

and drove down to the wharf, where, as usual, everyone for miles around had congregated to watch the steamer off. It lay in the lovely little harbour, which, surrounded by high, dark rocks, gleamed blue and bright in the sunshine. Presently we were handed into a big, rough gig, manned by natives, and rowed to the ship's side, whence, after several ineffectual efforts to reach the swinging gangway, which danced back and forth tantalisingly, we were finally landed on the deck of the ship, which was moving about in a way that promised us a rough night, and alas! we all soon had occasion to know that the promise was fulfilled.

MINNIE FORSYTH GRANT.

### LITERARY NOTES FROM PARIS.

ALEXANDER DUMAS père was married in 1840 to Marguerite Ferrand, aged twenty-nine, the illegitimate daughter of Mathias Ferrand, owner of a posting establishment at Metz. She was legitimatised by her parents in 1813, and was permitted to come to Paris in 1830, to study for the stage. Under the professional name of Mdlle. Ida, she acquired celebrity at the second-class theatres, at a salary of fifty francs a month. Dumas then brought out his "Teresa," and gave the rôle of Amelie, a kind of Miranda character, to Mdlle. Ida, who now added Férier to her name. She had a great success, and meeting Dumas in the sides, threw herself in his arms, exclaiming, "You have made me famous." Dumas invited her to supper—and a *liaison* followed. It was the common gossip of Paris in 1836, that Ida and Dumas constantly quarrelled; she ruined him by her extravagance, and beat him when he protested. She created other rôles in his new pieces.

In October, 1837, Mdlle. Ida was engaged at the Comedie Française, for secondary parts, at a salary of 4,000 francs a year. Dumas then resided at 30 Rue Bleu; his apartment had a notoriety for elegance and taste. Thus the bedroom, following M. Glinel, was hung in chamois silk, with embroidered border; the ceiling consisted of a single mirror; the curtains were in blue velvet, the furniture in citron-wood, and lion's skins, etc., replaced carpets. Ida was small, very stout, but handsome. Theophile Gautier includes her in his "Beautiful Women of Paris," which he published in 1839; her hands were remarkably elegant, and her skin very white; her hair was as blonde as Venus's; eyes mild and penetrating; mouth graceful and smiling. It was accident compelled Dumas to marry his mistress. One day he brought her to a ball given by the Duke of Orleans: "I am charmed," said the Duke, "to make the acquaintance of your wife; I hope you will, later, present her to my family." To escape from the dilemma Dumas was compelled to wed Ida. This was in February, 1840. She brought him, as fortune, 120,000 francs. Among the witnesses to the marriage contract were MM. Châteaubriand and Villemain. The religious ceremony took place at the chapel of St. Roch. The visions of glory of the actress had now vanished; no children came to serve as a bond of union between the spouses; she went frequently to Italy, to Florence above all, where she was occasionally joined by Dumas.

"Far from the eye, far from the heart," says the proverb; a coldness between the couple soon crept in, marked without any disguise on either side, and when Madame Dumas demanded, in December, 1847, a judicial separation of property—her husband being in debt—there was no necessity to include that of body, which already existed. They were happy, however, from 1840 to 1845, but after, Dumas thought more of his *fêtes* at St. Germain; his voyages in Spain and Africa, and his Monte-Cristo château—which ruined him. He worked at literature like a horse all the same. When his castle of Monte-Cristo was seized to pay off a mortgage of a quarter of a million francs, it only realised on being put up for public auction at Versailles, 30,000 francs. In January, 1852, Dumas was declared insolvent. It was to wipe off his debts, springing from his wife's squandered jointure of 120,000 francs and his château, that condemned him to roll the stone of Sisyphus till the end of his life. Mme. Dumas died in March, 1859, at Genoa, aged forty-seven. "Since the deaths," said Theophile Gautier, "of Madame Girardin (Sophie Gay), and Madame Dumas (Ida Fourier), there are no more witty ladies." Dumas took his widowerhood as cool as a cucumber—with philosophical lightness. His son, Alexandre Dumas fils, is illegitimate; his mother was a laundress, but when he was born, was a sempstress.

SINCE the microbes have made their appearance in the field of science, hygienic publications have become quite fashionable. M. Lemoigne, of Milan, deals with the subject of the health of peasants in its relation with farm stock. He does not dedicate the volume to the Italian peasants, as they are more illiterate even than those of France, so he addressed it to the wealthy landed proprietors. The author condemns the practice of the family, during winter, uniting in the same compartment domestic animals, with the view to secure more warmth, and so economise fuel. This arrangement begets rheumatisms, catarrh, etc. He suggests the founding of rustic clubs. This is like prescribing cakes to people who cannot obtain bread. It would be better to commence the reform by securing good housing for the rurals. In France, the stable is often the best room in the peasants' cottages; they do not complain of catching any disease, at least not more so than when leaving an overcrowded apartment of human beings. But both should be avoided.

The chief part of the volume is that devoted to rabies and hydrophobia. Pasteur—who records all his vaccinations, while Rochefort undertakes to chronicle his failures—maintains there can be no hydrophobia, save from the bite direct of a mad dog. M. Lemoigne adduces several circumstances, where rabies in a dog can be produced spontaneously; several of these are known, but they labour under the disadvantage of not having been

controlled by direct experiment. Till Pasteur be contradicted by a series of patient scientific investigations, equal to his own, his results must be accepted as the latest word of science on hydrophobia.

In a genial satire, recalling Sterne, M. Vallady, a *nom de plume*, has written a series of sparkling sketches on German students, and a little, also, of German social life, in his "Filles d'Allemagne." The author states his father was a Hungarian refugee—name needless to give, being too unpronounceable—who, on his way to Paris, stopped at Geneva, and, having nothing better to do, got married. It was mere chance that prevented the author from being born in a Paris omnibus. Having lost his parents at an early age, his uncle, a rigid Lutheran, took him in charge; his only drawback was his acting on the theory that the best way to reach heaven was to undergo *ennui* on earth. The nephew was sent to Germany to escape the wiles of Paris. His coach was one Professor Puffke, a man of Heidelberg-tun proportions, and a head capable of containing 75,000 dates. His plan was for students to absorb every kind of knowledge indiscriminately, like Pschon beer or Frankfort sausages; leaving it to nature and time to digest and assimilate the mass. Visiting an inn, the author was served with Styrian wine; it resembled swallowing your tooth brush steeped in vinegar. It was surpassed by a local brand, which required four men to take it: the patient, two men to hold him, and one to pour it down his throat.

### CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN GERMANY

THE following article, compiled from the *Contemporary*, seems to us to come with special weight as bearing upon the "True Position of French Politics" which appeared in a preceding number of THE WEEK, and referred to the important influence the German elections would have upon the Government of the Republic:—

THE writer, Dr. Geffcken, opens the subject with these words: Since I wrote last, in July, Germany has passed through an agitated period, beginning with the abduction of Prince Alexander, and reaching its climax in the recent elections for the Reichstag. The maintenance of peace for Germany is the only aim of Prince Bismarck's foreign policy, and to it he sacrifices everything. His aim, therefore, must be to mediate between Russia and Austria, and to keep back both from extreme resolutions. To do this effectually he was obliged to appear at St. Petersburg as a friend, and that is the reason why in his great speeches to the Reichstag he emphasised German friendship with Russia. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding his consummate diplomatic skill, he has failed in his end, and this is but natural, for no reconciliation is possible between the ultimate designs of Russian policy in the Balkan Peninsula and Austrian interests. When Bismarck spoke of his endeavours to mediate between Austria and Russia, Katkoff, the most powerful man in the Empire after the Czar, answered that there was no room for mediation, and that if Germany really wanted to remain on good terms with Russia, she had simply to signify at Vienna that Austria had nothing whatever to do with the Balkan Peninsula, which was the legitimate and exclusive field of Russian influence; that is to say, that Austria should not only leave free play to Russia in Bulgaria, but should evacuate Bosnia. Between such aspirations and Austria's vital interests no accommodation is possible, and therefore Prince Bismarck's endeavours have broken down. Undoubtedly he exercised considerable influence over the Czar, and the warmest expressions of friendship passed between them; this influence, however, was most unpopular in Russia, so much so that Katkoff, in his *Moscow Gazette*, directed a violent personal attack against Prince Bismarck, whom he designated as the most dangerous enemy of Russia.

The fact is, that in the long struggle for influence at St. Petersburg between the Chancellor and the Slavophil party, the former has finally been beaten. He has helped to bring about that result by his threatening attitude assumed towards France, though it is perfectly true he never thought of attacking that country. There is a powerful military party at Berlin headed by Count Moltke, which maintains that as war will be unavoidable between the two countries sooner or later, it had better be sooner, before the French have completed their armaments. That party, however, will never prevail against the firm resolution, both of the Emperor and the Chancellor, not to make war. The latter has even expressed his conviction that the French Government would not attack Germany; indeed the new French Ambassador at Berlin was most cordially received. In delivering his credentials he spoke of the many common interests of the two countries, and said he was sure they would find in them the proper ground for an understanding advantageous to both. The Emperor responded in the warmest manner, and said he should be happy to second M. Herbette's endeavours to maintain and develop friendly relations between France and Germany. The Ambassador and his family were treated with the greatest distinction at Court, and even when the Government Press urged war against France, M. Herbette exchanged amicable declarations with Count Herbert Bismarck. But though the Chancellor is bent upon maintaining peace, he will not suffer provocations. When in May last General Boulanger attempted to manœuvre with two mobilised army corps on the Alsatian frontier, which, intentionally or not, might easily have been overstepped; Count Münster was instructed to demand that this should not take place, and his request was granted. Everything in regard to this matter has been much exaggerated by the Government Press. The *Post* sounded the war trumpet by asking for the resignation of General Boulanger, and the *Cologne Gazette* followed in its wake, and kept up a constant fire of alarm-