

MUSSETTE.

(Translated from Murger's "Vie de Bohème.")
 "Je donnerais volontiers tous mes livres pour avoir fait
 la seule chanson de Mussette."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS, fils.

To-day, while watching on the wing
 A swallow, herald of the Spring,
 I called the giddy girl to mind
 Who loved me when—she felt inclined:
 And I from morn to eve have mused
 O'er an old record, oft perused—
 The Calendar, that marked the year
 When she and I were both so dear.

Oh! deem not that my youth is dead!
 Remembrance of thee hath not fled,
 And if I heard thy step, Mussette,
 My heart would open to thee yet.
 For, still it trembles at thy name,
 Muse of a too inconstant flame:
 Come back, and we will eat once more
 The love-blessed bread we ate of yore.

The simple ornaments that grace
 Our chamber seem to miss thy face,
 And look less faded, when I say,
 "Mussette, perhaps, will come to-day."
 Come! thou wilt notice that my room
 Hath by thy flight been draped in gloom,
 The tiny couch, the ample verve,
 Whence thou so oft would'st sip my share.

Come, don thy robe of stainless white,
 And once again be fresh and bright,
 And on each Sunday we will stray
 Into the woodlands, far away.
 When daylight dies, thy rosy mouth
 Shall quaff that vintage of the South,
 In which thy song its wing would dip,
 Ere forth it fluttered from thy lip.

And Heaven (that doubtless pardons thee
 Thine infidelity to me)
 Will not withhold its moonlight pale
 To light our kisses in the vale:
 And Nature, still as ever fair,
 Her brightest looks for thee will wear,
 And smile upon our loves once more
 As in those cherished days of yore.

Mussette (the Carnival was o'er)
 Filled with remorse, came back once more
 Back, like a truant bird, to rest
 Within the old deserted nest!
 But, when I kissed the faithless child,
 I thrilled no more with passion wild,
 And poor Mussette, so long estranged,
 Felt that I too, at last, was changed.

Fair idol of the days of old,
 To me thou now art dead and cold!
 Our youth, that taught can lure us back,
 Lies buried in yon Aëneas.
 Fond joys therein are sepulchred,—
 'Tis only when their dust is stirr'd,
 That Memory can restore the key
 Of Paradise now lost to me!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

A LITTLE DINNER.

"My dear George,—I should esteem it a favour if you would invite your father's cousin, Alexander McDour, to dinner. He is in London for a few days, at Charing Cross Hotel, and a little attention to him would please me, your affectionate aunt,

"PRISCILLA LOVELL."

What would I not do to please aunt Prissy! Had she not declared me heir to her thousands? Did she not always tip me handsomely on my birthday and at Christmas? And, present source of gratitude, had she not enclosed me a crisp Bank of England note for ten pounds? Dear aunt Prissy!

I sought my particular friend, Joe Grantly, and, having discussed the matter with him, I despatched a note of invitation to Sandy McDour. The messenger brought back an acceptance, and then we talked over all the people we knew from whom we might select a fourth for our little dinner.

"You and I are good company for each other," observed Joe, thoughtfully watching wreaths of smoke that ascended from his pipe; "but you ought to get some other old fellow to meet your Scotch friend; they'd understand each other, you see."

Later in the day chance favoured me. I was walking in Piccadilly, when I came into violent collision with an old gentleman who was bolting out of Bond street.

"Don't!" I cried, in a vexed tone, as I caught at my new hat.

"I didn't, sir—it was yourself!" ejaculated my adversary; and there was that true ring of music in the tones of his voice which is only heard north of the Tweed. I looked hastily up, and behold, an old Edinburgh friend stood, first glowering, and then smiling, before me.

"My dear boy! I'm glad to meet you, though you've been a trifle rough on me in your greeting!"

"Pray forgive me—inexcusable carelessness," &c., I murmured; and five minutes later, I had mastered the important facts that the friend I had just met knew Sandy McDour well, and would be delighted to meet him at dinner at my rooms next evening at seven o'clock.

Next morning I told my landlord, who was once a butler, that I hoped he'd see to things being all right at dinner. He was clearing my breakfast-table, and replied a little nervously, "Certainly, sir; but have you seen Mrs. Dick, sir?"

"Not yet," I said carelessly; "I'll see her about the dinner presently."

"Better see her soon, sir," with an uneasy glance at the door. "Mrs. Dick is a very amiable woman, sir, but she's firm."

I knew Dick was only Mrs. Dick's husband—not himself—so I pitied him.

"Won't she let you wait, do you mean?" I enquired, filling my pipe.

"I'm not so sure as to that, sir; but I was thinking more about the dinner—it might be spoiled, you see, unless Mrs. Dick was consulted in time, sir."

"I see. I say, Dick," I continued, in my bachelor ignorance (I did not know it was bliss then, and have had the folly to be wise since), "you should show your wife you are master!" "O, I do, sir," cried Dick, with a terrified glance at the open door. "I'm a firm person myself, sir; but," hesitatingly, "I think Mrs. Dick is firmer."

I thought so, too. A few minutes later I had a long and quiet conversation with my landlady, whose ruffled plumes were soothed by a few words of gentle flattery as to her excellent cooking; and she left me with the assurance that everything should be in beautiful order, and that Mr. Dick would be most "appy" to wait at table.

When the clock on the mantel-piece pointed to five minutes to seven my guests were assembled. Men are, as a rule, punctual as dinner guests. I think they like to enjoy and endeavour to unravel the mixture of delicious odours that pervades a small house just before dinner.

Mrs. Dick outdid herself in the meal she sent up, and Dick's brow was cloudless as he waited. We spoke little, for we were hungry; but when the last relay of plates was removed each man looked at his neighbour with a genial smile, and this showed me the wheels inside the human machine had been sufficiently lubricated, and that mind might now triumph over matter. Finally, Dick removed all but the spirit-case, and with a request that I would ring when I wanted hot water, he withdrew.

We turned our chairs to more easy positions, I stirred the fire to a blaze, and Mr. Craig (the Bond street hero) addressed Mr. McDour as follows:

"Do ye remember the little discussion we had when I last saw you five years ago, as to the management of St. Andrew's College?"

"I do," said Sandy; and there was a side-ward nod of his head that said, "And I'm glad to see you do."

"Well, now," pursued the other, "you've altered your opinions since then, surely?"

"Not a bit," proclaimed Sandy.

"Eh, now! can ye really say that?" incredulously demanded Mr. Craig; and forthwith the battle began.

Did you ever see a Scotchman preparing for argument? Much has been written and said about the war-horse arrayed for battle, the bull entering the arena, and other animals in trying situations; but I repeat again, did you ever see a Scotchman preparing for argument? There is a complacent smile on his lip and a firm gaze in his eye as he faces his adversary that tells of possible conquest and certain pleasure. There is also a little pity in the glance he fixes unflinchingly on the poor fool who dares disagree with him. But here were two Scots arrayed, and how deadly the struggle would be I knew not yet, but presently. In even, measured tones the two went on, till Joe looked at me and I looked at Joe, and we both looked at the clock. A quarter to ten. I determined in my own mind that old codgers like these went to bed at ten, and, trusting in that delusive hope, I rang for hot water.

"The whisky will soothe them, perhaps," I mused, as the steaming water, fragrant lemon, and shining lumps of sugar were put temptingly before the combatants.

Soothe them? The smell of the toddy inspired them as a breath from their native hills. The whisky lowered in the bottle and the steam arose from the tumblers, and hard at it they still kept.

Once a shout of triumph broke from Craig. "Then you admit that so much is better than it was?"

"Aha!" explained Sandy, with a sideward jerk of the head and a wink that was deadly in its effect, "but I promised that."

On again.

I had a piano. Joe was a musician; and a happy thought struck him. He opened the instrument, played a few chords, and commenced singing.

"We are na fou, we're no that fou,
 But just a droopie in our 'ee."

The struggle waned. Several long sips of toddy were silently swallowed, and then in stentorian tones the Scotchmen chimed in,

"For I will taste the barley bree."

The savage breasts were calmed.

"It is eleven o'clock!" declared the two dissipated old gentlemen, as they put on their coats. They thanked me genially for their pleasant evening, and Dick was sent for a cab.

"For," said Craig, "you can drop me at Bond street on your way, and we'll divide the fare."

"Ay," said Sandy. "Saxpence apiece."

"And," I heard Craigsay on the steps as they departed, "we can have a few more words as we drive that I'm thinking will settle our dispute." I felt thankful these words would be said in the cab.

M. D.

PLYMOUTH ROCK has just been removed to a new position to make way for some improvements in front of Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Mass. The stone is in two pieces, weighing together about three tons. The piece under the canopy at the "landing place" weighs about two tons. The rock on which the Pilgrims landed was originally a good-sized boulder of five or six tons weight.

WILKIE COLLINS ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

When it was announced that Mr. Wilkie Collins was about to contribute to an American magazine an article on International Copyright, the public hoped for something striking and original on the subject. His performance has not justified the expectation. The distinguished novelist has thrown no new light on the question. His paper in the *International Review* for June is nothing but a vigorous echo of the well-known British whoop against American "pirates"; and, curiously enough, while he asserts that American publishers have nothing to do with the question, he presents himself as the champion of the trade interests of British publishers.

Mr. Collins states his view of the object to be attained by "the thing called International Copyright" as follows: It "is to give me by law (on conditions with which it is reasonably possible for me to comply) the same right of control over my property in my book in a foreign country which the law gives me in my own country." This is precisely what American publishers propose to do. On complying with certain conditions, Mr. Collins, should the American propositions become law, could control his literary property in this country precisely as he does in his own. But, not satisfied with this, he claims the right to make this country a free market for books manufactured in England. This is confounding authors' rights with trade interests; and to this American publishers naturally and rightly demur. The terms they offer are reciprocally fair and advantageous. They propose to treat directly with foreign authors, and to secure for them the same protection which is now accorded to native authors, on certain conditions, "with which it is reasonably possible" for them to comply. But the British publisher, who, to use Mr. Collins' own words, applied to the American publisher, "has actually persuaded himself that his individual trade interests form an integral part of the question of International Copyright," demands admission for his manufactured wares on the same basis. Mr. Collins asserts that British publishers "have no idea of intruding their trade interests into a great question of national justice." But this is precisely what they are doing. Were their opposition withdrawn, the way for International Copyright would be clear. It is their dog-in-the-manger attitude that keeps British authors from enjoying the full benefits of American copyright.

Mr. Collins writes like a man with a grievance. "I have lost," he says, "some thousands of pounds by American pirates." Let us look into this. Since Mr. Collins became known as an author he has received from Harper & Brothers (as their books show) over thirty thousand dollars for advance sheets and in royalties. This does not include the payments for "Armada," which was purchased from the proprietors of *Cornhill*. But, says Mr. Collins, there were unauthorized cheap editions, for which I never received a cent. Well, if the publishers of these cheap unauthorized editions had been obliged to pay him a royalty, they would not have gone into the business; so that Mr. Collins after all laments an imaginary loss. The American publishers propose a practical remedy for all his real or supposed wrongs. Let him join hands with his American friends, and let British publishers keep their trade interests out of the question, and Mr. Collins may soon have abundant reason to congratulate himself on the establishment of the "thing called International Copyright."

COMPLIMENTS.

What honor that
 But tedious waste of time to sit and hear
 So many hollow compliments and lies—
 Outlandish flatteries.

Thus Milton, in "Paradise Regained," would seem to assign to this word Compliment an expression of civility which includes some hypocrisy. Dr. Johnson translates the noun "an act of civility," the verb as "to flatter." It is of French origin, and is usually understood to mean less than it declares, being properly Complément, something superfluous or more than enough. The French language peculiarly adapts itself to the honeyed utterances of society, and yet some of the compliments handed down to us by this light-hearted nation have been singularly unfortunate. Madame Denis had made a decided hit in the part of Zara, and, in reply to one of the many flattering utterances from a crowd of admirers in the green-room, she said, "To act that part a person should be young and handsome." To which answered he who had been warmest in his praise, "Ah, madam, you are a complete proof of the contrary." Miraflores, trying to ingratiate himself with Madame de Lieven, was not more happy in expression. The charms of younger women were under discussion, on which he remarked, "Elle est trop jeune, trop fraîche; j'aime les femmes un peu passées," with a tender look at her. A compliment implies compliance, or assent, with the will of another, having a desire to please or flatter any weakness or prejudice of theirs, and in excess of the truth as a rule. But compliments are the current coin of society. The man who can pay a compliment without outraging the delicacy of feeling of the recipient, and in such a manner as to ensure belief, is certain to ensure goodwill and success in the world, for long ago sociability taught men that, in order the better to cement their likings for each other, it is necessary that everybody should show off his neighbour in the best light. Lord Chesterfield, in his famous advice to his son,

dwells at some length on the necessity of studying the weaknesses of others, and flattering their vanity, more especially with regard to women and their beauty; "upon which," he adds, "scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow." Indeed, most of the writers of past days would seem to assign to women a special complacency with regard to compliments. "Many women doat upon a man for his compliments," they are won in a minute," writes Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy." And though it is quite possible to remind a pretty woman of her charms in a well-turned compliment without overstepping the boundary of truth; still, such is the perversity of human nature, the fair ones of incontestable beauty desire to be esteemed for their understanding, wit, or some other virtue which they most probably lack; just as Richelieu, the ablest statesman of his time, desired to be accounted by his flatterers a poet. According to another and earlier writer, "Compliments between men are odious and ridiculous unless *plaisanterie* instigate them;" but even clever and discreet women will swallow the most exaggerated tributes to their personal charms.

A well-turned compliment throws grace over society, and to produce the best effect it must be premeditated without appearing so. A hundred years ago it was part of the education of youth to pay pretty compliments with the air of believing them. Judging from the rapid, fulsome strain in which many, handed down to us in the "Academy of Compliments," are couched, the women of that day must indeed have shown much amiable complacency. What would be said now to a man who would address a woman as follows:—"For your beauty, madam, I may name you Venus, for your comeliness Pallas, for your honour Juno. I should show myself insensible were I not amazed with the curiosity of your beauty. At last, oh, fair one, cast the eyes of thy resplendent presence on thy abject creature, that by the brightness of those eyes his baseness may be turned through thy perfections into a most happy preference!" No wonder that in the "Art of Complaisance" men are instructed to consider ladies' society merely a pleasing amusement or school of politeness, lest, perchance, they should get to care only for madrigals and periwigs.

As long ago as 1670 compliments were described as a collation of sweetmeats to a banquet, pleasing the daintiest tastes, the quintessence of wit, the refiners of speech, the mind's fine exercise. "They have," the writer continues, certainly without flattery, "some dross in them as well as silver—are, in fact, a kind of bell metal; for wit and women are frail things, gilded hypocrites to which compliments, like feathers to small birds, make of fair proportions, though the body itself be small. They are multiplying glasses and flattering mirrors that conceal age and wrinkles—jays finely dressed for the moment." Yet Shakespeare wrote—

"Twas never merry world
 Since lovely feigning was called compliment."

And Steele, who knew the world well, speaks with contempt and pity of those solemn expressions of respect and kindness which pass between men who, perhaps, never met before; suddenly devoted to each other's service and interest; infinitely and eternally obliged for no benefit; concerned and afflicted for no cause; and that hollow kind of conversation which, being complimentary, claims to be no real deceit; for words are like money, when the current value of them is understood no man is cheated by them. Compliments have ever been esteemed the key to open the secret cabinet of princes' breasts, and no great man but has his circle of courtiers, who compliment him by deeds as well as words. Hence a lame king makes a lame court, just as the men about Alexander the Great bent their necks because his was bent. We are all inclined to pray the Lord, with the Weaver of Kilbarachan, to send us "a guid conceit o' ourselves," and insensibly we like those who help to establish our own self-esteem. Many a man dates his success in life from a well-turned compliment. One of the most popular men of his day made his mark in society when a friend addressing him in the crush-room of the opera said, "Look at that fat Lady D—, isn't she like a great white cabbage?" "She is, indeed, like one," was the wise reply—"all heart." The lady heard, and was his friend from thenceforth. Fashionable life is passed, not so much in being happy as in playing at being happy, and compliments help to keep up the delusion. Many polite phrases are expressions and nothing more, and we glean something of the meaning of the word compliment, in the use we make of it, as a mode of addressing those to whom we adopt the third person in writing. This is not always understood by the lower orders. A man-servant each morning, in reply to inquiries as to the health of an invalid lady, was wont to reply, "Miss M—'s compliments, she is worse," or "better," as the case might be, until at last came, "Miss M—'s compliments, and she died this morning."

FEELS YOUNG AGAIN.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with neuralgia and a dull, heavy, inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family."—A lady, in Providence, R.I.