert Sothern.

Dudley's interview with Sir Edward Stafford in Paris must have taken place some time in 1584, as the Ambassador did not take up his residence there until late in 1583; while Dudley's return to England, coinciding as it did with the projected protectorate of England over the Seven United Provinces, must have been in the early summer of 1585. It is a fact, also, that the Earl of Derby, who returned from his mission to France at the end of March, was in London during the summer of the year last named, while the Earl of Shrewsbury, after many years' absence in charge of Mary Stuart, had also come to Court earlier in the year, and remained prosecuting his suit against his wife until September, when he took leave of the Queen, saying that her Majesty had released him from two devils, the Queen of Scots and the Countess of Shrewsbury. It thus happens that, at the very time indicated by Arthur Dudley, he might have seen these two noblemen with Leicester, although it had not been possible for years previous, nor was it afterward. The reenforcements sent to Norris from the Thames did, in fact, leave Gravesend for Bergen-op-Zoom in July, 1585, so that the date of Arthur Dudley's flight is thus confirmed. As Dudley was shriven at Monserrat in July, 1586, the period of his service in Flanders and of his wanderings in Germany is thus ascertained; and he must have remained in Spain for about nine months before his capture.

Mr. Hume concedes that all these independent confirmations of unimportant details of the story prove beyond doubt that Arthur Dudley was no common impostor, but must have been well coached by people who had been intimately acquainted with high political personages in England for at least five and twenty years previously. He thinks, however, that the inherent improbability of the main story is rendered the more conspicuous by the careful preparation evident in the details. He points out in the first place that Queen Elizabeth's illness at the time stated was certified to be smallpox by all her council; she was seen by a multitude of people during the progress of her malady, and bore unmistakable marks of the malady on her face for the rest of her life.

For years afterward Mr. Hume can find no record of her being laid up at Hampton Court. Neither does he deem it for a moment probable that Robert Sothern hinted it would be let into the secret of the birth of a child confided to him, whatever his suspicions might be. A weak point in the narrative is detected in the fact that Sothern is not alleged to have been told, although many years afterward he is said to have divulged the secret to young Dudley. It is pronounced equally beyond belief that a boy born under the conditions represented should have been allowed to run about the world of his own free will, boasting or strongly hinting that he was the child of the Queen. Walsingham was too well served by his spies and Leicester was too unscrupulous and wary to have allowed such a youth to slip through their fingers with his dangerous tittle-tattle when once they had him safe in the hands of Fludd at Greenwich. Neither would the French Ambassador, Castelnau, have given a passport to a mysterious stranger, unknown and unintroduced to him, much less entertain him at supper. On his own showing, too, Dudley must have been blind to his own interests to have left clandestinely, and without apparent reason, a father who had received him with tears of tenderness (an unusual demonstration for Leicester); to go wandering about the Continent picking up a precarious living by betraying a country and the faith from which alone he had anything to expect, and consorting with the avowed enemies of his alleged father and mother, who, he must have known, might make or mar him. The judgment on the matter finally reached by Sir Francis Englefield, an astute old statesman, versed in the crooked political craft of the day, is accepted by Mr. Hume as the correct one, namely, that Arthur Dudley was one of the army of spies, most of them faithless to both sides, who had been carefully tutored in his plausible tale in order that he might better gain access to great personages and save himself from summary execution in case he was caught, as, indeed, happened when he was apprehended on his attempt to leave Spain. After weighing all the circumstances, the author of this book is convinced that Arthur Dudley's story was false. If this be, as he contends, the correct view to take of a narrative replete with the most detailed and circumstantial allegations ever made of Elizabeth's having borne a child, it follows that the vague and utterly unsupported rumor of a son of the Queen's having been seen in Venice, and a dozen other hazy reports to a similar effect, may be relegated to the limbo that awaits slanderous lies.

IV.

Mr. Hume holds that no one can look at the best portraits of Elizabeth without recognizing that she was not a sensual woman. The lean, austere face, the tight thin lips, the pointed, delicate chin, the cold dull eyes tell of a character the very opposite of lascivious. Every feature of her countenance and every act of her life bears witness that here was a woman whose personal vanity and love of dominion conquered and crushed every other feeling in her nature. She herself worshipped the beauty of her figure, and she yearned that others, and especially the men that took her fancy, should share in her adoration. That such men, having been vouchsafed the inestimable boon of gazing upon and approaching ineffable charms such as hers, should dare to waver in their worship of them and marry women of the common mould was to her not unfaithfulness alone, but impiety. Even in her old age this curious craze for masculine homage possessed her. When she received the grave French Ambassador De Maisse, in December, 1597, though she was then nearly 65 years of age, she was attired in a robe which was open down the front like a dressing gown, exposing a soft lawn chemise, also open. While speaking to him she would throw up her chin, and with both hands cast open the collars of her dress, as if the heat oppressed her. According to De Maisse, she carried exposure to a most indecent extent. If this was the case when she was receiving an elderly ambassador at a time when she herself was an old woman, it may be imagined to what lengths her imperious fury for male admiration might have led her in her comparative youth and with a man who had taken her fancy. Mr. Hume points out that the indulgence of such a tendency, necessarily in private, would compromise her in appearance almost as much as if all the evil alleged against her had been true. It is, at the same time, somewhat difficult to reconcile the Queen's solemn and almost blasphemous protestations of physical purity with a passage in a letter written to Christopher Hatton, her second favorite, by his friend Dyer, for the purpose of dissuading him from reproaching the Queen for her fickleness.

The passage runs: "For though in the beginning, when her Majesty sought you (after her good manner) she did bear with rugged dealing of yours, until she had what she fancied, yet now, after satiety and fulness, it will rather hurt than help you." Hatton followed his friend's advice and prospered splendidly until death overtook him. On the other hand Hatton's own letters to Elizabeth, which have been preserved, convey a different impression from that which might be made by Dyer's words just quoted. Mr. Hume says that in Hatton's lovelorn whimperings there is never the unmistakable ring of the successful wooer. He is always the pursuer, languishing for the bliss which is forever denied him, and yearns but for a glimpse again of the divine beauty of which he is enamored. Neither in Hatton's ravings nor in those of Alençon, Simier and Raleigh, also considered in the book before us, is the erotic admiration, which is expressed so hotly, accompanied by the confidential complacency that unconsciously marks the manifestations of a lover who has triumphed over a woman.

In the famous letter addressed to Elizabeth by Mary Stuart, in which all the slanders current at the Court were concentrated, there is a vitriolic insinuation that the English Queen was "not like other women," which has usually been interpreted to mean that in the case of Elizabeth there was a physical impediment to marriage. Mr. Hume is convinced that for this inference there is no foundation. That there was no physical reason why the Queen should not marry and bear children may be deduced, it seems, not only from several of Lord Burleigh's State memoranda addressed to or drawn up for the Queen herself, in which the perpetuation of the direct royal line is usually made one of the principal arguments in favor of her marriage with one suitor after another, but also from the many similar expressions used in the private letters that passed between Burleigh, Sussex, Leicester, Walsingham and other Ministers, who, even if they wished to keep up a pretence to the Queen herself in public papers, would not have done so in private, confidential communications to each other, if marriage and issue had really been out of the question, which they certainly would have known, if such had been the case.

In the volume before us the extant letters of Elizabeth's various suitors are examined at considerable length. Mr. Hume points out that, in these despairing missives, though they sometimes testify to an amount of familiarity on Elizabeth's part that would be considered grossly indecorous even in these days, there is never discernible a veiled threat. No pressure of any sort is brought upon the Queen by a suggestion of compromising relations in the past. It is pronounced incredible that if they had possessed such a secret the rejected or disgraced favorites would not soon or later have attempted at least to make capital or gain revenge for themselves by suggesting their possession of information for which Elizabeth's many enemies would have paid splendidly. This, then, is the sober conclusion at which the author of this book arrives, namely, that although Elizabeth's love affairs were accompanied by circumstances which were reprehensible, undignified and indelicate for any virtuous woman, much more a queen, the arguments and evidence that he has been able to adduce should lead to the delivery of a verdict of not proven on the generally believed main charge of actual immorality.

M. W. H.

Dukes and Poets in Ferrara.

We have lately directed attention to two interesting volumes respectively entitled "Beatrice d'Este" and "Isabella d'Este," by Mrs. ADY (Julia Cartwright), in which the author had a good deal to say about the history of Ferrara during the earlier portion of the reign of Ercole I., the father of the princesses named. We are indebted to Mr. EDMUND D. GARDNER for a much more important book, embodying a great deal of independent research, *Dukes and Poets in Ferrara* (E. P. Dutton & Co.). This is a patient and fruitful study in the poetry, religion and politics of the fifteenth and early sixteenth century. It was originally the author's intention, he tells us, to include in one volume the whole history of Ferrara, down to the devolution of the Duchy to the Holy See. The wealth of material at his disposal, however, published and unpublished, has proved far too great to be dealt with adequately in a single volume, although that before us contains nearly six hundred pages. In the present book Mr. Gardner deals with the political and literary history of Ferrara, from the epoch immediately preceding the times of Borso and Ercole I., down to the dispersal of what may be called the Herculean circle in the year 1508-1509. That is to say, the section of Ferrarese history here treated begins with Leonello d'Este and Borso, the first Duke, and covers the whole reign of Ercole I. It discusses Savonarola, Ariosto, Boiardo and their contemporaries, and ends with the opening years of the reign of Alfonso I. The author lingers in some detail over Ercole's relations with Savonarola and other mystical members, men and women, of the Dominican Order. As he reads the character of this interesting figure among the sovereigns of the early Renaissance, it was a sincere but somewhat ineffectual mysticism which constituted the leading motive in Ercole's life. There were many Italian princes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries who, in their general foreign and domestic policy, followed a line of conduct analogous to his; there was, on the other hand, no other who strove so diligently to establish relations with the unseen world.

It was, of course, Ariosto who raised Ferrara to a worldwide importance in the history of European literature. Although, however, the youth and early manhood of Ferrara's supreme poet fall under the epoch considered in the book before us, Mr. Gardner has here merely written of him cursorily. In a second volume, which we are told is already well in hand, but which will be in the form of an entirely independent work, the life and achievements of Ariosto will be portrayed in full. The portrayal will naturally include the adventures and romantic reign of Alfonso I. The author intends also, he says, in a smaller book to deal separately with the painters of the Ferrarese school. He hopes ultimately to complete the history of Ferrara with a volume dealing with Ercole II. and Alfonso II.; the Protestant Duchess, Renata; Torquato Tasso; the enforced surrender of the Duchy to Pope Clement VIII., and the expulsion of the last Duke, Cesare d'Este.

The most interesting chapter of this work is that which is devoted to Matteo Maria Boiardo, who is recognized as the greatest of Italian poets after Dante, Ariosto and Tasso. Matteo Boiardo was born in 1434, apparently in the Castle of Scandiano, where his grandfather kept splendid court. The greater part of the poet's boyhood was passed in Ferrara and its neighborhood. It was not until February, 1460, on the death of his uncle, that Matteo himself, then 26 years old, came forward as a feudal lord, Count of Scandiano and Casalgrande. He seems to have passed the next eight or nine years of his life mainly at Scandiano, in the midst of the scenery he loved, hunting and entertaining, and much engaged in a controversy with the Commune of Reggio about the use of the waters of the Secchia. For some years following 1462 Boiardo was a frequent visitor to Modena, and in January, 1469, was summoned to Ferrara to form part of the escort of the Emperor Frederick. This appears to have been a bright and peaceful epoch in Boiardo's life. To it belong his first two works; the Latin eclogues, or Pastoralia; the Italian lyrics, or Canzoniere.

According to Mr. Gardner, who has made a study of them, the ten Pastoralia, the subjects of which are partly amorous, partly political and heroic, evince a closer imitation of Virgil's Eclogues than is to be found in the Latin poetry of Dante or Petrarch. The Canzoniere, that come next in the chronological order of Boiardo's compositions, is pronounced for its rhythmic variety and lyrical beauty the finest collection of love poems written by any Italian during the fifteenth century. The object of Boiardo's admiration was undoubtedly a real woman, but the love which the poems set forth is mainly of the most chivalrous and ideal description. The lyrics are divided into three books. The first deals with the poet's joys of love; the second, with his sorrows; in the third, old desires are overcome, and he gradually passes out of the amorous prison house into another field. They consist of sonnets, various kinds of canzoni, different forms of madrigals and other lyrics of peculiar metrical structure, some of them of great originality. Mr. Gardner points out that these poems show comparatively little of the frigid conventions and mannerisms of the Petrarchists, but are for the most part fresh and musical. For so learned a poet and one so steeped in classicism, so in touch with the humanists, Boiardo's use of mythology is refreshingly sparing.

A new epoch in Boiardo's life and work begins with the accession of his friend, Ercole I., to the throne of Ferrara in 1471. Twelve years later he had finished the first and second books of his great poem, Orlando Innamorato, which he probably read aloud, as he proceeded, canto by canto, to the Duke and the courtly gatherings at the capital. Subsequently, Boiardo wrote nine cantos of the third part of his Orlando, but the poem was destined to be cut short, together with the author's life and Italy's liberty, in 1494. Unfinished though it be, the Orlando Innamorato is a landmark in the history of Italian literature. It is, strictly speaking, not an epic of any kind, but a romance in poetry.

The innate common sense of the Italian keeps the poet from taking too seriously the more extravagant exploits and adventures related in the Orlando, or from recalling them otherwise than to raise a laugh; while his native cynicism, or, perhaps, that lack of genuine appreciation of mysticism which seems ingrained in the Italian character, draws him back from such themes as the Quest of the Holy Grail. The sanctity of a Galahad or a Perceval, the repentance of a Lancelot, would have introduced an utterly discordant note; for the same reason, one would seek in vain through his stanzas for the pity and terror of the fall of Guenevere. It is as lovers and seekers of adventure alone that the warriors of the Table Round appeal to the Count of Scandiano and his courtly audience. There is absolutely no serious intention, no shadow of philosophy of any kind discernible in the Orlando. The author's one aim is to keep his hearers interested and amused, to while away the time when it hangs heavy upon the hands of the princes and nobles for whom he writes. Boiardo's attitude in this poem toward women and sexual morality in general is frankly cynical. Mr. Gardner finds the most conspicuous defect of the Orlando in its complete lack of effective characterization. Except in one case, Boiardo seems incapable of creating a convincing and self-consistent character. The exception is the sketch of the young English paladin Astolfo. We observe, finally, that the author of this book concurs with Italian critics in holding that, although endowed with a marvellous faculty of invention, Boiardo had neither the imagination nor the creative power of Ariosto. Morally no less than artistically, the Orlando Innamorato is on a much lower plane than the Orlando Furioso. Yet there is one respect in which the Count of Scandiano presents a favorable contrast to Ariosto and Tasso, as also to the English poet Spenser. There is far less adulation in the Innamorato than in their poems, and it is practically confined to three passages.

Harshly did fate deal not only with Boiardo and his descendants, but with his poetry. His talented young son, Camillo, died in 1499. A relative, Count Giovanni Boiardo, hunted the poet's widow, Taddea, and her daughters out of Scandiano, and deprived them of all they had, so that she and the daughters came to lack even the food needed for them to live. Some thirty years later Francesco Berni took the Orlando Innamorato in hand, and for centuries his Rifacimento was read in the place of the nobler original.

Mr. H. G. Wells Lets His Fancy Loose Again.

If he had only kept on as he had begun we are inclined to think that Mr. H. G. Wells in "The Food of the Gods and How It Came to Earth" (Charles Scribner's Sons) would have written the book of the season. As it is his story is a notable one that will be read very widely. The first half is consistent and thoroughly enjoyable, and is, on the whole, the best piece of long, connected writing we have seen from his pen.

The extraordinary power of imagination manifest in his short stories and in the construction of the plots of his longer tales; the ability to present the logical developments of scientific theories in a plausible, matter-of-fact way, which is peculiar to Mr. Wells, is shown perhaps more clearly here than in his previous work. He has developed humor besides. In his earlier tales the attempt to be jocular always jarred. Here he is sarcastic and amusing through half of a pretty long volume, with only occasional betrayal of an unduly heavy hand. His satire of science and of scientific men is perfectly legitimate, and is as truthful as it is bitter.

He may be accused of taking his main idea from the commonest advertisements in the newspapers, but the special work of genius is to create something big out of ordinary materials. Recent perusal of newspapers must account, too, for much in the last half of his book, where the Falkenstein he has brought into existence gets the better of Mr. Wells, as it has in every one of his long stories. He flounders about not knowing what to do with it.

He grows serious then and begins to preach a sermon that we have heard from him before. What Mr. Wells's grudge against British society is we do not know, but in all his larger books he preaches social revolution, or at any rate points out that it is bound to come if things keep on as they are. There is no suggestion of possible improvement, only the portrayal of the grim ugliness and wrong of existing institutions and their overthrow by picturesque and very violent means.

Here Mr. Wells falls foul of present political conditions in England. Portions of the last half of his book might be used as campaign pamphlets. His picture of the Conservative statesman fighting natural laws by parliamentary procedure is as good as Sydney Smith's Mrs. Partington. The reader will not be able to make out what Mr. Wells yearns for, but he will be very sure of the utter pettiness, blindness and stupidity of most things that are. We form the impression that Mr. Wells, like Mr. Kipling, when he takes to politics takes leave of his senses; he certainly does of his artistic sense. The persons who are introduced have a good deal of character, again an advance on Mr. Wells's part. This does not include, however, his extraordinary allegorical giants. Science and allegory make a queer mixture, somehow, and one not safe to swallow.

Westminster Abbey.

Now that Dean Bradley is dead, nobody probably can write with more knowledge and affection of Westminster Abbey than his daughter, Mrs. A. Murray Smith. She has already written two extremely interesting books about the Abbey that is as sacred to Americans as it is to Englishmen, and now provides the text, by far the most important part, to "Westminster Abbey," painted by John Fulleylove (Adam and Charles Black, Macmillans).

Though she modestly hides behind the artist, her "walk around Westminster Abbey" is a very delightful description that will inform those who have not seen the Abbey and will recall pleasant memories to those who have. Mr. Fulleylove's water colors do not seem to deserve the prominence given them. They have strong color but no particular character and should have been presented as illustrations to a charming guidebook. It is more than a gu