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Anger, p. 228.
Whosoever is out of Patience, is out of Possession of his soule.—Of Anger, Wr. p. 228-9.
It [anger] absolutely turns the mind out of doors, and bolts the door against it.—Morals, i, 35.
Anger, as some are of opinion, is next neighbor to madness.—Morals, iv, 224.
Anger, according to that of Melanthius,
“Quite from the brain transplants the wit, Vile acts designing to commit.”—
Morals, iv, 147.
In all Refrainings of Anger, it is the best Remedy to win Time.—Of Anger, Wr. p. 229.
The best course then is for a man to compose himself, or else run away and hide himself . . . as if he perceived a fit of epilepsy coming on.—Morals, i, 39.
Time gives a breathing space unto passion, and a delay which mitigates and dissolves it.—Morals, i, 48-9.
Anger is certainly a Kinde of Basenesse; As it appears well, in the Weaknesse of those Subjects in whom it reignes: Children, Women, Old Folkes, Sickle Folkes.—Of Anger, Wr. p. 229.
In the softest souls the giving way to a passion for hurting others, like a stroke on the soul, doth make it to swell with anger; and all the more, the greater is its weakness. For this cause it is that women are more apt to be angry than men are, and sick persons than the healthful, and old men than those who are in their perfect age and strength.—Morals, i, 43.
The Causes and Motives of Anger, are chiefly three. . . . The next is, the Apprehension and Construction of the Injury offered, to be, in the Circumstances thereof, full of contempt.—Of Anger, Wr. p. 229.
Divers men fall into anger for different causes; and yet in the minds of all of them was probably an opinion of having been despised and neglected.—Morals, i, 50.
The other [remedy] is, to sever, as much as may be, the Construction of the Injury, from the Point of Contempt; Imputing it, to Misunderstanding, Fear, Passion, or what you will.—Of Anger, Wr. p. 230.
We must therefore assist those who would avoid anger, by removing the act which roused their anger as far as possible from all suspicion of contempt or insult, and by imputing it rather to folly or necessity or disorder of mind, or to the misadventure of those that did it.—Morals, i, 50-1.
It may be Plato’s great yeare, if the World should last so long, would have some Effect.—Of Vicissitudes of Things, Wr. p. 233.
As to the great year, some make it to consist of eight years solar, some of nineteen, others of fifty-nine.—Morals, iii, 148.
Julius Caesar took Pompey unprovided, and layed asleep his industry, and preparations by a Fame that he cunningly gave out; How Caesars own Soldiers loved him not; And being wearied with the Wars, and Laden with the spoyles of Gaul, would forsaime him as be came into Italy.—Of Fame, Wr. p. 240.
Appius, under whose command those legions which Pompey lent to Caesar were returned, coming lately out of Gaul, spoke slightingly of Caesar’s actions there, and spread scandalous reports about him, at the same time telling Pompey that he was unacquainted with his own strength and reputation, if he made use of any other forces against Caesar than Caesar’s own; for such was the soldiers, hatred to Caesar, and their love to Pompey so great, that they would all come over to him upon his first appearance.—Lives, iv, 123.

Davenport, Ja.

MYRTA L. GOODENOUGH.

LE THÉÂTRE LIBRE.

It is accepted by most people, as an established conclusion, that the literature of any period is an index of the cast of thought predominating the epoch. This literary statute is, in the main, well grounded, but it is not inflexible. When the intellectual life of a people is confined in its fruitage to a restricted class, subjected to the same set of influences, the question will arise, with some excuse, whether the work of a part is to be accepted as characteristic of the whole, or whether it is not rather to be regarded as an idiosyncracy of a particular clique. It is with this cautionary remark that I approach the subject of the Théâtre Libre, as a phase of dramatic workmanship, belonging to this last decade in France, an offshoot of the artistic impulse attendant upon the final throes of the century.

The prevailing tendency of French thought during the past twenty years has obtruded itself on the most cursory observation, and the thinking men of the century, who still hold to high intellectual standards and the necessity for moral cleanliness, are endeavoring with some uneasiness to analyze the condition so as to arrive at the actuating cause, and apply the needed check, to an incontrovertibly downward course. A cruel pessimism is choking all forms of higher emotion, chilling aspiration, and with the icy breath of scientific doubt destroying faith in the unseen and eternal. But in noting this paralyzing influence in its
Passiveness is the best, the only course open to unfortunate mortals, since this promises the least effort, the least pain, the least disappointment. The highest wisdom is to live as easily as possible, and to anticipate annihilation in death, reception again into the all-enfolding embrace of nothingness.

As might be expected, this principle of living is revealed in the literature of the day. No pure high-soaring lyric genius has lifted the eye upward since Charles Baudelaire made the air deadly with the gorgeous, but unhealthy blossoms of his imagination. Never has such perfection been attained, however, in the fashioning material. The more poetry has lacked the divine light-omeness within, the greater pains have been lavished on form. The Parnassian School has well-nigh absorbed the verse-making talent of France, and yet Heredia, Sully-Prudhon me, and Leconte de Lisle, by that very ultra-refinement, which is their boast, are without any far-reaching influence upon their generation.

In the novel and short story, this baleful system of philosophy is revealed in more pronounced shape, coming before us as the naturalism of current writing. Most readers have become reconciled, or at least resigned, to this sort of uninspired manifestation. It is regarded as an excrecence, which will probably pass away with the life of its arch-priest, whose uncertain literary position is evidenced by his repeated failures to obtain a fauteuil in the French Academy. The Goncourts and Maupassant, however, are almost at even pace with Zola, and many younger disciples such as Alexis, Margueritte, and Metener, having come to censure, remain to praise; having yielded to the fascination of the repulsive and unpublished, have burned that which they had worshipped, and worshipped that which they had despised. But it is rather startling to discover that the notorious apostles of naturalism seem about to be distanced by the gleaners of the after-math in this rank field. With these ambitious proselytes, naturalism has passed too frequently into vulgar-ity. Mere grossness per se is, in their view, alone worth recording; that reserve of feeling, and lightness of touch, inseparable from true art is cast aside, and the evidence of genius,
believed to consist in an unflinching and minute diagnosis of moral deformity or animal indulgence, conceived as more closely allied to nature than her more pleasing phases.

What now is the condition of the theatre in this surcharged moral atmosphere? The answer to this question touches our estimate of how far pessimistic ideas have tinctured the mind of France, and to what extent their realization in art-forms holds the popular taste, since it can only be a reflection of this popular feeling which will maintain its place on the stage without revulsion to those who find therein relaxation and amusement. It is somewhat surprising to find that the plays recently brought out in Paris are less imbued with the spirit of which I have been speaking than other art productions, and, consequently, follow less rigidly the tenets of the Zola School. It will be pertinent to examine the reason for this resistance to the new impulse.

The naturalistic genius lacks essentially dramatic feeling. It excels in the accumulation of incidents and paints confusion with a masterly hand. It views the experiences of life as it were microscopically, considering nothing too insignificant for observation, and recording detail with scientific accuracy. This gift of seeing seems at first an evidence of power, but is in reality fatal to it. By constant close scrutiny, strength of grasp is lost and the mind becomes too near-sighted to discover the relativity of motives and affairs. A constructive principle is abandoned for the "tyranny of particulars."

This method of treatment is directly opposed to dramatic action in the classical acceptance of the term. In this detail is illogical. Everything must stand boldly in relief and be compressed within a limited time. There is no place in its rapid condensed movement for the minute description with which the novel may wander through pages of closely printed type. All matter which does not bear directly on the main interest of the plot or retards its required development, must be brushed aside. The insignificant routine of everyday life is rubblish to the dramatic artist, and the dreary platitudes which are the outgrowth of the naturalist's creed are utterly worthless for his strong lights and shades. The naturalist maintains, however, in the defense of his theory that this view of dramatic action is incompatible with truth, and should be superseded by a worthier method. Whatever is false is to be rigorously shunned as fostering a vitiated taste and misleading notions of life. The true always compels interest, and any story, or fragment of human experience carefully related on the stage, with its surroundings exactly reproduced, can and will hold the attention of the public. This argument ignores the distinction between the novel and drama, wiping out the tradition of centuries with an easy assumption. The novel follows the career of its actors with deliberation, scrutinizing motives and impulses minutely, and unfolding character gradually through inherent tendencies, the influence of association and the play of circumstances. The drama flashes upon us the decisive moments of life wherein are focused its springs of action, the prominent headlands of conduct, as it were, in which character is epitomized. These crises are no less true to nature than particularity of incident and they are vastly more absorbing in interest to the general mind.

Again, this plea for truth confuses the actual and the real, that is, the outward phenomena and circumstances of this world, with the moulding spirit, or informing idea of the same. The former, with which the disciple of naturalism deals may or may not be true, the latter is absolutely so, at all times and under all circumstances. But even concede all that this school assumes on the side of truth, and admit the claims upon the superior interest excited by their method of workmanship, there is still question as to how far the stage will tolerate their philosophy, or sympathize with their treatment of tragic subjects. Why is it that the worst side of life is always dwelt upon by these writers. Is there nothing but evil in their horizon? Does nothing spring from love but adultery, and are the throes of travail the only privilege of maternity. Although a presentation of this aspect of society must of necessity prove attractive to a certain rude class, under the dominance of vicious appetite, yet the mass of the public who find their recreation in the theatre, take no pleasure in such highly spiced diet, and revolt from sights and
expressions which possess for them no flavor of romance.

The rise and consideration of these new theories, however, could hardly be without some influence on dramatic art, and gradually a spirit of restlessness developed through the press and world of critics. About ten years ago the complaint was heard that the theatre in France was growing lifeless, and conventional. Precedent, it was urged, sapped the life of each attempt at originality, and the effete traditions of dramatic compositions were chilling all effort on the part of the younger generation at fresh themes and novel treatment. It was, indeed, undeniable that playgoers were tired of hearing the same dialogues, explaining the same situations. The most resigned did not attempt to conceal the pleasure they felt in anticipating a day when untrammelled conceptions should take the place of reworked material and classic revivals. These presumably would embody the experiences of contemporary humanity, substituting for the chimerical adventures of the stereotyped hero, the sorrows, struggles, and joys with which we are all familiar.

With the new articles of faith sounding in the air, and the results of these teachings revealed in the novel and plastic arts, it was easy to formulate beforehand the canons by which the new dramatic literature would be regulated.

It must be rational, receiving inspiration solely from the reality of actions, and striving to reproduce them in their simplicity.

It must endow its characters with ideas suited to their moral and social development.

It must show them busied with the ordinary occupations of life, and in spite of the temptation of passion, submitting to the flat banality of the struggle for existence.

There must be no improbable combination of incidents hastening towards a factitious denouement such as had served for the conclusion of the artificial play.

The new literature for the stage would become popular in obedience to that law which compels the author to enlarge his field by an appeal to the prejudices and foibles of his audience, and in this age of rampant democracy the type appointed to this end will be of the people and usually of the people in its most depraved condition. Such were the only tenets possible for this new departure, and such in fact were the guiding principles of the school of writers created by the circumstances we have mentioned. The public taste, however, was as yet too unaccustomed to such vagaries on the stage, and the writers met with but little favor. They could not even obtain a hearing, as no manager would risk his reputation with the loss of patronage, by bringing out such erratic compositions. Genius, however, was not to rot for lack of publicity, and a man was raised up who should hold out a helping hand to youthful aspirants and prove the value of the new dramatic school.

Léonard André Antoine was born in Limoges in 1858. From a mere lad he developed an almost insane love of the theatre and scenic representation, hoarding every sou that fell in his way in order to indulge himself in the blissful enchantment which he experienced before the footlights. When he was thirteen, his parents moved to Paris and, as the family income was scant, he began at that early age to earn his own living, obtaining employment in the same gas company in which his father was working. But ever impelled by his ruling passion, he haunted the play-houses and found time to attend a school of elocution called "Gymnase de la Parole." Here he met a kindred spirit, a youth of his own age named Wisteriaux, now known under his actor's pseudonym of Mevisto. Animated by the same idea, the two young men rapidly committed to memory every classical rôle, perfecting themselves as far as possible in delivery, and presented themselves for examination at the Conservatory. Mevisto was admitted, but Antoine, greatly to his chagrin, failed to give satisfaction. In spite of his attempts to influence Got, the dictator of the Comédie Française, who held the casting vote, he was decidedly rejected. The purpose of the young enthusiast, however, never wavered. Thrown back upon himself, and, as we may infer, irritated at this check upon his histrionic ambition, the scheme gradually took shape in his mind of working independently, being his own manager, and bringing out unknown plays.
for the direct judgment of the public. With this in view he associated himself with the Cercle Gaulois, an amateur theatrical club in the "Passage de l'Elysée des beaux Arts."

In the Figaro of the twelfth of March, 1888, appeared the following brief notice:

"A most unique performance of four unpublished plays is to be shortly given; namely, Jacques Damour, a drama in one act by M. Leon Hennequin, founded upon a novel of M. Zola; Mlle. Pomme, a farce in one act by Duranty and Paul Alexis; and Le Souspréfet, a drama in one act by M. Arthur Byl; also La Cocarde, a comedy in one act by M. Jules Vidal. The plays will be produced as soon as they have been sufficiently rehearsed, doubtless before the end of the month. The actors are members of the Cercle Gaulois and of the Cercle La Butte, together with several artists from the different theatres. If this effort succeeds (and the projector and organizer of the plan, M. Antoine, is taking great pains to ensure success), similar attempts will be made to enable young authors to form a notion of the value of their productions, not by presenting their plays to managers in manuscript, but by a sort of living evidence."

This did not take the public altogether by surprise, since there had been in the past several adventures in the direction of an unconventional and regenerate drama. La Tour d'Auvergne, in the eighteenth century, made some desultory experiments in a private way towards this end, and Fernand Samuel, some years later, started out with the same project, which brought him much valuable experience and finally left him the successful director of the Théâtre de la Renaissance, with his radical notions in regard to the stage discreetly repressed. The influential journalists of the city had been notified by M. Antoine that the inauguration of the Théâtre Libre, as it was now designated, would take place on the 30th of March, 1888, but the response from the press was not encouraging. Fortunately M. de Lapommeraye and Henri Fouquier, who had at some risk found their way through the boisterous alleys of Montmartre to the end of the dark little passage of the "Elysée des Beaux Arts," gave to the undertaking a generous literary baptism.

The results of the evening fully equaled the anticipation of the manager and his coadjutors.

The play "Jacques Damour," by Hennequin, which M. Porel of the Odéon had recently rejected, was enthusiastically received by the limited audience, and Porel himself, convinced of his mistaken judgment, purchased the right of production on the spot. A second evening was speedily arranged for, in the following month and the program carefully selected.

By this time a report of a new thing had gone abroad over Paris and the performance of "La Nuit Bergamesque," by E. Bergerat and "En Famille" by O. Metenier, was greeted by one of the most brilliant houses that the city had seen during the season. The Théâtre Libre had now received its letters of naturalization from the Parisian world. M. Antoine feeling his enterprise assured, gave up all other employment, and devoted his entire time to the practical interests of his pet project. He drew up a prospectus for the coming season upon a carefully matured plan and submitted it to the public. The intention, as stated, was to give at each performance one play by an author of recognized position, thereby securing the countenance of critics, and the presence of those whose judgment was to be respected. Along with this pièce de résistance would be introduced two or three plays from young and unknown writers who, in this wise, could secure a hearing before the supreme tribunal, receive its sentence, and profit by its expression of opinion. The reception accorded this leaflet was most cordial, and congratulations fluttered in, signed by such names as Ed. de Goncourt, E. Zola, A. Daudet, F. Coppée, Th. de Banville, Henri Becque, A. Dumas, E. Bergerat, J. Richepin, Got, Coquelin Cadet, S. Mallarmé, Catulle Mendes, F. Sarcey, H. Fouquier, De Lapommeraye, A. Vitù, Puis de Chavannes.

The artist world of Paris showed warm interest in the enterprise, and lent its support to what seemed an effort towards grasping a higher conception of dramatic excellence. The financial question remained problematic. Several solutions were brought under consideration and successively dismissed. One was to place the whole management under the patronage of some ambitious Maecenas, who for the notoriety thus obtained, would bear on his shoulders the burden of outlay; and offers were not wanting from wealthy citizens willing
so to sacrifice themselves. But Antoine felt that this would entail a certain deference to gilded opinion incompatible with the title assumed for the moment, and the proposition was quashed. A second suggestion was that authors should mount their own plays. But unknown writers have not usually a plethoric purse, and men of reputation might rather demand emolument for their labor than submit to disbursement for the privilege of lending the lustre of their name to some insignificant scribbler. The last plan, which was finally adopted, was to form a subscription association, relying thereby entirely on the support of the sympathetic few of Paris. By the payment of a certain sum annually anyone could be enrolled as an associate member of the Théâtre Libre, and receive a season ticket to a series of eight or more performances.

In the acceptance of the public, M. Antoine and his upstart venture were soon regarded as the organ of naturalism, and it must be confessed that its leading representatives were conspicuous worshippers at every service of the cult. Wandering in the corridors, or seated in some loge, might frequently be seen A. Daudet, Catulle Mendes or the Goncourts, each surrounded by a little coterie of followers, while thrilling tales disturbed the outside world of orgies indescribable and unlicensed ceremonies over which presided the great high priest Zola himself. One may easily imagine the godsend all this proved to the press. The weary minutes spent in writing up a feuilleton on some reproduction at the Comédie Française, or some trifling essay at one of the smaller theatres, were now enlivened by the fresh ideas of the new art, and in delight over the discovery and the unaccustomed exercise of their critical faculties, they magnified, perhaps, the substance of the message. Their exuberance, however, proved a pleasant breath for M. Antoine's craft, and started it over a smooth sea with full sails. The performances followed one another, as specified, at regular intervals, and although the director found some difficulty in obtaining sufficient manuscript of unrecognized talent, still his company was fairly well employed.

In the spring of 1894 the corps went to Marseilles and were well received; perhaps, because the plays put upon the stage there did not embody their most radical principles. Success was assured, at all events, by the large clientele which the movement numbered in the busy city of the Mediterranean. On his return Antoine made a brief visit to Berlin, in order to give the German people an opportunity of profiting by the advance in the drama made under his guidance, but only a moderate appreciation was accorded him. From there he went into Italy, giving a short season at Milan and Rome. In the latter city his manager absconded with the entire receipts of the tour, and Antoine and his comrades turned their faces sorrowfully homewards with empty pockets. The association was now in debt fifty thousand francs, and as its chief was personally responsible for the affairs of the company, he cast about for some means of discharging the obligation. In the staging of the numerous plays he had handled, Antoine had acquired wonderful dexterity in certain roles, and a vast knowledge of dramatic effect, and when his straits became known he was offered a position with M. Porel at the Gymnase, where he will doubtless remain until he has lifted the debt so unceremoniously thrust upon him. In the mean time, the affairs of the Théâtre Libre have been placed in the hands of M. Larochelle, a clever actor and friend of M. Antoine, who now fills the position of director, and is in charge of the scenery and other properties belonging to the organization.

It is now possible to deduce from observation of its actual workings thus far, the spirit of the Théâtre Libre, and to note the interpretation it has placed upon its own creed. Attention has already been directed towards the aim of the society when first inaugurated. Its idea was to enable young authors who had not yet tried their strength to realize their efforts objectively; to recognize their faults, and in case the work submitted was deserving, to furnish to the managers of different theatres an opportunity of judging of the merits of a play from an actual performance on the stage. In view of an experience such as that of M. de Balzac, by no means unique, who with an assured literary reputation, and a name familiar in the repertory of the Comédie Fran-
çaise, had still to wait fifteen years for the representation of a one-act play, the object seems most necessary and commendable.

Sarcey asserts that genius will become self-evident under any circumstances, and one sometimes wonders if the upward paths so carefully graded and smoothly paved in our time, are not for the uncertain feet of weakness, rather than the vigorous tread of conscious strength.

The leader of the new movement exclaims in despair after a brief trial of his theory,

"All the well known authors have responded to my appeal, but where are the young ones? I knock at all doors, the shops, the clubs, and elsewhere, but nothing presents itself. Can it be that directors are not as inexorable as they are painted?"

With the hearing assured for whatever might be written, the worshippers of extreme naturalism elevated their idol. Essays in dramatic composition from a naturalistic point of view forced themselves on the attention of the Théâtre Libre. These efforts were in reality little else than loose dialogue, wholly removed in structure from the conventional standards of stage art, and elsewhere would have signaly failed. The assumption was maintained that the theatre had degenerated, and the time had come to free it from affectation. This was the manner of reasoning. The dramatis personæ of classic plays were mere philosophic entities without mortal affiliation, and it is proper and fitting that the words put into their mouths should be appropriately intoned with heroic attitude and gesture, but the language, tones, and hearing of real live men and women, moving through scenes of ordinary incident on the stage, must be after the familiar fashion of everyday life. It is almost impossible, says Antoine, to persuade an actor of the necessity of merging himself in the character he assumes. They are all eager to obtrude their own personality, and the footlights exercise a sort of magnetic attraction upon their movements. They seldom speak one to the other, but address all observations to the balcony, a habit quite foreign to polite conversation. Their walk is stereotyped, and their general manner of a kind impossible to associate with any sane human being. There is no simplicity, no artlessness, and it is these qualities which it is desirable to restore.

A revolution was begun along these lines, and then after true French fashion, reformation ended in excess. Actors spoke naturally, without rhetorical exaggeration, but in their too careful regard for the stage auditor, they ignored the house entirely, dropping their voices at times so as to be quite inaudible; they sought occasion to turn their backs on the audience; footlights were dispensed with as far as possible and all articles used as stage properties were genuine to the point of absurdity. Nature! Nature! everything was true to nature. This literalness was the concrete expression of an idea, the decoration of a theory. The late dramatic critic of the Journal des Débats, M. Weiss, remarks, "Realistic literature in modern times has a tendency to become brutal literature," and this tendency in the Théâtre Libre developed rapidly. Why is it we must ask that the disciples of this school so frequently mistake violence for strength, brutality for energy, cynicism for frankness?

The younger men seemed to vie with each other in casting aside old ideals, and in assuming to the extreme the characteristics of the modern cult. It will be remembered that when M. Zola published his triumph of naturalism, La Terre, there was a universal protest, and an elaborate rebuke appeared in one of the daily papers signed by P. Bonnetain, Lucien Descaves, Paul Margueritte, Gustaves Guiches and M. Rosny. Alas for the frailty of human resolution. These weak-kneed protesters grew weary of their lofty position, and descending to the level of him whom they censured, produced several minute sketches of pornographic drawing which might cause Zola to tremble for his smirched laurels. The conservative critic of Le Temps remarks with some reserve, "we have not found in the Théâtre Libre what we anticipated; the hope of a dramatic author, a renaissance in art," and in truth the literary contributors to the movement seemed to have forgotten their birthright. Like the impressionists in painting and the independents in poetry, they were overpowered by the illogical conviction that a thing must be good because the public cry out against it. The stage of the new Théâtre was
regarded as a happy hunting ground, where any taste, no matter how debased, might find matter to its liking. The audience composed largely of dilettanti and amateurs grasped at anything savoring of the disgusting or horrible as a refreshment for a jaded palate. At times there was some honest indignation expressed.

Again M. Sarcey is annoyed and confused. He cannot believe it possible that the performances are given in good faith and conjectures that the motive actuating the whole is the desire of shocking the public and confounding the critic. If, however, the work is genuinely done, and is to continue of the same stamp, he declares very sharply to M. Antoine, that there are some who would prefer never to see the inside of his theatre again. The defense offered for the staging of these, this thrusting into publicity the degraded and hateful side of human life, is sufficiently feeble. It is true that the proclaimed statutes of M. Antoine bring such matter directly within the province of his organization, but it must be that the taste of the manager has become demoralized by the sort of work he has so largely handled, as his allegiance is certainly one-sided. In his efforts to avoid the old style, he discards all compositions possessing true dramatic spirit, as well as those revealing the better qualities of human nature, and breathing a wholesome tone of decency and purity. It is only here, however, that it would have been possible to produce in Paris Ibsen's plays and certain of Tolstoi's. The Wild Duck and the Ghosts by Ibsen, and The Powers of Darkness, by Tolstoi, have been carefully performed and received with applause; Bjornsen has also been represented. In all, eighty-four plays have been given, and of these thirty-two have been reproduced by other theatres, twenty-one in verse, sixty-three in prose, twenty authors have been introduced to the theatre for the first time, while writers of repute contributed largely to make up the tale. Imitations of the movement have sprung up and are now to be found in Berlin, St. Petersburg and, till recently, I believe, in certain of our own cities, all more or less successful.

To a certain extent then the Théâtre Libre has accomplished its avowed aim. It has discovered young authors and lightened the discouragements of struggling aspirants for dramatic fame, but the moral standard has been so low, and the artistic inspiration so feeble, that the lode developed is insignificant, and the results without any general influence upon the character of theatrical amusements. Its founder in his uncontrolled passion for nature has shut his eyes to everything else. Realism misunderstood and exaggerated has become with him and his confrères a blind frenzy for the unvarnished portrayal of whatever is base and sensual. There is no sky over their head, they see only the earth and the earth is neither good nor beautiful. Pessimism rejoices in the ally obtained, and nominates the whole clique as his ingenious ministers. The black-browed demon has found a fit habitation all swept and garnished for his possession. But it is a hopeful symptom of the times that the Théâtre Libre has exercised so little influence and seems to promise no permanent hold upon the French people at large. The issue will probably be similar to that above-mentioned in the case of Fernand Samuel and the Cercle de nos Intimes, the precursor of the Théâtre Libre. Antoine will assume the position of director in some one of the large Parisian theatres, and his organization will be remembered as a passing phenomenon in the dramatic history of the Nineteenth Century.

The performance of the Théâtre Libre at the Théâtre aux Ménus Plaisirs, June 13, 1895, was Grandpapa by M. C. Berton, and Si j'étais by M. Theureux. I give a condensed sketch of the plays. Gallerand, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, having left his wife in the country, sets out one evening in Paris after a banquet in search of amusement. He runs across a young woman at the Moulin Rouge who pleases him, accompanies her home, and, having driven a cynical bargain with her, finds accidentally on the man tel a photograph of himself. It seems that he

* Since writing the above, M. Antoine has, in fact, in June 1896 been chosen by the State as one of the directors of the Odéon, which presumably would furnish abundant opportunity for his energy and talent, but the conservative ideas of his colleague so hampered the new director that, after several months trial, he resigned in disgust with the intention of seeking some more congenial field for the development of his art.
was in former days the lover of one Adelaide, whom he abandoned after ruining her, and Adelaide is the grandmother of this Lolo, the girl with whom he is tampering, and who is thus his own grandchild. This discovery added to the depressing effect of truffles and burgundy, produces congestion of the brain, and Gallerand drops dead. After some excitement, the grandmother recovers her wits; Gallerand is rich. His family will be heart-broken at the scandal of his death. Here is an opening. The old woman hurries off to inform his people of the calamity and gets thirty thousand francs as hush money. Desfontaines, the brother-in-law, becomes interested in Lolo, and endeavors to persuade her to live an honest life, but entirely satisfied with the ten thousand francs, received as her share of the profits, she sends him off with a jeer, and so ends the story.

The second piece was a strange composition. Paudry and his wife are poor working people and their child is sick unto death. One night a knock is heard at the door and a man enters seeking shelter. Clad in a black blouse and with long blond hair and beard, this man resembles Jesus Christ. In fact the visitor is Christ himself. Paudry takes him for an anarchist to whom he had offered his house as a refuge, and who with others was about to commit a final atrocity against the government. If Paudry’s child does not die he is to postpone the deed, and a colored cloth in the window is to give notice to his colleagues. But the child dies and Christ influences Paudry to give the signal and prevent the crime. The workman obeys after a desperate struggle. Christ retires and the awe-struck man finds that his child has returned to life.

The first play opened well. The first act having point and dramatic purpose, but it ended nowhere, meant nothing, and commanded no real interest.

The second play was called a symbolistic play; but I fail to detect the symbol or the matter symbolized. It was a strange program, quite typical in its confusion of French literature at the present time, but by no means a true index of its power.

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PHILLIP OGDEN.

SCANDINAVIAN STUDIES.

On the first day of the New Year (1897), the above-named volume of Linguistic and Historical Studies was presented to Professor C. R. Unger by eleven of his disciples and colleagues. It was peculiarly well-timed, for on that day Prof. Unger completed the eightieth year of his age and the fiftieth of his activity as editor of Old Norse texts.

A few words as to Prof. Unger himself and his scholarly work may fitly preface this notice of the articles thus brought together to do him honor.