

## TO QUEEN ELIZABETH—A FAREWELL TO ARMS.

BY GEORGE PEELE

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd;  
O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!  
His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurn'd,  
But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by in-  
creasing:  
Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading  
seen;  
Duty, faith, Love, are roots, and ever green.  
His helmet now shall make a hive for bees;  
And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,  
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,  
And feed on prayers, which are Age his aims:  
But though from court to cottage he depart,  
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.  
And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song—  
"Tlest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,  
Curst be the souls that think her any wrong."  
Goddess, allow this aged man his right  
To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

## The New-York Tribune.

SUNDAY, MARCH 4, 1906.

A letter from a subscriber set the Editor of "Harper's" to overhauling the magazine, in order to see if he had lately been giving more space to fiction than usual, and in the March number he prints the result of his inquiry. It seems that in January, 1896, he published seventy-nine pages of fiction; in January, 1906, only one and three-quarter pages more. Yet Mr. Alden notes that if he had followed his own impression he would have at once replied to his subscriber with the assurance "that we were giving considerably more fiction than formerly, and that we thought it a good thing to do." Analyzing the matter, he soon discovered why the proportion of fiction in "Harper's" seemed to have grown so much greater than actually turns out to be the case. In the old number he had two serial novels and four short stories. In the number printed ten years later he had only one serial, but eight short stories. Mr. Alden sees nothing to regret in his present policy. "A man without romance is not a whole man," he justly remarks. It may be questioned, however, if the reasons are, as he says, "quite obvious," for keeping aloof from "that atmosphere of discussion and criticism which from the beginning has belonged to the review and to the best of the unillustrated monthlies." Why should that atmosphere be unwelcome in a popular magazine?

The retirement of Sir F. C. Burnand from the editorship of "Punch" and the appointment of Mr. Owen Seaman to his chair have naturally served to make the famous paper once more a subject of friendly but satirical comment. The ability of "Punch" to be really and persistently comic is gravely debated, and we hear again the old stories as to the difference between an English joke and one of American origin. Why is it, we wonder, that even the English themselves have been so slow to see that the ministrations of "Punch" were never meant to be simply and solely comic? The Editor of the London "Saturday Review" makes the sage remark that he does not "propose to be enthusiastic over every funny thing which appears in 'Punch.'" Nobody ever asked him to be anything of the sort. The fact is that while "Punch" has always sought to amuse it has sought with just as much devotion to be clever in a purely literary sense, and its success in this direction has largely accounted for its charm and its fame. Consider its verses alone. These are not always the drollest things in the world, but they frequently reach a standard of excellence which by itself is enough to hold the loyalty of the fastidious reader. Mr. Seaman would not be a fitting successor to Sir Francis Burnand without his sense of humor and his wit. But he might be ten times funnier than he ever is and still be unworthy of the post he has secured if he lacked the quality of the man of letters. The real secret of "Punch," the secret of its survival in spite of all the fun poked at its fun, lies in the fact that those who have made it have never lost sight of the tie binding true journalism to literature.

Mr. W. Beach Thomas, writing in "The London Outlook," observes that "open air books belong peculiarly to English literature," and, alluding to White's "Selborne," he speaks of the revelation that it gives of "the affectionate care given in England to the earth and air that are the surrounding and making of a home." That care explains the superiority of the English nature book, and the point may well be commended to the American publisher. When we become interested in a subject we are apt, like the people of the anecdote about culture in Chicago, to make that subject hum. When we started to write nature books we flooded the market with them. The market rebelled, and in some quarters it was argued that this was simply for the reason that the market was getting too much of a good thing. All the time the real point at issue was the quality of the stuff produced. Many a nature book got itself written to order by an author who would just as readily have undertaken a work on the hippopotamus if hippos had happened to be at the moment amusing to mankind. Our nature books will improve as the taste for nature is developed in this country and people write about it, not to make a few dollars, but because they cannot help themselves.

## HENRIETTA MARIA.

### The Married Life of La Reine Malheureuse.

THE LIFE OF HENRIETTA MARIA. By I. A. Taylor. In Two Volumes. 8vo, pp. 305-531. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co.

In the journal of a court physician of the time of Henri Quatre there is a pretty picture of a little boy bending with fond curiosity over the cradle of his baby sister, then but a few hours old. "Laugh, laugh, my sister," whispered the boy to the infant; "laugh, laugh, little child. See how she squeezes my hand!" The small girl thus tenderly adjoined was to have more tears than laughter in the life that stretched before her, and was to lay her gray head in the grave as "la Reine Malheureuse."

Henrietta Marie de Bourbon was the youngest

ing her, to use the language of an old biographer, "somewhat surprised" at her position as the bride of a bridegroom hitherto unknown, he set himself to reassure her. She was not fallen, he said, into the hands of enemies and strangers; it was God's will that she should leave her kindred and cleave to her husband, and he himself would be no longer master than while he was her servant.

It was gracefully said, and Henrietta appears to have recovered her self-command quickly. Charles, taking stock of the wife provided for him, glanced down at her feet. Although she reached only as high as his shoulder, so much stress had been laid by the ambassadors upon her lowness of stature, that he had probably formed an exaggerated idea of it, since he seemed surprised to find her no shorter. Henrietta's quick wit divined what was passing in his mind.

"Sire," she said, gayly, displaying her shoes. "I stand upon mine own feet. I have no help from art. Thus high am I, neither higher nor lower."

"The little Queen," they called her, because her height was only to her husband's shoulder—but she was not little in will. The first year or two of marriage meant constant vexation and irritation between man and wife, irritations rooted in Henrietta's natural devotion to the faith in which she had been reared and in the exasperating behavior of her French attendants. In

having "a fur coat on his back" and being "merry." Many a time, no doubt, in the years of misery and loneliness that were to follow, Henrietta's thoughts went back to that happy isolation together.

The author describes with careful detail the course of events that culminated in the execution of Charles and his wife's subsequent life in France. "I swear to you," she wrote to her sister, Christine of Savoy, when the Long Parliament was in session, "that I am almost mad with the sudden change in my fortunes; for from the highest degree of happiness I am fallen into unimaginable misfortunes of all kinds, not concerning myself alone, but others." During the civil war she was in most respects a tower of strength to her lord. She collected money and arms for him on the Continent; on English soil she rode with the troops and strove to keep up Charles's spirits and her own. It was not until after the birth of the Princess Henriette-Anne, just before the decisive battle of Marston Moor, that the Queen's courage and health failed together and she was hurried away to France, "the most worn and pitiful creature in the world," said a Cornishman who saw her just before she sailed. She was never to set eyes upon her husband again. There are many melancholy pictures here of Henrietta's years of pain and poverty in France—there, for example, is the often mentioned discovery of the lonely Queen sitting in the Louvre by the bed in which her little girl was nestled to keep warm, there being no wood for a fire and no money in Henrietta's purse with which to buy any. The saddest scene of all was on a February day when she sat anxiously waiting for a messenger sent for news to Saint Germain. Those about her knew that Charles's head had fallen, but knew not how to tell her:

As ordinary conversation was carried on, the Queen's uneasiness at the delay of her messenger grew. Why was he so long coming? she questioned. Jermyn answered, making use of the opportunity to prepare her for what was to follow. The gentleman sent, he said, was so faithful and so prompt that had the news been favorable he would not have failed to reach her sooner.

"What, then, is it?" asked the Queen. "I perceive plainly that you know." Jermyn did know. Not even now at once, but gradually, he made the necessary announcement. All hope was over; the King was dead. The shock was overwhelming. Strange though it may seem, in the Capuchin's word, Henrietta "had not expected anything of the kind," and the blow found her—as such blows commonly do—wholly unprepared. For long she sat silent, motionless, "like a statue," deaf to what was said, insensible to the efforts made to rouse her. It was only when night was falling that her sister-in-law, the Duchesse de Vendôme, herself in tears, succeeded in awakening her from the species of stupor in which she was wrapped.

## MR. COLLINS'S ESSAYS.

### Ephemeral Pages from the Author of "Ephemerata Critica."

Some five years ago Mr. John Churton Collins collected a number of his fugitive essays and published them in a book entitled "Ephemerata Critica, or Plain Truths About Current Literature." He created a little sensation, for he disclosed more common sense and more courage than ordinarily go to the making of the modern essay. Even the severest critics of this critic felt constrained to respect the sturdy way in which he exploited his stores of learning. We were, for our own part, especially grateful for the thoroughness with which he castigated certain contemporary pretenders to critical or historical authority, but the whole tone of his book was refreshing. Mr. Collins left the impression of an author having something to say and knowing how to say it in an effective manner. He has scarcely confirmed this impression in his new volume of "Studies in Poetry and Criticism" (The Macmillan Company), which is, indeed, grievously disappointing.

Two of the seven essays here collected have, it is true, the merit of sound scholarship. The one on "Longinus and Greek Criticism" embodies some useful information, and contains some suggestive comments. In fact, if everything else in the book had been raised to the same instructive level we might have submitted more willingly to the absence of certain qualities which one wants in an essay—qualities of style and charm. As it is, however, when we have praised the study just mentioned for its professional adequacy, and have characterized the essay on "Miltonic Myths and Their Authors," as a similarly well balanced example of research and judgment, we have exhausted the terms of approval which may legitimately be applied to the book. The long survey of "The Poetry and Poets of America" tells us nothing that is new or inspiring. In "The Collected Works of Lord Byron" Mr. Collins gives us nothing more than a tolerable piece of book reviewing, workmanlike, but in no way deserving of preservation between covers. The essay immediately following, on "The Collected Poems of Mr. William Watson," is pitched in so absurdly high a key of enthusiasm that we rub our eyes and wonder if the writer of these ecstatic periods is actually the same Mr. Collins of whose powers of discrimination we had been led to expect so much. The account of Mr. Gerald Massey and his poetry is only of value for the biographical data it affords, and the last of the essays, that on "The True Functions of Poetry," likewise makes us feel that the essayist has somehow failed to justify his dealings with the subject. Daddedly, if Mr. Collins has nothing stronger or more original than the stuff in this volume to put before his readers, he would do well to eschew book making and confine himself to the journeyman's work which, having well served the purpose of the passing moment, is left to a decent oblivion.



HENRIETTA MARIA.  
(From the portrait by David.)

child of the great Henri Quatre and of his fat, selfish, scheming Italian wife, Marie de Medicis. The baby was only six months old when her father was murdered; but even in those short months a likeness to him was to be traced in her little face, and he is said to have shown a special affection for her, although at her birth he lamented that she was not a boy. This daughter had much of Henri in her nature. Hotheaded, impulsive and self-willed, she was warmhearted, too. But if she derived a certain insincerity from her royal father, she did not inherit the farsightedness and craftiness which so often helped him to steer safely through difficult ways. As Queen of England, her unwisdom brought woe upon herself and on those she loved—and a part of that unwisdom was an incapacity for understanding an alien point of view. It may be admitted that a girl trained by Marie de Medicis could hardly be blamed for such incapacity. For the rest, Henrietta had gracious gifts; she loved and was accomplished in music, painting and dancing; her voice was like a lark's for sweetness; her manner was joyous and gentle; in face and figure she was lovely. A spoiled child, she had not much profited by the instructions of her tutors in the serious branches of knowledge; but as a creature of wilful charm and dainty beauty she might have been a princess out of a fairy tale.

Such was Henrietta Maria when at fifteen she married at Paris, by proxy, Charles I of England. She landed at Dover and was lodged in the castle until the young husband could hasten from Canterbury to meet her:

By 10 o'clock the next morning Charles had reached the castle. Breakfast was proceeding, but, regarding the King's suggestion that it should not be interrupted, Henrietta rose hastily from the table upon hearing of his arrival, and, running down stairs to meet him, would have knelt to kiss his hand had he not instead "wrapped her up in his arms with many kisses." She had, however, been too well primed in her part not to attempt the little set speech with which she had come prepared.

"Sire," she began, "I am come to this country of your majesty's to be made use of and commanded by you;" but before she could proceed further nervousness and excitement had got the upper hand and she broke into a passion of tears. Charles—not, one imagines, without some masculine dismay—led her into an inner chamber and with more kisses did his best to soothe her. Find-

truth, the marriage was a foolish one, for England was determinedly Protestant and keenly resented anything which seemed to lead in another direction. The author does not gloss the fact that Charles and his father were disingenuous in their pledges to the French King, and Henrietta at first claimed no more than she believed that she had a right to ask. Tempests were the outcome—tears and rages, and curtain lectures. The worried Charles had perforce to be crowned in solitary state, the little Queen refusing to be crowned by non-Catholic ecclesiastics or with Protestant rites, and even declining to be present behind a lattice. This was politically unwise, as was her attempt, years after, to lead her youngest son, Prince Henry, into her own religious fold in violation of her own promise, of her dead husband's solemn injunction, and of the equally solemn command of her eldest son. But in these matters Henrietta heartily and sincerely believed herself to be right.

The dissensions between the young wife and husband gradually ceased, and their union became one which for deep and unwavering affection and devotion has rarely been seen in royal palaces. The King grew to be ardently in love with the sweet if hasty tempered French girl, and she responded with a tenderness which seldom faltered. There were no more bitter complaints addressed by Charles to his mother-in-law; instead he writes to her that the only authority he needs to exert over Henrietta is that of love, "the sole dispute now between us being which shall vanquish the other by affection, each deeming the victory is gained when the wishes of the other are discovered and followed." "I wish," he said to the fair owner of his heart, "that we could always be together, and that you could accompany me to the Council. But what would these people say if a woman were to busy herself with matters of government?" The pair, with their children, had the domestic happiness of a very Darby and Joan. When the King contracted smallpox, Henrietta braved infection and would not be parted from him. Perhaps some of their cheeriest hours were spent in that period of invalidism, shut away from their world in the quiet, warm room, the King