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‘LE GRAND ALCANDRE FRUSTRÉ’ AND ‘LA PRINCESSE DE CLÈVES’¹.

BESIDE the works of French classicism which show Louis XIV and his court in all the insignia of royalty, there existed another literature in which the undying *esprit gaulois* manifests itself plainly. This literature, if so it may be called, took the form of satiric pamphlets, usually anonymous and now forgotten. Some attack the political policy of the great king; some satirize his or his courtiers’ private life. My purpose is to study one example of this contraband type, an example peculiarly interesting from its double origin.

*Le Grand Alcandre Frustré ou les Derniers Efforts de l’Amour et de la Vertu*² appeared in 1696. It was attributed by contemporaries to Gatien de Courtilz, who was held responsible for various political pamphlets as well as for others with such titles as *Les Conquêtes Amoureuses du Grand Alcandre dans les Pays-Bas*, and *Les Dames dans leur Naturel ou la Galanterie sans façon sous le règne du Grand Alcandre*³. Perhaps the resemblance between these titles and that of the *Grand Alcandre Frustré* led contemporaries to assign the latter to Courtilz⁴. Some modern authorities, such as Barbier, share their opinion. I shall attempt to indicate the relation between pamphlets of the type mentioned and the *Grand Alcandre Frustré*, and to discuss the question of authorship.

¹ The writer wishes especially to thank Professor Casis at whose suggestion this little study was drawn from a monograph on Courtilz.

² First published in 1696. The Arsenal Library at Paris possesses a copy of this first edition which bears the name of a fictitious publisher: *A Cologne, chez Pierre Marteau*. This was reprinted by Paul Lacroix in 1874. Barbier (*Dict. des Anon.*) cites editions of 1709 and 1731; Leber (*Cat. des Livres*), another published at Montauban in 1717; the Arsenal Library possesses an edition published at Montauban in 1719 which shows slight variants from the first edition. This 1719 edition is reprinted by Livet in the fourth volume of *L’Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*, edited by Boiteau in 1876.

³ The first appeared in 1684, the second in 1686. The *Grand Alcandre* is of course Louis XIV and the Pays Bas Versailles.

⁴ These pamphlets, as well as *Le Grand Alcandre Frustré*, are attributed to Courtilz on the authority of Bayle. See his *Réponse aux Questions d’un Provincial*, T. I, p. 241. Bayle does not speak positively.

The unedifying lives of king, nobles and court-ladies are exposed and ridiculed in these libels. They belong to a class which became popular with the publication of Bussy Rabutin's *Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*¹. It should be added that this unworthy progeny lacks entirely the delicacy of style of its brilliant and acrid original. But such a defect mattered little, as the scribbling authors wrote for the populace and compensated for their lack of style by the scurrility of their anecdotes. They often show no little vivacity in narrating burlesque incidents too coarse to be even hinted at here. It may be noted in passing that the preface of *Les Dames dans leur Naturel* states that the book is printed from an old manuscript recently discovered. Such assertions precede nearly all the works attributed to Courtilz, and were a common subterfuge of scandalmongers.

The *Grand Alcandre Frustré* assuredly owes something to these pamphlets, especially its constant effort to cast ridicule on the great king—of petticoats, and to show him baffled by a woman. But it is more interesting as an imitation of the masterpiece of seventeenth century fiction—Mme de La Fayette's *Princesse de Clèves*². This novel is too well known to need any summary. One essential scene—that of the avowal of the passion of M. de Nemours, which Mme de Clèves makes to her husband at Colomiers—should, however, be mentioned. It was sharply criticized by some contemporaries who failed to understand the character of the heroine³. But this scene, like every incident in the life of the princess, has been carefully prepared by her education and by the perfect frankness of her relations with her husband. She feels herself that he is perhaps the only man at court to whom a wife could make such a confidence, and the careful reader must share her view. It will appear shortly what the author of the *Grand Alcandre Frustré*⁴ thought of this scene.

This latter work is preceded by a preface, signed by the bookseller, which deserves attention. First of all it makes a claim, not unfounded, to a certain originality; it further informs us that the

¹ First published in 1665.

² First published in 1678.

³ Bussy Rabutin among others. For contemporary criticism, see M. d'Haussonville, *Madame de La Fayette*, p. 204, Paris, 1901, in 16mo.

⁴ The name *Alcandre* was applied to Henry IV by Malherbe in 1629. The king, under this name, is made to address one of his mistresses. It is again applied to him in a pamphlet resembling those already mentioned and entitled: *Les Amours du Grand Alcandre**, published in 1665 at Cologne chez Pierre de Marteau, according to the title page. In the works attributed to Courtilz, it is applied to Louis XIV. The word is a Greek formation, meaning mighty man.

* For this work see Jaumart de Brouillant, *Histoire de Pierre de Marteau*, Paris, 1888.

manuscript was found at Paris among the papers left at death by a nobleman¹, and is printed without change. More interesting is the following paragraph which points at once to the source of inspiration: 'Cette illustre comtesse...se défend avec une vertu tout-à-fait héroïque, se tire adroitement de tous les pièges que l'amour lui tend, et, en étouffant une passion criminelle, elle gagne l'estime et l'admiration de celui qui la voulut déshonorer. Il est bien juste qu'après qu'on a exposé aux yeux du public les fautes de celles qui ont fait honte à leur sexe, on lui fasse part de la vertu de cette héroïne qui en relève l'honneur et que nous pouvons mettre au nombre des femmes fortes, puisqu'elle a triomphé de tout ce que l'amour a de plus tendre, de plus fort et de plus engageant.' This countess will be then a second Princesse de Clèves, but her history is written by one as well read in the scurrilous pamphlets as in the older, so-called idealistic, novels. The author is evidently trying to surpass the achievement of Mme de La Fayette by mingling the originality of her work with the spirit of the libels.

The story told in this little novel is as follows: The king, till then so redoubtable in love, has long cherished for a beautiful lady of his court a passion which he durst not openly avow. His love not being returned, he seeks the aid of the duc de La Feuillade, a past-master of amorous intrigue. This wily courtier, after vainly exhorting the king to speak for himself, undertakes to smooth the way, but the countess will not listen and even threatens to inform her husband of the insulting proposals. At this point, as at several others, the author offers a criticism of *La Princesse de Clèves*: 'La comtesse...se garda bien de faire ce qu'elle avait dit, et d'imiter la princesse de Clèves dans une conjoncture si délicate,' etc. And again later: 'Elle crut donc qu'elle ne devrait plus dissimuler à son mari la passion que le Grand Alcandre avait pour elle...mais elle se garda bien de lui dire les mauvais pas où elle s'était trouvée avec le roi. Car quoiqu'elle en fût sortie à son honneur, ces sortes de choses ne sont pas bonnes à dire à un mari qui en pourrait tirer des conséquences fâcheuses.'

The scene changes to Fontainebleau and the king, learning that the

¹ This cannot be taken more seriously than the similar statements always found in such works. The edition of 1719 states that the nobleman referred to was the duc de La Feuillade. Probably this is based on the rôle played by the duke in the story. Paul Lacroix (*op. cit.*) believes the original of the heroine, who is called the comtesse de L**, to be *la Belle de Lude* (*Marie Isabelle*): Livet (*op. cit.*), after extensive research, decides in favour of Mme de Soubise, wife of François de Rohan. She was born in 1648 and married in 1663. The action of the story takes place in 1672. One may perhaps venture to suggest that this virtuous woman at the Grand Alcandre's court existed solely in the author's imagination.

countess often walks without attendants in the forest, meets her and obtains permission to plead his love. She grants his petition lest he may suspect her of weakening and hope still more from a refusal. This *motif* recurs several times and seems to be a criticism of the Princess of Clèves who avoids her lover. Here is a typical example : 'Elle (la princesse) exécuta enfin la résolution qu'elle avait prise de sortir de chez son mari, lorsqu'il (le duc de Nemours) y serait : ce fut toutefois en se faisant une extrême violence. Ce prince vit bien qu'elle le fuyait, et en fut sensiblement touché.'

The countess is by no means indifferent to Alcandre's admiration, and he, perceiving it, arranges a hunting party at Fontainebleau. Here, thanks to the connivance of La Feuillade, he meets her alone in a secluded valley. He draws from her an avowal of her love, but at the moment when he believes every obstacle conquered, she escapes him, seizes his sword and is on the point of taking her own life. The king promises to annoy her no more, and they rejoin the hunting party. The excitement of the day makes them both ill, and the king's solicitude for the countess arouses the suspicion of Mme de Montespan, who vainly tries to blacken her in the eyes of Alcandre. Finding no other means of attaining his end, the king resolves to bribe the servants of the countess and thus gain access to her; but a burlesque accident overthrows his project, and the adventure ends in his discomfiture.

The court returns to Versailles, where a great festival is to take place—a triumphal procession of love and intrigue varied by masked balls and the like. Both the king and Mme de Montespan inform themselves of the domino to be worn by the countess; the favourite, who has resolved to ruin her rival's reputation, chooses the same mask, meets the king, and, after some formal resistance, shows herself less obdurate than the lady she impersonates. But on this occasion the Grand Alcandre proves unworthy of his name and retreats abashed. The following day, when he meets the real countess unmasked, he attributes her reserve to natural modesty. A new ball brings the same actors together again. Mme de Montespan causes warning to be sent to M. de L** to watch his wife, as she had been seen in suspicious company. Then, disguised as before, she returns to the place of meeting where the king awaits her. He is completely deceived as to her identity, and finds in her unsuspected charms—which goes to prove, says the author, that the keenest pleasures are those of the imagination. Alarmed by the sound of approaching footsteps the false countess retires hastily. The king is astonished to see Mme de L**

with her husband, and to learn that they have been together all the evening. Both ask news of another domino, whose costume is exactly like that of the countess, and Alcandre, dumbfounded, is at a loss to answer. Recognizing at last the vanity of his hope, he renounces it for ever.

Such, reduced to its simplest form, is the action of the novelette. It must be admitted that in its bare outline it resembles an expanded incident of the libellous pamphlets. More than one of its situations belong to the burlesque repertory. The unfailing *parti pris* of ridiculing the king is found in both the novel and the pamphlets. But the latter are only jumbles of scurrilous anecdotes written to amuse the populace, and attempt neither to paint background nor to delineate character. The plot of the *Grand Alcandre Frustré* develops naturally, and the psychological analysis is more interesting than the incidents related. Moreover the author appreciates the value of landscape in itself as having a formative influence on the actions and sentiments of the characters. He is at no little pains to vary the scene, taking the reader now to the solitudes of the forest of Fontainebleau, now to the grottos of the park at Versailles to present him to a masked ball. The women of the pamphlets are those of the old French *fabliaux*; their one instinct is to deceive their husbands or lovers more or less resourcefully. The character of the countess is traced with a subtlety and a knowledge of feminine psychology of which the *Princesse de Clèves* gave the first idea. Though the author cannot attain the same exquisite delicacy he recalls, in happier moments, his delightful model.

On the other hand the plot retains the rapid movement of the pamphlets. Its main personages are three—the woman, the lover and the go-between—and they are presented only at the moment of action. The care taken by Mme de La Fayette to describe the education of her heroine, her pains to let the reader follow the development of her character, before and after her marriage, her efforts to gain sympathy for the husband—and finally the noble idealism which makes the princess remain loyal to the memory of her husband—all this and more is above and beyond the author of the *Grand Alcandre Frustré*. His aim is rather to amaze his reader by such virtue in a woman than to explain it. The husband hardly appears at all. The main purpose of the book, as has been said, is to ridicule the king by exhibiting him placed in a ludicrous plight by a woman; and delicacy is too often sacrificed to this end. But, the situation once accepted, we must admit that the scenes follow one another logically enough.

Let us now turn to the character of the countess. As soon as she becomes aware of the monarch's interest in her, she blushes under his impassioned gaze, but he finds no encouragement in that: 'Il voyait... qu'elle [sa rougeur] était d'une autre espèce que celle que l'amour peint lui-même dans un cœur enflammé, à l'approche de l'objet qu'il aime. Il voyait à travers ce voile éclatant, toutes les marques de la pudeur, de la sagesse, de la modestie, et de la chasteté; mais il y remarquait aussi la secrète indignation d'une vertu offensée, qui se voyait attaquée par des regards criminels.'

There is to be noted here a suggestion of preciosity which occurs frequently in the book and links it to the older novels. After her interview with La Feuillade, in which she had been at no loss to answer, the countess is in doubt as to whether she should rejoice or mourn. Like every woman she is not insensible to the homage of a king, yet she is scared by the publicity of royal amours. 'Comme elle était fort délicate du côté de l'honneur et de la réputation, ces dernières pensées la troublaient beaucoup.' She determines to make no change in her mode of life, neither seeking nor avoiding the king. But at their meeting in the forest of Fontainebleau, she is strangely excited. He perceives her emotion and addresses her in accents of frenzied passion. She controls herself sufficiently to answer with dignity and firmness, declaring that her life is at the disposition of her sovereign, but that her honour is her own. When, at last, he has wrung from her permission to plead his cause, the author comments: 'C'est une maxime certaine en fait d'amour, que les femmes vont toujours plus loin qu'elles ne pensent, et les hommes, au contraire, se flattent d'avoir fait plus de chemin qu'ils n'en ont fait en effet... Ils reconnoissent bientôt l'un et l'autre qu'ils s'étaient trompés, lui de croire qu'on le regardait favorablement, elle de s'imaginer qu'elle avait soutenu jusqu'au bout sa première sévérité.' In spite of herself she loves him, and is happy to know herself loved. 'Elle trouvait qu'il faisait tout en roi, et ce dernier caractère était le plus propre pour gagner une dame qui était fière naturellement.' She fears the mastery of her own emotions, and vainly seeks in her lover for some flaw worthy of detestation. At times she is on the point of yielding: 'Pourquoi se contraindre, disait-elle en elle-même: suivons un penchant si doux: serai-je la seule ennemie de mon contentement? Je suis adorée de ce que j'aime: j'ai un mari commode, ma réputation est si bien établie que je n'ai rien à craindre de la médisance: pourquoi donc ne pas suivre une passion qui a tant de charmes pour moi? Mais un moment après

elle se reprenait, et faisant réflexion sur les suites funestes de ce fatal engagement, "Je serai, disait-elle, une des maîtresses du roi ? J'en suis aimée, j'en suis estimée aujourd'hui, et demain je serai méprisée. Il se dégoûtera de moi comme il a fait des autres, et quand cela ne serait pas, pourrai-je me résoudre à vivre sans honneur dans le monde, abandonnée de mon mari, méprisée de tous les honnêtes gens, et travaillée d'un cruel remords qui me dévorera jour et nuit ? Je mourrai plutôt avant que de tomber dans ce malheur."

It is interesting to compare the last two citations with the reflexions of the Princess of Clèves. The difference in the moral tone of the two books is sufficiently indicated by the remark that the Princess is a widow and is debating the question of marriage with M. de Nemours. 'Ce prince se présenta à son esprit, aimable au-dessus de tout ce qui était au monde, l'aimant depuis longtemps avec une passion pleine de respect et de fidélité, méprisant tout pour elle, respectant jusqu'à sa douleur... Plus de devoir, plus de vertu, qui s'opposassent à ses sentiments : tous les obstacles étaient levés, et il ne restait de leur état passé que la passion de M. de Nemours pour elle et que celle qu'elle avait pour lui.' And later, speaking to M. de Nemours himself: 'Je sais que vous êtes libre, que je le suis, et que les choses sont d'une sorte que le public n'aurait peut-être pas sujet de vous blâmer ni moi non plus, quand nous nous engagerions ensemble pour jamais : mais les hommes conservent-ils de la passion dans ces engagements éternels ? Dois-je espérer un miracle en ma faveur, et puis-je me mettre en état de voir certainement finir cette passion dont je ferais toute ma félicité ? Je vous croirais toujours amoureux et aimé, et je ne me tromperais pas souvent... Quand je pourrais m'accoutumer à cette sorte de malheur, pourrais-je m'accoutumer à celui de croire voir toujours M. de Clèves vous accuser de sa mort, me reprocher de vous avoir aimé, de vous avoir épousé, et me faire sentir la différence de son attachement au vôtre ?... Il est vrai que je sacrifie beaucoup à un devoir qui ne subsiste que dans mon imagination.'

In a different style are the remarks of La Feuillade after the king's attempt to surprise the countess by entering her apartments disguised as her husband. In its cold and cynical logic his commentary would do credit to a Bussy Rabutin or to one of Stendhal's heroes: 'Savez-vous que la main d'un amant qui manie le corps de sa maîtresse a un certain charme secret qui réveille en elle de certaines idées dont elle ne peut se défendre ? Qu'elle fasse la farouche tant qu'elle voudra : cela lui revient de temps en temps dans l'esprit : son imagination en est

doucement chatouillée, et l'on peut dire que c'est un germe qui doit produire un fruit auquel l'amant ne s'attend pas....'

The wily counsellor then advises the king to feign indifference toward the countess and to show her only the usual courtesy. The ruse succeeds and she, wounded in her vanity, makes advances by no means devoid of coquetry. The author is gifted with too much penetration to make the countess a superhuman being. She is at least partly responsible for all that happens to her, or, let us say, she is too much a woman to remain indifferent to the love of a king, and to hide the fact that she is touched. The author insists continually on the struggle between this feminine weakness, and the austere idea of duty to herself and her husband. The book ends with a eulogy of the triumph of honour over love, as though the author wished once more to call attention to his principal source. Although the passion against which the countess has to contend is less noble than that of M. de Nemours for Mme de Clèves, and although some scenes show a rather brutal realism, the battle is between idealistic sentiments and natural vanity, strengthened by a touch of physical passion which the author indicates skilfully. It is worth noticing that the defence of the countess is, like her love, essentially human. She makes no appeal to supernatural powers; her ideal of feminine honour, like that of the Princess of Clèves, is wholly rational.

Who is the author of this little novel, something of a masterpiece too in its kind? It seems to have been ascribed without question to Gatien de Courtilz until 1874, when Paul Lacroix challenged this attribution in the preface to his edition. Lacroix bases his doubt on the excellence of style, the delicacy of the dialogue and on the *mise en scène*. He believes that the author may well be Mme d'Aulnoy or Mme de Villedieu or Mlle de Roche Guilhem or 'quelque autre femme d'esprit comme il y en avait tant alors.' Livet makes no suggestion as to authorship in his edition, published two years later. For my part, I should not be surprised to learn that Bussy Rabutin had had a hand in it.

The claim of Courtilz is perhaps strong enough, since the ascription of any work to him must be governed largely by contemporary opinion, to deserve consideration. Two other works attributed to him seem to show some influence of *La Princesse de Clèves*. The first is entitled: *Les Conquêtes du Marquis de Grana dans les Pays-Bas*¹. The marquis

¹ This book is rare. I have found but one edition, that of 1686. There is a copy, originally owned by Leber, in the public library at Rouen, and another in the British Museum. I have found none at Paris.

is sent as governor to Flanders by the king of Spain. He falls in love with a young girl of whom he might have been the father and is preferred by her mother to the rhingrave, whose age made him a more suitable match. The latter gives proof of the deepest passion after the marriage of his former sweetheart who is far from happy. She sends back his letters unopened, and when, after long intriguing, he contrives to meet her, she bitterly reproaches his accomplices, though they are her own friends. She loves him always and begs him to remain in Flanders. At last she avows her passion and consents to see him at intervals, but after the death of her husband she remains faithful to his memory, and the rhingrave resigns himself to love without hope.

This book has neither the beauty nor the psychological truth of *La Princesse de Clèves*. It is written in the slap-dash style of most of the works attributed to Courtilz and suggests no reason for preferring a new ascription. The instinct for burlesque appears in certain scenes between the rhingrave and the superior of a convent where the marquise met her lover. As to characters the husband is a jealous and brutal zany, the rhingrave is the conventional lover, and the wife a wooden marionette. Doubtless she represents the best the author could do to satisfy the taste of admirers of *La Princesse de Clèves* for virtuous women—in fiction. Courtilz gives glimpses of dissolute women who really live, but his marquise de Grana is far from convincing. His *forte* was not in such portraits.

I have more hesitation in attributing to Courtilz the second novel. But no one has challenged *l'Histoire du Maréchal, Duc de La Feuillade*¹, and I do not feel justified in detaching it from his works. The plot is simple, and, as M. Le Breton² has said, the first fifty pages seem to promise a little masterpiece. Unfortunately the work soon degenerates into the conventional novel of adventure and intrigue. The following is a brief summary:

The duke is passionately in love with Mlle de Halvin, a court beauty of the last years of Mazarin's ministry. The arrival of the count of Clermont interrupts the idyll, for he speedily becomes enamoured of Mlle de Halvin and his wealth wins for him the support of her family. Married to him against her inclination, she keeps alive her love for the duke. In describing her efforts to conceal her true feeling, the author is surely thinking of the *Princesse de Clèves*. The

¹ Published posthumously in 1713.

² See his charming though not quite accurate essay on Courtilz in the introductory chapter of *Le Roman Français au XVIII^e Siècle*, or *Un Romancier oublié* in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 15 Feb. 1897.

count soon perceives that all is not well with his wife, and takes her to Languedoc, where he has her closely watched. He becomes jealous and brutal, even corrupting his wife's servants in order to penetrate her secrets the better. The spirit of the *fabliaux* is so strong in these authors that they are unable to appreciate the delicacy which led Mme de La Fayette to make M. de Clèves a noble and sympathetic character.

La Feuillade goes to Montpellier with the court, and while there pays a visit to Clermont. Disguising himself as a domestic, he enters the service of the curé¹. When the countess comes to confession she is received by her old lover, whom she recognizes. Recovered from a swoon, she reproaches him bitterly and returns to the château, leaving him in a faint. Her maid is more pitiful, brings back the duke to consciousness and blames the cruelty of her mistress. The latter consents to a meeting lest he die for love of her and scandal result. It may be noted that such fainting heroes are scarcely to be found in the pages of Courtilz². Before the rendez-vous takes place the disguised duke is suspected by the husband and imprisoned. He is released by a clever ruse of the maid, and the count is made to feel so ridiculous that he returns with his wife to court. There she often meets La Feuillade who loses no occasion to plead his suit. At last, fearing her own weakness, she threatens to avow everything to her husband, and the duke in despair joins the Spanish army. News of his death reaches the countess, who, unable to hide her grief, tells her husband the true cause of it. La Feuillade, returning shortly after, overhears a conversation in a garden between Mme de Clermont and her maid and is assured thereby that his love is reciprocated³. After a number of conventional adventures, he becomes convinced that her virtue is not as immaculate as he had believed, and she is reconciled to her husband.

I have given this outline because of the few scenes which seem to recall *La Princesse de Clèves*. In the opening pages there are delicate analyses of feminine psychology and a finish of style seldom found in the works attributed to Courtilz. But, beginning with the visit of La Feuillade to Clermont, the manner changes. It seems necessary to

¹ This and occasional other incidents recall the charming Provençal verse nouvelle, *Flamenca*. Unfortunately the romance seems to have been finished by a coarser hand.

² It is fair to add, however, that there is to be noted in the later works attributed to Courtilz a tendency to borrow some *motifs* from the conventional novel of his time. He seems to have become acquainted with it during his second imprisonment.

³ This scene is to be compared with that in *La Princesse de Clèves* where M. de Nemours overhears the avowal made by the princess to her husband in an arbour at Colomiers. The *raison d'être* and the result of the scene is the same in both cases.

conclude either that the author became tired or that the work comes from two hands. Certain scenes do not belie Courtilz. One other work generally attributed to Courtilz, in which a woman plays a prominent part, is the *Mémoires de la Marquise de Fresne*, a wildly romantic story showing the unmistakable influence of the popular pirate novel. No analysis of this work is needed; the marquise, both in language and action, is merely a musketeer in skirts¹.

To return to the authorship of *Le Grand Alcandre Frustré*: if we grant that the last three novels belong to Courtilz, it is obvious that he has not shown the power to portray feminine character with delicacy, or at least to carry it out to the end. In his other works his attitude towards women is that of the picaresque novelists and even of the *fabliaux*. The reasons adduced by Lacroix are reinforced by a study of Courtilz' other works. Nowhere has he shown that concern for style and for constructive symmetry which I have tried to indicate in *Le Grand Alcandre Frustré*. Lastly the importance and vivacity of dialogue in this little work indicate another hand. Courtilz reports conversation in the third person and never succeeds in using it to develop his plots. Comparison of the airy grace and sunny sparkle of the dialogue in *Le Grand Alcandre Frustré* with the lumbering tediousness of *Les Entretiens de Colbert avec M. de Bouin*—the one case in which Courtilz tried to make extensive use of conversation—compels an uncompromising rejection of his claim to the subtly malicious little masterpiece sprung from *La Princesse de Clèves* and the libelling pamphlets.

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¹ I have discussed this work in *Publications of the Mod. Lang. Association of America* for Sept. 1912.