

either side, combine to commend this comedy to all who may have read or seen it. Although the author's personal likings are on the side of the Liberals, yet the representatives of Conservatism are dealt with so delicately and good-humouredly that the play may be considered a faithful reflection of the social life of the nineteenth century. The public generally know little and care less about the life of press-men. Freytag, therefore, rightly perceived that, in order to enlist the public sympathy for their profession, his journalists would have to live, to love, to suffer, and to intrigue as other men do. And besides, he invested the actors of his comedy with the charm of humour,—a trait which the brotherhood of Heine, Dumas, and Lowell very justly vindicate as true to nature. Thus he created the humorous part of Conrad Bolz, the most exquisite of its kind that has ever been written for the stage. Bolz is an exponent, not of French wit, but of that Teutonic good-humour which irresistibly wins the hearts of the audience. The appearance on the stage of that ingenious, ever merry, ever frivolous editor, is like a whiff of sea breeze. He enlivens and quickens the whole plot. Like most of Freytag's heroes, he seems to feel some sort of contempt for his own better sentiments, at which he is fond of mocking as if he were shy of them. His whole soul appears to be bent upon fighting for an idol, the cause of his party, and of his friend the Professor. And yet the same man, bold and unscrupulous though he is if his party interests are at stake, is helpless as a child when called upon by circumstances to fight his own battle. This self-sacrificing abnegation and want of courage to struggle for one's own happiness, is the unpractical side of idealism. Instead of straining every nerve and trying to win his love at any risk, he gives way to platonic reasoning, and argues that he, being but a poor journalist, could not well raise his eyes to the rich and beautiful heiress he so fondly loves. Fortunately Adelheid's love is stronger than her pride or bashfulness, else the two lovers would never meet on equal terms.