

## VOUS ET MOI.

Your eyes, serene and pure, have deigned to look upon me,  
Your hand, a fluttering bird, has lingered in my hands;  
And yet the words I would, alas! have all foregone me,  
Because your way and mine lie through such alien lands.

You are the rising sun that fair day follows after,  
And I the deep of night, the gloomy clouds and gray;  
You are a flower, a star, a burst of tuneful laughter;  
I am December dreary, and you the merry May!

You steep yourself in rays and breathe the breath of roses,  
For you are dawn of day and I the twilight set;  
Needs must we say farewell, ere time the why discloses,  
For you are very Love, and I am Love's regret.

## DUMAS AT HOME.

The writer of "La Dame aux Camélias" is a very correct person in private life. In his youth he sowed a smaller crop of wild oats than his father sowed in old age. In fact, the example of Dumas the elder was of infinite service to Dumas the younger, who, being quick of perception, and fully alive to his own interests, gathered from the paternal mode of existence some important lessons as to what men should not do. It should be added that M. Dumas has always expressed and doubtless felt the warmest admiration for his father, who was a great as well as a lovable man in spite of all his faults. "Did you mean *Le Père Prodigique* for your father?" asked an indiscreet friend of Alexandre the younger. "Hardly," was the reply. "Had I meant an illusion to him, I should rather have said *Le Père Prodigique*." There is a droll story told of the two Dumas which shows how curiously the order of their natural relations was inverted. The son, then a lad of eighteen or so, met a friend on the Boulevards. They had not seen each other for some time, and Dumas suggested they should dine together. "It's far from home," he observed; "but I've just fifteen francs in my pocket, and I dare say we can manage pretty well on that." As a matter of fact there are restaurants in Paris where you may get a pretty little dinner for two, and a sound bottle of wine into the bargain for that sum. Still it is rather a tight fit; and great was the joy of Dumas, when they had proceeded a few paces, to behold his father on the street. "Wait a moment," he exclaimed to his companion, "I'll run across and get some money from him." The friend beheld them in earnest conversation for three minutes; then Dumas the younger returned looking rather crestfallen. "Well, has he paid up?" "No, and what's worse he's gone and borrowed my fifteen francs. I'm afraid there's nothing left for it but to go home." To do the papa justice, he was extremely generous with his money—when he had any. He loved to change his notes into gold and pour the coins into a wooden bowl which lay on his writing-desk. Everybody who came to ask for coin was then bidden to help himself.

There is another anecdote of his father that Dumas tells in a half-apologetic and half-laudatory tone. Certainly you cannot be very angry with the hero of the tale. Dumas (the elder) came one afternoon to a gentleman of his acquaintance and begged the loan of a hundred francs, for want of which he declared he was seriously pressed. The loan was readily accorded, and Dumas was entreated to stay for dinner, to which he agreed. In the course of the repast some pickles were served, which Dumas highly praised. His host begged him to take away a pot with him, and gave the servant directions to make one up. By-and-by Dumas took his leave, and was just getting into a cab, when the maid ran forward with the pickles "which Monsieur had forgotten." "Thanks, ma fille," said Dumas, and he slipped into her hand the five louis he had just borrowed.

Old Dumas was rather slow to believe in his son's powers. He laughed at the "Sins of youth," which were sins indeed, but pardonable enough to seventeen, and even indicative of something better. Young Dumas however had the good sense to discover that poetry was not his forte, and sinned no more in metre. His occasional *vers de société* are scarcely poems, though often charming productions, reminding one of Milton's sonnets to Leonora in their ingenuous affectation. After a tour with his father in Spain and Africa, young Dumas wrote "Les Aventures de Quatre Femmes et d'un Perroquet," and the old gentleman began to admit there was something in the boy. The latter was then twenty-two. A year or two later he showed the MS. of the "Dame aux Camélias" to his sire, who was delighted with it, and became henceforth immoderately proud and fond of his son, though always standing somewhat in awe of his higher moral qualities. And yet Dumas fils could scarcely have been regarded in those days as a model nephew to a model aunt at Clapham.

He has long since married and settled down, leading a quiet life of hard work. His practice is to get up tolerably early—sometimes at six o'clock—when he proceeds to warm himself a plate of soup, which has been prepared the night beforehand, and consume the same. "I have tried," he will tell you, "all sorts of things in the morning—tea, coffee, chocolate, or a glass of white wine—and I find there is nothing like soup for the health." On the strength of that plate of soup Dumas goes till noon, the hour of breakfast. Meanwhile he writes letters or composes; he seldom writes in those hours and I fancy reads little now-a-days. French literature—at least, all the gayer part of it—he knows by heart. With that of other languages, including English, his acquaintance is slight.

At noon the Dumas family meet in the dining-room, with now and then a friend. The host is then seen at his best. Some person—I suppose a duchess—in one of Lord Beaconsfield's novels, says that breakfast is the pleasantest meal, because people have not time to get conceited at so early an hour in the day. Certain it is that more than one famous man—notably Walter Scott—has shone most at the breakfast table. Not that Dumas is a conceited man, though Paris has done its best for a quarter of a century to render him so. "Oh, the letters I receive from women," he says, and adds that they would disgust him with human nature, did he not know it under better aspects. He holds women to be divided by nature into three classes; the first destined to be wives and mothers, the second to the religious life, and the third, well, consult the works of Dumas *passim*. He considers each section indispensable to the existence of society, and does not, apparently, believe that education or any other external influence will much change nature's original intention as to a woman. Part of the secret of Dumas' immense success consists in the fact that he is a Frenchman talking to other Frenchmen, on the subject which interests them above all others, in language absolutely devoid of cant. He writes of facts rather than of fancies, of facts which he neither approves nor laments, but is only careful to marshal with a view to their examination.

Is he an immoral writer? Since M. Taine has brought a charge of immorality against Shakespeare one need not be afraid of entering frankly into the discussion of the question. But, by way of preface, here is another anecdote of Dumas. There was a worthy old priest, who was noted for never giving a direct Yes or No in reply to a query. It was always, "Distinguo." His bishop tried to pose him one day by asking whether it was lawful to baptize with soup. But the priest was equal to the occasion:—"Distinguo. If with such soup as we are now eating at your table, monseigneur, it would doubtless be wrong; but if with such soup as is usually served to us poor curés, and which differs little from water, it might be permissible."

So, in estimating Dumas as a moralist, "distinguissons." He is a good father, a good husband, and an exemplary citizen; and everybody who knows him must be firmly convinced that his intentions in writing are of the most honorable kind. He sincerely wishes to enlighten his countrymen, to render them more generous and more humane in their judgments, and this effect he produces. But, according to the sound Pauline maxim that offence against one part of the law is offence against the whole, Dumas must be pronounced an offender. His fault is rather one of omission than of commission. It lies in that too great readiness to sit down contentedly under facts which have been mentioned above.

One word more. Let us honestly confess that we have thoroughly enjoyed Dumas, without troubling ourselves much about his moral theories. Unlike Sand or Eliot, Tennyson or Victor Hugo, Dumas is never tedious. There is not a paragraph in one of his volumes which the most listless reader would think of skipping.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE initials of Napoleon on the bridges of the Seine are now being chiseled off; nothing symbolic of his ex-Majesty remains, save the coin—rapidly being melted down.

THE newest material for summer ball dresses is a transparent white gauze striped with flat strips of silver tinsel, a very effective stuff, but as perishable as it is pretty. Worth makes of this gauze delicious striped tunics to cover the fronts of ball dresses, these draperies being held down by wreaths of flowers, crushed roses being the favourites.

A CURIOUS collection is about to be sold at the Salle Drouot. It includes the posters stuck up on the walls of the capital during the Revolution of 1848, the Empire, the Prussian siege, and the Commune, under the presidency of Marshal MacMahon, to which have been added the "canards" published during the same period (1848—1874), the illustrated political journals published during the Empire and subsequent to that reign, the political organs of the Commune, &c. The whole includes some 7,000 pieces, and is interesting as affording historical data of considerable value.

THE confessions of Francisque Saucy. "During the past three years," says the eminent critic, "I have been in the habit of going to London in the month of June to be present at some of the performances given by our artists at the Gaiety Theatre. I propose to go once more in a fortnight. Naturally I have entered into relations with the writers who exercise in English journalism the same profession as I myself. I am very much ashamed to see how profoundly they have all studied our theatre, how they know it in its least important works; and I feel myself so ignorant beside them! Outside Shakespeare, I have hardly read here and there a few works whose celebrity has forced my indifference. My indifference! It is not mine specially that is to be accused. We are all more or less in the same state. Foreigners do not interest us."

THE victory of Foxhall has inspired some of

our French contemporaries with sad reflections on the American invasion of Europe. The "performances" of the Americans are indeed becoming important. Foxhall and Iroquois carry off the blue ribbon of the French and English turf; Marie Van Zandt reigns supreme at the Opéra-Comique; Miss Griswold—whose *petit nom*, Gertrude, is prettier than her family name—is making herself a reputation at the Grand Opéra; the great modern scientific discoveries—the telephone, the megaphone, and the phonograph, come from America; Edison is the Humboldt of the nineteenth century. At the Salon American pictures may be seen on the eye-line, and America furnishes by far the largest contingent of foreign artists; the studio of Bonnat is full of them. Go to the Louvre or the Luxembourg, and you will find dozens of American girls copying and studying the masters. Who are the largest buyers of French art? The Americans. If it were not for American corn, France, and England, too, would soon be on the high road to starvation. American beef, American hams, American poultry, American fruit, may be seen in all the shops.

## A SWARM OF BEES IN THE STRAND.

A good deal of amusement was caused among the people who chanced to be near the corner of Upper Wellington-street Strand, on Tuesday afternoon of last week, by an unexpected visitation of a swarm of bees in that central part of London. The *Field* office is close by there, and it was at first supposed they might have arrived from the country as a deputation to inform the editor of some matter in the department of rural natural history. But Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier had not been prepared to receive them, and was quietly sitting and writing in his editorial study, when a brother naturalist came in to tell him that the bees were assembled just round the corner. He went out and found them besieging the door of the Gaiety Theatre, and greatly alarming some of the lady members of Mr. Hollingshead's theatrical company, who wanted to go in for a rehearsal at that hour. The stage manager, Mr. R. Soutar, was at the door in much consternation, and begged Mr. Tegetmeier, by all his science and skill in the way of insects and other winged creatures, to disperse the buzzing mob as quickly as he could. Mr. Tegetmeier at once sent for a ladder, as the bees had swarmed high up the front of the *Army and Navy Gazette* office; then, having armed himself with a short broom, and with a cylindrical cheese-box and a dish-cloth from the Restaurant, he boldly ascended, and cleverly, with one sweep, brushed all the insects into the box, clapped the cloth over them, and had them fast prisoners, to the admiration of all spectators in the street below. He then placed a hive, with the queen bee, in the balcony, and set the box there beside it, allowing the whole swarm to pass into the hive and rally round their queen; "which they did," he says in the *Field*, "as loyally as if they had been Britons, and she had been Queen Victoria." They are now doing well in a frame hive, and he hopes the queen bee will be the parent of many stocks, to be called "the Strand bees." In explanation of this odd little incident of London life, it is stated that Mr. Neighbour, a hive manufacturer, in Holborn, had that morning got from the country several swarms of bees, which he had ordered to be sent to him, to stock some hives for his customers; and one swarm had made its escape and flown as far as the Strand.

## HEARTH AND HOME.

BEAUTY is not everything. A pretty face and an amiable manner may win a husband, but something more is necessary to retain his admiration. When beauty begins to wane, the enduring qualifications of a good wife hold him in the bonds of love and duty; and one of the best qualifications of a good wife is the ability and inclination to make home attractive.

IT was an exclamation of the great orator Cicero, "How many things we do for others we should never do for ourselves!" And this is perfectly true. We do a thousand things to attain even minor objects for friends, which we could never be tempted to do to attain far greater objects for ourselves. Money is by no means the only thing in the bestowal of which generosity may be shown. Time, ease, convenience and comfort are sacrificed by friend for friend, and such sacrifices make up no small proportion of the sum of every generous life.

It may seem of little moment to be punctual, but to use the words of an eminent theologian, "our life is made up of little things." Our attention to them is the index of our character, often the scales by which it is weighed. Punctuality requires no undue exertion, and its influence is a most salutary one. Its cultivation seems the most important as we witness the deleterious influence of dilatoriness in habit, the evil effect of which none deny, "better late than never," transformed into "Better never late," is an excellent maxim. No matter in what walks of life we move, punctuality amply repays us for what little effort we make in its cultivation.

Artificial Graces.—Leave to actresses all artificial contrivances to enhance beauty. Girls will derive no benefit from them—no real advantage in making dark hair golden, in preparations to render the eyes lustrous, in artificial bloom for the cheeks, nor in the abundant use of

powder. All these artifices have a rather ghastly effect in the light of day, and should be left to the stage. It is a part of the profession of the actress to understand and avail herself of all such cosmetics as art places at her disposal; but this does not in any way excuse young ladies for having recourse to them. The best means to preserve the charms of youth are abundant use of the bath; quiet, regular living; plain, wholesome diet; early hours; a proper amount of exercise in the fresh air, and sufficient useful occupation both for the mind and body.

Sweet-Minded Women.—So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

Choosing a Husband.—That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a palace of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is really the domestic man, in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the same circle, where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a heaven of ease and reparation. The drawback of home-life, its contained possibilities of insipidity, sameness, and consequent weariness, is never present to such a man. He no more tires of his wife than of his own happier moods. He is no more bored with home than with sleep. He is no more plagued with his children than with his own lighter thoughts. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requies constant excitement, that finds home-life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so very tame, and so like flat beer, that it is impossible for him not only to be happy, but to feel that he is less unhappy there than elsewhere. We do not mean that the domestic man, in the wife's sense, will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside it, for he must sometimes be in the way. The point for the wife is, that he should like home when he is there; and that liking, we contend, belongs, first of all, to the active and strong, and deeply-engaged, and not to the lounge, or even the easy-minded man. In marriage, as in every other relation of life, the competent man is the pleasantest to live with, and the safest to choose, and the one most likely to prove an unwearied friend, and who enjoys and suffers others to enjoy, when at home, the endless charm of mental repose.

## VARIETIES.

A Colorado physician writes—"One bitter cold night I had a call to visit a patient about thirty-five miles distant, the trail lying over an uninhabited plain, vast tracts of which were enclosed in fences of three wires fastened to cedar-posts. We entered one of these ranches, as they are called here, through a gap left for the purpose, and, after a short time, the trail was entirely obliterated by the snow. No shelter was near, and we wandered about for some time, when I remarked to my driver, an 'old timer,' that the advantage of being inside a ranch of five or six thousand acres, enclosed by a wire fence, was not very apparent, as we had lost our way all the same. 'No,' drawled my companion, swinging his arm vigorously; 'but I suppose we aren't quite so liable to take cold.'

The other day a Frankfort publisher forwarded to Prince Bismarck a copy of an important pamphlet, printed in Latin characters, which had just brought out. The present was acknowledged and returned, accompanied by a note from the Chancellor to the following effect:—"We have the honour to advise you of the return of the pamphlet which you have been good enough to send to Prince Bismarck. There is a general order prohibiting the presentation to the Chancellor of Works printed in the Latin character, as the reading of such works would take up too much of his Highness's time." Prince Bismarck's patriotic devotion to the fatherland and passionate love of his mother's tongue are known to all the world, but it was hardly known before that he never read books or pamphlets not printed in his beloved Gothic characters.