

merrily disporting himself, engirdled by Graces, who are dancing a cotillon round and about him.

It must not be thought, however, because this eccentric rhymster sang the song of the bustle that he admired that particular adornment, worn, he says, with the sole object of fascinating man. On the other hand, the last thirty or forty of his hundred-odd stanzas are devoted to a wild and furious denunciation of it in every respect. With this, however, we have nothing to do. The peculiar point is that a poem has been written on such a subject. The muse has inspired men to write on many things, but this odd fellow, I take it, stands alone. The poem is clever, though coarse. Cheery Tom Hood would, if he could, feel proud to know that his epitaph is: "He sang the Song of the Shirt." I question, however, whether this Boston rhymster would care to have graven on his tomb: "He sang the Song of the Bustle." If the man be dead, peace to his ashes; if alive, may he improve with his next effort, which may be perhaps on "The Loves of the Corsets."

WM. TRANT.

### PARIS LETTER.

EXCEPTING Zola, no one views the anarchists as poets. True, on studying their photos, their eyes roll in a frenzy, but not of the "fine" character. As might be expected, an anti-socialist society has been founded, with a Jacob's ladder list of adherents. As yet, the necessary "organ" to represent that Theseus combination to deliver society from monsters has not appeared. Senator Jules Simon is among the preservative leaguers, and so is Deputy Léon Say, who defines socialism to be the replacing of the individual by the State. It is alleged that we are all socialists now—just as in 1848, we were its bitter enemies; yet socialism cannot propose a solution, cannot precise its doctrines so as to bring them within the sphere of practical politics. Result, sterility, save that to have a tinge of socialism is at present a safe road to popularity. Study Bakounine and Hertzén; read Kropotkine and Elisée Reclus; thumb all the advanced political publications—this mass of printed matter will be found composed only of day dreams that captivate some sensitive souls, which it was concluded had expired with the expiring years of the last century.

There are natures so tender as to melt into pity for the anarchists, while forgetting their victims, Vêry and Hamono especially, whose bodies were riddled like a culender from the debris of dynamite explosions. It is the same jelly stratum of society that would weep and snivel with Sterne over a dead ass, which can see something to be admired in Kropotkine's assertion that murderers make the best exiles in Siberia; something to be sympathized with in his lament, that imprisonment is bad because it deprives the *détenu* of liberty. If, as the late Bishop of Peterborough held, the Sermon on the Mount was inapplicable for our epoch in many of its organic clauses, how much more so must be its travesties! For the moment, the anarchists are lying low and keeping quiet. Anarchy has taken up its abode in the weather, and the Picture Shows, which bound from the pole to the equator, to fall back on the pole. People do not now describe a circuit when coming across an empty meat tin in the street, or a suspicious newspaper wind locked beside an entrance door. The fear is growing less, to cut the strings of a parcel before sending it to the commissary of police, as if it recalled the days when one could be poisoned by a vase, a glove, or the pages of an illustrated book. House porters, however, remembering the petroleum scare of 1871, see that the cellar ventilators communicating with the street have their muzzle-gratings in order; entrance doors are not kept so much shut in the day time, and the cerberuses do *chorvnik* duty by forming card parties near the thresholds of the mansions they guard. More pity is extended to law officers; they are less boycotted; not so frequently refused bread and salt, as if they were the excommunicated of the middle ages, nor rejected tenancy, as if coming under the nuisance clause of leases, which excludes dogs, cats, howling parrots and children.

The fresh Papal circular, enjoining the syndicate of recalcitrant bishops to rally to the Republican form of government, has created no stir. Mgr. d'Hulst, deputy for Brest and head of the Catholic University in Paris, states that the Bishops are still free to have and to hold different political—as do the Irish hierarchy—and social opinions from the Pope. His Holiness has not spoken *ex cathedra*, and only so speaks on questions of dogma. Mgr. adds that the Pope has become simply an "opportunist," where neither clergy nor laity are bound to either imitate or to obey him. That seems very tall talk, and reduces, as the French say, the encyclicals to a "much ado about nothing." In the meantime, President Floquet has indulged in a programme trumpet speech at Bayonne, close to his native heath, wherein he reiterates that while the republic will in no way interfere with any citizen's creed, it will not permit the Church to dominate the republic. It is a pretty quarrel as it stands. The instant the clergy would syndicate to interfere with the electors, that moment the Concordat and the 54,000,000 frs. annually allocated to the Church would be things of the past. As an annex of the foreign and colonial offices only the republicans think the Church is useful to France.

Bewildered by bad seasons, low prices, Chicago pork, Canadian cheese, Australian wool and Indian wheat, the French farmers are at their wits end. They are now falling back on fruit culture, which at present represents an

annual out-put of 400,000,000 frs., and that could be doubled. The G.O.M. has told English farmers to rely on jam, and not on fair trade or protection to replenish their purses. England and Russia are the chief purchasers of French table fruits, though the total yield of France is only one-fourth that of the United States. There are not many commercial "forceries" in France; coal is too dear, and a permanent warm humidity, save in the valley of the Adour, round Dax, too rare. Normandy, which has been called the fruit and kitchen garden of London, sells whole townlands of apples and plums to English commission merchants. Apricots are most extensively grown; the pates de Clermont are famous, and represent a yearly trade of 3,000,000 frs. between Russia and England. Near Triel, apricots fetch twelve sous per lb., and an owner of two hundred trees can realize 5,000 frs. Saumur exports two hundred and fifty tons every season of this fruit, and round Vanclose the vineyards destroyed by the phylloxera at present yield 800 frs. worth of apricots per acre.

In the department of the Yonne, cherries were so plentiful forty years ago that there was no market for them, and no means to transport them elsewhere. An old joke attributes to Montmorency a cherry centre. Auxerre sends one thousand tons of cherries every year to market. An acre contains three hundred and twenty trees, and produces a net profit of 120 frs., not including the crops cultivated between the trees. In Rheinisch-Prussia, one proprietor sells in a single year 225,000 frs. of cherries, and one tree yields fruit valued at 150 frs. Most piums come from Hungary and Roumania. Paris imports 2,500 tons of plums yearly; Meaux is the centre of the greengages; an acre produces fruit value for 1,650 frs., and a single tree for 75 frs. Formerly fresh grapes were only obtainable during six weeks of the year; now, by processes of preserving and forcing in pots, they can be had all the year round. The best eating grapes in France are the Chasselas, and are raised around Fontainebleau, against walls and upon espaliers. An acre of these grapes will yield four tons, or a clear profit of 1,000 to 1,200 frs. Strawberries, of the "always producing" variety, pay well, though entailing great expense and care; the fruit is small and oval-shaped, but of a delicious perfume. If the Turks are served such for ambrosia in their paradise, they may be excused anxiety to join the houris and nectar-sorbets.

The most remarkable draws at the Champ de Mars "Picture" Show are: the glazed "pottery" of Jean Carriès; this sculptor, by his original talent, has invented quite a natural history of his own, alike independent of Buffon and Linnaeus; and his forms are so graceful and harmonious, the colouring so entirely different from all with which we are acquainted, and prefixed by a process that Carriès—with a Beraud Palissy power of creation and tenacity—has discovered. The next great attraction is the lovely, mystic-feeling producing collection of paintings by Mr. Whistler, at every fresh glance of which you discover a fresh beauty and a new charm; his engravings are equally marvellous. What a pity he does not possess a parallel talent for sculpture; his is the temperament that would make the marble speak. M. Puvis de Chavannes' "Hiver," a mural decoration, is an ideal winter scene, that refreshes the eyes after being purblind by kilometres of framed colours. One is tired of Carolus Durand's exquisite portraits—*toujours perdrix*. It is time to finish with the "Christomania." Since M. Beraud made such a success last season by his Christ at Tonis café, he and others are still trying to recklessly turn the life of Jesus into pounds, shillings and pence. The *Figaro* errs in stating that Beraud's "Christ and Magdalene" was sold last year "for 30,000 frs. to an Israelite." It was purchased for 20,000 frs. by the popular Parisian Director of the London *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. Campbell-Clarke, who is rich enough to entertain ambassadors into the bargain.

Every newspaper office in Paris, worthy of the name, must now have an entrance hall of sumptuousity and dazzling light. The *Echo de Paris* has in this respect put all its contemporaries into the shade. It leased the premises of a once mammoth shop; converted the latter into a vestibule, or an elegantly fitted-up show-room, where manufacturers can rent a glass case for the exhibition of their wares, or an inventor the product of his talent. Foreigners, with a speciality to advertise, would do well to study this *propagation de fait*.

The newest robbery: when a cabby slumbers on his seat, like the just, waiting for his fare to re-enter the vehicle, quietly unharness the screw, ride it to the horse shambles and sell it at plain joint prices.

Delacroix was only paid 1,500 frs. for his "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian"; he was only too happy to receive that sum, as he was in dread of dying a mere house-porter.

FOOLS and sensible men are equally innocuous. It is in the half fool and the half wise that the danger lies.—*Goethe*.

LET us live like those who expect to die, and then we shall find that we feared death only because we were unacquainted with it.—*William Wake*.

By a union of courtesy and talent an adversary may be made to grace his own defeat, as the sandal-tree perfumes the hatchet that cuts it down.—*Chutfield*.

### FOR TIME.

Dost thou note the pebble falling,  
Into depths of tranquil stream?  
Tell me where its ripple ceaseth;  
Ah! of that, thou canst but dream.

Or, hast seen the ripened thistle,  
Float on silken, downy wing,  
One soft ball across the woodland?  
'Twill a thousand thistles bring.

Let thy notes of peace or joyance,  
Rise and fall, ye know not where,  
They may, through all future ages,  
To some soul, a message bear.

Toronto.

EMILY A. SYKES.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

"TASMA."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—Will you permit me to correct a misprint which, since it occurs twice, may mislead some readers of your interesting Literary and Personal Notes of last issue?

The real name of "Tasma" is given as "Mme. Com-reur." This must be Couvreur. Sir Charles Dilke, in his "Problems of Greater Britain" (Vol. I., pt. ii., chap. iv.) says: "Tasmania has had her novelist in Madame Couvreur, who, though of Flemish descent, and now married to a distinguished man in Belgium, has not forgotten her island home, and still writes pretty Tasmanian stories under the name of 'Tasma.'" The *Library Journal* also, the official organ of the American Library Association (Vol. XV., No. 5, May, 1890, page 158), following Sir Charles Dilke, spells her name as he does. In addition to which I may add that the name of her husband, the present President of the Société Royale Belge de Géographie, appears as Couvreur in the last *Bulletin* issued by the Society (1892, No. 1, Jan.-Feb., inside of cover).

Pardon this superfluity of verification, but it happens that the name Couvreur appears neither in Allibone's "Supplement," nor in the "American Catalogue" (brought down to June 30th, 1890), nor in the "English Catalogue," Vol. iv. (brought down to December, 1889). Besides, authentic information in regard to pseudonyms is none too copious, and inaccuracy is all too common.

Your obedient servant,

T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

Public Library, Toronto, May 23, 1892.

### GOETHE AND THE BISHOP OF DERRY.\*

"**L**ORD BRISTOL," said Goethe, "passed through Jena, and wished to make my acquaintance; so he invited me to visit him. After a while he was pleased to be rude, but grew quite tractable when he was met on his own ground. In the course of our conversation he took it into his head to preach to me about 'Werther,' and tried to put it on my conscience that it had caused people to commit suicide. 'Werther,' he said, 'is a wholly immoral book and utterly to be condemned.' 'Stop,' cried I, 'if you talk so about my poor 'Werther,' what do you say about the great ones of the earth, who, in a single campaign, send out a hundred thousand men, of whom eighty thousand kill each other, and who all provoke each other to murder, fire and plunder. And then you thank God and sing 'Te Deum' after such horrors. And then you torment the weak souls of your flocks by your preaching about the terrors of hell, until they go off their heads and end their miserable days in Bedlam. Or again, by means of your orthodox teachings, which won't bear the light of reason for one moment, you sow the fatal seeds of doubt, so that your hearers lose themselves in a labyrinth of bewilderment, out of which death is the only way. What have you to say for yourselves, and how do you preach to yourselves? And then you call an author to account and condemn a book which, falsely apprehended by a few little minds, has at the worst rid the world of a dozen or so of stupid and good-for-nothings, who could not do better than blow out the miserable remains of their bit of light. I thought I had done the world a real service and earned its thanks; and now you come and make a crime of this good little deed. And all the time you, priests and princes, permit yourselves such enormities."

"This outbreak produced an excellent effect upon my bishop. He grew meek as a lamb, and in our subsequent conversation treated me with the greatest politeness and the most delicate tact. I spent a very agreeable evening with him, for Lord Bristol, rude as he could be, was a man of intellect and a man of the world, and very capable of treating a great variety of subjects. When I came away, he gave me the escort of his chaplain, who cried, when we got out on the street: 'Oh, Herr von Goethe, how admirably you spoke, and how you pleased his lordship and found the way to his heart. With less vigour and decision you would not have come away so well pleased with your visit.'"

"You have had all sorts of things to put up with for your 'Werther's' sake," I remarked. "Your adven-

\*The Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, who figured so prominently in Irish affairs in 1782.