

‘ of the World with a sensible and practically active Body, so
 ‘ that it might dwell among them as a living and life-giving
 ‘ WORD.

‘ These are unspeakably the most important of all the ves-
 ‘ tures and garnitures of Human Existence. They are first
 ‘ spun and woven, I may say, by that wonder of wonders, So-
 ‘ CIETY; for it is still only when “two or three are gathered
 ‘ together,” that Religion, spiritually existent, and indeed inde-
 ‘ structible, however latent, in each, first outwardly manifests
 ‘ itself (as with “cloven tongues of fire”), and seeks to be em-
 ‘ bodied in a visible Communion and Church Militant. Mys-
 ‘ tical, more than magical, is that Communing of Soul with
 ‘ Soul, both looking heavenward: here properly Soul first speaks
 ‘ with Soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what
 ‘ sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we can
 ‘ call Union, mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible. How
 ‘ true is that of Novalis: “It is certain, my Belief gains
 ‘ quite *infinitely* the moment I can convince another mind
 ‘ thereof”! Gaze thou in the face of thy Brother, in those eyes
 ‘ where plays the lambent fire of Kindness, or in those where
 ‘ rages the lurid conflagration of Anger; feel how thy own so
 ‘ quiet Soul is straightway involuntarily kindled with the like,
 ‘ and ye blaze and reverberate on each other, till it is all one
 ‘ limitless confluent flame (of embracing Love, or of deadly-
 ‘ grappling Hate); and then say what miraculous virtue goes
 ‘ out of man into man. But if so, through all the thick-plied
 ‘ hulls of our Earthly Life; how much more when it is of the
 ‘ Divine Life we speak, and inmost ME is, as it were, brought
 ‘ into contact with inmost ME!

‘ Thus was it that I said, the Church-Clothes are first spun
 ‘ and woven by Society; outward Religion originates by So-
 ‘ ciety, Society becomes possible by Religion. Nay, perhaps,
 ‘ every conceivable Society, past and present, may well be
 ‘ figured as properly and wholly a Church, in one or other of
 ‘ these three predicaments: an audibly preaching and prophe-
 ‘ sying Church, which is the best; second, a Church that strug-
 ‘ gles to preach and prophesy, but cannot as yet, till its Pente-
 ‘ cost come; and third and worst, a Church gone dumb with
 ‘ old age, or which only mumbles delirium prior to dissolution.
 ‘ Whoso fancies that by Church is here meant Chapterhouses

‘ and Cathedrals, or by preaching and prophesying, mere speech
‘ and chanting, let him,’ says the oracular Professor, ‘ read on,
‘ light of heart (*getrosten Muthes*).

‘ But with regard to your Church proper, and the Church-
‘ Clothes specially recognised as Church-Clothes, I remark, fear-
‘ lessly enough, that without such Vestures and sacred Tissues
‘ Society has not existed, and will not exist. For if Govern-
‘ ment is, so to speak, the outward SKIN of the Body Politic,
‘ holding the whole together and protecting it; and all your
‘ Craft-Guilds, and Associations for Industry, of hand or of
‘ head, are the Fleshly Clothes, the muscular and osseous Tis-
‘ sues (lying *under* such SKIN), whereby Society stands and
‘ works;—then is Religion the inmost Pericardial and Nervous
‘ Tissue, which ministers Life and warm Circulation to the
‘ whole. Without which Pericardial Tissue the Bones and
‘ Muscles (of Industry) were inert, or animated only by a Gal-
‘ vanic vitality; the SKIN would become a shrivelled pelt, or
‘ fast-rotting raw-hide; and Society itself a dead carcass,—de-
‘ serving to be buried. Men were no longer Social, but Gre-
‘ garious; which latter state also could not continue, but must
‘ gradually issue in universal selfish discord, hatred, savage iso-
‘ lation, and dispersion;—whereby, as we might continue to
‘ say, the very dust and dead body of Society would have eva-
‘ porated and become abolished. Such, and so all-important,
‘ all-sustaining, are the Church-Clothes to civilised or even to
‘ rational men.

‘ Meanwhile, in our era of the World, those same Church-
‘ Clothes have gone sorrowfully out-at-elbows: nay, far worse,
‘ many of them have become mere hollow Shapes, or Masks,
‘ under which no living Figure or Spirit any longer dwells; but
‘ only spiders and unclean beetles, in horrid accumulation, drive
‘ their trade; and the mask still glares on you with its glass-
‘ eyes, in ghastly affectation of Life,—some generation-and-half
‘ after Religion has quite withdrawn from it, and in unnoticed
‘ nooks is weaving for herself new Vestures, wherewith to re-
‘ appear, and bless us, or our sons or grandsons. As a Priest,
‘ or Interpreter of the Holy, is the noblest and highest of all
‘ men, so is a Sham-priest (*Schein-priester*) the falsest and basest;
‘ neither is it doubtful that his Canonicals, were they Popes’
‘ Tiaras, will one day be torn from him, to make bandages for

‘ the wounds of mankind ; or even to burn into tinder, for general scientific or culinary purposes.

‘ All which, as out of place here, falls to be handled in my Second Volume, *On the Palingenesia, or Newbirth of Society* ; which volume, as treating practically of the Wear, Destruction, and Retexture of Spiritual Tissues, or Garments, forms, properly speaking, the Transcendental or ultimate Portion of this my work *on Clothes*, and is already in a state of forwardness.’

And herewith, no farther exposition, note, or commentary being added, does Teufelsdröckh, and must his Editor now, terminate the singular chapter on Church-Clothes !

CHAPTER III.

SYMBOLS.

PROBABLY it will elucidate the drift of these foregoing obscure utterances, if we here insert somewhat of our Professor's speculations on *Symbols*. To state his whole doctrine, indeed, were beyond our compass : nowhere is he more mysterious, impalpable, than in this of ‘ Fantasy being the organ of the God-like ;’ and how ‘ Man thereby, though based, to all seeming, on the small Visible, does nevertheless extend down into the infinite deeps of the Invisible, of which Invisible, indeed, his Life is properly the bodying forth.’ Let us, omitting these high transcendental aspects of the matter, study to glean (whether from the Paper-bags or the Printed Volume) what little seems logical and practical, and cunningly arrange it into such degree of coherence as it will assume. By way of proem, take the following not injudicious remarks :

‘ The benignant efficacies of Concealment,’ cries our Professor, ‘ who shall speak or sing ? SILENCE and SECRECY ! Altars might still be raised to them (were this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together ; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule. Not William the Silent only, but all the considerable men I have known, and the most

undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forbore to babble of what they were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day* : on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and duties ; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out ! Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing Thought ; but of quite stifling and suspending Thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech too is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss Inscription says : *Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden* (Speech is silvern, Silence is golden) ; or as I might rather express it : Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

Bees will not work except in darkness ; Thought will not work except in Silence : neither will Virtue work except in Secrecy. Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth ! Neither shalt thou prate even to thy own heart of "those secrets known to all." Is not Shame (*Schaam*) the soil of all Virtue, of all good manners and good morals ? Like other plants, Virtue will not grow unless its root be hidden, buried from the eye of the sun. Let the sun shine on it, nay do but look at it privily thyself, the root withers, and no flower will glad thee. O my Friends, when we view the fair clustering flowers that overwreath, for example, the Marriage-bower, and encircle man's life with the fragrance and hues of Heaven, what hand will not smite the foul plunderer that grubs them up by the roots, and with grinning, grunting satisfaction, shows us the dung they flourish in ! Men speak much of the Printing-Press with its Newspapers : *du Himmel !* what are these to Clothes and the Tailor's Goose ?

Of kin to the so incalculable influences of Concealment, and connected with still greater things, is the wondrous agency of *Symbols*. In a Symbol there is concealment and yet revelation : here therefore, by Silence and by Speech acting together, comes a double significance. And if both the Speech be itself high, and the Silence fit and noble, how expressive will their union be ! Thus in many a painted Device, or simple Seal-emblem, the commonest Truth stands out to us proclaimed with quite new emphasis.

For it is here that Fantasy with her mystic wonderland

' plays into the small prose domain of Sense, and becomes in-
 ' corporated therewith. In the Symbol proper, what we can
 ' call a Symbol, there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly,
 ' some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite ; the Infinite
 ' is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and
 ' as it were, attainable there. By Symbols, accordingly, is man
 ' guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. He
 ' everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recog-
 ' nised as such or not recognised : the Universe is but one
 ' vast Symbol of God ; nay if thou wilt have it, what is man
 ' himself but a Symbol of God ; is not all that he does sym-
 ' bolical ; a revelation to Sense of the mystic god-given force
 ' that is in him ; a " Gospel of Freedom," which he, the " Mes-
 ' sias of Nature," preaches, as he can, by act and word ? Not
 ' a Hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a Thought ;
 ' but bears visible record of invisible things ; but is, in the
 ' transcendental sense, symbolical as well as real.'

' Man,' says the Professor elsewhere, in quite antipodal con-
 trast with these high-soaring delineations, which we have here
 cut-short on the verge of the inane, ' Man is by birth somewhat
 ' of an owl. Perhaps, too, of all the owleries that ever pos-
 ' sessed him, the most owlish, if we consider it, is that of your
 ' actually existing Motive-Millwrights. Fantastic tricks enough
 ' man has played, in his time ; has fancied himself to be most
 ' things, down even to an animated heap of Glass : but to fancy
 ' himself a dead Iron-Balance for weighing Pains and Pleasures
 ' on, was reserved for this his latter era. There stands he, his
 ' Universe one huge Manger, filled with hay and thistles to be
 ' weighed against each other ; and looks long-eared enough.
 ' Alas, poor devil ! spectres are appointed to haunt him : one
 ' age he is hagridden, bewitched ; the next, priestridden, be-
 ' fooled ; in all ages, bedevilled. And now the Genius of Me-
 ' chanism smothers him worse than any Nightmare did ; till the
 ' Soul is nigh choked out of him, and only a kind of Digestive,
 ' Mechanic life remains. In Earth and in Heaven he can see
 ' nothing but Mechanism ; has fear for nothing else, hope in
 ' nothing else : the world would indeed grind him to pieces ;
 ' but cannot he fathom the Doctrine of Motives, and cunningly
 ' compute these, and mechanise them to grind the other way ?
 ' Were he not, as has been said, purblinded by enchant-

‘ment, you had but to bid him open his eyes and look. In
 ‘which country, in which time, was it hitherto that man’s his-
 ‘tory, or the history of any man, went-on by calculated or cal-
 ‘culable “Motives”? What make ye of your Christianities,
 ‘and Chivalries, and Reformations, and Marseillaise Hymns,
 ‘and Reigns of Terror? Nay, has not perhaps the Motive-
 ‘grinder himself been *in Love*? Did he never stand so much
 ‘as a contested Election? Leave him to Time, and the medi-
 ‘cating virtue of Nature.’

‘Yes, Friends,’ elsewhere observes the Professor, ‘not our
 ‘Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative one is King
 ‘over us; I might say, Priest and Prophet to lead us heaven-
 ‘ward; or Magician and Wizard to lead us hellward. Nay,
 ‘even for the basest Sensualist, what is Sense but the imple-
 ‘ment of Fantasy; the vessel it drinks out of? Ever in the
 ‘dullest existence there is a sheen either of Inspiration or of
 ‘Madness (thou partly hast it in thy choice, which of the two),
 ‘that gleams-in from the circumambient Eternity, and colours
 ‘with its own hues our little islet of Time. The Understand-
 ‘ing is indeed thy window, too clear thou canst not make it;
 ‘but Fantasy is thy eye, with its colour-giving retina, healthy
 ‘or diseased. Have not I myself known five-hundred living
 ‘soldiers sabred into crows’-meat for a piece of glazed cotton,
 ‘which they called their Flag; which, had you sold it at any
 ‘market-cross, would not have brought above three groschen?
 ‘Did not the whole Hungarian Nation rise, like some tumultuous
 ‘moon-stirred Atlantic, when Kaiser Joseph pocketed their Iron
 ‘Crown; an implement, as was sagaciously observed, in size
 ‘and commercial value little differing from a horse-shoe? It
 ‘is in and through *Symbols* that man, consciously or uncon-
 ‘sciously, lives, works, and has his being: those ages, moreover,
 ‘are accounted the noblest which can the best recognise sym-
 ‘bolical worth, and prize it the highest. For is not a Symbol
 ‘ever, to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer reve-
 ‘lation of the Godlike?’

‘Of Symbols, however, I remark farther, that they have
 ‘both an extrinsic and intrinsic value; oftenest the former
 ‘only. What, for instance, was in that clouted Shoe, which
 ‘the Peasants bore aloft with them as ensign in their *Bauern-*
 ‘*krieg* (Peasants’ War)? Or in the Wallet-and-staff round

' which the Netherland *Gueux*, glorying in that nickname of
 ' Beggars, heroically rallied and prevailed, though against King
 ' Philip himself? Intrinsic significance these had none: only
 ' extrinsic; as the accidental Standards of multitudes more or
 ' less sacredly uniting together; in which union itself, as above
 ' noted, there is ever something mystical and borrowing of the
 ' Godlike. Under a like category, too, stand, or stood, the
 ' stupidest heraldic Coats-of-arms; military Banners every-
 ' where; and generally all national or other sectarian Costumes
 ' and Customs: they have no intrinsic, necessary divineness,
 ' or even worth; but have acquired an extrinsic one. Never-
 ' theless through all these there glimmers something of a
 ' Divine Idea; as through military Banners themselves, the
 ' Divine Idea of Duty, of heroic Daring; in some instances of
 ' Freedom, of Right. Nay the highest ensign that men ever
 ' met and embraced under, the Cross itself, had no meaning
 ' save an accidental extrinsic one.

' Another matter it is, however, when your Symbol has
 ' intrinsic meaning, and is of itself *fit* that men should unite
 ' round it. Let but the Godlike manifest itself to Sense; let
 ' but Eternity look, more or less visibly, through the Time-
 ' Figure (*Zeitbild*)! Then is it fit that men unite there; and
 ' worship together before such Symbol; and so from day to
 ' day, and from age to age, superadd to it new divineness.

' Of this latter sort are all true Works of Art: in them (if
 ' thou know a Work of Art from a Daub of Artifice) wilt thou
 ' discern Eternity looking through Time; the Godlike rendered
 ' visible. Here too may an extrinsic value gradually superadd
 ' itself: thus certain *Iliads*, and the like, have, in three-thou-
 ' sand years, attained quite new significance. But nobler than
 ' all in this kind are the Lives of heroic god-inspired Men; for
 ' what other Work of Art is so divine? In Death too, in the
 ' Death of the Just, as the last perfection of a Work of Art,
 ' may we not discern symbolic meaning? In that divinely trans-
 ' figured Sleep, as of Victory, resting over the beloved face which
 ' now knows thee no more, read (if thou canst for tears) the
 ' confluence of Time with Eternity, and some gleam of the
 ' latter peering through.

' Highest of all Symbols are those wherein the Artist or
 ' Poet has risen into Prophet, and all men can recognise a pre-

‘ sent God, and worship the same : I mean religious Symbols.
 ‘ Various enough have been such religious Symbols, what we
 ‘ call *Religions*; as men stood in this stage of culture or the
 ‘ other, and could worse or better body-forth the Godlike : some
 ‘ Symbols with a transient intrinsic worth ; many with only
 ‘ an extrinsic. If thou ask to what height man has carried it
 ‘ in this manner, look on our divinest Symbol : on Jesus of
 ‘ Nazareth, and his Life, and his Biography, and what followed
 ‘ therefrom. Higher has the human Thought not yet reached :
 ‘ this is Christianity and Christendom ; a Symbol of quite per-
 ‘ ennial, infinite character ; whose significance will ever demand
 ‘ to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest.

‘ But, on the whole, as Time adds much to the sacredness
 ‘ of Symbols, so likewise in his progress he at length defaces,
 ‘ or even desecrates them ; and Symbols, like all terrestrial
 ‘ Garments, wax old. Homer’s Epos has not ceased to be
 ‘ true ; yet it is no longer *our* Epos, but shines in the distance,
 ‘ if clearer and clearer, yet also smaller and smaller, like a
 ‘ receding Star. It needs a scientific telescope, it needs to be
 ‘ reinterpreted and artificially brought near us, before we can
 ‘ so much as know that it *was* a Sun. So likewise a day comes
 ‘ when the Runic Thor, with his Eddas, must withdraw into dim-
 ‘ ness ; and many an African Mumbo-Jumbo and Indian Pawaw
 ‘ be utterly abolished. For all things, even Celestial Lumina-
 ‘ ries, much more atmospheric meteors, have their rise, their
 ‘ culmination, their decline.’

‘ Small is this which thou tellest me, that the Royal Sceptre
 ‘ is but a piece of gilt-wood ; that the Pyx has become a most
 ‘ foolish box, and truly, as Ancient Pistol thought, “of little
 ‘ price.” A right Conjuror might I name thee, couldst thou
 ‘ conjure back into these wooden tools the divine virtue they
 ‘ once held.’

‘ Of this thing, however, be certain : wouldst thou plant for
 ‘ Eternity, then plant into the deep infinite faculties of man,
 ‘ his Fantasy and Heart ; wouldst thou plant for Year and Day,
 ‘ then plant into his shallow superficial faculties, his Self-love
 ‘ and Arithmetical Understanding, what will grow there. A
 ‘ Hierarch, therefore, and Pontiff of the World will we call him,
 ‘ the Poet and inspired Maker ; who, Prometheus-like, can shape
 ‘ new Symbols, and bring new Fire from Heaven to fix it there.

‘ Such too will not always be wanting ; neither perhaps now
 ‘ are. Meanwhile, as the average of matters goes, we account
 ‘ him Legislator and wise who can so much as tell when a Sym-
 ‘ bol has grown old, and gently remove it.

‘ When, as the last English Coronation¹ was preparing,
 concludes this wonderful Professor, ‘ I read in their Newspapers
 ‘ that the “ Champion of England,” he who has to offer battle
 ‘ to the Universe for his new King, had brought it so far that
 ‘ he could now “ mount his horse with little assistance,” I said
 ‘ to myself: Here also we have a Symbol well-nigh superannu-
 ‘ ated. Alas, move whithersoever you may, are not the tatters
 ‘ and rags of superannuated worn-out Symbols (in this Ragfair
 ‘ of a World) dropping off everywhere, to hoodwink, to halter,
 ‘ to tether you ; nay, if you shake them not aside, threatening
 ‘ to accumulate, and perhaps produce suffocation ?’

CHAPTER IV.

HELOTAGE.

AT this point we determine on adverting shortly, or rather reverting, to a certain Tract of Hofrath Heuschrecke's, entitled *Institute for the Repression of Population*; which lies, dishonourably enough (with torn leaves, and a perceptible smell of aloetic drugs), stuffed into the Bag *Pisces*. Not indeed for the sake of the Tract itself, which we admire little ; but of the marginal Notes, evidently in Teufelsdröckh's hand, which rather copiously fringe it. A few of these may be in their right place here.

Into the Hofrath's *Institute*, with its extraordinary schemes, and machinery of Corresponding Boards and the like, we shall not so much as glance. Enough for us to understand that Heuschrecke is a disciple of Malthus ; and so zealous for the doctrine, that his zeal almost literally eats him up. A deadly fear of Population possesses the Hofrath ; something like a fixed-idea ; undoubtedly akin to the more diluted forms of Madness. Nowhere, in that quarter of his intellectual world, is there light ;

¹ That of George IV.—ED.

nothing but a grim shadow of Hunger ; open mouths opening wider and wider ; a world to terminate by the frightfullest consummation : by its too dense inhabitants, famished into delirium, universally eating one another. To make air for himself in which strangulation, choking enough to a benevolent heart, the Hofrath founds, or proposes to found, this *Institute* of his, as the best he can do. It is only with our Professor's comments thereon that we concern ourselves.

First, then, remark that Teufelsdröckh, as a speculative Radical, has his own notions about human dignity ; that the Zähdarm palaces and courtesies have not made him forgetful of the Futteral cottages. On the blank cover of Heuschrecke's Tract we find the following indistinctly engrossed :

' Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn
' Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously con-
' quers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is
' the hard Hand ; crooked, coarse ; wherein notwithstanding
' lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of
' this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-
' tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face
' of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy
' rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee !
' Hardly-entreated Brother ! For us was thy back so bent, for
' us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed : thou wert
' our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles
' wert so marred. For in thee too lay a god-created Form, but
' it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand with the
' thick adhesions and defacements of Labour : and thy body,
' like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on :
' *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for
' the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

' A second man I honour, and still more highly : Him who
' is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable ; not daily bread,
' but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty ; endeavour-
' ing towards inward Harmony ; revealing this, by act or by
' word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or
' low ? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endea-
' vour are one : when we can name him Artist ; not earthly
' Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made
' Implement conquers Heaven for us ! If the poor and humble

‘toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil
 ‘for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Free-
 ‘dom, Immortality?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour:
 ‘all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it
 ‘listeth.

‘Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dig-
 ‘nities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest
 ‘of man’s wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sub-
 ‘limer in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint,
 ‘could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take
 ‘thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of
 ‘Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like
 ‘a light shining in great darkness.’

And again: ‘It is not because of his toils that I lament for
 ‘the poor: we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our
 ‘stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task
 ‘a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also
 ‘there is food and drink: he is heavy-laden and weary; but for
 ‘him also the Heavens send Sleep, and of the deepest; in his
 ‘smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelops him, and
 ‘fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn
 ‘over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray
 ‘of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him;
 ‘but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and
 ‘Indignation bear him company. Alas, while the Body stands
 ‘so broad and brawny, must the Soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stu-
 ‘pefied, almost annihilated! Alas, was this too a Breath of
 ‘God; bestowed in Heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded!
 ‘—That there should one Man die ignorant who had capacity
 ‘for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more
 ‘than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it
 ‘does. The miserable fraction of Science which our united
 ‘Mankind, in a wide Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why
 ‘is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?’

Quite in an opposite strain is the following: ‘The old Spar-
 ‘tans had a wiser method; and went out and hunted-down their
 ‘Helots, and speared and spitted them, when they grew too
 ‘numerous. With our improved fashions of hunting, Herr Hof-
 ‘rath, now after the invention of fire-arms, and standing-armies,
 ‘how much easier were such a hunt! Perhaps in the most

‘thickly-peopled country, some three days annually might suffice to shoot all the able-bodied Paupers that had accumulated within the year. Let Governments think of this. The expense were trifling : nay the very carcasses would pay it. Have them salted and barrelled ; could not you victual therewith, if not Army and Navy, yet richly such infirm Paupers, in work-houses and elsewhere, as enlightened Charity, dreading no evil of them, might see good to keep alive ?’

‘And yet,’ writes he farther on, ‘there must be something wrong. A full-formed Horse will, in any market, bring from twenty to as high as two-hundred Friedrichs d’or : such is his worth to the world. A full-formed Man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of the two was the more cunningly-devised article, even as an Engine ? Good Heavens ! A white European Man, standing on his two Legs, with his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth, I should say, from fifty to a hundred Horses !’

‘True, thou Gold-Hofrath,’ cries the Professor elsewhere : ‘too crowded indeed ! Meanwhile, what portion of this considerable terraqueous Globe have ye actually tilled and delved, till it will grow no more ? How thick stands your Population in the Pampas and Savannas of America ; round ancient Carthage, and in the interior of Africa ; on both slopes of the Altaic chain, in the central Platform of Asia ; in Spain, Greece, Turkey, Crim Tartary, the Curragh of Kildare ? One man, in one year, as I have understood it, if you lend him Earth, will feed himself and nine others. Alas, where now are the Hengsts and Alarics of our still-glowing, still-expanding Europe ; who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist, and, like Fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour ; equipped, not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and ploughshare ? Where are they ?—Preserving their Game !’

CHAPTER V.

THE PHŒNIX.

PUTTING which four singular Chapters together, and alongside of them numerous hints, and even direct utterances, scattered over these Writings of his, we come upon the startling yet not quite unlooked-for conclusion, that Teufelsdröckh is one of those who consider Society, properly so called, to be as good as extinct; and that only the gregarious feelings, and old inherited habitudes, at this juncture, hold us from Dispersion, and universal national, civil, domestic and personal war! He says expressly: 'For the last three centuries, above all for the last three quarters of a century, that same Pericardial Nervous Tissue (as we named it) of Religion, where lies the Life-essence of Society, has been smote-at and perforated, needfully and needlessly; till now it is quite rent into shreds; and Society, long pining, diabetic, consumptive, can be regarded as defunct; for those spasmodic, galvanic sprawlings are not life; neither indeed will they endure, galvanise as you may, beyond two days.'

'Call ye that a Society,' cries he again, 'where there is no longer any Social Idea extant; not so much as the Idea of a common Home, but only of a common over-crowded Lodging-house? Where each, isolated, regardless of his neighbour, turned against his neighbour, clutches what he can get, and cries "Mine!" and calls it Peace, because, in the cut-purse and cut-throat Scramble, no steel knives, but only a far cunninger sort, can be employed? Where Friendship, Communion, has become an incredible tradition; and your holiest Sacramental Supper is a smoking Tavern Dinner, with Cook for Evangelist? Where your Priest has no tongue but for plate-licking: and your high Guides and Governors cannot guide; but on all hands hear it passionately proclaimed: *Laissez faire*; Leave us alone of *your* guidance, such light is darker than darkness; eat you your wages, and sleep!

'Thus, too,' continues he, 'does an observant eye discern everywhere that saddest spectacle: The Poor perishing, like neglected, foundered Draught-Cattle, of Hunger and Over-

work; the Rich, still more wretchedly, of Idleness, Satiety, and Over-growth. The Highest in rank, at length, without honour from the Lowest; scarcely, with a little mouth-honour, as from tavern-waiters who expect to put it in the bill. Once-sacred Symbols fluttering as empty Pageants, whereof men grudge even the expense; a World becoming dismantled: in one word, the CHURCH fallen speechless, from obesity and apoplexy; the STATE shrunk into a Police-Office, straitened to get its pay!

We might ask, are there many 'observant eyes,' belonging to practical men in England or elsewhere, which have descried these phenomena; or is it only from the mystic elevation of a German *Wahngasse* that such wonders are visible? Teufelsdröckh contends that the aspect of a 'deceased or expiring Society' fronts us everywhere, so that whoso runs may read. 'What, for example,' says he, 'is the universally-arrogated Virtue, almost the sole remaining Catholic Virtue, of these days? For some half century, it has been the thing you name "Independence." Suspicion of "Servility," of reverence for Superiors, the very dogleech is anxious to disavow. Fools! Were your Superiors worthy to govern, and you worthy to obey, reverence for them were even your only possible freedom. Independence, in all kinds, is rebellion; if unjust rebellion, why parade it, and everywhere prescribe it?'

But what then? Are we returning, as Rousseau prayed, to the state of Nature? 'The Soul Politic having departed,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'what can follow but that the Body Politic be decently interred, to avoid putrescence? Liberals, Economists, Utilitarians enough I see marching with its bier, and chanting loud pæans, towards the funeral-pile, where, amid wailings from some, and saturnalian revelries from the most, the venerable Corpse is to be burnt. Or, in plain words, that these men, Liberals, Utilitarians, or whatsoever they are called, will ultimately carry their point, and dissever and destroy most existing Institutions of Society, seems a thing which has some time ago ceased to be doubtful.

'Do we not see a little subdivision of the grand Utilitarian Armament come to light even in insulated England? A living nucleus, that will attract and grow, does at length appear there also; and under curious phasis; properly as the inconsiderable

‘fag-end, and so far in the rear of the others as to fancy itself
 ‘the van. Our European Mechanisers are a sect of boundless
 ‘diffusion, activity, and coöperative spirit: has not Utilitarian-
 ‘ism flourished in high places of Thought, here among our-
 ‘selves, and in every European country, at some time or other,
 ‘within the last fifty years? If now in all countries, except
 ‘perhaps England, it has ceased to flourish, or indeed to exist,
 ‘among Thinkers, and sunk to Journalists and the popular
 ‘mass,—who sees not that, as hereby it no longer preaches,
 ‘so the reason is, it now needs no Preaching, but is in full
 ‘universal Action, the doctrine everywhere known, and enthu-
 ‘siastically laid to heart? The fit pabulum, in these times,
 ‘for a certain rugged workshop intellect and heart, nowise
 ‘without their corresponding workshop strength and ferocity,
 ‘it requires but to be stated in such scenes to make proselytes
 ‘enough.—Admirably calculated for destroying, only not for
 ‘rebuilding! It spreads like a sort of Dog-madness; till the
 ‘whole World-kennel will be rabid: then woe to the Huntsmen,
 ‘with or without their whips! They should have given the
 ‘quadrupeds water,’ adds he; ‘the water, namely, of Know-
 ‘ledge and of Life, while it was yet time.’

Thus, if Professor Teufelsdröckh can be relied on, we are
 at this hour in a most critical condition; beleaguered by that
 boundless ‘Armament of Mechanisers’ and Unbelievers, threat-
 ening to strip us bare! ‘The World,’ says he, ‘as it needs
 ‘must, is under a process of devastation and waste, which,
 ‘whether by silent assiduous corrosion, or open quicker com-
 ‘bustion, as the case chances, will effectually enough annihilate
 ‘the past Forms of Society; replace them with what it may.
 ‘For the present, it is contemplated that when man’s whole
 ‘Spiritual Interests are once *divested*, these innumerable stript-
 ‘off Garments shall mostly be burnt; but the sounder Rags
 ‘among them be quilted together into one huge Irish watch-
 ‘coat for the defence of the Body only!’—This, we think, is
 but Job’s-news to the humane reader.

‘Nevertheless,’ cries Teufelsdröckh, ‘who can hinder it;
 ‘who is there that can clutch into the wheelspokes of Destiny,
 ‘and say to the Spirit of the Time: Turn back, I command
 ‘thee?—Wiser were it that we yielded to the Inevitable and
 ‘Inexorable, and accounted even this the best’

Nay, might not an attentive Editor, drawing his own inferences from what stands written, conjecture that Teufelsdröckh individually had yielded to this same 'Inevitable and Inexorable' heartily enough; and now sat waiting the issue, with his natural diabolico-angelical Indifference, if not even Placidity? Did we not hear him complain that the World was a 'huge Ragfair,' and the 'rags and tatters of old Symbols' were raining-down everywhere, like to drift him in, and suffocate him? What with those 'unhunted Helots' of his; and the uneven *sic vos non vobis* pressure and hard-crashing collision he is pleased to discern in existing things; what with the so hateful 'empty Masks,' full of beetles and spiders, yet glaring out on him, from their glass eyes, 'with a ghastly affectation of life,'—we feel entitled to conclude him even willing that much should be thrown to the Devil, so it were but done gently! Safe himself in that 'Pinnacle of Weissnichtwo,' he would consent, with a tragic solemnity, that the monster UTILITARIA, held back, indeed, and moderated by nose-rings, halters, foot-shackles, and every conceivable modification of rope, should go forth to do her work;—to tread down old ruinous Palaces and Temples with her broad hoof, till the whole were trodden down, that new and better might be built! Remarkable in this point of view are the following sentences.

'Society,' says he, 'is not dead: that Carcass, which you call dead Society, is but her mortal coil which she has shuffled-off, to assume a nobler; she herself, through perpetual metamorphoses, in fairer and fairer development, has to live till Time also merge in Eternity. Wheresoever two or three Living Men are gathered together, there is Society; or there it will be, with its cunning mechanisms and stupendous structures, overspreading this little Globe, and reaching upwards to Heaven and downwards to Gehenna: for always, under one or the other figure, it has two authentic Revelations, of a God and of a Devil; the Pulpit, namely, and the Gallows.'

Indeed, we already heard him speak of 'Religion, in unnoticed nooks, weaving for herself new Vestures;—Teufelsdröckh himself being one of the loom-treadles? Elsewhere he quotes without censure that strange aphorism of Saint-Simon's, concerning which and whom so much were to be said: '*L'âge d'or, qu'une aveugle tradition a placé jusqu'ici dans le passé, est*

'*devant nous*; The golden age, which a blind tradition has hitherto placed in the Past, is Before us.'—But listen again:

'When the Phoenix is fanning her funeral pyre, will there not be sparks flying! Alas, some millions of men, and among them such as a Napoleon, have already been licked into that high-eddying Flame, and like moths consumed there. Still also have we to fear that incautious beards will get singed.

'For the rest, in what year of grace such Phoenix-cremation will be completed, you need not ask. The law of Perseverance is among the deepest in man: by nature he hates change; seldom will he quit his old house till it has actually fallen about his ears. Thus have I seen Solemnities linger as Ceremonies, sacred Symbols as idle Pageants, to the extent of three-hundred years and more after all life and sacredness had evaporated out of them. And then, finally, what time the Phoenix Death-Birth itself will require, depends on unseen contingencies.—Meanwhile, would Destiny offer Mankind, that after, say two centuries of convulsion and conflagration, more or less vivid, the fire-creation should be accomplished, and we to find ourselves again in a Living Society, and no longer fighting but working,—were it not perhaps prudent in Mankind to strike the bargain?

Thus is Teufelsdröckh content that old sick Society should be deliberately burnt (alas, with quite other fuel than spice-wood); in the faith that she is a Phoenix; and that a new heavenborn young one will rise out of her ashes! We ourselves, restricted to the duty of Indicator, shall forbear commentary. Meanwhile, will not the judicious reader shake his head, and reproachfully, yet more in sorrow than in anger, say or think: From a *Doctor utriusque Juris*, titular Professor in a University, and man to whom hitherto, for his services, Society, bad as she is, has given not only food and raiment (of a kind), but books, tobacco and gukguk, we expected more gratitude to his benefactress; and less of a blind trust in the future, which resembles that rather of a philosophical Fatalist and Enthusiast, than of a solid householder paying scot-and-lot in a Christian country.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD CLOTHES.

As mentioned above, Teufelsdröckh, though a sansculottist, is in practice probably the politest man extant : his whole heart and life are penetrated and informed with the spirit of politeness ; a noble natural Courtesy shines through him, beautifying his vagaries ; like sun-light, making a rosy-fingered, rainbow-dyed Aurora out of mere aqueous clouds ; nay brightening London-smoke itself into gold vapour, as from the crucible of an alchemist. Hear in what earnest though fantastic wise he expresses himself on this head :

‘ Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the rich ? In Good-breeding, which differs, if at all, from High-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connexion with wealth or birth : but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men towards all men. Of a truth, were your Schoolmaster at his post, and worth anything when there, this, with so much else, would be reformed. Nay, each man were then also his neighbour’s schoolmaster ; till at length a rude-visaged, unmannered Peasant could no more be met with, than a Peasant unacquainted with botanical Physiology, or who felt not that the clod he broke was created in Heaven.

‘ For whether thou bear a sceptre or a sledge-hammer, art not thou ALIVE ; is not this thy brother ALIVE ? “ There is but one temple in the world,” says Novalis, “ and that temple is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than this high Form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven, when we lay our hands on a human Body.”

‘ On which ground, I would fain carry it farther than most do ; and whereas the English Johnson only bowed to every Clergyman, or man with a shovel-hat, I would bow to every Man with any sort of hat, or with no hat whatever. Is not he a Temple, then ; the visible Manifestation and Impersonation of the Divinity ? And yet, alas, such indiscriminate bowing

‘ serves not. For there is a Devil dwells in man, as well as a
 ‘ Divinity ; and too often the bow is but pocketed by the *former*.
 ‘ It would go to the pocket of Vanity (which is your clearest
 ‘ phasis of the Devil, in these times) ; therefore must we with-
 ‘ hold it.

‘ The gladder am I, on the other hand, to do reverence to
 ‘ those Shells and outer Husks of the Body, wherein no devil-
 ‘ ish passion any longer lodges, but only the pure emblem and
 ‘ effigies of Man : I mean, to Empty, or even to Cast Clothes.
 ‘ Nay, is it not to Clothes that most men do reverence : to the
 ‘ fine frogged broadcloth, nowise to the “straddling animal with
 ‘ bandy legs” which it holds, and makes a Dignitary of ? Who
 ‘ ever saw any Lord my-lorded in tattered blanket fastened
 ‘ with wooden skewer ? Nevertheless, I say, there is in such
 ‘ worship a shade of hypocrisy, a practical deception : for how
 ‘ often does the Body appropriate what was meant for the Cloth
 ‘ only ! Whoso would avoid falsehood, which is the essence of
 ‘ all Sin, will perhaps see good to take a different course. That
 ‘ reverence which cannot act without obstruction and perversion
 ‘ when the Clothes are full, may have free course when they are
 ‘ empty. Even as, for Hindoo Worshippers, the Pagoda is not
 ‘ less sacred than the God ; so do I too worship the hollow
 ‘ cloth Garment with equal fervour, as when it contained the
 ‘ Man : nay, with more, for I now fear no deception, of myself
 ‘ or of others.

‘ Did not King *Toomtabard*, or, in other words, John Baliol,
 ‘ reign long over Scotland ; the man John Baliol being quite
 ‘ gone, and only the “Toom Tabard” (Empty Gown) remain-
 ‘ ing ? What still dignity dwells in a suit of Cast Clothes !
 ‘ How meekly it bears its honours ! No haughty looks, no scorn-
 ‘ ful gesture : silent and serene, it fronts the world ; neither de-
 ‘ manding worship, nor afraid to miss it. The Hat still carries
 ‘ the physiognomy of its Head : but the vanity and the stupi-
 ‘ dity, and goose-speech which was the sign of these two, are
 ‘ gone. The Coat-arm is stretched out, but not to strike ; the
 ‘ Breeches, in modest simplicity, depend at ease, and now at
 ‘ last have a graceful flow ; the Waistcoat hides no evil passion,
 ‘ no riotous desire ; hunger or thirst now dwells not in it. Thus
 ‘ all is purged from the grossness of sense, from the carking
 ‘ cares and foul vices of the World ; and rides there, on its

Clothes-horse ; as, on a Pegasus, might some skyey Messenger, or purified Apparition, visiting our low Earth.

Often, while I sojourned in that monstrous tuberosity of Civilised Life, the Capital of England ; and meditated, and questioned Destiny, under that ink-sea of vapour, black, thick, and multifarious as Spartan broth ; and was one lone soul amid those grinding millions ;—often have I turned into their Old-Clothes Market to worship. With awe-struck heart I walk through that Monmouth Street, with its empty Suits, as through a Sanhedrim of stainless Ghosts. Silent are they, but expressive in their silence : the past witnesses and instruments of Woe and Joy, of Passions, Virtues, Crimes, and all the fathomless tumult of Good and Evil in “the Prison men call Life.” Friends ! trust not the heart of that man for whom Old Clothes are not venerable. Watch, too, with reverence, that bearded Jewish High-priest, who with hoarse voice, like some Angel of Doom, summons them from the four winds ! On his head, like the Pope, he has three Hats,—a real triple tiara ; on either hand are the similitude of wings, whereon the summoned Garments come to alight ; and ever, as he slowly cleaves the air, sounds forth his deep fateful note, as if through a trumpet he were proclaiming : “ Ghosts of Life, come to Judgment ! ” Reck not, ye fluttering Ghosts : he will purify you in his Purgatory, with fire and with water ; and, one day, new-created ye shall reappear. O, let him in whom the flame of Devotion is ready to go out, who has never worshipped, and knows not what to worship, pace and repace, with austere thought, the pavement of Monmouth Street, and say whether his heart and his eyes still continue dry. If Field Lane, with its long fluttering rows of yellow handkerchiefs, be a Dionysius’ Ear, where, in stifled jarring hubbub, we hear the Indictment which Poverty and Vice bring against lazy Wealth, that it has left them there cast-out and trodden under foot of Want, Darkness and the Devil,—then is Monmouth Street a Mirza’s Hill, where, in motley vision, the whole Pageant of Existence passes awfully before us ; with its wail and jubilee, mad loves and mad hatreds, church-bells and gallows-ropes, farce-tragedy, beast-godhood,—the Bedlam of Creation !

To most men, as it does to ourselves, all this will seem

overcharged. We too have walked through Monmouth Street; but with little feeling of 'Devotion:' probably in part because the contemplative process is so fatally broken in upon by the brood of money-changers who nestle in that Church, and importune the worshipper with merely secular proposals. Whereas Teufelsdröckh might be in that happy middle state, which leaves to the Clothes-broker no hope either of sale or of purchase, and so be allowed to linger there without molestation.—Something we would have given to see the little philosophical figure, with its steeple-hat and loose flowing skirts, and eyes in a fine frenzy, 'pacing and repacing in austere thought' that foolish Street; which to him was a true Delphic avenue, and supernatural Whispering-gallery, where the 'Ghosts of Life' rounded strange secrets in his ear. O thou philosophic Teufelsdröckh, that listenest while others only gabble, and with thy quick tympanum hearest the grass grow!

At the same time, is it not strange that, in Paper-bag Documents destined for an English work, there exists nothing like an authentic diary of this his sojourn in London; and of his Meditations among the Clothes-shops only the obscurest emblematic shadows? Neither, in conversation (for, indeed, he was not a man to pester you with his Travels), have we heard him more than allude to the subject.

For the rest, however, it cannot be uninteresting that we here find how early the significance of Clothes had dawned on the now so distinguished Clothes-Professor. Might we but fancy it to have been even in Monmouth Street, at the bottom of our own English 'ink-sea,' that this remarkable Volume first took being, and shot forth its salient point in his soul,—as in Chaos did the Egg of Eros, one day to be hatched into a Universe!

CHAPTER VII.

ORGANIC FILAMENTS.

FOR us, who happen to live while the World-Phoenix is burning herself, and burning so slowly that, as Teufelsdröckh calculates, it were a handsome bargain would she engage to have done 'within two centuries,' there seems to lie but an ashy

prospect. Not altogether so, however, does the Professor figure it. 'In the living subject,' says he, 'change is wont to be gradual: thus, while the serpent sheds its old skin, the new is already formed beneath. Little knowest thou of the burning of a World-Phoenix, who fanciest that she must first burn-out, and lie as a dead cinereous heap; and therefrom the young one start-up by miracle, and fly heavenward. Far otherwise! In that Fire-whirlwind, Creation and Destruction proceed together; ever as the ashes of the Old are blown about, do organic filaments of the New mysteriously spin themselves: and amid the rushing and the waving of the Whirlwind-element come tones of a melodious Deathsong, which end not but in tones of a more melodious Birthsong. Nay, look into the Fire-whirlwind with thy own eyes, and thou wilt see.' Let us actually look, then: to poor individuals, who cannot expect to live two centuries, those same organic filaments, mysteriously spinning themselves, will be the best part of the spectacle. First, therefore, this of Mankind in general:

'In vain thou deniest it,' says the Professor; 'thou *art* my Brother. Thy very Hatred, thy very Envy, those foolish Lies thou tellest of me in thy splenetic humour: what is all this but an inverted Sympathy? Were I a Steam-engine, wouldst thou take the trouble to tell lies of me? Not thou! I should grind all unheeded, whether badly or well.'

'Wondrous truly are the bonds that unite us one and all; whether by the soft binding of Love, or the iron chaining of Necessity, as we like to choose it. More than once have I said to myself, of some perhaps whimsically strutting Figure, such as provokes whimsical thoughts: "Wert thou, my little Brotherkin, suddenly covered-up within the largest imaginable Glass-bell,—what a thing it were, not for thyself only, but for the world! Post Letters, more or fewer, from all the four winds, impinge against thy Glass walls, but have to drop unread: neither from within comes there question or response into any Postbag; thy Thoughts fall into no friendly ear or heart, thy Manufacture into no purchasing hand: thou art no longer a circulating venous-arterial Heart, that, taking and giving, circulatest through all Space and all Time: there has a Hole fallen-out in the immeasurable, universal World-tissue, which must be darned-up again!"'

‘Such venous-arterial circulation, of Letters, verbal Mess-
 ‘ages, paper and other Packages, going out from him and
 ‘coming in, are a blood-circulation, visible to the eye: but the
 ‘finer nervous circulation, by which all things, the minutest
 ‘that he does, minutely influence all men, and the very look of
 ‘his face blesses or curses whomso it lights on, and so gene-
 ‘rates ever new blessing or new cursing: all this you cannot
 ‘see, but only imagine. I say, there is not a red Indian, hunt-
 ‘ing by Lake Winnipic, can quarrel with his squaw, but the
 ‘whole world must smart for it: will not the price of beaver
 ‘rise? It is a mathematical fact that the casting of this pebble
 ‘from my hand alters the centre of gravity of the Universe.

‘If now an existing generation of men stand so woven to-
 ‘gether, not less indissolubly does generation with generation.
 ‘Hast thou ever meditated on that word, Tradition: how we
 ‘inherit not Life only, but all the garniture and form of Life;
 ‘and work, and speak, and even think and feel, as our Fathers,
 ‘and primeval grandfathers, from the beginning, have given it
 ‘us?—Who printed thee, for example, this unpretending Vol-
 ‘ume on the Philosophy of Clothes? Not the Herren Still-
 ‘schweigen and Company; but Cadmus of Thebes, Faust of
 ‘Mentz, and innumerable others whom thou knowest not. Had
 ‘there been no Mœsogothic Ulfila, there had been no English
 ‘Shakspeare, or a different one. Simpleton! it was Tubalcain
 ‘that made thy very Tailor’s needle, and sewed that court-suit
 ‘of thine.

‘Yes, truly, if Nature is one, and a living indivisible whole,
 ‘much more is Mankind, the Image that reflects and creates
 ‘Nature, without which Nature were not. As palpable life-
 ‘streams in that wondrous Individual Mankind, among so many
 ‘life-streams that are not palpable, flow on those main-currents
 ‘of what we call Opinion; as preserved in Institutions, Politics,
 ‘Churches, above all in Books. Beautiful it is to understand
 ‘and know that a Thought did never yet die; that as thou, the
 ‘originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the
 ‘whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It
 ‘is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times,
 ‘still feels and sees in us of the latest; that the Wise Man
 ‘stands ever encompassed, and spiritually embraced, by a cloud
 ‘of witnesses and brothers; and there is a living, literal Com-

‘*munion of Saints*, wide as the World itself, and as the History of the World.

‘Noteworthy also, and serviceable for the progress of this same Individual, wilt thou find his subdivision into Generations. Generations are as the Days of toilsome Mankind : Death and Birth are the vesper and the matin bells, that summon Mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new advancement. What the Father has made, the Son can make and enjoy ; but has also work of his own appointed him. Thus all things wax, and roll onwards ; Arts, Establishments, Opinions, nothing is completed, but ever completing. Newton has learned to see what Kepler saw ; but there is also a fresh heaven-derived force in Newton ; he must mount to still higher points of vision. So too the Hebrew Lawgiver is, in due time, followed by an Apostle of the Gentiles. In the business of Destruction, as this also is from time to time a necessary work, thou findest a like sequence and perseverance : for Luther it was as yet hot enough to stand by that burning of the Pope’s Bull ; Voltaire could not warm himself at the glimmering ashes, but required quite other fuel. Thus likewise, I note, the English Whig has, in the second generation, become an English Radical ; who, in the third again, it is to be hoped, will become an English Rebuilder. Find Mankind where thou wilt, thou findest it in living movement, in progress faster or slower : the Phœnix soars aloft, hovers with outstretched wings, filling Earth with her music ; or, as now, she sinks, and with spherul swan-song immolates herself in flame, that she may soar the higher and sing the clearer.’

Let the friends of social order, in such a disastrous period, lay this to heart, and derive from it any little comfort they can. We subjoin another passage, concerning Titles :

‘Remark, not without surprise,’ says Teufelsdröckh, ‘how all high Titles of Honour come hitherto from Fighting. Your *Herzog* (Duke, *Dux*) is Leader of Armies ; your Earl (*Farl*) is Strong Man ; your Marshal cavalry Horse-shoer. A Millennium, or reign of Peace and Wisdom, having from of old been prophesied, and becoming now daily more and more indubitable, may it not be apprehended that such Fighting-titles will cease to be palatable, and new and higher need to be devised?

‘The only Title wherein I, with confidence, trace eternity,

‘ is that of King. *König* (King), anciently *Könning*, means
 ‘ Ken-ning (Cunning), or which is the same thing, Can-ning.
 ‘ Ever must the Sovereign of Mankind be fitly entitled King.’
 ‘ Well, also,’ says he elsewhere, ‘ was it written by Theo-
 ‘ logians : a King rules by divine right. He carries in him an
 ‘ authority from God, or man will never give it him. Can I
 ‘ choose my own King? I can choose my own King Popin-
 ‘ jay, and play what farce or tragedy I may with him : but he
 ‘ who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be higher than my
 ‘ will, was chosen for me in Heaven. Neither except in such
 ‘ Obedience to the Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as con-
 ‘ ceivable.’

The Editor will here admit that, among all the wondrous provinces of Teufelsdröckh's spiritual world, there is none he walks in with such astonishment, hesitation, and even pain, as in the Political. How, with our English love of Ministry and Opposition, and that generous conflict of Parties, mind warming itself against mind in their mutual wrestle for the Public Good, by which wrestle, indeed, is our invaluable Constitution kept warm and alive ; how shall we domesticate ourselves in this spectral Necropolis, or rather City both of the Dead and of the Unborn, where the Present seems little other than an inconsiderable Film dividing the Past and the Future? In those dim longdrawn expanses, all is so immeasurable ; much so disastrous, ghastly ; your very radiances and straggling light-beams have a supernatural character. And then with such an indifference, such a prophetic peacefulness (accounting the inevitably coming as already here, to him all one whether it be distant by centuries or only by days), does he sit ;—and live, you would say, rather in any other age than in his own ! It is our painful duty to announce, or repeat, that, looking into this man, we discern a deep, silent, slow-burning, inextinguishable Radicalism, such as fills us with shuddering admiration.

Thus, for example, he appears to make little even of the Elective Franchise ; at least so we interpret the following :
 ‘ Satisfy yourselves,’ he says, ‘ by universal, indubitable experi-
 ‘ ment, even as ye are now doing or will do, whether FREEDOM,
 ‘ heavenborn and leading heavenward, and so vitally essential
 ‘ for us all, cannot peradventure be mechanically hatched and

‘brought to light in that same Ballot-Box of yours ; or at worst, in some other discoverable or devisable Box, Edifice, or Steam-mechanism. It were a mighty convenience ; and beyond all feats of manufacture witnessed hitherto.’ Is Teufelsdröckh acquainted with the British Constitution, even slightly ?—He says, under another figure : ‘ But after all, were the problem, as indeed it now everywhere is, To rebuild your old House from the top downwards (since you must live in it the while), what better, what other, than the Representative Machine will serve your turn ? Meanwhile, however, mock me not with the name of Free, “ when you have but knit-up my chains into ornamental festoons.” ’—Or what will any member of the Peace Society make of such an assertion as this : ‘ The lower people everywhere desire War. Not so unwisely ; there is then a demand for lower people—to be shot ! ’

Gladly, therefore, do we emerge from those soul-confusing labyrinths of speculative Radicalism, into somewhat clearer regions. Here, looking round, as was our hest, for ‘ organic filaments,’ we ask, may not this, touching ‘ Hero-worship,’ be of the number ? It seems of a cheerful character ; yet so quaint, so mystical, one knows not what, or how little, may lie under it. Our readers shall look with their own eyes :

‘ True is it that, in these days, man can do almost all things, only not obey. True likewise that whoso cannot obey cannot be free, still less bear rule ; he that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing. Nevertheless, believe not that man has lost his faculty of Reverence ; that if it slumber in him, it has gone dead. Painful for man is that same rebellious Independence, when it has become inevitable ; only in loving companionship with his fellows does he feel safe ; only in reverently bowing down before the Higher does he feel himself exalted.

‘ Or what if the character of our so troublous Era lay even in this : that man had forever cast away Fear, which is the lower ; but not yet risen into perennial Reverence, which is the higher and highest ?

‘ Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly has Nature ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to obey, he cannot but obey. Before no faintest revelation of the Godlike did he ever stand irreverent ; least of all, when the Godlike showed

‘ itself revealed in his fellow-man. Thus is there a true religious
 ‘ Loyalty forever rooted in his heart ; nay in all ages, even in
 ‘ ours, it manifests itself as a more or less orthodox *Hero-wor-*
 ‘ *ship*. In which fact, that Hero-worship exists, has existed,
 ‘ and will forever exist, universally among Mankind, mayest thou
 ‘ discern the corner-stone of living-rock, whereon all Politics for
 ‘ the remotest time may stand secure.’

Do our readers discern any such corner-stone, or even so much as what Teufelsdröckh is looking at? He exclaims, ‘ Or
 ‘ hast thou forgotten Paris and Voltaire? How the aged, withered
 ‘ man, though but a Sceptic, Mocker, and millinery Court-poet,
 ‘ yet because even he seemed the Wisest, Best, could drag man-
 ‘ kind at his chariot-wheels, so that princes coveted a smile from
 ‘ him, and the loveliest of France would have laid their hair
 ‘ beneath his feet ! All Paris was one vast Temple of Hero-
 ‘ worship ; though their Divinity, moreover, was of feature too
 ‘ apish.

‘ But if such things,’ continues he, ‘ were done in the dry
 ‘ tree, what will be done in the green ? If, in the most parched
 ‘ season of Man’s History, in the most parched spot of Europe,
 ‘ when Parisian life was at best but a scientific *Hortus Siccus*,
 ‘ bedizened with some Italian Gumflowers, such virtue could
 ‘ come out of it ; what is to be looked for when Life again waves
 ‘ leafy and bloomy, and your Hero-Divinity shall have nothing
 ‘ apelike, but be wholly human ? Know that there is in man
 ‘ a quite indestructible Reverence for whatsoever holds of Hea-
 ‘ ven, or even plausibly counterfeits such holding. Show the
 ‘ dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul
 ‘ higher than himself is actually here ; were his knees stiffened
 ‘ into brass, he must down and worship.’

Organic filaments, of a more authentic sort, mysteriously spinning themselves, some will perhaps discover in the following passage :

‘ There is no Church, sayest thou ? The voice of Prophecy
 ‘ has gone dumb ? This is even what I dispute : but in any
 ‘ case, hast thou not still Preaching enough ? A Preaching Friar
 ‘ settles himself in every village ; and builds a pulpit, which he
 ‘ calls Newspaper. Therefrom he preaches what most moment-
 ‘ ous doctrine is in him, for man’s salvation ; and dost not thou
 ‘ listen, and believe ? Look well, thou seest everywhere a new

‘Clergy of the Mendicant Orders, some bare-footed, some almost bare-backed, fashion itself into shape, and teach and preach, zealously enough, for copper alms and the love of God. These break in pieces the ancient idols ; and, though themselves too often reprobate, as idol-breakers are wont to be, mark out the sites of new Churches, where the true God-ordained, that are to follow, may find audience, and minister. Said I not, Before the old skin was shed, the new had formed itself beneath it ?’

Perhaps also in the following ; wherewith we now hasten to knit-up this ravelled sleeve :

‘But there is no Religion ?’ reiterates the Professor. ‘Fool ! I tell thee, there is. Hast thou well considered all that lies in this immeasurable froth-ocean we name LITERATURE ? Fragments of a genuine Church-*Homiletic* lie scattered there, which Time will assort : nay fractions even of a *Liturgy* could I point out. And knowest thou no Prophet, even in the vesture, environment, and dialect of this age ? None to whom the Godlike had revealed itself, through all meanest and highest forms of the Common ; and by him been again prophetically revealed : in whose inspired melody, even in these rag-gathering and rag-burning days, Man’s Life again begins, were it but afar off, to be divine ? Knowest thou none such ? I know him, and name him—Goethe.

‘But thou as yet standest in no Temple ; joinest in no Psalm-worship ; feelest well that, where there is no ministering Priest, the people perish ? Be of comfort ! Thou art not alone, if thou have Faith. Spake we not of a Communion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brother-like embracing thee, so thou be worthy ? Their heroic Sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred *Miserere* ; their heroic Actions also, as a boundless everlasting Psalm of Triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike. Is not God’s Universe a Symbol of the Godlike ; is not Immensity a Temple ; is not Man’s History, and Men’s History, a perpetual Evangel ? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together.’

CHAPTER VIII.

NATURAL SUPERNATURALISM.

It is in his stupendous Section, headed *Natural Supernaturalism*, that the Professor first becomes a Seer ; and, after long effort, such as we have witnessed, finally subdues under his feet this refractory Clothes-Philosophy, and takes victorious possession thereof. Phantasms enough he has had to struggle with ; ‘ Cloth-webs and Cob-webs,’ of Imperial Mantles, Superannuated Symbols, and what not : yet still did he courageously pierce through. Nay, worst of all, two quite mysterious, world-embracing Phantasms, TIME and SPACE, have ever hovered round him, perplexing and bewildering : but with these also he now resolutely grapples, these also he victoriously rends asunder. In a word, he has looked fixedly on Existence, till, one after the other, its earthly hulls and garnitures have all melted away ; and now, to his rapt vision, the interior celestial Holy of Holies lies disclosed.

Here, therefore, properly it is that the Philosophy of Clothes attains to Transcendentalism ; this last leap, can we but clear it, takes us safe into the promised land, where *Palingenesia*, in all senses, may be considered as beginning. ‘ Courage, then !’ may our Diogenes exclaim, with better right than Diogenes the First once did. This stupendous Section we, after long painful meditation, have found not to be unintelligible ; but, on the contrary, to grow clear, nay radiant, and all-illuminating. Let the reader, turning on it what utmost force of speculative intellect is in him, do his part ; as we, by judicious selection and adjustment, shall study to do ours :

‘ Deep has been, and is, the significance of Miracles,’ thus quietly begins the Professor ; ‘ far deeper perhaps than we imagine. Meanwhile, the question of questions were : What specially is a Miracle ? To that Dutch King of Siam, an icicle had been a miracle ; whoso had carried with him an air-pump, and vial of vitriolic ether, might have worked a miracle. To my Horse, again, who unhappily is still more unscientific, do not I work a miracle, and magical “ Open

‘*sesame!*’ every time I please to pay twopence, and open for him an impassable *Schlagbaum*, or shut Turnpike?

‘“But is not a real Miracle simply a violation of the Laws of Nature?” ask several. Whom I answer by this new question: What are the Laws of Nature? To me perhaps the rising of one from the dead were no violation of these Laws, but a confirmation; were some far deeper Law, now first penetrated into, and by Spiritual Force, even as the rest have all been, brought to bear on us with its Material Force.

‘Here too may some inquire, not without astonishment: On what ground shall one, that can make Iron swim, come and declare that therefore he can teach Religion? To us, truly, of the Nineteenth Century, such declaration were inept enough; which nevertheless to our fathers, of the First Century, was full of meaning.

‘“But is it not the deepest Law of Nature that she be constant?” cries an illuminated class: “Is not the Machine of the Universe fixed to move by unalterable rules?” Probable enough, good friends: nay I, too, must believe that the God, whom ancient inspired men assert to be “without variability or shadow of turning,” does indeed never change; that Nature, that the Universe, which no one whom it so pleases can be prevented from calling a Machine, does move by the most unalterable rules. And now of you, too, I make the old inquiry: What those same unalterable rules, forming the complete Statute-Book of Nature, may possibly be?

‘They stand written in our Works of Science, say you; in the accumulated records of Man’s Experience?—Was Man with his Experience present at the Creation, then, to see how it all went on? Have any deepest scientific individuals yet dived down to the foundations of the Universe, and gauged everything there? Did the Maker take them into His counsel; that they read His groundplan of the incomprehensible All; and can say, This stands marked therein, and no more than this? Alas, not in anywise! These scientific individuals have been nowhere but where we also are; have seen some handbreaths deeper than we see into the Deep that is infinite, without bottom as without shore.

‘Laplace’s Book on the Stars, wherein he exhibits that certain Planets, with their Satellites, gyrate round our worthy

‘ Sun, at a rate and in a course, which, by greatest good fortune, he and the like of him have succeeded in detecting,—
‘ is to me as precious as to another. But is this what thou
‘ namest “Mechanism of the Heavens,” and “System of the
‘ World ;” this, wherein Sirius and the Pleiades, and all Herschel’s Fifteen-thousand Suns per minute, being left out, some paltry handful of Moons, and inert Balls, had been—looked at, nicknamed, and marked in the Zodiacal Way-bill ; so that we can now prate of their Whereabout ; their How, their Why, their What, being hid from us, as in the signless Inane ?

‘ System of Nature ! To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, Nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion ; and all Experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square-miles. The course of Nature’s phases, on this our little fraction of a Planet, is partially known to us : but who knows what deeper courses these depend on ; what infinitely larger Cycle (of causes) our little Epicycle revolves on ? To the Minnow every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident, of its little native Creek may have become familiar : but does the Minnow understand the Ocean Tides and periodic Currents, the Trade-winds, and Monsoons, and Moon’s Eclipses ; by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (*un-* miraculously enough), be quite overset and reversed ? Such a minnow is Man ; his Creek this Planet Earth ; his Ocean the immeasurable All ; his Monsoons and periodic Currents the mysterious Course of Providence through Æons of Æons.

‘ We speak of the Volume of Nature : and truly a Volume it is,—whose Author and Writer is God. To read it ! Dost thou, does man, so much as well know the Alphabet thereof ? With its Words, Sentences, and grand descriptive Pages, poetical and philosophical, spread out through Solar Systems, and Thousands of Years, we shall not try thee. It is a Volume written in celestial hieroglyphs, in the true Sacred-writing ; of which even Prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line. As for your Institutes, and Academies of Science, they strive bravely ; and, from amid the thick-crowded, inextricably intertwined hieroglyphic writing, pick out, by dextrous combination, some Letters in the vulgar Character, and therefrom put together this and the

other economic Recipe, of high avail in Practice. That Nature is more than some boundless Volume of such Recipes, or huge, well-nigh inexhaustible Domestic-Cookery Book, of which the whole secret will in this manner one day evolve itself, the fewest dream.

‘Custom,’ continues the Professor, ‘doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of Weavers ; and weaves air-raiment for all the Spirits of the Universe ; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops ; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most, forever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first ; that we do everything by Custom, even Believe by it ; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle against Custom ; an ever-renewed effort to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendental ?

‘Innumerable are the illusions and legerdemain-tricks of Custom : but of all these, perhaps the cleverest is her knack of persuading us that the Miraculous, by simple repetition, ceases to be Miraculous. True, it is by this means we live ; for man must work as well as wonder : and herein is Custom so far a kind nurse, guiding him to his true benefit. But she is a fond foolish nurse, or rather we are false foolish nurse-lings, when, in our resting and reflecting hours, we prolong the same deception. Am I to view the Stupendous with stupid indifference, because I have seen it twice, or two-hundred, or two-million times ? There is no reason in Nature or in Art why I should : unless, indeed, I am a mere Work-Machine, for whom the divine gift of Thought were no other than the terrestrial gift of Steam is to the Steam-engine ; a power whereby cotton might be spun, and money and money’s worth realised.

‘Notable enough too, here as elsewhere, wilt thou find the potency of Names ; which indeed are but one kind of such custom-woven, wonder-hiding Garments. Witchcraft, and all manner of Spectre-work, and Demonology, we have now named Madness and Diseases of the Nerves. Seldom reflecting that

‘ still the new question comes upon us : What is Madness, what
 ‘ are Nerves ? Ever, as before, does Madness remain a mys-
 ‘ terious-terrific, altogether *infernal* boiling-up of the Nether
 ‘ Chaotic Deep, through this fair-painted Vision of Creation,
 ‘ which swims thereon, which we name the Real. Was Luther’s
 ‘ Picture of the Devil less a Reality, whether it were formed
 ‘ within the bodily eye, or without it ? In every the wisest Soul
 ‘ lies a whole world of internal Madness, an authentic Demon-
 ‘ Empire ; out of which, indeed, his world of Wisdom has been
 ‘ creatively built together, and now rests there, as on its dark
 ‘ foundations does a habitable flowery Earth-rind.

‘ But deepest of all illusory Appearances, for hiding Won-
 ‘ der, as for many other ends, are your two grand fundamental
 ‘ world-enveloping Appearances, SPACE and TIME. These, as
 ‘ spun and woven for us from before Birth itself, to clothe our
 ‘ celestial ME for dwelling here, and yet to blind it,—lie all-
 ‘ embracing, as the universal canvas, or warp and woof, whereby
 ‘ all minor Illusions, in this Phantasm Existence, weave and
 ‘ paint themselves. In vain, while here on Earth, shall you
 ‘ endeavour to strip them off ; you can, at best, but rend them
 ‘ asunder for moments, and look through.

‘ Fortunatus had a wishing Hat, which when he put on,
 ‘ and wished himself Anywhere, behold he was There. By this
 ‘ means had Fortunatus triumphed over Space, he had annihil-
 ‘ ated Space ; for him there was no Where, but all was Here.
 ‘ Were a Hatter to establish himself, in the Wahngasse of
 ‘ Weissnichtwo, and make felts of this sort for all mankind,
 ‘ what a world we should have of it ! Still stranger, should,
 ‘ on the opposite side of the street, another Hatter establish
 ‘ himself ; and, as his fellow-craftsman made Space-annihilating
 ‘ Hats, make Time-annihilating ! Of both would I purchase,
 ‘ were it with my last groschen ; but chiefly of this latter. To
 ‘ clap-on your felt, and, simply by wishing that you were Any-
 ‘ *where*, straightway to be *There* ! Next to clap-on your other
 ‘ felt, and, simply by wishing that you were *Anywhen*, straight-
 ‘ way to be *Then* ! This were indeed the grander : shooting
 ‘ at will from the Fire-Creation of the World to its Fire-Con-
 ‘ summation ; here historically present in the First Century,
 ‘ conversing face to face with Paul and Seneca ; there pro-

phetically in the Thirty-first, conversing also face to face with other Pauls and Senecas, who as yet stand hidden in the depth of that late Time!

Or thinkest thou it were impossible, unimaginable? Is the Past annihilated, then, or only past; is the Future non-existent, or only future? Those mystic faculties of thine, Memory and Hope, already answer: already through those mystic avenues, thou the Earth-blinded summonest both Past and Future, and communest with them, though as yet darkly, and with mute beckonings. The curtains of Yesterday drop down, the curtains of Tomorrow roll up; but Yesterday and Tomorrow both *are*. Pierce through the Time-element, glance into the Eternal. Believe what thou findest written in the sanctuaries of Man's Soul, even as all Thinkers, in all ages, have devoutly read it there: that Time and Space are not God, but creations of God; that with God as it is a universal HERE, so is it an everlasting Now.

And seest thou therein any glimpse of IMMORTALITY?—O Heaven! Is the white Tomb of our Loved One, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance, like a pale, mournfully receding Milestone, to tell how many toilsome uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone,—but a pale spectral Illusion! Is the lost Friend still mysteriously Here, even as we are Here mysteriously, with God!—Know of a truth that only the Time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real Being of whatever was, and whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. This, should it unhappily seem new, thou mayest ponder at thy leisure; for the next twenty years, or the next twenty centuries: believe it thou must; understand it thou canst not.

That the Thought-forms, Space and Time, wherein, once for all, we are sent into this Earth to live, should condition and determine our whole Practical reasonings, conceptions, and imagings or imaginings, seems altogether fit, just, and unavoidable. But that they should, furthermore, usurp such sway over pure spiritual Meditation, and blind us to the wonder everywhere lying close on us, seems nowise so. Admit Space and Time to their due rank as Forms of Thought; nay even, if thou wilt, to their quite undue rank of Realities: and con-

'sider, then, with thyself how their thin disguises hide from us
'the brightest God-effulgences ! Thus, were it not miraculous,
'could I stretch forth my hand and clutch the Sun? Yet thou
'seest me daily stretch forth my hand and therewith clutch
'many a thing, and swing it hither and thither. Art thou a
'grown baby, then, to fancy that the Miracle lies in miles of
'distance, or in pounds avoirdupois of weight ; and not to see
'that the true inexplicable God-revealing Miracle lies in this,
'that I can stretch forth my hand at all ; that I have free
'Force to clutch aught therewith? Innumerable other of this
'sort are the deceptions, and wonder-hiding stupefactions, which
'Space practises on us.

'Still worse is it with regard to Time. Your grand anti-
'magician, and universal wonder-hider, is this same lying Time.
'Had we but the Time-annihilating Hat, to put on for once
'only, we should see ourselves in a World of Miracles, wherein
'all fabled or authentic Thaumaturgy, and feats of Magic, were
'outdone. But unhappily we have not such a Hat ; and man,
'poor fool that he is, can seldom and scantily help himself with-
'out one.

'Were it not wonderful, for instance, had Orpheus, or Am-
'phion, built the walls of Thebes by the mere sound of his
'Lyre? Yet tell me, Who built these walls of Weissnichtwo ;
'summoning out all the sandstone rocks, to dance along from
'the *Steinbruch* (now a huge Troglodyte Chasm, with frightful
'green-mantled pools) ; and shape themselves into Doric and
'Ionic pillars, squared ashlar houses and noble streets? Was
'it not the still higher Orpheus, or Orpheuses, who, in past
'centuries, by the divine Music of Wisdom, succeeded in civil-
'ising Man? Our highest Orpheus walked in Judea, eighteen-
'hundred years ago : his sphere-melody, flowing in wild native
'tones, took captive the ravished souls of men ; and, being of
'a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with
'thousandfold accompaniments, and rich symphonies, through
'all our hearts ; and modulates, and divinely leads them. Is
'that a wonder, which happens in two hours ; and does it cease
'to be wonderful if happening in two million? Not only was
'Thebes built by the music of an Orpheus ; but without the
'music of some inspired Orpheus was no city ever built, no
'work that man glories in ever done.

‘Sweep away the Illusion of Time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far-distant Mover: The stroke that came transmitted through a whole galaxy of elastic balls, was it less a stroke than if the last ball only had been struck, and sent flying? O, could I (with the Time-annihilating Hat) transport thee direct from the Beginnings to the Endings, how were thy eyesight unsealed, and thy heart set flaming in the Light-sea of celestial wonder! Then sawest thou that this fair Universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish.

‘Again, could anything be more miraculous than an actual authentic Ghost? The English Johnson longed, all his life, to see one; but could not, though he went to Cock Lane, and thence to the church-vaults, and tapped on coffins. Foolish Doctor! Did he never, with the mind’s eye as well as with the body’s, look round him into that full tide of human Life he so loved; did he never so much as look into Himself? The good Doctor was a Ghost, as actual and authentic as heart could wish; well-nigh a million of Ghosts were travelling the streets by his side. Once more I say, sweep away the illusion of Time; compress the threescore years into three minutes: what else was he, what else are we? Are we not Spirits, that are shaped into a body, into an Appearance; and that fade away again into air and Invisibility? This is no metaphor, it is a simple scientific *fact*: we start out of Nothingness, take figure, and are Apparitions; round us, as round the veriest spectre, is Eternity; and to Eternity minutes are as years and æons. Come there not tones of Love and Faith, as from celestial harp-strings, like the Song of beatified Souls? And again, do not we squeak and jibber (in our discordant, screech-owlish debatings and recriminatings); and glide bodeful, and feeble, and fearful; or uproar (*poltern*), and revel in our mad Dance of the Dead,—till the scent of the morning air summons us to our still Home; and dreamy Night becomes awake and Day? Where now is Alexander of Macedon: does the steel Host, that yelled in fierce battle

‘ shouts at Issus and Arbela, remain behind him ; or have they
‘ all vanished utterly, even as perturbed Goblins must ? Napo-
‘ leon too, and his Moscow Retreats and Austerlitz Campaigns !
‘ Was it all other than the veriest Spectre-hunt ; which has now,
‘ with its howling tumult that made Night hideous, flitted away ?
‘ — Ghosts ! There are nigh a thousand-million walking the
‘ Earth openly at noontide ; some half-hundred have vanished
‘ from it, some half-hundred have arisen in it, ere thy watch
‘ ticks once.

‘ O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we
‘ not only carry each a future Ghost within him ; but are, in
‘ very deed, Ghosts ! These Limbs, whence had we them ; this
‘ stormy Force ; this life-blood with its burning Passion ? They
‘ are dust and shadow ; a Shadow-system gathered round our
‘ ME ; wherein, through some moments or years, the Divine
‘ Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his
‘ strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes ; force dwells
‘ in his arm and heart : but warrior and war-horse are a vision ;
‘ a revealed Force, nothing more. Stately they tread the Earth,
‘ as if it were a firm substance : fool ! the Earth is but a film ;
‘ it cracks in twain, and warrior and war-horse sink beyond
‘ plummet’s sounding. Plummet’s ? Fantasy herself will not fol-
‘ low them. A little while ago, they were not ; a little while, and
‘ they are not, their very ashes are not.

‘ So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the
‘ end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of
‘ a Body ; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Hea-
‘ ven’s mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he
‘ expends : one grinding in the mill of Industry ; one hunter-
‘ like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science ; one madly
‘ dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fel-
‘ low :—and then the Heaven-sent is recalled ; his earthly Ves-
‘ ture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished
‘ Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train
‘ of Heaven’s Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder
‘ and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through
‘ the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing
‘ Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane ; haste stormfully across
‘ the astonished Earth ; then plunge again into the Inane.
‘ Earth’s mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our

‘ passage : can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive ? On the hardest adamant some footprint of us is stamped-in ; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence ? —O Heaven, whither ? Sense knows not ; Faith knows not ; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

“ We are such stuff

As dreams are made of, and our little Life
Is rounded with a sleep ! ”

CHAPTER IX.

CIRCUMSPECTIVE.

HERE, then, arises the so momentous question : Have many British Readers actually arrived with us at the new promised country ; is the Philosophy of Clothes now at last opening around them ? Long and adventurous has the journey been : from those outmost vulgar, palpable Woollen Hulls of Man ; through his wondrous Flesh-Garments, and his wondrous Social Garnitures ; inwards to the Garments of his very Soul's Soul, to Time and Space themselves ! And now does the spiritual, eternal Essence of Man, and of Mankind, bared of such wrap-pages, begin in any measure to reveal itself ? Can many readers discern, as through a glass darkly, in huge wavering outlines, some primeval rudiments of Man's Being, what is changeable divided from what is unchangeable ? Does that Earth-Spirit's speech in *Faust*,—

‘ 'Tis thus at the roaring Loom of Time I ply,
And weave for God the Garment thou see'st Him by ;’

or that other thousand-times repeated speech of the Magician, Shakspeare,—

‘ And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloudcapt Towers, the gorgeous Palaces,
The solemn Temples, the great Globe itself,
And all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind ;’

begin to have some meaning for us? In a word, do we at length stand safe in the far region of Poetic Creation and Palingenesia, where that Phoenix Death-Birth of Human Society, and of all Human Things, appears possible, is seen to be inevitable?

Along this most insufficient, unheard-of Bridge, which the Editor, by Heaven's blessing, has now seen himself enabled to conclude if not complete, it cannot be his sober calculation, but only his fond hope, that many have travelled without accident. No firm arch, overspanning the Impassable with paved highway, could the Editor construct; only, as was said, some zig-zag series of rafts floating tumultuously thereon. Alas, and the leaps from raft to raft were too often of a breakneck character; the darkness, the nature of the element, all was against us!

Nevertheless, may not here and there one of a thousand, provided with a discursiveness of intellect rare in our day, have cleared the passage, in spite of all? Happy few! little band of Friends! be welcome, be of courage. By degrees, the eye grows accustomed to its new Whereabout; the hand can stretch itself forth to work there: it is in this grand and indeed highest work of Palingenesia that ye shall labour, each according to ability. New labourers will arrive; new Bridges will be built; nay, may not our own poor rope-and-raft Bridge, in your passings and repassings, be mended in many a point, till it grow quite firm, passable even for the halt?

Meanwhile, of the innumerable multitude that started with us, joyous and full of hope, where now is the innumerable remainder, whom we see no longer by our side? The most have recoiled, and stand gazing afar off, in unsympathetic astonishment, at our career: not a few, pressing forward with more courage, have missed footing, or leaped short; and now swim weltering in the Chaos-flood, some towards this shore, some towards that. To these also a helping hand should be held out; at least some word of encouragement be said.

Or, to speak without metaphor, with which mode of utterance Teufelsdröckh unhappily has somewhat infected us,—can it be hidden from the Editor that many a British Reader sits reading quite bewildered in head, and afflicted rather than instructed by the present Work? Yes, long ago has many a British Reader

been, as now, demanding with something like a snarl: Whereto does all this lead; or what use is in it?

In the way of replenishing thy purse, or otherwise aiding thy digestive faculty, O British Reader, it leads to nothing, and there is no use in it; but rather the reverse, for it costs thee somewhat. Nevertheless, if through this unpromising Horn-gate, Teufelsdröckh, and we by means of him, have led thee into the true Land of Dreams; and through the Clothes-Screen, as through a magical *Pierre-Pertuis*, thou lookest, even for moments, into the region of the Wonderful, and seest and feelest that thy daily life is girt with Wonder, and based on Wonder, and thy very blankets and breeches are Miracles,—then art thou profited beyond money's worth; and hast a thankfulness towards our Professor; nay, perhaps in many a literary Tea-circle wilt open thy kind lips, and audibly express that same.

Nay farther, art not thou too perhaps by this time made aware that all Symbols are properly Clothes; that all Forms whereby Spirit manifests itself to sense, whether outwardly or in the imagination, are Clothes; and thus not only the parchment Magna Charta, which a Tailor was nigh cutting into measures, but the Pomp and Authority of Law, the sacredness of Majesty, and all inferior Worships (Worthships) are properly a Vesture and Raiment; and the Thirty-nine Articles themselves are articles of wearing-apparel (for the Religious Idea)? In which case, must it not also be admitted that this Science of Clothes is a high one, and may with infinitely deeper study on thy part yield richer fruit: that it takes scientific rank beside Codification, and Political Economy, and the Theory of the British Constitution; nay rather, from its prophetic height looks down on all these, as on so many weaving-shops and spinning-mills, where the Vestures which *it* has to fashion, and conserve and distribute, are, too often by haggard hungry operatives who see no farther than their nose, mechanically woven and spun?

But omitting all this, much more all that concerns Natural Supernaturalism, and indeed whatever has reference to the Ulterior or Transcendental portion of the Science, or bears never so remotely on that promised Volume of the *Palingenesie der menschlichen Gesellschaft* (Newbirth of Society),—we humbly suggest that no province of Clothes-Philosophy, even the lowest,

is without its direct value, but that innumerable inferences of a practical nature may be drawn therefrom. To say nothing of those pregnant considerations, ethical, political, symbolical, which crowd on the Clothes-Philosopher from the very threshold of his Science; nothing even of those 'architectural ideas,' which, as we have seen, lurk at the bottom of all Modes, and will one day, better unfolding themselves, lead to important revolutions,—let us glance for a moment, and with the faintest light of Clothes-Philosophy, on what may be called the Habiletory Class of our fellow-men. Here too overlooking, where so much were to be looked on, the million spinners, weavers, fullers, dyers, washers, and wringers, that puddle and muddle in their dark recesses, to make us Clothes, and die that we may live,—let us but turn the reader's attention upon two small divisions of mankind, who, like moths, may be regarded as Cloth-animals, creatures that live, move and have their being in Cloth: we mean, Dandies and Tailors.

In regard to both which small divisions it may be asserted without scruple, that the public feeling, unenlightened by Philosophy, is at fault; and even that the dictates of humanity are violated. As will perhaps abundantly appear to readers of the two following Chapters.

CHAPTER X.

THE DANDIACAL BODY.

FIRST, touching Dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object, the wearing of Clothes wisely and well: so that as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German Professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius; he is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a 'Divine Idea of Cloth' is born with

him ; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes.

But, like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea an Action ; shows himself in peculiar guise to mankind ; walks forth, a witness and living Martyr to the eternal worth of Clothes. We called him a Poet : is not his body the (stuffed) parchment-skin whereon he writes, with cunning Huddersfield dyes, a Sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow ? Say, rather, an Epos, and *Clotha Virumque cano*, to the whole world, in Macaronic verses, which he that runs may read. Nay, if you grant, what seems to be admissible, that the Dandy has a Thinking-principle in him, and some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the Immortal to the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character ?

And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Poesy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return ? Solely, we may say, that you would recognise his existence ; would admit him to be a living object ; or even failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not ; simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it ; do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry shame on an ungrateful world, which refuses even this poor boon ; which will waste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles, and Siamese Twins ; and over the domestic wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference, and a scarcely concealed contempt ! Him no Zoologist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care : when did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy in our Museums ; any specimen of him preserved in spirits ? Lord Herringbone may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes : it skills not ; the undiscerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side.

The age of Curiosity, like that of Chivalry, is indeed, properly speaking, gone. Yet perhaps only gone to sleep : for here arises the Clothes-Philosophy to resuscitate, strangely enough,

both the one and the other ! Should sound views of this Science come to prevail, the essential nature of the British Dandy, and the mystic significance that lies in him, cannot always remain hidden under laughable and lamentable hallucination. The following long Extract from Professor Teufelsdröckh may set the matter, if not in its true light, yet in the way towards such. It is to be regretted, however, that here, as so often elsewhere, the Professor's keen philosophic perspicacity is somewhat marred by a certain mixture of almost owlish purblindness, or else of some perverse, ineffectual, ironic tendency ; our readers shall judge which :

‘ In these distracted times,’ writes he, ‘ when the Religious Principle, driven out of most Churches, either lies unseen in the hearts of good men, looking and longing and silently working there towards some new Revelation ; or else wanders homeless over the world, like a disembodied soul seeking its terrestrial organisation,—into how many strange shapes, of Superstition and Fanaticism, does it not tentatively and errantly cast itself ! The higher Enthusiasm of man's nature is for the while without Exponent ; yet does it continue indeluctable, unweariedly active, and work blindly in the great chaotic deep : thus Sect after Sect, and Church after Church, bodies itself forth, and melts again into new metamorphosis. Chiefly is this observable in England, which, as the wealthiest and worst-instructed of European nations, offers precisely the elements (of Heat, namely, and of Darkness), in which such moon-calves and monstrosities are best generated. Among the newer Sects of that country, one of the most notable, and closely connected with our present subject, is that of the *Dandies* ; concerning which, what little information I have been able to procure may fitly stand here.

‘ It is true, certain of the English Journalists, men generally without sense for the Religious Principle, or judgment for its manifestations, speak, in their brief enigmatic notices, as if this were perhaps rather a Secular Sect, and not a Religious one ; nevertheless, to the psychologic eye its devotional and even sacrificial character plainly enough reveals itself. Whether it belongs to the class of Fetish-worships, or of Hero-worships or Polytheisms, or to what other class, may in the present state

of our intelligence remain undecided (*schweben*). A certain touch of Manicheism, not indeed in the Gnostic shape, is discernible enough: also (for human Error walks in a cycle, and reappears at intervals) a not-inconsiderable resemblance to that Superstition of the Athos Monks, who by fasting from all nourishment, and looking intensely for a length of time into their own navels, came to discern therein the true Apocalypse of Nature, and Heaven Unveiled. To my own surmise, it appears as if this Dandiacal Sect were but a new modification, adapted to the new time, of that primeval Superstition, *Self-worship*; which Zerdusht, Quangfoutchee, Mohamed, and others, strove rather to subordinate and restrain than to eradicate: and which only in the purer forms of Religion has been altogether rejected. Wherefore, if any one chooses to name it revived Ahrimanism, or a new figure of Demon-Worship, I have, so far as is yet visible, no objection.

For the rest, these people, animated with the zeal of a new Sect, display courage and perseverance, and what force there is in man's nature, though never so enslaved. They affect great purity and separatism; distinguish themselves by a particular costume (whereof some notices were given in the earlier part of this Volume); likewise, so far as possible, by a particular speech (apparently some broken *Lingua-franca*, or English-French); and, on the whole, strive to maintain a true Nazarene deportment, and keep themselves unspotted from the world.

They have their Temples, whereof the chief, as the Jewish Temple did, stands in their metropolis; and is named *Almack's*, a word of uncertain etymology. They worship principally by night; and have their Highpriests and Highpriestesses, who, however, do not continue for life. The rites, by some supposed to be of the Menadic sort, or perhaps with an Eleusinian or Cabiric character, are held strictly secret. Nor are Sacred Books wanting to the Sect; these they call *Fashionable Novels*: however, the Canon is not completed, and some are canonical and others not.

Of such Sacred Books I, not without expense, procured myself some samples; and in hope of true insight, and with the zeal which beseems an Inquirer into Clothes, set to interpret and study them. But wholly to no purpose: that tough

' faculty of reading, for which the world will not refuse me
 ' credit, was here for the first time foiled and set at naught. In
 ' vain that I summoned my whole energies (*mich weidlich an-*
 ' *strengte*), and did my very utmost; at the end of some short
 ' space, I was uniformly seized with not so much what I can
 ' call a drumming in my ears, as a kind of infinite, unsufferable,
 ' Jew's-harping and scrannel-piping there; to which the fright-
 ' fullest species of Magnetic Sleep soon supervened. And if I
 ' strove to shake this away, and absolutely would not yield,
 ' there came a hitherto unfelt sensation, as of *Delirium Tre-*
 ' *mens*, and a melting into total deliquium: till at last, by order
 ' of the Doctor, dreading ruin to my whole intellectual and
 ' bodily faculties, and a general breaking-up of the constitution,
 ' I reluctantly but determinedly forbore. Was there some mi-
 ' racle at work here; like those Fire-balls, and supernal and
 ' infernal prodigies, which, in the case of the Jewish Mysteries,
 ' have also more than once scared-back the Alien? Be this as
 ' it may, such failure on my part, after best efforts, must ex-
 ' cuse the imperfection of this sketch; altogether incomplete,
 ' yet the completest I could give of a Sect too singular to be
 ' omitted.

' Loving my own life and senses as I do, no power shall in-
 ' duce me, as a private individual, to open another *Fashionable*
 ' *Novel*. But luckily, in this dilemma, comes a hand from the
 ' clouds; whereby if not victory, deliverance is held out to me.
 ' Round one of those Book-packages, which the *Stillschweig-*
 ' *en'sche Buchhandlung* is in the habit of importing from Eng-
 ' land, come, as is usual, various waste printed-sheets (*Macu-*
 ' *latur-blätter*), by way of interior wrappage: into these the
 ' Clothes-Philosopher, with a certain Mohamedan reverence even
 ' for waste-paper, where curious knowledge will sometimes hover,
 ' disdains not to cast his eye. Readers may judge of his aston-
 ' ishment when on such a defaced stray-sheet, probably the out-
 ' cast fraction of some English Periodical, such as they name
 ' *Magazine*, appears something like a Dissertation on this very
 ' subject of *Fashionable Novels*! It sets out, indeed, chiefly
 ' from a Secular point of view; directing itself, not without as-
 ' perity, against some to me unknown individual named *Pelham*,
 ' who seems to be a Mystagogue, and leading Teacher and
 ' Preacher of the Sect; so that, what indeed otherwise was not

to be expected in such a fugitive fragmentary sheet, the true secret, the Religious physiognomy and physiology of the Dandiacal Body, is nowise laid fully open there. Nevertheless, scattered lights do from time to time sparkle out, whereby I have endeavoured to profit. Nay, in one passage selected from the Prophecies, or Mythic Theogonies, or whatever they are (for the style seems very mixed) of this Mystagogue, I find what appears to be a Confession of Faith, or Whole Duty of Man, according to the tenets of that Sect. Which Confession or Whole Duty, therefore, as proceeding from a source so authentic, I shall here arrange under Seven distinct Articles, and in very abridged shape lay before the German world; therewith taking leave of this matter. Observe also, that to avoid possibility of error, I, as far as may be, quote literally from the Original:

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

"1. Coats should have nothing of the triangle about them; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided.

"2. The collar is a very important point: it should be low behind, and slightly rolled.

"3. No license of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot.

"4. There is safety in a swallow-tail.

"5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere more finely developed than in his rings.

"6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats.

"7. The trousers must be exceedingly tight across the hips."

All which Propositions I, for the present, content myself with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably denying.

In strange contrast with this Dandiacal Body stands another British Sect, originally, as I understand, of Ireland, where its chief seat still is; but known also in the main Island, and indeed everywhere rapidly spreading. As this Sect has hitherto emitted no Canonical Books, it remains to me in the same state of obscurity as the Dandiacal, which has published Books that the unassisted human faculties are inadequate to read. The members appear to be designated by a considerable diversity of names, according to their various

' places of establishment : in England they are generally called
 ' the *Drudge* Sect ; also, unphilosophically enough, the *White*
 ' *Negroes* ; and, chiefly in scorn by those of other communions,
 ' the *Ragged-Beggar* Sect. In Scotland, again, I find them en-
 ' titled *Hallanshakers*, or the *Stook of Duds* Sect ; any indivi-
 ' dual communicant is named *Stook of Duds* (that is, Shock of
 ' Rags), in allusion, doubtless, to their professional Costume.
 ' While in Ireland, which, as mentioned, is their grand parent
 ' hive, they go by a perplexing multiplicity of designations, such
 ' as *Bogtrotters*, *Redshanks*, *Ribbonmen*, *Cottiers*, *Peep-of-Day*
 ' *Boys*, *Babes of the Wood*, *Rockites*, *Poor-Slaves* : which last,
 ' however, seems to be the primary and generic name ; whereto,
 ' probably enough, the others are only subsidiary species, or
 ' slight varieties ; or, at most, propagated offsets from the parent
 ' stem, whose minute subdivisions, and shades of difference,
 ' it were here loss of time to dwell on. Enough for us to under-
 ' stand, what seems indubitable, that the original Sect is that
 ' of the *Poor-Slaves* ; whose doctrines, practices, and funda-
 ' mental characteristics pervade and animate the whole Body,
 ' howsoever denominated or outwardly diversified.

' The precise speculative tenets of this Brotherhood : how
 ' the Universe, and Man, and Man's Life, picture themselves
 ' to the mind of an Irish Poor-Slave ; with what feelings and
 ' opinions he looks forward on the Future, round on the Pre-
 ' sent, back on the Past, it were extremely difficult to specify.
 ' Something Monastic there appears to be in their Constitution :
 ' we find them bound by the two Monastic Vows, of Poverty
 ' and Obedience ; which Vows, especially the former, it is said,
 ' they observe with great strictness ; nay, as I have understood
 ' it, they are pledged, and be it by any solemn Nazarene ordi-
 ' nation or not, irrevocably consecrated thereto, even *before*
 ' birth. That the third Monastic Vow, of Chastity, is rigidly en-
 ' forced among them, I find no ground to conjecture.

' Furthermore, they appear to imitate the Dandiacal Sect
 ' in their grand principle of wearing a peculiar Costume. Of
 ' which Irish Poor-Slave Costume no description will indeed be
 ' found in the present Volume ; for this reason, that by the im-
 ' perfect organ of Language it did not seem describable. Their
 ' raiment consists of innumerable skirts, lappets and irregular
 ' wings, of all cloths and of all colours ; through the labyrinthic

intricacies of which their bodies are introduced by some unknown process. It is fastened together by a multiplex combination of buttons, thrums and skewers ; to which frequently is added a girdle of leather, of hempen or even of straw rope, round the loins. To straw rope, indeed, they seem partial, and often wear it by way of sandals. In head-dress they affect a certain freedom : hats with partial brim, without crown, or with only a loose, hinged, or valved crown ; in the former case, they sometimes invert the hat, and wear it brim uppermost, like a University-cap, with what view is unknown.

The name Poor-Slaves seems to indicate a Slavonic, Polish, or Russian origin : not so, however, the interior essence and spirit of their Superstition, which rather displays a Teutonic or Druidical character. One might fancy them worshippers of Hertha, or the Earth : for they dig and affectionately work continually in her bosom ; or else, shut-up in private Oratories, meditate and manipulate the substances derived from her ; seldom looking-up towards the Heavenly Luminaries, and then with comparative indifference. Like the Druids, on the other hand, they live in dark dwellings ; often even breaking their glass-windows, where they find such, and stuffing them up with pieces of raiment, or other opaque substances, till the fit obscurity is restored. Again, like all followers of Nature-Worship, they are liable to outbreaks of an enthusiasm rising to ferocity ; and burn men, if not in wicker idols, yet in sod cottages.

In respect of diet, they have also their observances. All Poor-Slaves are Rhizophagous (or Root-eaters) ; a few are Ichthyophagous, and use Salted Herrings : other animal food they abstain from ; except indeed, with perhaps some strange inverted fragment of a Brahminical feeling, such animals as die a natural death. Their universal sustenance is the root named Potato, cooked by fire alone ; and generally without condiment or relish of any kind, save an unknown condiment named *Point*, into the meaning of which I have vainly inquired ; the victual *Potatoes-and-Point* not appearing, at least not with specific accuracy of description, in any European Cookery-Book whatever. For drink, they use, with an almost epigrammatic counterpoise of taste, Milk, which is the mildest of liquors, and *Potheen*, which is the fiercest. This latter I

‘ have tasted, as well as the English *Blue-Ruin*, and the Scotch
 ‘ *Whisky*, analogous fluids used by the Sect in those countries:
 ‘ it evidently contains some form of alcohol, in the highest state
 ‘ of concentration, though disguised with acrid oils ; and is, on
 ‘ the whole, the most pungent substance known to me,—indeed,
 ‘ a perfect liquid fire. In all their Religious Solemnities, Po-
 ‘ theen is said to be an indispensable requisite, and largely
 ‘ consumed.

‘ An Irish Traveller, of perhaps common veracity, who pre-
 ‘ sents himself under the to me unmeaning title of *The late*
 ‘ *John Bernard*, offers the following sketch of a domestic esta-
 ‘ blishment, the inmates whereof, though such is not stated ex-
 ‘ pressly, appear to have been of that Faith. Thereby shall my
 ‘ German readers now behold an Irish Poor-Slave, as it were
 ‘ with their own eyes ; and even see him at meat. Moreover,
 ‘ in the so precious waste-paper sheet above mentioned, I have
 ‘ found some corresponding picture of a Dandiacal Household,
 ‘ painted by that same Dandiacal Mystagogue, or Theogonist :
 ‘ this also, by way of counterpart and contrast, the world shall
 ‘ look into.

‘ First, therefore, of the Poor-Slave, who appears likewise to
 ‘ have been a species of Innkeeper. I quote from the original :

Poor-Slave Household.

‘ “ The furniture of this Caravansera consisted of a large
 ‘ iron Pot, two oaken Tables, two Benches, two Chairs, and a
 ‘ Potheen Noggin. There was a Loft above (attainable by a
 ‘ ladder), upon which the inmates slept ; and the space below
 ‘ was divided by a hurdle into two Apartments ; the one for
 ‘ their cow and pig, the other for themselves and guests. On
 ‘ entering the house we discovered the family, eleven in num-
 ‘ ber, at dinner : the father sitting at the top, the mother at the
 ‘ bottom, the children on each side, of a large oaken Board,
 ‘ which was scooped-out in the middle, like a trough, to receive
 ‘ the contents of their Pot of Potatoes. Little holes were cut
 ‘ at equal distances to contain Salt ; and a bowl of Milk stood
 ‘ on the table : all the luxuries of meat and beer, bread, knives
 ‘ and dishes were dispensed with.” The Poor-Slave himself
 ‘ our Traveller found, as he says, broad-backed, black-browed,
 ‘ of great personal strength, and mouth from ear to ear. His

Wife was a sun-browned but well-featured woman ; and his young ones, bare and chubby, had the appetite of ravens. Of their Philosophical or Religious tenets or observances, no notice or hint.

But now, secondly, of the Dandiacal Household ; in which, truly, that often-mentioned Mystagogue and inspired Penman himself has his abode :

Dandiacal Household.

“ A Dressing-room splendidly furnished ; violet-coloured curtains, chairs and ottomans of the same hue. Two full-length Mirrors are placed, one on each side of a table, which supports the luxuries of the Toilet. Several Bottles of Perfumes, arranged in a peculiar fashion, stand upon a smaller table of mother-of-pearl : opposite to these are placed the appurtenances of Lavation richly wrought in frosted silver. A Wardrobe of Buhl is on the left ; the doors of which, being partly open, discover a profusion of Clothes ; Shoes of a singularly small size monopolise the lower shelves. Fronting the wardrobe a door ajar gives some slight glimpse of a Bathroom. Folding-doors in the background.—Enter the Author,” our Theogonist in person, “obsequiously preceded by a French Valet, in white silk Jacket and cambric Apron.”

Such are the two Sects which, at this moment, divide the more unsettled portion of the British People ; and agitate that ever-vexed country. To the eye of the political Seer, their mutual relation, pregnant with the elements of discord and hostility, is far from consoling. These two principles of Dandiacal Self-worship or Demon-worship, and Poor-Slavish or Drudgical Earth-worship, or whatever that same Drudgism may be, do as yet indeed manifest themselves under distant and nowise considerable shapes : nevertheless, in their roots and subterranean ramifications, they extend through the entire structure of Society, and work unweariedly in the secret depths of English national Existence ; striving to separate and isolate it into two contradictory, uncommunicating masses.

In numbers, and even individual strength, the Poor-Slaves or Drudges, it would seem, are hourly increasing. The Dandiacal, again, is by nature no proselytising Sect ; but it boasts

' of great hereditary resources, and is strong by union ; whereas
 ' the Drudges, split into parties, have as yet no rallying-point ;
 ' or at best only coöperate by means of partial secret affiliations.
 ' If, indeed, there were to arise a *Communion of Drudges*, as
 ' there is already a Communion of Saints, what strangest effects
 ' would follow therefrom ! Dandyism as yet affects to look-
 ' down on Drudgism : but perhaps the hour of trial, when it
 ' will be practically seen which ought to look down, and which
 ' up, is not so distant.

' To me it seems probable that the two Sects will one day
 ' part England between them ; each recruiting itself from the
 ' intermediate ranks, till there be none left to enlist on either
 ' side. Those Dandiacal Manicheans, with the host of Dandy-
 ' ising Christians, will form one body : the Drudges, gathering
 ' round them whosoever is Drudgical, be he Christian or Infidel
 ' Pagan ; sweeping-up likewise all manner of Utilitarians, Radi-
 ' cals, refractory Potwallopers, and so forth, into their general
 ' mass, will form another. I could liken Dandyism and Drudg-
 ' ism to two bottomless boiling Whirlpools that had broken-out
 ' on opposite quarters of the firm land : as yet they appear only
 ' disquieted, foolishly bubbling wells, which man's art might
 ' cover-in ; yet mark them, their diameter is daily widening :
 ' they are hollow Cones that boil-up from the infinite Deep,
 ' over which your firm land is but a thin crust or rind ! Thus
 ' daily is the intermediate land crumbling-in, daily the empire
 ' of the two Buchan-Bullers extending ; till now there is but a
 ' foot-plank, a mere film of Land between them ; this too is
 ' washed away : and then—we have the true Hell of Waters, and
 ' Noah's Deluge is outdeluged !

' Or better, I might call them two boundless, and indeed
 ' unexampled Electric Machines (turned by the "Machinery of
 ' Society"), with batteries of opposite quality ; Drudgism the
 ' Negative, Dandyism the Positive : one attracts hourly towards
 ' it and appropriates all the Positive Electricity of the nation
 ' (namely, the Money thereof) ; the other is equally busy with
 ' the Negative (that is to say the Hunger), which is equally
 ' potent. Hitherto you see only partial transient sparkles and
 ' sputters : but wait a little, till the entire nation is in an elec-
 ' tric state ; till your whole vital Electricity, no longer health-
 ' fully Neutral, is cut into two isolated portions of Positive and

‘Negative (of Money and of Hunger); and stands there bottled-up in two World-Batteries! The stirring of a child’s finger brings the two together; and then—What then? The Earth is but shivered into impalpable smoke by that Doom’s-thunderpeal; the Sun misses one of his Planets in Space, and thenceforth there are no eclipses of the Moon.—Or better still, I might liken’—

O, enough, enough of likenings and similitudes; in excess of which, truly, it is hard to say whether Teufelsdröckh or ourselves sin the more.

We have often blamed him for a habit of wire-drawing and over-refining; from of old we have been familiar with his tendency to Mysticism and Religiosity, whereby in everything he was still scenting-out Religion: but never perhaps did these amaurosis-suffusions so cloud and distort his otherwise most piercing vision, as in this of the *Dandiacal Body*! Or was there something of intended satire; is the Professor and Seer not quite the blinkard he affects to be? Of an ordinary mortal we should have decisively answered in the affirmative; but with a Teufelsdröckh there ever hovers some shade of doubt. In the mean while, if satire were actually intended, the case is little better. There are not wanting men who will answer: Does your Professor take us for simpletons? His irony has overshot itself; we see through it, and perhaps through him.

CHAPTER XI.

TAILORS.

THUS, however, has our first Practical Inference from the Clothes-Philosophy, that which respects Dandies, been sufficiently drawn; and we come now to the second, concerning Tailors. On this latter our opinion happily quite coincides with that of Teufelsdröckh himself, as expressed in the concluding page of his Volume, to whom, therefore, we willingly give place. Let him speak his own last words, in his own way:

‘Upwards of a century,’ says he, ‘must elapse, and still the

‘ bleeding fight of Freedom be fought, whoso is noblest perish-
 ‘ ing in the van, and thrones be hurled on altars like Pelion on
 ‘ Ossa, and the Moloch of Iniquity have his victims, and the
 ‘ Michael of Justice his martyrs, before Tailors can be admitted
 ‘ to their true prerogatives of manhood, and this last wound of
 ‘ suffering Humanity be closed.

‘ If aught in the history of the world’s blindness could sur-
 ‘ prise us, here might we indeed pause and wonder. An idea
 ‘ has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a wide-spreading
 ‘ rooted error, that Tailors are a distinct species in Physiology,
 ‘ not Men, but fractional Parts of a Man. Call any one a
 ‘ *Schneider* (Cutter, Tailor), is it not, in our dislocated, hood-
 ‘ winked, and indeed delirious condition of Society, equivalent
 ‘ to defying his perpetual fellest enmity? The epithet *schneider-*
 ‘ *mässig* (tailor-like) betokens an otherwise unapproachable de-
 ‘ gree of pusillanimity: we introduce a *Tailor’s-Melancholy*,
 ‘ more opprobrious than any Leprosy, into our Books of Medi-
 ‘ cine; and fable I know not what of his generating it by living
 ‘ on Cabbage. Why should I speak of Hans Sachs (himself a
 ‘ Shoemaker, or kind of Leather-Tailor), with his *Schneider mit*
 ‘ *dem Panier*? Why of Shakspeare, in his *Taming of the Shrew*,
 ‘ and elsewhere? Does it not stand on record that the English
 ‘ Queen Elizabeth, receiving a deputation of Eighteen Tailors,
 ‘ addressed them with a “Good morning, gentlemen both!”
 ‘ Did not the same virago boast that she had a Cavalry Regi-
 ‘ ment, whereof neither horse nor man could be injured; her
 ‘ Regiment, namely, of Tailors on Mares? Thus everywhere
 ‘ is the falsehood taken for granted, and acted on as an indis-
 ‘ putable fact.

‘ Nevertheless, need I put the question to any Physiologist,
 ‘ whether it is disputable or not? Seems it not at least pre-
 ‘ sumable, that, under his Clothes, the Tailor has bones and
 ‘ viscera, and other muscles than the sartorius? Which func-
 ‘ tion of manhood is the Tailor not conjectured to perform?
 ‘ Can he not arrest for debt? Is he not in most countries a
 ‘ tax-paying animal?

‘ To no reader of this Volume can it be doubtful which con-
 ‘ viction is mine. Nay if the fruit of these long vigils, and almost
 ‘ preternatural Inquiries, is not to perish utterly, the world will
 ‘ have approximated towards a higher Truth; and the doctrine.

‘ which Swift, with the keen forecast of genius, dimly anticipated,
 ‘ will stand revealed in clear light: that the Tailor is not only
 ‘ a Man, but something of a Creator or Divinity. Of Franklin
 ‘ it was said, that “he snatched the Thunder from Heaven and
 ‘ the Sceptre from Kings:” but which is greater, I would ask,
 ‘ he that lends, or he that snatches? For, looking away from
 ‘ individual cases, and how a Man is by the Tailor new-created
 ‘ into a Nobleman, and clothed not only with Wool but with
 ‘ Dignity and a Mystic Dominion,—is not the fair fabric of
 ‘ Society itself, with all its royal mantles and pontifical stoles,
 ‘ whereby, from nakedness and dismemberment, we are organ-
 ‘ ised into Politics, into nations, and a whole coöperating Man-
 ‘ kind, the creation, as has here been often irrefragably evinced,
 ‘ of the Tailor alone?—What too are all Poets and moral
 ‘ Teachers, but a species of Metaphorical Tailors? Touching
 ‘ which high Guild the greatest living Guild-brother has triumph-
 ‘ antly asked us: “Nay if thou wilt have it, who but the Poet
 ‘ first made Gods for men; brought them down to us; and
 ‘ raised us up to them?”

‘ And this is he, whom sitting downcast, on the hard basis
 ‘ of his Shopboard, the world treats with contumely, as the ninth
 ‘ part of a man! Look up, thou much-injured one, look up with
 ‘ the kindling eye of hope, and prophetic bodings of a noble
 ‘ better time. Too long hast thou sat there, on crossed legs,
 ‘ wearing thy ankle-joints to horn; like some sacred Anchorite,
 ‘ or Catholic Fakir, doing penance, drawing down Heaven’s
 ‘ richest blessings, for a world that scoffed at thee. Be of hope!
 ‘ Already streaks of blue peer through our clouds; the thick
 ‘ gloom of Ignorance is rolling asunder, and it will be Day.
 ‘ Mankind will repay with interest their long-accumulated debt:
 ‘ the Anchorite that was scoffed at will be worshipped; the
 ‘ Fraction will become not an Integer only, but a Square and
 ‘ Cube. With astonishment the world will recognise that the
 ‘ Tailor is its Hierophant and Hierarch, or even its God.

‘ As I stood in the Mosque of St. Sophia, and looked upon
 ‘ these Four-and-Twenty Tailors, sewing and embroidering that
 ‘ rich Cloth, which the Sultan sends yearly for the Caaba of
 ‘ Mecca, I thought within myself: How many other Unholies
 ‘ has your covering Art made holy, besides this Arabian Whin-
 ‘ stone!

‘ Still more touching was it when, turning the corner of a
 ‘ lane, in the Scottish Town of Edinburgh, I came upon a Sign-
 ‘ post, whereon stood written that such and such a one was
 ‘ “ Breeches-Maker to his Majesty ;” and stood painted the
 ‘ Effigies of a Pair of Leather Breeches, and between the knees
 ‘ these memorable words, SIC ITUR AD ASTRA. Was not this
 ‘ the martyr prison-speech of a Tailor sighing indeed in bonds,
 ‘ yet sighing towards deliverance, and prophetically appealing
 ‘ to a better day ? A day of justice, when the worth of Breeches
 ‘ would be revealed to man, and the Scissors become forever
 ‘ venerable.

‘ Neither, perhaps, may I now say, has his appeal been
 ‘ altogether in vain. It was in this high moment, when the
 ‘ soul, rent, as it were, and shed asunder, is open to inspiring
 ‘ influence, that I first conceived this Work on Clothes : the
 ‘ greatest I can ever hope to do ; which has already, after long
 ‘ retardations, occupied, and will yet occupy, so large a section
 ‘ of my Life ; and of which the Primary and simpler Portion
 ‘ may here find its conclusion.’

CHAPTER XII.

FAREWELL.

So have we endeavoured, from the enormous, amorphous Plum-pudding, more like a Scottish Haggis, which Herr Teufelsdröckh had kneaded for his fellow mortals, to pick out the choicest Plums, and present them separately on a cover of our own. A laborious, perhaps a thankless enterprise ; in which, however, something of hope has occasionally cheered us, and of which we can now wash our hands not altogether without satisfaction. If hereby, though in barbaric wise, some morsel of spiritual nourishment have been added to the scanty ration of our beloved British world, what nobler recompense could the Editor desire ? If it prove otherwise, why should he murmur ? Was not this a Task which Destiny, in any case, had appointed him ; which having now done with, he sees his general Day’s-work so much the lighter, so much the shorter ?

Of Professor Teufelsdröckh it seems impossible to take leave without a mingled feeling of astonishment, gratitude and disapproval. Who will not regret that talents, which might have profited in the higher walks of Philosophy, or in Art itself, have been so much devoted to a rummaging among lumber-rooms; nay too often to a scraping in kennels, where lost rings and diamond-necklaces are nowise the sole conquests? Regret is unavoidable; yet censure were loss of time. To cure him of his mad humours British Criticism would essay in vain: enough for her if she can, by vigilance, prevent the spreading of such among ourselves. What a result, should this piebald, entangled, hyper-metaphorical style of writing, not to say of thinking, become general among our Literary men! As it might so easily do. Thus has not the Editor himself, working over Teufelsdröckh's German, lost much of his own English purity? Even as the smaller whirlpool is sucked into the larger, and made to whirl along with it, so has the lesser mind, in this instance, been forced to become portion of the greater, and, like it, see all things figuratively: which habit time and assiduous effort will be needed to eradicate.

Nevertheless, wayward as our Professor shows himself, is there any reader that can part with him in declared enmity? Let us confess, there is that in the wild, much-suffering, much-inflicting man, which almost attaches us. His attitude, we will hope and believe, is that of a man who had said to Cant, Begone; and to Dilettantism, Here thou canst not be; and to Truth, Be thou in place of all to me: a man who had manfully defied the 'Time-prince,' or Devil, to his face; nay perhaps, Hannibal-like, was mysteriously consecrated from birth to that warfare, and now stood minded to wage the same, by all weapons, in all places, at all times. In such a cause, any soldier, were he but a Polack Scythe-man, shall be welcome.

Still the question returns on us: How could a man occasionally of keen insight, not without keen sense of propriety, who had real Thoughts to communicate, resolve to emit them in a shape bordering so closely on the absurd? Which question he were wiser than the present Editor who should satisfactorily answer. Our conjecture has sometimes been, that perhaps Necessity as well as Choice was concerned in it. Seems it not conceivable that, in a Life like our Professor's, where so much

bountifully given by Nature had in Practice failed and misgone, Literature also would never rightly prosper: that striving with his characteristic vehemence to paint this and the other Picture, and ever without success, he at last desperately dashes his sponge, full of all colours, against the canvas, to try whether it will paint Foam? With all his stillness, there were perhaps in Teufelsdröckh desperation enough for this.

A second conjecture we hazard with even less warranty. It is, that Teufelsdröckh is not without some touch of the universal feeling, a wish to proselytise. How often already have we paused, uncertain whether the basis of this so enigmatic nature were really Stoicism and Despair, or Love and Hope only seared into the figure of these! Remarkable, moreover, is this saying of his: 'How were Friendship possible? In mutual devotedness to the Good and True: otherwise impossible; except as Armed Neutrality, or hollow Commercial League. A man, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in Love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.' And now in conjunction therewith consider this other: 'It is the Night of the World, and still long till it be Day: we wander amid the glimmer of smoking ruins, and the Sun and the Stars of Heaven are as if blotted out for a season; and two immeasurable Phantoms, HYPOCRISY and ATHEISM, with the Gowl, SENSUALITY, stalk abroad over the Earth, and call it theirs: well at ease are the Sleepers for whom Existence is a shallow Dream.'

But what of the awestruck Wakeful who find it a Reality? Should not these unite; since even an authentic Spectre is not visible to Two?—In which case were this enormous Clothes-Volume properly an enormous Pitchpan, which our Teufelsdröckh in his lone watchtower had kindled, that it might flame far and wide through the Night, and many a disconsolately wandering spirit be guided thither to a Brother's bosom!—We say as before, with all his malign Indifference, who knows what mad Hopes this man may harbour?

Meanwhile there is one fact to be stated here, which harmonises ill with such conjecture; and, indeed, were Teufelsdröckh made like other men, might as good as altogether subvert it. Namely, that while the Beacon-fire blazed its brightest

the Watchman had quitted it; that no pilgrim could now ask him: Watchman, what of the Night? Professor Teufelsdröckh, be it known, is no longer visibly present at Weissnichtwo, but again to all appearance lost in space! Some time ago, the Hofrath Heuschrecke was pleased to favour us with another copious Epistle; wherein much is said about the 'Population-Institute;' much repeated in praise of the Paper-bag Documents, the hieroglyphic nature of which our Hofrath still seems not to have surmised; and, lastly, the strangest occurrence communicated, to us for the first time, in the following paragraph:

'*Ew. Wohlgeboren* will have seen from the public Prints, with what affectionate and hitherto fruitless solicitude Weissnichtwo regards the disappearance of her Sage. Might but the united voice of Germany prevail on him to return; nay could we but so much as elucidate for ourselves by what mystery he went away! But, alas, old Lieschen experiences or affects the profoundest deafness, the profoundest ignorance: in the Wahngasse all lies swept, silent, sealed up; the Privy Council itself can hitherto elicit no answer.

'It had been remarked that while the agitating news of those Parisian Three Days flew from mouth to mouth, and dinned every ear in Weissnichtwo, Herr Teufelsdröckh was not known, at the *Gans* or elsewhere, to have spoken, for a whole week, any syllable except once these three: *Es geht an* (It is beginning). Shortly after, as *Ew. Wohlgeboren* knows, was the public tranquillity here, as in Berlin, threatened by a Sedition of the Tailors. Nor did there want Evil-wishers, or perhaps mere desperate Alarmists, who asserted that the closing Chapter of the Clothes-Volume was to blame. In this appalling crisis, the serenity of our Philosopher was indescribable: nay, perhaps through one humble individual, something thereof might pass into the *Rath* (Council) itself, and so contribute to the country's deliverance. The Tailors are now entirely pacified.—

'To neither of these two incidents can I attribute our loss: yet still comes there the shadow of a suspicion out of Paris and its Politics. For example, when the *Saint-Simonian Society* transmitted its Propositions hither, and the whole *Gans* was one vast cackle of laughter, lamentation and astonishment, our Sage sat mute; and at the end of the third evening said merely:

‘ “ Here also are men who have discovered, not without amaze-
 ‘ ment, that Man is still Man ; of which high, long-forgotten
 ‘ Truth you already see them make a false application.” Since
 ‘ then, as has been ascertained by examination of the Post-Direc-
 ‘ tor, there passed at least one Letter with its Answer between
 ‘ the Messieurs Bazard-Enfantin and our Professor himself ; of
 ‘ what tenor can now only be conjectured. On the fifth night
 ‘ following, he was seen for the last time !

‘ Has this invaluable man, so obnoxious to most of the hos-
 ‘ tile Sects that convulse our Era, been spirited away by certain
 ‘ of their emissaries ; or did he go forth voluntarily to their head-
 ‘ quarters to confer with them and confront them ? Reason we
 ‘ have, at least of a negative sort, to believe the Lost still liv-
 ‘ ing ; our widowed heart also whispers that ere long he will
 ‘ himself give a sign. Otherwise, indeed, his archives must, one
 ‘ day, be opened by Authority ; where much, perhaps the *Palin-*
 ‘ *genesie* itself, is thought to be repositied.’

Thus far the Hofrath ; who vanishes, as is his wont, too like
 an Ignis Fatuus, leaving the dark still darker.

So that Teufelsdröckh’s public History were not done, then,
 or reduced to an even, unromantic tenor : nay, perhaps the better
 part thereof were only beginning ? We stand in a region of con-
 jectures, where substance has melted into shadow, and one can-
 not be distinguished from the other. May Time, which solves
 or suppresses all problems, throw glad light on this also ! Our
 own private conjecture, now amounting almost to certainty, is
 that, safe-moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always
 still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London !

Here, however, can the present Editor, with an ambrosial
 joy as of over-weariness falling into sleep, lay down his pen.
 Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that
 to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying con-
 summation ; that innumerable British readers consider him, dur-
 ing these current months, but as an uneasy interruption to their
 ways of thought and digestion ; and indicate so much, not with-
 out a certain irritancy and even spoken invective. For which,
 as for other mercies, ought not he to thank the Upper Powers ?
 To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he, with outstretched
 arms and open heart, will wave a kind farewell. Thou too,

miraculous Entity, who namest thyself YORKE and OLIVER, and with thy vivacities and genialities, with thy all-too Irish mirth and madness, and odour of palled punch, makest such strange work, farewell ; long as thou canst, fare-*well* ! Have we not, in the course of Eternity, travelled some months of our Life-journey in partial sight of one another ; have we not existed together, though in a state of quarrel ?

This questionable little Book was undoubtedly written among the mountain solitudes, in 1831; but, owing to impediments natural and accidental, could not, for seven years more, appear as a Volume in England;—and had at last to slip itself in pieces, and be content to struggle out, bit by bit, in some courageous *Magazine* that offered. Whereby now, to certain idly curious readers, and even to myself till I make study, the insignificant yet at last irritating question, What its real history and chronology are, is, if not insoluble, considerably involved in haze.

To the first English Edition, 1838, which an American, or an American had now opened the way for, there was slightly prefixed, under the title '*Testimonies of Authors*,' some scraggle of real documents, which, as I find it again, sets the matter into clear light and sequence;—and shall here, for

APPENDIX: TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

the path of every reader, be reprinted as it stood. (*Author's Note of 1863.*)

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS.

I. HIGHEST CLASS, BOOKSELLER'S TASTER.

Taster to Bookseller.—"The Author of *Tauselsdröckh* is a person of talent; his work displays here and there some felicity of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge; but whether or not it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *feu d'esprit* of that kind it is too long; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The Author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy; and reminds one of the German Baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. Is the work a translation?"

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Bookseller to Editor.—"Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as

an able work. Directly on receiving your permission, I sent your *Ms.* to a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters, and an accomplished German scholar: I now enclose you his opinion, which, you may rely upon it, is a just one; and I have too high an opinion of your good sense to" &c. &c.—*Ms. (penes nos)*, London, 17th September 1831.

II. CRITIC OF THE SUN.

"*Fraser's Magazine* exhibits the usual brilliancy, and also the" &c. "*Sartor Resartus* is what old Dennis used to call 'a heap of clotted nonsense,' mixed however, here and there, with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigour. But what does the writer mean by 'Baphometric fire-baptism'? Why cannot he lay aside his pedantry, and write so as to make himself generally intelligible? We quote by way of curiosity a sentence from the *Sartor Resartus*; which may be read either backwards or forwards, for it is equally intelligible either way: indeed, by beginning at the tail, and so working up to the head, we think the reader will stand the fairest chance of getting at its meaning: '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 battering, will doubtless by degrees be conquered and pacificated.' Here is a" —*Sun Newspaper*, 1st April 1834.

III. NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEWER.

. "After a careful survey of the whole ground, our belief is that no such persons as Professor Teufelsdröckh or Counsellor Heuschrecke ever existed; that the six Paper-bags, with their China-ink inscriptions and multifarious contents, are a mere figment of the brain; that the 'present Editor' is the only person who has ever written upon the Philosophy of Clothes; and that the *Sartor Resartus* is the only treatise that has yet appeared upon that subject;—in short, that the whole account of the origin of the work before us, which the supposed Editor relates with so much gravity, and of which we have given a brief abstract, is, in plain English, a *hum*.

‘Without troubling our readers at any great length with our reasons for entertaining these suspicions, we may remark, that the absence of all other information on the subject, except what is contained in the work, is itself a fact of a most significant character. The whole German press, as well as the particular one where the work purports to have been printed, seems to be under the control of *Stillschweigen and Co.*—Silence and Company. If the Clothes-Philosophy and its author are making so great a sensation throughout Germany as is pretended, how happens it that the only notice we have of the fact is contained in a few numbers of a monthly Magazine published at London? How happens it that no intelligence about the matter has come out directly to this country? We pique ourselves here in New England upon knowing at least as much of what is going on in the literary way in the old Dutch Mother-land as our brethren of the fast-anchored Isle; but thus far we have no tidings whatever of the ‘extensive close-printed close-meditated volume,’ which forms the subject of this pretended commentary. Again, we would respectfully inquire of the ‘present Editor’ upon what part of the map of Germany we are to look for the city of *Weissnichtwo*—‘Know-not-where’—at which place the work is supposed to have been printed, and the Author to have resided. It has been our fortune to visit several portions of the German territory, and to examine pretty carefully, at different times and for various purposes, maps of the whole; but we have no recollection of any such place. We suspect that the city of *Know-not-where* might be called, with at least as much propriety, *Nobody-knows-where*, and is to be found in the kingdom of *Nowhere*. Again, the village of *Entepfuhl*—‘Duck-pond’—where the supposed Author of the work is said to have passed his youth, and that of *Hinterschlag*, where he had his education, are equally foreign to our geography. Duck-ponds enough there undoubtedly are in almost every village in Germany, as the traveller in that country knows too well to his cost, but any particular village denominated Duck-pond is to us altogether *terra incognita*. The names of the personages are not less singular than those of the places. Who can refrain from a smile at the yoking together of such a pair of appellatives as Diogenes Teufelsdröckh? The supposed bearer of this strange title is represented as admitting, in his pretended autobiography, that ‘he had searched to no purpose

through all the Heralds' books in and without the German empire, and through all manner of Subscribers'-lists, Militia-rolls, and other Name-catalogues,' but had nowhere been able to find 'the name Teufelsdröckh, except as appended to his own person.' We can readily believe this, and we doubt very much whether any Christian parent would think of condemning a son to carry through life the burden of so unpleasant a title. That of Counsellor Heuschrecke—'Grasshopper'—though not offensive, looks much more like a piece of fancy work than a 'fair business transaction.' The same may be said of *Blumine*—'Flower-Goddess'—the heroine of the fable; and so of the rest.

"In short, our private opinion is, as we have remarked, that the whole story of a correspondence with Germany, a university of Nobody-knows-where, a Professor of Things in General, a Counsellor Grasshopper, a Flower-Goddess Blumine, and so forth, has about as much foundation in truth as the late entertaining account of Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon. Fictions of this kind are, however, not uncommon, and ought not, perhaps, to be condemned with too much severity; but we are not sure that we can exercise the same indulgence in regard to the attempt, which seems to be made to mislead the public as to the substance of the work before us, and its pretended German original. Both purport, as we have seen, to be upon the subject of Clothes, or dress. *Clothes, their Origin and Influence*, is the title of the supposed German treatise of Professor Teufelsdröckh, and the rather odd name of *Sartor Resartus*—the Tailor Patched—which the present Editor has affixed to his pretended commentary, seems to look the same way. But though there is a good deal of remark throughout the work in a half-serious, half-comic style upon dress, it seems to be in reality a treatise upon the great science of Things in General, which Teufelsdröckh is supposed to have professed at the university of Nobody-knows-where. Now, without intending to adopt a too rigid standard of morals, we own that we doubt a little the propriety of offering to the public a treatise on Things in General, under the name and in the form of an Essay on Dress. For ourselves, advanced as we unfortunately are in the journey of life, far beyond the period when dress is practically a matter of interest, we have no hesitation in saying, that the real subject of the work is to us more attractive than the osten-

sible one. But this is probably not the case with the mass of readers. To the younger portion of the community, which constitutes everywhere the very great majority, the subject of dress is one of intense and paramount importance. An author who treats it appeals, like the poet, to the young men and maidens—*virginibus puerisque*—and calls upon them, by all the motives which habitually operate most strongly upon their feelings, to buy his book. When, after opening their purses for this purpose, they have carried home the work in triumph, expecting to find in it some particular instruction in regard to the tying of their neckcloths, or the cut of their corsets, and meet with nothing better than a dissertation on Things in General, they will—to use the mildest term—not be in very good humour. If the last improvements in legislation, which we have made in this country, should have found their way to England, the author, we think, would stand some chance of being *Lynched*. Whether his object in this piece of *supercherie* be merely pecuniary profit, or whether he takes a malicious pleasure in quizzing the Dandies, we shall not undertake to say. In the latter part of the work, he devotes a separate chapter to this class of persons, from the tenour of which we should be disposed to conclude, that he would consider any mode of divesting them of their property very much in the nature of a spoiling of the Egyptians.

“The only thing about the work, tending to prove that it is what it purports to be, a commentary on a real German treatise, is the style, which is a sort of Babylonish dialect, not destitute, it is true, of richness, vigour, and at times a sort of singular felicity of expression, but very strongly tinged throughout with the peculiar idiom of the German language. This quality in the style, however, may be a mere result of a great familiarity with German literature; and we cannot, therefore, look upon it as in itself decisive, still less as outweighing so much evidence of an opposite character.”—*North-American Review*, No. 89, October 1835.

IV. NEW-ENGLAND EDITORS.

“The Editors have been induced, by the express desire of many persons, to collect the following sheets out of the ephemeral pamphlets* in which they first appeared, under the con-

* *Fraser's (London) Magazine*, 1833-4.

viction that they contain in themselves the assurance of a longer date.

"The Editors have no expectation that this little Work will have a sudden and general popularity. They will not undertake, as there is no need, to justify the gay costume in which the Author delights to dress his thoughts, or the German idioms with which he has sportively sprinkled his pages. It is his humour to advance the gravest speculations upon the gravest topics in a quaint and burlesque style. If his masquerade offend any of his audience, to that degree that they will not hear what he has to say, it may chance to draw others to listen to his wisdom ; and what work of imagination can hope to please all ? But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities in some readers is greatest at first, and is soon forgotten ; and that the foreign dress and aspect of the Work are quite superficial, and cover a genuine Saxon heart. We believe, no book has been published for many years, written in a more sincere style of idiomatic English, or which discovers an equal mastery over all the riches of the language. The Author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genius, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendour, but by the wit and sense which never fail him.

"But what will chiefly commend the Book to the discerning reader is the manifest design of the work, which is, a Criticism upon the Spirit of the Age—we had almost said, of the hour—in which we live ; exhibiting in the most just and novel light the present aspects of Religion, Politics, Literature, Arts, and Social Life. Under all his gaiety the Writer has an earnest meaning, and discovers an insight into the manifold wants and tendencies of human nature, which is very rare among our popular authors. The philanthropy and the purity of moral sentiment, which inspire the work, will find their way to the heart of every lover of virtue."—*Preface to Sartor Resartus : Boston, 1835, 1837.*

SUNT, FUERUNT VEL FUERE.

London, 30th June 1838.

SUMMARY.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I. *Preliminary.*

No Philosophy of Clothes yet, notwithstanding all our Science. Strangely forgotten that Man is by nature a *naked* animal. The English mind all-too practically absorbed for any such inquiry. Not so, deep-thinking Germany. Advantage of Speculation having free course. Editor receives from Professor Teufelsdröckh his new Work on Clothes. (p. 1.)

CHAP II. *Editorial Difficulties.*

How to make known Teufelsdröckh and his Book to English readers; especially *such* a book? Editor receives from the Hofrath Heuschrecke a letter promising Biographic Documents. Negotiations with Oliver Yorke. *Sartor Resartus* conceived. Editor's assurances and advice to his British reader. (p. 5.)

CHAP. III. *Reminiscences.*

Teufelsdröckh at Weissnichtwo. Professor of Things in General at the University there: Outward aspect and character; memorable coffee-house utterances; domicile and watch-tower: Sights thence of City-Life by day and by night; with reflections thereon. Old 'Liza and her ways. Character of Hofrath Heuschrecke, and his relation to Teufelsdröckh. (p. 9.)

CHAP. IV. *Characteristics.*

Teufelsdröckh and his Work on Clothes: Strange freedom of speech; transcendentalism; force of insight and expression; multifarious learn-

ing: Style poetic, uncouth: Comprehensiveness of his humour and moral feeling. How the Editor once saw him laugh. Different kinds of Laughter and their significance. (p. 18.)

CHAP. V. *The World in Clothes.*

Futile cause-and-effect Philosophies. Teufelsdröckh's *Orbis Vestitus*. Clothes first invented for the sake of Ornament. Picture of our progenitor, the Aboriginal Savage. Wonders of growth and progress in mankind's history. Man defined as a Tool-using Animal. (p. 23.)

CHAP. VI. *Aprons.*

Divers Aprons in the world with divers uses. The Military and Police Establishment Society's working Apron. The Episcopal Apron with its corner tucked in. The Laystall. Journalists now our only Kings and Clergy. (p. 28.)

CHAP. VII. *Miscellaneous-Historical.*

How Men and Fashions come and go. German Costume in the fifteenth century. By what strange chances do we live in History! The costume of Bolivar's Cavalry. (p. 30.)

CHAP. VIII. *The World out of Clothes.*

Teufelsdröckh's Theorem, "Society founded upon Cloth;" his Method, Intuition quickened by Experience.—The mysterious question, Who am I? Philosophic systems all at fault: A deeper meditation has always taught, here and there an individual, that all visible things are appearances only; but also emblems and revelations of God. Teufelsdröckh first comes upon the question of Clothes: Baseness to which Clothing may bring us. (p. 34.)

CHAP. IX. *Adamitism.*

The universal utility of Clothes, and their higher mystic virtue, illustrated. Conception of Mankind stripped naked; and immediate consequent dissolution of civilised Society. (p. 39.)

CHAP. X. *Pure Reason.*

A Naked World possible, nay actually exists, under the clothed one. Man, in the eye of Pure Reason, a visible God's Presence. The beginning of all wisdom, to look fixedly on Clothes till they become transparent. Wonder, the basis of Worship: Perennial in man. Modern Sciolists who cannot wonder: Teufelsdröckh's contempt for, and advice to them. (p. 43.)

CHAP. XI. *Prospective.*

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