

FRAU RATH.<sup>1</sup>

THE relations between the intellectual world and distinguished women in Germany are quite exceptional, and if, on first consideration of them, the foreigner is amused by a tinge of somewhat fantastic sentimentality, in the end he becomes very favourably impressed with the earnestness, sincerity, and amiability which pervade them.

A female artist, be the art she professes what it may, is pursued by the public interest into all the circumstances of her private life and through all the processes of her individual culture, and certainly receives from the spiritually educated section of the country at large ample compensation, in encouragement and affection, for the domestic sacrifices or social isolation the pursuit of art may involve. Nor is the interest confined only to those who have succeeded in manifesting their inner conceptions of life and the world by distinct works or representations; others find a warm place in the national heart who have only exhibited an appreciation of the higher culture, and whose direct influence has been confined to the circles to which their conversation or correspondence extended. The memory of Meta (known to us, indeed, by her exchange of sentiments with Richardson, the novelist) is chiefly cherished across the Rhine because she so valued Klopstock and was by him deemed so worthy of love in return; and the great issues said to be attributable to Rahel Levin, wife of Varnhagen von Ense, must have had their source in her celebrity as an accomplished talker, and in the letters which, with an easy hand, she distributed amongst all classes of society. The intellectual daughter of the Free Theologian, Michaelis, who was successively the wife of

Dr. Böhmer, August Wilhelm Schlegel, and Schelling, affectionately known to the literary public as simple 'Caroline,' if she has left work behind her at all, has left it in writings which pass under Schlegel's name.

But of all gifted women, creative or only appreciative, none has ever been more nationally beloved than the lady whose name is prefixed to this paper—the mother of Goethe, called in her lifetime Frau Aja, and now freshly remembered as Frau Rath. During the year 1871 there appeared at Leipsic a collection of letters to and from Frau Rath, edited by Herr Robert Keil; and as this contained no less than thirty-four new letters from Frau Rath, and fifty-three new ones to her, it may be conceived that the interest created by it was considerable. It does not, however, appear to have attracted any general attention in this country; and for readers outside of that circle which keeps a close eye on German literature a notice of it may contain some novelty.

Katharina Elizabeth Goethe was, as is well known, the daughter of the Schultheiss-Textor of Frankfurt, of whom Goethe has related many pleasing traits in the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and whose portrait he has so prettily sketched as he remembered him in the still garden at the back of Friedberg Street—wrapt in his loose dressing-gown and with a folded velvet cap on his head, wandering slowly to and fro, and ministering to the wants of his pinks, tulips, and hyacinths. Elizabeth (as she more commonly called herself) was born in 1731, and was therefore only 18 when the great poet was born. Herr Keil, in the interesting introduction to his book, has pointed out that in three of his works Goethe has en-

<sup>1</sup> Frau Rath. *Briefwechsel von K. E. Goethe nach den Originalen mitgetheilt* von Robert Keil. Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1871.

deavoured to depict his mother: in *Goetz von Berlichingen*, in *Wilhelm Meister*, and in *Hermann und Dorothea*. In looking over the extracts he has adduced in proof, it strikes one that the features, few as they are, of Goetz's wife, are by far the most applicable to Frau Rath, as she has drawn herself in the correspondence under review. The cheerfulness, the constancy, the shiftful household habits, above all, the trust in God, are each introduced; and, though the strokes that bring out these traits are slight, they are drawn with a firm and masterly hand. How nobly she shows in this little scene!—

4TH ACT.—INN AT HEILBRONN.

*Goetz*.—What news, Elizabeth, of my beloved adherents?

*Elizabeth*.—Nothing certain. Some are killed; some lie in the Tower. No one can or will give me closer particulars.

*Goetz*.—Is this the recompense of fidelity—of childlike obedience? What becomes of *That it may be well with thee, and thou mayst live long on the earth?*

*Elizabeth*.—Dear husband! blame not our heavenly Father. They have their reward: it was born with them—an independent, noble heart. In prison—they are free.

The allusion to his own mother, in what Goethe says about the mother of *Wilhelm Meister* and the puppet-show, is very slight; but in *Hermann und Dorothea* the love for and pride in her son, as shown by Lieschen—her kind heart, thrift, and humour—answer to qualities in Frau Rath, and Herr Keil is convinced that the portrait is finished from affectionate remembrances. We are content to take his opinion; but although fully recognising, as we do, the similar traits, this character, as a whole, seems to owe some of its attributes to other sources.

It appears that after the death of Frau Rath, Goethe had contemplated a direct poetical representation of her, and even so late as the autumn of 1831 he mentioned it to Riemer as a work *in posse* and to be called *Aristeia*. It was never, however, accomplished, and Eckermann does not appear to have even heard of

the project. It is a curious thing that, good critics as the Germans are, it was a long time before the literary imposture conceived by the celebrated 'child,' Bettina Brentano, was fully unmasked; and even then the public seemed unwilling to disbelieve what they had once eagerly accepted. Amongst the letters in the book called *Goethe's Correspondence with a Child* are several purporting to have been written by the Frau Rath to Bettina; but hardly any of them answer in character, tone, orthography, syntax, or anything else, to those in this collection. Considering that Bettina was under many obligations to Frau Rath, it is hard to understand how she could have brought herself to forge these letters, which are so vapid and colourless by the side of the genuine ones; and, what is worse, invent so very malicious a scene as the supposed interview with Madame de Staël at Bethmann-Schaaf. It cannot be called less than malicious, because it was the outcome of a deliberate attempt to turn the old lady into ridicule, and to exhibit her in a contemptible light. Now that the narrative is known to be false, it reads so like a caricature that wonder arises at its long vitality as a graphic anecdote. But it would be presumptuous in any one not German to say he should have had suspicions from the first. As it is now relegated to the regions of ill-natured fiction, an outline of it may be found curious, and even instructive, as affording, by a picture of what the original was not, some idea of what she was.

Frau Rath (says Bettina) had adorned herself in a wonderful way: certainly more in accordance with German eccentricity than French taste. Three waving feathers floated from different sides of her head: a red one, a white one, and a blue—the French national colours—and had for a groundwork a field of sunflowers! She was painted with much art; her large black eyes discharged flashes of artillery! Round her neck was twisted the golden ornament given her by the Queen of Prussia. Old-fashioned lace of extraordinary richness

concealed her bosom. And thus she stood with her white *glacé* gloves, waving an elegant fan in one hand, and with the other, which was uncovered and be-ringed with glittering stones,—taking an occasional pinch from her gold snuff-box, on which was a miniature of Goethe. At length Madame de Staël arrived, conducted by Benjamin Constant. As she stepped by Frau Rath, whose astounding habiliments were well calculated to disgust her, the latter stretched out her dress with her left hand and saluted with her fan, and whilst thus continuously bowing with great condescension, said in a loud, clear voice: 'Je suis la Mère de Goethe.' On which the authoress replied, 'Ah, je suis charmée;' and a dead silence fell on everybody.

Bettina professes to have witnessed this scene, but it is known now that she was not in Frankfurt when Madame de Staël visited that city. Herr Keil is not disposed to let Frau von Arnim go scot-free after this imposture, and quotes with great approval a satire of long standing against her, in which the contrarities of her character are depicted, at first with some point, but afterwards with much tediousness. 'Half witch, half angel; half priestess, half bayadère; half cat, half dove; half bird, half snake; half lizard, half butterfly!' and so on to lengths whither English faculties of being entertained are unable to follow.

Although the great interest which Frau Rath created was mainly due, of course, to her connection with the national poet, yet, when people had once made her acquaintance on this account, they soon became desirous of increasing it to a friendship with her for her own sake. She was not literary; she had no gifts of authorship. 'I have never,' she says in a letter to her son, 'written even an A. B. C. book, and my genius will in future guard me against any possibility of the sort.' In another place she repudiates, with great vivacity, the idea of writing a diary. 'The good God will not let me sink so low, that I should reach the depth of keeping a journal. Forbid it, Heaven!' Nor

does she seem to have read much; but she was quite able to appreciate anything that was put before her, and could give sensible reasons for admiring their works, both to her son and Wieland who was especially fond of her, and always supplied her with the new number of his *Merkur*. She delighted also in the society of intellectual people; was interested in drawings, fond of music, and passionately attached to the theatre. But the traits in her character which had such a charm for all who came within her influence, were her love of innocent pleasures, her cheerfulness, her healthy philosophy inclining always to the hopeful side of things, and her dread of unrest which led her to avoid all unnecessary emotions of a painful and agitating sort, associating them in her mind rather with sins than with the natural sorrows of life. Add to this that she was, above all, the 'gute Gattin und Deutsche Hausfrau:' great in her roasted venison and fatted capons, and glorious in her flagons of 'tyrants' blood'—a Rhine wine which the Grand Duke, Karl August, said pulled him through a severe attack of illness.

In the early part of this collection of letters, the old Herr Rath Goethe himself is found, still moving about that house his son has made so familiar to everybody, but subdued and silent, and greatly changed from the meddlesome, but well-intentioned, father of the first books of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*. He died in 1782, and for some years after Frau Rath continued in the family mansion; but she sold it in 1795, and at a later period took up her quarters in the Rossmarkt. She was, of course, after his death more free to shape her course in her own fashion, and she has left more than one charming vignette of her daily life.

The following is from a letter to the Grand Duchess Amalie (March 1783):

In the morning I attend to my little housekeeping and other business matters, and then my letters get themselves written. No one ever had such a droll correspondence. Every month I clear my desk out, and I never can do so without laughing. Inside the scene is that of heaven—all class distinctions done away with, and high and low, saints, publicans, and sinners, in a heap together! A letter from the pious Lavater lies, without animosity, by the side of one from the actor, Grossmann. In the afternoon my friends have the right to visit me; but they all have to clear out by four o'clock, for then I dress myself, and either go to the play or else pay calls. At nine I am back again home.

On Saturdays she used to assemble around her a party of girls (Sams-tagmädel). Frau Rath was a rare hand at games, and had an extraordinary gift for relating stories in an effective way. In Goethe's poetical account of the hereditary origin of the different elements in his own character and person, the lines

Von Mütterchen die Frohnatur,  
Die Lust zu fabuliren—

From mother dear the frolic soul,  
The love of spinning fiction—

is strictly true.

Another aptitude Frau Rath possessed—one which perhaps more than any other tends to make a genial companion—was her ready talent for jumping with the humour of any of her friends. The witty hunchback, Fräulein von Göchhausen, who was lady in waiting to the Duchess Dowager Amalie, and whose astounding adventure with her bedroom door is told with much humour by Mr. Lewes in his *Life of Goethe*, had a fancy for writing doggerel, or what is called in Germany 'Knüttel-vers,' and often indited letters to Frau Rath, conceived in this form. Not to be behindhand, Frau Rath always answered in the same false gallop, and acquitted herself at least as well as the Fräulein; both, it must be confessed, often trembling on the verge of gibberish. Four lines, however, by Frau Rath, Herr Keil has prefixed to his book, for the sake of the motherly pride and

tenderness which, in their rough way, they express:—

In Versemachen habe nicht viel gethan,  
Das sieht man diesen wahrlich an,  
Doch habe ich geboren ein Knäbelein schön,  
Das thut das alles gar trefflich verstehen.

No great things have I done in rhyme,  
As you may judge, at any time;  
But I a handsome lad can claim  
Who knows full well the tuneful game.

In selecting a few extracts from different letters, the choice will be guided chiefly by the light they seem to throw on Frau Rath's character and circumstances; but, before these are given, a letter to her of Goethe himself seems to claim to be translated, as illustrating a point of great interest in his history. It is new, we believe, to the general English public, and puts strongly and clearly the view he took of his situation at Weimar, and how he was convinced, notwithstanding the fears of his friends lest the work of the Artist should suffer from the position of the Minister, that the freedom from pettiness and constriction, and the insight into the world, his increased rank gave him, were essential to his culture, and would end in his complete development. Events showed he was triumphantly right.

August 11, 1781.

The *Devin du Village* arrived yesterday with Melchior's work. I have up to this had neither time nor quiet to answer your last dear letter. And yet it was a great joy to see expressed once more the old familiar sentiments, and to read them in your own handwriting. I entreat you not to be troubled on my account, nor to let anything mislead you. My health is far better than I could have expected or hoped in former days; and if it but last me for at least the bulk of my work still remaining, I shall by no means have reason to be dissatisfied with it. As for my position itself, notwithstanding considerable drawbacks, it has much that is most desirable for me; and the best proof of this is, that I cannot think of any other with which I could at present manage at all. No one can conceive that it would be becoming in me to be wishing, out of mere hypochondriacal uneasiness, to be otherwise situated than I am. Merck and others judge my position quite wrongly: they see only what

I sacrifice, not what I gain; and they cannot understand that I become daily richer, whilst I daily give up so much. You remember the last time I was with you, before I accomplished the move here, and the conditions then existing: had they continued, I should certainly have come to misfortune. The disproportion between the narrow and slowly-moved citizen circle and the breadth and activity of my being would have driven me mad. With all my lively imagining and forecasts of human affairs I should have continued unacquainted with the world, and in a state of perpetual childhood, and this state, through self-conceit and cognate faults, would have grown unbearable to itself and every one around. How much more fortunate it was to find myself in relations, for which indeed I was no match, but where I had the opportunity, through many errors of misunderstanding and hastiness, of learning to know myself and others, and where, left to fate and my own resources, I had to go through many trials, not in the least necessary for hundreds of men, but of which, for the completion of my culture, I was sorely in need! And now, to be in my element, how can I wish for a happier position than one which has for me something of infinity about it? For not only do new capacities develop themselves in me daily—my notions grow clearer, my power increases—my acquirements are extended—my discernment corrected, and my mind rendered more active—but I find daily opportunity of directing my endowments—it may be towards great objects, or it may be towards small.

Then, after dwelling on the folly it would be to throw up a post so suited in many respects to him, the writer adds:—

Meanwhile believe me that a large measure of the good heart with which I endure and work, proceeds from the thought that all my sacrifices are voluntary, and that I have only to put the post-horses to, and to find with you again a competency and a pleasant life in which the repose would be absolute. And without this outlook, to regard myself, as in hours of distress I cannot but do, as a bondsman and day labourer to my own necessities, would be a far more painful task.

Fare thee well. Remember me to my good old friends.

Weimar.

G.

The Dowager Duchess Amalie figures frequently in this volume, and always writes in a strain of

affectionate interest. It is very pleasing to observe the way in which she and, indeed, many other correspondents introduce trifling matters about Goethe, as if quite casually, but purposely so introducing them doubtless to delight the mother's heart. Goethe does not seem to have written directly to the Frau Rath very often, and therefore these side views of him were especially welcome. The Duchess calls him all sorts of nicknames; at one time Dr. Wolff, at another friend Wolff; but perhaps the choicest title is 'Hätschelhans,' which may be translated by any fond, nonsensical word; 'sweet poppet' will do as well as another. In replying, Frau Rath, at the beginnings and endings, makes use of those profound expressions of respect for rank which were then universal in Germany in intercourse between citizens and the nobility; but in the body of the letter she lets loose her high spirits, and is completely herself. Amidst all her fun and satire she seldom omits some aphorism of her homely philosophy, and in times of any trouble she expresses herself as being entirely supported by it. In the first gloom of her widowhood she thus writes to the Duchess:—

All future joys must be sought for amongst strangers, and out of my own house, for there—all is still and vacant as in the churchyard. It was far otherwise once! But since, throughout nature, nothing remains in its own place, but whirls into the eternal rolling circle, how can I suppose I am to be an exception? Frau Aja expects nothing so absurd. Who would distress himself because it is not always full moon, or because the sun now (October) is not so warm as in July? If the present is only well used, and no thoughts entertained of how things might be otherwise, one gets fairly through the world, and the getting through is—all said and done—the main thing.

Frau Aja, she says, is determined to keep her good temper and spirits, and to drive away the foul fiend as he was driven away in the time of King Saul. Then she adds:—

Herr Tabor (your Highness will remember the name at least) has provided splendidly for our amusement. The whole winter we are to have the play! Won't there just be fiddling and trumpeting! Ha! I should like to see the evil spirit who dare trouble me with melancholy! Just one Sir John Falstaff would put him to the rout. We had such a *gaudium* with the old dog.

This 'gaudium' is a very favourite word with Frau Rath, and other pet phrases are 'summa summarum,' 'per sæcula sæculorum,' 'lirum larum,' &c. They quite give the hall-mark to her letters, and the absence of it from Bettina's imitations is a blemish—viewing forgery as one of the mimetic arts. We have glimpses of an interchange of presents. Frau Rath, with many apologies for the liberty, sends the Duchess some biscuits, and the Duchess works a pair of garters for her dear old friend. The garter letter is one of the new ones; but Mr. Lewes had seen it at Weimar, and mentions it in his biography. There are fourteen letters from Wieland to Frau Rath, but only one reply; that however, though not new, is characteristic. Merck had been staying with her, and she had found, after his departure, a letter to Wieland, which he had written but never posted. She sent it on, and writes herself:—

Dear Son,—Merck was three days with us. When he was gone, I searched in his room and cleared it out, which in the case of poets is a very necessary task, as you can sufficiently judge by the letter which preceded this. For that poor letter would have lain where it was, and never have reached its place and destination, had Frau Aja had less insight into the poet-nature. But, thank God, she is not yet out of practice, though for these three years Herr Wolfgang Goethe has no longer gladdened her house, but allowed the light of his countenance to shine at Weimar.

Wieland appears in a very amiable aspect. His genuine pride in and affection for Goethe, his entire freedom from literary self-complacency, his cheerfulness, openness, and affection are all delightful attributes. He is very funny about

his little son. He married late in life; and when the baby came, of course, as is usual in such cases, there never was such a baby! He begs Frau Rath to kindly overlook his own thin body and spindle legs, as he belongs, he says, to an age when it was usual for poets to dispense as much as possible with the physical, and concentrate their powers in their heads. Taking this into consideration, and remembering also the amount of Agathons, Idris, Amadis, Biri-binkers, Gerons, &c., he had already produced, he must say he thinks the baby in every way creditable to him. We like to have Goethe called by him 'Brother Merlin, the magician.' It is not always easy to take the second place, after you have held the first, even although your good sense may tell you it is your place; but Wieland does it with infinite grace. To one of the Fräulein von Göchhausen's letters he adds a postscript to his 'liebes Mütterchen' to say they were all at Ettersburg, and that a little pastoral piece by brother Wolf (Goethe) had made him twenty-five years younger. He sends his best compliments 'an den guten lieben Papa,' which means the old Rath. There is yet another postscript to this same epistle by the old Duchess: 'Dear Mother, I and my donkey are here too.—AMALIE.'

Goethe had taken with him to Weimar from his home at Frankfurt a man named Philipp Seidel, who was employed both as secretary and servant. Frau Rath endeavours to get side glimpses of her son every now and then through this intelligent domestic, and there is a letter from him describing the performance of the *West Indian*, in which Goethe (or, as Philipp has it, the *Geheime Legations Rath*) played *Belcour*, dressed in a white coat, with blue silk waistcoat and breeches; and when painted and surmounted by a white dress wig, looked in Philipp's eyes very hand-

some. Indeed, one can well imagine he looked so in everybody's eyes.

All were amateurs except two. The Duke took the part of *O'Flaherty*, and Musæus that of the *Lawyer*; Eckhof, the actor of whom Lessing had so high an opinion, was *Stockwell*, and Madame Wolf, a professional singer, also played. As we have mentioned Philipp, we must introduce the name of Elizabeth Hoch — 'Lieschen' — a favourite maid-servant of Frau Rath. To her Goethe was never anything more than 'our young master,' but she lived to see the statue put up to him at Frankfurt. To so genial a person as Frau Rath it came natural to make the relations of mistress and servant very pleasant, so that Lieschen stayed with her to the last; and marrying when the old lady was gone, though then nearly fifty years old, she lived on to the spring of 1846.

In January, 1784, Frau Rath opened communications with Friedrich von Stein, the son of the Baroness von Stein, with whom Goethe exchanged tender sentiments and savoury sausages, in the droll fashion of the day, and whose correspondence with the poet is so well known.

The boy was only eleven, but he served admirably the purpose to which Frau Rath was desirous of putting him—that of chronicling little events in which Goethe took a part. 'Don't you think, now, you might manage to keep a little diary, and just pop down things that happen before you, and then send it to me once a month? A few words would do: "Goethe was at the play last night;" "to-day we had company;" and so on.' Such was the purport of her first letter, and the lad seems to have caught at the idea, and written regularly, and to have felt an extraordinary interest in telling all particulars about Goethe, to whom he was greatly attached. Some of the letters of Frau Rath to this boy are truly charming, and convey an idea of the peculiar fascination she

exercised over the young. In sending him two *silhouettes* of herself, she writes:—

In person I am reasonably tall and reasonably stout; have brown hair and eyes, and could represent tolerably well the mother of Prince Hamlet. Many persons—amongst them the Princess of Dessau—declare there could be no mistake about Goethe being my son. I do not find it so; but there must be something in it, it has been said so often.

In another letter she gives an account of a fire at the theatre, which caused great loss to the director, Grossmann. A subsequent curious scene is described, which could scarcely have happened out of Germany. They soon got the theatre open again, and played '*Der Teutsche Hausvater*,' in which the manager took the part of the painter; but before it began, the curtain drew up and discovered Grossmann in his half-burnt coat, and with his head and hands tied up in rags. He then came forward, surrounded by his six children, all weeping bitterly, and delivered a speech. The audience wept sympathetically, and the manager withdrew amidst thunders of applause.

The young Stein paid Frau Rath a visit in the autumn of 1785, and Goethe, writing to Knebel, says:— 'Fritz is in Frankfurt, and will most likely see Blanchard go up this week.' Blanchard was a Frenchman who earned a great reputation by going up in fire balloons—an excessively dangerous feat, to which our modern ascents in gas balloons are mere child's play. Fritz, however, did not see him, as the very common occurrence of the balloon being burnt took place. Room must be found for an amusing reminiscence of his visit, which Frau Rath calls up in answering a letter that announced the boy's safe arrival at home. Everything, she says, reminds her of him—the pears he used to eat while she had her tea, and then the fun they had dressing up fine, and getting themselves powdered and puffed.

And then the *vis-à-vis* at table, and how at two o'clock (I must admit, often very rudely) I hunted my cherub into the Fair; and how we met again at the play-house and came back home together, and, lastly, the drama for two characters in the hall, where fat Katherine attended to the lighting, and Greineld and Marie represented the audience—that was sport indeed!

This Friedrich, in later life, entered the Prussian political service, and died in 1844, holding a high appointment at Breslau.

In August, 1797, Goethe took Christiane Vulpius and his son August to visit Frau Rath, who received them most kindly. She always alluded to Christiane as her dear daughter, and sometimes wrote to her in terms of sincere affection. She lived to see Goethe married to her. August had a great attachment to his grandmother, and expressed himself very feelingly at her death.

The only letters in this collection which are disappointing are those to the actor, Unzelmann. For once, Frau Rath seems a little to lose her simplicity and freshness; there is an extravagance in the expressions—the sentiment is pitched too high, and a flavour of passionate affectation is perceptible to which 'beautiful souls' and other fantastic beings were at that time sadly addicted. Sometimes she rallies and is her own healthy self again, but the mere fact of writing to Unzelmann seems sooner or later to necessitate a bit of overstrained writing.

As the book wears to its close the reader becomes aware that Frau Rath has changed with the changing years, and has lost some of the vivacity so conspicuous in the earlier pages. The jolly housewife who used to sing her son's song of 'The King and his Flea,' and call on the guests for a chorus; who poured out her choice wine, and enjoyed nothing so much as 'ein herzliches gaudium,' and in her yearly feast could cater nobly for forty friends, tones down

gradually to a calm and unexcitable old lady, retaining, however, to the last her easily-amused temperament, and enjoying great peace of mind from her belief that God could safely be trusted. And so, with no regrets for the past, and no feverish curiosity about the future, her well-ordered life drew to its end. She had read the flower of Goethe's compositions, and had had the pride of knowing that Germany recognised him as its greatest man; and with this proud thought she might well sing *Nunc Dimittis*. Her death seems at last to have been somewhat sudden, as we gather from a letter in which August announced the event to his mother; but faithful Lieschen was with her, tenderly caring for her. And she had intimation at least that her hour was near, for, with characteristic calmness and foresight, she had made every arrangement for the funeral, descending so far into details as to order wine and biscuits for the attendants. The date of death was September 13, 1808; and on the 15th the remains were laid in the old Frankfurt Friedhof, where, on the right hand as you enter, a recent gravestone now marks the spot.

Herr Keil has performed his task as editor with much completeness. He has selected from other published sources several interesting letters, and has so pieced them in with his original matter that shape and proportion are given to the volume as a whole. Those who are conversant with German publications—a largely increasing section of the public—will know that the days of botanical drying-paper and half-impressed black letter have passed away, and that Leipsic and, perhaps still more, Berlin now vie in beauty of typography and elegance of finish with Paris. Herr Keil's book is quite up to the standard of the day in its clear type and excellent paper, and is furnished, moreover, with convenient indices. J. W. SHERER.