

FEAR NO MORE.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun  
Not the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must  
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Fare no more to clothe and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak;  
The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash;  
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

HISTORY AND GOSSIP.

Some Figures Out of the Past, Grave and Gay.

TWO ENGLISH QUEENS AND PHILIP. By Martin Hume, M. A. With frontispiece in photogravure and twelve other illustrations. 8vo, pp. xi, 498. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE HOLLAND HOUSE CIRCLE. By Lloyd Sanders. With twenty-four illustrations. 8vo, pp. xxv, 383. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

ROUSSEAU AND THE WOMEN HE LOVED. By Francis Gribble. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xxi, 443. Charles Scribner's Sons.

SEVEN SPLENDID SINNERS. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. xii, 343. Brentano's.

Major Hume's study of Anglo-Spanish relations in the sixteenth century fills the opening volume of a new series on "Romantic History," of which he is the general editor. For the introduction of such a series he could not have chosen a better subject, nor could he have put

to the handsome prince presented to her in one of Titian's noblest portraits. Philip, meanwhile, was nothing loath. The Portuguese match already in contemplation for him and his own private feelings were alike, as he saw the matter, readily to be put aside in obedience to the Emperor's conception of what was called for by the interests of Spain. The moment he was sounded on the plan he acquiesced in its every detail, and prepared to accept an English bride.

The mood in which Philip proceeded is well illustrated by his reply to a courtier's wife who had arranged to go in his train to London, and talked of selling all they possessed in Spain. Said the prince: "I do not order you either to sell or not to sell your property, for know ye that I am not going to a marriage feast, but to a fight." He was willing to marry Mary simply and solely for the good of the empire and the glory of the Church. Major Hume, with admirable justice, has no fault to find with Philip's attitude. Appraising him by the standards of his time, he credits him with whole souled devotion to a natural ambition. But he is pitiless in his exposure of the short-sightedness with which both Philip and Mary addressed them-

is the fate, but he does not forget the machinery behind her. His book is fascinating. He extorts from political history all the human interest that it can be made to yield.

The third Lord Holland, whose circle is chiefly commemorated in Mr. Sanders's book, was an honorable but not especially brilliant figure in the public life of his time. "Circumstance and inclination," says his biographer, "made of him a follower rather than a leader." When he died these lines were found on his dressing table:

Nephew of Fox, and friend of Grey—  
Enough my need of fame  
If those who deign'd to observe me say  
I injured neither name.

He shone as a friend, as a host. Under his regime and that of his clever, formidable wife, Holland House was the scene of probably as witty talk as was ever heard in the British Islands. Statesmen, poets, men of fashion, and that was most interesting in the great world of the later eighteenth century and the first half of the nineteenth, came to that hospitable mansion and repaid the appalling rudeness of its mistress by doing their best to entertain her and her amiable husband. Mr. Sanders lightly sketches the habits of the house, tells us many of the amusing things they said, and fills his book with the atmosphere of a really distinguished salon. We like his chapters the better because they do not presume to be exhaustive, and are never perfunctory. They are not formed of anecdotes put together with the dogged use of shears and paste. They have rather the character of discursive essays. The stories told are mostly contributions toward the portrayal of this or that notability. Here is a fragment from the account of Lady Holland:

She tyrannized over all who came in contact with her, including her husband, though it was all, no doubt, in the way of kindness. Lord Holland, on one occasion, was not permitted to dine in a white waistcoat, which loomed large upon his portly figure, suggesting, as Luttrell whispered in an aside, the image of a turbot standing on its tail. His wife declared that she would not sit down unless he changed it, and he was obliged to comply. Again, he was duly rebuked of his crutches when they had ceased to be a necessity and had become a habit. "Put away your nasty crutches, Lord Holland; you look as if you were in prison." "Oh, dear woman, pray let me have them. I like to have them near me." "Impossible. Mary, take away your papa's crutches." Lady Granville witnessed the scene of eight, including the Dutch Ambassador, M. Fagot, and his attaché, the Prince de Chimay. As extreme measures Lady Holland would abruptly order the servants to take away her husband's plate, and even to wheel him off to bed when he was in the middle of a story; acts of autocracy which he bore with good humored philosophy.

Perhaps it is as well that Lady Holland is not kept by Mr. Sanders perpetually in the foreground. Having illustrated her traits and duly pointed out that she "could be amiable when she chose," he goes on to treat of her friends. Portraits of many of them make his illustrations. In fact, this book, while a tribute to the Hollands, is first and last a memorial to an historic segment of English society. The author has drawn his material from a great mass of biographical and other literature, and condensing in one convenient volume what would otherwise take the reader far afield, he makes his book doubly welcome.

Mr. Francis Gribble is an adept at extracting entertainment from a rather forbidding branch of literature, as he showed in his book on "George Sand and Her Lovers." He is hard put to it, however, to communicate anything like the same vivacity or interest to his latest compilation, "Rousseau and the Women He Loved." The truth is that there is something incurably squalid in the subject. The observation that Rousseau, for all his genius, was not a gentleman, might easily be met, no doubt, with the observation that your man of genius does not always need to be one. The retort, however, would be a little beside the point. After all, the amours of a vulgarian are scarcely calculated to be amusing, and Rousseau as a lover could be merely vulgar. There is a deadly want of humor about Mr. Gribble's account of the long drawn out episode of Mme. de Warens. It makes prodigiously dull reading. Here and there we find the author more diverting, as in his chapter on Rousseau's experience in the train of the French Ambassador at Venice. He has no illusions about his hero, but uses the boldest colors in drawing the contrast between Rousseau's version of his quarrel with M. de Montaigu and that offered by the Ambassador himself, which came to light a few years ago. In this chapter, as in other parts of the book, the great man is delineated as a most amazing liar. Mr. Gribble is not to be criticised for his own candor. His painstaking accuracy as a biographer commands respect. It is rather his prevailing motive that is in question. While he gives a more or less comprehensive survey of Rousseau's career and says something about his ideas, he is most interested in the philosopher's successive infatuations. These are not worthy of being considered by themselves, but if studied at all should be placed in a perspective somewhat diminishing their salience. Elaborately discussed, as in this volume, they merely leave a bad taste in the mouth.

The author of "Seven Splendid Sinners" puts his purpose clearly enough. "As you and I," he says to the reader, "make no pretence of being historians, there is no reason why we should yawn, like Louis Quinze, while ministers read tiresome dispatches from Berlin or London, glanced over balance sheets and argued whether France should form an alliance with Prussia or Austria. I frankly confess that I would rather get a glimpse of history *en deshabillé*, so to speak, than behold her *en grande tenue* in the Council Chamber of Versailles. Nor am I the least ashamed to haunt the back stairs like a lacquy." Obviously, "Seven Splendid Sinners"



PHILIP II OF SPAIN.  
(From the painting by Pantoja.)

it in better hands. The tremendous efforts made by Philip II to secure the balance of power in England are doubly interesting to the student of history, for they synchronize with the great national expansion of the Elizabethan period. Major Hume not only knows that period well, but he kindles to all that is picturesque and dramatic in its public affairs. Long years of research in English and Spanish archives and abundant practice in the exposition of their contents would alone have qualified him to make the present volume worth reading. He has also a very sympathetic touch, a happy faculty for presenting the fruits of his scholarship in lively, readable form.

He attacks his subject with the adroitness of a born romancer, painting a vivid picture of the Emperor Charles V listening at Landau, in 1552, to what Sir Richard Moryson, the English Ambassador, has to tell him about political conditions in the Kingdom of Edward VI. At that time the Emperor, aging and ailing, was confronting some of the gravest problems of his long career. The preservation of his power in the Netherlands, difficult in any circumstances, was rendered the more troublesome by French enmity. He sorely desired the good will of England, and in the event of the young king's speedy dissolution he was prepared to bid for more than that. In the prospect of Mary's accession he saw also the chance of her marriage to Philip, and on that marriage he dreamed at once of the establishment of Spanish domination in England, and of a great triumph for the Church to which he was devoted. Well might he listen to Moryson with eager attention, keen as he was on divining the probable drift of English affairs. For some time it seemed as if he was destined to have his way. Once on the throne Mary was only too willing to play into his hands. Her religious fanaticism caused her to jump at the idea of making an alliance which, to her narrow mind, promised effective aid in the re-establishment of her faith among her people. Furthermore, as Major Hume points out, she had been ill used and starved of love for many years, and she was quite ready to give her heart

to the task of making over the English state. They came too late. The Reformation had done its work, and Mary's people, suspicious from the moment they heard of the Spanish marriage, rapidly became more tenacious than ever of their hard won religious liberty. The story of Philip's gradual disillusionment is narrated in this book with capital terseness and force. The author is, if anything, more entertaining as he then passes to the analysis of Elizabeth's long diplomatic battle with Spain. He introduces her very skilfully. We have brief glimpses of her before Mary's death, and on her accession the author exhibits in swift illuminating strokes her resolution and her shrewdness, both previously unsuspected by the wily representatives of Philip. If sheer amusement is to be found anywhere in the study of historical chapters so grave it is at that point, six months after her establishment upon the throne, where Philip's ambassador goes back to his master roundly swearing that Elizabeth is "a daughter of the devil and her chief ministers the greatest scoundrels and heretics in the land." Her path thenceforth was thorny, but she trod it with the instinct of genius, and beat Philip at his own game.

Major Hume is delightful in his description of the great Queen using the tools of statecraft with ever increasing ingenuity, weathering one crisis after another, baffling conspiracies at home and abroad, and, through it all, so winning her people to her side that she could face the Armada with a stout heart and emerge from that crucial encounter with renewed strength. The duel between her and Philip is rightly given the greater amount of space in this volume. Mary, though indispensable to the opening of the strange drama, soon disappears from it. Elizabeth was by nature as well as by force of circumstances the true instrument of fate in the conflict necessary to the conclusive settlement of England's position in history. It is as the representative of the people that Major Hume paints her portrait. In doing so he embraces in his picture the personalities, native and foreign, involved in the development of her policy. She

The New-York Tribune.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1908.

In the settlement of the Book War between the English publishers and the London "Times" an amiable reserve has been maintained on both sides. The literary supplement of the newspaper appears once more well filled with the advertisements of the publishers, and nothing is said for the edification of the reader beyond the announcement that by command of the King a new and popular edition of the "Letters of Queen Victoria" is to be published by Mr. Murray in conjunction with "The Times." This will be sold at six shillings instead of at three guineas, the much debated price of the original edition, and though there will be fewer illustrations there will be no curtailment of the text. The King wishes that the book should be brought within reach of all of his subjects. In its editorial announcement "The Times" loyally resists the temptation to embroider upon a very obvious text. The observer may not unreasonably speculate as to the possible effect of this transaction on the future cost of books. Are we to infer from this six shilling edition that the original three volumes of the Queen's letters could, after all, have been issued at less than three guineas? Will the publishers abandon the practice of first printing an important work in expensive form and then reissuing it at a low price? The conditions attending the first publication of the particular book in question were peculiar, and the King's action now may not serve to establish a precedent. But it is bound to provoke discussion of a serious problem.

What is signified by the use of "the apocalyptic style" in our own day? According to "Blackwood's" it means "the habitual use of the most solemn appeals on behalf of trivial, or at any rate inadequate, causes." The apocalyptic style is legitimate, of course, on occasion. But the occasion must be there, and there must be a certain greatness in the orator or writer. Take the case of Lincoln. "He transacted the business of life in phrases of a homespun simplicity. He never fell into the turgid heroics which disfigured most of the Northern oratory, but when the great occasion came, as in the Gettysburg speech, he could reach a height of sublimity to which the nineteenth century saw no equal." We sympathize especially with the reflection in "Blackwood's" on the entrance of the apocalyptic style into ordinary literary affairs. "In literary criticism the thing is rampant. Buoyant gentlemen dispense praise or blame in resounding clichés which have long lost any meaning." Yet it is so easy to avoid this nonsensical rhetoric. All one has to do is to remember that "facts are the foundation of everything, and that literature as well as statesmanship must keep close to them."

The magazines are full of short stories and an astonishing number of them are good. But Mr. Edwin Pugh is still unhappy about what he calls, in "The Fortnightly," the decay of the short story. We do not lack "living authors capable of excelling in that form of literature." Our sad state is due solely to the fact that publishers and editors have a false notion of what the public needs, and discourage the man with a genius for the short story from writing the masterpieces he longs to produce. Poor genius! Mr. Pugh is convinced that he has no show at all. "It is not too much to say," he forlornly remarks, "that if Mr. Rudyard Kipling were just now beginning to write his 'Plain Tales from the Hills,' as an unknown man, he would have but a very slender chance of getting them accepted. There is no magazine that I am acquainted with which would include Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Thrown Janet,' 'A Lodging for the Night,' or 'Providence and the Guitar' in its list of contents." Naturally, since Mr. Pugh does not know a rightly edited magazine, we may be sure that no such magazine exists. Since we have his word for it we must also accept the tragic circumstance that "authors of the calibre of Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Zangwill have virtually ceased to write short stories." But there is no end to the wisdom, or to the nice critical discrimination, with which this commentator disposes of the art and mystery of the short story. We have always admired the humorous writings of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, but at last we know really what to think of him. "His art," it appears, "in its very nature and elements, is as truly Greek as Sophoclean tragedy." How beautifully apocalyptic!