

Another thousand years elapse—a minute.

"What now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Now I can see: there below everything is unchanged, confused, and small. Blue water, black forests, masses of gray, piled-up, towering stone. And all around those little beetles still swarm, you know them, those with two legs; who, hitherto, have never been able to sully my summit nor thine."

"Mankind?"

"Yes, mankind."

A thousand years elapse once more—a minute.

"And what now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"It appears to me as if a few of these beetles had become visible," thunders Finsteraarhorn; "it has grown clearer there below; the waters are diminished, the forests less dense!"

And yet another thousand years go by—a minute.

"What seest thou now?" asks the Jungfrau.

"Around us, close at hand, it seems to grow clearer," replies Finsteraarhorn; "but there, in the distance, there are still specks in the valleys, something still stirs there."

"And now!" asks the Jungfrau, after another thousand years—a minute.

"Now it is good," answers Finsteraarhorn; "it is pure everywhere; perfectly white, wherever one looks. . . . Our snow is everywhere, spotless snow and ice. All is frozen. Now it is good and quiet."

"Yes, now it is good!" assents the Jungfrau. "And now, thou hast chattered sufficiently, old one. Let us now sleep a little."

"Yes, it is time."

So they sleep, those giant mountains; and the clear, green heaven slumbers above the everlastingly silent earth.

February, 1878.

IVAN TURGENIEF.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BY THEODORE MASSIAC OF FIGARO.

N OBODY in France is better known to the general public, nobody has addressed bolder words to the world at large, nobody has been more prodigal of his talent and good fortune, than Alexandre Dumas. And at the same time nobody guards himself more carefully from the intrusion of curious outsiders. You must be of his intimate circle if you would know the private life of this remarkable man. "I give the world the best of me," he once said; "my mind, what I know, what I find. In return I think I have a right to keep for my friends and those who have an affection for me something which they alone may see." As I have the honor of enjoying Alexandre Dumas' friendship I am able to speak with exactness about his inner life, about his charming home and his delightful family.

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Alexandre Dumas de la Pailleterie is now sixty-three,

but he enjoys such good health and is always in such happy spirits that he does not seem to have entered his grand climacteric. Look at that proud, powerful head, without a wrinkle on its front, with the black hair of younger days now gray and frizzy, scarcely thinned even on the crown. The forehead is lofty and haughty, heavy brows arch the soft blue eyes, the lips are voluptuous, and disclose a fine set of white teeth when the face breaks into a smile. The heavy lower jaw ends in a prominent chin. The complexion is a dull brown, as if tanned, and is relieved by a delicate rose tint on the cheeks. Dumas is tall, robust, solidly built. His broad shoulders are a little rounded. He has muscular hands, streaked with veins en relief, the fingers being supple and delicate—the hand of a writer, or, if necessary, of an athlete.

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Dumas lives at No. 98 Avenue de Villiers, in a fine new quarter of Paris, which was a sandy plain fifteen years ago. His hotel is three stories high. You enter from the street into a garden. The front door is on the left, while the servants' quarters, stables and carriage house are at the back of the garden. You are first struck by a large statue of the elder Dumas, one of the last creations of Gustave Doré, a copy of the statue which adorns the Place Malherbes, a few hundred yards away. On either hand are two remarkable ecclesiastic stalls of the Renaissance, while above them thick ivy leaves cover the high walls that shut in the garden. To enter the house you must ring again at the double glass door, which is opened by a man-servant, who shows you the way into the drawing-room, composed of two distinct parts. This salon was formed by pulling down a partition and throwing together two large rooms. The portion on the right, as you enter, is furnished in Louis XV style. The furniture is covered with rose-colored figured silk, the figures consisting of large white medallions, with bouquets of red and tea roses in the centre. To the left, in front of the mantel-piece, with a large mirror over it, is an admirable portrait of Mme. Alexandre Dumas, by the well-known artist, Jules Lefevre.

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The other half of the drawing-room is separated from the part described by a life-size white marble nymph, standing on a dark purple velvet pedestal. And this portion of the salon differs entirely from the other half. Here everything is Chinese and Japanese. The chairs and tables are of stained bamboo, and are upholstered in faded rose-colored velours de Genes. The doors are made of bamboo, and the ceiling is decorated with Japanese drawings. On every hand are Chinese fans, screens of ancient Chinese lacquer and odd figures and knickknacks from the East, among them a gilded Buddha emerging from his shell. The skin of an enormous brown bear on the floor also attracts attention. Here it is that the host receives ordinary visitors and those who come to make ceremonious calls. Intimate friends climb two flights of