organ, soul's seat, and true pineal gland of the Body Social:
'I mean, a Purse?'

Nevertheless it is impossible to hate Professor Teufelsdröckh; at worst, one knows not whether to hate or to love him. For though, in looking at the fair tapestry of human Life, with its royal and even sacred figures, he dwells not on the obverse alone, but here chiefly on the reverse; and indeed turns out the rough seams, tatters, and manifold thrums of that unsightly wrong-side, with an almost diabolic patience and indifference, which must have sunk him in the estimation of most readers,—there is that within which unspeakably distinguishes him from all other past and present Sansculottists. The grand unparalleled peculiarity of Teufelsdröckh is, that with all this Descendentalism, he combines a Transcendentalism, no less superlative; whereby if on the one hand he degrade man below most animals, except those jacketed Gouda Cows, he, on the other, exalts him beyond the visible Heavens, almost to an equality with the Gods. and other differential base, and it is a series of the control of the co

To the eye of vulgar Logic,' says he, 'what is man? An 'omnivorous Biped that wears Breeches. To the eye of Pure Reason what is he? A Soul, a Spirit, and divine Apparition. Round his mysterious ME, there lies, under all those wool-rags, 'a Garment of Flesh (or of Senses), contextured in the Loom 'of Heaven; whereby he is revealed to his like, and dwells 'with them in Union and Division; and sees and fashions for 'himself a Universe, with azure Starry Spaces, and long Thou-'sands of Years. Deep-hidden is he under that strange Gar-'ment; amid Sounds and Colours and Forms, as it were, 'swathed-in, and inextricably over-shrouded: yet it is skywoven, and worthy of a God. Stands he not thereby in the 'centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities? He feels; 'power has been given him to know, to believe; nay does 'not the spirit of Love, free in its celestial primeval bright-'ness, even here, though but for moments, look through? Well 'said Saint Chrysostom, with his lips of gold, "the true SHE-'KINAH is Man:" where else is the God's-Presence mani-'fested not to our eyes only, but to our hearts, as in our 'fellow-man?' self incontrovertible and final:

In such passages, unhappily too rare, the high Platonic Mysticism of our Author, which is perhaps the fundamental

admoundie.

element of his nature, bursts forth, as it were, in full flood: and, through all the vapour and tarnish of what is often so perverse, so mean in his exterior and environment, we seem to look into a whole inward Sea of Light and Love; — though, alas, the grim coppery clouds soon roll together again, and hide it from view.

Such tendency to Mysticism is everywhere traceable in this man; and indeed, to attentive readers, must have been long ago apparent. Nothing that he sees but has more than a common meaning, but has two meanings: thus, if in the highest Imperial Sceptre and Charlemagne-Mantle, as well as in the poorest Ox-goad and Gipsy-Blanket, he finds Prose, Decay, Contemptibility; there is in each sort Poetry also, and a reverend Worth. For Matter, were it never so despicable, is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit: were it never so honourable, can it be more? The thing Visible, nay the thing Imagined, the thing in any way conceived as Visible, what is it but a Garment, a Clothing of the higher, celestial Invisible, 'unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright'? Under which point of view the following passage, so strange in purport, so strange in phrase, seems characteristic enough:

'The beginning of all Wisdom is to look fixedly on Clothes, or even with armed eyesight, till they become transparent.

"The Philosopher," says the wisest of this age, "must station himself in the middle:" how true! The Philosopher is he to whom the Highest has descended, and the Lowest has mounted up; who is the equal and kindly brother of all.

'Shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, whether woven in Arkwright looms, or by the silent Arachnes that weave unrestingly in our imagination? Or, on the other hand, what is there that we cannot love; since all was created by God?

'Happy he who can look through the Clothes of a Man (the 'woollen, and fleshly, and official Bank-paper and State-paper 'Clothes) into the Man himself; and discern, it may be, in this 'or the other Dread Potentate, a more or less incompetent Di'gestive-apparatus; yet also an inscrutable venerable Mystery,
'in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes!'

For the rest, as is natural to a man of this kind, he deals much in the feeling of Wonder; insists on the necessity and

high worth of universal Wonder; which he holds to be the only reasonable temper for the denizen of so singular a Planet as ours. 'Wonder,' says he, 'is the basis of Worship: the reign of wonder is perennial, indestructible in Man; only at certain stages (as the present), it is, for some short season, a reign in 'partibus infidelium.' That progress of Science, which is to destroy Wonder, and in its stead substitute Mensuration and Numeration, finds small favour with Teufelsdröckh, much as he otherwise venerates these two latter processes.

'Shall your Science,' exclaims he, 'proceed in the small 'chink-lighted, or even oil-lighted, underground workshop of Logic alone; and man's mind become an Arithmetical Mill, whereof Memory is the Hopper, and mere Tables of Sines and Tangents, Codification, and Treatises of what you call Political Economy, are the Meal? And what is that Science, which 'the scientific head alone, were it screwed off, and (like the 'Doctor's in the Arabian Tale) set in a basin to keep it alive, 'could prosecute without shadow of a heart, -but one other of the mechanical and menial handicrafts, for which the Scien-'tific Head (having a Soul in it) is too noble an organ? I 'mean that Thought without Reverence is barren, perhaps poi-'sonous; at best, dies like cookery with the day that called it 'forth; does not live, like sowing, in successive tilths and 'wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase of to fall Time and the middle "howermell billion Philos amiT Illator to

In such wise does Teufelsdröckh deal hits, harder or softer, according to ability; yet ever, as we would fain persuade ourselves, with charitable intent. Above all, that class of 'Logic-choppers, and treble-pipe Scoffers, and professed Enemies to Wonder; who, in these days, so numerously patrol as night-constables about the Mechanics' Institute of Science, and cackle, like true Old-Roman geese and goslings round their Capitol, on any alarm, or on none; nay who often, as illuminated Sceptics, walk abroad into peaceable society, in full day-light, with rattle and lantern, and insist on guiding you and guarding you therewith, though the Sun is shining, and the street populous with mere justice-loving men: that whole class is inexpressibly wearisome to him. Hear with what uncommon animation he perorates:

'The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually

wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories with their results, in his single head,—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye. Let those who

have Eyes look through him, then he may be useful. 'Thou wilt have no Mystery and Mysticism; wilt walk 'through thy world by the sunshine of what thou callest Truth, or even by the hand-lamp of what I call Attorney-Logic; and "explain" all, "account" for all, or believe nothing of it? Nay, thou wilt attempt aughter; whoso recognises the unfathomable, all-pervading domain of Mystery, which is everywhere under our feet and among our hands; to whom the Universe is an Oracle and Temple, as well as a Kitchen and Cattlestall,—he shall be a delirious Mystic; to him thou, with sniffing charity, wilt protrusively proffer thy hand-lamp, and shriek, 'as one injured, when he kicks his foot through it?—Armer · Teufel! Doth not thy cow calve, doth not thy bull gender? 'Thou thyself, wert thou not born, wilt thou not die? "Explain" me all this, or do one of two things: Retire into private places with thy foolish cackle; or, what were better, give it 'up, and weep, not that the reign of wonder is done, and God's world all disembellished and prosaic, but that thou hitherto 'art a Dilettante and sandblind Pedant.' I a dsold sucted mort

brought about; it is a little ganglion on it is a little ganglion wilt, if thou wilt, in the great vital system of immensity will it, if thou wilt, in the

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The Philosophy of Clothes is now to all readers, as we predicted it would do, unfolding itself into new boundless expansions, of a cloudcapt, almost chimerical aspect, yet not without azure loomings in the far distance, and streaks as of an Elysian brightness; the highly questionable purport and promise of which it is becoming more and more important for us to ascertain. Is that a real Elysian brightness, cries many a timid way-farer, or the reflex of Pandemonian lava? Is it of a truth leading us into beatific Asphodel meadows, or the yellow-burning marl of a Hell-on-Earth?

Our Professor, like other Mystics, whether delirious or inspired, gives an Editor enough to do. Ever higher and dizzier are the heights he leads us to; more piercing, all-comprehending, all-confounding are his views and glances. For example, this of Nature being not an Aggregate but a Whole:

'Well sang the Hebrew Psalmist: "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the universe, God is there." Thou thyself, O cultivated reader, who too 'probably art no Psalmist, but a Prosaist, knowing God only by tradition, knowest thou any corner of the world where at 'least Force is not? The drop which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but tomorrow thou findest it swept away; already on the wings of the Northwind, it is 'nearing the Tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and 'not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is aught motionless; without Force, and utterly dead?

'As I rode through the Schwarzwald, I said to myself: That 'little fire which glows star-like across the dark-growing (nach-'tende) moor, where the sooty smith bends over his anvil, and thou hopest to replace thy lost horse-shoe,—is it a detached, 'separated speck, cut-off from the whole Universe; or indis-'solubly joined to the whole? Thou fool, that smithy-fire was '(primarily) kindled at the Sun; is fed by air that circulates 'from before Noah's Deluge, from beyond the Dogstar; therein, with Iron Force, and Coal Force, and the far stranger Force ' of Man, are cunning affinities and battles and victories of Force 'brought about; it is a little ganglion, or nervous centre, in the 'great vital system of Immensity. Call it, if thou wilt, an un-'conscious Altar, kindled on the bosom of the All; whose iron 'sacrifice, whose iron smoke and influence reach quite through the All; whose dingy Priest, not by word, yet by brain and 'sinew, preaches forth the mystery of Force; nay preaches forth ' (exoterically enough) one little textlet from the Gospel of Free-'dom, the Gospel of Man's Force, commanding, and one day to be all-commanding. The eldenouseup yldgid e

'Detached, separated! I say there is no such separation:
'nothing hitherto was ever stranded, cast aside; but all, were it
'only a withered leaf, works together with all; is borne forward
'on the bottomless, shoreless flood of Action, and lives through
'perpetual metamorphoses. The withered leaf is not dead and

'lost, there are Forces in it and around it, though working in 'inverse order; else how could it rot? Despise not the rag from 'which man makes Paper, or the litter from which the earth 'makes Corn. Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant; 'all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye 'looks into Infinitude itself.'

Again, leaving that wondrous Schwarzwald Smithy-Altar, what vacant, high-sailing air-ships are these, and whither will they sail with us?

'All visible things are emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, is not there at all: Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and body it forth. Hence Clothes, as despicable as we think them, are so unspeakably significant. Clothes, from the King's mantle downwards, are emblematic, not of want only, but of a manifold cunning Victory over Want. On the other hand, all Emblematic things are properly Clothes, thought-woven or hand-woven: must not the Imagination weave Garments, visible Bodies, wherein the else invisible creations and inspirations of our Reason are, like Spirits, revealed, and first become all-powerful; —the rather if, as we often see, the Hand too aid her, and (by wool Clothes or otherwise) reveal such even to the outward eye?

'Men are properly said to be clothed with Authority, clothed with Beauty, with Curses, and the like. Nay, if you consider it, what is Man himself, and his whole terrestrial Life, but an Embers, a Clothing or visible Garment for that divine ME of his, cast hither, like a light-particle, down from Heaven? Thus is he said also to be clothed with a Body.

'Language is called the Garment of Thought: however, it 'should rather be, Language is the Flesh-Garment, the Body, 'of Thought. I said that Imagination wove this Flesh-Garment; 'and does not she? Metaphors are her stuff: examine Language; what, if you except some few primitive elements (of 'natural sound), what is it all but Metaphors, recognised as 'such, or no longer recognised; still fluid and florid, or now 'solid-grown and colourless? If those same primitive elements 'are the osseous fixtures in the Flesh-Garment, Language,—then 'are Metaphors its muscles and tissues and living integuments. 'An unmetaphorical style you shall in vain seek for: is not your 'very Attention a Stretching-to? The difference lies here: some

styles are lean, adust, wiry, the muscle itself seems osseous; some are even quite pallid, hunger-bitten and dead-looking; while others again glow in the flush of health and vigorous self-growth, sometimes (as in my own case) not without an apoplectic tendency. Moreover, there are sham Metaphors, which overhanging that same Thought's-Body (best naked), and deceptively bedizening, or bolstering it out, may be called its false stuffings, superfluous show-cloaks (*Putz-Mäntel*), and tawdry woollen rags: whereof he that runs and reads may gather whole hampers,—and burn them.

Than which paragraph on Metaphors did the reader ever chance to see a more surprisingly metaphorical? However, that is not our chief grieveness; the Professor continues.

is not our chief grievance; the Professor continues:

Why multiply instances? It is written, the Heavens and the Earth shall fade away like a Vesture; which indeed they are: the Time-vesture of the Eternal. Whatsoever sensibly exists, whatsoever represents Spirit to Spirit, is properly a Clothing, a suit of Raiment, put on for a season, and to be laid off. Thus in this one pregnant subject of Clothes, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, and been: the whole External Universe and what it holds is but Clothing; and the essence of all Science lies in the Phillosophy of Clothes.'

Towards these dim infinitely-expanded regions, close-bordering on the impalpable Inane, it is not without apprehension, and perpetual difficulties, that the Editor sees himself journeying and struggling. Till lately a cheerful daystar of hope hung before him, in the expected Aid of Hofrath Heuschrecke; which daystar, however, melts now, not into the red of morning, but into a vague, gray half-light, uncertain whether dawn of day or dusk of utter darkness. For the last week, these so-called Biographical Documents are in his hand. By the kindness of a Scottish Hamburg Merchant, whose name, known to the whole mercantile world, he must not mention; but whose honourable courtesy, now and often before spontaneously manifested to him, a mere literary stranger, he cannot soon forget,—the bulky Weissnichtwo Packet, with all its Customhouse seals, foreign hieroglyphs, and miscellaneous tokens of Travel, arrived here in perfect safety, and free of cost. The reader shall now fancy with what hot haste it was broken up, with what breathless expectation

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glanced over; and, alas, with what unquiet disappointment it has, since then, been often thrown down, and again taken up.

Hofrath Heuschrecke, in a too long-winded Letter, full of compliments, Weissnichtwo politics, dinners, dining repartees, and other ephemeral trivialities, proceeds to remind us of what we knew well already: that however it may be with Metaphysics, and other abstract Science originating in the Head (Verstand) alone, no Life-Philosophy (Lebensphilosophie), such as this of Clothes pretends to be, which originates equally in the Character (Gemüth), and equally speaks thereto, can attain its significance till the Character itself is known and seen; 'till the Au-'thor's View of the World (Weltansicht), and how he actively and passively came by such view, are clear: in short till a Biography of him has been philosophico-poetically written, and 'philosophico-poetically read.' 'Nay,' adds he, 'were the spe-'culative scientific Truth even known, you still, in this inquiring 'age, ask yourself, Whence came it, and Why, and How?—and rest not, till, if no better may be, Fancy have shaped-out an answer; and either in the authentic lineaments of Fact, or the 'forged ones of Fiction, a complete picture and Genetical History of the Man and his spiritual Endeavour lies before you. 'But why,' says the Hofrath, and indeed say we, 'do I dilate on 'the uses of our Teufelsdröckh's Biography? The great Herr 'Minister von Goethe has penetratingly remarked that "Man 'is properly the only object that interests man:" thus I too have 'noted, that in Weissnichtwo our whole conversation is little or nothing else but Biography or Auto-Biography; ever humano-'anecdotical (menschlich-anekdotisch). Biography is by nature ' the most universally profitable, universally pleasant of all things: 'especially Biography of distinguished individuals.

'By this time, mein Verehrtester (my Most Esteemed),' continues he, with an eloquence which, unless the words be purloined from Teufelsdröckh, or some trick of his, as we suspect, is well-nigh unaccountable, 'by this time you are fairly plunged '(vertieft) in that mighty forest of Clothes-Philosophy; and looking round, as all readers do, with astonishment enough. Such 'portions and passages as you have already mastered, and 'brought to paper, could not but awaken a strange curiosity 'touching the mind they issued from; the perhaps unparalleled 'psychical mechanism, which manufactured such matter, and

'emitted it to the light of day. Had Teufelsdröckh also a father and mother; did he, at one time, wear drivel-bibs, and live on spoon-meat? Did he ever, in rapture and tears, clasp a friend's bosom to his; looks he also wistfully into the long burial-aisle of the Past, where only winds, and their low harsh moan, give inarticulate answer? Has he fought duels;—good Heaven! how did he comport himself when in Love? By what singular stair-steps, in short, and subterranean passages, and sloughs of Despair, and steep Pisgah hills, has he reached this wonderful prophetic Hebron (a true Old-Clothes Jewry) where he now dwells?

'To all these natural questions the voice of public History is as yet silent. Certain only that he has been, and is, a Piligrim, and Traveller from a far Country; more or less footsore and travel-soiled; has parted with road-companions; fallen among thieves, been poisoned by bad cookery, blistered with bugbites; nevertheless, at every stage (for they have let him pass), has had the Bill to discharge. But the whole particulars of his Route, his Weather-observations, the picturesque Sketches he took, though all regularly jotted down (in indelible sympathetic-ink by an invisible interior Penman), are these nowhere forthcoming? Perhaps quite lost: one other leaf of that mighty Volume (of human Memory) left to fly abroad, unprinted, unpublished, unbound up, as waste paper; and to rot, the sport of rainy winds?

'No, verehrtester Herr Herausgeber, in no wise! I here, by the unexampled favour you stand in with our Sage, send not a Biography only, but an Autobiography: at least the materials for such; wherefrom, if I misreckon not, your perspicacity will draw fullest insight: and so the whole Philosophy and Philosopher of Clothes will stand clear to the wondering eyes of England, nay thence, through America, through Hindostan, and the antipodal New Holland, finally conquer (ein'nehmen) great part of this terrestrial Planet!'

And now let the sympathising reader judge of our feeling when, in place of this same Autobiography with 'fullest insight,' we find—Six considerable Paper-Bags, carefully sealed, and marked successively, in gilt China-ink, with the symbols of the Six southern Zodiacal Signs, beginning at Libra; in the inside of which sealed Bags lie miscellaneous masses of Sheets, and

oftener Shreds and Snips, written in Professor Teufelsdröckh's scarce legible cursiv-schrift; and treating of all imaginable things under the Zodiac and above it, but of his own personal history only at rare intervals, and then in the most enigmatic manner.

Whole fascicles there are, wherein the Professor, or, as he here, speaking in the third person, calls himself, 'the Wanderer,' is not once named. Then again, amidst what seems to be a Metaphysico-theological Disquisition, Detached Thoughts on the Steam-engine, or, 'The continued Possibility of Prophecy,' we shall meet with some quite private, not unimportant Biographical fact. On certain sheets stand Dreams, authentic or not, while the circumjacent waking Actions are omitted. Anecdotes, oftenest without date of place or time, fly loosely on separate slips, like Sibylline leaves. Interspersed also are long purely Autobiographical delineations; yet without connexion, without recognisable coherence; so unimportant, so superfluously minute, they almost remind us of 'P.P. Clerk of this Parish.' Thus does famine of intelligence alternate with waste. Selection, order, appears to be unknown to the Professor. In all Bags the same imbroglio; only perhaps in the Bag Capricorn, and those near it, the confusion a little worse confounded. Close by a rather eloquent Oration, 'On receiving the Doctor's-Hat,' lie washbills, marked bezahlt (settled). His Travels are indicated by the Street-Advertisements of the various cities he has visited; of which Street-Advertisements, in most living tongues, here is perhaps the completest collection extant.

So that if the Clothes-Volume itself was too like a Chaos, we have now instead of the solar Luminary that should still it, the airy Limbo which by intermixture will farther volatilise and discompose it! As we shall perhaps see it our duty ultimately to deposit these Six Paper-Bags in the British Museum, farther description, and all vituperation of them, may be spared. Biography or Autobiography of Teufelsdröckh there is, clearly enough, none to be gleaned here: at most some sketchy, shadowy fugitive likeness of him may, by unheard-of efforts, partly of intellect, partly of imagination, on the side of Editor and of Reader, rise up between them. Only as a gaseous-chaotic Appendix to that aqueous-chaotic Volume can the contents of the Six Bags hover round us, and portions thereof be incorporated with our delineation of it.

Daily and nightly does the Editor sit (with green spectacles) deciphering these unimaginable Documents from their perplexed cursiv-schrift; collating them with the almost equally unimagin. able Volume, which stands in legible print. Over such a universal medley of high and low, of hot, cold, moist and dry, is he here struggling (by union of like with like, which is Method) to build a firm Bridge for British travellers. Never perhaps since our first Bridge-builders, Sin and Death, built that stupendous Arch from Hell-gate to the Earth, did any Pontifex, or Pontiff, undertake such a task as the present Editor. For in this Arch too, leading, as we humbly presume, far otherwards than that grand primeval one, the materials are to be fished-up from the weltering deep, and down from the simmering air, here one mass, there another, and cunningly cemented, while the elements boil beneath: nor is there any supernatural force to do it with; but simply the Diligence and feeble thinking Faculty of an English Editor, endeavouring to evolve printed Creation out of a German printed and written Chaos, wherein, as he shoots to and fro in it, gathering, clutching, piecing the Why to the far-distant Wherefore, his whole Faculty and Self are like to be tethe confusion a little worse confounded. Closquibswollswa

Patiently, under these incessant toils and agitations, does the Editor, dismissing all anger, see his otherwise robust health declining; some fraction of his allotted natural sleep nightly leaving him, and little but an inflamed nervous-system to be looked for. What is the use of health, or of life, if not to do some work therewith? And what work nobler than transplanting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil; except indeed planting Thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do? Wild as it looks, this Philosophy of Clothes, can we ever reach its real meaning, promises to reveal new-coming Eras, the first dim rudiments and already-budding germs of a nobler Era, in Universal History. Is not such a prize worth some striving? Forward with us, courageous reader; be it towards failure, or towards success! The latter thou sharest with us; the former also is not all our own.

Reader, rise up between them; Only as a caseous chaotic Ap, sendix to that aqueous chaotic Volume can the contents of the Six Bass hower round us and portions thereof be incorporated with our delineation of its consilered as a send between the corrections of its consilered with our delineation of its consilered as a send between the corrections of its consilered as a send between the corrections.

that would disten about the Victory of Ressbach is and how Tritz the Only (der Einsier) had once with his own royal lips spoken to him, had been pleased to say, when Andreas as campsentinel demanded the pass-word, "Schrucig Hund (Peaco hound)!" before any of his staff-adjutants could answer wil Day nenn ich mir einen könig There is what I call a King, 'would

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altogether military subordination; for as Andreas said? "the Womankand will not drill (STERHD Weiberchen dressiven):"

nevertheless she at heart loved him both for valour and mis-dom; to her a Prussian grenagier Sergeant and Regiment's IN a psychological point of view, it is perhaps questionable whether from birth and genealogy, how closely scrutinised soever, much insight is to be gained. Nevertheless, as in every phenomenon the Beginning remains always the most notable moment; so, with regard to any great man, we rest not till, for our scientific profit or not, the whole circumstances of his first appearance in this Planet, and what manner of Public Entry he made, are with utmost completeness rendered manifest. To the Genesis of our Clothes-Philosopher, then, be this First Chapter consecrated. Unhappily, indeed, he seems to be of quite obscure extraction; uncertain, we might almost say, whether of any: so that this Genesis of his can properly be nothing but an Exodus (or transit out of Invisibility into Visibility); whereof the preliminary portion is nowhere forthcoming.

In the village of Entepfuhl,' thus writes he, in the Bag Libra, on various Papers, which we arrange with difficulty, 'dwelt · Andreas Futteral and his wife; childless, in still seclusion, and cheerful though now verging towards old age. Andreas had been grenadier Sergeant, and even regimental Schoolmaster under Frederick the Great; but now, quitting the halbert and ' ferule for the spade and pruning-hook, cultivated a little Orchard, on the produce of which he, Cincinnatus-like, lived not without dignity. Fruits, the peach, the apple, the grape, with other varieties came in their season; all which Andreas knew how to sell: on evenings he smoked largely, or read (as beseemed a regimental Schoolmaster), and talked to neighbours 'that would listen about the Victory of Rossbach; and how Fritz the Only (der Einzige) had once with his own royal lips spoken to him, had been pleased to say, when Andreas as campsentinel demanded the pass-word, "Schweig Hund (Peace, hound)!" before any of his staff-adjutants could answer. "Das nenn' ich mir einen König, There is what I call a King," would Andreas exclaim: "but the smoke of Kunersdorf was still smarting his eyes."

'Gretchen, the housewife, won like Desdemona by the deeds 'rather than the looks of her now veteran Othello, lived not in 'altogether military subordination; for, as Andreas said, "the 'womankind will not drill (wer kann die Weiberchen dressiren):" 'nevertheless she at heart loved him both for valour and wis-'dom; to her a Prussian grenadier Sergeant and Regiment's 'Schoolmaster was little other than a Cicero and Cid: what 'you see, yet cannot see over, is as good as infinite. Nay, was 'not Andreas in very deed a man of order, courage, downright-'ness (Geradheit); that understood Büsching's Geography, had been in the victory of Rossbach, and left for dead in the 'camisade of Hochkirch? The good Gretchen, for all her fret-'ting, watched over him and hovered round him as only a true housemother can: assiduously she cooked and sewed and 'scoured for him; so that not only his old regimental sword 'and grenadier-cap, but the whole habitation and environment, where on pegs of honour they hung, looked ever trim and gay: 'a roomy painted Cottage, embowered in fruit-trees and foresttrees, evergreens and honeysuckles; rising many-coloured from 'amid shaven grass-plots, flowers struggling-in through the very windows; under its long projecting eaves nothing but gardentools in methodic piles (to screen them from rain), and seats where, especially on summer nights, a King might have wished to sit and smoke, and call it his. Such a Bauergut (Copyhold) had Gretchen given her veteran; whose sinewy arms, and long-disused gardening talent, had made it what you saw. Into this umbrageous Man's-nest, one meek yellow evening

or dusk, when the Sun, hidden indeed from terrestrial Ente-

'pfuhl, did nevertheless journey visible and radiant along the

'celestial Balance (Libra), it was that a Stranger of reverend

'aspect entered; and, with grave salutation, stood before the

'two rather astonished housemates. He was close-muffled in a

wide mantle; which without farther parley unfolding, he de-'posited therefrom what seemed some Basket, overhung with green Persian silk; saying only: Ihr lieben Leute, hier bringe · ein unschätzbares Verleihen; nehmt es in aller Acht, sorgfältigst · benützt es: mit hohem Lohn, oder wohl mit schweren Zinsen, 'wird's einst zurückgefordert. "Good Christian people, here 'lies for you an invaluable Loan; take all heed thereof, in all carefulness employ it: with high recompense, or else with heavy penalty, will it one day be required back." Uttering which singular words, in a clear, bell-like, forever memorable tone, 'the Stranger gracefully withdrew; and before Andreas or his wife, gazing in expectant wonder, had time to fashion either question or answer, was clean gone. Neither out of doors could aught of him be seen or heard; he had vanished in the thickets, in the dusk; the Orchard-gate stood quietly closed: the Stranger was gone once and always. So sudden had the whole transaction been, in the autumn stillness and twilight, 'so gentle, noiseless, that the Futterals could have fancied it all 'a trick of Imagination, or some visit from an authentic Spirit. 'Only that the green-silk Basket, such as neither Imagination o nor authentic Spirits are wont to carry, still stood visible and 'tangible on their little parlour-table. Towards this the astonished couple, now with lit candle, hastily turned their attention. Lifting the green veil, to see what invaluable it hid, they descried there, amid down and rich white wrappages, no Pitt Diamond or Hapsburg Regalia, but, in the softest sleep, a little 'red-coloured Infant! Beside it, lay a roll of gold Friedrichs, the exact amount of which was never publicly known; also a ' Taufschein (baptismal certificate), wherein unfortunately nothing but the Name was decipherable; other document or in-Adication none whatever ed some and sadd word of lisayouthe

'thenceforth. Nowhere in Entepfuhl, on the morrow or next day, did tidings transpire of any such figure as the Stranger; nor could the Traveller, who had passed through the neighbouring Town in coach-and-four, be connected with this Apparition, except in the way of gratuitous surmise. Meanwhile, for Andreas and his wife, the grand practical problem was: What to do with this little sleeping red-coloured Infant? Amid amazements and curiosities, which had to die away without external

satisfying, they resolved, as in such circumstances charitable prudent people needs must, on nursing it, though with spoonmeat, into whiteness, and if possible into manhood. The Heavens smiled on their endeavour: thus has that same mysterious Individual ever since had a status for himself in this visible Universe, some modicum of victual and lodging and parade-ground; and now expanded in bulk, faculty and knowledge of good and evil, he, as HERR DIOGENES TEUFELS-DRÖCKH, professes or is ready to profess, perhaps not altogether without effect, in the new University of Weissnichtwo, the new Science of Things in General.

Our Philosopher declares here, as indeed we should think he well might, that these facts, first communicated, by the good Gretchen Futteral, in his twelfth year, 'produced on the boyish 'heart and fancy a quite indelible impression. Who this re-'verend Personage,' he says, 'that glided into the Orchard Cottage when the Sun was in Libra, and then, as on spirit's wings, glided out again, might be? An inexpressible desire, full of love and of sadness, has often since struggled within 'me to shape an answer. Ever, in my distresses and my lone-'liness, has Fantasy turned, full of longing (sehnsuchtsvoll), to 'that unknown Father, who perhaps far from me, perhaps near, either way invisible, might have taken me to his paternal bosom, there to lie screened from many a woe. Thou beloved Father, dost thou still, shut out from me only by thin penetrable curtains of earthly Space, wend to and fro among the 'crowd of the living? Or art thou hidden by those far thicker curtains of the Everlasting Night, or rather of the Everlasting Day, through which my mortal eye and outstretched arms 'need not strive to reach? Alas, I know not, and in vain vex 'myself to know. More than once, heart-deluded, have I taken for thee this and the other noble-looking Stranger; and ap-'proached him wistfully, with infinite regard; but he too had to repel me, he too was not thou.

'And yet, O Man born of Woman,' cries the Autobiographer, with one of his sudden whirls, 'wherein is my case peculiar? 'Hadst thou, any more than I, a Father whom thou knowest? 'The Andreas and Gretchen, or the Adam and Eve, who led 'thee into Life, and for a time suckled and pap-fed thee there, 'whom thou namest Father and Mother; these were, like mine.

but thy nursing-father and nursing-mother: thy true Beginining and Father is in Heaven, whom with the bodily eye thou shalt never behold, but only with the spiritual.

The little green veil,' adds he, among much similar moralising, and embroiled discoursing, 'I yet keep; still more in-'separably the Name, Diogenes Teufelsdröckh. From the veil can nothing be inferred: a piece of now quite faded Persian silk, like thousands of others. On the Name I have many times meditated and conjectured; but neither in this lay there any clue. That it was my unknown Father's name I must hesitate to believe. To no purpose have I searched through all the Herald's Books, in and without the German Empire, 'and through all manner of Subscriber-Lists (Pränumeranten), · Militia-Rolls, and other Name-catalogues; extraordinary names 'as we have in Germany, the name Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to my own person, nowhere occurs. Again, what may the unchristian rather than Christian "Diogenes" mean? Did that reverend Basket-bearer intend, by such designation, to shadow-forth my future destiny, or his own present malign humour? Perhaps the latter, perhaps both. Thou ill-starred Parent, who like an Ostrich hadst to leave thy ill-starred offspring to be hatched into self-support by the mere sky-influences of Chance, can thy pilgrimage have been a smooth one? Beset by Misfortune thou doubtless hast been; or indeed by the worst figure of Misfortune, by Misconduct. Often have I fancied how, in thy hard life-battle, thou wert shot at, and 'slung at, wounded, hand-fettered, hamstrung, browbeaten and bedevilled by the Time-Spirit (Zeitgeist) in thyself and others, 'till the good soul first given thee was seared into grim rage; and thou hadst nothing for it but to leave in me an indignant 'appeal to the Future, and living speaking Protest against the Devil, as that same Spirit not of the Time only, but of Time itself, is well named! Which Appeal and Protest, may I now modestly add, was not perhaps quite lost in air.

'For indeed, as Walter Shandy often insisted, there is much, 'nay almost all, in Names. The Name is the earliest Garment 'you wrap round the earth-visiting ME; to which it thenceforth 'cleaves, more tenaciously (for there are Names that have lasted 'nigh thirty centuries) than the very skin. And now from with'out, what mystic influences does it not send inwards, even to

the centre; especially in those plastic first-times, when the whole soul is yet infantine, soft, and the invisible seedgrain will grow to be an all overshadowing tree! Names? Could I unfold the influence of Names, which are the most important of all Clothings, I were a second greater Trismegistus. Not only all common Speech, but Science, Poetry itself is no other, if thou consider it, than a right Naming. Adam's first task was giving names to natural Appearances: what is ours still but a continuation of the same; be the Appearances exoticivegetable, organic, mechanic, stars, or starry movements (as in Science); or (as in Poetry) passions, virtues, calamities, God-attributes, Gods?—In a very plain sense the Proverb says, Call one a thief, and he will steal; in an almost similar sense may we not perhaps say, Call one Diogenes Teufels-dröckh, and he will open the Philosophy of Clothes?

to appended to my own person, nowhere occours an Again, what Meanwhile the incipient Diogenes, like others, all ignorant of his Why, his How or Whereabout, was opening his eyes to 'the kind Light; sprawling-out his ten fingers and toes; listening, tasting, feeling; in a word, by all his Five Senses, still 'more by his Sixth Sense of Hunger, and a whole infinitude of 'inward, spiritual, half-awakened Senses, endeavouring daily to 'acquire for himself some knowledge of this strange Universe where he had arrived, be his task therein what it might. Infinite was his progress; thus in some fifteen months, he could perform the miracle of-Speech! To breed a fresh Soul, is it not like brooding a fresh (celestial) Egg; wherein as yet all 'is formless, powerless; yet by degrees organic elements and 'fibres shoot through the watery albumen; and out of vague Sensation grows Thought, grows Fantasy and Force, and we have Philosophies, Dynasties, nay Poetries and Religions!

Young Diogenes, or rather young Gneschen, for by such diminutive had they in their fondness named him, travelled forward to those high consummations, by quick yet easy stages. The Futterals, to avoid vain talk, and moreover keep the roll of gold Friedrichs safe, gave-out that he was a grand-nephew; the orphan of some sister's daughter, suddenly deceased, in Andreas's distant Prussian birthland; of whom, as of her indigent sorrowing widower, little enough was known at Entegrable. Heedless of all which, the Nurseling took to his spoon-

meat, and throve. I have heard him noted as a still infant, that kept his mind much to himself; above all, that seldom or never cried. He already felt that time was precious; that he had other work cut-out for him than whimpering.

Such, after utmost painful search and collation among these miscellaneous Paper-masses, is all the notice we can gather of Herr Teufelsdröckh's genealogy. More imperfect, more enigmatic it can seem to few readers than to us. The Professor, in whom truly we more and more discern a certain satirical turn, and deep under-currents of roguish whim, for the present stands pledged in honour, so we will not doubt him: but seems it not conceivable that, by the 'good Gretchen Futteral,' or some other perhaps interested party, he has himself been deceived? Should these sheets, translated or not, ever reach the Entepfuhl Circulating Library, some cultivated native of that district might feel called to afford explanation. Nay, since Books, like invisible scouts, permeate the whole habitable globe, and Timbuctoo itself is not safe from British Literature, may not some Copy find out even the mysterious basket-bearing Stranger, who in a state of extreme senility perhaps still exists; and gently force even him to disclose himself; to claim openly a son, in whom any father may feel pride? by white in the anibusta laudgesta de aserd wendy slopes at the paternal Orchard flanking it as extiteme out-

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'Happy season of Childhood!' exclaims Teufelsdröckh:
'Kind Nature, that art to all a bountiful mother; that visitest
'the poor man's hut with auroral radiance; and for thy Nurse'ling hast provided a soft swathing of Love and infinite Hope,
'wherein he waxes and slumbers, danced-round (umgaukelt)
'by sweetest Dreams! If the paternal Cottage still shuts us in,
'its roof still screens us; with a Father we have as yet a pro'phet, priest and king, and an Obedience that makes us free.
'The young spirit has awakened out of Eternity, and knows
'not what we mean by Time; as yet Time is no fast-hurrying
'stream, but a sportful sanlit ocean; years to the child are as
'ages: ah! the secret of Vicissitude, of that slower or quicker

'decay and ceaseless down - rushing of the universal Worldfabric, from the granite mountain to the man or day-moth, is 'yet unknown; and in a motionless Universe, we taste, what 'afterwards in this quick-whirling Universe is forever denied 'us, the balm of Rest. Sleep on, thou fair Child, for thy long 'rough journey is at hand! A little while, and thou too shalt 'sleep no more, but thy very dreams shall be mimic battles; 'thou too, with old Arnauld, wilt have to say in stern patience: "Rest? Rest? Shall I not have all Eternity to rest in?" 'Celestial Nepenthe! though a Pyrrhus conquer empires, and 'an Alexander sack the world, he finds thee not; and thou hast once fallen gently, of thy own accord, on the eyelids, on the 'heart of every mother's child. For as yet, sleep and waking 'are one: the fair Life-garden rustles infinite around, and 'everywhere is dewy fragrance, and the budding of Hope; which budding, if in youth, too frostnipt, it grow to flowers, will in manhood yield no fruit, but a prickly, bitter-rinded stone-fruit, of which the fewest can find the kernel.

In such rose-coloured light does our Professor, as Poets are wont, look back on his childhood; the historical details of which (to say nothing of much other vague oratorical matter) he accordingly dwells on with an almost wearisome minuteness. We hear of Entepfuhl standing 'in trustful derangement' among the woody slopes; the paternal Orchard flanking it as extreme outpost from below; the little Kuhbach gushing kindly by, among beech-rows, through river after river, into the Donau, into the Black Sea, into the Atmosphere and Universe; and how 'the brave old Linden,' stretching like a parasol of twenty ells in radius, overtopping all other rows and clumps, towered-up from the central Agora and Campus Martius of the Village, like its Sacred Tree; and how the old men sat talking under its shadow (Gneschen often greedily listening), and the wearied labourers reclined, and the unwearied children sported, and the young men and maidens often danced to flute-music. 'Glorious sum-'mer twilights,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'when the Sun, like a proud Conqueror and Imperial Taskmaster, turned his back, with his gold-purple emblazonry, and all his fireclad body-guard (of 'Prismatic Colours); and the tired brickmakers of this clay Earth might steal a little frolic, and those few meek Stars would not tell of them!'s butteriol vio is to see out I he resga

Then we have long details of the Weinlesen (Vintage), the Harvest-Home, Christmas, and so forth; with a whole cycle of the Entepfuhl Children's-games, differing apparently by mere superficial shades from those of other countries. Concerning all which, we shall here, for obvious reasons, say nothing. What cares the world for our as yet miniature Philosopher's achievements under that 'brave old Linden'? Or even where is the use of such practical reflections as the following? 'In all the sports of Children, were it only in their wanton breakages and defacements, you shall discern a creative instinct (schaffenden · Trieb): the Mankin feels that he is a born Man, that his vocation is to work. The choicest present you can make him is a 'Tool; be it knife or pen-gun, for construction or for destruc-'tion; either way it is for Work, for Change. In gregarious 'sports of skill or strength, the Boy trains himself to Coöpera-' tion, for war or peace, as governor or governed: the little Maid 'again, provident of her domestic destiny, takes with preference genius lix quitertlae raame as lany sother infant, only this allo d toth

Perhaps, however, we may give this anecdote, considering who it is that relates it: 'My first short-clothes were of yellow 'serge; or rather, I should say, my first short-cloth, for the vesture was one and indivisible, reaching from neck to ankle, a 'mere body with four limbs: of which fashion how little could 'I then divine the architectural, how much less the moral sig'nificance!'

More graceful is the following little picture: 'On fine even'ings I was wont to carry-forth my supper (bread-crumb boiled
'in milk), and eat it out-of-doors. On the coping of the Orchard'wall, which I could reach by climbing, or still more easily if
'Father Andreas would set-up the pruning-ladder, my porringer
'was placed: there, many a sunset, have I, looking at the dis'tant western Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my even'ing meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's
'expectation as Day died, were still a Hebrew Speech for me;
'nevertheless I was looking at the fair illuminated Letters, and
'had an eye for their gilding.'

With 'the little one's friendship for cattle and poultry' we shall not much intermeddle. It may be that hereby he acquired a 'certain deeper sympathy with animated Nature:' but when, we would ask, saw any man, in a collection of Biographical

Documents, such a piece as this: 'Impressive enough (bedeut-'ungsvoll) was it to hear, in early morning, the Swineherd's 'horn; and know that so many hungry happy quadrupeds were, on all sides, starting in hot haste to join him, for breakfast on 'the Heath. Or to see them at eventide, all marching-in again, 'with short squeak, almost in military order; and each, topo-'graphically correct, trotting-off in succession to the right or left, 'through its own lane, to its own dwelling; till old Kunz, at the 'Village-head, now left alone, blew his last blast, and retired for the night. We are wont to love the Hog chiefly in the form of Ham; yet did not these bristly thick-skinned beings here manifest intelligence, perhaps humour of character; at 'any rate, a touching, trustful submissiveness to Man,-who, were he but a Swineherd, in darned gabardine, and leather 'breeches more resembling slate or discoloured-tin breeches, is still the Hierarch of this lower world?' so so to so to the

It is maintained, by Helvetius and his set, that an infant of genius is quite the same as any other infant, only that certain surprisingly favourable influences accompany him through life, especially through childhood, and expand him, while others lie closefolded and continue dunces. Herein, say they, consists the whole difference between an inspired Prophet and a double-barrelled Game-preserver: the inner man of the one has been fostered into generous development; that of the other, crushed-down perhaps by vigour of animal digestion, and the like, has exuded and evaporated, or at best sleeps now irresuscitably stagnant at the bottom of his stomach. With which opinion,' cries Teufelsdröckh, 'I should as soon agree as with this other, that an acorn 'might, by favourable or unfavourable influences of soil and 'climate, be nursed into a cabbage, or the cabbage-seed into 'an oak.

'Nevertheless,' continues he, 'I too acknowledge the all-but omnipotence of early culture and nurture: hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush, or a high-towering, wide-shadowing tree; either a sick yellow cabbage, or an edible luxuriant green one. Of a truth, it is the duty of all men, especially of all philosophers, to note-down with accuracy the characteristic circumstances of their Education, what furthered, what hindered, what in any way modified it: to which duty, nowadays so pressing for many a German Autobiographer, I also zeal-

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ously address myself.'—Thou rogue! Is it by short-clothes of yellow serge, and swineherd horns, that an infant of genius is educated? And yet, as usual, it ever remains doubtful whether he is laughing in his sleeve at these Autobiographical times of ours, or writing from the abundance of his own fond ineptitude. For he continues: 'If among the ever-streaming currents of 'Sights, Hearings, Feelings for Pain or Pleasure, whereby, as in a Magic Hall, young Gneschen went about environed, I might venture to select and specify, perhaps these following 'were also of the number:

Doubtless, as childish sports call forth Intellect, Activity, so the young creature's Imagination was stirred up, and a Historical tendency given him by the narrative habits of Father Andreas; who, with his battle-reminiscences, and gray austere vet hearty patriarchal aspect, could not but appear another 'Ulysses and "much-enduring Man." Eagerly I hung upon his tales, when listening neighbours enlivened the hearth; from these perils and these travels, wild and far almost as Hades itself, a dim world of Adventure expanded itself within me. 'Incalculable also was the knowledge I acquired in standing by the Old Men under the Linden-tree: the whole of Immensity 'was yet new to me; and had not these reverend seniors, talkative enough, been employed in partial surveys thereof for 'nigh fourscore years? With amazement I began to discover 'that Entepfuhl stood in the middle of a Country, of a World; 'that there was such a thing as History, as Biography; to 'which I also, one day, by hand and tongue, might contribute.

'In a like sense worked the *Postwagen* (Stage-coach), which, 'slow-rolling under its mountains of men and luggage, wended 'through our Village: northwards, truly, in the dead of night; 'yet southwards visibly at eventide. Not till my eighth year 'did I reflect that this Postwagen could be other than some 'terrestrial Moon, rising and setting by mere Law of Nature, 'like the heavenly one; that it came on made highways, from 'far cities towards far cities; weaving them like a monstrous 'shuttle into closer and closer union. It was then that, independently of Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*, I made this not quite 'insignificant reflection (so true also in spiritual things): *Any road*, this simple Entepfuhl road, will lead you to the end of the World!

'Why mention our Swallows, which, out of far Africa, as I learned, threading their way over seas and mountains, corporate cities and belligerent nations, yearly found themselves, with the month of May, snug-lodged in our Cottage Lobby? The hospitable Father (for cleanliness' sake) had fixed a little bracket plumb under their nest: there they built, and caught flies, and twittered, and bred; and all, I chiefly, from the heart loved them. Bright, nimble creatures, who taught you the mason-craft; nay, stranger still, gave you a masonic incorporation, almost social police? For if, by ill chance, and when time pressed, your House fell, have I not seen five neighbourly Helpers appear next day; and swashing to and fro, with animated, loud, long-drawn chirpings, and activity almost super-

'But undoubtedly the grand summary of Entepfuhl child's-'culture, where as in a funnel its manifold influences were con-'centrated and simultaneously poured-down on us, was the 'annual Cattle-fair. Here, assembling from all the four winds, 'came the elements of an unspeakable hurlyburly. Nutbrown 'maids and nutbrown men, all clear-washed, loud-laughing, be-'dizened and beribanded; who came for dancing, for treating 'and if possible, for happiness. Topbooted Graziers from the 'North; Swiss Brokers, Italian Drovers, also topbooted, from 'the South; these with their subalterns in leather jerkins, lea-'ther skull-caps, and long oxgoads; shouting in half-articulate 'speech, amid the inarticulate barking and bellowing. Apart ' stood Potters from far Saxony, with their crockery in fair rows; 'Nürnberg Pedlars, in booths that to me seemed richer than 'Ormuz bazaars; Showmen from the Lago Maggiore; detach-'ments of the Wiener Schub (Offscourings of Vienna) vocifer-'ously superintending games of chance. Ballad-singers brayed, 'Auctioneers grew hoarse; cheap New Wine (heuriger) flowed 'like water, still worse confounding the confusion; and high 'over all, vaulted, in ground-and-lofty tumbling, a particoloured 'Merry-Andrew, like the genius of the place and of Life itself.

'Thus encircled by the mystery of Existence; under the deep heavenly Firmament; waited-on by the four golden Seasons, with their vicissitudes of contribution, for even grim Winter brought its skating-matches and shooting-matches, its 'snow-storms and Christmas-carols,—did the Child sit and

learn. These things were the Alphabet, whereby in after-time he was to syllable and partly read the grand Volume of the World: what matters it whether such Alphabet be in large gilt letters or in small ungilt ones, so you have an eye to read it? For Gneschen, eager to learn, the very act of looking thereon was a blessedness that gilded all: his existence was a bright, soft element of Joy; out of which, as in Prospero's Island, wonder after wonder bodied itself forth, to teach by charming.

Nevertheless, I were but a vain dreamer to say, that even then my felicity was perfect. I had, once for all, come down from Heaven into the Earth. Among the rainbow colours that glowed on my horizon, lay even in childhood a dark ring of Care, as yet no thicker than a thread, and often quite overshone; yet always it reappeared, nay ever waxing broader and broader; till in after-years it almost over-shadowed my whole canopy, and threatened to engulf me in final night. It was the ring of Necessity whereby we are all begirt; happy he for whom a kind heavenly Sun brightens it into a ring of Duty, and plays round it with beautiful prismatic diffractions; yet ever, as basis and as bourne for our whole being, it is there.

For the first few years of our terrestrial Apprenticeship, we 'have not much work to do; but, boarded and lodged gratis, ' are set down mostly to look about us over the workshop, and ' see others work, till we have understood the tools a little, and can handle this and that. If good Passivity alone, and not good Passivity and good Activity together, were the thing 'wanted, then was my early position favourable beyond the most. In all that respects openness of Sense, affectionate 'Temper, ingenuous Curiosity, and the fostering of these, what 'more could I have wished? On the other side, however, things went not so well. My Active Power (Thatkraft) was unfavour-'ably hemmed-in; of which misfortune how many traces yet 'abide with me! In an orderly house, where the litter of chil-'dren's sports is hateful enough, your training is too stoical; ' rather to bear and forbear than to make and do. I was forbid much: wishes in any measure bold I had to renounce; everywhere a strait bond of Obedience inflexibly held me down. Thus already Freewill often came in painful collision with Ne-

'cessity; so that my tears flowed, and at seasons the Child itself ' might taste that root of bitterness, wherewith the whole fruit-

age of our life is mingled and tempered.

'In which habituation to Obedience, truly, it was beyond measure safer to err by excess than by defect. Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein whoso will not bend ' must break: too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that Would, in this world of ours, is as mere zero to 'Should, and for most part as the smallest of fractions even to Shall. Hereby was laid for me the basis of worldly Discretion. nay of Morality itself. Let me not quarrel with my upbringing. It was rigorous, too frugal, compressively secluded, everyway 'unscientific: yet in that very strictness and domestic solitude ' might there not lie the root of deeper earnestness, of the stem from which all noble fruit must grow? Above all, how unskilful soever, it was loving, it was well-meant, honest; whereby 'every deficiency was helped. My kind Mother, for as such I 'must ever love the good Gretchen, did me one altogether in-'valuable service: she taught me, less indeed by word than by 'act and daily reverent look and habitude, her own simple ver-'sion of the Christian Faith. Andreas too attended Church; 'yet more like a parade-duty, for which he in the other world 'expected pay with arrears,—as, I trust, he has received; but 'my Mother, with a true woman's heart, and fine though uncultivated sense, was in the strictest acceptation Religious. 'How indestructibly the Good grows, and propagates itself, even among the weedy entanglements of Evil! The highest 'whom I knew on Earth I here saw bowed down, with awe unspeakable, before a Higher in Heaven: such things, especially in infancy, reach inwards to the very core of your being; mysteriously does a Holy of Holies build itself into visibility in the mysterious deeps; and Reverence, the divinest in man, springs 'forth undying from its mean envelopment of Fear. Wouldst thou rather be a peasant's son that knew, were it never so 'rudely, there was a God in Heaven and in Man; or a duke's son that only knew there were two-and-thirty quarters on the 'family-coach?'

To which last question we must answer: Beware, O Teufelsdröckh, of spiritual pride!

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HITHERTO we see young Gneschen, in his indivisible case of vellow serge, borne forward mostly on the arms of kind Nature alone; seated, indeed, and much to his mind, in the terrestrial workshop, but (except his soft hazel eyes, which we doubt not already gleamed with a still intelligence) called upon for little voluntary movement there. Hitherto, accordingly, his aspect is rather generic, that of an incipient Philosopher and Poet in the abstract; perhaps it would puzzle Herr Heuschrecke himself to say wherein the special Doctrine of Clothes is as yet foreshadowed or betokened. For with Gneschen, as with others, the Man may indeed stand pictured in the Boy (at least all the pigments are there); yet only some half of the Man stands in the Child, or young Boy, namely, his Passive endowment, not his Active. The more impatient are we to discover what figure he cuts in this latter capacity; how, when, to use his own words, 'he understands the tools a little, and can handle this or that,' he will proceed to handle it.

Here, however, may be the place to state that, in much of our Philosopher's history, there is something of an almost Hindoo character: nay perhaps in that so well-fostered and everyway excellent 'Passivity' of his, which, with no free development of the antagonist Activity, distinguished his childhood, we may detect the rudiments of much that, in after days, and still in these present days, astonishes the world. For the shallow-sighted, Teufelsdröckh is oftenest a man without Activity of any kind, a Noman; for the deep-sighted, again, a man with Activity almost superabundant, yet so spiritual, close-hidden, enigmatic, that no mortal can foresee its explosions, or even when it has exploded, so much as ascertain its significance. A dangerous, difficult temper for the modern European; above all, disadvantageous in the hero of a Biography! Now as heretofore it will behove the Editor of these pages, were it never so unsuccessfully, to do his endeavour.

Among the earliest tools of any complicacy which a man, especially a man of letters, gets to handle, are his Class-books.

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On this portion of his History, Teufelsdröckh looks down professedly as indifferent. Reading he 'cannot remember ever to have learned;' so perhaps had it by nature. He says generally: 'Of the insignificant portion of my Education, which depended 'on Schools, there need almost no notice be taken. I learned 'what others learn; and kept it stored-by in a corner of my ' head, seeing as yet no manner of use in it. My Schoolmaster, 'a downbent, brokenhearted, underfoot martyr, as others of that 'guild are, did little for me, except discover that he could do 'little: he, good soul, pronounced me a genius, fit for the 'learned professions; and that I must be sent to the Gymna-'sium, and one day to the University. Meanwhile, what printed 'thing soever I could meet with I read. My very copper pocket-'money I laid-out on stall-literature; which, as it accumulated, 'I with my own hands sewed into volumes. By this means was 'the young head furnished with a considerable miscellany of 'things and shadows of things: History in authentic fragments ' lay mingled with Fabulous chimeras, wherein also was reality; ' and the whole not as dead stuff, but as living pabulum, toler-'ably nutritive for a mind as yet so peptic.'

That the Entepfuhl Schoolmaster judged well, we now know. Indeed, already in the youthful Gneschen, with all his outward stillness, there may have been manifest an inward vivacity that promised much; symptoms of a spirit singularly open, thoughtful, almost poetical. Thus, to say nothing of his Suppers on the Orchard-wall, and other phenomena of that earlier period, have many readers of these pages stumbled, in their twelfth year, on such reflections as the following? 'It struck me much, 'as I sat by the Kuhbach, one silent noontide, and watched it 'flowing, gurgling, to think how this same streamlet had flowed 'and gurgled, through all changes of weather and of fortune, 'from beyond the earliest date of History. Yes, probably on 'the morning when Joshua forded Jordan; even as at the midday when Cæsar, doubtless with difficulty, swam the Nile, yet 'kept his Commentaries dry,—this little Kuhbach, assiduous as 'Tiber, Eurotas or Siloa, was murmuring on across the wilder-'ness, as yet unnamed, unseen: here, too, as in the Euphrates ' and the Ganges, is a vein or veinlet of the grand World-cir-'culation of Waters, which, with its atmospheric arteries, has ·lasted and lasts simply with the World. Thou fool! Nature

'alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom; that idle crag thou sittest on is six-thousand years of age.' In which little thought, as in a little fountain, may there not lie the beginning of those well-nigh unutterable meditations on the grandeur and mystery of Time, and its relation to Eternity, which play such a part in this Philosophy of Clothes?

Over his Gymnasic and Academic years the Professor by no means lingers so lyrical and joyful as over his childhood. Green sunny tracts there are still; but intersected by bitter rivulets of tears, here and there stagnating into sour marshes of discontent. 'With my first view of the Hinterschlag Gymnasium,' writes he, my evil days began. Well do I still remember the red sunny Whitsuntide morning, when, trotting full of hope by the side of Father Andreas, I entered the main street of the place, and 'saw its steeple-clock (then striking Eight) and Schuldthurm '(Jail), and the aproned or disaproned Burghers moving-in to 'breakfast: a little dog, in mad terror, was rushing past; for some human imps had tied a tin-kettle to its tail; thus did the 'agonised creature, loud-jingling, career through the whole length ' of the Borough, and become notable enough. Fit emblem of ' many a Conquering Hero, to whom Fate (wedding Fantasy to ' Sense, as it often elsewhere does) has malignantly appended a 'tin-kettle of Ambition, to chase him on; which the faster he 'runs, urges him the faster, the more loudly and more foolishly! · Fit emblem also of much that awaited myself, in that mischievous Den; as in the World, whereof it was a portion and epi-Stome! viastu asw reseggs bloom ti osmit ais

'Alas, the kind beech-rows of Entepfuhl were hidden in the 'distance: I was among strangers, harshly, at best indifferently, disposed towards me; the young heart felt, for the first 'time, quite orphaned and alone.' His schoolfellows, as is usual, persecuted him: 'They were Boys,' he says, 'mostly rude Boys,' and obeyed the impulse of rude Nature, which bids the deer-herd fall upon any stricken hart, the duck-flock put to death 'any broken-winged brother or sister, and on all hands the 'strong tyrannise over the weak.' He admits, that though 'per-haps in an unusual degree morally courageous,' he succeeded ill in battle, and would fain have avoided it; a result, as would appear, owing less to his small personal stature (for in passionate seasons he was 'incredibly nimble'), than to his 'virtuous

authorization,

'principles:' 'if it was disgraceful to be beaten,' says he, 'it 'was only a shade less disgraceful to have so much as fought; 'thus was I drawn two ways at once, and in this important 'element of school-history, the war-element, had little but sor-'row.' On the whole, that same excellent 'Passivity,' so notable in Teufelsdröckh's childhood, is here visibly enough again getting nourishment. 'He wept often; indeed to such a degree 'that he was nicknamed Der Weinende (the Tearful), which 'epithet, till towards his thirteenth year, was indeed not quite 'unmerited. Only at rare intervals did the young soul burst-'forth into fire-eyed rage, and, with a stormfulness (Ungestüm) 'under which the boldest quailed, assert that he too had Rights 'of Man, or at least of Mankin.' In all which, who does not discern a fine flower-tree and cinnamon-tree (of genius) nigh choked among pumpkins, reed-grass and ignoble shrubs; and forced if it would live, to struggle upwards only, and not outwards; into a height quite sickly, and disproportioned to its breadth ? id : list stirot stille to its bad semi gamus emus

We find, moreover, that his Greek and Latin were 'mechanically' taught; Hebrew scarce even mechanically; much else which they called History, Cosmography, Philosophy, and so forth, no better than not at all. So that, except inasmuch as Nature was still busy; and he himself 'went about, as was 'of old his wont, among the Craftsmen's workshops, there learning many things;' and farther lighted on some small store of curious reading, in Hans Wachtel the Cooper's house, where he lodged, — his time, it would appear, was utterly wasted. Which facts the Professor has not yet learned to look upon with any contentment. Indeed, throughout the whole of this Bag Scorpio, where we now are, and often in the following Bag, he shows himself unusually animated on the matter of Education, and not without some touch of what we might presume to be anger.

'My Teachers,' says he, 'were hide-bound Pedants, without knowledge of man's nature, or of boy's; or of aught save their lexicons and quarterly account-books. Innumerable dead Vo-cables (no dead Language, for they themselves knew no Language) they crammed into us, and called it fostering the growth of mind. How can an inanimate, mechanical Gerund grinder, the like of whom will, in a subsequent century, be

manufactured at Nürnberg out of wood and leather, foster the growth of anything; much more of Mind, which grows, not like a vegetable (by having its roots littered with etymological compost), but like a spirit, by mysterious contact of Spirit; Thought kindling itself at the fire of living Thought? How shall he give kindling, in whose own inward man there is no live coal, but all is burnt-out to a dead grammatical cinder? The Hinterschlag Professors knew syntax enough; and of the human soul thus much: that it had a faculty called Memory, and could be acted-on through the muscular integument by appliance of birch-rods.

Alas, so is it everywhere, so will it ever be; till the Hodman is discharged, or reduced to hodbearing; and an Architect is hired, and on all hands fitly encouraged: till communities and individuals discover, not without surprise, that
fashioning the souls of a generation by Knowledge can rank
on a level with blowing their bodies to pieces by Gunpowder;
that with Generals and Fieldmarshals for killing, there should
be world-honoured Dignitaries, and were it possible, true Godordained Priests, for teaching. But as yet, though the Soldier
wears openly, and even parades, his butchering-tool, nowhere,
far as I have travelled, did the Schoolmaster make show of
his instructing-ool: nay, were he to walk abroad with birch
girt on thigh, as if he therefrom expected honour, would there
not, among the idler class, perhaps a certain levity be excited?

In the third year of this Gymnasic period, Father Andreas seems to have died: the young Scholar, otherwise so maltreated, saw himself for the first time clad outwardly in sables, and inwardly in quite inexpressible melancholy. 'The dark bottom- less Abyss, that lies under our feet, had yawned open; the pale kingdoms of Death, with all their innumerable silent nations and generations, stood before him; the inexorable word, Never! now first showed its meaning. My Mother wept, and her sorrow got vent; but in my heart there lay a whole lake of tears, pent-up in silent desolation. Nevertheless the unworn Spirit is strong; Life is so healthful that it even finds nourishment in Death: these stern experiences, planted down by Memory in my Imagination, rose there to a whole cypressforest, sad but beautiful; waving, with not unmelodious sighs, in dark luxuriance, in the hottest sunshine, through long years

of youth:—as in manhood also it does, and will do; for I have now pitched my tent under a Cypress-tree; the Tomb is now my inexpugnable Fortress, ever close by the gate of which I look upon the hostile armaments, and pains and penalties of tyrannous Life placidly enough, and listen to its loudest threatenings with a still smile. O ye loved ones, that already sleep in the noiseless Bed of Rest, whom in life I could only weep for and never help; and ye, who wide-scattered still toil lonely in the monster-bearing Desert, dyeing the flinty ground with your blood,—yet a little while, and we shall all meet THERE, and our Mother's bosom will screen us all; and Oppression's harness, and Sorrow's fire-whip, and all the Gehenna Bailiffs that patrol and inhabit ever-vexed Time, cannot thenceforth harm us any more!

Close by which rather beautiful apostrophe, lies a laboured Character of the deceased Andreas Futteral; of his natural ability, his deserts in life (as Prussian Sergeant); with long historical inquiries into the genealogy of the Futteral Family, here traced back as far as Henry the Fowler: the whole of which we pass over, not without astonishment. It only concerns us to add, that now was the time when Mother Gretchen revealed to her foster-son that he was not at all of this kindred; or indeed of any kindred, having come into historical existence in the way already known to us. 'Thus was I doubly orphaned,' says he; 'bereft not only of Possession, but even of Remem-'brance. Sorrow and Wonder, here suddenly united, could not 'but produce abundant fruit. Such a disclosure, in such a sea-'son, struck its roots through my whole nature: ever till the 'years of mature manhood, it mingled with my whole thoughts, was as the stem whereon all my day-dreams and night-dreams 'grew. A certain poetic elevation, yet also a corresponding 'civic depression, it naturally imparted: I was like no other; 'in which fixed-idea, leading sometimes to highest, and oftener 'to frightfullest results, may there not lie the first spring of ' tendencies, which in my Life have become remarkable enough? 'As in birth, so in action, speculation, and social position, my 'fellows are perhaps not numerous.' thy Memory immy Imagination; rose there to a whole cypress.

In the Bag Sagittarius, as we at length discover, Teufels-dröckh has become a University man; though how, when, or



of what quality, will nowhere disclose itself with the smallest certainty. Few things, in the way of confusion and capricious indistinctness, can now surprise our readers; not even the total want of dates, almost without parallel in a Biographical work. So enigmatic, so chaotic we have always found, and must always look to find, these scattered Leaves. In Sagittarius, however, Teufelsdröckh begins to show himself even more than usually Sibylline: fragments of all sorts; scraps of regular Memoir, College-Exercises, Programs, Professional Testimoniums, Milkscores, torn Billets, sometimes to appearance of an amatory cast; all blown together as if by merest chance, henceforth bewilder the sane Historian. To combine any picture of these University, and the subsequent, years; much more, to decipher therein any illustrative primordial elements of the Clothes-Philosophy, becomes such a problem as the reader may imagine.

So much we can see; darkly, as through the foliage of some wavering thicket: a youth of no common endowment, who has passed happily through Childhood, less happily yet still vigorously through Boyhood, now at length perfect in 'dead vocables,' and set down, as he hopes, by the living Fountain, there to superadd Ideas and Capabilities. From such Fountain he draws, diligently, thirstily, yet never or seldom with his whole heart, for the water nowise suits his palate; discouragements, entanglements, aberrations are discoverable or supposable. Nor perhaps are even pecuniary distresses wanting; for 'the good Gretchen, who in spite of advices from not disinterested relatives has 'sent him hither, must after a time withdraw her willing but 'too feeble hand.' Nevertheless in an atmosphere of Poverty and manifold Chagrin, the Humour of that young Soul, what character is in him, first decisively reveals itself; and, like strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colours, some of which are prismatic. Thus, with the aid of Time and of what Time brings, has the stripling Diogenes Teufelsdröckh waxed into manly stature; and into so questionable an aspect, that we ask with new eagerness, How he specially came by it, and regret anew that there is no more explicit answer. Certain of the intelligible and partially significant fragments, which are few in number, shall be extracted from that Limbo of a Paperbag, and presented with the usual preparation.

As if, in the Bag Scorpio, Teufelsdröckh had not already

expectorated his antipedagogic spleen; as if, from the name Sagittarius, he had thought himself called upon to shoot arrows, we here again fall-in with such matter as this: 'The University' where I was educated still stands vivid enough in my remembrance, and I know its name well; which name, however, I, from tenderness to existing interests and persons, shall in nowise divulge. It is my painful duty to say that, out of England and Spain, ours was the worst of all hitherto discovered 'Universities. This is indeed a time when right Education is, as nearly as may be, impossible: however, in degrees of wrongness there is no limit: nay, I can conceive a worse system than that of the Nameless itself; as poisoned victual may be worse than absolute hunger.

'It is written, When the blind lead the blind, both shall fall 'into the ditch: wherefore, in such circumstances, may it not 'sometimes be safer, if both leader and lead simply—sit still? 'Had you, anywhere in Crim Tartary, walled-in a square enclosure; furnished it with a small, ill-chosen Library; and then turned loose into it eleven-hundred Christian striplings, ' to tumble about as they listed, from three to seven years: certain persons, under the title of Professors, being stationed at the gates, to declare aloud that it was a University, and exact considerable admission-fees,—you had, not indeed in mechani-'cal structure, yet in spirit and result, some imperfect resemblance of our High Seminary. I say, imperfect; for if our 'mechanical structure was quite other, so neither was our result altogether the same: unhappily, we were not in Crim 'Tartary, but in a corrupt European city, full of smoke and sin; moreover, in the middle of a Public, which, without far 'costlier apparatus than that of the Square Enclosure, and Declaration aloud, you could not be sure of gulling.

'Gullible, however, by fit apparatus, all Publics are; and gulled, with the most surprising profit. Towards anything like a Statistics of Imposture, indeed, little as yet has been done: with a strange indifference, our Economists, nigh buried under Tables for minor Branches of Industry, have altogether over-looked the grand all-overtopping Hypocrisy Branch; as if our whole arts of Puffery, of Quackery, Priestcraft, Kingcraft, and the innumerable other crafts and mysteries of that genus, had not ranked in Productive Industry at all! Can any one, for

example, so much as say, What moneys, in Literature and · Shoeblacking, are realised by actual Instruction and actual jet Polish; what by fictitious-persuasive Proclamation of such; specifying, in distinct items, the distributions, circulations, dis-· bursements, incomings of said moneys, with the smallest approach to accuracy? But to ask, How far, in all the several infinitely-complected departments of social business, in government, education, in manual, commercial, intellectual fabrication of every sort, man's Want is supplied by true Ware; how far by the mere Appearance of true Ware:—in other words, · To what extent, by what methods, with what effects, in various times and countries, Deception takes the place of wages of Performance: here truly is an Inquiry big with results for the future time, but to which hitherto only the vaguest answer can be given. If for the present, in our Europe, we estimate the 'ratio of Ware to Appearance of Ware so high even as at One to a Hundred (which, considering the Wages of a Pope, Russian Autocrat, or English Game-Preserver, is probably not far from the mark), -what almost prodigious saving may there not be anticipated, as the Statistics of Imposture advances, and so the manufacturing of Shams (that of Realities rising 'into clearer and clearer distinction therefrom) gradually declines, and at length becomes all but wholly unnecessary!

'This for the coming golden ages. What I had to remark, for the present brazen one, is, that in several provinces, as in Education, Polity, Religion, where so much is wanted and indispensable, and so little can as yet be furnished, probably 'Imposture is of sanative, anodyne nature, and man's Gullibility not his worst blessing. Suppose your sinews of war quite broken; I mean your military chest insolvent, forage all but exhausted; and that the whole army is about to mutiny, disband, and cut your and each other's throat,—then were it not well could you, as if by miracle, pay them in any sort of fairy-money, feed them on coagulated water, or mere imagination of meat; whereby, till the real supply came up, they might be kept together and quiet? Such perhaps was the aim of Nature, who does nothing without aim, in furnishing her favourite, Man, with this his so omnipotent or rather omnipatient Talent of being Gulled.

'How beautifully it works, with a little mechanism; nay,

'almost makes mechanism for itself! These Professors in the Nameless lived with ease, with safety, by a mere Reputation, constructed in past times, and then too with no great effort, by quite another class of persons. Which Reputation, like a strong, brisk-going undershot wheel, sunk into the general current, bade fair, with only a little annual repainting on their part, to hold long together, and of its own accord assiduously grind for them. Happy that it was so, for the Millers! They themselves needed not to work; their attempts at working, at what they called Educating, now when I look back on it, fill me with a certain mute admiration.

'Besides all this, we boasted ourselves a Rational University; 'in the highest degree hostile to Mysticism; thus was the young 'vacant mind furnished with much talk about Progress of the 'Species, Dark Ages, Prejudice, and the like; so that all were 'quickly enough blown out into a state of windy argumentative-'ness; whereby the better sort had soon to end in sick, impo-'tent Scepticism; the worser sort explode (crepiren) in finished 'Self-conceit, and to all spiritual intents become dead.—But 'this too is portion of mankind's lot. If our era is the Era of 'Unbelief, why murmur under it; is there not a better coming, 'nay come? As in long-drawn systole and long-drawn diastole, 'must the period of Faith alternate with the period of Denial; 'must the vernal growth, the summer luxuriance of all Opinions, 'Spiritual Representations and Creations, be followed by, and 'again follow, the autumnal decay, the winter dissolution. For 'man lives in Time, has his whole earthly being, endeavour and destiny shaped for him by Time: only in the transitory Time-'Symbol is the ever-motionless Eternity we stand on made mani-'fest. And yet, in such winter-seasons of Denial, it is for the 'nobler-minded perhaps a comparative misery to have been born, ' and to be awake and work; and for the duller a felicity, if, like 'hibernating animals, safe-lodged in some Salamanca University, 'or Sybaris City, or other superstitious or voluptuous Castle of 'Indolence, they can slumber-through, in stupid dreams, and only awaken when the loud-roaring hailstorms have all done ' their work, and to our prayers and martyrdoms the new Spring has been vouchsafed.' John to a all the many of the same of the sa

That in the environment, here mysteriously enough shadowed forth Teufelsdröckh must have felt ill at ease, cannot be doubt-

ful. 'The hungry young,' he says, 'looked up to their spiritual 'Nurses; and, for food, were bidden eat the east-wind. What vain jargon of controversial Metaphysic, Etymology, and me-'chanical Manipulation falsely named Science, was current there, I indeed learned, better perhaps than the most. Among eleven-· hundred Christian youths, there will not be wanting some eleven eager to learn. By collision with such, a certain warmth, a certain polish was communicated; by instinct and happy accident, I took less to rioting (renommiren), than to thinking and reading, which latter also I was free to do. Nay from the chaos of that Library, I succeeded in fishing-up more books e perhaps than had been known to the very keepers thereof. 'The foundation of a Literary Life was hereby laid: I learned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated 'languages, on almost all subjects and sciences; farther, as man is ever the prime object to man, already it was my favourite employment to read character in speculation, and from the Writing to construe the Writer. A certain groundplan of Human Nature and Life began to fashion itself in me; wondrous enough, now when I look back on it; for my whole Universe, 'physical and spiritual, was as yet a Machine! However, such a conscious, recognised groundplan, the truest I had, was be 'ginning to be there, and by additional experiments might be 'corrected and indefinitely extended.'

Thus from poverty does the strong educe nobler wealth; thus in the destitution of the wild desert does our young Ishmael acquire for himself the highest of all possessions, that of Self-help. Nevertheless a desert this was, waste, and howling with savage monsters. Teufelsdröckh gives us long details of his 'fever-paroxysms of Doubt;' his Inquiries concerning Miracles, and the Evidences of religious Faith; and how 'in the 'silent night-watches, still darker in his heart than over sky and earth, he has cast himself before the All-seeing, and with audible prayers cried vehemently for Light, for deliverance from Death and the Grave. Not till after long years, and un-'speakable agonies, did the believing heart surrender; sink into 'spell-bound sleep, under the nightmare, Unbelief; and, in this ' hag-ridden dream, mistake God's fair living world for a pallid, vacant Hades and extinct Pandemonium. But through such 'Purgatory pain,' continues he, 'it is appointed us to pass; first 'must the dead Letter of Religion own itself dead, and drop 'piecemeal into dust, if the living Spirit of Religion, freed from this its charnel-house, is to arise on us, newborn of Heaven, and with new healing under its wings.'

To which Purgatory pains, seemingly severe enough, if we add a liberal measure of Earthly distresses, want of practical guidance, want of sympathy, want of money, want of hope; and all this in the fervid season of youth, so exaggerated in imagining, so boundless in desires, yet here so poor in means,—do we not see a strong incipient spirit oppressed and overloaded from without and from within; the fire of genius struggling-up among fuel-wood of the greenest, and as yet with more of bitter vapour than of clear flame?

From various fragments of Letters and other documentary scraps, it is to be inferred that Teufelsdröckh, isolated, shy, retiring as he was, had not altogether escaped notice: certain established men are aware of his existence; and, if stretching-out no helpful hand, have at least their eyes on him. He appears, though in dreary enough humour, to be addressing himself to the Profession of Law;—whereof, indeed, the world has since seen him a public graduate. But omitting these broken, unsatisfactory thrums of Economical relation, let us present rather the following small thread of Moral relation; and therewith, the reader for himself weaving it in at the right place, conclude our dim arras-picture of these University years.

'Here also it was that I formed acquaintance with Herr Towgood, or, as it is perhaps better written, Herr Toughgut; a 'young person of quality (von Adel), from the interior parts of England. He stood connected, by blood and hospitality, with the Counts von Zähdarm, in this quarter of Germany; to which noble Family I likewise was, by his means, with all friendliness, brought near. Towgood had a fair talent, unspeakably ill-cultivated; with considerable humour of character: and, bating his total ignorance, for he knew nothing except Boxing and a little Grammar, showed less of that aristocratic impassivity, and silent fury, than for most part belongs to Travellers of his nation. To him I owe my first practical knowledge of the English and their ways; perhaps also something of the 'partiality with which I have ever since regarded that singular 'people. Towgood was not without an eye, could he have

come at any light. Invited doubtless by the presence of the Zähdarm Family, he had travelled hither, in the almost frantic hope of perfecting his studies; he, whose studies had as yet been those of infancy, hither to a University where so much as the notion of perfection, not to say the effort after it, no 'longer existed! Often we would condole over the hard destiny of the Young in this era: how, after all our toil, we were to be turned-out into the world, with beards on our chins indeed, but with few other attributes of manhood; no existing thing that we were trained to Act on, nothing that we could so much as Believe. "How has our head on the outside a polished Hat," 'would Towgood exclaim, "and in the inside Vacancy, or a 'froth of Vocables and Attorney-Logic! At a small cost men 'are educated to make leather into shoes; but at a great cost, what am I educated to make? By Heaven, Brother! what I have already eaten and worn, as I came thus far, would endow 'a considerable Hospital of Incurables."—"Man, indeed," I would answer, "has a Digestive Faculty, which must be kept working, were it even partly by stealth. But as for our Miseducation, make not bad worse; waste not the time yet ours, in trampling on thistles because they have yielded us no figs. Frisch zu, Bruder! Here are Books, and we have brains to read them; here is a whole Earth and a whole Heaven, and we have eyes to look on them: Frisch zu!"

'Often also our talk was gay; not without brilliancy, and even fire. We looked-out on Life, with its strange scaffolding, 'where all at once harlequins dance, and men are beheaded 'and quartered: motley, not unterrific was the aspect; but we 'looked on it like brave youths. For myself, these were perhaps my most genial hours. Towards this young warmhearted, strongheaded and wrongheaded Herr Towgood I was even near experiencing the now obsolete sentiment of Friendship. Yes, 'foolish Heathen that I was, I felt that, under certain conditions, I could have loved this man, and taken him to my bosom, and been his brother once and always. By degrees, however, I un-'derstood the new time, and its wants. If man's Soul is indeed, as in the Finnish Language, and Utilitarian Philosophy, a kind of Stomach, what else is the true meaning of Spiritual Union but an Eating together? Thus we, instead of Friends, are Dinner-guests; and here as elsewhere have cast away chimeras.'

So ends, abruptly as is usual, and enigmatically, this little incipient romance. What henceforth becomes of the brave Herr Towgood, or Toughgut? He has dived-under, in the Autobiographical Chaos, and swims we see not where. Does any reader 'in the interior parts of England' know of such a man?

gains amaixe on CHAPTER IV.

of the Young in this era; how, after all our toil, we were to

turned out into the world, with beards on our chips indeed.

GETTING UNDER WAY.

'Thus nevertheless,' writes our Autobiographer, apparently as quitting College, 'was there realised Somewhat; namely, I, 'Diogenes Teufelsdröckh: a visible Temporary Figure (Zeitbild), occupying some cubic feet of Space, and containing within it Forces both physical and spiritual; hopes, passions, 'thoughts; the whole wondrous furniture, in more or less perfection, belonging to that mystery, a Man. Capabilities there were in me to give battle, in some small degree, against the great Empire of Darkness: does not the very Ditcher and 'Delver, with his spade, extinguish many a thistle and puddle; and so leave a little Order, where he found the opposite? Nay 'your very Daymoth has capabilities in this kind; and ever 'organises something (into its own Body, if no otherwise), which 'was before Inorganic; and of mute dead air makes living mu'sic, though only of the faintest, by humming.

'How much more, one whose capabilities are spiritual; who has learned, or begun learning, the grand thaumaturgic art of Thought! Thaumaturgic I name it; for hitherto all Miracles have been wrought thereby, and henceforth innumerable will be wrought; whereof we, even in these days, witness some. Of the Poet's and Prophet's inspired Message, and how it makes and unmakes whole worlds, I shall forbear mention: but cannot the dullest hear Steam-engines clanking around him? Has he not seen the Scottish Brassmith's IDEA (and this but a mechanical one) travelling on fire-wings round the Cape, and across two Oceans; and stronger than any other Enchanter's Familiar, on all hands unweariedly fetching and carrying: at home, not only weaving Cloth; but rapidly enough overturning the whole old system of Society; and, for

· Feudalism and Preservation of the Game, preparing us, by indirect but sure methods, Industrialism and the Government of the Wisest? Truly a Thinking Man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the Nether · Empire; and new Emissaries are trained, with new tactics, to, 'if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him.

'With such high vocation had I too, as denizen of the Universe, been called. Unhappy it is, however, that though born to the amplest Sovereignty, in this way, with no less than sovereign right of Peace and War against the Time-Prince (Zeit-' fürst), or Devil, and all his Dominions, your coronation-cere-'mony costs such trouble, your sceptre is so difficult to get at, Professions, or Bread studi

or even to get eye on!

By which last wiredrawn similitude does Teufelsdröckh mean no more than that young men find obstacles in what we call 'getting under way'? 'Not what I Have,' continues he, 'but what I Do is my Kingdom. To each is given a certain inward · Talent, a certain outward Environment of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of Ca-'pability. But the hardest problem were ever this first: To find ' by study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what your 'combined inward and outward Capability specially is. For, 'alas, our young soul is all budding with Capabilities, and we 'see not yet which is the main and true one. Always too the 'new man is in a new time, under new conditions; his course can be the fac-simile of no prior one, but is by its nature 'original. And then how seldom will the outward Capability 'fit the inward: though talented wonderfully enough, we are 'poor, unfriended, dyspeptical, bashful; nay what is worse than 'all, we are foolish. Thus, in a whole imbroglio of Capabili-'ties, we go stupidly groping about, to grope which is ours, and 'often clutch the wrong one: in this mad work must several 'years of our small term be spent, till the purblind Youth, by 'practice, acquire notions of distance, and become a seeing 'Man. Nay, many so spend their whole term, and in ever-'new expectation, ever-new disappointment, shift from enterprise to enterprise, and from side to side: till at length, as 'exasperated striplings of threescore-and-ten, they shift into 'their last enterprise, that of getting buried.

'Such, since the most of us are too ophthalmic, would be the general fate; were it not that one thing saves us: our Hunger. For on this ground, as the prompt nature of Hunger is well known, must a prompt choice be made: hence have we, with wise foresight, Indentures and Apprenticeships for our irrational young; whereby, in due season, the vague uni-' versality of a Man shall find himself ready-moulded into a 'specific Craftsman; and so thenceforth work, with much or with little waste of Capability as it may be; yet not with the worst waste, that of time. Nay even in matters spiritual, since the spiritual artist too is born blind, and does not, like certain other creatures, receive sight in nine days, but far later, some times never,—is it not well that there should be what we call Professions, or Bread-studies (Brodzwecke), preappointed us? Here, circling like the gin-horse, for whom partial or total blindness is no evil, the Bread-artist can travel contentedly round and round, still fancying that it is forward and forward; and realise much: for himself victual; for the world an additional horse's power in the grand corn-mill or hemp-mill of Economic Society. For me too had such a leading-string been provided; only that it proved a neck-halter, and had nigh throttled me, till I broke it off. Then, in the words of Ancient Pistol, did the world generally become mine oyster, which I, by strength or cunning, was to open, as I would and could Almost had I deceased (fast wär ich umgekommen), so ob stinately did it continue shut.'

We see here, significantly foreshadowed, the spirit of much that was to befall our Autobiographer; the historical embodiment of which, as it painfully takes shape in his Life, lies scattered, in dim disastrous details, through this Bag *Pisces*, and those that follow. A young man of high talent, and high though still temper, like a young mettled colt, 'breaks-off his neckhalter,' and bounds forth, from his peculiar manger, into the wide world; which, alas, he finds all rigorously fenced-in. Richest clover-fields tempt his eye; but to him they are forbidden pasture: either pining in progressive starvation, he must stand or, in mad exasperation, must rush to and fro, leaping against sheer stone-walls, which he cannot leap over, which only lacerate and lame him; till at last, after thousand attempts and endurances, he, as if by miracle, clears his way; not indeed into

luxuriant and luxurious clover, yet into a certain bosky wilderness where existence is still possible, and Freedom, though waited on by Scarcity, is not without sweetness. In a word, Teufelsdröckh having thrown-up his legal Profession, finds himself without landmark of outward guidance; whereby his previous want of decided Belief, or inward guidance, is frightfully aggravated. Necessity urges him on; Time will not stop, neither can he, a Son of Time; wild passions without solacement, wild faculties without employment, ever vex and agitate him. He too must enact that stern Monodrama, No Object and no Rest; must front its successive destinies, work through to its catastrophe, and deduce therefrom what moral he can.

Yet let us be just to him, let us admit that his 'neck-halter' sat nowise easy on him; that he was in some degree forced to break it off. If we look at the young man's civic position, in this Nameless capital, as he emerges from its Nameless University, we can discern well that it was far from enviable. His first Law-Examination he has come through triumphantly; and can even boast that the Examen Rigorosum need not have frightened him: but though he is hereby 'an Auscultator of respectability,' what avails it? There is next to no employment to be had. Neither, for a youth without connexions, is the process of Expectation very hopeful in itself; nor for one of his disposition much cheered from without. 'My fellow Ausculta-'tors,' he says, 'were Auscultators: they dressed, and digested, 'and talked articulate words; other vitality showed they almost 'none. Small speculation in those eyes, that they did glare 'withal! Sense neither for the high nor for the deep, nor for 'aught human or divine, save only for the faintest scent of 'coming Preferment.' In which words, indicating a total estrangement on the part of Teufelsdröckh, may there not also lurk traces of a bitterness as from wounded vanity? Doubtless these prosaic Auscultators may have sniffed at him, with his strange ways; and tried to hate, and what was much more impossible, to despise him. Friendly communion, in any case, there could not be: already has the young Teufelsdröckh left the other young geese; and swims apart, though as yet uncertain whether he himself is cygnet or gosling.

Perhaps, too, what little employment he had was performed ill, at best unpleasantly. 'Great practical method and expertness' he may brag of; but is there not also great practical pride,

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though deep-hidden, only the deeper-seated? So shy a man can never have been popular. We figure to ourselves, how in those days he may have played strange freaks with his independence, and so forth: do not his own words betoken as much? 'Like 'a very young person, I imagined it was with Work alone, and 'not also with Folly and Sin, in myself and others, that I had 'been appointed to struggle.' Be this as it may, his progress from the passive Auscultatorship, towards any active Assessorship, is evidently of the slowest. By degrees, those same established men, once partially inclined to patronise him, seem to withdraw their countenance, and give him up as 'a man of genius: against which procedure he, in these Papers, loudly protests 'As if,' says he, 'the higher did not presuppose the 'lower; as if he who can fly into heaven, could not also walk post if he resolved on it! But the world is an old woman, and mistakes any gilt farthing for a gold coin; whereby being ' often cheated, she will thenceforth trust nothing but the com-'mon copper, muint depends and a come through trium, raggo; nom'

How our winged sky-messenger, unaccepted as a terrestrial runner, contrived, in the mean while, to keep himself from flying skyward without return, is not too clear from these Documents. Good old Gretchen seems to have vanished from the scene, perhaps from the Earth; other Horn of Plenty, or even of Parsimony, nowhere flows for him; so that 'the prompt nature of Hunger being well known,' we are not without our anxiety. From private Tuition, in never so many languages and sciences, the aid derivable is small; neither, to use his own words, 'does 'the young Adventurer hitherto suspect in himself any literary 'gift; but at best earns bread-and-water wages, by his wide 'faculty of Translation. Nevertheless,' continues he, 'that I 'subsisted is clear, for you find me even now alive.' Which fact, however, except upon the principle of our true-hearted, kind old Proverb, that 'there is always life for a living one,' we must profess ourselves unable to explain.

Certain Landlords' Bills, and other economic Documents, bearing the mark of Settlement, indicate that he was not without money; but, like an independent Hearth-holder, if not Householder, paid his way. Here also occur, among many others, two little mutilated Notes, which perhaps throw light on his condition. The first has now no date, or writer's name, but a huge Blot; and runs to this effect: 'The (Inkblot), tied-down by

'previous promise, cannot, except by best wishes, forward the 'Herr Teufelsdröckh's views on the Assessorship in question; 'and sees himself under the cruel necessity of forbearing, for 'the present, what were otherwise his duty and joy, to assist in 'opening the career for a man of genius, on whom far higher 'triumphs are yet waiting.' The other is on gilt paper; and interests us like a sort of epistolary mummy now dead, yet which once lived and beneficently worked. We give it in the original: 'Herr Teufelsdröckh wird von der Frau Gräfinn, auf 'Donnerstag, zum ÆSTHETISCHEN THEE schönstens eingeladen.'

Thus, in answer to a cry for solid pudding, whereof there is the most urgent need, comes, epigrammatically enough, the invitation to a wash of quite fluid Æsthetic Tea! How Teufelsdröckh, now at actual handgrips with Destiny herself, may have comported himself among these Musical and Literary Dilettanti of both sexes, like a hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed, we can only conjecture. Perhaps in expressive silence, and abstinence: otherwise if the lion, in such case, is to feast at all, it cannot be on the chickenweed, but only on the chickens. For the rest, as this Frau Gräfinn dates from the Zähdarm House, she can be no other than the Countess and mistress of the same; whose intellectual tendencies, and good-will to Teufelsdröckh, whether on the footing of Herr Towgood, or on his own footing, are hereby manifest. That some sort of relation, indeed, continued, for a time, to connect our Autobiographer, though perhaps feebly enough, with this noble House, we have elsewhere express evidence. Doubtless, if he expected patronage, it was in vain; enough for him if he here obtained occasional glimpses of the great world, from which we at one time fancied him to have been always excluded. 'The Zähdarms,' says he, 'lived in the soft, sumptuous garniture of Aristocracy; 'whereto Literature and Art, attracted and attached from without, were to serve as the handsomest fringing. It was to the 'Gnädigen Frau (her Ladyship) that this latter improvement was due: assiduously she gathered, dextrously she fitted-on, 'what fringing was to be had; lace or cobweb, as the place 'yielded.' Was Teufelsdröckh also a fringe, of lace or cobweb; or promising to be such? 'With his Excellenz (the Count),' continues he, 'I have more than once had the honour to converse; 'chiefly on general affairs, and the aspect of the world, which 'he, though now past middle life, viewed in no unfavourable 'light; finding indeed, except the Outrooting of Journalism (die auszurottende Journalistik), little to desiderate therein. On some points, as his Excellenz was not uncholeric, I found it more pleasant to keep silence. Besides, his occupation being that of Owning Land, there might be faculties enough, which,

'as superfluous for such use, were little developed in him.'
That to Teufelsdröckh the aspect of the world was nowise so faultless, and many things besides 'the Outrooting of Journalism' might have seemed improvements, we can readily conjecture. With nothing but a barren Auscultatorship from without, and so many mutinous thoughts and wishes from within, his position was no easy one. 'The Universe,' he says, 'was as a 'mighty Sphinx-riddle, which I knew so little of, yet must rede, 'or be devoured. In red streaks of unspeakable grandeur, yet 'also in the blackness of darkness, was Life, to my too-unfurinished Thought, unfolding itself. A strange contradiction lay 'in me; and I as yet knew not the solution of it; knew not that spiritual music can spring only from discords set in harmony; that but for Evil there were no Good, as victory is only possible by battle.'

'I have heard affirmed (surely in jest),' observes he elsewhere, 'by not unphilanthropic persons, that it were a real in-' crease of human happiness, could all young men from the age of nineteen be covered under barrels, or rendered otherwise 'invisible; and there left to follow their lawful studies and call-'ings, till they emerged, sadder and wiser, at the age of twenty-'five. With which suggestion, at least as considered in the light of a practical scheme, I need scarcely say that I nowise coin-'cide. Nevertheless it is plausibly urged that, as young ladies ' (Mädchen) are, to mankind, precisely the most delightful in 'those years; so young gentlemen (Bübchen) do then attain 'their maximum of detestability. Such gawks (Gecken) are they, ' and foolish peacocks, and yet with such a vulturous hunger for 'self-indulgence; so obstinate, obstreperous, vain-glorious; in 'all senses, so froward and so forward. No mortal's endeavour or attainment will, in the smallest, content the as yet unendeavouring, unattaining young gentleman; but he could make 'it all infinitely better, were it worthy of him. Life everywhere ' is the most manageable matter, simple as a question in the Rule-of-Three: multiply your second and third term together, ' divide the product by the first, and your quotient will be the

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Answer, — which you are but an ass if you cannot come at.

The booby has not yet found-out, by any trial, that, do what one will, there is ever a cursed fraction, oftenest a decimal repeater, and no net integer quotient so much as to be thought of.'

In which passage does not there lie an implied confession that Teufelsdröckh himself, besides his outward obstructions, had an inward, still greater, to contend with; namely, a certain temporary, youthful, yet still afflictive derangement of head? Alas, on the former side alone, his case was hard enough. 'It con-'tinues ever true,' says he, 'that Saturn, or Chronos, or what we call TIME, devours all his Children: only by incessant Run-'ning, by incessant Working may you (for some threescore-'and-ten years) escape him; and you too he devours at last. 'Can any Sovereign, or Holy Alliance of Sovereigns, bid Time stand still; even in thought, shake themselves free of Time? Our whole terrestrial being is based on Time, and built of 'Time; it is wholly a Movement, a Time-impulse; Time is the 'author of it, the material of it. Hence also our Whole Duty, which is to move, to work, -in the right direction. Are not our Bodies and our Souls in continual movement, whether we 'will or not; in a continual Waste, requiring a continual Re-'pair? Utmost satisfaction of our whole outward and inward 'Wants were but satisfaction for a space of Time; thus, whatso we have done, is done, and for us annihilated, and ever must we go and do anew. O Time-Spirit, how hast thou environed ' and imprisoned us, and sunk us so deep in thy troublous dim 'Time-Element, that only in lucid moments can so much as 'glimpses of our upper Azure Home be revealed to us! Me, 'however, as a Son of Time, unhappier than some others, was 'Time threatening to eat quite prematurely; for, strive as I 'might, there was no good Running, so obstructed was the path, 'so gyved were the feet.' That is to say, we presume, speaking in the dialect of this lower world, that Teufelsdröckh's whole duty and necessity was, like other men's, 'to work, -in the right direction,' and that no work was to be had; whereby he became wretched enough. As was natural: with haggard Scarcity threatening him in the distance; and so vehement a soul languishing in restless inaction, and forced thereby, like Sir Hudibras's sword by rust, mish To eat into itself, for lack and miniot it bebeen else to hew and hacked even of ameens

But on the whole, that same 'excellent Passivity,' as it has all along done, is here again vigorously flourishing; in which circumstance may we not trace the beginnings of much that now characterises our Professor; and perhaps, in faint rudiments, the origin of the Clothes-Philosophy itself? Already the attitude he has assumed towards the World is too defensive; not, as would have been desirable, a bold attitude of attack. 'So far hitherto,' he says, 'as I had mingled with mankind, I was notable, if for anything, for a certain stillness of manner, 'which, as my friends often rebukingly declared, did but ill ex-'press the keen ardour of my feelings. I, in truth, regarded men with an excess both of love and of fear. The mystery of 'a Person, indeed, is ever divine to him that has a sense for 'the Godlike. Often, notwithstanding, was I blamed, and by 'half-strangers hated, for my so-called Hardness (Härte), my 'Indifferentism towards men; and the seemingly ironic tone I 'had adopted, as my favourite dialect in conversation. Alas, 'the panoply of Sarcasm was but as a buckram case, wherein 'I had striven to envelope myself; that so my own poor Person 'might live safe there, and in all friendliness, being no longer 'exasperated by wounds. Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, 'the language of the Devil; for which reason I have long since 'as good as renounced it. But how many individuals did I, in 'those days, provoke into some degree of hostility thereby! An 'ironic man, with his sly stillness, and ambuscading ways, more 'especially an ironic young man, from whom it is least expected, may be viewed as a pest to society. Have we not seen per-'sons of weight and name coming forward, with gentlest in-'difference, to tread such a one out of sight, as an insignificancy 'and worm, start ceiling-high (balkenhoch), and thence fall shattered and supine, to be borne home on shutters, not without 'indignation, when he proved electric and a torpedo!' ' '

Alas, how can a man with this devilishness of temper make way for himself in Life; where the first problem, as Teufels-dröckh too admits, is 'to unite yourself with some one and with somewhat (sich anzuschliessen)'? Division, not union, is written on most part of his procedure. Let us add too that, in no great length of time, the only important connexion he had ever succeeded in forming, his connexion with the Zähdarm Family, seems to have been paralysed, for all practical uses, by the