

quently omitted her small duties to the queen. Elizabeth was not slow to remark every delinquency. She had once prohibited Lady Mary from wearing a costly velvet kirtle, and perhaps the affront was treasured deeply in the young beauty's heart; for, as recorded by William Fenton, she had "refused to bear her mantle at the hour her majesty is wonted to air in the garden, and on small rebuke, did vent such unseemly answer as did breed great choler in her mistress," so that "she swore she would no more show her any countenance, but out with such ungracious, flouting wenchings."

But at the bottom of all the anger for the young lady's short-comings, there lay the bitter root of that jealousy which was engrafted deep in the nature of Elizabeth, and which the young and fair were perpetually in danger of disturbing. So cruelly did she often reproach her ladies for slight faults, that Elizabeth Fenton told her brother they would often cry aloud at her stinging words.

If Lady Mary Howard had indeed lain her young heart unasked, at the feet of Robert Devereux, it availed her nothing. His own heart worshiped at another shrine. The young and lovely daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham—the widow of the gallant Philip Sidney—loved and was beloved most truly by Essex. While the queen herself was harboring intentions towards him of a nature but little equivocal, and which did not stop short of elevation to the highest honors, Essex had already put it out of her power to fulfill them. Loyal to her as his queen—respectful, nay, almost affectionate to her as a relation, and remembering her exceeding kindness to his boyhood, still nothing was further from his mind than the alliance she meditated. His whole soul would have revolted from it, nor could he have suffered himself to be bought, as the two French Princes, Anjou and Alencon had submitted to be, by the tide of king-consort.—Afterwards, it is true, when the snares of the world had rubbed off the delicate bloom of generous youth, he was not so scrupulous; but now every thought was merged in the fair woman who, by giving him her hand, brought no dishonor upon the memory of her brave husband.

When the queen heard of the marriage, her rage exceeded all bounds. She refused Essex the command of the troops which she sent to Henry of Navarre, although, according to Egerton, he remained kneeling before her for hours, pleading to receive it. It was not until Henry himself desired her to send him with the additional force which she raised for his service, that she consented. In a letter to Henry, she begs him to see that the youth commits no rashness to peril his life—showing that she still regarded him with affection.

When Walter Devereux was killed in battle, she sent for his brother to return; but afterwards yielded to his strong petitions to remain and sustain his reputation for bravery. When he returned, he had lost that beautiful resemblance to the dead husband of Lady Essex which had won her affection; and his heart was divided between her and court honors which only a semblance of devotion to the queen could obtain for him. And Elizabeth, grateful for not being annoyed by the praises of the neglected wife from her husband's lips, gave herself to the pleasing delusion that, notwithstanding her threescore years, she had made an impression on the young and handsome object of her affection. Like Leicester, who had been the fountain head for all favor and preferment, in his day of rule, Essex was continually besieged by place-seekers. As

far as Elizabeth could give up to any one in court matters, she deferred to Essex.

Perhaps her love for him was never more conspicuous than when, after repeated attempts on the part of Essex to re-establish his mother in her good graces, she at length consented to a meeting after twenty years separation. This was nine years after the death of Leicester, and when Elizabeth might well have forgiven the transgression of the youthful Lettice for marrying him—for it was on this point and not on that of forsaking her husband, that the queen had showed enmity toward her. There was tenderness in her manner when they did meet; but Elizabeth's old obstinacy came up before it ended, and she denied her request to come again.

Meantime, through the reckless love of mischief, which the sister of Essex, Lady Rich, delighted in, the favorite found his disgrace certain. She and her husband had opened a correspondence with the King of Scots, in which court gossip was conspicuous. In this correspondence, unintentional wrong was done to the frail lady's brother; for, under false names, it was represented that Essex was tired of his present situation, and longed for the queen's death. Burleigh had a spy in Scotland, who communicated various reports to him, and he was only too glad to carry them to Elizabeth.

A tempestuous scene, in which the favorite presumed too much upon his power, fully disgraced him. Contempt for the queen earned him the memorable box on the ear, and his own action of grasping his sword hilt, and his rash speech which ended in "a king in petticoats" completed his ruin. Some faint show of forgiveness was extended afterwards, but it died away. The queen's temper was completely soured; and its violence, instead of wearing out with her years, increased. Not even the clergy were exempted from her stern rebukes or sarcastic retorts.—Whitehead, Godwin, Vaughan, all came under the ban of her displeasure. Alexander Nowel, Dean of St. Paul's, preached before her in public, and happening to introduce a sentence not agreeable to her, she called out to him "Leave that ungodly digression and return to your text."

She was now sixty years old; just double the age of Essex; still wearing her neck uncovered, and dressing in white silk, with a profusion of jewels. It is to be doubted whether personal vanity or the love of power were her greatest passion.

The star of Essex had set. He was a prisoner, not being allowed to write to his wife, who had just given birth to an infant, and who was sorrowing that she could not see or hear from its father, although her mother, Lady Walsingham, besought the queen to permit a correspondence. Not even his own physician was allowed access to him when suffering from sickness. Lady Essex endeavored to propitiate her with jewels, but even these did not move her. In a moment of despair, the unhappy countess appeared at court, dressed in black, and implored Lady Huntington to prevail upon Elizabeth to allow her to visit her husband in his illness. She was contemptuously refused. When the tardy permission at length came, the affectionate wife found him but the shadow of the handsome and lordly Robert Devereux.

At length the sentence is gone forth from the hand that he might once have called his own. No weak, trembling, woman's handwriting is the fatal signature to the death warrant, but firm and steady, as if it were a love-letter to the man she had loved so well, or that famous letter

which she once wrote to Henry of Navarre, bespeaking his care of the rash youth, Essex.

It may be that Elizabeth trusted to the return of the ring which she had given him in the first years of her attachment; that ring, bearing her own royal countenance, and which was to ensure his pardon, offend as he might. Essex trusted, too; but he did not dare send it by any of the persons about him. Early one morning, a boy craved admittance to the apartment of the Countess of Nottingham with a message from Essex, accompanying the ring, to be delivered to the queen. They were intended for her sister, Lady Scroope, who was friendly to Essex; but the innocent child had mistaken her sister of Nottingham for herself.

The countess carried the ring to her husband, the lord-admiral, and they decided that neither ring nor message should ever reach Elizabeth. If the queen waited for this mute pledge, she waited, alas! in vain. No kindly hand brought the cherished jewel to remind her of forgiveness; and the offender's days were numbered. He who had overthrown the first man at the battle of Zutphen, crying "For the honor of England, my fellows, follow me!" warring bravely by the side of Philip Sidney—who did her good service in that conflict with the Spanish Armada, when

"Swift to east and swift to west,  
The warning radiance spread  
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone—  
It shone on Beechy Head;"

who was the foremost to leave the boats, wading to the shoulders, to reach the castle of Penicha, and the first to beat against the gates of Lisbon—who detected the plot of the Jew, Lopez, against the queen's life, and who challenged the governor of Rouen "to meet him on horse or foot, and by personal encounter, to decide which was the better man, fought in the better cause, or served the fairest mistress."

Yet all these things were forgotten or put beneath her royal will; and when the news of his execution was brought into the privy chamber, she continued playing upon the instrument with which she had all the morning amused herself!

But her people never forgave her the death of their idol, and her last days were full of regrets that came too late. The death of the Countess Nottingham, who confessed on her dying bed, the deception concerning the ring, was only the precursor of her own. What emotions this confession called up, may be imagined; for she struck the expiring woman as she lay, shrieking out "God may forgive you, but I never can."

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.—Governor Curtin in his speech at the opening of the Central Fair, Philadelphia, uttered these noble words:

"My friends, if there is a man before me worthy of a sincere reverence and respect it is a private soldier of the Republic. [Loud cheers.] He is the true nobleman of this land. He falls with an unrecorded name. He follows the armies of the Republic on small pay. His friends are not gratified by magnificent pageants of his funeral; he is buried at Gettysburg, where there are one thousand graves of the unknown, and when you minister to the comfort of that man, when you succor the wounded soldier, I pray you in God's name do not forget his wife and orphans when he falls. [Continued cheering.]—My friends, the work before this great nation is big enough for all, and here where rich and poor men and women have brought up their offerings to their country, let us bury for the time all difference in politics, in sect, casts, and religion, and declare one and all for our bleeding country.