

cle is lavishly illustrated at almost every leaf by large, full-page reproductions of many of the most important pictures and statues of the present Salon. Among them are Bouguereau's "Printemps," which is the frontispiece of the number, Benjamin-Constant's "Justinien," "Quand on devient vieux" of Israëls, "L'Hyménée" of Chartran, "Les Hiérodoules" of Rosset-Granger, and Bernier's beautiful landscape in Brittany, "Le Vallon," which is most effectively rendered.

—Vol. vii. of the *Goethe-Jahrbuch* compares favorably with any of its predecessors. Its contents appear under the three rubrics: New Communications, Essays, and Miscellanies. An appendix gives the first report of the new Goethe Society of which the *Jahrbuch* is hereafter to be the official organ, and with this report are incorporated the by-laws of the Society and a list of its members. A second appendix contains the Constitution and a list of members of the Goethe Society recently founded in England. The copious bibliography published in each successive number of the *Jahrbuch* (there are eighty pages of it in this last volume) seems to demonstrate that Herman Griem was within the bounds of the most sober truth when he said that henceforward there is to be a science called Goethe, just as for some centuries there have been sciences known by the names of Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante. Of the "Essays" above mentioned the most valuable is one by G. Dehio, entitled "Alt-italienische Gemälde als Quelle zum Faust." The conclusion of "Faust," or that part which follows the death of the hero, has always been rich in problems for the student. Critics of the temper of Vischer, who find fault with the poet for converting his work at the last into a Catholic mystery-play, simply shrug their shoulders over this final portion as a pitiable senility. But even those who are content to take the drama as it stands, and whose endeavor it is "to understand the poet by going into the poet's land," find difficulty here in carrying out their laudable programme. Whence came that grotesque imagery of the battle between the devils and the angels? Whence came the last scene, with its mountain-gorges, waving forests, gentle lions, holy anchorites, and all the rest? It has generally been thought that this "scenery" was worked out by Goethe chiefly from hints found in his reading; that the hermits' mountain was Montserrat, of which he had read in a book of travels, and that a good part of the details were mere capricious imaginations of his own. Herr Dehio, however, makes it clear that this was not the case, but that Goethe was here copying three old Pisan frescoes of the fourteenth century, one a representation of the life of the early Christian hermits in the Thebaid, another being entitled "Hell," and the third "The Triumph of Death." These pictures were engraved and published by Lasinio in 1822, and Goethe is known to have been interested in them. Copies of these reproductions are now given in the *Jahrbuch*, and it must be admitted that they are the most valuable of all commentaries to the latter part of "Faust." Not only in his general *mise en scène*, but in a multitude of incidental and often fantastic details, has the German poet reproduced the unknown painter of Pisa. And so we have another verification of that deepest and most useful of all maxims for the understanding of Goethe, namely, that his starting-point is not a mental abstraction, but a corporeal form. As Schröder states it:

"Goethe geht vom Bilde aus."

—But by far the most interesting part of the *Jahrbuch* is a batch of letters written by Goethe, while a student at Leipzig, to his sister Cornelia and to his friend Behrisch. In these letters German alternates with English and French, and, taken together, they give us a delightful picture

of clever but unspoiled boyhood, and also of the later Goethe in the chrysalis state. The lad felt proud of his English. Under date of May 11, 1766, he writes of his occasional melancholy moods and of his resorting to verse-making for relief. "But hark ye," he says, "in like a situation of my soul, I make english verses, . . . english verses that a stone would weep. In that moment thou shalt have of them. Think on it sister thou art a happy maiden to have a brother who makes english verses. I pray thee be not haughty thereof." Then follow ten stanzas entitled, "A Song over the Unconfidence toward myself," three of which are as follows:

"Then fogs of doubt do fill my mind
With deep obscurity;
I search my self and cannot find
A spark of Worth in me."

"When tender friends, to tender kiss,
Run up with open arms;
I think I merit not that bliss
That like a kiss me warmeth."

"An other thought is misfortune
Is death and night to me;
I hum no supportable tune
I can no poet be."

The dubious rhyme, *arms: warmeth*, recurs in some verses to Behrisch on the pleasures of innocent love:

"What pleasure, God! of like a flame to burn,
A virtuous fire, that ne'er to vice can turn.
What volupty, when trembling in my arms,
The bosom of my maid, my bosom warmeth!"

The following may be taken as at once a specimen of the youngster's English style and as a commentary upon his later well-known saying, "Der Umgang mit Frauen ist das Element guter Sitten":

"Often sister I am in good humor. In a very good humor! Then I go and visit pretty wives and pretty maiden. St! Say nothing of it to the father. —But why should the father not know it? It is a very good school for a young fellow to be in the company and acquaintance of young virtuos and honest ladies. The fear to be hated by them makes us fly many excesses seducing by his outward side and therefore perilous to the Youth. Look Sister, that is the State of my present life: I seek to do nothing of what I could not give reason to my superiors, which are God and my parents; I seek to further please to the uttermost part of men, wise and fools, great and littles, I am diligent, I am mirthy, I am lucky. Adieu."

AN EYE-WITNESS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The Despatches of Earl Gower, English Ambassador at Paris from June, 1790, to August, 1792, to which are added the Despatches of Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Monro, and the Diary of Viscount Palmerston in France during July and August, 1791, now published for the first time. Edited for the Syndics of the University Press by Oscar Browning, M.A., F.R. Hist. S., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and University Lecturer. Cambridge: at the University Press; New York: Macmillan. 8vo, pp. 400.

MR. BROWNING is right in thinking the documents contained in this volume a welcome contribution to our knowledge of a very confused epoch:

"They are not," he says in his preface, "of an exciting character, nor do they show great insight or penetration. They are careful accounts written week by week by a competent and well-placed observer for the information of his Government, and they are perhaps more valuable because the writer did not comprehend the full significance of the events which he describes. The French Revolution has been so often lifted by sensational writers into the region of cataclysmal and almost superhuman occurrences, that a narrative is specially acceptable which tends to range it among the facts which appeal to our ordinary experience."

The account of the September massacres by Mr. Monro is exciting enough; but certainly Lord Gower's despatches, in spite of his uneasy feeling, frequently repeated, that some great crisis was at hand, do not read at all like the premonitions of a great and bloody revolution.

These despatches, together with those of Mr. Lindsay and Mr. Monro, give a nearly continuous view of the course of events from the summer of 1790 to the death of the King. After this the Terror set in, and there is a blank in the information obtained by the English court for a full year. "After the declaration of war between France and England in February, 1793, Paris was hermetically sealed. No effort on the part of our Ministry or of Lord Elgin, our representative in Flanders, could penetrate the obscurity; all who were suspected of giving information were put in prison or guillotined. The veil did not lift until the summer of 1794, when an unknown but well-informed correspondent in Switzerland was able to send to Lord Elgin some remarkable accounts of the political, military, and social condition of France. These reports are printed at the end of this volume." No part of the volume is more interesting than these reports (written in January and February). They present a most graphic picture of the despotism that then held sway, and make plain the policy and methods by which the Committee of Public Safety had managed to bring all the resources of the country under its control, and to present to the enemy an absolutely unbroken front, and a concentration of military and moral force before which the half-hearted invaders were incapable of standing.

The events of the first year, as depicted by Lord Gower, give no sign of the terrible catastrophe that was approaching. The violence and excitement of 1789 had passed away, and every one would have said that affairs were settling into quiet. Even after the King's flight, the Conservative party seem to have held their own, and even to have effected something of a reaction. More than once we are told that the Extremists are discouraged and are losing ground; and this is the impression given by the tone of the despatches. The new Constitution went into operation quietly and successfully, and it is hard to find, in these pages, any adequate reasons for the revulsion of the next summer. Nevertheless, all through this second year, as we have already remarked, Lord Gower was predicting some serious crisis near at hand. Its indications were in the air rather than in any specific facts and events that he is able to put upon record. What we do note here, however—and this is the most serious sign of the times—is the excessive weakness of the Government. Society appears to be falling to pieces. There are no great convulsions or disorders, but all France—army, navy, and civil organization—is distracted with petty conclusions and disorders, which the Government is utterly unable to control, and which indeed are regarded as the generous expression of the spirit of freedom, rather than as the signs of approaching anarchy. A strong man at this juncture, it would seem, might have saved society; for the well-meaning elements still had the upper hand, and a competent leader could have given them the victory. But Mirabeau was dead, and Lafayette—honorable, able, courageous, constantly appearing in these pages as the most eminent and respected man of the time—was not a leader such as the crisis demanded.

It is in these months, from the going into effect of the Constitutional monarchy in October, 1791, to the disorders of the early summer of 1792, that one feels most clearly that there is in the despatches no "great insight or penetration." Lord Gower, it is true, saw the crisis approaching, but he does not make his readers see it, and his accounts, unless supplemented by such details as we find in Taine or Von Sybel, fail to prepare us for what is coming. The 20th of June, the 10th of August, the 2d of September, even after all that has gone before, come upon us with a kind of surprise.

Two circumstances especially deserve to be

mentioned in relation to this period. In the first place, there appears during the year 1791 a surprising degree of material prosperity: frequent mention is made of the high rates at which the church lands were selling, and of the great demand for French manufactures. It is evident that the change in government two years before—constantly alluded to as *revolution*—joined with the reaction against the extremists, had given an impulse to trade and industry which may perhaps be compared with that which followed the civil war in this country; and in all likelihood it, too, was largely speculative, and was deceptive as a sign of prosperity. On the other hand, there are constant and significant indications of the inexperience and want of capacity of the French people in respect to self-government. They recognized the evils of the centralized system which had been established by the Bourbons, and jumped to the opposite extreme in organizing a plan of local self-government which deprived the central Government of all real efficiency. They had no doubt received a powerful stimulus from the successful revolution of the American colonies; but they thought they could improve upon a republican system which was built upon English precedent, and so cast aside the conservative features of the American Constitution. The excessive decentralization, just mentioned; the abolition of the old courts without establishing new ones in their place (p. 36)—thus throwing the administration of justice into confusion; the prohibition of members of the National Assembly from holding seats in the new Assembly, thus depriving themselves of the fruits of experience; the wild and unbalanced theories which governed their actions—these are among the causes and the signs of the collapse of the new Government. A good illustration of this temper, belonging, to be sure, to a later and more excited period, is Danton's assertion (Sept., 1792, p. 252) that "it was impossible to have any constitution but that which was accepted by a majority of the people in the *assemblées primaires*."

The anonymous reports (in French) contain, as we have said, the most interesting statements of the vigor and efficiency of the Revolutionary Government. The anarchy of 1791 had been succeeded by a degree of energy and a concentration of resources of every kind, of which the assailants had no conception. "The republic is richer and calls out more resources than all the sovereigns of the Coalition taken together; for here it is the national wealth of an empire, and the accumulation of wealth for a century in this empire, which are contending against the feeble revenues of a few princes" (p. 327).

We have often been told, most effectively by M. Taine, that France was now controlled by a small minority. This statement is confirmed by our informant (p. 347), who adds: "In fact, the very small minority governs with a rod of iron; another minority follows heartily in the steps of the first, sharing its passions, and executing its designs; authority, attachment to the revolution as a whole, a common desire to preserve it, to perpetuate it, to enjoy it by means of every kind of crime, belong to both these dominant classes. . . . The majority, on the other hand, is an untied faggot, divided into several disunited branches."

The editor has prefixed an introduction of twenty-four pages, summarizing the information contained in the despatches; and has added an index of great value, a complete *onomasticon* of persons and places.

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS.

M. ERNEST LEGOUVÉ, with a chatty communicativeness, has for some years past treated the readers of *Le Temps* to numerous personal reminis-

cences of the literary men of France with whom he came in contact in his youth. He has now fairly begun his autobiography, in which his recollections of others occupy more space than his own personal life and experiences, under the title 'Soixante ans de souvenirs' (Paris: Hetzel; Boston: Schoenhof). Many of the chapters are headed by names well known in letters, and the author is perfectly honest when he tells us that his memoirs ought to be entitled, 'Les Mémoires des autres.' Thus one of the first chapters is headed, "Casimir Delavigne." In it the author relates what he wishes to say of his own youth, of his first verses, of the poem he sent to Delavigne; but by far the greater part of the chapter is given up to a kindly review of the works of an author little read by the present generation. He does the same for Népomacène Lemerrier, and Bouilly and Andrieux. But it is when he comes to speak of Villemain that his sympathy is warmed to the utmost by his admiration for the orator and reader: M. Legouvé is an admirable reader himself, and he takes every occasion to dwell upon the diction of the men whose memories he calls up. Always pleasant memories they are, too, of forgotten or half-forgotten names, once, not in a very remote past, well known by all. Who reads nowadays the 'Ermitte de la Chaussée d'Antin,' by Jouy? Who reads Dupaty? How many can boast of having read 'Le Mérite des femmes,' by Legouvé (or Le Gouvé), the father of our author? Even Eugène Sue is fast passing out of the memories of men. All these and others live again in the delightfully written 'Souvenirs'—delightful and never indiscreet. The author always stops in time not to make them *Confidences*, nor does any portion of them at all answer to the title *Confessions*, yet the personal note, and especially the sympathy of the writer, are always present. Thus M. Legouvé, with commendable filial affection, tries to persuade us that his father's chief poem still lives in the memories of men in spite of its "élégances de style un peu démodées." We are more ready to admit that the thought of the paternal work was an incentive to the author of 'L'Histoire morale des femmes.' As to the other productions of the elder Legouvé, 'La Mort d'Abel,' 'Épicharis et Néron,' 'La Mort de Henri IV.,' they are all interestingly spoken of in the 'Souvenirs,' but the quotations of the weak, insipid Alexandrines of the dying classic tragedy are enough to disprove the praise given to them. M. Ernest Legouvé's tastes may be observed in the chapters, "Les Goûts," "L'Escrime," and in the lively picture of the two fencing masters, Bertrand and Robert; for he is an ardent admirer of the art of fencing, in which he is said to excel. After several chapters on those whom the author calls his initiators in music—Maria Malibran, Chopin, Berlioz—the volume closes with a long chapter on Eugène Sue, whom he knew well, and whose memory he in a measure rehabilitates, presenting his eccentricities and his shortcomings in as favorable a light as possible.

The impression left after reading the 'Souvenirs' is very pleasant. We feel as if we had been listening to an agreeable talker who had many things to tell us, and who cared especially about telling them well, effectively, and dramatically—too dramatically perhaps. We are never tempted to doubt M. Legouvé's veracity; but we feel that he is carried away by the very effort he makes to present his characters vividly before us. We hear them talk: the writer constantly falls into bits of dialogue between himself and the man whom he recalls to us. What he tells us may have been said forty years ago; M. Legouvé tells it all with more accuracy of detail, we might almost say of tone and gesture, than that with which any ordinary mortal could reproduce a scene witnessed the day before. But how can we find fault with a writer of such deli-

cate taste, of such broad sympathies? He loves acting and good-reading as he does fencing, and though he professes admiration for many things besides, it is the love of the dramatic, tempered in his case by a delicate sense of propriety and measure, that makes him write as he does.

On opening the volume 'Œuvres posthumes de René Grousset' (Paris: Hachette; Boston: Schoenhof) we find the portrait of a very young man. René Grousset died in 1885, early in his twenty-fifth year, and yet he had already done enough for his instructors and friends to see the beginning of the realization of his promises as an archaeologist. The 'Étude sur l'Histoire des Sarcophages chrétiens' (Paris: Thorin), which contains the results of his researches while a student in the French school at Rome, was duly appreciated by specialists. And now two of his friends, MM. Doumic and Imbard de la Tour, have collected the literary remains of their brother *normalien*, who had been appointed lecturer at the Faculty of Grenoble shortly before his death. Sainte-Beuve said that there was in every man a poet who died young. In Grousset the poet had not died, as is shown not only by the fifty pages of verse published, but also by some delicate bits of correspondence during his travels in Italy. Two of the essays preserved are entitled *Homeric Studies*: "The Games in honor of Patroclus" and "Helen." But the most important, from a literary point of view, and the longest fragments in the volume are those devoted to the "Société dite des Libertins." In these the young author's aim seems to have been to connect the literary history of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France. He traces back the need for free inquiry, the spirit of incredulity of the contemporaries of Voltaire and D'Alembert, to the strong undercurrents of scepticism which had received the name of *libertinage* in the sixteenth century. A *libertin*, to the contemporaries of Molière and Bossuet, was a free-thinker—one who rejected authority in all things—authority of Church or State or the received canons of literature and art; a man who indulged in his *sentiments particuliers* (to use the expression of the times). Grousset is not at all in sympathy with the *libertins*. He became, as the biographical notice written by his friends informs us, a faithful son of the Church very soon after the close of his college studies. After relating the horrible end of Vanini, whose tongue was pulled out before he was given over to the flames, he merely adds that this spectacle made all who had known Vanini reflect. To our author, in spite of his knowledge of the facts, a *libertin* becomes identified, not so much with men like Vanini or Gasendi, as with those who were to a certain extent libertines in the modern sense of the word—men like Théophile Viau or Cyrano de Bergerac. He accepts freely as good authority the 'Histoires' of Tallemant des Réaux in regard to all those who rejected authority as far as it was safe to do so, and that was not very far. It would not be difficult, by the aid of this same Tallemant, to prove that some of the greatest upholders of authority, both in state and in religious matters, were libertines as we now understand the word. It must be confessed that Grousset has to deal with very few of the known names of the seventeenth century. Such men as Desbarreaux and Chapelle were anything but leading spirits; but the spirit that animated them was felt in various ways by Descartes, by Pascal; felt, to be opposed, by Bossuet. Pascal especially was revolted by *l'esprit libertin*, by the doubt of Montaigne. The 'Pensées,' in the opinion of Grousset, contributed more than any other book to give precision to what was before vague in the minds of the *libertins*; for Pascal, in order to refute their opinions, was the first to state them openly.

The essay is evidently hastily finished, for the