

death of the 'not uncholerick' old Count. This fact stands recorded, quite incidentally, in a certain *Discourse on Epitaphs*, huddled into the present Bag, among so much else; of which Essay the learning and curious penetration are more to be approved of than the spirit. His grand principle is, that lapidary inscriptions, of what sort soever, should be Historical rather than Lyrical. 'By request of that worthy Nobleman's survivors,' says he, 'I undertook to compose his Epitaph; and not unmindful of my own rules, produced the following; which however, for an alleged defect of Latinity, a defect never yet fully visible to myself, still remains unengraven;'—wherein, we may predict, there is more than the Latinity that will surprise an English reader:

HIC JACET

PHILIPPUS ZAEHDARM, COGNOMINE MAGNUS,

ZAEHDARMI COMES,

EX IMPERII CONCILIO,

VELLERIS AUREI, PERISCELIDIS, NECNON VULTURIS NIGRI

EQUES.

QUI DUM SUB LUNA AGEBAT,

QUINQUES MILLE PERDICES

PLUMBO CONFECIT :

VARII CIBI

CENTUMPONDIA MILLIES CENTENA MILLIA,

PER SE, PERQUE SERVOS QUADRUPEDES BIPEDESVE,

HAUD SINE TUMULTU DEVOLVENS,

IN STERCUS

PALAM CONVERTIT.

NUNC A LABORE REQUIESCENTEM

OPERA SEQUUNTUR.

SI MONUMENTUM QUÆRIS,

FIMETUM ADSPICE.

PRIMUM IN ORBE DEJECIT [*sub dato*]; POSTREMUM [*sub dato*].

CHAPTER V.

ROMANCE.

‘FOR long years,’ writes Teufelsdröckh, ‘had the poor He-
 ‘brew, in this Egypt of an Auscultatorship, painfully toiled,
 ‘baking bricks without stubble, before ever the question once
 ‘struck him with entire force : For what?—*Beym Himmel!*
 ‘For Food and Warmth ! And are Food and Warmth nowhere
 ‘else, in the whole wide Universe, discoverable?—Come of it
 ‘what might, I resolved to try.’

Thus then are we to see him in a new independent capacity, though perhaps far from an improved one. Teufelsdröckh is now a man without Profession. Quitting the common Fleet of herring-busses and whalers, where indeed his leeward, laggard condition was painful enough, he desperately steers off, on a course of his own, by sextant and compass of his own. Unhappy Teufelsdröckh ! Though neither Fleet, nor Traffic, nor Commodores pleased thee, still was it not *a Fleet*, sailing in prescribed track, for fixed objects ; above all, in combination, wherein, by mutual guidance, by all manner of loans and borrowings, each could manifoldly aid the other ? How wilt thou sail in unknown seas ; and for thyself find that shorter North-west Passage to thy fair Spice-country of a Nowhere?—A solitary rover, on such a voyage, with such nautical tactics, will meet with adventures. Nay, as we forthwith discover, a certain Calypso-Island detains him at the very outset ; and as it were falsifies and oversets his whole reckoning.

‘If in youth,’ writes he once, ‘the Universe is majestically
 ‘unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth,
 ‘nowhere to the Young Man does this Heaven on Earth so im-
 ‘mediately reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely
 ‘enough, in this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed.
 ‘On the whole, as I have often said, a Person (*Persönlichkeit*)
 ‘is ever holy to us ; a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism con-
 ‘nects my *Me* with all *Thees* in bonds of Love : but it is in this
 ‘approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly at-
 ‘traction, as between Negative and Positive, first burns-out into
 ‘a flame. Is the pitifullest mortal Person, think you, indiffer-

ent to us? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to be made one with him; to unite him to us, by gratitude, by admiration, even by fear; or failing all these, unite ourselves to him? But how much more, in this case of the Like-Unlike! Here is conceded us the higher mystic possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth; thus, in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames-forth that *fire*-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate LOVE.

‘In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there already blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve; nor, in the stately vistas, and flowerage and foliage of that Garden, is a Tree of Knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Perhaps too the whole is but the lovelier, if Cherubim and a Flaming Sword divide it from all footsteps of men; and grant him, the imaginative stripling, only the view, not the entrance. Happy season of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impassable celestial barrier; and the sacred air-cities of Hope have not shrunk into the mean clay-hamlets of Reality; and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free!

‘As for our young Forlorn,’ continues Teufelsdröckh, evidently meaning himself, ‘in his secluded way of life, and with his glowing Fantasy, the more fiery that it burnt under cover, as in a reverberating furnace, his feeling towards the Queens of this Earth was, and indeed is, altogether unspeakable. A visible Divinity dwelt in them; to our young Friend all women were holy, were heavenly. As yet he but saw them flitting past, in their many-coloured angel-plumage; or hovering mute and inaccessible on the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*: all of air they were, all Soul and Form; so lovely, like mysterious priestesses, in whose hand was the invisible Jacob’s-ladder, whereby man might mount into very Heaven. That he, our poor Friend, should ever win for himself one of these Gracefuls (*Holden*)—*Ach Gott!* how could he hope it; should he not have died under it? There was a certain delirious vertigo in the thought.

‘Thus was the young man, if all-sceptical of Demons and Angels such as the vulgar had once believed in, nevertheless not unvisited by hosts of true Sky-born, who visibly and audibly

‘ hovered round him wheresoever he went ; and they had that
 ‘ religious worship in his thought, though as yet it was by their
 ‘ mere earthly and trivial name that he named them. But now,
 ‘ if on a soul so circumstanced, some actual Air-maiden, incor-
 ‘ porated into tangibility and reality, should cast any electric
 ‘ glance of kind eyes, saying thereby, “Thou too mayest love
 ‘ and be loved ;” and so kindle him,—good Heaven, what a
 ‘ volcanic, earthquake-bringing, all-consuming fire were probably
 ‘ kindled !’

Such a fire, it afterwards appears, did actually burst-forth, with explosions more or less Vesuvian, in the inner man of Herr Diogenes ; as indeed how could it fail ? A nature, which, in his own figurative style, we might say, had now not a little carbonised tinder, of Irritability ; with so much nitre of latent Passion, and sulphurous Humour enough ; the whole lying in such hot neighbourhood, close by ‘ a reverberating furnace of Fantasy :’ have we not here the components of driest Gunpowder, ready, on occasion of the smallest spark, to blaze-up ? Neither, in this our Life-element, are sparks anywhere wanting. Without doubt, some Angel, whereof so many hovered round, would one day, leaving ‘ the outskirts of *Æsthetic Tea*,’ flit nigher ; and, by electric Promethean glance, kindle no despicable firework. Happy, if it indeed proved a Firework, and flamed-off rocket-wise, in successive beautiful bursts of splendour, each growing naturally from the other, through the several stages of a happy Youthful Love ; till the whole were safely burnt-out ; and the young soul relieved with little damage ! Happy, if it did not rather prove a Conflagration and mad Explosion ; painfully lacerating the heart itself ; nay perhaps bursting the heart in pieces (which were Death) ; or at best, bursting the thin walls of your ‘ reverberating furnace,’ so that it rage thenceforth all unchecked among the contiguous combustibles (which were Madness) : till of the so fair and manifold internal world of our Diogenes, there remained Nothing, or only the ‘ crater of an extinct volcano !’

From multifarious Documents in this Bag *Capricornus*, and in the adjacent ones on both sides thereof, it becomes manifest that our philosopher, as stoical and cynical as he now looks, was heartily and even frantically in Love : here therefore may our old doubts whether his heart were of stone or of flesh give

way. He loved once ; not wisely but too well. And once only : for as your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one Love, if even one ; the 'First Love which is infinite' can be followed by no second like unto it. In more recent years, accordingly, the Editor of these Sheets was led to regard Teufelsdröckh as a man not only who would never wed, but who would never even flirt ; whom the grand-climacteric itself, and *St. Martin's Summer* of incipient Dotage, would crown with no new myrtle-garland. To the Professor, women are henceforth Pieces of Art ; of Celestial Art, indeed ; which celestial pieces he glories to survey in galleries, but has lost thought of purchasing.

Psychological readers are not without curiosity to see how Teufelsdröckh, in this for him unexampled predicament, de-means himself ; with what specialties of successive configuration, splendour and colour, his Firework blazes-off. Small, as usual, is the satisfaction that such can meet with here. From amid these confused masses of Eulogy and Elegy, with their mad Petrarchan and Werterean ware lying madly scattered among all sorts of quite extraneous matter, not so much as the fair one's name can be deciphered. For, without doubt, the title *Blumine*, whereby she is here designated, and which means simply Goddess of Flowers, must be fictitious. Was her real name Flora, then ? But what was her surname, or had she none ? Of what station in Life was she ; of what parentage, fortune, aspect ? Specially, by what Preëstablished Harmony of occurrences did the Lover and the Loved meet one another in so wide a world ; how did they behave in such meeting ? To all which questions, not unessential in a Biographic work, mere Conjecture must for most part return answer. 'It was 'appointed,' says our Philosopher, 'that the high celestial orbit 'of Blumine should intersect the low sublunary one of our For-lorn ; that he, looking in her empyrean eyes, should fancy 'the upper Sphere of Light was come down into this nether 'sphere of Shadows ; and finding himself mistaken, make noise 'enough.'

We seem to gather that she was young, hazel-eyed, beautiful, and some one's Cousin ; highborn, and of high spirit ; but unhappily dependent and insolvent ; living, perhaps, on the not

too gracious bounty of moneyed relatives. But how came 'the Wanderer' into her circle? Was it by the humid vehicle of *Æsthetic Tea*, or by the arid one of mere Business? Was it on the hand of Herr Towgood; or of the Gnädige Frau, who, as an ornamental Artist, might sometimes like to promote flirtation, especially for young cynical Nondescripts? To all appearance, it was chiefly by Accident, and the grace of Nature.

'Thou fair Waldschloss,' writes our Autobiographer, 'what stranger ever saw thee, were it even an absolved Auscultator, officially bearing in his pocket the last *Relatio ex Actis* he would ever write, but must have paused to wonder! Noble Mansion! There stoodest thou, in deep Mountain Amphitheatre, on umbrageous lawns, in thy serene solitude; stately, massive, all of granite; glittering in the western sunbeams, like a palace of El Dorado, overlaid with precious metal. Beautiful rose up, in wavy curvature, the slope of thy guardian Hills; of the greenest was their sward, embossed with its dark-brown frets of crag, or spotted by some spreading solitary Tree and its shadow. To the unconscious Wayfarer thou wert also as an Ammon's Temple, in the Libyan Waste; where, for joy and woe, the tablet of his Destiny lay written. Well might he pause and gaze; in that glance of his were prophecy and nameless forebodings.'

But now let us conjecture that the so presentient Auscultator has handed-in his *Relatio ex Actis*; been invited to a glass of Rhine-wine; and so, instead of returning dispirited and athirst to his dusty Town-home, is ushered into the Gardenhouse, where sit the choicest party of dames and cavaliers: if not engaged in *Æsthetic Tea*, yet in trustful evening conversation, and perhaps Musical Coffee, for we hear of 'harps and pure voices making the stillness live.' Scarcely, it would seem, is the Gardenhouse inferior in respectability to the noble Mansion itself. Embowered amid rich foliage, rose-clusters, and the hues and odours of thousand flowers, here sat that brave company; in front, from the wide-opened doors, fair outlook over blossom and bush, over grove and velvet green, stretching, undulating onwards to the remote Mountain peaks: so bright, so mild, and everywhere the melody of birds and happy creatures: it was all as if man had stolen a shelter from the Sun in the bosom-vesture of Summer herself. How came it that the Wan-

‘derer advanced thither with such forecasting heart (*ahndungs-*
‘*voll*), by the side of his gay host? Did he feel that to these
‘soft influences his hard bosom ought to be shut; that here, once
‘more, Fate had it in view to try him; to mock him, and see
‘whether there were Humour in him?

‘Next moment he finds himself presented to the party; and
‘especially by name to—Blumine! Peculiar among all dames
‘and damosels glanced Blumine, there in her modesty, like a
‘star among earthly lights. Noblest maiden! whom he bent to,
‘in body and in soul; yet scarcely dared look at, for the pre-
‘sence filled him with painful yet sweetest embarrassment.

‘Blumine’s was a name well known to him; far and wide
‘was the fair one heard of, for her gifts, her graces, her caprices:
‘from all which vague colourings of Rumour, from the censures
‘no less than from the praises, had our friend painted for him-
‘self a certain imperious Queen of Hearts, and blooming warm
‘Earth-angel, much more enchanting than your mere white
‘Heaven-angels of women, in whose placid veins circulates too
‘little naphtha-fire. Herself also he had seen in public places;
‘that light yet so stately form; those dark tresses, shading a
‘face where smiles and sunlight played over earnest deeps: but
‘all this he had seen only as a magic vision, for him inacces-
‘sible, almost without reality. Her sphere was too far from
‘his; how should she ever think of him; O Heaven! how should
‘they so much as once meet together? And now that Rose-
‘goddess sits in the same circle with him; the light of *her* eyes
‘has smiled on him; if he speak, she will hear it! Nay, who
‘knows, since the heavenly Sun looks into lowest valleys, but
‘Blumine herself might have aforesaid noted the so unnotable;
‘perhaps, from his very gainsayers, as he had from hers, ga-
‘thered wonder, gathered favour for him? Was the attraction,
‘the agitation mutual, then; pole and pole trembling towards
‘contact, when once brought into neighbourhood? Say rather,
‘heart swelling in presence of the Queen of Hearts; like the
‘Sea swelling when once near its Moon! With the Wanderer
‘it was even so: as in heavenward gravitation, suddenly as at
‘the touch of a Seraph’s wand, his whole soul is roused from
‘its deepest recesses; and all that was painful and that was
‘blissful there, dim images, vague feelings of a whole Past and
‘a whole Future, are heaving in unquiet eddies within him.

' Often, in far less agitating scenes, had our still Friend
 ' shrunk forcibly together ; and shrouded-up his tremors and
 ' flutterings, of what sort soever, in a safe cover of Silence, and
 ' perhaps of seeming Stolidity. How was it, then, that here,
 ' when trembling to the core of his heart, he did not sink into
 ' swoons, but rose into strength, into fearlessness and clearness?
 ' It was his guiding Genius (*Dämon*) that inspired him ; he must
 ' go forth and meet his Destiny. Show thyself now, whispered
 ' it, or be forever hid. Thus sometimes it is even when your
 ' anxiety becomes transcendental, that the soul first feels herself
 ' able to transcend it ; that she rises above it, in fiery victory ;
 ' and borne on new-found wings of victory, moves so calmly, even
 ' because so rapidly, so irresistibly. Always must the Wanderer
 ' remember, with a certain satisfaction and surprise, how in this
 ' case he sat not silent, but struck adroitly into the stream of
 ' conversation ; which thenceforth, to speak with an apparent not
 ' a real vanity, he may say that he continued to lead. Surely,
 ' in those hours, a certain inspiration was imparted him, such
 ' inspiration as is still possible in our late era. The self-secluded
 ' unfolds himself in noble thoughts, in free, glowing words ; his
 ' soul is as one sea of light, the peculiar home of Truth and
 ' Intellect ; wherein also Fantasy bodies-forth form after form,
 ' radiant with all prismatic hues.'

It appears, in this otherwise so happy meeting, there talked
 one ' Philistine ;' who even now, to the general weariness, was
 dominantly pouring-forth Philistinism (*Philistriositäten*) ; little
 witting what hero was here entering to demolish him ! We omit
 the series of Socratic, or rather Diogenic utterances, not unhappy
 in their way, whereby the monster, ' persuaded into silence,' seems
 soon after to have withdrawn for the night. ' Of which dialectic
 ' marauder,' writes our hero, ' the discomfiture was visibly felt as a
 ' benefit by most : but what were all applauses to the glad smile,
 ' threatening every moment to become a laugh, wherewith Blu-
 ' mine herself repaid the victor ? He ventured to address her,
 ' she answered with attention : nay what if there were a slight
 ' tremor in that silver voice ; what if the red glow of evening
 ' were hiding a transient blush !

' The conversation took a higher tone, one fine thought
 ' called forth another : it was one of those rare seasons, when
 ' the soul expands with full freedom, and man feels himself

brought near to man. Gaily in light, graceful abandonment, the friendly talk played round that circle ; for the burden was rolled from every heart ; the barriers of Ceremony, which are indeed the laws of polite living, had melted as into vapour ; and the poor claims of *Me* and *Thee*, no longer parted by rigid fences, now flowed softly into one another ; and Life lay all harmonious, many-tinted, like some fair royal champaign, the sovereign and owner of which were Love only. Such music springs from kind hearts, in a kind environment of place and time. And yet as the light grew more aërial on the mountain-tops, and the shadows fell longer over the valley, some faint tone of sadness may have breathed through the heart ; and, in whispers more or less audible, reminded every one that as this bright day was drawing towards its close, so likewise must the Day of Man's Existence decline into dust and darkness ; and with all its sick toilings, and joyful and mournful noises, sink in the still Eternity.

To our Friend the hours seemed moments ; holy was he and happy : the words from those sweetest lips came over him like dew on thirsty grass ; all better feelings in his soul seemed to whisper, It is good for us to be here. At parting, the Blumine's hand was in his : in the balmy twilight, with the kind stars above them, he spoke something of meeting again, which was not contradicted ; he pressed gently those small soft fingers, and it seemed as if they were not hastily, not angrily withdrawn.

Poor Teufelsdröckh ! it is clear to demonstration thou art smit : the Queen of Hearts would see a 'man of genius' also sigh for her ; and there, by art-magic, in that preternatural hour, has she bound and spell-bound thee. 'Love is not altogether a Delirium,' says he elsewhere ; 'yet has it many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the Infinite in the Finite, of the Idea made Real ; which discerning again may be either true or false, either seraphic or demoniac, Inspiration or Insanity. But in the former case too, as in common Madness, it is Fantasy that superadds itself to sight ; on the so petty domain of the Actual plants its Archimedes-lever, whereby to move at will the infinite Spiritual. Fantasy I might call the true Heaven-gate and Hell-gate of man : his sensuous life is but the small temporary stage (*Zeitbühne*), whereon

‘thick-streaming influences from both these far yet near regions
‘meet visibly, and act tragedy and melodrama. Sense can sup-
‘port herself handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteen-
‘pence a day; but for Fantasy planets and solar-systems will not
‘suffice. Witness your Pyrrhus conquering the world, yet drink-
‘ing no better red wine than he had before.’ Alas! witness also
your Diogenes, flame-clad, scaling the upper Heaven, and verg-
ing towards Insanity, for prize of a ‘high-souled Brunette,’ as
if the earth held but one and not several of these!

He says that, in Town, they met again: ‘day after day, like
‘his heart’s sun, the blooming Blumine shone on him. Ah! a
‘little while ago, and he was yet in all darkness: him what
‘Graceful (*Holde*) would ever love? Disbelieving all things, the
‘poor youth had never learned to believe in himself. With-
‘drawn, in proud timidity, within his own fastnesses; solitary
‘from men, yet baited by night-spectres enough, he saw him-
‘self, with a sad indignation, constrained to renounce the fairest
‘hopes of existence. And now, O now! “She looks on thee,”
‘cried he: “she the fairest, noblest; do not her dark eyes tell
‘thee, thou art not despised? The Heaven’s-Messenger! All
‘Heaven’s blessings be hers!” Thus did soft melodies flow
‘through his heart; tones of an infinite gratitude; sweetest in-
‘timations that he also was a man, that for him also unutter-
‘able joys had been provided.

‘In free speech, earnest or gay, amid lambent glances, laugh-
‘ter, tears, and often with the inarticulate mystic speech of
‘Music: such was the element they now lived in; in such a
‘many-tinted, radiant Aurora, and by this fairest of Orient Light-
‘bringers must our Friend be blandished, and the new Apoca-
‘lypse of Nature unrolled to him. Fairest Blumine! And, even
‘as a Star, all Fire and humid Softness, a very Light-ray incar-
‘nate! Was there so much as a fault, a “caprice,” he could
‘have dispensed with? Was she not to him in very deed a
‘Morning-Star; did not her presence bring with it airs from
‘Heaven? As from Æolian Harps in the breath of dawn, as
‘from the Memnon’s Statue struck by the rosy finger of Aurora,
‘unearthly music was around him, and lapped him into untried
‘balmy Rest. Pale Doubt fled away to the distance; Life
‘bloomed-up with happiness and hope. The past, then, was all
‘a haggard dream; he had been in the Garden of Eden, then,

‘and could not discern it ! But lo now ! the black walls of his prison melt away ; the captive is alive, is free. If he loved his Disenchantress ? *Ach Gott !* His whole heart and soul and life were hers, but never had he named it Love : existence was all a Feeling, not yet shaped into a Thought.’

Nevertheless, into a Thought, nay into an Action, it must be shaped ; for neither Disenchanter nor Disenchantress, mere ‘Children of Time,’ can abide by Feeling alone. The Professor knows not, to this day, ‘how in her soft, fervid bosom the Lovely found determination, even on hest of Necessity, to cut asunder these so blissful bonds.’ He even appears surprised at the ‘Duenna Cousin,’ whoever she may have been, ‘in whose meagre, hunger-bitten philosophy, the religion of young hearts was, from the first, faintly approved of.’ We, even at such distance, can explain it without necromancy. Let the Philosopher answer this one question : What figure, at that period, was a Mrs. Teufelsdröckh likely to make in polished society ? Could she have driven so much as a brass-bound Gig, or even a simple iron-spring one ? Thou foolish ‘absolved Auscultator,’ before whom lies no prospect of capital, will any yet known ‘religion of young hearts’ keep the human kitchen warm ? Pshaw ! thy divine Blumine, when she ‘resigned herself to wed some richer,’ shows more philosophy, though but ‘a woman of genius,’ than thou, a pretended man.

Our readers have witnessed the origin of this Love-mania, and with what royal splendour it waxes, and rises. Let no one ask us to unfold the glories of its dominant state ; much less the horrors of its almost instantaneous dissolution. How from such inorganic masses, henceforth madder than ever, as lie in these Bags, can even fragments of a living delineation be organised ? Besides, of what profit were it ? We view, with a lively pleasure, the gay silk Montgolfier start from the ground, and shoot upwards, cleaving the liquid deeps, till it dwindle to a luminous star : but what is there to look longer on, when once, by natural elasticity, or accident of fire, it has exploded ? A hapless air-navigator, plunging, amid torn parachutes, sand-bags, and confused wreck, fast enough into the jaws of the Devil ! Suffice it to know that Teufelsdröckh rose into the highest regions of the Empyrean, by a natural parabolic track, and returned thence in a quick perpendicular one. For the rest, let any feeling

reader, who has been unhappy enough to do the like, paint it out for himself: considering only that if he, for his perhaps comparatively insignificant mistress, underwent such agonies and frenzies, what must Teufelsdröckh's have been, with a fire-heart, and for a nonpareil Blumine! We glance merely at the final scene:

'One morning, he found his Morning-star all dimmed and
' dusky-red; the fair creature was silent, absent, she seemed to
' have been weeping. Alas, no longer a Morning-star, but a
' troublous skyey Portent, announcing that the Doomsday had
' dawned! She said, in a tremulous voice, They were to meet
' no more.' The thunderstruck Air-sailor is not wanting to him-
self in this dread hour: but what avails it? We omit the pas-
sionate expostulations, entreaties, indignations, since all was
vain, and not even an explanation was conceded him; and
hasten to the catastrophe. ' "Farewell, then, Madam!" said
' he, not without sternness, for his stung pride helped him. She
' put her hand in his, she looked in his face, tears started to
' her eyes; in wild audacity he clasped her to his bosom; their
' lips were joined, their two souls, like two dew-drops, rushed
' into one,—for the first time, and for the last! Thus was Teu-
felsdröckh made immortal by a kiss. And then? Why, then—
' thick curtains of Night rushed over his soul, as rose the im-
' measurable Crash of Doom; and through the ruins as of a
' shivered Universe was he falling, falling, towards the Abyss.'

CHAPTER VI.

SORROWS OF TEUFELSDRÖCKH.

WE have long felt that, with a man like our Professor, mat-
ters must often be expected to take a course of their own; that
in so multiplex, intricate a nature, there might be channels, both
for admitting and emitting, such as the Psychologist had seldom
noted; in short, that on no grand occasion and convulsion,
neither in the joy-storm nor in the woe-storm, could you predict
his demeanour.

To our less philosophical readers, for example, it is now
clear that the so passionate Teufelsdröckh, precipitated through

‘a shivered Universe’ in this extraordinary way, has only one of three things which he can next do : Establish himself in Bedlam ; begin writing Satanic Poetry ; or blow-out his brains. In the progress towards any of which consummations, do not such readers anticipate extravagance enough ; breast-beating, brow-beating (against walls), lion-bellowings of blasphemy and the like, stampings, smittings, breakages of furniture, if not arson itself?

Nowise so does Teufelsdröckh deport him. He quietly lifts his *Pilgerstab* (Pilgrim-staff), ‘old business being soon wound-up ;’ and begins a perambulation and circumambulation of the terraqueous Globe ! Curious it is, indeed, how with such vivacity of conception, such intensity of feeling, above all, with these unconscionable habits of Exaggeration in speech, he combines that wonderful stillness of his, that stoicism in external procedure. Thus, if his sudden bereavement, in this matter of the Flower-goddess, is talked of as a real Doomsday and Dissolution of Nature, in which light doubtless it partly appeared to himself, his own nature is nowise dissolved thereby ; but rather is compressed closer. For once, as we might say, a Blumine by magic appliances has unlocked that shut heart of his, and its hidden things rush-out tumultuous, boundless, like genii enfranchised from their glass phial : but no sooner are your magic appliances withdrawn, than the strange casket of a heart springs-to again ; and perhaps there is now no key extant that will open it ; for a Teufelsdröckh, as we remarked, will not love a second time. Singular Diogenes ! No sooner has that heart-rending occurrence fairly taken place, than he affects to regard it as a thing natural, of which there is nothing more to be said. ‘One highest hope, seemingly legible in the eyes of an Angel, had recalled him as out of Death-shadows into celestial Life : but a gleam of Tophet passed over the face of his Angel ; he was rapt away in whirlwinds, and heard the laughter of Demons. It was a Calenture,’ adds he, ‘whereby the Youth saw green Paradise-groves in the waste Ocean-waters : a lying vision, yet not wholly a lie, for *he* saw it.’ But what things soever passed in him, when he ceased to see it ; what ragings and despairings soever Teufelsdröckh’s soul was the scene of, he has the goodness to conceal under a quite opaque cover of Silence. We know it well ; the first mad paroxysm past, our brave Gne-

schen collected his dismembered philosophies, and buttoned himself together ; he was meek, silent, or spoke of the weather and the Journals : only by a transient knitting of those shaggy brows, by some deep flash of those eyes, glancing one knew not whether with tear-dew or with fierce fire,—might you have guessed what a Gehenna was within ; that a whole Satanic School were spouting, though inaudibly, there. To consume your own choler, as some chimneys consume their own smoke ; to keep a whole Satanic School spouting, if it must spout, inaudibly, is a negative yet no slight virtue, nor one of the commonest in these times.

Nevertheless, we will not take upon us to say, that in the strange measure he fell upon, there was not a touch of latent Insanity ; whereof indeed the actual condition of these Documents in *Capricornus* and *Aquarius* is no bad emblem. His so unlimited Wanderings, toilsome enough, are without assigned or perhaps assignable aim ; internal Unrest seems his sole guidance ; he wanders, wanders, as if that curse of the Prophet had fallen on him, and he were ‘made like unto a wheel.’ Doubtless, too, the chaotic nature of these Paper-bags aggravates our obscurity. Quite without note of preparation, for example, we come upon the following slip : ‘A peculiar feeling it is that will
‘rise in the Traveller, when turning some hill-range in his desert
‘road, he descries lying far below, embosomed among its groves
‘and green natural bulwarks, and all diminished to a toybox,
‘the fair Town, where so many souls, as it were seen and yet
‘unseen, are driving their multifarious traffic. Its white steeple
‘is then truly a starward-pointing finger ; the canopy of blue
‘smoke seems like a sort of Life-breath : for always, of its own
‘unity, the soul gives unity to whatsoever it looks on with love ;
‘thus does the little Dwellingplace of men, in itself a congeries
‘of houses and huts, become for us an individual, almost a person. But what thousand other thoughts unite thereto, if the
‘place has to ourselves been the arena of joyous or mournful
‘experiences ; if perhaps the cradle we were rocked in still
‘stands there, if our Loving ones still dwell there, if our Buried
‘ones there slumber !’ Does Teufelsdröckh, as the wounded eagle is said to make for its own eyrie, and indeed military deserters, and all hunted outcast creatures, turn as if by instinct in the direction of their birthland,—fly first, in this extremity,

towards his native Entepfuhl ; but reflecting that there no help awaits him, take only one wistful look from the distance, and then wend elsewhither ?

Little happier seems to be his next flight : into the wilds of Nature ; as if in her mother-bosom he would seek healing. So at least we incline to interpret the following Notice, separated from the former by some considerable space, wherein, however, is nothing noteworthy :

‘ Mountains were not new to him ; but rarely are Mountains seen in such combined majesty and grace as here. The rocks are of that sort called Primitive by the mineralogists, which always arrange themselves in masses of a rugged, gigantic character ; which ruggedness, however, is here tempered by a singular airiness of form, and softness of environment : in a climate favourable to vegetation, the gray cliff, itself covered with lichens, shoots-up through a garment of foliage or verdure ; and white, bright cottages, tree-shaded, cluster round the everlasting granite. In fine vicissitude, Beauty alternates with Grandeur : you ride through stony hollows, along strait passes, traversed by torrents, overhung by high walls of rock ; now winding amid broken shaggy chasms, and huge fragments ; now suddenly emerging into some emerald valley, where the streamlet collects itself into a Lake, and man has again found a fair dwelling, and it seems as if Peace had established herself in the bosom of Strength.

‘ To Peace, however, in this vortex of existence, can the Son of Time not pretend : still less if some Spectre haunt him from the Past ; and the Future is wholly a Stygian Darkness, spectre-bearing. Reasonably might the Wanderer exclaim to himself : Are not the gates of this world’s Happiness inexorably shut against thee ; hast thou a hope that is not mad ? Nevertheless, one may still murmur audibly, or in the original Greek if that suit thee better : “ Whoso can look on Death will start at no shadows.”

‘ From such meditations is the Wanderer’s attention called outwards ; for now the Valley closes-in abruptly, intersected by a huge mountain mass, the stony water-worn ascent of which is not to be accomplished on horseback. Arrived aloft, he finds himself again lifted into the evening sunset light ; and cannot but pause, and gaze round him, some moments there.

' An upland irregular expanse of wold, where valleys in com-
 ' plex branchings are suddenly or slowly arranging their descent
 ' towards every quarter of the sky. The mountain-ranges are
 ' beneath your feet, and folded together : only the loftier sum-
 ' mits look down here and there as on a second plain ; lakes
 ' also lie clear and earnest in their solitude. No trace of man
 ' now visible ; unless indeed it were he who fashioned that
 ' little visible link of Highway, here, as would seem, scaling
 ' the inaccessible, to unite Province with Province. But sun-
 ' wards, lo you ! how it towers sheer up, a world of Mountains,
 ' the diadem and centre of the mountain region ! A hundred
 ' and a hundred savage peaks, in the last light of Day ; all
 ' glowing, of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilder-
 ' ness ; there in their silence, in their solitude, even as on the
 ' night when Noah's Deluge first dried ! Beautiful, nay solemn,
 ' was the sudden aspect to our Wanderer. He gazed over those
 ' stupendous masses with wonder, almost with longing desire ;
 ' never till this hour had he known Nature, that she was One,
 ' that she was his Mother and divine. And as the ruddy glow
 ' was fading into clearness in the sky, and the Sun had now
 ' departed, a murmur of Eternity and Immensity, of Death and
 ' of Life, stole through his soul ; and he felt as if Death and
 ' Life were one, as if the Earth were not dead, as if the Spirit
 ' of the Earth had its throne in that splendour, and his own
 ' spirit were therewith holding communion.

' The spell was broken by a sound of carriage - wheels.
 ' Emerging from the hidden Northward, to sink soon into the
 ' hidden Southward, came a gay Barouche-and-four : it was
 ' open ; servants and postillions wore wedding-favours : that
 ' happy pair, then, had found each other, it was their marriage
 ' evening ! Few moments brought them near : *Du Himmel !*
 ' It was Herr Towgood and ——— Blumine ! With slight un-
 ' recognising salutation they passed me ; plunged down amid
 ' the neighbouring thickets, onwards, to Heaven, and to Eng-
 ' land ; and I, in my friend Richter's words, *I remained alone,*
 ' *behind them, with the Night.*'

Were it not cruel in these circumstances, here might be the
 place to insert an observation, gleaned long ago from the great
Clothes-Volume, where it stands with quite other intent : ' Some
 ' time before Small-pox was extirpated,' says the Professor,

‘there came a new malady of the spiritual sort on Europe : I mean the epidemic, now endemical, of View-hunting. Poets of old date, being privileged with Senses, had also enjoyed external Nature ; but chiefly as we enjoy the crystal cup which holds good or bad liquor for us ; that is to say, in silence, or with slight incidental commentary : never, as I compute, till after the *Sorrows of Werter*, was there man found who would say : Come let us make a Description ! Having drunk the liquor, come let us eat the glass ! Of which endemic the Jenner is unhappily still to seek.’ Too true !

We reckon it more important to remark that the Professor’s Wanderings, so far as his stoical and cynical envelopment admits us to clear insight, here first take their permanent character, fatuous or not. That Basilisk-glance of the Barouche-and-four seems to have withered-up what little remnant of a purpose may have still lurked in him : Life has become wholly a dark labyrinth ; wherein, through long years, our Friend, flying from spectres, has to stumble about at random, and naturally with more haste than progress.

Foolish were it in us to attempt following him, even from afar, in this extraordinary world-pilgrimage of his ; the simplest record of which, were clear record possible, would fill volumes. Hopeless is the obscurity, unspeakable the confusion. He glides from country to country, from condition to condition ; vanishing and re-appearing, no man can calculate how or where. Through all quarters of the world he wanders, and apparently through all circles of society. If in any scene, perhaps difficult to fix geographically, he settles for a time, and forms connexions, be sure he will snap them abruptly asunder. Let him sink out of sight as Private Scholar (*Privatisirender*), living by the grace of God in some European capital, you may next find him as Hadjee in the neighbourhood of Mecca. It is an inexplicable Phantasmagoria, capricious, quick-changing ; as if our Traveler, instead of limbs and highways, had transported himself by some wishing-carpet, or Fortunatus’ Hat. The whole, too, imparted emblematically, in dim multifarious tokens (as that collection of Street - Advertisements) ; with only some touch of direct historical notice sparingly interspersed : little light-islets in the world of haze ! So that, from this point, the Professor is more of an enigma than ever. In figurative language, we might

say he becomes, not indeed a spirit, yet spiritualised, vaporised. Fact unparalleled in Biography: The river of his History, which we have traced from its tiniest fountains, and hoped to see flow onward, with increasing current, into the ocean, here dashes itself over that terrific Lover's Leap; and, as a mad-foaming cataract, flies wholly into tumultuous clouds of spray! Low down it indeed collects again into pools and plashes; yet only at a great distance, and with difficulty, if at all, into a general stream. To cast a glance into certain of those pools and plashes, and trace whither they run, must, for a chapter or two, form the limit of our endeavour.

For which end doubtless those direct historical Notices, where they can be met with, are the best. Nevertheless, of this sort too there occurs much, which, with our present light, it were questionable to emit. Teufelsdröckh, vibrating everywhere between the highest and the lowest levels, comes into contact with public History itself. For example, those conversations and relations with illustrious Persons, as Sultan Mahmoud, the Emperor Napoleon, and others, are they not as yet rather of a diplomatic character than of a biographic? The Editor, appreciating the sacredness of crowned heads, nay perhaps suspecting the possible trickeries of a Clothes-Philosopher, will eschew this province for the present; a new time may bring new insight and a different duty.

If we ask now, not indeed with what ulterior Purpose, for there was none, yet with what immediate outlooks; at all events, in what mood of mind, the Professor undertook and prosecuted this world-pilgrimage,—the answer is more distinct than favourable. 'A nameless Unrest,' says he, 'urged me forward; to which the outward motion was some momentary lying solace. Whither should I go? My Loadstars were blotted out; in that canopy of grim fire shone no star. Yet forward must I; the ground burnt under me; there was no rest for the sole of my foot. I was alone, alone! Ever too the strong inward longing shaped Fantasms for itself: towards these, one after the other, must I fruitlessly wander. A feeling I had, that for my fever-thirst there was and must be somewhere a healing Fountain. To many fondly imagined Fountains, the Saints' Wells of these days, did I pilgrim; to great Men, to great Cities, to great Events: but found there no healing. In strange

‘countries, as in the well-known ; in savage deserts, as in the
‘press of corrupt civilisation, it was ever the same : how could
‘your Wanderer escape from—*his own Shadow* ? Neverthe-
‘less still Forward ! I felt as if in great haste ; to do I saw
‘not what. From the depths of my own heart, it called to me,
‘Forwards ! The winds and the streams, and all Nature sounded
‘to me, Forwards ! *Ach Gott*, I was even, once for all, a Son
‘of Time.’

From which is it not clear that the internal Satanic School
was still active enough ? He says elsewhere : ‘The *Enchiridion*
‘of *Epictetus* I had ever with me, often as my sole rational
‘companion ; and regret to mention that the nourishment it
‘yielded was trifling.’ Thou foolish Teufelsdröckh ! How could
it else ? Hadst thou not Greek enough to understand thus
much : *The end of Man is an Action, and not a Thought*, though
it were the noblest ?

‘How I lived ?’ writes he once : ‘Friend, hast thou con-
‘sidered the “rugged all-nourishing Earth,” as Sophocles well
‘names her ; how she feeds the sparrow on the house-top, much
‘more her darling, man ? While thou stirrest and livest, thou
‘hast a probability of victual. My breakfast of tea has been
‘cooked by a Tartar woman, with water of the Amur, who
‘wiped her earthen kettle with a horse-tail. I have roasted wild-
‘eggs in the sand of Sahara ; I have awakened in Paris *Estra-*
‘*pades* and Vienna *Malzleins*, with no prospect of breakfast
‘beyond elemental liquid. That I had my Living to seek saved
‘me from Dying,—by suicide. In our busy Europe, is there
‘not an everlasting demand for Intellect, in the chemical, me-
‘chanical, political, religious, educational, commercial depart-
‘ments ? In Pagan countries, cannot one write Fetishes ? Liv-
‘ing ! Little knowest thou what alchemy is in an inventive
‘Soul ; how, as with its little finger, it can create provision
‘enough for the body (of a Philosopher) ; and then, as with both
‘hands, create quite other than provision ; namely, spectres to
‘torment itself withal.’

Poor Teufelsdröckh ! Flying with Hunger always parallel
to him ; and a whole Infernal Chase in his rear ; so that the
countenance of Hunger is comparatively a friend’s ! Thus must
he, in the temper of ancient Cain, or of the modern Wandering
Jew,—save only that he feels himself not guilty and but suffer-

ing the pains of guilt,—wend to and fro with aimless speed. Thus must he, over the whole surface of the Earth (by foot-prints), write his *Sorrows of Teufelsdröckh*; even as the great Goethe, in passionate words, had to write his *Sorrows of Werter*, before the spirit freed herself, and he could become a Man. Vain truly is the hope of your swiftest Runner to escape ‘from his own Shadow’! Nevertheless, in these sick days, when the Born of Heaven first descries himself (about the age of twenty) in a world such as ours, richer than usual in two things, in Truths grown obsolete, and Trades grown obsolete,—what can the fool think but that it is all a Den of Lies, wherein whoso will not speak Lies and act Lies, must stand idle and despair? Whereby it happens that, for your nobler minds, the publishing of some such Work of Art, in one or the other dialect, becomes almost a necessity. For what is it properly but an Altercation with the Devil, before you begin honestly Fighting him? Your Byron publishes his *Sorrows of Lord George*, in verse and in prose, and copiously otherwise: your Bonaparte represents his *Sorrows of Napoleon* Opera, in an all-too stupendous style; with music of cannon-volleys, and murder-shrieks of a world; his stage-lights are the fires of Conflagration; his rhyme and recitative are the tramp of embattled Hosts and the sound of falling Cities.—Happier is he who, like our Clothes-Philosopher, can write such matter, since it must be written, on the insensible Earth, with his shoe-soles only; and also survive the writing thereof!

CHAPTER VII.

THE EVERLASTING NO.

UNDER the strange nebulous envelopment, wherein our Professor has now shrouded himself, no doubt but his spiritual nature is nevertheless progressive, and growing: for how can the ‘Son of Time,’ in any case, stand still? We behold him, through those dim years, in a state of crisis, of transition: his mad Pilgrimings, and general solution into aimless Discontinuity, what is all this but a mad Fermentation; wherefrom, the fiercer it is, the clearer product will one day evolve itself?

Such transitions are ever full of pain: thus the Eagle when

he moults is sickly ; and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash-off the old one upon rocks. What Stoicism soever our Wanderer, in his individual acts and motions, may affect, it is clear that there is a hot fever of anarchy and misery raging within ; coruscations of which flash out : as, indeed, how could there be other ? Have we not seen him disappointed, bemocked of Destiny, through long years ? All that the young heart might desire and pray for has been denied ; nay, as in the last worst instance, offered and then snatched away. Ever an 'excellent Passivity ;' but of useful, reasonable Activity, essential to the former as Food to Hunger, nothing granted : till at length, in this wild Pilgrimage, he must forcibly seize for himself an Activity, though useless, unreasonable. Alas, his cup of bitterness, which had been filling drop by drop, ever since that first 'ruddy morning' in the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, was at the very lip ; and then with that poison-drop, of the Towgood-and-Blumine business, it runs over, and even hisses over in a deluge of foam.

He himself says once, with more justice than originality : 'Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope, he has no other possession but Hope ; this world of his is emphatically the Place of Hope.' What, then, was our Professor's possession ? We see him, for the present, quite shut-out from Hope ; looking not into the golden orient, but vaguely all round into a dim copper firmament, pregnant with earthquake and tornado.

Alas, shut-out from Hope, in a deeper sense than we yet dream of ! For, as he wanders wearisomely through this world, he has now lost all tidings of another and higher. Full of religion, or at least of religiosity, as our Friend has since exhibited himself, he hides not that, in those days, he was wholly irreligious : 'Doubt had darkened into Unbelief,' says he ; 'shade after shade goes grimly over your soul, till you have the fixed, starless, Tartarean black.' To such readers as have reflected, what can be called reflecting, on man's life, and happily discovered, in contradiction to much Profit-and-Loss Philosophy, speculative and practical, that Soul is *not* synonymous with Stomach ; who understand, therefore, in our Friend's words, 'that, for man's well-being, Faith is properly the one thing needful ; how, with it, Martyrs, otherwise weak, can cheerfully endure the shame and the cross ; and without it, Worldlings puke-up their sick existence, by suicide, in the midst of luxury :' to such

it will be clear that, for a pure moral nature, the loss of his religious Belief was the loss of everything. Unhappy young man ! All wounds, the crush of long-continued Destitution, the stab of false Friendship and of false Love, all wounds in thy so genial heart, would have healed again, had not its life-warmth been withdrawn. Well might he exclaim, in his wild way : ‘ Is there
 ‘ no God, then ; but at best an absentee God, sitting idle, ever
 ‘ since the first Sabbath, at the outside of his Universe, and *see-*
 ‘ ing it go ? Has the word Duty no meaning ; is what we call
 ‘ Duty no divine Messenger and Guide, but a false earthly
 ‘ Fantasm, made-up of Desire and Fear, of emanations from
 ‘ the Gallows and from Doctor Graham’s Celestial-Bed ? Hap-
 ‘ piness of an approving Conscience ! Did not Paul of Tarsus,
 ‘ whom admiring men have since named Saint, feel that *he* was
 ‘ “ the chief of sinners ; ” and Nero of Rome, jocund in spirit
 ‘ (*wohlgemuth*), spend much of his time in fiddling ? Foolish
 ‘ Wordmonger and Motive-grinder, who in thy Logic-mill hast
 ‘ an earthly mechanism for the Godlike itself, and wouldst fain
 ‘ grind me out Virtue from the husks of Pleasure,—I tell thee,
 ‘ Nay ! To the unregenerate Prometheus Vincit of a man, it
 ‘ is ever the bitterest aggravation of his wretchedness that he
 ‘ is conscious of Virtue, that he feels himself the victim not of
 ‘ suffering only, but of injustice. What then ? Is the heroic in-
 ‘ spiration we name Virtue but some Passion ; some bubble of
 ‘ the blood, bubbling in the direction others *profit* by ? I know
 ‘ not : only this I know, If what thou namest Happiness be our
 ‘ true aim, then are we all astray. With Stupidity and sound
 ‘ Digestion man may front much. But what, in these dull un-
 ‘ imaginative days, are the terrors of Conscience to the diseases
 ‘ of the Liver ! Not on Morality, but on Cookery, let us build
 ‘ our stronghold : there brandishing our frying-pan, as censer,
 ‘ let us offer sweet incense to the Devil, and live at ease on the
 ‘ fat things *he* has provided for his Elect !’

Thus has the bewildered Wanderer to stand, as so many have done, shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave of Destiny, and receive no Answer but an Echo. It is all a grim Desert, this once-fair world of his ; wherein is heard only the howling of wild-beasts, or the shrieks of despairing, hate-filled men ; and no Pillar of Cloud by day, and no Pillar of Fire by night, any longer guides the Pilgrim. To such length has

the spirit of Inquiry carried him. 'But what boots it (*was that's*)?' cries he: 'it is but the common lot in this era. Not having come to spiritual majority prior to the *Siècle de Louis Quinze*, and not being born purely a Loghead (*Dummkopf*), thou hadst no other outlook. The whole world is, like thee, sold to Unbelief; their old Temples of the Godhead, which for long have not been rainproof, crumble down; and men ask now: Where is the Godhead; our eyes never saw him?'

Pitiful enough were it, for all these wild utterances, to call our Diogenes wicked. Unprofitable servants as we all are, perhaps at no era of his life was he more decisively the Servant of Goodness, the Servant of God, than even now when doubting God's existence. 'One circumstance I note,' says he: 'after all the nameless woe that Inquiry, which for me, what it is not always, was genuine Love of Truth, had wrought me, I nevertheless still loved Truth, and would bate no jot of my allegiance to her. "Truth!" I cried, "though the Heavens crush me for following her: no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostasy." In conduct it was the same. Had a divine Messenger from the clouds, or miraculous Handwriting on the wall, convincingly proclaimed to me *This thou shalt do*, with what passionate readiness, as I often thought, would I have done it, had it been leaping into the infernal Fire. Thus, in spite of all Motive-grinders, and Mechanical Profit-and-Loss Philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, was the Infinite nature of Duty still dimly present to me: living without God in the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, could nowhere see Him, nevertheless in my heart He was present, and His heaven-written Law still stood legible and sacred there.'

Meanwhile, under all these tribulations, and temporal and spiritual destitutions, what must the Wanderer, in his silent soul, have endured! 'The painfullest feeling,' writes he, 'is that of your own Feebleness (*Unkraft*); ever, as the English Milton says, to be weak is the true misery. And yet of your Strength there is and can be no clear feeling, save by what you have prospered in, by what you have done. Between vague wavering Capability and fixed indubitable Performance, what a difference! A certain inarticulate Self-consciousness dwells dimly

‘ in us ; which only our Works can render articulate and de-
‘ cisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the
‘ spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly
‘ of that impossible Precept, *Know thyself*; till it be translated
‘ into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work*
‘ *at*.

‘ But for me, so strangely unprosperous had I been, the net-
‘ result of my Workings amounted as yet simply to—Nothing.
‘ How then could I believe in my Strength, when there was as
‘ yet no mirror to see it in ? Ever did this agitating, yet, as I
‘ now perceive, quite frivolous question, remain to me insoluble:
‘ Hast thou a certain Faculty, a certain Worth, such even as
‘ the most have not; or art thou the completest Dullard of these
‘ modern times ? Alas, the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in your-
‘ self ; and how could I believe ? Had not my first, last Faith
‘ in myself, when even to me the Heavens seemed laid open,
‘ and I dared to love, been all-too cruelly belied ? The specu-
‘ lative Mystery of Life grew ever more mysterious to me : nei-
‘ ther in the practical Mystery had I made the slightest progress,
‘ but been everywhere buffeted, foiled, and contemptuously cast
‘ out. A feeble unit in the middle of a threatening Infinitude,
‘ I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, whereby to dis-
‘ cern my own wretchedness. Invisible yet impenetrable walls,
‘ as of Enchantment, divided me from all living : was there, in
‘ the wide world, any true bosom I could press trustfully to mine ?
‘ O Heaven, No, there was none ! I kept a lock upon my lips :
‘ why should I speak much with that shifting variety of so-called
‘ Friends, in whose withered, vain and too-hungry souls Friend-
‘ ship was but an incredible tradition ? In such cases, your
‘ resource is to talk little, and that little mostly from the News-
‘ papers. Now when I look back, it was a strange isolation I
‘ then lived in. The men and women around me, even speak-
‘ ing with me, were but Figures ; I had, practically, forgotten
‘ that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In
‘ the midst of their crowded streets and assemblages, I walked
‘ solitary ; and (except as it was my own heart, not another’s,
‘ that I kept devouring) savage also, as the tiger in his jungle.
‘ Some comfort it would have been, could I, like a Faust, have
‘ fancied myself tempted and tormented of the Devil ; for a Hell,
‘ as I imagine, without Life, though only diabolic Life, were

‘ more frightful : but in our age of Down-pulling and Disbelief,
 ‘ the very Devil has been pulled down, you cannot so much as
 ‘ believe in a Devil. To me the Universe was all void of Life,
 ‘ of Purpose, of Volition, even of Hostility : it was one huge,
 ‘ dead, immeasurable Steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead in-
 ‘ difference, to grind me limb from limb. O, the vast, gloomy,
 ‘ solitary Golgotha, and Mill of Death ! Why was the Living
 ‘ banished thither companionless, conscious ? Why, if there is
 ‘ no Devil ; nay, unless the Devil is your God ?’

A prey incessantly to such corrosions, might not, moreover,
 as the worst aggravation to them, the iron constitution even of
 a Teufelsdröckh threaten to fail ? We conjecture that he has
 known sickness ; and, in spite of his locomotive habits, perhaps
 sickness of the chronic sort. Hear this, for example : ‘ How
 ‘ beautiful to die of broken-heart, on Paper ! Quite another
 ‘ thing in practice ; every window of your Feeling, even of your
 ‘ Intellect, as it were, begrimed and mud-bespattered, so that
 ‘ no pure ray can enter ; a whole Drugshop in your inwards ;
 ‘ the fordome soul drowning slowly in quagmires of Disgust !’

Putting all which external and internal miseries together,
 may we not find in the following sentences, quite in our Pro-
 fessor’s still vein, significance enough ? ‘ From Suicide a certain
 ‘ aftershine (*Nachschein*) of Christianity withheld me : perhaps
 ‘ also a certain indolence of character ; for, was not that a remedy
 ‘ I had at any time within reach ? Often, however, was there a
 ‘ question present to me : Should some one now, at the turning
 ‘ of that corner, blow thee suddenly out of Space, into the other
 ‘ World, or other No-world, by pistol-shot,—how were it ? On
 ‘ which ground, too, I have often, in sea-storms and sieged
 ‘ cities and other death-scenes, exhibited an imperturbability,
 ‘ which passed, falsely enough, for courage.’

‘ So had it lasted,’ concludes the Wanderer, ‘ so had it lasted,
 ‘ as in bitter protracted Death-agony, through long years. The
 ‘ heart within me, unvisited by any heavenly dewdrop, was smoul-
 ‘ dering in sulphurous, slow-consuming fire. Almost since earliest
 ‘ memory I had shed no tear ; or once only when I, murmuring
 ‘ half-audibly, recited Faust’s Deathsong, that wild *Selig der den*
 ‘ *er im Siegesglanze findet* (Happy whom *he* finds in Battle’s
 ‘ splendour), and thought that of this last Friend even I was
 ‘ not forsaken, that Destiny itself could not doom me not to die.

‘ Having no hope, neither had I any definite fear, were it of
 ‘ Man or of Devil : nay, I often felt as if it might be solacing,
 ‘ could the Arch-Devil himself, though in Tartarean terrors, but
 ‘ rise to me, that I might tell him a little of my mind. And yet,
 ‘ strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear;
 ‘ tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I knew not what :
 ‘ it seemed as if all things in the Heavens above and the Earth
 ‘ beneath would hurt me ; as if the Heavens and the Earth were
 ‘ but boundless jaws of a devouring monster, wherein I, palpi-
 ‘ tating, waited to be devoured.

‘ Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in
 ‘ the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry Dog-
 ‘ day, after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty little
 ‘ *Rue Saint-Thomas de l’Enfer*, among civic rubbish enough, in
 ‘ a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as Nebuchadnezzar’s
 ‘ Furnace ; whereby doubtless my spirits were little cheered ;
 ‘ when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked
 ‘ myself : “ What *art* thou afraid of ? Wherefore, like a coward,
 ‘ dost thou forever pip and whimper, and go cowering and trem-
 ‘ bling ? Despicable biped ! what is the sum-total of the worst
 ‘ that lies before thee ? Death ? Well, Death ; and say the pangs
 ‘ of Tophet too, and all that the Devil and Man may, will or
 ‘ can do against thee ! Hast thou not a heart ; canst thou not
 ‘ suffer whatsoever it be ; and, as a Child of Freedom, though
 ‘ outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it consumes
 ‘ thee ? Let it come, then ; I will meet it and defy it ! ” And
 ‘ as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my
 ‘ whole soul ; and I shook base Fear away from me forever. I
 ‘ was strong, of unknown strength ; a spirit, almost a god. Ever
 ‘ from that time, the temper of my misery was changed : not
 ‘ Fear or whining Sorrow was it, but Indignation and grim fire-
 ‘ eyed Defiance.

‘ Thus had the EVERLASTING No (*das ewige Nein*) pealed
 ‘ authoritatively through all the recesses of my Being, of my
 ‘ ME ; and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in native
 ‘ God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its Protest.
 ‘ Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may
 ‘ that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point
 ‘ of view, be fitly called. The Everlasting No had said : “ Be-
 ‘ hold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine

‘(the Devil’s);’ to which my whole Me now made answer: “/ am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee!”

‘It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometric Fire-baptism; perhaps I directly there-upon began to be a Man.’

CHAPTER VIII.

CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE.

THOUGH, after this ‘Baphometric Fire-baptism’ of his, our Wanderer signifies that his Unrest was but increased; as, indeed, ‘Indignation and Defiance,’ especially against things in general, are not the most peaceable inmates; yet can the Psychologist surmise that it was no longer a quite hopeless Unrest; that henceforth it had at least a fixed centre to revolve round. For the fire-baptised soul, long so scathed and thunder-riven, here feels its own Freedom, which feeling is its Baphometric Baptism: the citadel of its whole kingdom it has thus gained by assault, and will keep inexpugnable; outwards from which the remaining dominions, not indeed without hard battling, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated. Under another figure, we might say, if in that great moment, in the *Rue Saint-Thomas de l’Enfer*, the old inward Satanic School was not yet thrown out of doors, it received peremptory judicial notice to quit;—whereby, for the rest, its howl-chantings, Ernulphus-cursings, and rebellious gnashings of teeth, might, in the meanwhile, become only the more tumultuous, and difficult to keep secret.

Accordingly, if we scrutinise these Pilgrimings well, there is perhaps discernible henceforth a certain incipient method in their madness. Not wholly as a Spectre does Teufelsdröckh now storm through the world; at worst as a spectre-fighting Man, nay who will one day be a Spectre-queller. If pilgriming restlessly to so many ‘Saints’ Wells,’ and ever without quenching of his thirst, he nevertheless finds little secular wells, whereby from time to time some alleviation is ministered. In a word, he is now, if not ceasing, yet intermitting to ‘eat his own heart;’ and clutches round him outwardly on the NOT-ME for whole-

somer food. Does not the following glimpse exhibit him in a much more natural state?

‘ Towns also and Cities, especially the ancient, I failed not
 ‘ to look upon with interest. How beautiful to see thereby,
 ‘ as through a long vista, into the remote Time ; to have, as it
 ‘ were, an actual section of almost the earliest Past brought safe
 ‘ into the Present, and set before your eyes ! There, in that old
 ‘ City, was a live ember of Culinary Fire put down, say only two-
 ‘ thousand years ago ; and there, burning more or less trium-
 ‘ phantly, with such fuel as the region yielded, it has burnt, and
 ‘ still burns, and thou thyself seest the very smoke thereof. Ah !
 ‘ and the far more mysterious live ember of Vital Fire was then
 ‘ also put down there ; and still miraculously burns and spreads ;
 ‘ and the smoke and ashes thereof (in these Judgment-Halls and
 ‘ Churchyards), and its bellows-engines (in these Churches), thou
 ‘ still seest ; and its flame, looking out from every kind coun-
 ‘ tenance, and every hateful one, still warms thee or scorches
 ‘ thee.

‘ Of Man’s Activity and Attainment the chief results are
 ‘ aeriform, mystic, and preserved in Tradition only : such are
 ‘ his Forms of Government, with the Authority they rest on ;
 ‘ his Customs, or Fashions both of Cloth-habits and of Soul-
 ‘ habits ; much more his collective stock of Handicrafts, the
 ‘ whole Faculty he has acquired of manipulating Nature : all
 ‘ these things, as indispensable and priceless as they are, can-
 ‘ not in any way be fixed under lock and key, but must flit,
 ‘ spirit-like, on impalpable vehicles, from Father to Son ; if
 ‘ you demand sight of them, they are nowhere to be met with.
 ‘ Visible Ploughmen and Hammermen there have been, ever
 ‘ from Cain and Tubalcain downwards : but where does your
 ‘ accumulated Agricultural, Metallurgic, and other Manufactur-
 ‘ ing SKILL lie warehoused ? It transmits itself on the atmo-
 ‘ spheric air, on the sun’s rays (by Hearing and by Vision) ; it is
 ‘ a thing aeriform, impalpable, of quite spiritual sort. In like
 ‘ manner, ask me not, Where are the LAWS ; where is the GO-
 ‘ VERNMENT ? In vain wilt thou go to Schönbrunn, to Down-
 ‘ ing Street, to the Palais Bourbon : thou findest nothing there
 ‘ but brick or stone houses, and some bundles of Papers tied
 ‘ with tape. Where, then, is that same cunningly-devised al-
 ‘ mighty GOVERNMENT of theirs to be laid hands on ? Every-

‘ where, yet nowhere: seen only in its works, this too is a thing
 ‘ aeriform, invisible; or if you will, mystic and miraculous. So
 ‘ spiritual (*geistig*) is our whole daily Life: all that we do springs
 ‘ out of Mystery, Spirit, invisible Force; only like a little Cloud-
 ‘ image, or Armida’s Palace, air-built, does the Actual body it-
 ‘ self forth from the great mystic Deep.

‘ Visible and tangible products of the Past, again, I reckon-up
 ‘ to the extent of three: Cities, with their Cabinets and Arsenals;
 ‘ then tilled Fields, to either or to both of which divisions Roads
 ‘ with their Bridges may belong; and thirdly — Books. In
 ‘ which third truly, the last invented, lies a worth far surpass-
 ‘ ing that of the two others. Wondrous indeed is the virtue of
 ‘ a true Book. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling,
 ‘ yearly needing repair; more like a tilled field, but then a
 ‘ spiritual field: like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, it
 ‘ stands from year to year, and from age to age (we have
 ‘ Books that already number some hundred-and-fifty human
 ‘ ages); and yearly comes its new produce of leaves (Commen-
 ‘ taries, Deductions, Philosophical, Political Systems; or were it
 ‘ only Sermons, Pamphlets, Journalistic Essays), every one of
 ‘ which is talismanic and thaumaturgic, for it can persuade men.
 ‘ O thou who art able to write a Book, which once in the two
 ‘ centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him
 ‘ whom they name City-builder, and inexpressibly pity him whom
 ‘ they name Conqueror or City-burner! Thou too art a Con-
 ‘ queror and Victor; but of the true sort, namely over the De-
 ‘ vil: thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal,
 ‘ and be a wonder-bringing City of the Mind, a Temple and
 ‘ Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the
 ‘ Earth will pilgrim.—Fool! why journeyest thou wearisomely,
 ‘ in thy antiquarian fervour, to gaze on the stone pyramids of
 ‘ Geeza, or the clay ones of Sacchara? These stand there, as I
 ‘ can tell thee, idle and inert, looking over the Desert, foolishly
 ‘ enough, for the last three-thousand years: but canst thou
 ‘ not open thy Hebrew BIBLE, then, or even Luther’s Version
 ‘ thereof?’

No less satisfactory is his sudden appearance not in Battle,
 yet on some Battle-field; which, we soon gather, must be that of
 Wagram; so that here, for once, is a certain approximation to
 distinctness of date. Omitting much, let us impart what follows:

‘Horrible enough ! A whole Marchfeld strewed with shell-
‘splinters, cannon-shot, ruined tumbrils, and dead men and
‘horses ; stragglers still remaining not so much as buried. And
‘those red mould heaps : ay, there lie the Shells of Men, out of
‘which all the Life and Virtue has been blown ; and now are
‘they swept together, and crammed-down out of sight, like blown
‘Egg-shells !—Did Nature, when she bade the Donau bring
‘down his mould-cargoes from the Carinthian and Carpathian
‘Heights, and spread them out here into the softest, richest
‘level,—intend thee, O Marchfeld, for a corn-bearing Nursery,
‘whereon her children might be nursed ; or for a Cockpit,
‘wherein they might the more commodiously be throttled and
‘tattered ? Were thy three broad Highways, meeting here from
‘the ends of Europe, made for Ammunition-wagons, then ?
‘Were thy Wagrams and Stillfrieds but so many ready-built
‘Casemates, wherein the house of Hapsburg might batter with
‘artillery, and with artillery be battered ? König Ottokar, amid
‘yonder hillocks, dies under Rodolf’s truncheon ; here Kaiser
‘Franz falls a-swoon under Napoleon’s : within which five cen-
‘turies, to omit the others, how has thy breast, fair Plain, been
‘defaced and defiled ! The greensward is torn-up and trampled-
‘down ; man’s fond care of it, his fruit-trees, hedge-rows, and
‘pleasant dwellings, blown-away with gunpowder ; and the kind
‘seedfield lies a desolate, hideous Place of Sculls.—Neverthe-
‘less, Nature is at work ; neither shall these Powder-Devilkins
‘with their utmost devilry gainsay her : but all that gore and
‘carnage will be shrouded-in, absorbed into manure ; and next
‘year the Marchfeld will be green, nay greener. Thrifty un-
‘wearied Nature, ever out of our great waste educing some little
‘profit of thy own,—how dost thou, from the very carcass of the
‘Killer, bring Life for the Living !

‘What, speaking in quite unofficial language, is the net-pur-
‘port and upshot of war ? To my own knowledge, for example,
‘there dwell and toil, in the British village of Dumdrudge, usu-
‘ally some five-hundred souls. From these, by certain “Na-
‘tural Enemies” of the French, there are successively selected,
‘during the French war, say thirty able-bodied men : Dum-
‘drudge, at her own expense, has suckled and nursed them :
‘she has, not without difficulty and sorrow, fed them up to
‘manhood, and even trained them to crafts, so that one can

weave, another build, another hammer, and the weakest can stand under thirty stone avoirdupois. Nevertheless, amid much weeping and swearing, they are selected ; all dressed in red ; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two-thousand miles, or say only to the south of Spain ; and fed there till wanted. And now to that same spot, in the south of Spain, are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending : till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition ; and Thirty stands fronting Thirty, each with a gun in his hand. Straightway the word "Fire !" is given : and they blow the souls out of one another ; and in place of sixty brisk useful craftsmen, the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury, and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel ? Busy as the Devil is, not the smallest ! They lived far enough apart ; were the entirest strangers ; nay, in so wide a Universe, there was even, unconsciously, by Commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then ? Simpleton ! their Governors had fallen-out ; and, instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot.—Alas, so is it in Deutschland, and hitherto in all other lands ; still as of old, "what devilry soever Kings do, the Greeks must pay the piper !" —In that fiction of the English Smollet, it is true, the final Cessation of War is perhaps prophetically shadowed forth ; where the two Natural Enemies, in person, take each a Tobacco-pipe, filled with Brimstone ; light the same, and smoke in one another's faces, till the weaker gives in : but from such predicted Peace-Era, what blood-filled trenches, and contentious centuries, may still divide us !

Thus can the Professor, at least in lucid intervals, look away from his own sorrows, over the many-coloured world, and pertinently enough note what is passing there. We may remark, indeed, that for the matter of spiritual culture, if for nothing else, perhaps few periods of his life were richer than this. Internally, there is the most momentous instructive Course of Practical Philosophy, with Experiments, going on ; towards the right comprehension of which his Peripatetic habits, favourable to Meditation, might help him rather than hinder. Externally, again, as he wanders to and fro, there are, if for the longing heart little substance, yet for the seeing eye sights enough : in these so bound-

less Travels of his, granting that the Satanic School was even partially kept down, what an incredible knowledge of our Planet, and its Inhabitants and their Works, that is to say, of all knowable things, might not Teufelsdröckh acquire !

‘ I have read in most Public Libraries,’ says he, ‘ including those of Constantinople and Samarcand : in most Colleges, except the Chinese Mandarin ones, I have studied, or seen that there was no studying. Unknown Languages have I oftenest gathered from their natural repertory, the Air, by my organ of Hearing ; Statistics, Geographics, Topographics came, through the Eye, almost of their own accord. The ways of Man, how he seeks food, and warmth, and protection for himself, in most regions, are ocularly known to me. Like the great Hadrian, I meted-out much of the terraqueous Globe with a pair of Compasses that belonged to myself only.

‘ Of great Scenes why speak ? Three summer days, I lingered reflecting, and even composing (*dichtete*), by the Pine-chasms of Vaucluse ; and in that clear Lakelet moistened my bread. I have sat under the Palm-trees of Tadmor ; smoked a pipe among the ruins of Babylon. The great Wall of China I have seen ; and can testify that it is of gray brick, coped and covered with granite, and shows only second-rate masonry.—Great Events, also, have not I witnessed ? Kings sweated-down (*ausgemergelt*) into Berlin-and-Milan Customhouse-Officers ; the World well won, and the World well lost ; oftener than once a hundred-thousand individuals shot (by each other) in one day. All kindreds and peoples and nations dashed together, and shifted and shovelled into heaps, that they might ferment there, and in time unite. The birth-pangs of Democracy, wherewith convulsed Europe was groaning in cries that reached Heaven, could not escape me.

‘ For great Men I have ever had the warmest predilection ; and can perhaps boast that few such in this era have wholly escaped me. Great Men are the inspired (speaking and acting) Texts of that divine BOOK OF REVELATIONS, whereof a Chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named HISTORY ; to which inspired Texts your numerous talented men, and your innumerable untalented men, are the better or worse exegetic Commentaries, and wagonload of too-stupid, heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. For my study, the

‘inspired Texts themselves! Thus did not I, in very early days, having disguised me as tavern-waiter, stand behind the field-chairs, under that shady Tree at Treisnitz by the Jena Highway; waiting upon the great Schiller and greater Goethe; and hearing what I have not forgotten. For ——’

—— But at this point the Editor recalls his principle of caution, some time ago laid down, and must suppress much. Let not the sacredness of Laurells, still more, of Crowned Heads, be tampered with. Should we, at a future day, find circumstances altered, and the time come for Publication, then may these glimpses into the privacy of the Illustrious be conceded; which for the present were little better than treacherous, perhaps traitorous Eavesdroppings. Of Lord Byron, therefore, of Pope Pius, Emperor Tarakwang, and the ‘White Water-roses’ (Chinese Carbonari) with their mysteries, no notice here! Of Napoleon himself we shall only, glancing from afar, remark that Teufelsdröckh’s relation to him seems to have been of very varied character. At first we find our poor Professor on the point of being shot as a spy; then taken into private conversation, even pinched on the ear, yet presented with no money; at last indignantly dismissed, almost thrown out of doors, as an ‘Ideologist.’ ‘He himself,’ says the Professor, ‘was among the completest Ideologists, at least Ideopraxists: in the Idea (*in der Idee*) he lived, moved and fought. The man was a Divine Missionary, though unconscious of it; and preached, through the cannon’s throat, that great doctrine, *La carrière ouverte aux talens* (The Tools to him that can handle them), which is our ultimate Political Evangel, wherein alone can liberty lie. Madly enough he preached, it is true, as Enthusiasts and first Missionaries are wont, with imperfect utterance, amid much frothy rant; yet as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. Or call him, if you will, an American Backwoodsman, who had to fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, and did not entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting, and even theft; whom, notwithstanding, the peaceful Sower will follow, and, as he cuts the boundless harvest, bless.’

More legitimate and decisively authentic is Teufelsdröckh’s appearance and emergence (we know not well whence) in the solitude of the North Cape, on that June Midnight. He has

a 'light-blue Spanish cloak' hanging round him, as his 'most commodious, principal, indeed sole upper-garment;' and stands there, on the World-promontory, looking over the infinite Brine, like a little blue Belfry (as we figure), now motionless indeed, yet ready, if stirred, to ring quaintest changes.

'Silence as of death,' writes he; 'for Midnight, even in the Arctic latitudes, has its character: nothing but the granite cliffs ruddy-tinged, the peaceable gurgle of that slow-heaving Polar Ocean, over which in the utmost North the great Sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering. Yet is his cloud-couch wrought of crimson and cloth-of-gold; yet does his light stream over the mirror of waters, like a tremulous fire-pillar, shooting downwards to the abyss, and hide itself under my feet. In such moments, Solitude also is invaluable; for who would speak, or be looked on, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep, except the watchmen; and before him the silent Immensity, and Palace of the Eternal, whereof our Sun is but a porch-lamp?

'Nevertheless, in this solemn moment comes a man, or monster, scrambling from among the rock-hollows; and, shaggy, huge as the Hyperborean Bear, hails me in Russian speech: most probably, therefore, a Russian Smuggler. With courteous brevity, I signify my indifference to contraband trade, my humane intentions, yet strong wish to be private. In vain: the monster, counting doubtless on his superior stature, and minded to make sport for himself, or perhaps profit, were it with murder, continues to advance; ever assailing me with his importunate train-oil breath; and now has advanced, till we stand both on the verge of the rock, the deep Sea rippling greedily down below. What argument will avail? On the thick Hyperborean, cherubic reasoning, seraphic eloquence were lost. Prepared for such extremity, I, deftly enough, whisk aside one step; draw out, from my interior reservoirs, a sufficient Birmingham Horse-pistol, and say, "Be so obliging as retire, Friend (*Er ziehe sich zurück, Freund*), and with promptitude!" This logic even the Hyperborean understands: fast enough, with apologetic, petitionary growl, he sidles off; and, except for suicidal as well as homicidal purposes, need not return.

'Such I hold to be the genuine use of Gunpowder: that it

‘ makes all men alike tall. Nay, if thou be cooler, cleverer
 ‘ than I, if thou have more *Mind*, though all but no *Body* what-
 ‘ ever, then canst thou kill me first, and art the taller. Hereby,
 ‘ at last, is the Goliath powerless, and the David resistless ; sa-
 ‘ vage Animalism is nothing, inventive Spiritualism is all.

‘ With respect to Duels, indeed, I have my own ideas. Few
 ‘ things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more sur-
 ‘ prise. Two little visual Spectra of men, hovering with inse-
 ‘ cure enough cohesion in the midst of the UNFATHOMABLE, and
 ‘ to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon,—make pause at the
 ‘ distance of twelve paces asunder ; whirl round ; and, simul-
 ‘ taneously by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another
 ‘ into Dissolution ; and off-hand become Air, and Non-extant !
 ‘ Deuce on it (*verdammt*), the little spitfires !—Nay, I think
 ‘ with old Hugo von Trimberg : “ God must needs laugh out-
 ‘ right, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous Manikins
 ‘ here below.” ’

But amid these specialties, let us not forget the great gener-
 ality, which is our chief quest here : How prospered the inner
 man of Teufelsdröckh under so much outward shifting ? Does
 Legion still lurk in him, though repressed ; or has he exorcised
 that Devil’s Brood ? We can answer that the symptoms con-
 tinue promising. Experience is the grand spiritual Doctor ;
 and with him Teufelsdröckh has now been long a patient, swal-
 lowing many a bitter bolus. Unless our poor Friend belong to
 the numerous class of Incurables, which seems not likely, some
 cure will doubtless be effected. We should rather say that Le-
 gion, or the Satanic School, was now pretty well extirpated and
 cast out, but next to nothing introduced in its room ; whereby
 the heart remains, for the while, in a quiet but no comfortable
 state.

‘ At length, after so much roasting,’ thus writes our Auto-
 biographer, ‘ I was what you might name calcined. Pray only
 ‘ that it be not rather, as is the more frequent issue, reduced to
 ‘ a *caput-mortuum* ! But in any case, by mere dint of prac-
 ‘ tice, I had grown familiar with many things. Wretchedness
 ‘ was still wretched ; but I could now partly see through it,
 ‘ and despise it. Which highest mortal, in this inane Exist-
 ‘ ence, had I not found a Shadow-hunter, or Shadow-hunted ;

' and, when I looked through his brave garnitures, miserable
 ' enough? Thy wishes have all been sniffed aside, thought I:
 ' but what, had they even been all granted! Did not the Boy
 ' Alexander weep because he had not two Planets to conquer;
 ' or a whole Solar System; or after that, a whole Universe?
 ' *Ach Gott*, when I gazed into these Stars, have they not looked
 ' down on me as if with pity, from their serene spaces; like
 ' Eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man!
 ' Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own,
 ' have been swallowed-up of Time, and there remains no wreck
 ' of them any more; and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and
 ' the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young,
 ' as when the Shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar.
 ' Pshaw! what is this paltry little Dog-cage of an Earth; what
 ' art thou that sittest whining there? Thou art still Nothing,
 ' Nobody: true; but who, then, is Something, Somebody? For
 ' thee the Family of Man has no use; it rejects thee; thou
 ' art wholly as a dissevered limb: so be it; perhaps it is better
 ' so!

Too-heavy-laden Teufelsdröckh! Yet surely his bands are
 loosening; one day he will hurl the burden far from him, and
 bound forth free and with a second youth.

' This,' says our Professor, 'was the CENTRE OF INDIFFER-
 ' ENCE I had now reached; through which whoso travels from
 ' the Negative Pole to the Positive must necessarily pass.'

CHAPTER IX.

THE EVERLASTING YEA.

' TEMPTATIONS in the Wilderness!' exclaims Teufelsdröckh:
 ' Have we not all to be tried with such? Not so easily can the
 ' old Adam, lodged in us by birth, be dispossessed. Our Life is
 ' compassed round with Necessity; yet is the meaning of Life
 ' itself no other than Freedom, than Voluntary Force: thus have
 ' we a warfare; in the beginning, especially, a hard-fought
 ' battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Welldoing*,
 ' lies mysteriously written, in Promethean Prophetic Characters,

in our hearts ; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed ; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom. And as the clay-given mandate, *Eat thou and be filled*, at the same time persuasively proclaims itself through every nerve,—must not there be a confusion, a contest, before the better Influence can become the upper ?

To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmest battle with him ; defiantly setting him at naught, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose : with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness,—to such Temptation are we all called. Unhappy if we are not ! Unhappy if we are but Half-men, in whom that divine handwriting has never blazed forth, all-subduing, in true sun-splendour ; but quivers dubiously amid meaner lights : or smoulders, in dull pain, in darkness, under earthly vapours !—Our Wilderness is the wide World in an Atheistic Century ; our Forty Days are long years of suffering and fasting : nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only !

He says elsewhere, under a less ambitious figure ; as figures are, once for all, natural to him : ‘ Has not thy Life been that of most sufficient men (*tüchtigen Männer*) thou hast known in this generation ? An outflush of foolish young Enthusiasm, like the first fallow-crop, wherein are as many weeds as valuable herbs : this all parched away, under the Droughts of practical and spiritual Unbelief, as Disappointment, in thought and act, often-repeated gave rise to Doubt, and Doubt gradually settled into Denial ! If I have had a second-crop, and now see the perennial greensward, and sit under umbrageous ce-

'dars, which defy all Drought (and Doubt) ; herein too, be the
'Heavens praised, I am not without examples, and even ex-
'emplars.'

So that, for Teufelsdröckh also, there has been a 'glorious
revolution : ' these mad shadow-hunting and shadow-hunted Pil-
grimings of his were but some purifying 'Temptation in the
Wilderness,' before his apostolic work (such as it was) could
begin ; which Temptation is now happily over, and the Devil
once more worsted ! Was 'that high moment in the *Rue de*
l'Enfer,' then, properly the turning-point of the battle ; when
the Fiend said, *Worship me, or be torn in shreds* ; and was ans-
wered valiantly with an *Apage Satana* ?—Singular Teufels-
dröckh, would thou hadst told thy singular story in plain words !
But it is fruitless to look there, in those Paper-bags, for such.
Nothing but innuendoes, figurative crotchets : a typical Shadow,
fitfully wavering, prophetico-satiric ; no clear logical Picture.
'How paint to the sensual eye,' asks he once, 'what passes in
'the Holy-of-Holies of Man's Soul ; in what words, known to
'these profane times, speak even afar-off of the unspeakable ?'
We ask in turn : Why perplex these times, profane as they are,
with needless obscurity, by omission and by commission ? Not
mystical only is our Professor, but whimsical ; and involves him-
self, now more than ever, in eye-bewildering *chiaroscuro*. Suc-
cessive glimpses, here faithfully imparted, our more gifted readers
must endeavour to combine for their own behoof.

He says : 'The hot Harmattan wind had raged itself out ;
'its howl went silent within me ; and the long-deafened soul
'could now hear. I paused in my wild wanderings ; and sat
'me down to wait, and consider ; for it was as if the hour of
'change drew nigh. I seemed to surrender, to renounce utterly,
'and say : Fly, then, false shadows of Hope ; I will chase you no
'more, I will believe you no more. And ye too, haggard spec-
'tres of Fear, I care not for you ; ye too are all shadows and
'a lie. Let me rest here : for I am way-weary and life-weary ;
'I will rest here, were it but to die : to die or to live is alike
'to me ; alike insignificant.'—And again : 'Here, then, as I lay
'in that CENTRE OF INDIFFERENCE ; cast, doubtless by benign-
'ant upper Influence, into a healing sleep, the heavy dreams
'rolled gradually away, and I awoke to a new Heaven and a
'new Earth. The first preliminary moral Act, Annihilation of

‘ Self (*Selbst-tödtung*), had been happily accomplished; and my
 ‘ mind’s eyes were now unsealed, and its hands ungyved.’

Might we not also conjecture that the following passage refers to his Locality, during this same ‘healing sleep;’ that his Pilgrim-staff lies cast aside here, on ‘the high table-land;’ and indeed that the repose is already taking wholesome effect on him? If it were not that the tone, in some parts, has more of riancy, even of levity, than we could have expected! However, in Teufelsdröckh, there is always the strangest Dualism: light dancing, with guitar-music, will be going on in the fore-court, while by fits from within comes the faint whimpering of woe and wail. We transcribe the piece entire.

‘ Beautiful it was to sit there, as in my skyey Tent, musing
 ‘ and meditating; on the high table-land, in front of the Moun-
 ‘ tains; over me, as roof, the azure Dome, and around me, for
 ‘ walls, four azure-flowing curtains,—namely, of the Four azure
 ‘ Winds, on whose bottom-fringes also I have seen gilding. And
 ‘ then to fancy the fair Castles that stood sheltered in these
 ‘ Mountain hollows; with their green flower-lawns, and white
 ‘ dames and damosels, lovely enough: or better still, the straw-
 ‘ roofed Cottages, wherein stood many a Mother baking bread,
 ‘ with her children round her:—all hidden and protectingly
 ‘ folded-up in the valley-folds; yet there and alive, as sure as
 ‘ if I beheld them. Or to see, as well as fancy, the nine Towns
 ‘ and Villages, that lay round my mountain-seat, which, in still
 ‘ weather, were wont to speak to me (by their steeple-bells) with
 ‘ metal tongue; and, in almost all weather, proclaimed their
 ‘ vitality by repeated Smoke-clouds; whereon, as on a culinary
 ‘ horologe, I might read the hour of the day. For it was the
 ‘ smoke of cookery, as kind housewives at morning, midday,
 ‘ eventide, were boiling their husbands’ kettles; and ever a blue
 ‘ pillar rose up into the air, successively or simultaneously, from
 ‘ each of the nine, saying, as plainly as smoke could say: Such
 ‘ and such a meal is getting ready here. Not uninteresting!
 ‘ For you have the whole Borough, with all its love-makings and
 ‘ scandal-mongeries, contentions and contentments, as in minia-
 ‘ ture, and could cover it all with your hat.—If, in my wide Way-
 ‘ farings, I had learned to look into the business of the World
 ‘ in its details, here perhaps was the place for combining it into
 ‘ general propositions, and deducing inferences therefrom.

' Often also could I see the black Tempest marching in
 ' anger through the Distance : round some Schreckhorn, as yet
 ' grim-blue, would the eddying vapour gather, and there tumult-
 ' uously eddy, and flow down like a mad witch's hair ; till, after
 ' a space, it vanished, and, in the clear sunbeam, your Schreck-
 ' horn stood smiling grim-white, for the vapour had held snow.
 ' How thou fermentest and elaboratest, in thy great fermenting-
 ' vat and laboratory of an Atmosphere, of a World, O Nature !
 ' —Or what is Nature ? Ha ! why do I not name thee God ?
 ' Art not thou the " Living Garment of God " ? O Heavens, is
 ' it, in very deed, HE, then, that ever speaks through thee ; that
 ' lives and loves in thee, that lives and loves in me ?

' Fore-shadows, call them rather fore-splendours, of that
 ' Truth, and Beginning of Truths, fell mysteriously over my soul.
 ' Sweeter than Dayspring to the Shipwrecked in Nova Zembla ;
 ' ah, like the mother's voice to her little child that strays be-
 ' wildered, weeping, in unknown tumults ; like soft streamings of
 ' celestial music to my too-exasperated heart, came that Evangel.
 ' The Universe is not dead and demoniacal, a charnel-house
 ' with spectres ; but godlike, and my Father's !

' With other eyes, too, could I now look upon my fellow
 ' man : with an infinite Love, an infinite Pity. Poor, wandering,
 ' wayward man ! Art thou not tried, and beaten with stripes,
 ' even as I am ? Ever, whether thou bear the royal mantle or
 ' the beggar's gabardine, art thou not so weary, so heavy-laden ;
 ' and thy Bed of Rest is but a Grave. O my Brother, my Bro-
 ' ther, why cannot I shelter thee in my bosom, and wipe away
 ' all tears from thy eyes !—Truly, the din of many-voiced Life,
 ' which, in this solitude, with the mind's organ, I could hear,
 ' was no longer a maddening discord, but a melting one ; like
 ' inarticulate cries, and sobbings of a dumb creature, which in
 ' the ear of Heaven are prayers. The poor Earth, with her poor
 ' joys, was now my needy Mother, not my cruel Stepdame ;
 ' Man, with his so mad Wants and so mean Endeavours, had
 ' become the dearer to me ; and even for his sufferings and his
 ' sins, I now first named him Brother. Thus was I standing in
 ' the porch of that "*Sanctuary of Sorrow* ;" by strange, steep
 ' ways had I too been guided thither ; and ere long its sacred
 ' gates would open, and the "*Divine Depth of Sorrow*" lie dis-
 ' closed to me.

The Professor says, he here first got eye on the Knot that had been strangling him, and straightway could unfasten it, and was free. 'A vain interminable controversy,' writes he, 'touching what is at present called Origin of Evil, or some such thing, arises in every soul, since the beginning of the world; and in every soul, that would pass from idle Suffering into actual Endeavouring, must first be put an end to. The most, in our time, have to go content with a simple, incomplete enough Suppression of this controversy; to a few some Solution of it is indispensable. In every new era, too, such Solution comes out in different terms; and ever the Solution of the last era has become obsolete, and is found unserviceable. For it is man's nature to change his Dialect from century to century; he cannot help it though he would. The authentic *Church-Catechism* of our present century has not yet fallen into my hands: meanwhile, for my own private behoof, I attempt to elucidate the matter so. Man's Unhappiness, as I construe, comes of his Greatness; it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the Finite. Will the whole Finance Ministers and Upholsters and Confectioners of modern Europe undertake, in joint-stock company, to make one Shoebblack HAPPY? They cannot accomplish it, above an hour or two: for the Shoebblack also has a Soul quite other than his Stomach; and would require, if you consider it, for his permanent satisfaction and saturation, simply this allotment, no more, and no less: *God's infinite Universe altogether to himself*, therein to enjoy infinitely, and fill every wish as fast as it rose. Oceans of Hochheimer, a Throat like that of Ophiuchus: speak not of them; to the infinite Shoebblack they are as nothing. No sooner is your ocean filled, than he grumbles that it might have been of better vintage. Try him with half of a Universe, of an Omnipotence, he sets to quarrelling with the proprietor of the other half, and declares himself the most maltreated of men.—Always there is a black spot in our sunshine: it is even, as I said, the *Shadow of Ourselves*.

'But the whim we have of Happiness is somewhat thus. By certain valuations, and averages, of our own striking, we come upon some sort of average terrestrial lot; this we fancy belongs to us by nature, and of indefeasible right. It is simple

' payment of our wages, of our deserts ; requires neither thanks
 ' nor complaint ; only such *overplus* as there may be do we
 ' account Happiness ; any *deficit* again is Misery. Now con-
 ' sider that we have the valuation of our own deserts ourselves,
 ' and what a fund of Self-conceit there is in each of us,—do you
 ' wonder that the balance should so often dip the wrong way,
 ' and many a Blockhead cry : See there, what a payment ; was
 ' ever worthy gentleman so used !—I tell thee, Blockhead, it all
 ' comes of thy Vanity ; of what thou *fanciest* those same deserts
 ' of thine to be. Fancy that thou deservest to be hanged (as is
 ' most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot : fancy
 ' that thou deservest to be hanged in a hair-halter, it will be a
 ' luxury to die in hemp.

' So true is it, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can*
 ' *be increased in value not so much by increasing your Numerator*
 ' *as by lessening your Denominator.* Nay, unless my Algebra
 ' deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*.
 ' Make thy claim of wages a zero, then ; thou hast the world
 ' under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time write : "It is
 ' only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speak-
 ' ing, can be said to begin."

' I asked myself: What is this that, ever since earliest years,
 ' thou hast been fretting and fuming, and lamenting and self-
 ' tormenting, on account of? Say it in a word : is it not because
 ' thou art not HAPPY? Because the THOU (sweet gentleman) is
 ' not sufficiently honoured, nourished, soft-bedded, and lovingly
 ' cared-for? Foolish soul ! What Act of Legislature was there
 ' that *thou* shouldst be Happy? A little while ago thou hadst
 ' no right to *be* at all. What if thou wert born and predestined
 ' not to be Happy, but to be Unhappy ! Art thou nothing other
 ' than a Vulture, then, that fliest through the Universe seeking
 ' after somewhat to *eat* ; and shrieking dolefully because carrion
 ' enough is not given thee? Close thy *Byron* ; open thy *Goethe*!

' *Es leuchtet mir ein*, I see a glimpse of it !' cries he else-
 ' where : 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness :
 ' he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessed-
 ' ness ! Was it not to preach-forth this same HIGHER that sages
 ' and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken
 ' and suffered ; bearing testimony, through life and through
 ' death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike

‘only has he Strength and Freedom? Which God-inspired
 ‘Doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught; O Heavens!
 ‘and broken with manifold merciful Afflictions, even till thou
 ‘become contrite, and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these;
 ‘thankfully bear what yet remain: thou hadst need of them;
 ‘the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-
 ‘paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease,
 ‘and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time,
 ‘thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eter-
 ‘nity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING
 ‘YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved: wherein whoso walks
 ‘and works, it is well with him.’

And again: ‘Small is it that thou canst trample the Earth
 ‘with its injuries under thy feet, as old Greek Zeno trained
 ‘thee: thou canst love the Earth while it injures thee, and even
 ‘because it injures thee; for this a Greater than Zeno was
 ‘needed, and he too was sent. Knowest thou that “*Worship
 ‘of Sorrow*”? The Temple thereof, founded some eighteen cen-
 ‘turies ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habi-
 ‘tation of doleful creatures: nevertheless, venture forward; in
 ‘a low crypt, arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the
 ‘Altar still there, and its sacred Lamp perennially burning.’

Without pretending to comment on which strange utter-
 ances, the Editor will only remark, that there lies beside them
 much of a still more questionable character; unsuited to the
 general apprehension; nay wherein he himself does not see
 his way. Nebulous disquisitions on Religion, yet not without
 bursts of splendour; on the ‘perennial continuance of Inspira-
 tion;’ on Prophecy; that there are ‘true Priests, as well as
 Baal-Priests, in our own day:’ with more of the like sort. We
 select some fractions, by way of finish to this farrago.

‘Cease, my much-respected Herr von Voltaire,’ thus apos-
 trophises the Professor: ‘shut thy sweet voice; for the task
 ‘appointed thee seems finished. Sufficiently hast thou demon-
 ‘strated this proposition, considerable or otherwise: That the
 ‘Mythus of the Christian Religion looks not in the eighteenth
 ‘century as it did in the eighth. Alas, were thy six-and-thirty
 ‘quartos, and the six-and-thirty thousand other quartos and
 ‘folios, and flying sheets or reams, printed before and since on
 ‘the same subject, all needed to convince us of so little! But

‘ what next? Wilt thou help us to embody the divine Spirit of
 ‘ that Religion in a new Mythus, in a new vehicle and vesture,
 ‘ that our Souls, otherwise too like perishing, may live? What!
 ‘ thou hast no faculty in that kind? Only a torch for burning,
 ‘ no hammer for building? Take our thanks, then, and——
 ‘ thyself away.

‘ Meanwhile what are antiquated Mythuses to me? Or is
 ‘ the God present, felt in my own heart, a thing which Herr von
 ‘ Voltaire will dispute out of me; or dispute into me? To the
 ‘ “*Worship of Sorrow*” ascribe what origin and genesis thou
 ‘ pleasest, *has* not that Worship originated, and been generated,
 ‘ is it not *here*? Feel it in thy heart, and then say whether it is
 ‘ of God! This is Belief; all else is Opinion,—for which latter
 ‘ whoso will, let him worry and be worried.’

‘ Neither,’ observes he elsewhere, ‘ shall ye tear-out one an-
 ‘ other’s eyes, struggling over “Plenary Inspiration,” and such-
 ‘ like: try rather to get a little even Partial Inspiration, each
 ‘ of you for himself. One BIBLE I know, of whose Plenary In-
 ‘ spiration doubt is not so much as possible; nay with my own
 ‘ eyes I saw the God’s-Hand writing it: thereof all other Bibles
 ‘ are but Leaves,—say, in Picture-Writing to assist the weaker
 ‘ faculty.’

Or, to give the wearied reader relief, and bring it to an end,
 let him take the following perhaps more intelligible passage:

‘ To me, in this our life,’ says the Professor, ‘ which is an
 ‘ internecine warfare with the Time-spirit, other warfare seems
 ‘ questionable. Hast thou in any way a Contention with thy
 ‘ brother, I advise thee, think well what the meaning thereof is.
 ‘ If thou gauge it to the bottom, it is simply this: “Fellow,
 ‘ see! thou art taking more than thy share of Happiness in the
 ‘ world, something from *my* share: which, by the Heavens,
 ‘ thou shalt not; nay I will fight thee rather.”—Alas, and the
 ‘ whole lot to be divided is such a beggarly matter, truly a “feast
 ‘ of shells,” for the substance has been spilled out: not enough
 ‘ to quench one Appetite; and the collective human species
 ‘ clutching at them!—Can we not, in all such cases, rather say:
 ‘ “Take it, thou too-ravenous individual; take that pitiful ad-
 ‘ ditional fraction of a share, which I reckoned mine, but which
 ‘ thou so wantest; take it with a blessing: would to Heaven I
 ‘ had enough for thee!”—If Fichte’s *Wissenschaftslehre* be, “to

‘ a certain extent, Applied Christianity,” surely to a still greater
 ‘ extent, so is this. We have here not a Whole Duty of Man,
 ‘ yet a Half Duty, namely the Passive half: could we but do it,
 ‘ as we can demonstrate it!

‘ But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worth-
 ‘ less till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay properly Convic-
 ‘ tion is not possible till then; inasmuch as all Speculation is
 ‘ by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a
 ‘ felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any centre
 ‘ to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most
 ‘ true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that “Doubt of any sort
 ‘ cannot be removed except by Action.” On which ground, too,
 ‘ let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light,
 ‘ and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay
 ‘ this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable
 ‘ service: “*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,*” which thou
 ‘ knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have
 ‘ become clearer.

‘ May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual Enfran-
 ‘ chisement is even this: When your Ideal World, wherein the
 ‘ whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly lan-
 ‘ guishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open; and
 ‘ you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in
 ‘ *Wilhelm Meister*, that your “America is here or nowhere”?
 ‘ The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet
 ‘ occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered,
 ‘ despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or
 ‘ nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working,
 ‘ believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the im-
 ‘ pediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou
 ‘ art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether
 ‘ such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be
 ‘ heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment
 ‘ of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom
 ‘ wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou
 ‘ seekest is already with thee, “here or nowhere,” couldst thou
 ‘ only see!

‘ But it is with man’s Soul as it was with Nature: the be-
 ‘ ginning of Creation is—Light. Till the eye have vision, the
 ‘ whole members are in bonds. Divine moment, when over

‘ the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos,
 ‘ it is spoken : Let there be Light ! Ever to the greatest that
 ‘ has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announc-
 ‘ ing ; even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least.
 ‘ The mad primeval Discord is hushed ; the rudely-jumbled con-
 ‘ flicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments :
 ‘ deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath ; and the skyey
 ‘ vault with its everlasting Luminaries above : instead of a dark
 ‘ wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, heaven-encom-
 ‘ passed World.

‘ I too could now say to myself : Be no longer a Chaos, but
 ‘ a World, or even Worldkin. Produce ! Produce ! Were it
 ‘ but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce
 ‘ it, in God’s name ! ’Tis the utmost thou hast in thee : out
 ‘ with it, then. Up, up ! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do,
 ‘ do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called Today ;
 ‘ for the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.’

CHAPTER X

PAUSE.

THUS have we, as closely and perhaps satisfactorily as, in
 such circumstances, might be, followed Teufelsdröckh through
 the various successive states and stages of Growth, Entangle-
 ment, Unbelief, and almost Reprobation, into a certain clearer
 state of what he himself seems to consider as Conversion. ‘ Blame
 ‘ not the word,’ says he ; ‘ rejoice rather that such a word, signi-
 ‘ fying such a thing, has come to light in our modern Era, though
 ‘ hidden from the wisest Ancients. The Old World knew no-
 ‘ thing of Conversion ; instead of an *Ecce Homo*, they had only
 ‘ some *Choice of Hercules*. It was a new-attained progress in
 ‘ the Moral Development of man : hereby has the Highest come
 ‘ home to the bosoms of the most Limited ; what to Plato was
 ‘ but a hallucination, and to Socrates a chimera, is now clear
 ‘ and certain to your Zinzendorfs, your Wesleys, and the poorest
 ‘ of their Pietists and Methodists.’
 It is here, then, that the spiritual majority of Teufelsdröckh
 commences : we are henceforth to see him ‘ work in well-doing.’

with the spirit and clear aims of a Man. He has discovered that the Ideal Workshop he so panted for is even this same Actual ill-furnished Workshop he has so long been stumbling in. He can say to himself: 'Tools? Thou hast no Tools? Why, there is not a Man, or a Thing, now alive but has tools. The basest of created animalcules, the Spider itself, has a spinning-jenny, and warping-mill, and power-loom within its head: the stupidest of Oysters has a Papin's-Digester, with stone-and-lime house to hold it in: every being that can live can do something: this let him *do*.—Tools? Hast thou not a Brain, furnished, furnishable with some glimmerings of Light; and three fingers to hold a Pen withal? Never since Aaron's Rod went out of practice, or even before it, was there such a wonder-working Tool: greater than all recorded miracles have been performed by Pens. For strangely in this so solid-seeming World, which nevertheless is in continual restless flux, it is appointed that *Sound*, to appearance the most fleeting, should be the most continuing of all things. The WORD is well said to be omnipotent in this world; man, thereby divine, can create as by a *Fiat*. Awake, arise! Speak forth what is in thee; what God has given thee, what the Devil shall not take away. Higher task than that of Priesthood was allotted to no man: wert thou but the meanest in that sacred Hierarchy, is it not honour enough therein to spend and be spent?

'By this Art, which whoso will may sacrilegiously degrade into a handicraft,' adds Teufelsdröckh, 'have I thenceforth abidden. Writings of mine, not indeed known as mine (for what am *I*?), have fallen, perhaps not altogether void, into the mighty seed-field of Opinion; fruits of my unseen sowing gratifyingly meet me here and there. I thank the Heavens that I have now found my Calling; wherein, with or without perceptible result, I am minded diligently to persevere.

'Nay how knowest thou,' cries he, 'but this and the other pregnant Device, now grown to be a world-renowned far-working Institution; like a grain of right mustard-seed once cast into the right soil, and now stretching-out strong boughs to the four winds, for the birds of the air to lodge in,—may have been properly my doing? Some one's doing, it without doubt was; from some Idea, in some single Head, it did first of all take beginning: why not from some Idea in mine?' Does Teufels-

dröckh here glance at that 'SOCIETY FOR THE CONSERVATION OF PROPERTY (*Eigenthums-conservirende Gesellschaft*),' of which so many ambiguous notices glide spectre-like through these inexpressible Paper-bags? 'An Institution,' hints he, 'not unsuitable to the wants of the time; as indeed such sudden extension proves: for already can the Society number, among its office-bearers or corresponding members, the highest Names, if not the highest Persons, in Germany, England, France; and contributions, both of money and of meditation, pour in from all quarters; to, if possible, enlist the remaining Integrity of the world, and, defensively and with forethought, marshal it round this Palladium.' Does Teufelsdröckh mean, then, to give himself out as the originator of that so notable *Eigenthums-conservirende* ('Owndom-conserving') *Gesellschaft*; and if so, what, in the Devil's name, is it? He again hints: 'At a time when the divine Commandment, *Thou shalt not steal*, wherein truly, if well understood, is comprised the whole Hebrew Decalogue, with Solon's and Lycurgus's Constitutions, Justinian's Pandects, the Code Napoléon, and all Codes, Catechisms, Divinities, Moralities whatsoever, that man has hitherto devised (and enforced with Altar-fire and Gallows-ropes) for his social guidance: at a time, I say, when this divine Commandment has all-but faded away from the general remembrance; and, with little disguise, a new opposite Commandment, *Thou shalt steal*, is everywhere promulgated,—it perhaps behoved, in this universal dotage and deliration, the sound portion of mankind to bestir themselves and rally. When the widest and wildest violations of that divine right of Property, the only divine right now extant or conceivable, are sanctioned and recommended by a vicious Press, and the world has lived to hear it asserted that *we have no Property in our very Bodies, but only an accidental Possession and Life-rent*, what is the issue to be looked for? Hangmen and Catchpoles may, by their noose-gins and baited fall-traps, keep down the smaller sort of vermin; but what, except perhaps some such Universal Association, can protect us against whole meat-devouring and man-devouring hosts of Boa-constrictors? If, therefore, the more sequestered Thinker have wondered, in his privacy, from what hand that perhaps not ill-written *Program* in the Public Journals, with its high *Prize-Questions* and so liberal *Prizes*, could have pro-

‘ceeded,—let him now cease such wonder; and, with undivided faculty, betake himself to the *Concurrenz* (Competition).’

We ask: Has this same ‘perhaps not ill-written *Program*,’ or any other authentic Transaction of that Property-conserving Society, fallen under the eye of the British Reader, in any Journal foreign or domestic? If so, what are those *Prize-Questions*; what are the terms of Competition, and when and where? No printed Newspaper-leaf, no farther light of any sort, to be met with in these Paper-bags! Or is the whole business one other of those whimsicalities and perverse inexplicabilities, whereby Herr Teufelsdröckh, meaning much or nothing, is pleased so often to play fast-and-loose with us?

Here, indeed, at length, must the Editor give utterance to a painful suspicion, which, through late Chapters, has begun to haunt him; paralysing any little enthusiasm that might still have rendered his thorny Biographical task a labour of love. It is a suspicion grounded perhaps on trifles, yet confirmed almost into certainty by the more and more discernible humoristico-satirical tendency of Teufelsdröckh, in whom underground humours and intricate sardonic rogueries, wheel within wheel, defy all reckoning: a suspicion, in one word, that these Auto-biographical Documents are partly a mystification! What if many a so-called Fact were little better than a Fiction; if here we had no direct Camera-obscura Picture of the Professor’s History; but only some more or less fantastic Adumbration, symbolically, perhaps significantly enough, shadowing-forth the same! Our theory begins to be that, in receiving as literally authentic what was but hieroglyphically so, Hofrath Heuschrecke, whom in that case we scruple not to name Hofrath Nose-of-Wax, was made a fool of, and set adrift to make fools of others. Could it be expected, indeed, that a man so known for impenetrable reticence as Teufelsdröckh, would all at once frankly unlock his private citadel to an English Editor and a German Hofrath; and not rather deceptively *inlock* both Editor and Hofrath in the labyrinthic tortuosities and covered-ways of said citadel (having enticed them thither), to see, in his half-devilish way, how the fools would look?

Of one fool, however, the Herr Professor will perhaps find himself short. On a small slip, formerly thrown aside as blank,

the ink being all-but invisible, we lately notice, and with effort decipher, the following : ' What are your historical Facts ; still more your biographical ? Wilt thou know a Man, above all a Mankind, by stringing-together beadrolls of what thou namest Facts ? The Man is the spirit he worked in ; not what he did, but what he became. Facts are engraved Hieroglyphs, for which the fewest have the key. And then how your Block-head (*Dummkopf*) studies not their Meaning ; but simply whether they are well or ill cut, what he calls Moral or Immoral ! Still worse is it with your Bungler (*Pfuscher*) : such I have seen reading some Rousseau, with pretences of interpretation ; and mistaking the ill-cut Serpent-of-Eternity for a common poisonous reptile.' Was the Professor apprehensive lest an Editor, selected as the present boasts himself, might mistake the Teufelsdröckh Serpent-of-Eternity in like manner ? For which reason it was to be altered, not without underhand satire, into a plainer Symbol ? Or is this merely one of his half-sophisms, half-truisms, which if he can but set on the back of a Figure, he cares not whither it gallop ? We say not with certainty ; and indeed, so strange is the Professor, can never say. If our suspicion be wholly unfounded, let his own questionable ways, not our necessary circumspectness, bear the blame.

But be this as it will, the somewhat exasperated and indeed exhausted Editor determines here to shut these Paper-bags for the present. Let it suffice that we know of Teufelsdröckh, so far, if ' not what he did, yet what he became : ' the rather, as his character has now taken its ultimate bent, and no new revolution, of importance, is to be looked for. The imprisoned Chrysalis is now a winged Psyche : and such, wheresoever be its flight, it will continue. To trace by what complex gyrations (flights or involuntary waftings) through the mere external Life-element, Teufelsdröckh reaches his University Professorship, and the Psyche clothes herself in civic Titles, without altering her now fixed nature,—would be comparatively an unproductive task, were we even unsuspicious of its being, for us at least, a false and impossible one. His outward Biography, therefore, which, at the Blumine Lover's-Leap, we saw churned utterly into spray-vapour, may hover in that condition, for aught that concerns us here. Enough that by survey of certain ' pools

and splashes,' we have ascertained its general direction; do we not already know that, by one way and other, it *has* long since rained-down again into a stream; and even now, at Weissnicht-wo, flows deep and still, fraught with the *Philosophy of Clothes*, and visible to whoso will cast eye thereon? Over much invaluable matter, that lies scattered, like jewels among quarry-rubbish, in those Paper-catacombs, we may have occasion to glance back, and somewhat will demand insertion at the right place: meanwhile be our tiresome diggings therein suspended.

If now, before reopening the great *Clothes-Volume*, we ask what our degree of progress, during these Ten Chapters, has been, towards right understanding of the *Clothes-Philosophy*, let not our discouragement become total. To speak in that old figure of the Hell-gate Bridge over Chaos, a few flying pontoons have perhaps been added, though as yet they drift straggling on the Flood; how far they will reach, when once the chains are straightened and fastened, can, at present, only be matter of conjecture.

So much we already calculate: Through many a little loop-hole, we have had glimpses into the internal world of Teufelsdröckh; his strange mystic, almost magic Diagram of the Universe, and how it was gradually drawn, is not henceforth altogether dark to us. Those mysterious ideas on TIME, which merit consideration, and are not wholly unintelligible with such, may by and by prove significant. Still more may his somewhat peculiar view of Nature, the decisive Oneness he ascribes to Nature. How all Nature and Life are but one *Garment*, a 'Living Garment,' woven and ever aweaving in the 'Loom of Time;' is not here, indeed, the outline of a whole *Clothes-Philosophy*; at least the arena it is to work in? Remark, too, that the Character of the Man, nowise without meaning in such a matter, becomes less enigmatic: amid so much tumultuous obscurity, almost like diluted madness, do not a certain indomitable Defiance and yet a boundless Reverence seem to loom forth, as the two mountain-summits, on whose rock-strata all the rest were based and built?

Nay further, may we not say that Teufelsdröckh's Biography, allowing it even, as suspected, only a hieroglyphical truth, exhibits a man, as it were preappointed for *Clothes-Philosophy*? To look through the Shows of things into Things themselves

he is led and compelled. The 'Passivity' given him by birth is fostered by all turns of his fortune. Everywhere cast out, like oil out of water, from mingling in any Employment, in any public Communion, he has no portion but Solitude, and a life of Meditation. The whole energy of his existence is directed, through long years, on one task: that of enduring pain, if he cannot cure it. Thus everywhere do the Shows of things oppress him, withstand him, threaten him with fearfulest destruction: only by victoriously penetrating into Things themselves can he find peace and a stronghold. But is not this same looking-through the Shows, or Vestures, into the Things, even the first preliminary to a *Philosophy of Clothes*? Do we not, in all this, discern some beckonings towards the true higher purport of such a Philosophy; and what shape it must assume with such a man, in such an era?

Perhaps in entering on Book Third, the courteous Reader is not utterly without guess whither he is bound: nor, let us hope, for all the fantastic Dream-Grottoes through which, as is our lot with Teufelsdröckh, he must wander, will there be wanting between whiles some twinkling of a steady Polar Star.

BOOK THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

INCIDENT IN MODERN HISTORY.

As a wonder-loving and wonder-seeking man, Teufelsdröckh, from an early part of this Clothes-Volume, has more and more exhibited himself. Striking it was, amid all his perverse cloudiness, with what force of vision and of heart he pierced into the mystery of the World ; recognising in the highest sensible phenomena, so far as Sense went, only fresh or faded Raiment ; yet ever, under this, a celestial Essence thereby rendered visible : and while, on the one hand, he trod the old rags of Matter, with their tinsels, into the mire, he on the other everywhere exalted Spirit above all earthly principalities and powers, and worshipped it, though under the meanest shapes, with a true Platonic mysticism. What the man ultimately purposed by thus casting his Greek-fire into the general Wardrobe of the Universe ; what such, more or less complete, rending and burning of Garments throughout the whole compass of Civilised Life and Speculation, should lead to ; the rather as he was no Adamite, in any sense, and could not, like Rousseau, recommend either bodily or intellectual Nudity, and a return to the savage state : all this our readers are now bent to discover ; this is, in fact, properly the gist and purport of Professor Teufelsdröckh's Philosophy of Clothes.

Be it remembered, however, that such purport is here not so much evolved, as detected to lie ready for evolving. We are to guide our British Friends into the new Gold-country, and show them the mines ; nowise to dig-out and exhaust its wealth, which indeed remains for all time inexhaustible. Once there, let each dig for his own behoof, and enrich himself.

Neither, in so capricious inexpressible a Work as this of the Professor's, can our course now more than formerly be straightforward, step by step, but at best leap by leap. Significant Indications stand-out here and there; which for the critical eye, that looks both widely and narrowly, shape themselves into some ground-scheme of a Whole: to select these with judgment, so that a leap from one to the other be possible, and (in our old figure) by chaining them together, a passable Bridge be effected: this, as heretofore, continues our only method. Among such light-spots, the following, floating in much wild matter about *Perfectibility*, has seemed worth clutching at:

'Perhaps the most remarkable incident in Modern History,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'is not the Diet of Worms, still less the Battle of Austerlitz, Waterloo, Peterloo, or any other Battle; but an incident passed carelessly over by most Historians, and treated with some degree of ridicule by others: namely, George Fox's making to himself a suit of Leather. This man, the first of the Quakers, and by trade a Shoemaker, was one of those, to whom, under ruder or purer form, the Divine Idea of the Universe is pleased to manifest itself; and, across all the hulls of Ignorance and earthly Degradation, shine through, in unspeakable Awfulness, unspeakable Beauty, on their souls: who therefore are rightly accounted Prophets, God-possessed; or even Gods, as in some periods it has chanced. Sitting in his stall; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had, nevertheless, a Living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upwards, and discern its celestial Home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his hundred, as the crown of long faithful sewing,—was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind: but ever amid the boring and hammering came tones from that far country, came Splendours and Terrors; for this poor Cordwainer, as we said, was a Man; and the Temple of Immensity, wherein as Man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him.

'The Clergy of the neighbourhood, the ordained Watchers

' and Interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with un-
 ' affected tedium to his consultations, and advised him, as the
 ' solution of such doubts, to "drink beer and dance with the
 ' girls." Blind leaders of the blind ! For what end were their
 ' tithes levied and eaten ; for what were their shovel-hats
 ' scooped-out, and their surplices and cassock-aprons girt-on ;
 ' and such a church-repairing, and chaffering, and organing,
 ' and other racketing, held over that spot of God's Earth,—if
 ' Man were but a Patent Digester, and the Belly with its ad-
 ' juncts the grand Reality ? Fox turned from them, with tears
 ' and a sacred scorn, back to his Leather-parings and his Bible.
 ' Mountains of encumbrance, higher than *Ætna*, had been
 ' heaped over that Spirit : but it was a Spirit, and would not
 ' lie buried there. Through long days and nights of silent
 ' agony, it struggled and wrestled, with a man's force, to be
 ' free : how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultu-
 ' ously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that,
 ' and emerged into the light of Heaven ! That Leicester shoe-
 ' shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican
 ' or Loretto-shrine.—" So bandaged, and hampered, and hem-
 ' med in," groaned he, " with thousand requisitions, obligations,
 ' straps, tatters, and tagrags, I can neither see nor move : not
 ' my own am I, but the World's ; and Time flies fast, and Hea-
 ' ven is high, and Hell is deep : Man ! bethink thee, if thou
 ' hast power of Thought ! Why not ; what binds me here ? Want,
 ' want !—Ha, of what ? Will all the shoe-wages under the
 ' Moon ferry me across into that far Land of Light ? Only
 ' Meditation can, and devout Prayer to God. I will to the
 ' woods : the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild-berries feed
 ' me ; and for Clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial suit
 ' of Leather !"

' Historical Oil-painting,' continues Teufelsdröckh, ' is one
 ' of the Arts I never practised ; therefore shall I not decide
 ' whether this subject were easy of execution on the canvas.
 ' Yet often has it seemed to me as if such first outflashing of
 ' man's Freewill, to lighten, more and more into Day, the Cha-
 ' otic Night that threatened to engulf him in its hindrances and
 ' its horrors, were properly the only grandeur there is in His-
 ' tory. Let some living Angelo or Rosa, with seeing eye and
 ' understanding heart, picture George Fox on that morning,

' when he spreads-out his cutting-board for the last time, and
 ' cuts cowhides by unwonted patterns, and stitches them to-
 ' gether into one continuous all-including Case, the farewell
 ' service of his awl ! Stitch away, thou noble Fox : every prick
 ' of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery,
 ' and World-worship, and the Mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk,
 ' as in strong swimmer-strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee
 ' across the Prison-ditch, within which Vanity holds her Work-
 ' house and Ragfair, into lands of true Liberty ; were the work
 ' done, there is in broad Europe one Free Man, and thou art
 ' he !

' Thus from the lowest depth there is a path to the loftiest
 ' height ; and for the Poor also a Gospel has been published.
 ' Surely if, as D'Alembert asserts, my illustrious namesake, Dio-
 ' genes, was the greatest man of Antiquity, only that he wanted
 ' Decency, then by stronger reason is George Fox the greatest
 ' of the Moderns, and greater than Diogenes himself : for he
 ' too stands on the adamantine basis of his Manhood, casting
 ' aside all props and shoars ; yet not, in half-savage Pride, un-
 ' dervaluing the Earth ; valuing it rather, as a place to yield
 ' him warmth and food, he looks Heavenward from his Earth,
 ' and dwells in an element of Mercy and Worship, with a still
 ' Strength, such as the Cynic's Tub did nowise witness. Great,
 ' truly, was that Tub ; a temple from which man's dignity and
 ' divinity was scornfully preached abroad : but greater is the
 ' Leather Hull, for the same sermon was preached there, and
 ' not in Scorn but in Love.'

George Fox's 'perennial suit,' with all that it held, has been
 worn quite into ashes for nigh two centuries : why, in a dis-
 cussion on the *Perfectibility of Society*, reproduce it now ? Not
 out of blind sectarian partisanship : Teufelsdröckh himself is
 no Quaker ; with all his pacific tendencies, did not we see him,
 in that scene at the North Cape, with the Archangel Smuggler,
 exhibit fire-arms ?

For us, aware of his deep Sansculottism, there is more
 meant in this passage that meets the ear. At the same time,
 who can avoid smiling at the earnestness and Bœotian simplicity
 (if indeed there be not an underhand satire in it), with which
 that ' Incident' is here brought forward ; and, in the Professor's

ambiguous way, as clearly perhaps as he durst in Weissnichtwo, recommended to imitation ! Does Teufelsdröckh anticipate that, in this age of refinement, any considerable class of the community, by way of testifying against the 'Mammon-god,' and escaping from what he calls 'Vanity's Workhouse and Ragfair,' where doubtless some of them are toiled and whipped and hood-winked sufficiently, — will sheathe themselves in close-fitting cases of Leather ? The idea is ridiculous in the extreme. Will Majesty lay aside its robes of state, and Beauty its frills and train-gowns, for a second-skin of tanned hide ? By which change Huddersfield and Manchester, and Coventry and Paisley, and the Fancy-Bazaar, were reduced to hungry solitudes ; and only Day and Martin could profit. For neither would Teufelsdröckh's mad daydream, here as we presume covertly intended, of levelling Society (*levelling* it indeed with a vengeance, into one huge drowned marsh !), and so attaining the political effects of Nudity without its frigorific or other consequences, — be thereby realised. Would not the rich man purchase a water-proof suit of Russia Leather ; and the high-born Belle step-forth in red or azure morocco, lined with shamoy : the black cowhide being left to the Drudges and Gibeonites of the world ; and so all the old Distinctions be reëstablished ?

Or has the Professor his own deeper intention ; and laughs in his sleeve at our strictures and glosses, which indeed are but a part thereof ?

CHAPTER II.

CHURCH-CLOTHES.

NOT less questionable is his Chapter on *Church-Clothes*, which has the farther distinction of being the shortest in the Volume. We here translate it entire :

'By Church-Clothes, it need not be premised that I mean 'infinitely more than Cassocks and Surplices ; and do not at 'all mean the mere haberdasher Sunday Clothes that men go 'to Church in. Far from it ! Church-Clothes are, in our vo- 'cabulary, the Forms, the *Vestures*, under which men have at 'various periods embodied and represented for themselves the 'Religious Principle ; that is to say, invested the Divine Idea