

He made a successful marriage, and worked seriously at his *History of the Thirty Years War*. In 1794 Schiller had arranged with the publisher, Cotta of Augsburg, whose name is from this time indissolubly connected with the history of German literature, for the production of a new literary journal. It was to be called the *Horen*, and the most distinguished German writers were to contribute to it. Goethe accepted the invitation willingly. The work was designed to mark an epoch in German taste, and it did so. It soon had two thousand subscribers. Among those who promised to contribute were not only Matthisson, Herder, Knebel, Fritz Jacobi, and Gleim, but the brothers Humboldt, the veteran Kant, the youthful Fichte, who had just begun to lecture in Jena, and, at a later period, the brothers Schlegel. Schiller opened the first number of the journal with his letters on the "Æsthetic Education of the Human Race." Goethe contributed the "Unterhaltungen deutscher Ausgewanderten," a series of stories told by a number of German emigrants who had been driven to cross the Rhine by the invasion of the French. The most remarkable of these stories is the "Märchen," a wild and mystic tale, which has been the subject of as much controversy and of as many interpretations as the second part of *Faust*. Goethe also published in the *Horen* the "Römische Elegien," the flavour of which even Karl August found a little too strong. The first effect of Schiller's influence on Goethe was the completion of *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*. He had conceived the plan of the work twenty years before, and the first six books had been written before the Italian journey. It was now finished by the addition of two more books. It stands in the first rank of Goethe's writings. He has aimed in it to attain to perfect objectivity of tone, to represent men as they are, and to pass no judgment upon them. The hero passes with weak irresolution through a number of ordinary circumstances, apparently the sport of fortune and the plaything of chance, yet all these experiences have their definite result in the training of his character. Like the son of Kish, he goes forth to seek his father's asses and finds a kingdom. The unearthly charm of the child Mignon, the dark fate which shrouds the aged harper like the doom of Ædipus, the uncertain yearning after a happier home in brighter climes, give a deeper undertone to the prevailing lightness of the story. The style is exquisitely soft and flowing. It has the sweetness and simplicity of *Werther*, but is more mellow and more mature. The sixth book is occupied with the *Bekentnisse einer schönen Seele*, a piece of the autobiography of Goethe's early friend Fräulein von Klettenberg, altered to suit its new surroundings. The *Musen Almanach* for 1796, edited by Schiller, was enriched by some of Goethe's most exquisite poems—*Die Nahe des Geliebten*, *Meeres Stille*, and *Glückliche Fahrt*. The storm of criticism which was aroused by the *Horen*, and the little success which, after the first numbers, it met with from the public, determined the two friends to retaliate upon their aggressors. The poems of Martial contain a number of epigrams written in two lines, describing the numberless little presents or *xenia*, which it was customary for friends to exchange at Rome during the time of the Saturnalia. The name was borrowed by the two poets, and the *Xenien* was a convenient vehicle for the expression of their opinion on every subject. The newspapers of the day were the first object of attack, but they soon went farther afield. The epigrams were written in Schiller's rooms at Jena. It is impossible to fix the authorship of the *Xenien*; one conceived the idea, the other wrote the lines; one wrote the hexameter, the other the pentameter; they intended the authorship as well as the ownership of the copyright to be one and indivisible. Notwithstanding this, the collection has been broken up. There is no guarantee that the epigrams which appear in the separate works of either poet were really

written by the authors to whom they are ascribed; some are reprinted in the works of both; some have remained unprinted altogether. They appeared in the *Musen Almanach* for 1797, together with the Venetian elegies mentioned above. It is needless to say that they roused the writers whom they attacked to unspeakable fury, and were the occasion of a copious literature. A more solid result of the friendship between the poets was the production of *Hermann und Dorothea*. It is a German idyll; the story is taken from the sufferings of Lutherans driven out in the early part of the 18th century from the province of Salzburg, but Goethe has given it the character of his own time. He had seen much of the suffering produced by the French Revolution, and he wished this poem to be a reflexion in a tiny mirror of the storms and convulsions of the great world. In its literary form it is a descendant of Voss's *Luise*. It was conceived at Ilmenau in August 1796, and finished in the following spring. Schiller tells us how it was composed with extraordinary ease and rapidity. During nine days Goethe produced 150 lines a day. You have only to shake the tree, as Schiller said, and ripe apples will tumble down about you. The lines thus hastily written underwent a careful revision. Contemporaneous with *Hermann und Dorothea* is the production of *Wallensteins Lager* by Schiller, which was written with the advice and assistance of his brother poet. The completion of this cycle of plays falls two years later.

The year 1797 is the year of ballads. In his garden house at Jena Schiller worked diligently at this vein, that perhaps for which he was best suited, and in which he most nearly rivals Goethe. Goethe wrote *Die Braut von Korinth*, *Gott und die Bayadere*, and *Der Zauberlehrling*; and the whole collection was published in the *Musen Almanach* for 1798. The latter half of this year was occupied with a tour in Switzerland. Before its commencement he visited his mother at Frankfort for the last time, and presented to her his wife and his son. It was a year of extraordinary activity. Besides the ballads and his researches in the morphology of plants and insects, he translated a great part of the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, wrote a number of essays on the question of æsthetics, and worked at his long neglected *Faust*. Of this he wrote the dedication, the "Prologue in Heaven," and the "Golden Marriage of Oberon and Titania"—so powerful was the effect of intellectual sympathy and stimulus. The six years which succeeded Goethe's return from his third Swiss tour, although they embrace the period in which he and Schiller were in daily co-operation, have left us little of permanent worth from the older poet. On the other hand, they are the years of Schiller's greatest activity. The great trilogy of *Wallenstein*, perhaps the highest point of Schiller's genius, was followed by *Maria Stuart*, the *Jungfrau von Orleans*, the *Braut von Messina*, and *Wilhelm Tell*. From the end of 1799 Schiller was permanently settled in Weimar; a dramatic school was founded, and the representation of these classical dramas was the glory of the Weimar stage. During these years Goethe was occupied with *Faust*, with his researches into the theory of colours and of biological development, with the conduct of the theatre and the practical encouragement of art. In 1798 the *Horen* died a natural death, and was succeeded by the *Propylæen*, a journal of literature and criticism, which, although it contained many essays by Goethe, never exceeded a circulation of 300. In the spring 1799 the study of Homer incited Goethe to sketch a long epic poem on the subject of Achilles. Schiller did his best to encourage the work. The first canto was rapidly completed, but it had no successor. Goethe contented himself with translating the works of others, and prepared the *Mahomet* and *Tancred* of Voltaire for the Leipsic stage. In the first

days of the new century he suffered a dangerous attack of scarlatina. His friends feared for his life. Frau von Stein recalled her forgotten friendship, and showed kindness to his son. After his recovery he sketched out what was the most important work of these years, a trilogy on the subject of the French Revolution; of this only the first part, the *Natürliche Tochter*, was completed. The story was a true one of a princess of the French house of Conti. The play is written with the full beauty of Goethe's style, and some passages and effects are worthy of his highest genius. But as a whole it fails. It has the quality, which in a drama must be a fault, so characteristic of Goethe's later writing, of too great universality of treatment. The characters are not living beings but abstractions, and the language is vague and general rather than clear and defined. The play was performed at Weimar on April 2, 1803. Two masterpieces of Schiller—the *Braut von Messina* and the *Jungfrau von Orleans*—preceded and followed it by a few weeks. At the end of this year Madame de Stael arrived in Weimar accompanied by Benjamin Constant. She had heard of the fame of this new Parnassus, and she was bent on proclaiming the intellectual superiority of Germany to the world. Goethe at first fled from her, as Byron did at a later period. He hid himself in Jena, but was recalled by order of the duke. The result of the conversations in the salons of Weimar is contained in her book *De l'Allemagne*. In March she was suddenly recalled by the death of her father, the minister Necker. Goethe was at this time the centre to which the most distinguished men of all kinds in Germany naturally turned. He was most intimate with Zelter the musician, with whom he maintained a full correspondence; with Wilhelm von Humboldt, the statesman-scholar; with F. A. Wolf, the founder of the science of philology; with Gottfried Hermann, the best authority on Greek metres. But the friendship which was worth all these was soon to be severed. In the beginning of 1805 Goethe was convinced that either he or Schiller would die in that year. In January they were both seized with illness; Schiller had finished his *Phædra* and begun to work at his *Demetrius*. Goethe was translating the *Neveu de Rameau* of Diderot. Schiller was the first to recover, and visiting Goethe in his sick room, fell on his neck and kissed him with intense emotion. On April 29 they saw each other for the last time. Schiller was on his way to the theatre whither Goethe was too ill to accompany him. They parted at the door of Schiller's house. Schiller died on the evening of the 9th of May. No one dared to tell Goethe the sad news, but he saw in the faces of those who surrounded him that Schiller must be very ill. On the morrow of Schiller's death, when his wife entered his room, he said, "Is it not true that Schiller was very ill yesterday?" She began to sob. He then cried, "He is dead!" "Thou hast spoken it thyself," she answered. Once more he cried, "He is dead!" and turning aside covered his weeping eyes with his hands. He at first intended to have completed *Demetrius* as a memorial of his friend, but a happier inspiration was to arrange a performance of Schiller's great poem of *The Bell*, and to crown it by an epilogue. Since that time Schiller and Goethe have been inseparable in the minds of their countrymen, and have reigned as twin stars in the literary firmament. If Schiller does not hold the first place, it is at least true that he is more beloved, although Goethe may be more admired. It would be invidious to separate them. But it is evident that the best fruits of Schiller's muse were produced when he was most closely under Goethe's influence, and the foreign student of German culture has ground for believing that at some future time the glory of the lesser luminary will be absorbed in that of the greater, and the name of Goethe will represent alone and unrivalled the literature of his age and country.

Schiller was happy in the occasion of his death. He did not see the troubles which immediately afterwards burst upon Thuringia. On October 14, 1806, the battle of Jena was fought. The court had fled from Weimar; only the duchess Louise remained. In the evening of the defeat Weimar was plundered by the conquering troops. Many of Goethe's friends lost everything they possessed. His property and perhaps his life was saved by the firmness of Christiane, and afterwards by the billeting of Marshal Augereau in his house. On the 15th Napoleon entered the town, but Goethe did not go to see him. The duchess obtained her husband's pardon by her entreaties. It was not till the autumn of 1808 that Napoleon and Goethe, perhaps the two greatest men then living in Europe, met and conversed. It was at the congress of Erfurt, where the sovereigns and princes of Europe were assembled. Goethe's presence was commanded by the duke. He was attracted at least as much by the prospect of seeing Talma as of meeting Napoleon. He was invited to an audience on October 2; Talleyrand, Berthier, and Savary were present. The emperor sat at a large round table eating his breakfast. He beckoned Goethe to approach him, and said to him, "Vous êtes un homme!" He asked how old he was, expressed his wonder at the freshness of his appearance, said that he had read *Werther* through seven times, and made some acute remarks on the management of the plot. Then, after an interruption, he said that tragedy ought to be the school of kings and peoples; that there was no subject worthier of treatment than the death of Cæsar, which Voltaire had treated insufficiently. A great poet would have given prominence to Cæsar's plans for the regeneration of the world, and shown what a loss mankind had suffered by his murder. He invited Goethe to Paris; that was the centre of great movements; there he would find subjects worthy of his skill. They parted with mutual admiration. The bust of Napoleon was a prominent ornament in Goethe's study.

In the same year, 1808, an edition of Goethe's works in thirteen volumes was published by Cotta at Tübingen. It is remarkable as containing the first part of *Faust* in its complete form. The principal portions of the drama had already been published as a fragment in 1790. It had then attracted but little attention. Heyne wrote of it—"There are fine passages in it, but with them there are such things as only he could give to the world who takes other men to be blockheads." Wieland and Schiller were apparently dissatisfied with it. It had perhaps the appearance of patchwork, as it was made up of fragments which had been written at very different periods of his life. The idea of writing *Faust* seems to have come to Goethe in his earliest manhood. He was brooding over it at the same time with *Götz von Berlichingen*, but at Strasburg he spoke to Herder of neither. He apparently began to write it down at the same time as *Werther* in 1774, and we find mention of its progress in the two following years; indeed, all the important parts of the fragment which appeared in 1790 were known to Jacobi before 1776. He took the work with him to Italy, where he added little to it except the scene in the witches' kitchen. The dedication, the "Prologue in Heaven," which presents to the reader the idea of the whole work, the prelude on the stage copied from the Indian drama, the lyrical intermezzo, the scene with Wagner before the city gate, and the scene with Mephistopheles in the study were written before 1800. In that year he was busy with Helena for the second part, and he added nothing afterwards to the first except the "Walpurgis Night" and the scene of Valentine's death. *Faust* justly stands at the head of all Goethe's works, and it deserves a very high place among the best works of every age. Founded on a well-known popular tale, indebted for its interest and

pathos to incidents of universal experience, it deals with the deepest problems which can engage the mind of man. In this combination of qualities it is perhaps superior to any one of Shakespeare's plays. The plot is as simple and as well known to the audience as the plot of a Greek tragedy. The innocence and the fall of Gretchen appeal to every heart; the inward struggles of Faust, like those of Hamlet, and the antagonism of the sensual and moral principles, interest the reader just in proportion as his own mind and nature have been similarly stirred. Each line is made to stand for eternity; not a word is thrown away; the poem has entered as a whole into the mind and thought of modern Germany; nearly every expression has become a household word. Characters are sketched in a single scene; Valentine lives for us as clearly as Faust himself. Deeper meanings are opened up at every reading, and the next age will discover much in it which is concealed from this. Goethe, writing of *Faust* in his eightieth year, says with truth, "The commendation which the poem has received far and near may be perhaps owing to this quality, that it permanently preserves the period of development of a human soul which is tormented by all that afflicts mankind, shaken also by all that disturbs it, repelled by all that it finds repellent, and made happy by all that it desires. The author is at present far removed from such conditions; the world likewise has to some extent other struggles to undergo; nevertheless the state of man, in joy and sorrow, remains very much the same, and the latest born will still find cause to acquaint himself with what has been enjoyed and suffered before him in order to adapt himself to that which awaits him."

In 1809 he finished *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* (The Elective Affinities), a story which is always cited to prove the immoral tendency of his works. A married couple, Edward and Charlotte, are thrown into constant companionship with two unmarried persons, the Captain and Otilie. A cross attraction takes place similar to that which is often seen in chemical experiments. Edward unites himself with Otilie, Charlotte with the Captain. The psychological changes by which this result is produced are portrayed with a masterly hand. The moral may be held by some to exalt the preponderance of fatality in human affairs, and the uselessness of contending against irresistible circumstances. Others may believe that the story is intended to show the disastrous calamities which may be wrought by a weak and self-indulgent will. Otilie, though she cannot resist her passion, has strength enough to starve herself to death; Edward is the prototype of Arthur Donnithorne and Tito Melema. The work is replete with earnest purpose and terrible warning.

In 1810 Goethe finished the printing of his *Farbenlehre* (Theory of Colours), a work which had occupied his mind ever since his journey to Italy. His theories were rejected and disregarded by his contemporaries, but he left them with confidence to the judgment of posterity. Goethe's labours in this domain fall into two natural divisions—one in which he tries to prove that the hypotheses of Newton are unsatisfactory, and another in which he promulgates a theory of his own. In his first work, published in 1791 and 1792, he describes with great accuracy and liveliness the experiments which he has made. They consist chiefly of the appearances presented by white discs on a black ground, black discs on a white ground, and coloured discs on a black or white ground when seen through a prism. There are two points which he considers fatal to Newton's theory,—that the centre of a broad white surface remains white when seen through a prism, and that even a black streak on a white ground can be entirely decomposed into colours. The scientific friends to whom he communicated these observations assured him that there was

nothing in them opposed to Newton's theory,—that they were even confirmations of it. He would not be convinced, and took no pains to acquire that exact knowledge of mathematics and geometrical reasoning without which the more abstruse problems of physical optics could not be intelligible. He went on further to formulate a theory of his own. His views on the subject are contained in their shortest form in a letter addressed to Jacobi from the camp at Marienburg in July 1793. They are divided into six heads, of which the following is an abstract. (1.) Light is the simplest matter we have knowledge of, the least capable of analysis, the most homogeneous. It is not a compound body. (2.) Least of all is it compounded of coloured lights. Every coloured light is darker than colourless light. Brightness cannot be compounded of darkness. (3.) Inflection, refraction, reflexion, are three conditions under which we often observe apparent colours, but they are rather occasions for their appearance than the cause of it. (4.) There are only two pure colours, blue and yellow; red may be regarded as a property of both of them. There are two mixed colours, green and purple; the rest are gradations of these colours, and are not pure. (5.) Colourless light cannot be produced out of coloured lights, nor white from coloured pigments. (6.) The colours which appear to us arise solely out of a modification of the light. The colours are excited in the light, not developed out of the light. These views he afterwards extended and explained, but very slightly modified. In Goethe's opinion, yellow was light seen through a thickened medium; blue was darkness seen through an illuminated medium; all other colours were derived from these two. The theory of the *Farbenlehre* has not yet received the recognition which Goethe anticipated for it. In his own day he had some adherents,—the most distinguished perhaps was the philosopher Hegel, whose views, however, of natural philosophy have caused many inquirers to recoil from his theory of metaphysics. Goethe complained that no physicist believed in him, and as that is still true in an age which has been devoted more than any other to physical inquiries, we may conclude that the principle upon which his theories are based is radically wrong.

The year 1809, in which *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* was written, was for Goethe the beginning of a new era. He was then fresher and brighter than he had been for ten years before. He had lived through a troubled period of oppressive sorrow. The death of Schiller, the violation of his beloved Weimar, the deaths of the duchess Amalia and of his mother, his own bodily and mental sufferings, had given a tone of sadness to his poetry. As if to put the finishing stroke to the efforts of his life, he married the mother of his children, arranged and published his collected works, and completed his theory of colours. The unfinished drama of *Pandora* is a symbol of this time. The part which is completed refers only to past experiences of sadness; the continuation was to have lifted the curtain of future hope.

It was natural at the beginning of a new course of life that Goethe should write an account of his past existence. The study of his collected poems made it apparent to him how necessary it was to furnish a key by which they might be understood. These various causes led to the composition of *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (Poetry and Truth), an autobiographical history of the poet's life from his birth till his settlement at Weimar. This work is the cause of much embarrassment to the poet's biographers. Where it ought to be the most trustworthy source of information, it is most misleading. It is probable that Goethe intended it to be an accurate and circumstantial account of his life. But the inner life of an individual is more clear to him than the outer. The stages of our self-development are better remembered than the exact circumstances which produced them, still less than the order of time in which they followed each other. Goethe

took pains to ascertain facts which he had forgotten. But he was so conscious that imagination would play a large part in the composition that in the title he gave poetry the precedence before truth. The indefatigable industry of German investigation has laid open before us every detail of the poet's life and every phase of his feeling. *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, if it has lost its rank as a history, still keeps its place as a classic. The simple loving delineation of the childhood of genius is as fresh as ever, and is of more universal interest from being less particular. The first five books of this autobiography appeared in 1811, the next five in 1812, the third instalment at Easter 1814, and the conclusion after Goethe's death. The period during which this was his principal work witnessed the greatest political event of the first half of our century, the rising of the German people against the power of Napoleon. In this Goethe took no share, and with it he apparently felt little sympathy. He made no impassioned orations to his countrymen like Fichte; he wrote no inspiring lays like Körner. The ballads which he composed in 1813 are harmless enough,—*Der wandernde Glocke*, *Der getreue Eckhart*, *Der Todtentanz*. He saw Stein and Arndt at Dresden in 1813, but disappointed them by his impassive manner. He said to Körner's father at the same time, "Yes, shake your chains! The man is too great for you. You will not break them, but only drive them deeper into your flesh." The reasons for this apparent coldness are perhaps more simple than they appear at first sight. Goethe was a man of thought rather than of action. Although a fair portion of his long life was given to the practical business of his adopted country, his heart was always in speculation or artistic production. While inspecting mines he was spinning theories of geological formation; while working for the war commission he gladly ran away to the castle of Dornburg to bury himself amongst his deserted papers. The pressure of court business at Weimar drove him to the solitude of Italy. In the defiles of the Argonne, and in the trenches before Mainz, he was scheming and arranging his theory of colours. A bombardment was valued by him less as an attack upon the enemy than as a series of interesting experiments in optics. Added to this natural indifference to the details of human affairs was his belief in the predominance of force, and in the necessary evolution of the history of the world. Napoleon was to him the greatest living depository of power. Nations, whether conquered or victorious, separated or united, obeyed a common law against which individual will strove in vain. Goethe was thus incapacitated for politics, both by his qualities and his defects. This habit of abstract contemplation grew upon him in later life. Those who condemn him on this ground should remember that he hailed in no grudging spirit the formation of a united Germany, and that his works have been the most potent agency in making all Germans feel that they are one. Few would wish to exchange the self-conflict of *Faust*, or even the wayward wanderings of *Meister*, for the hectic extravagance of Körner or the unsubstantial rhetoric of Posa.

It was hardly to be expected that at the age of sixty-five Goethe should strike out new lines of poetical activity. However, in the *West-östliche Divan*, he made the first attempt to transplant Eastern poetry to a German soil, and set an example which has been followed by Heine and Mirza Schaffy. In 1811 he first became acquainted with the work of Hafiz in Hammer's translation. At a time when North and South and West were splitting in sunder, when thrones were breaking up and empires trembling, he sought a willing refuge in the restoring fountain of the Eastern poet. The book *Timur* has an obvious reference to the expedition of Napoleon in Russia, but the large majority of the poems are amatory, and are addressed to an imaginary Suleika,

whose name is given to one of the books. Once more in his old age Goethe came under the sovereignty of a woman. She was Marianne von Willemer, the newly married wife of a Frankfurt banker, Jacob von Willemer, who was an old friend of Goethe's and of his brother-in-law Schlosser. Goethe made her acquaintance in a journey which he took in the Rhine country with Sulpiz Boiserée, who had succeeded in interesting Goethe in early German art, a subject to which he was himself devoted. The correspondence between Goethe and Marianne was published in 1877. It extends almost to the day of his death, and includes letters from Eckermann giving an account of his last moments. Not only were most of the *Divan* poems addressed to Suleika, but several of those included in the collection are by Marianne herself, and will bear comparison with those of Goethe. In these poems the Oriental form is not very strictly observed. The fondness of the Orientals for the repetition of single rhymes is not attended to, and if sometimes remembered is soon forgotten. Their Eastern colour depends rather on the suggestion of Eastern scenery and the introduction of Eastern names. This, however, gives the poet a greater licence to levity, to fatalism, and to passion than would have been possible in poems of a purely German character.

The last twelve years of Goethe's life, when he had passed his seventieth birthday, were occupied by his criticisms on the literature of foreign countries, by the *Wanderjahre*, and the second part of *Faust*. He was the literary dictator of Germany and of Europe. He took but little interest in the direction in which the younger German school was moving, and was driven to turn his eyes abroad. He conceived an intense admiration for Byron, which was increased by his early death. Byron appears as Euphorion in the second part of *Faust*. He also recognized the greatness of Scott, and was one of the first to send a greeting to the Italian Mazzini. He conceived the idea of a world-literature transcending the narrow limits of race and country, which should unite all nations in harmony of feeling and aspiration. German writers claim that his design has been realized, and the literature of every age and country can be studied in a tongue which Goethe had made rich, flexible, and serviceable for the purpose. The *Wanderjahre*, although it contains some of Goethe's most beautiful conceptions, *The Flight into Egypt*, *The Description of the Pedagogic Province*, *The Parable of the Three Reverences*, is yet an ill-assorted collection of all kinds of writings, old and new. Its author never succeeded in giving it form or coherency, and his later style, beautiful as it is, becomes in these years vague and abstract. Still without this work we should not be acquainted with the full richness and power of his mind.

The second part of *Faust* has been a battlefield of controversy since its publication, and demands fuller attention. Its fate may be compared with that of the latest works of Beethoven. For a long time it was regarded as impossible to understand, and as not worth understanding, the production of a great artist whose faculties had been impaired by age. By degrees it has, by careful labour, become intelligible to us, and the conviction is growing that it is the deepest and most important work of the author's life. Its composition cannot be called an after-thought. There is no doubt that the poet finished at the age of eighty the plan which he had conceived sixty years before. The work in its entirety may be described as the first part of *Faust* "writ large." This is a picture of the macrocosm of society as that was of the microcosm of the individual. The parallelism between the two dramas is not perfect, but it reveals itself more and more clearly to a patient study. Some points of this similarity have been well expressed by Rosenkranz (quoted by Bayard Taylor):—"Both parts are

symmetrical in their structure. The first moves with deliberate swiftness from heaven through the world to hell; the second returns therefrom through the world to heaven. Between the two lies the emancipation of Faust from the torment of his conscious guilt, lies his Lethe, his assimilation of the past. In regard to substance, the first part begins religiously, becomes metaphysical, and terminates ethically; the second part begins ethically, becomes æsthetic, and terminates religiously. In one, love and knowledge are confronted with each other; in the other, practical activity and art, the ideal of the beautiful. In regard to form, the first part advances from the hymnal shout to monologue and dialogue; the second part from monologue and dialogue to the dithyrambic, closing with the hymn, which here glorifies not alone the Lord and His incomprehended lofty works, but the human in the process of its union with the divine, through redemption and atonement." The first act, with its varied scenes of country, castle, garden, galleries, and halls, answers to the two prologues of the first part; the second act introduces us again to Faust's study and his familiar Wagner. The classical Walpurgis Night has its prototype in the first part. The third act is devoted to Helena, who is the heroine of the second part as Gretchen is of the first. The marriage of Faust and Helena typifies the union of the classical and romantic schools, and their child is Euphorion, who is symbolical of Byron. In the fourth act Faust is raised instead of being degraded by his union with Helena. He wishes for a sphere of beneficent activity, and obtains it by war. The fifth act is devoted to the complete regeneration of the soul of Faust. Even the sight of all that he has accomplished does not satisfy him. It is not until he is blind to outward objects that one moment of divine rapture reveals to him the continuance of his work in coming generations, and convinces him that he has not lived in vain. In this one moment of supreme happiness he dies. The struggle for the possession of Faust's soul, indicated in the first part, is fully elaborated in the second. Mephistopheles is shown to have worked out the good in spite of himself, and Margaret appears transfigured as the revelation to man of the divine love.

With the completion of Faust, Goethe felt that the work of his life was accomplished. He still continued to work with regularity. He ordered and arranged his writings, he laboured at his *Tages- und Jahresheften*, an autobiographical journal of his life. He bated not one jot of heart or hope, and took the liveliest interest in every movement of literature and science. When the news of the July Revolution of 1830 reached Weimar, Goethe was excited beyond his wont, not on account of the triumph of liberal principles, but because the controversy between Cuvier and Geoffrey St Hilaire had been decided in favour of the latter. Still he had much to darken his latter days. His old friends were falling fast around him. His wife had died in 1816, after a union of thirty years. He felt her loss bitterly. The duchess Amalia had died eight years before, not long after the death of his own mother. He now had to undergo bitterer experiences when he was less able to bear them. Frau von Stein, with whom he had renewed his friendship if not his love, died in January 1827; and in June 1828 he lost the companion of his youth, the grand-duke Karl August, who died suddenly, away from Weimar, on his return from a journey. Goethe received the news with outward calmness, but said forebodingly, "Now it is all over," and went to mourn and labour at the castle of Dornburg, where everything reminded him of the days of their early friendship. The duchess Louise survived her husband till February 1830. When Goethe died in 1832 none of the old Weimar set were left except Knebel, who lived two years longer. A greater blow than these was the death of his only son, whom, in spite of his moral weakness, his father deeply loved.

He died at Rome in October 1830, and is buried close by the pyramid of Caius Cestius, where Goethe himself once desired to be laid. We have a full account of the last nine years of Goethe's life from the writings of Eckermann, who became his secretary in 1823, lived with him till his death, and has noted down his conversations and his habits with the minuteness and fidelity of a Boswell.

We must pass on to the closing scene. On Thursday, March 15, 1832, he spent his last cheerful and happy day. He was visited by the grand-duchess and other friends. He awoke the next morning with a chill. From this he gradually recovered, and on Monday was so much better that he designed to begin his regular work on the next day. But in the middle of the night he woke up with a deathly coldness, which extended from his hands over his body, and which it took many hours to subdue. It then appeared that the lungs were attacked, and that there was no hope of his recovery. Goethe did not anticipate death. He sat fully clothed in his arm-chair, made attempts to reach his study, spoke confidently of his recovery, and of the walks he would take in the fine April days. His daughter-in-law Ottilie tended him faithfully. On the morning of the 22d his strength gradually left him. He sat slumbering in his arm-chair holding Ottilie's hand. Her name was constantly on his lips. His mind occasionally wandered, at one time to his beloved Schiller, at another to a fair female head with black curls, some passion of his youth. His last words were an order to his servant to open the second shutter to let in more light. After this he traced with his forefinger letters in the air. At half-past eleven in the day he drew himself, without any sign of pain, into the left corner of his arm-chair, and went so peacefully to sleep that it was long before the watchers knew that his spirit was really gone. He is buried in the grand-ducal vault, where the bones of Schiller are also laid.

Goethe differs from all other great writers, except perhaps Milton, in this respect, that his works cannot be understood without a knowledge of his life, and that his life is in itself a work of art, greater than any work which it created. This renders a long and circumstantial biography a necessity to all who would study the poet seriously. At the same time he is so great that we are even now scarcely sufficiently removed from him to be able to form a correct judgment of his place in literary history. He is not only the greatest poet of Germany; he is one of the greatest poets of all ages. Posterity must decide his exact precedence in that small and chosen company which contains the names of Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. He was the apostle of self-culture. Always striving after objective truth, and sometimes attaining to it, he exhibited to the world every phase of his plastic mind in turn, and taught both by precept and example the husbandry of the soul. The charge of selfishness so often brought against him cannot be maintained. His nature responded to every influence of passing emotion. Like a delicate harp, it was silent if not touched, and yet gave its music to every wooing of the wilful wind. The charge of unsympathetic coldness roused the deep indignation of those who knew him best. He learned by sad experience that the lesson of life is to renounce. Rather than cavil at his statuesque repose, we should learn to admire the self-conflict and self-command which moulded the exuberance of his impulsive nature into monumental symmetry and proportion. His autobiography has done him wrong. It is the story not of his life, but of his recollections. He needs no defence, nothing but sympathetic study. As Homer concentrated in himself the spirit of antiquity, Dante of the Middle Ages, and Shakespeare of the Renaissance, so Goethe is the representative of the modern spirit, the prophet of mankind under new circumstances and new conditions, the appointed teacher of ages yet unborn.

*Bibliography.*—A complete bibliography of Goethe literature would fill a very large space. We must content ourselves with an indication of the principal sources from which a knowledge of his life may be derived. The most important source of all is his own works. The *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, the *Italienische Reise*, the *Campagne am Rhein*, and the *Tages- und Jahresheften* have an especial autobiographical value. Next to these come the poems, and lastly the letters. Many of these are lost for ever, many remain unpublished. For the first period of his life *Der Junge Goethe*, in three volumes, published by Hirzel, with an introduction by Michael Bernays, is indispensable. It contains his letters and poems in chronological order. A commentary on this work by Wilhelm Scherer, entitled *Aus Goethes Frühzeit* was published in 1879. Otto Jahn published *Goethes Briefe an seiner Leipziger Freunde*. Schöll and A. Hober have collected the letters of the Strasburg period. Goethe's correspondence with Schiller and with Zelter was published during his lifetime. Besides these we have his letters to Herder, Merck, Kestner and Lotte, Lavater, Knebel, Countess Stolberg, Jacobi, Karl August, and Frau von Stein. Lately have appeared his letters to Marianne von Willemer, and some of those addressed to J. G. Schlosser. We are without his letters to Behrisch, Lersse, and Zimmermann; and we have only a few of those addressed to Horn and Sophie La Roche. Goethe's real letters to Bettina von Arnim are in the main unpublished; those which bear the name have been largely falsified, but have a substratum of truth. We have also a few volumes of Goethe's scientific correspondence, published by his descendants. Help to the understanding of his poetry is given by the letters of Wieland, Caroline Flachsland, and his Weimar friends. The letters addressed to him by Frau von Stein exist, but have not been made public. The first life of Goethe was published by Döring in 1828, of which a second enlarged edition appeared after the poet's death in 1833. Then followed Viehoff in 4 volumes, 1847-1853. The best life of Goethe is that of Schäfer, which appeared first in 1851, and the third edition of which dates from 1877. It is contained in two volumes of moderate size, and is written with scarcely a superfluous word. The account of Goethe and Schiller by Karl Goedeke in his *Grundriss der Deutschen Dichtung* is admirable, and so is the little book *Goethes Leben und Schriften*,

published by him in 1874. The life of Goethe has been popularized in England by G. H. Lewes, in a work which is as much read in German as in English. A complete biography of Goethe cannot be written until the archives of the Goethe Haus at Weimar are thrown open for consultation. The knowledge of Goethe's works in England is due as much as anything else to the writings of Thomas Carlyle. The commentaries on Goethe's works are endless in number. The most active labourer in this field has been H. Düntze, who has left no side of Goethe's activity and no period of his life unexplored. We must also mention the brilliant lectures on Goethe by Hermann Grimm (Berlin, 1877), and the excellent sketch of his life and works published by W. Hayward in 1878. The following works deserve particular mention:—

*Aus Goethes Knabenzeit 1757-59, Mittheilungen aus einem Originalmanuscript der Frankfurter Stadtbibliothek*, erläutert und herausgegeben von Dr H. Weismann, Frankfurt, 1846; *Briefe an J. H. Merck von Goethe, Herder, Wieland, und andern bedeutenden Zeitgenossen*, hrsg. von K. Wagner, Darmstadt, 1835; *Briefe aus dem Freundeskreise von Goethe, Herder, Höpfer, und Merck*, hrsg. von Dr K. Wagner, Leipzig, 1847; *Briefe Goethes an Frau von Stein aus den Jahren 1776-1826*, hrsg. durch A. Schöll, 3 vols., Weimar, 1848-1851; *Briefe Goethes an die Gräfin Auguste zu Stolberg*, Leipzig, 1839; *Briefe Goethes an Lavater, aus den Jahren 1774-83*, hrsg. von Heinr. Herzel, Leipzig, 1833; *Briefe Goethes an Leipziger Freunde*, hrsg. von O. Jahn, Leipzig, 1849; *Briefe Goethes in den Jahren 1768-1832*, hrsg. von H. Döring, Leipzig, 1836; *Briefwechsel d. Groscherzogs Karl August v. Sachsen-Weimar-Eisenach mit Goethe in den Jahren von 1775 bis 1828*, 2 vols., Weimar und Leipzig, 1863; *Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe u. F. H. Jacobi*, hrsg. v. Max Jacobi, Leipzig, 1847; *Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und Zelter in den Jahren 1796-1832*, hrsg. von Fr. W. Riemer, 8 parts, Berlin, 1833-34-36; *Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe u. Marianne von Willemer (Suleika)*, hrsg. mit Lebensnachrichten, &c., von Th. Creizenach, Stuttgart, 1877; H. Döring, *Goethes Leben*, Weimar, 1828, 2d ed., Jena, 1833; and Goedeke, *Goethes Leben u. Schriften*, Stuttgart, 1874, *Goethes Sammlungen*, 3 parts, Jena, Leipzig, 1848, 1849; Dr Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, *Goethe u. Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy*, Leipzig, 1871; *Neue Mittheilungen aus Johann Wolfgang von Goethes handschriftlichem Nachlasse*, 8 parts, Leipzig, 1874-76; Dr J. W. Schäfer, *Goethes Leben*, 2 vols., 8th ed., Leipzig, 1877; H. Viehoff, *Goethes Leben*, 3 parts, Stuttgart, 1847-49; Franz Wegele, *Goethe als Historiker*, 1876; Zelleneck, *Die Beziehungen Goethes zu Spinoza*, 1878; Edmund Hofer, *Goethe und Charlotte von Stein*, Stuttgart, 1878; *Briefe Goethes an Sophie la Roche und Bettina Brentano*, hrsg. von C. Loeper, Berlin, 1879 (a most valuable little book); Graf Ferdinand von Dürkheim, *Lit's Bild geschichtlich entworfen*, 1879; C. A. H. Burkhardt, *Goethe und der Componist Ph. Chr. Kayser*, Leipzig, 1879; Vinc. Prükl, *Goethe in Eger*, Vienna, 1879. (O. B.)

GOETZ, HERMANN (1840-1876), a musical composer, presents one of those instances, too frequent in the history of art, of success long sought for, and cut short by death when achieved at last. He was born at Königsburg in Prussia in 1840, and began his regular musical studies at the comparatively advanced age of seventeen. He entered the music-school of Professor Stern at Berlin, and studied composition chiefly under Ulrich and Hans von Bülow. In 1863 he was appointed organist at Winterthur in Switzerland, where he lived in obscurity for a number of years, occupying himself with composition during his leisure hours. One of his works was an opera, *The Taming of the Shrew*, the libretto skilfully adapted from Shakespeare's play. After much delay it was produced at Mannheim (October 1874), and its success was as instantaneous as it has up to the present proved lasting. It rapidly made the round of the great German theatres, and spread its composer's fame over all the land. But Goetz did not live to enjoy this happy result for long. In December 1876 he died at Zurich from overwork. A second opera, *Francesca da Rimini*, on which he was engaged at the time of his death, remained a fragment; but it has since been finished according to his directions by a friend.

and was performed for the first time at Mannheim a few months after the composer's death. Besides his dramatic work, Goetz also wrote various compositions for chamber-music, of which a trio (Op. 1) and a quintet (Op. 16) have been given with great success at the London Monday Popular Concerts. Still more important is the *Symphony in F*, on which the composer's great reputation in England is mainly founded. As a composer of comic opera Goetz lacks the sprightliness and artistic *savoir faire* so rarely found amongst Germanic nations. His was essentially a serious nature, and passion and pathos were to him more congenial than humour. The more serious sides of the subject are therefore insisted upon more successfully than Katherine's ravings and Petruccio's eccentricities. There are, however, very graceful passages, e.g., the singing lesson Bianca receives from her disguised lover. Goetz's style, although influenced by Wagner and other masters, shows signs of a distinct individuality. The design of his music is essentially of a polyphonic character, and the working out and interweaving of his themes betray the musician of high scholarship. But breadth and beautiful flow of melody also were his, as is seen in the symphony, and perhaps still more in the quintet for pianoforte and strings above