

that self-consciousness—to give it the mildest description—which again and again paralyzed such faculties for constructive statesmanship as the courtiers of the day may have possessed. Writing of the attempt of Damiens upon the life of the King, he tells us how he was struck by the idleness in which the ministers were left by the crisis, and quotes with ill concealed annoyance the reply of those who were urged to prompt action, to assemble the council for consultation on the measures to be taken.

"We fulfil our duty," they said, "when, under critical circumstances, we are ready to execute orders, without forestalling them." Bernis was impatient, he did his best to compel the ministers to move, and for once he seems to have been more or less adequate to the situation. But there is nothing in these volumes more characteristic of the time or of Bernis himself than his account of the thoughts and emotions with which he proceeded to the court after receiving news of the attack upon his master, whose death, of course, would have immediately changed the status of his protectress, the Marquise de Pompadour.

I went up to the King's apartments, making as I went all the reflections that could be made by a minister attacked by jealousies, charged with important affairs, who had many enemies, and for sole friendship that of a woman—and that woman likely, according to all appearances, to be driven from court within a few hours. These reflections came into my mind with singular rapidity and clearness, and as I mounted the stairs to the King's chamber I resolved to be a faithful minister in the strictest sense, and a courageous friend to the marquise, without allowing my personal interests to affect my duty or my sentiments.

I felt as I entered the King's cabinet a presence of mind and a courage that were almost supernatural; all extraordinary events arouse the soul, and double its forces. I had inwardly resolved as I crossed the courtyard and mounted the marble staircase which leads to the King's antechamber that if that prince died of his wound I would request the Dauphin, then King, to permit me to retire from the Council, and resign my place as minister; there would still remain to me that of Councillor of State and the Abbey of St. Medard; those were enough for a younger son of Languedoc, whom circumstances, and not ambition, had raised higher. The Dauphin was Mme. de Pompadour's enemy; he knew me then under the prejudice of my attachment to her; by asking for my retirement in the first moments of his reign I should avert the storm to which that intimacy exposed me. Either he would permit me to retire at once, or he would order me to remain in the Council until the important affairs now in my hands, both within and without the kingdom, could be handed over to ministers more acceptable to his majesty. In the first case, I should be very happy, at forty-two years of age, as a Councillor of State, with an abbey of 30,000 francs a year; in the second case, I should persistently entreat the new King to grant me leave to retire; possibly, on knowing me better, he might retain me, or he would send me away without disgrace, as an honest man, who did justice to himself, and to whom no reproach could be made.

As soon as I had chosen this course, and I chose it instantly, I felt myself full of strength and courage. I resolved to serve the King and the state at so critical a moment without looking either to the right or to the left, and to give to the marquise every proof of my friendship, so far as it was compatible with the duties of my ministry.

The spirit of the naïve confession was shared by everybody in the entourage of the King. Bernis was neither more selfish nor more cynical than any of his fellows; in fact, there was a good deal in his kindly nature which it would have been difficult to find elsewhere in his circle. He was, according to his lights, sincere. Nevertheless, it goes without saying that a man capable of the preoccupation disclosed in the lines just cited could never be of first rate service to the State unless he had, counterbalancing and transcending his solicitude for his own fortunes, the masterful genius of, say, a Richelieu. Bernis might have indulged in speculations about his own welfare, and his biographer would scarcely notice them, if only he had laid high ability at the feet of the King. It was the misfortune of this amiable and clever courtier to do nothing supremely well, until, at Rome, he filled the role of Ambassador with just the right degree of diplomatic art and just the right measure of social magnificence to make the power of his country respected. He never had the gift of making that power feared, in an age when such a gift was rarely needed, and he remains therefore a charming rather than an impressive figure.

THE TOYS OF OLD TIME.

BY HENRY DE VERE STACPOOLE.

"The tin soldier was one of twenty-five."
—(Andersen's Fairy Tales)

Tell me in what Valhalla now,
Beyond the worlds of land and sea,
Recline those toys of long ago,
The Pa-Gods of our infancy?
Where are the drums we beat at three,
And all those warriors made of tin
Whose captain was, and aye shall be,
The grenadier of Andersen?

Where are the Jacks we used to know
That jump no more; and where is She
The old Dutch doll, with pencilled brow,
And smile of sweet vacuity?
O village with the poplar tree,
Whose scent of pine cludes my pen!
In what strange land stands guard o'er thee
The grenadier of Andersen?

Tin trumpets that no more we blow,
Rag dolls that no more shall see,
The Ark giraffe, the three legged cow,
Shem, Ham and Japhet, where are ye?
Noah! whose flavor is to me
As fresh upon my tongue as Then,
Where art thou now? But where is he,
The grenadier of Andersen?

L'ENVOI.

King, as they went, so vanish we;
Look forth, behold thy greatest men!
They stand—as once stood steadfastly
The grenadier of Andersen.

ROSES.

HOW TO GROW THEM AND USE THEM
BEAUTIFULLY.

ROSES FOR ENGLISH GARDENS. By Gertrude Jekyll and Edward Mawley. 12mo, pp. 166. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The growing of the national flower has been a beloved and enchanting occupation in England since the earliest days of monkish gardens and the dame's "pleasance," but of late livelier energy and enthusiasm have possessed rosarians. Many new roses have been introduced and, better still, many charming old favorites have been searched for in ancient cottage borders and brought back into fresh vigor and beauty for the delectation of a wider public. Among the English growers none is more devoted, intelligent and painstaking than Miss Jekyll, and in this book she has bestowed upon

the use of roses on such terrace walls as have no wrought stone balustrading; here "the two or three feet of height gained by the rising of the rose and the other free growths give the needed sense of security in a kind of living parapet." A beautiful effect on a garden wall is gained by planting a rose on one side of it and letting the wreaths of bloom tumble over the other side. A Dundee Rambler is good for this purpose. For what she calls all sorts of odds and ends of unclassified places about the home grounds, for broken ground, for sloping banks or old excavations, the author warmly recommends the rambling and free growing roses which need at first nothing but a well prepared hole, then at the end of four years a removal of dead wood, and thereafter only pruning every two years. A charming garden effect which she also recommends is derived from a low trellis with posts for pillar roses at intervals, with garlands or chains of roses carried from post to post. Chains are advisable, as they hang, v are reminded, in a good natural line. Wire rope is cheaper, and, whether chain or rope,



THE MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR.
(From the portrait by La Tour.)

us the wisdom acquired in years of loving, skillful and artistic work among roses. Mr. Mawley's contribution to the volume is the practical teaching in the way of planting, pruning, etc., of a thoroughly practical rosarian, and the amateur will find his lessons extremely helpful. The American of the Northern and Middle States will read with rueful remembrance of his own efforts to grow roses as beautiful, with perfect blossom and unbiten, glossy leaf, as those which he has seen in average cottage gardens in England. We do not mean to imply that the English rose has no insect enemies; Mr. Mawley gives us to understand that they are many and persistent. But they are not, we are sure the innumerable, voracious and destructive creatures which vex the soul of the rose lover in these regions.

The larger part of Miss Jekyll's chapters are devoted to the beautiful use of roses, to the pictorial effects to be obtained by tasteful planting and training. Rose pillars, arches and arbors, rose hedges and screens, roses spraying over in fountain form, roses rushing over the pergola and draping walls and houses—all these she suggests with descriptive details of the most delightful sort and illustrative photographs of surprising beauty. A particularly fascinating chapter shows how the ugliness of wreck and decay turns to loveliness when clothed on with the leafage and the bloom of rapidly growing roses. A tumbledown old shed or a dead apple tree with crooked branches may be used as the foundation of a bewitching picture. The shed especially, with its weather beaten, unpainted boards of silvery gray color, is an admirable background for a shower of pink roses. New-Englanders, we remember, used to get the same effect by planting hollyhocks against the weather toned boards of their housewalls. The way in which a hideous little house may be made a thing of beauty by the use of climbing roses is illustrated in a most engaging photograph of an actual specimen. The vines can be so trained as to create a picture of artistic refinement out of vulgar gingerbread scroll work or mean and sordid bareness. In the case of houses of good design the author recommends

Miss Jekyll suggests that the metal should be wound with thick, tarred twine.

Like most rosarians of the day, Miss Jekyll chants the praises of the climbing cluster roses, especially of the Crimson Rambler, admired for its easy cultivation, rapidity of growth and its rich masses of bloom. "Those of us," she adds, "whose eyes are trained to niceties of color discrimination wish that the tint of this fine flower had been just a shade different. Brilliant it undoubtedly is, and its noonday brightness gives pleasure to a great number of people, but if it had just a little less of that rank quality that it possesses slightly in excess, it would have been a still more precious thing in our gardens. The time to see it in perfection is when the sun is nearing the horizon, and when the yellow light, neutralizing the purplish taint, gives the flowers of the Rambler just the quality that they unfortunately lack; then and then only they show the glorious red that the critical color eye demands, while at the same time their brilliancy is intensified." Another climbing rose which the author often mentions is the Garland, a rose which flings itself in magnificent wreaths of warm white flowers over anything offered as a support. A chapter on old garden roses recalls to Americans some fragrant beauties which were hardy enough to bear this climate when they came with early adventurers across the sea. The cabbage rose, the cinnamon rose, the York and Lancaster rose came with pilgrims of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from Mother England, and some of their descendants still flourish in old New-England or Southern gardens. One charming plant, the Rose d'Amour, America sent in return, but how or when it first appeared in old English gardens Miss Jekyll cannot tell us.

The lists of available well proved roses to be found in this volume are eminently useful. Many of the family are, of course, too tender for our Northern winters and our generally dry and burning summers; but all of them, no doubt, could find a suitable home in some part of our territories. We remember Louisiana rose gardens of bewildering beauty wherein the most delicate darlings of the tribe might safely linger.

FICTION.

ROMANCES OF THREE CENTURIES.

THE HOUSE OF DE MAILLY. A Romance By Margaret Horton Potter. Illustrated by J. I. Keller. 12mo, pp. iv, 463. Harper & Bro

THE THRALL OF LEIF THE LUCKY. A Story of Viking Days. Written by Otilie A. Lilien- crantz. Having pictures and designs by Troy and Margaret West Kinney. 12mo, pp. 354. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

MAZEL. By Richard Fisguill. 12mo, pp. 321. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

Miss Potter tells in "The House of de Mailly" a lively story of love and courtly life in the time of Louis XV. Her hero is the young Count de Mailly, a kinsman and a devoted lover of that Duchesse de Chateauroux who immediately preceded the Marquise de Pompadour in the good graces of the king. The latter was not the man to brook a rival, and he metes out to Miss Potter's hero a punishment which is none the less bitter because it stops short of the Bastille. Indeed, incarceration in that gloomy stronghold would have been less dampening, perhaps, to the spirit of the audacious lover than exile promised to be when the order committing him to it was drawn up with a clause stating that by marrying a wife he might win forgiveness and a cordial reception back into the charmed circle at Versailles. However, Monsieur de Mailly finds in Maryland, where he goes to eat out his heart with jealousy and rage, a charming young lady who presently succeeds in pouring an efficacious balm upon his wounds. With his "Debby" he returns to France, arriving at court just when the star of his once cherished Duchesse seems to be waning. In due course his wife attracts the King, and unhappiness promises once more to be his portion, but the incidents which fill the ensuing pages we will not disclose, contenting ourselves with the remark that the author has shown much cleverness in her treatment of the death of the Duchesse and the mysterious transactions attending it. But the story is clever throughout. The familiar figures of French history are portrayed with sufficient aptitude, and the affairs of the hero and heroine are presented with a judicious sense of proportion. The balance between history and invention is well adjusted.

The author of "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky" has acquitted herself with credit of a very difficult task, namely, that of giving reality to people and events drawn from the tenth century, "when the mighty fair haired warriors of Norway and Sweden and Denmark, whom the people of Southern Europe called the Northmen, were becoming known and dreaded throughout the world." The hero is a young Saxon taken captive in England and brought to Norway to be sold as a thrall. Of course, the proud blood in Alwin's veins is outraged by the indignities to which he is subjected, and his temper carries him to acts of resentment which more than once come near to costing him his life. But there are not wanting among the Vikings at whose mercy he lies men with a power of appreciating courage and other manly traits. Even the haughty maiden whom he is obliged to serve learns to respect and, after a while, to love him, and he conquers likewise the heart of Leif Ericsson, in whose adventure of American exploration he shares. Miss Lilien crantz keeps the purely romantic fortunes of her hero constantly in mind and is not too ambitious where the reconstruction of an old form of civilization is concerned, but the very modesty of her aim stands her in good stead; the book has atmosphere, conveying a very plausible impression of life among the hard hitting, semi-barbarous men of the ancient North. The volume is effectively illustrated and decorated in color and in black and white.

"Mazel" is a fairly successful attempt at fantasy. The scene is laid in an American university town in the South. A quaint French professor is first introduced, his colleagues in the faculty play subsidiary parts in the comedy, and they all look on while a pretty French governess is wooed by a rich young American, whose ignorance of her language is only equalled by her ignorance of his. Professor Auban takes a hand in the game, sorely troubled by conflicting emotions, since he wants to marry Mazel himself. The tale proceeds with a good deal of vivacity and is, on the whole, very amusing, though the author's touch is not quite light enough for him to do complete justice to his theme.

QUEER STORY OF AN ANCIENT LETTER.

From The Antiquary.

A remarkable history of an illuminated letter of King Henry VIII was related by the Right Rev. Monsignor Corbishley to the members of the Sunderland Antiquarian Society on their visit to Ushaw College on July 5. Among the numerous ancient manuscripts exhibited was a long parchment scroll, a letter of Prince Henry, afterward Henry VIII, beautifully illuminated, to the tutor of the prince. A gentleman was passing through one of the streets in the poorest part of Liverpool, a few years ago, when his attention was drawn to a parchment roll that a little boy was using as a football. On examination he found it to be a Latin illuminated scroll. The parents of the boy could give no account of how they became possessors of it, except that it had been in the family for many years, and only preserved because of the pictures on it. It was of no value to them, and they readily parted with it for a sum much more than they thought it was worth.

The gentleman had the parchment cleaned, and discovered it to be an autograph letter of Prince Henry to his tutor. The date will be about 1500. It is in a wonderful state of preservation, the coloring on the illumination being bright and clear. The discoverer of the rare manuscript presented it to Ushaw College, where it is now shown as one of their most valued possessions.