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FAUST

FROM THE

GERMAN OF GOETHE.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

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*In the Press and will shortly be published,*

THE VEIL OF ISIS :

BEING

SEVEN ESSAYS ON IDEALISM.

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1. THEOLOGICAL IDEALISM : OR BERKELEY.
2. SCEPTICAL IDEALISM : OR HUME.
3. COSMOTHEITICAL IDEALISM : OR REID.
4. TRANSCENDENTAL IDEALISM : OR KANT.
5. ANTI-IDEALISM : OR HAMILTON.
6. ABSOLUTE IDEALISM : OR MILL.
7. A KRITIK OF SYSTEMS.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY PRESS SERIES.

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# F A U S T

FROM THE

## GERMAN OF GOETHE

BY

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DUBLIN: HODGES, FIGGIS, & CO., GRAFTON-ST.

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., PATERNOSTER-RÖW

1880.

DUBLIN :  
PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

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10/5/91  
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## PREFACE.

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IL est impossible de lire *Faust* sans qu'il excite la pensée de mille manières différentes : on se querelle avec l'auteur, on l'accuse, on le justifie, mais il fait réfléchir sur tout, et, pour emprunter le langage d'un savant naïf du moyen âge, sur quelque chose de plus que tout.—*Madame de Staël*.

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### I.

FEW works of genius have had a greater vogue than Goethe's *Faust*. In Germany it has gone through countless editions; it has been the subject of innumerable commentaries; it has been made a text-book for students in university and college; it has become the Bible of an Art-evangelium and a Goethe-cultus. Nor has its popularity been confined to the country of its birth. It has been translated into every language in Europe; it has become naturalized in America; it has been rendered into Hebrew. In France there have been upwards of a dozen translations of the poem, one of which has gone through upwards of a dozen editions; while in England the translations which have been published are stated to be more than forty. In the domain of art it has achieved triumphs

as brilliant as those which it has achieved in the domain of letters. There is not a picture-gallery in the world which does not contain a painting or a sketch illustrative of *Faust*. There is not a theatre, nay, not a drawing-room in the world, which does not at times re-echo with the music which the poem has inspired.

In spite of this prodigious popularity, there are few works of genius on the merits of which a greater variety of opinion has been expressed. Schlegel pronounces *Faust* to be the greatest work which the mind of man has hitherto produced—greater, therefore, than *Hamlet*, or *Macbeth*, or *Lear*. Casella is content to allow it to rank with the *Divina Commedia* of Dante. Lewes proclaims it to be the greatest work which the modern spirit has inspired. Carlyle characterises it as the greatest work of the century's greatest poet—a poet greater, therefore, it would seem, than the author of *Manfred*, and *Childe Harold*, and *Don Juan*. Enthusiasts less idolatrous are content to place *Faust* above *Wallenstein*, and to style it the greatest work of the greatest poet of Germany. But the voice of depreciation has not been silent. Madame de Staël, the first and most eminent of its critics, regarded it as a work produced at an epoch of intellectual chaos, and described it as the delirium of genius, the saturnalia of the mind. Charles Lamb and Coleridge went further. In a moral point of view, they said, it was a mere story of seduction and desertion; in an artistic point of view it was a work with neither causation nor progression—a mere succession of scenes projected by a magic-lantern.



This diversity of opinion is partly explained by the circumstances under which the great German poem was composed. Goethe, it is true, would have protested against the use of the word *composition* in connexion with his masterpiece, as degrading to genuine productions of poetry and art. 'A work of art,' he said to Eckermann in 1831, 'is a spiritual creation, in which the details, as well as the whole, are pervaded by one spirit and animated by one life; so that the producer did not make experiments, and patch together, and follow his own caprice, but was altogether in the power of the dæmonic spirit of his genius, and acted according to its orders.' Such was the spirit, he said, which possessed Buonaparte and Byron. Such was the spirit by which he himself claimed to be at times possessed. And undoubtedly there is a sense in which this theory is true. The greatest works of human genius have been struck out when the mind was at a white heat. The Parthenon, with its infinity of sculptures, was the work of some half-dozen years. The greatest of oratorios, the *Messiah*, was completed in some twenty days. The masterpieces of Molière were mere pieces of occasion. The *Corsair*, as Byron was careful to record, was begun on the 18th, and finished on the 31st of a gloomy December, when the dæmonic spirit was upon him. But it was far otherwise with *Faust*. The composition of the First Part extended over a period of forty years. The composition of the whole extended over a period of sixty. It was the result of numberless experiments. It was patched together. It was a cabinet most curiously inlaid. It was a piece of poetical mosaic.

The German critics and commentators, in fact, are unwearied in tracing the history of the various pieces of which this famous poetical mosaic was composed. They give us the chronology of its composition. Goethe had read the story as a child, and had evinced a child's wonder at the puppet-show which enacted the marvels of the old legend. The echo of the marionnettes had vibrated in the spirit of the boy. He had conceived the idea of his great work in 1769, when a student at the University of Leipzig. He had composed the opening scene in 1771; he had composed the *King in Thule* in 1774; he had composed the *Song of a Rat* in 1775. Then we are told there was a long interval in the work of composition. In 1775 he became domiciled at Weimar; from 1775 to 1786 he was absorbed in the dissipations and the duties of the Court; in 1786 he went to Italy; it was not till 1788 that he resumed his task. In 1788, we are told, he composed the *Witch's Kitchen* in the Borghese Gardens. Shortly afterwards he composed the *Forest and Cavern* scene. But here the dæmonic spirit of his genius left him. In 1790 he published his works, and all he had to show for *Faust* was *Faust—a Fragment*.

These details, it must be allowed, reveal a literary process which was anything but dæmonic. At the age of thirty-six, Byron had produced the whole of that wonderful series of works which has rendered him immortal. At the same age Goethe had produced nothing of note but a successful novel and a successful play, both of which would have been forgotten had it not been for *Faust*. When he published the *Fragment* he had reached the mature

age of forty-one. In the composition of that work he had doubled the time suggested by the Horatian precept, and had exceeded the lawyer's lucubrations of twenty years. Yet the success of the *Fragment* was anything but an unequivocal success. The professional critics, and foremost among them Nicolai, in his Review, *The Universal German Library*, pronounced the language to be obscure and unintelligible and incorrect. Heyne complained that, with all its splendid passages, it contained things which never would have been given to the world except by a man who took the remainder of the world for blockheads. Körner described it as a mere piece of ballad-mongering. Wieland regretted that it was such a patchwork of earlier and later labours. Even Schiller was dissatisfied with the impression that it made.

It must be confessed that these criticisms were not entirely unjust. There have been fragments, like Byron's *Giaour*, which have been characterised by a perfect unity of conception, and finished with a perfect unity of tone. But it is otherwise with Goethe's *Fragment*. It is composed of two distinguishable parts, and the tone of the second is entirely different from the tone of the first. It gives no information as to the point from which it starts, and it gives no intimation of the point to which it tends. It has no limits whatsoever with respect to time. Above all, it has no motive and it has no moral. No account is given of the first appearance of Mephistopheles. Margaret is degraded into the mere mistress of the hero; and no reason is given for her being abandoned to her doom. In fact the

*Fragment* is very much what Coleridge and Lamb maintained the *Tragedy* to be—a mere succession of scenes projected by a magic-lantern—a mere vulgar story of seduction and desertion.

The *Fragment* was published in 1790, and until 1794 Goethe seems to have thought no more about the matter. In 1794 he was introduced to Schiller. The influence which Schiller exerted upon Goethe was much the same as the influence which Shelley exerted upon Byron. It re-awakened his ambition. It gave his genius a higher aim. It kindled in him a more ethereal fire. The correspondence between those two eminent men, so replete with the materials of literary history, so full of acute criticism and philosophical remark, commenced on the 13th of June, 1794. Shortly afterwards Schiller expressed his desire to see the unpublished parts of *Faust*, and freely gave his opinion as to the parts which had been published. Madame de Staël has said, ‘Le souvenir qui reste de cet écrit tient toujours un peu du vertige.’ Schiller agreed with Madame de Staël—the denouement of the *Fragment*, he said, made him actually giddy. The great difficulty about it was its ‘illimitedness.’ It is true a great and bold spirit breathed through the work—it was the torso of a Hercules; but what the world looked forward to was a fully developed whole. Goethe, however, could not make up his mind to untie the packet in which his poem lay imprisoned. It was not till the 22nd of June, 1797, that he had determined to take up *Faust* anew, and from that date the work, to use his own expressions, was pushed forward, laid aside, resumed, and laid

aside again to be again resumed. But it was not till the 5th of May, 1798, that the poet showed he was in earnest. He had caused the old and confused manuscript to be copied out, he said. He had arranged the separate parts in separate boxes. He had numbered them according to a scheme. He would make use of every moment when he felt in humour. He would work out the various parts, and sooner or later he would have them put together. From that period the correspondence shows how Goethe set himself to work. He availed himself of his moods of inspiration. He took advantage of propitious seasons of the year. He regulated his diet. On one day he had solved a small difficulty, on another he had unloosed a knot, on another he had supplied a gap. He added, he transposed, he re-adjusted, he pushed forward the poem by degrees. So matters proceeded from 1799 to 1805. In 1805 Schiller died. Goethe was paralysed. The half of his existence, as he said, was gone. His friendship with his rival was the one deep honest feeling of his life. He never forgot him. Almost the last word that he uttered on his own death-bed, nearly thirty years afterwards, was the name of Schiller. It was no wonder then that the death of Schiller suspended the composition of the great work. It was not till the year 1808, eighteen years after the publication of *Faust—a Fragment*, and when Goethe was in his sixtieth year, that *Faust—a Tragedy*, was given to the world.

In the *Prelude for the Theatre* Goethe has intimated the principles of a theory of dramatic composition—the prin-

ciples presumably on which his great drama was composed. Personally Goethe made no secret of his contempt for the opinions of the public. 'My works,' he said in 1828, 'cannot be popular—they are not written for the multitude, but only for individuals who desire something congenial.' In fact his private opinions were those which he has put into the mouth of the Dramatic Poet in the *Prelude*. Far different were the sentiments of his prince and patron. The Grand Duke openly avowed the opinion that a theatre was nothing but a house for getting money. What was the good of soliciting public support, he asked, if the public taste was to be disregarded? He entertained the sentiments placed in the mouth of the Merry Personage—a character probably intended as the mask of the merry monarch, who drank wine out of skulls, like Byron and his Monks of Newstead, who danced with the peasant girls at Ilmenau, and who cracked whips with Goethe for a wager in the market-place of Jena. The advice suggested by the Merry Personage and backed by the Manager was practical advice. The Dramatic Poet was to select a subject replete with human interest, and susceptible of indefinite expansion. He was to give the audience a piece, but he was to give it them in pieces. Above all, he was to mystify the public. It was on these principles that Goethe acted. He selected the story of the vagabond scholar of the Middle Ages, whose adventures formed the nucleus around which the most popular of Teutonic myths had gathered. He avowedly made use of the story of Faust, as Le Sage made use of the story of

Gil Blas. It was a thread on which he could string what adventures he pleased. It enabled him to depict a number of little independent worlds. 'The only thing of importance,' he said to Eckermann in 1831, 'is, that the single masses should be clear and significant, while the whole remains incommensurable.' It was the very fact of the whole being incommensurable, he said, which lured mankind to study it again and again, and treat it like an unsolved problem.

But Goethe went still further. A tendency to mystification was a portion of his very nature. He delighted in disguises. He loved to pass himself off as a shabby divinity student, as a peasant in his holiday attire, as a landscape painter, as an Italian prince, as an Englishman upon his travels. It was thus he introduced himself to the Pastor of Sasenheim, to Plessing, to foreign innkeepers, to the parents of the impostor Cagliostro. In *Faust* this characteristic is peculiarly displayed. Not only did he select a most mysterious subject, but he treated it in the most mysterious manner. He converted the mediæval magician into a philosopher of the eighteenth century. He treated the mediæval fable in the tone of modern thought. He disregarded all chronology. He introduced German students with their beer and tobacco, and German burghers with their weekly newspapers and certificates of death and marriage, at an epoch when tobacco had scarcely been discovered, and when newspapers were utterly unknown. He represented Faust as at once the contemporary of Nostradamus and Luther, and the contemporary of Nicolai and

Lavater. He introduced the Monkeys of the Witch's Kitchen, and the Voices of the Brocken, to discourse the humouristic nonsense which was to exercise the spirits of Hartung, of Düntzner, and of Deycks. He set the allegorists and the commentators going.

The effect of all this Goethe deliberately set himself to heighten. He wrote no preface and he vouchsafed no explanation. If he made any remarks upon the subject, his remarks were essentially misleading. 'Why do you read *Faust*?' he said to a young Englishman in 1825; 'it is the result of a vast observation of the world, but it is fantastic stuff.' '*Faust*,' he said to Eckermann in 1830, 'is quite incommensurable, and all attempts to bring it near the understanding are in vain.' In short, it was 'the product of a somewhat dark state of the individual; but this very darkness had a charm, and made men work upon it, as upon a problem which had not been solved.'

## II.

It has not been with impunity that Goethe practised this mystification and reserve. Among the problems which at present agitate the minds of literary men in Germany, one of the most remarkable is the question whether the masterpiece of the great German artist is in reality a work of art? Scherer, in a recent brochure, pronounces it to be full of incongruities. Taylor regrets that it contains chasms which the genius of the poet was incompetent to bridge. Bacharach expresses his astonishment that Goethe makes



no mention of the denouement of one of its most important scenes. Selss complains that there is an air of improbability about this portion of the story, and an air of extravagance about that. Loeper, the latest and most learned of the editors of *Faust*, regards one of the most remarkable of its component parts as a mere interpolation and excrescence.

The existence of criticisms such as these necessitates a closer examination into the mechanical construction of the drama than has hitherto been given; and at the very outset of the inquiry a point which has hitherto escaped the observation of the world requires to be remarked.

The *Fragment*, as has been already shown, contains no limitation whatsoever in respect of time. In the *Tragedy*, on the contrary, the limits of time are most carefully and precisely fixed. Dr. Anster cites, with deserved admiration, a rendering which the translator of the Spanish Ballads has given of the apostrophe to the moon, which occurs near the commencement of the opening scene:—

Would thou wert gazing now thy last  
Upon my troubles, Glorious Harvest-Moon!

But both Anster and Lockhart overlook the very first point in which the *Tragedy* differs from the *Fragment*. It opens on Easter Eve; and it can scarcely be contended that there is any part of Germany in which the glories of the Harvest Moon are visible at Easter. But the *Tragedy* differs from the *Fragment* in another point. As its action commences upon Easter Eve, so it concludes—omitting the

final catastrophe in the dungeon—upon Walpurgis-night. Now Walpurgis-night commences on the 30th of April, and Easter, according to the canons of chronology, cannot occur before the 22nd of March. This fixes the extreme limits of time within which the action of the drama must be placed. But Goethe has restricted the action within limits narrower still. When Faust apostrophises the moon, the moon is at the full; when Mephistopheles describes ‘the uncompleted round of the red moon,’ as he and Faust ascend the Brocken, the moon is gibbous. Assuming then, what every idolater of Goethe will assume, that the contrast between the *roller Mondenschein* of the one passage and the *unvollkommne Scheibe* of the other was intended, the ‘illimitedness’ of the *Fragment* in point of time disappears, and the action of the *Tragedy* is restricted to a space of some three weeks.

And it is just three weeks, if we analyse the drama, that its action in reality requires. The Easter scenes which depict the various phases of feeling of the philosopher disgusted with the learning which is not science, although they take up one-fourth of the poem, do not occupy more than some four-and-twenty hours in point of time. The interval that elapses between the disappearance of Mephistopheles on Easter night and his re-appearance in the Gothic chamber is necessarily short. The scenes which describe the transformation of the philosopher into the lover—the Compact scene, the scene in the Cellar, and the scene in the Witch’s Kitchen—do not necessarily occupy more than two or three days at best. Allow a week, then, for the philosophisings of Faust, which occupy the first half of the *Tragedy*, and a

single fortnight is all that remains for the episode of Margaret which constitutes the second.

From the meeting of Faust and Margaret, the whole character of the play is changed. It is no longer philosophic; it becomes dramatic. On the evening of the first day Faust is introduced by Mephistopheles into the sleeping apartment of Margaret, in her absence (p. 165). On the following day the casket which has been placed in her wardrobe is taken to the Priest, and is replaced by the Fiend, who acts the part of Leporello (p. 177). On the third day Mephistopheles presents himself to Martha, much as Goethe presented himself to the parents of Cagliostro—meets Margaret—and obtains an appointment for the evening (p. 189). In the evening Faust and Margaret meet. Like Romeo and Juliet, they are at once in love. An interval must be supposed to allow the paroxysm of passion in the *Garden* to mellow to the playfulness of love which marks the opening of the scene in the *Pavilion* (p. 341, notes). In that scene Faust and Margaret are interrupted by Mephistopheles and Martha, just as Satyros and Psyche are interrupted by Hermes and Arsinoe in one of Goethe's earlier plays. Margaret is still innocent (p. 208). Faust flies to the *Forest* for refuge against himself; and the time for the development of the drama is thus restricted to a week.

Of that week, the greater part is spent by the hero in communion with nature. Mephistopheles expresses his surprise that the solitude does not begin to pall on Faust (p. 212), and protests that the time seems miserably long to Gretchen (p. 215). He induces Faust to return by drawing

a picture of Margaret's distress in his absence; and the consequence of his return is first intimated in the words of Margaret—*Meine Ruh' ist hin*. It is here that the immense superiority of the *Tragedy* over the *Fragment* in point of moral is displayed. In the earlier work the scene in the *Parilion* is succeeded by the wail at the *Spinning-wheel*, which is followed by the scene in which Faust supplies the potion, and obtains the assignation for the night, which in the *Fragment* is supposed to have been kept. Accordingly, the motive of the scene in the *Forest*, which succeeds the assignation, is satiety, or satisfaction, or triumphant passion. In the *Tragedy* all this is altered. The position of the *Forest* scene is changed. The conduct of Faust is ennobled; and, above all, the character of Margaret is raised. She falls. But if she falls, she is not dragged in the mire. If she sins, she is not doomed to familiarity with sin. Her next interview with her lover is the last. The date is fixed by a reference to Walpurgis-night—*Die kommt uns übermorgen wieder*. The succession of events is rapid. All happens in a single day. In the *Garden* Faust supplies Margaret with a sleeping potion, and obtains an assignation for the night (p. 227); Margaret repairs to the *Fountain*, and in Barbara's misfortune she sees a forecast of her own (p. 233); in an agony of mingled remorse and fear she repairs to the *Oratory*, and flings herself before the image of the Virgin (p. 235); then comes the scene so fittingly entitled *Night* (p. 237). Margaret has administered the potion to her mother, who is fast asleep (p. 243); her brother Valentine is standing in the street before her

door (p. 237); Faust and Mephistopheles arrive. The Duel ensues. Though it is Mephistopheles that is attacked, it is Faust that delivers the thrust by which Valentine is killed. Faust is obliged to fly, and cannot venture to return. He knows nothing of the condition of Margaret; yet the fate of Margaret is sealed. Her brother is killed—her mother has slept the sleep of death—her lover has fled—and she is left alone, a child of fifteen, a ruined Juliet, to bear the consequences of her single fault.

The *Walpurgis-night* is generally regarded as an excrescence upon *Faust*, and the *Intermezzo* as an excrescence upon the *Walpurgis-night*. But the theatre on the Brocken must be regarded as a theatre such as that which delighted the childhood of Goethe, and such as that which the Lieutenant of Artillery bestowed on Wilhelm Meister. The theatre is a mere puppet-show, and the *Golden Wedding* is a mere play of marionnettes, which forms a part of the amusements in the Carnival of Satan. The *Walpurgis-night*, it is true, is an interpolation introduced into the legend; nay more, it is regarded by Madame de Staël as an interruption of the story. But it is one of those independent worlds which it was the pleasure of Goethe to create; and the thread which connects it with the story is obvious enough. The Dance with the Witches is the commencement of that round of dissipation in which Faust is involved by the Fiend, in order to divert his thoughts from Gretchen. The Medusa is the *wraith* of Margaret, and its appearance is an intimation of her doom. Loeper and Scherer think that it is the apparition of Medusa which makes Faust

remember Gretchen, and hasten to her rescue. But this is not the motive of the passage. The element of time is overlooked. The German critics do not observe that Walpurgis-night ensues on the day but one after the final interview in the Garden (p. 239), and that more than twelve months must have elapsed before the *Gloomy Day* (p. 289), which terminates with the death of Margaret in the *Dungeon* (p. 295).

Such, then, is the succession of events in *Faust*. The philosopher is overwhelmed with a sense of the vanity of human knowledge; he is miraculously metamorphosed into a man of action; he is confronted with the master-passion of the life of man; he eventually succumbs to temptation; he is made the helpless spectator of the ruin he has wrought. The Sage—the Transformation—the Temptation—the Fall—and the Catastrophe—such are the words which most aptly designate the various phases which constitute the action of the play. Such a composition, it is evident, is something more than a mere succession of pictorial scenes. Goethe has styled his masterpiece a *Tragedy*. But a tragedy it certainly is not in the conventional and accepted sense. It is not divided into acts. It does not observe the unities of time, or place, or action. It does not even exhibit a unity of tone. The frenzies of Faust the philosopher and the ecstasies of Faust the gallant are pitched in different keys, and divide the drama into two different parts. The lengthened monologues of Faust render it incapable of representation on the stage. It has been styled a *Mystery*. But the tone of its dialogue is

modern. The only aspect of the mediæval Mystery which it presents is to be found, not in the drama itself, but in the *Prologue in Heaven*, by which it is preceded. Sir Theodore Martin has entitled his translation a *Dramatic Poem*—the title which the great English poet selected for his *Manfred*. But Goethe's masterpiece, in its latter portion, is something more than a Dramatic Poem—it is a Drama, full of life and action. Shakspeare himself has produced nothing which, in point of rapidity and effect, surpasses the death of Valentine; nothing which, in point of pathos, surpasses the catastrophe of Gretchen. How, then, is *Faust* to be regarded? Goethe himself has suggested the reply. In conversing with Eckermann, in 1825, he pointed out a curious difference between himself and Schiller. 'Schiller,' he said, 'did not take sufficient pains about *motives*. I recollect what trouble I had with him when he wanted to make Gessler, in *Tell*, abruptly break an apple from a tree, and have it shot from the boy's head. This was quite against my nature, and I urged him to give at least some motive to this barbarity, by making the boy boast to Gessler of his father's dexterity, and say that he could shoot an apple from a tree at a hundred paces.' It was regard for motives which he said kept his own pieces from the stage—his *Eugenie* was unsuccessful because it was nothing but a chain of motives. In this expression Goethe has aptly characterised the great work which has prevented the *Natural Daughter* from being forgotten. *Faust* is neither a tragedy, nor a mystery, nor a dramatic poem; still less is it a mere succession of scenes projected from a magic-lantern. It is a *chain of*

*motives*, and as a chain of motives it deserves the panegyric which Carlyle has pronounced upon it—it is emphatically a work of art.

### III.

‘They come and ask me,’ said Goethe to Eckermann in 1827, ‘what idea I mean to embody in my *Faust*, as if I knew myself, and could inform them. *From Heaven—right through the World—to Hell* might, indeed, be something; but this is no idea, it is a course of action. And, further, that the Devil loses the wager, and that a man continually struggling through difficulty and error towards something better should be eventually redeemed, is an effective and to many a good enlightening thought; but it is no idea which lies at the foundation of the whole, and of every individual scene. It would have been a fine thing, indeed, if I had strung so rich, varied, and highly diversified a life as I have brought to view in *Faust* upon the slender string of one pervading idea.’

And yet, according to Goethe’s own theory of art, it was necessary that *Faust* should be a spiritual creation, in which the details, as well as the whole, are pervaded by one spirit, and animated by one life. And so, in a sense, it is. We have seen that the principles which guided the composition of *Faust* are given in the *Prelude for the Theatre*, and we shall find that its moral and its motive are suggested by the *Prologue in Heaven*. The Song of the Archangels celebrates the enduring beauty and majesty of nature; the



Antiphon of the Fiend points out the misery and the littleness of man. And this suggests the true significance of the sudden and apparently irrelevant question, *Kennt du den Faust?* The answer is not obvious, but it is certain. Though man be wretched and insignificant, and nature be beautiful and great, yet man possesses what nature never can possess—a conscious, never-ceasing struggle for moral excellence and beauty. Of this struggle, the dissatisfied philosopher is selected as the type. Of such a struggle Mephistopheles has no conception; the only thing that has attracted his attention is the dissatisfaction. Of this dissatisfaction, even, he mistakes the cause. Faust, he says, despises the enjoyments of earth, and has no desire but for the star; but, in the opinion of the Fiend, he despises the enjoyments of earth because he has not tried them. Mephistopheles is confident in the omnipotence of the joys of sense, and is firmly convinced that if the philosopher is left to *him*, he will seduce him. Hence what is called the wager:—

Was wettet ihr? Den sollt ihr noch verlieren.

Mephistopheles—*der Schalk*—claims the license of a Court Fool, and bets; but it is a bet in which nothing is staked, and a bet which is not taken. The transaction is not a wager, but a trial. Faust is delivered over to the Fiend for the purpose of temptation; and the Fiend promises himself that, under his tuition, Faust will no longer despise the food of earth, but will be delighted, like the serpent, to subsist on dust.

The prominent feature in the character of Faust, as has been said, is a profound dissatisfaction. It is the feature on which the eye of Mephistopheles is fixed—

Und alle Näh' und alle Ferne  
Befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Brust.

Throughout the whole of his career this characteristic at every turn recurs. In the Cellar of Auerbach, in the Kitchen of the Witch, and in the Garden of Martha, his dissatisfaction is as profound as it was in his Gothic chamber in the College. Even in the solitudes of the Forest, his complaint is that man can never know the fulness of fruition (p. 212). In the Court of the Emperor, in the excitement of the Camp, in his own Palace by the Sea, it is the same. When in possession of the treasures of the world, he is dissatisfied because he is not the owner of a clump of lindens, and a cottage, and a bell. He conceives that he *would* be satisfied, if he could only see around him a population of freemen inhabiting their own free land. But, as a matter of fact, he remains dissatisfied to the very last; and when Mephistopheles is standing over the dead body of the old man, who has reached his hundredth year, he can only repeat what he had said before the Hosts of Heaven—

Ihn sättigt keine Lust, ihm g'nügt kein Glück!

In fact, no sooner has Mephistopheles formed the acquaintance of Faust than he sees the utter impossibility of realising the boast which he had made under the semblance of a wager. In one singular passage, the dramatic significance

of which has never yet been fully seen, Mephistopheles allows his secret to escape him. The so-called wager in heaven is supplemented by a so-called wager upon earth (p. 99). Here the wager is not a wager, but a challenge. Faust defies Mephistopheles to satisfy the cravings of his nature. But the language of Faust, who, after his fashion, talks himself to the very verge of madness, convinces the Fiend that *his*, at all events, was not a nature to be satisfied with dust. Mephistopheles at once resolves to change his plans (p. 107). He sees that his best chance of securing the soul of Faust is to allow him to work out his own damnation. He fancies he will gain the philosopher without any condition whatsoever—*unbedingt*. Accordingly, the moment after he has undertaken to satisfy the desires of Faust he exclaims—

Er soll mir zappeln, starren, kleben  
 Und seiner *Unersättlichkeit*  
 Soll Speis' und Trank vor gier'gen Lippen schweben.

He determines, in other words, not to satisfy him, but to pique him. And well he carries out his resolution. He takes a pleasure in disappointing Faust. He balks him in the Pavilion in the Garden (page 207). He thwarts him in the solitudes of the Forest (page 212). He guides him to the assignation that is never to be kept (page 230). He dashes away the cup of pleasure the moment that he puts it to his lips (page 243). If Faust is melancholy, Mephistopheles is gay (p. 238). If Faust is joyous, Mephistopheles is sad (p. 254). He plays the spirit of contradiction even on the Brocken (p. 264). When Faust is anxious

to behold the Court of Satan, Mephistopheles conducts him to the Dance of the Witches (p. 265). Even in the Dance of the Witches he disturbs him with the vision of Medusa. In the Second Part of Faust this treacherous and malignant spirit is equally apparent. Its culminating point is the murder of Baucis and Philemon, in pretended execution of the wish of Faust. In the closing scene of all Mephistopheles never pretends to have won his bet. The transaction which had commenced in Heaven, and which had been continued through the World, is conducted to the Jaws of Hell. But Mephistopheles struggles for the soul of Faust as he would struggle for the soul of any other sinner—and the soul of Faust escapes him.

The fact is, that the introduction of the two wagers is a mere mystification of the poet. God does not take up the one bet, and the Devil does not take up the other. The real moral of the drama is centred in a third element—the element of aspiration. Faust is never abandoned by

The desire of the moth for the star,  
Of the day for the morrow.

It works in his spirit as the sap works in the sprays in time of spring (p. 22). It is this yearning which makes him abandon philosophy for magic (p. 32). It is this which makes him contemplate suicide itself as the portal to a higher life (p. 46). It is this feeling which makes him yearn to follow the sun, and leads him to envy the skylark, the eagle, and the crane (p. 65). It is the same feeling that he describes in the struggle of the two souls, which

are contending for the mastery within him (p. 67). It is the same feeling which induces him to scorn the promises of Mephistopheles—

Ward eines Menschen Geist, in seinem hohen Streben  
Von deines Gleichen je gefasst?

It is the existence of this never-ceasing struggle—this *überciltes Streben*—which makes Mephistopheles despair of making good his boast (p. 108). It is in obedience to this feeling that Faust flies from Margaret, and seeks the solitude of the woods (p. 212). It is true he falls—

Es irrt der Mensch so lang' er strebt.

But in spite of the struggles of conflicting passions he never loses his consciousness of right. The Fiend is compelled to recognise the truth of what the LORD had said. Goethe has compared the *Prologue in Heaven* to the Overture of *Don Giovanni*, in which a musical phrase occurs, which is not repeated till the *finale*. Such a *finale* is to be found in *Faust*. Goethe himself pointed out the passage to Eckermann in 1831. It is the hymn which the triumphant Angels sing as they are bearing aloft the immortal part of Faust :

Gerettet ist das edle Glied  
Der Geisterwelt vom Bösen ;  
Wer immer strebend sich bemüht  
Den können wir erlösen.

‘In these lines,’ said Goethe, ‘is contained the key to Faust’s solution.’

## IV.

The secret of the peculiar fascination which *Faust* exerts upon the mind is to be sought not merely in its artistic execution, or its mystery, or its motives. Here, again, Goethe is our best instructor. In speaking of Stapfer's French Translation, he raises the very question, and suggests the answer: 'The commendation which the work has received, both far and near,' he says, 'may perhaps be owing to this quality—that it permanently preserves the period of the development of a human soul which is tormented by all that afflicts humanity, is shaken by all that disturbs it, is repelled by all that it finds repellent, and is made happy by all that it desires.'

In a sense, all the great works of Goethe are autobiographical. Like Lucilius, he committed all his secrets to his books, as he would commit them to a trusty friend. His life, like that of Lucilius, is painted in his works as on a votive tablet. His *Dichtung und Wahrheit* is confessedly an idealisation of the realities of his life. His *Wilhelm Meister* is only his autobiography disguised by a transparent veil. His *Tasso*, as he himself said to Eckermann, was bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. His *Faust*, as he himself wrote to Schiller, was essentially 'subjective.'

It is this purely subjective character of the poem which has exposed the author to the criticism of M. Dumas—that he was destitute of intuition and invention. How far it is possible for even the highest imagination to transcend its

experience is a moot question among the votaries of metaphysics. The philosophical world is generally content to hold with Locke and Kant that the materials, at least, of all our knowledge, must be supplied by the vulgar ways of sensation and reflection. Be this as it may, the main characteristic of Goethe's genius was early detected and felicitously expressed by Merk. Its constant effort was to give a poetic form to the real, while the effort of others was to give reality to what is falsely designated the poetic. Goethe recognised the justice of his friend's remark. It was not his line as a poet, he said in 1825, to strive to embody anything *abstract*. 'In my long life,' he said in 1832, 'I have achieved many things of which I certainly might boast; but to speak the honest truth, I have nothing that was properly my own, but the ability and the inclination to see and hear, to distinguish and choose, to enliven with intelligence what I had seen and heard, and to reproduce it with some degree of skill.'

This is peculiarly the case with *Faust*. There is not a character, there is not a scene, there is not a phase of feeling in the drama which is not the representation and reproduction of its counterpart in Goethe's life. He had known Mephistopheles as Merk. He had known Margaret; she was Gretchen and Frederica and Lili and Christiane combined. He had known the character of Faust; it was his own. Like Faust, he had early gone through the cycle of the studies which only leave a sense of the vanity of human knowledge. He had to go through a course of Logic and Philosophy at Leipzig. He had studied Chemistry, and Anatomy, and

Physic, under the most eminent Professors. He had taken his Degree in Law, and would have pursued law as a profession had he not been convinced, with Vivian Grey, that it was impossible to become a great lawyer without sacrificing the chance of becoming a great man. Throughout the whole of his life he was a theologian. As a child he had witnessed the festivities of the Thuringian peasants in their holiday attire, and had watched the sunsets on the Thuringian hills. As a boy he had dabbled in the *Opus Mago-Cabalisticum*, and had made advances to projection. As a student he had caroused in Auerbach's cellar. As a man, he was not only a man of letters—he was a man of science; he was a man of the world; he was a man of gallantry, and a man of pleasure. Novelist, dramatist, and poet; courtier, minister, and statesman; the rival of Newton, the anticipator of Vicq d'Azyr, and the object of the admiration of St. Hilaire, Goethe rivalled even the Greek of Juvenal in the universality of his accomplishments. Well might Napoleon exclaim when he saw him at the conference at Erfurt—*Voilà un homme*.

Such was the man of whose mind the great German poem is a mirror. It reflects the audacity and passion of his youth; it reflects the experience and wisdom of his age. It is thus that it appeals to all sorts and conditions of men, and fascinates them all. In a word, it is thus that the Tragedy realises what is said in its Prelude:

Wer vieles bringt wird manchem etwas bringen;  
Und jeder geht zufrieden aus dem Haus.



## V.

When a work thus appeals to the universal sympathies of human nature, it is no wonder that every nation in Europe should be anxious to confer upon it the privilege of naturalization. This suggests the moot question, on what principle is a great poem like *Faust* to be translated for the instruction and delight of foreign nations?

The word translation, indeed, is scarcely applicable to the case. To become naturalized in a foreign language, a poem must not be merely translated—it must be reproduced. For a poem is not like a historical or a philosophical work. It is not sufficient merely to translate the language, or to convey the meaning of the words. In a poem there is something more. There are associations conveyed by the felicitous collocation of words, by assonance and alliteration, by the march of the rhythm, and by the cadences of rhyme. The object in such a case is not merely to translate the language and transfer the thought; it is to excite the same emotions, and produce the same effect. In poetry of the highest order, the thought is often the least important part of the business. The most majestic poetry may be degraded into ordinary prose by the mere dislocation of its phrases. Take, for instance, a passage which is familiar to the ear of everyone to whom English literature is a delight—‘The great globe and all that inherit it, the solemn temples, the gorgeous palaces, and the cloud-capt towers, shall dissolve like the baseless fabric of this vision.’

Who would recognise in this the majestic motion of the grave Shaksperian iambs—

And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all that it inherit shall dissolve.

The essential difference between prose and verse was felt by Goethe and by Schiller. Goethe, as is well known, originally composed his *Iphigenia* and his *Tasso* in prose, and afterwards translated them, to use his own expression, into iambs. Schiller also submitted some of his compositions to the same process; and in the course of his labours he writes to Goethe thus:—‘I have never before been so palpably convinced, as in my present occupation, how closely in poetry form and substance are connected. Since I began to translate my prosaic language into the language of poetry, I find myself under a totally different jurisdiction; even motives which in the prosaic execution seemed to me to be perfectly in place I can no longer use—they were merely good for the common domestic understanding, whose organ prose would seem to be.’ This is decisive of the question discussed by Mr. Hayward in his Preface. If, as the *Edinburgh Reviewer* asserts, it is ‘the sacred and mysterious union of thought with verse’ that constitutes a poem, it must be evident that a poem can never be reproduced in another language by any union of mere thought with prose.

These principles lead to the determination of another question which has been discussed. In *Faust* Goethe does

not, save on one occasion, retain the prose of his earlier compositions. Save on one occasion, he does not adopt the blank verse of Marlowe. He does not adopt the rhyming stanzas of the earlier works of Shakspeare. He does not even alternate blank verse with choral odes, like Byron. Madame de Staël has remarked the infinite varieties of rhythm which are the most striking peculiarity of *Faust*. 'Dans la pièce de *Faust*,' she says, 'le rythme change suivant la situation, et la variété brillante qui en résulte est admirable.' And, in fact, the manner of Goethe is as various as his mind. Sublimity, pathos, sarcasm, repartee, and pictorial description, each in its appropriate expression succeed each other with a rapidity which at once astonishes and delights the reader. How, then, is this effect to be reproduced? Goethe was eminently a lyric poet, and the most remarkable feature of his great work is its eminently lyric character. Like Shelley's *Hellas*, it might be styled a Lyrical Drama. It is all but *Operatic*. So conscious was Goethe of this peculiarity of his drama, that he was anxious that it should be set to music. Mozart, he said, should have composed for *Faust*. This, in itself, determines the question as to the nature of the translation, which can alone reproduce the effects which Goethe was desirous to produce. What prose translation can give the faintest idea of a lyric? What poetic rendering, even, can reproduce its effect, unless it adopts the measure of the original poet? It is obvious that every metre has its own peculiar associations. The *terza rima* of Dante and the *ottava rima* of Pulci belong, in Schiller's phrase, to different jurisdictions. No sane man

would think of translating *Childe Harold* into Hudibrastic verse; no sane man would think of rendering *Hudibras* in the Spenserian stanza. Sir Walter Scott contends that the opening couplets of Pope's translation of the *Iliad* might be converted into octosyllabics by the omission of superfluous words, as thus:—

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the spring  
Of woes unnumbered, Goddess, sing!

But the superfluous words are not in reality superfluous. They retard the movement of the metre, and give an air of majesty to the heroic stanza, which entirely disappears in the octosyllabic rapidity of movement. It would seem, then, that the poet who aspires to reproduce *Faust* must reproduce its metres. It is thus only that the air and manner of Goethe can be reproduced.

But here another difficulty is suggested. *Faust* abounds in double rhymes. The inflexion 'e' and 'en' is found in such superabundance in the German, that Jean Paul has called it the 'E-language.' It is this peculiarity that supplies the abundance of feminine endings which Goethe so constantly employs. To one who is determined, at any price, to reproduce these double rhymes, the main resource in English is the participial inflexion 'ing.' But this is an inadequate expedient—an expedient the adoption of which is fatal at once to all ease and freedom and idiomatic verve. The comparative poverty of our language in this respect is shown by a remarkable example. If ever there was a master of its resources, it was Lord Byron. That great original

poet occasionally amused himself with translation. He translated the *Francesca* of Dante, and the *Morgante* of Pulci, and the *Allama* of the Spanish Ballads. But in these efforts he never reproduced the double rhymes, in which the Romance languages abound. His *terza rima* has only occasionally a double ending, and he has not produced a single *ottava rima stanza*, composed entirely of double endings, after the Italian manner. But *Venus and Adonis* and the *Rape of Lucrece* are sufficient to show that our language is not so poor in double rhymes as is generally supposed; and Byron's *Heaven and Earth* and Shelley's *Hellas* exemplify the majestic use to which they may be turned even in serious poetry. With respect to the double rhymes of *Faust*, there is a distinction which common sense suggests, and which a wise translator will observe. In the ordinary dialogue and description of the original, their occurrence is a matter of mere accident, and the attempt to reproduce the accident in the translation would evidently entail sacrifices of naturalness, and ease, and force, which would be greater than the reproduction would be worth. It is different where the double ending is characteristic of the metre, and the metre is characteristic of the thought. The double endings are indispensable in the *Song of the Archangels*, and the *Shepherd's Song*, and the *Song of the King of Thule*. In such cases the double endings are portion of the poem, and in such cases they must be reproduced, or all idea of poetical reproduction must be abandoned.

It is idle to say that the English language is unable to bear the stress which principles like these would lay upon it. The works of Shakspeare have been reproduced in

German, and it is absurd to say that the works of Goethe cannot be reproduced in English. Even for the purposes of translation, the English language is the more effective and manageable instrument of the two. The elements of the Romance languages which it has incorporated—the elevation, and majesty, and splendour which it can attain by the aid of the Greek and Latin which it has embodied—give it unrivalled advantages as an instrument of thought. The language which gave expression to all that Shakspeare sang can give expression to all that is likely to be sung by mortal man.

The desire of the English people to naturalise the great German poet is unabated after forty efforts. It will never cease till it is satisfied; and it will never be satisfied till, under some happy conjunction of the planets, an English translator appears who has converted the German masterpiece into an English poem.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN,  
*8th November, 1880.*

## DEDICATION.

To understand the Dedication, it is necessary to refer to the history of the book. The plan of *Faust* appears to have been in Goethe's mind very early in life. In the list appended to the Stuttgart and Tubingen octavo edition of 1819, he puts it down among the works written between 1769 and 1775. In the second part of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit* (Book 18), he states that he showed the newest scenes of *Faust* to Klopstock, who expressed himself much pleased, and (contrary to his custom) spoke of the poem with decided commendation to others. This must have taken place early in the year 1775. Maler Müller also, in the prefatory epistle to his *Faust*, published about 1778, mentions a report that Goethe and Lessing were engaged upon the same subject. The poem was first published in 1790, and forms the commencement of the seventh volume of *Goethe's Schriften*; *Wien und Leipzig, bey J. Stahel und G. J. Göschen, 1790*. This edition is now before me. The poem is entitled, *Faust: Ein Fragment* (not *Doktor Faust, Ein Trauerspiel*, as Döring says), and contains no prologue or dedication of any sort.—*Hayward*.

The Dedication was certainly not written earlier than the year 1797, when Goethe, encouraged by Schiller's hearty interest in the work, determined to complete the Fragment of the First Part of *Faust*, published in 1790. Twenty-four years had therefore elapsed since the first scenes of the work were written: the poet was forty-eight years old, and the conceptions which had haunted him in his twenty-first year seemed already to belong to a dim and remote past. The shadowy forms of the drama, which he again attempts to seize and hold, bring with them the phantoms of the friends to whom his earliest songs were sung. Of these friends, his sister Cornelia, Merck, Lenz, Basedow, and Gotter were dead; Klopstock, Lavater, and the Stolbergs were estranged; and Jacobi, Klingler, Kestner, and others were separated from him by the circumstances of their lives. Gotter died in March, 1797; and, as it is evident from Goethe's letters to Schiller, that he worked upon *Faust* only in the months of May and June in that year, the Dedication was probably then written.—*Bayard Taylor*.

In the absence of positive evidence, I should think that the Dedication was written much later than 1797. The work to which it was prefixed was not published till 1808. Herder died in 1803, and Schiller died in 1805, and I cannot help thinking that the Dedication refers to those events. The following dates in the life of Goethe should be remembered:—He was born on the 28th of August, 1749. He was engaged in the composition of *Faust* as early as 1769. The Fragment, as we have seen, was published in 1790. The First Part, in its completed form, appeared in 1808. The Second Part was completed on the 28th of August, 1831, Goethe's eighty-second birthday, and was not published until after his death. He died on the 22nd of March, 1832. *Faust* was the labour of his life.



## DEDICATION.

ONCE more, ye Shadowy Shapes, ye bring the Past !  
Fair as when first ye met these troubled eyes.

Shall I essay this once to hold ye fast ?

Can such illusion still my heart surprise ?

Ye round me throng ! Then, sway me to the last,

As from the vapour and the mist ye rise !

My spirit feels a strange rejuvenescence,

Stirred by the magic breath which wraps your presence.

Ye bring me back the forms of happy days,

And many a cherished shade appears again :

And, like old tales, or half-forgotten lays,

First Love and Friendship follow in their train :

Pangs are renewed ; repeated is the maze

Of life's strange labyrinth, and a plaintive strain

Recalls the loved and lost, the noble-hearted,

Who, robbed of life, before me have departed.

They will not hear, alas ! the final song,  
The gentle souls for whom the first I sang :  
Dispersed for ever is the genial throng—  
Mute are the echoes which responsive rang !  
My lay for strangers doth its note prolong—  
Their very plaudits give my heart a pang ;  
And they whose smile of yore the poet flattered,  
If still they live, through all the world are scattered.

Unwonted yearnings, felt not many a year,  
For that still ghostly realm my spirit seize ;  
My lay, its tones all broken, haunts mine ear,  
Weird as Æolian harpings of the breeze ;  
A tremor shakes me—tear is following tear—  
My heart is melted with its memories ;  
The present fades away into the distance,  
And what is past is all that hath existence.

PRELUDE FOR THE THEATRE.

I AM unable to ascertain precisely when this [Prelude on the Stage] was written: from Goethe's correspondence, some inferences which point to the year 1798 may be drawn. It is unnecessary to follow the critics in their philosophical analyses of this Prelude, which is sufficiently explained by calling it a 'poetic preface' to the work. Göschen's edition of Goethe's works in 1790 had not been a successful venture: the Fragment of *Faust*, although fully appreciated by the few, seemed to have made no impression upon the public, while it had been assailed and ridiculed by the author's many literary enemies. Goethe always published his poetical works without a preface; but in the Prelude on the Stage he makes use of the characters to contrast the Poet's purest activity with the tastes and desires of the Public, two classes of which are represented by the Manager and Merry-Andrew.—*Bayard Taylor*.

The term Merryman does not adequately render the *Lustige-person* of the author. That word, however, is the only one we have that can be used for it—Clown or Merry-Andrew not being admissible. The character understood by these three designations is merely the buffoon of our itinerant mountebanks and troops of equestrians, with more activity of body than brain, and whose jokes are principally of a practical kind. The *Lustige-person* of the German stage is the actor who in *As You Like It* would be cast for Touchstone, or for Master Lancelot in the *Merchant of Venice*, or for any other of the immortal clowns of Shakespeare; for these deal out satire and philosophy amid their rich and easy humour—they 'make their folly their stalking-horse, and under cover of that do shoot their wit.'—*Filmore*.

The *lustige Person* might seem to correspond to the *humorous man* in Hamlet's description of the Players:—"He that plays the king shall be welcome—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the *humorous man* shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh, whose lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for it." But the humorous man is a man of humours. I am not aware that there is any actor in a German stock company who is known as *lustige Person*. The Merry-Andrew is not *lustige Person*, but *Lustig-macher*. In *Wilhelm Meister* the Harlequin of the Puppet-show is *Hanswurst*; the Clown of the Aerobats is *Pagliasso*; the Actor who played the part of the good-humoured, rollicking old man, who, we are told, is always found in a German theatre, is only known by his description as *der Alte*; and the generic name for Actor, as distinguished from Manager or Stage-Poet, is *Schauspieler*. A Comic Actor is *Lustspieler*, not *lustige Person*. The epithet seems to me to describe the personal character of the third interlocutor in the Prelude, not the character which he sustained upon the stage—even if he is to be regarded as an Actor. Is it possible that the *Merry Personage* speaks the sentiments of Goethe's Patron, Karl August? From the internal evidence (pp. 13, 14), I should infer that the Prelude was written in or about 1808, when Goethe was approaching his sixtieth year.

## PRELUDE FOR THE THEATRE.

*MANAGER—STAGE POET—MERRY PERSONAGE.*

MANAGER.

Y<sup>E</sup> two, who in the time of need  
Have ever at my side been found,  
How do ye think on German ground  
Will this our enterprise succeed ?  
I want to give the multitude a treat,  
Because it lives and lets live, at the least ;  
The posts are set, the planking is complete,  
And every one looks forward to a feast.  
Yonder, with eyebrows raised and open eyes,  
They calmly sit, awaiting a surprise !  
I know the popular taste, but I protest  
That fairly at a loss for once I feel ;  
'Tis true they're not accustomed to the best,  
But then again they've read an awful deal.  
How shall we see that all is fresh and new,  
And entertaining and instructive too ?

For I delight to see the population  
 Bound for our booth, abundant and elate,  
 And, with strong throes and many a fierce pulsation,  
 Striving to enter at our narrow gate—  
 In broad day making for the money-takers,  
 Ere stroke of four all shouldering ahead,  
 And—as 'twere famine times, and we the bakers—  
 Risking their necks for tickets, as for bread.  
 What wonder-worker such a mass can sway,  
 Except the Poet? Do it thou to-day!

POET.

The motley multitude, oh, name it not!  
 Its very aspect puts my soul to flight.  
 Let the foul swirling whirlpool be forgot  
 Which sucks us downward in our own despite!  
 Nay, take me rather to some peaceful spot,  
 Where only for the Poet blooms delight—  
 Where Love and Friendship joined create and cherish  
 With hand divine the joys which do not perish!—  
 What springs unbidden in the heart's recess,  
 What faltering lip in secret strives to say,  
 Succeeding now, now failing to express,  
 The rush of one wild moment sweeps away!  
 Oft only after years of weariness  
 Doth the fair Shape its finished form display.  
 Mere flash a moment's interest engages;  
 The genuine, unforgotten, waits the Ages.

## MERRY PERSONAGE.

Let me not of the Ages hear! Suppose  
 About the Ages I began to prose,  
 Who'd find amusement for the *age*?

Have it they will, and so they ought.

A brave young fellow's presence, to my thought,  
 Is that which recommends the stage.  
 Genius that can communicate delight

Is ne'er embittered by the world's neglect;  
 Large audience it would fain invite,  
 To move it with the more effect.

Then set the mode—a gallant front present!

Let Fancy, with her whole assembled chorus—  
 Reason—Reflection—Passion—Sentiment—

And, mark me! Folly too—be brought before us!

## MANAGER.

But incident enough pray let there be!  
 They like a show—they chiefly come to see.  
 Spin your material out before their eyes,

And make them gape for wonder, as you can—  
 You've gained immediately in point of size,  
 You're a considerable man!

By mass alone can you subdue the masses;  
 Each picks out something if the plot allows;  
 He that writes plenty writes for various classes,  
 And every one contented leaves the house.

Give them a piece, but give it them in pieces !  
 They like a hash—it always pleases ;  
   'Tis easy to make up—'tis easy to serve out ;  
   What is this finished *whole* you rave about ?  
 Piccemeal the Public tears whate'er it seizes.

## POET.

Thou dost not feel how base such handicraft would be !  
   How ill such aim the Artist doth become !  
 Your pretty masters with their botchery,  
   With you, I fear me, are an axiom.

## MANAGER.

Such censure mortifies me not. A man  
 Who wants to work the best he can  
 Must get the tools that for the work are fit.  
 Reflect, you have for task soft wood to split—  
 And only see for whom you write !  
 One comes all listlessness to pass a night,  
   One surfeit-swelled, and, what's the most infernal  
 Of all the things we have to fight,  
   They're full of wisdom from the latest journal.  
 Harebrained they haste to us, as to a masquerade.  
   'Tis curiosity that wings them thus ;  
 The ladies with their laces lend their aid,  
   And act—unsalaried—with us.



What dream ye of on your poetic heights?

Full houses ye would fain behold;

Look at your friends before the lights—

One half is coarse, the other cold!

One longs for cards, before the play is done—

One for the hour of rendezvous doth pine.

When such the object to be won,

Poor fools, why plague the Blessed Nine?

I tell you give them more, and hark ye, more again;

So of the mark you never will be wide:

See that the mob is mystified!

All thoughts of satisfying it are vain—

What ails you, pain or pleasure, that you start?

#### POET.

Go, seek some other slave to yield delight,

Nor ask the Poet to renounce his right,

Degrade his manhood, and belie his bent!

Ah, bid him not forget his nobler part!

By what doth he subdue the heart?

By what control each element?

Is't not the harmony, which from him springs,

To harmonise the universe of things?

When heedless Nature, with her threads entangled,

Doth on the spindle force the endless strings—

When all the chimes of being have been jangled,

And discord's diapason rings—

Who gives the smooth and ever-flowing motion,  
 And times the rhythmic march, of life the lord ?  
 Who merges all in one supreme devotion,  
 And summons each to swell the high accord ?  
 Who gives the storm a voice in passion's hour ?  
 Bids the red eye in pensive bosom glow ?  
 Who culls the firstlings of the vernal bower  
 Upon the loved one's path to throw ?  
 Who twines the wreath to high desert allotted  
 From the mere leafage which the woodlands yield ?  
 Assures Olympus—peoples it with Godhead ?  
 The lofty powers in Poesy revealed !

MERRY PERSONAGE.

Then turn to use these lofty powers,  
 And act in your poetic hours,  
 As in a love affair you'd act.  
 You meet by chance—there's something to attract—  
 You linger—round your feet the toils are doubled ;  
 The bliss goes on increasing—then 'tis troubled ;  
 'Tis rapture now, then torture breaks the trance,  
 And ere you're eonscious 'tis a whole romance.  
 Give us a play with passion rife !  
 Go and grasp bodily at human life !  
 Each in it lives ; 'tis little known at best ;  
 Seize where you will, 'tis sure to interest.  
 Much brilliancy, and nothing clear,  
 False views where gleams of truth appear—

'Tis thus the beverage is brewed  
 Which stimulates and cheers the multitude !  
 Then youth displays its very fairest flower,  
     The play admiring as the plot advances —  
 Then every gentle spirit for the hour  
     Extracts the food of melancholy fancies —  
 Then, as this thought or that is made to start,  
 Each one beholds the secret of his heart ;  
 They're equally prepared for tears and laughter—  
     Praise when you soar—are dazzled as you shine ;  
 Once formed, the mind is callous ever after ;  
     The growing youngster deems the whole divine.

## POET.

Then give me back the times of growing,  
     When I myself was growing too—  
 When from the fount the lays were flowing,  
     Uninterrupted, ever new—  
 When all was haze, and all illusion—  
     When wonder lurked in every flower,  
     And blooms by thousands decked the bower,  
 And dales were one divine profusion !  
 Nought had I, but enough for youth—  
 Delight in dreams, and longing after truth :  
 Give me the unsubdued emotion—  
     The bliss that tingled into pain—  
 The might of hatred—love's devotion—  
     Oh ! give me back my youth again !

## MERRY PERSONAGE.

Youth you require, your flights if I may check,  
 When in the fight the foeman presses—  
 When with her arms around your neck  
 Young Beauty kills you with caresses—  
 When in the race with beckoning glance  
 The garland from the goal is blinking—  
 When after the mad whirling dance  
 You drown the jolly night with drinking;  
 But over those familiar strings  
 With spirit and with grace to gambol—  
 With pleasant wayward wanderings  
 To some selected bourne to ramble—  
 This is the part ye sires should play!  
 Nor deem that thus our reverence disappears;  
 Age doth not make us childish, as they say—  
 It finds us children still, in spite of years.

## MANAGER.

A truce to words! for, to be candid,  
 What I am looking for is *deed*;  
 While compliments are being bandied,  
 Something that's useful might proceed.  
 Don't say you're not in tune to show it!  
 The dillydallier ne'er will be;  
 If you set up to be a Poet,  
 Go and command your poesy!

You know of what we all are thinking ;  
Some good, strong stuff we'd fain be drinking—  
Go and incontinently brew !  
What to-day leaves undone, to-morrow will not do !  
A day let slip the toil increases ;  
Of what is possible the will  
With prompt resolve the forelock seizes,  
And nevermore its grasp releases,  
Until its purpose it fulfil !

Of German theatres the meanest  
Attempts unlimited display ;  
So in your meditated play  
Spare not for painter or machinist !  
Display the greater and the lesser light—  
Stars in sublime confusion scatter—  
With precipice and fire and water  
And beast and bird amaze the sight !—  
So, as you tread this narrow boarded bound,  
Of all creation make the round,  
And pass, with movement measured well,  
From Heaven—right through the World—to Hell !

## N O T E S.

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PAGE 9.

*But incident enough pray let there be!*

The views of the Manager may be illustrated by the following passages in *Wilhelm Meister*, in which Serlo comments upon Wilhelm's adaptation of *Hamlet* for the German stage:—'Thank Heaven!' cried Serlo, 'we shall thus escape Wittenberg and the College, with which I have always felt annoyed. I approve of your plan highly, for, with the exception of those two distant objects, Norway and the Fleet, the audience need not exercise their imaginations—they will *see* everything, all will take place before their eyes.' 'Few Germans,' says Serlo in a subsequent passage, 'and perhaps few persons of any modern nation, can appreciate an æsthetical whole—they blame and praise according to isolated passages, and for whom is this a greater happiness than for the actors themselves, since the stage itself is little else than a patched and mutilated affair!'

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PAGE 12.

*Assures Olympus—peoples it with Godhead?*

'Poets have lived so,' exclaimed Wilhelm, 'in times when true nobleness was better revered; and so should they ever live. Sufficiently provided for within, they had need of little from without; the gift of imparting lofty emotions and glorious images to men, in melodies and words that charmed the ear, and fixed themselves inseparably on whatever they might touch, of old enraptured the world, and served the gifted as a rich inheritance. At the courts of kings, at the tables of the great, under the windows of the fair, the sound of them was heard, while the ear and the soul were shut for all beside; and men felt, as we do when delight comes over us, and we pause with rapture if, among the dingles we are crossing, the voice of the nightingale starts out, touching and strong. They found a home in every habitation of the world, and the lowliness of their condition but exalted them the more. The hero listened to their songs, and the conqueror of the earth did reverence to a Poet; for he felt that, without Poets, his own wild and vast existence would pass away like a whirlwind, and be forgotten for ever. The lover wished that he could feel his longings and his joys so variedly and so harmoniously as the Poet's inspired lips had skill to show them forth; and even the rich man could not of himself discern such costliness in his idol grandeurs, as when they were presented to him shining in the splendour of the Poet's spirit, sensible to all worth, and ennobling all. Nay, if thou wilt have it, who but the Poet was it that first formed Gods for us; that exalted us to them, and brought them down to us?'—*Wilhelm Meister*.

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

SOME of Goethe's commentators suppose that this Prologue was added by him, from the circumstance that the design of *Faust* was not understood in the Fragment first published. It appears to have been written in June, 1797, before the Prelude on the Stage, and chiefly for the purpose of setting forth the moral and intellectual problem which underlies the drama. Although possibly suggested by the Prologue in Hell of two of the puppet plays, its character is evidently drawn from the interviews of Satan with the Lord, in the first and second chapters of Job. Upon this point, Goethe in 1825 said to Eckermann: 'My Mephistopheles sings a song of Shakespeare; and why should he not? Why should I give myself the trouble to compose a new song, when Shakespeare's was just the right one, saying exactly what was necessary? If, therefore, the scheme of my *Faust* has some resemblance to that of Job, that is also quite right, and I should be praised rather than censured on account of it.'—*Bayard Taylor*.

I was once pressed—many years ago—to translate the *Faust*; and I so far entertained the proposal as to read the work through with great attention, and to revive in my mind my own former plan of Michael Scott. But then . . . I debated with myself whether it became my moral character to render into English—and so far, certainly, lend my countenance to language—much of which I thought vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous. I need not tell you that I never put pen to paper as a translator of *Faust*.—*Coleridge's Table Talk*.

On this point, Dr. Anster quotes the following remarks from the *Quarterly Review* on Lord Leveson Gower's translation:—'The *Faust*, though it be called a Tragedy on its title-page, is, in fact, and was designed to be, a *Mystery*; and the reader loses a great deal in not being compelled to recognise from the very outset, this—the peculiar character of the piece. The audacious dialogue in the Prologue does not stand alone; there are numberless passages scattered over the performance, the effect of which must be miserably impaired, if not distorted, if we do not recollect that the Poet has in his hands the Gothic licence of that essentially Gothic form of composition. In one page we have Raphael and Gabriel uttering strains of Miltonic harmony and grandeur, in the hearing of all the host of Heaven. In another, the jabber of fiends and sorcerers in their witch-sabbath presents an unearthly mixture, in which it is impossible to draw any definite line between the grotesque and the ghastly; the sadness of immortal degradation, and the buffoonery of diabolical despair. In the midst of all this, human passions—love, hatred, revenge, repentance, remorse—clothe themselves alternately in the severest simplicity of idiomatic dialogue, and the softest and noblest strains of lyric poetry. Even here, satire—the satire of literature, of manners, of politics, above all, of philosophy—finds its place. The effect of so strange a medley of elements must have been abundantly considered by such an artist as Goethe; and no translator can have any right to interfere with him, by diminishing their number or variety.'—*Quarterly Review*.



## PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

*THE LORD.*

*THE HEAVENLY HOSTS—Afterwards MEPHISTOPHELES.*

*(The THREE ARCHANGELS come in front.)*

RAPHAEL.

STILL doth the Sun, though time is hoary,  
Make answer to the spheres in song,  
And his appointed path of glory  
He speeds with thunderforce along !  
His Vision gives the Angels vigour,  
Though fathom it no creature may ;  
The mighty works no thought can figure  
Are bright as on the primal day !

GABRIEL.

And, with a speed which thought outspeedeth,  
The Earth in beauty twirls its flight ;  
To paradisal day succeedeth  
The awful presence of the night ;  
In foaming waves the sea is swirling,  
As up the rocks the surf careers ;  
And onwards rock and sea are whirling,  
Swept onwards with the rushing spheres !

## MICHAEL.

And storms, each roaring to his fellow,  
 From sea to land, from land to sea,  
 Form in their fury, as they bellow,  
 A coiling chain of mystery.  
 A flaming desolation cleareth  
 Before the thunderburst a way—  
 But he that serveth Thee revereth  
 The even tenour of thy day!

## THE THREE.

Thy Vision gives the Angels vigour,  
 Though fathom Thee no creature may ;  
 Thy works, past all that thought can figure,  
 Are bright as on the primal day!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Since Thou, O Lord, dost once again draw near  
 To learn how all things fare in thy dependence,  
 And hast not seemed displeas'd to see me here,  
 You see me with the others, in attendance.  
 No lofty words my lowly thought toils after—  
 Your suite is welcome, if it likes, to scoff ;  
 My pathos only would provoke your laughter,  
 If laughter long ago you'd not left off.

Their Suns and Worlds transcend my poor endeavour—  
 I only mark that man torments himself as ever !  
 The little god o' th' world the same stamp doth display,  
 And is as wonderful—as on the primal day !  
 A little better had he thriven,  
 But for that gift of thine, the gleam of light from heaven :  
 He calls it *Reason*, and you see the fruit—  
 A thing more brutal than the very brute !  
 Saving your gracious presence, he's as mad as  
 One of those little spindle-shanked cicadas,  
 Which flits about with flying springs,  
 And in the grass the same old ditty sings ;  
 And would that he'd lie quiet in the grass !  
 He noses every mess that he doth pass.

THE LORD.

Hast thou no tongue but for dissenting ?  
 Thy venom art thou ever venting ?  
 Seems it to thee that nought on Earth is right ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No, Lord ! I find it, as of old, in evil plight ;  
 Man moves my pity with his long lamenting—  
 E'en I have scarce the heart for his tormenting.

THE LORD.

Hast thou considered Faust ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Doctor hight ?

THE LORD.

My servant !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So ! He serves thee in strange wise :  
 The food of earth, fond fool, he doth despise.  
 An inner ferment urges him afar—  
 E'en to himself his craze is half confest !  
 Of Heaven he would demand its fairest star,  
 Of Earth, the joy that hath the highest zest ;  
 And be it near, or be it far,  
 Nothing allays the tumult of his breast !

THE LORD.

Though now he serves me in a maze of doubt,  
 Soon will I guide him where the skies will clear.  
 The gardener knows, when sprays begin to sprout,  
 That flower and fruit will deck the coming year.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What will you bet ? Do thou not interfere,  
 And thou wilt lose him, if thou dost but say  
 That I may guide him on mine own career !

## THE LORD.

As long as he is child of clay,  
 So long to thee is nought forbidden.  
 While doomed to struggle man is doomed to stray.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thanks! With the dead in churchyard hidden  
 I never care to mell or mingle—  
 Mine be the full fresh cheeks that flush and tingle!  
 I'm not at home should Corpse approach my house—  
 I'm like the Cat, and love to play my mouse.

## THE LORD.

Content thee! In thine hands I leave him!  
 Lead thou this Spirit from its source astray—  
 Decoy him, if thou canst deceive him,  
 To go with thee the downward way—  
 And stand abashed, when 'tis by thee confest.  
 Dark though the war within may be and dreary,  
 Well doth the good man know the way that's best.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quite so! The waiting won't be weary—  
 I win my wager past a query;  
 If when I win it I am cheery.

Excuse the triumph which will swell my breast !  
 Dust shall he eat, and with a zest,  
 And, like the Snake, mine ancient fere, be merry!

THE LORD.

Exult, if such the issue of the trial ;  
 I never looked upon thy like with hate.  
 Of all the Spirits of Denial  
 The *Fool* is least offensive to my state.—  
 Man's will relaxes and requires renewing ;  
 He soon gets fond of indolent repose ;  
 So, of set purpose, for his mate I chose  
 The Fiend that stirs and spurs, and, devil, must be doing !—

But ye, true Sons of God, surrender  
 Your spirits to the rich and living splendour !  
 And may the Energy which works and lives  
 Embrace you in the bonds which love is linking !  
 And, in the shadowy shapes Appearance gives,  
 Grasp the eternal verity by thinking !

*[Heaven closes, and the Archangels go their way.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*solus*).

I like the Senior now and then to see ;  
 So I take heed and with him ne'er have broken.  
 'Tis handsome in so mighty a grandee  
 E'en with the Devil to be so fair spoken.

## NOTES.

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PAGE 20.

*Since thou, O Lord, dost once again draw near.*

Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the LORD, and Satan came also among them.

And the LORD said unto Satan, Whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.

And the LORD said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil?

Then Satan answered the LORD, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought?

Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land.

But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.

And the LORD said unto Satan, Behold all that he hath is in thy power: only upon himself put not forth thine hand. So Satan went forth from the presence of the LORD. *Book of Job, i. 6-12.*

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PAGE 21.

*Hast thou no tongue but for dissenting?*

Mr. Hayward quotes, with seeming approval, the following observations:— 'It is worthy of remark that, in the guise in which the poet introduces his Mephistopheles, a great difference is to be seen between his mode of treating the principle of evil, and that followed by Klopstock, Milton, and Lord Byron in Cain. It has also been a matter of course to hold to one side only of the Biblical tradition, which represents Satan as an angel of light, fallen through pride and haughtiness, endeavouring to disturb the glorious creation of the Supreme Being.

Goethe, on the contrary, has adhered rather to the other side of the tradition, of which the Book of Job is the groundwork, according to which Satan, or the Devil, forms one of the Lord's Host, not as a rebel against his will, but as a powerful tempter, authorized and appointed as such.—*Schubart*.

Méphistophélès est le vrai diable de la légende catholique ; il n'a rien autour de son front de ce ténébreux bandeau, de ce signe de fatalité que le beau Lucifer de Milton emprunte au paganisme des Grecs. Il n'intéresse pas, il ne séduit pas, il n'attire pas les âmes vers l'abîme par une sorte d'influence sympathique : il les y pousse avec rudesse et puissance. Méphistophélès, c'est la force du mal subissant la nécessité d'une incarnation inférieure et grossière, le génie de l'ange déchu empêtré dans le matérialisme de la brute. Sans cela, sans cette bestialité qui l'accable, le mal régnerait seul sur le monde ; il envahirait le ciel ; il serait dieu. Heureusement, et cela dans ses plus audacieuses tentatives, sa nature basse et dégradée perce toujours par quelque point : c'est le pied de cheval, la puanteur du bouc, la luxure du chat, etc.—*Blaze de Bury*.

Mephistopheles comes before us, not arrayed in the terrors of Coeytus and Phlegethon, but in the natural indelible deformity of Wickedness ; he is the Devil, not of Superstition, but of Knowledge. Here is no cloven foot, or horns and tail : he himself informs us that, during the late march of intellect, the very Devil has participated in the spirit of the age, and laid these appendages aside. Doubtless, Mephistopheles 'has the manners of a gentleman ;' he 'knows the world ;' nothing can exceed the easy tact with which he manages himself ; his wit and sarcasm are unlimited ; the cool heartfelt contempt with which he despises all things, human and divine, might make the fortune of half a dozen 'fellows about town.' Yet withal he is a devil in very deed ; a genuine Son of Night.—*Carlyle*.

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PAGE 24.

*The Fool is least offensive to my state.*

The Almighty confirms him in the double capacity of the Spirit of Contradiction and of the Domestic Fool of his Suite, and on that account he calls him *Schalk*, a word which certainly has a double meaning ; but the Scoffer and Cunning Rogue of the translators is not quite the same, and might have induced the *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1833, to tax Goethe with a needless impropriety, a charge to which I cannot subscribe. We meet again Mephistopheles in the Second Part of *Faust* introducing himself to the Emperor in the quality of *Schalk*, *Hof-Schalk*, *Narren-Schalk*, or as the general Domestic Fool, described in No. 1 of Douce's Classification of Fools, in his Illustrations of Shakspeare.—*Koller*.



THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST.

There is neither causation nor progression in the *Faust*; he is a ready-made conjuror from the very beginning; the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first line. The sensuality and the thirst after knowledge are unconnected with each other. Mephistopheles and Margaret are excellent; but Faust himself is dull and meaningless. The scene in Auerbach's cellars is one of the best, perhaps the very best; that on the Brocken is also fine; and all the songs are beautiful. But there is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat. The German is very pure and fine.—*Coleridge*.

*Faust* is emphatically a work of art; a work matured in the mysterious depths of a vast and wonderful mind; and bodied forth with that truth and curious felicity of composition, in which this man is generally admitted to have no living rival. To reconstruct such a work in another language; to show it in its hard yet graceful strength; with those slight witching traits of pathos or of sarcasm, those glimpses of solemnity or terror, and so many reflexes and evanescent echoes of meaning, which connect it in strange union with the whole Infinite of thought—were business for a man of different powers than has yet attempted German translation among us. In fact, *Faust* is to be read not once but many times, if we would understand it: every line, every word has its purport; and only in such minute inspection will the essential significance of the poem display itself. Perhaps it is even chiefly by following these fainter traces and tokens that the true point of vision for the whole is discovered to us; that we get to stand at last in the proper scene of *Faust*; a wild and wondrous region, where in pale light the primeval Shapes of Chaos, as it were—the Foundations of Being itself—seem to loom forth, dim and huge, in the vague Immensity around us; and the life and nature of man, with its brief interests, its misery and sin, its mad passion and poor frivolity, struts and frets its hour, encompassed and overlooked by that stupendous All, of which it forms an indissoluble though so mean a fraction.—*Carlyle*.

Amalgamer, fusionner les deux puissances; être Alexandre de Humboldt et Shakspeare; découper en tableaux inoubliables l'action la plus émouvante et la plus terrible; mêler le symbole au réel, festonner, enguirlander de romantisme ce que la nature a de plus brutal, et poursuivre en même temps sa thèse—une thèse, nous venons de le voir, qui n'a rien de la circonstance, qui n'est particulièrement ni allemande, ni anglaise, ni française, ni russe, ni turque, ni chinoise, ni persane, mais qui relève de tous les pays, de tous les temps;—satisfaire tous les publics, celui qui s'amuse et celui qui pense, et par de là tous les publics, saisir l'humanité, la remuer, l'émouvoir, l'enseigner, et la renseigner, l'occuper toujours; être un spectacle pour les yeux, un poème pour l'imagination, et pour la méditation une Bible: Voilà *Faust*!—*Blaze de Bury*.

In *Faust* we see, as in a mirror, the eternal problem of our intellectual existence; and, beside it, the varied lineaments of our social existence. It is at once a problem and a picture. Therein lies its fascination. The problem embraces all questions of vital importance; the picture represents all opinions, all sentiments, all classes, moving on the stage of life.—*Lewes*.

## F I R S T   A C T .

### THE SAGE.

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GOETHE, as I have already remarked in the Preface, divided the Second Part of *Faust* into five Acts, but left the First Part of the Tragedy a mere succession of Scenes. The division into Acts, though not authorised by Goethe, is made in order to mark the movement of the action, and display the unity of the plot which underlies the drama. The present Act comprises the three Scenes entitled in the original—*Night—Before the Gate—and Study*. It opens on the Eve of Easter—is continued through Easter Day—and closes with the disappearance of Mephistopheles on Easter Night. The time occupied by the action is twenty-four hours.

I most carefully concealed from Herder my interest in certain subjects which had rooted themselves within me, and were, by little and little, moulding themselves into poetic form. These were *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Faust*. The biography of the former had seized my inmost heart. The figure of a rude, well-meaning self-helper, in a wild anarchical time, awakened my deepest sympathy. The significant puppet-show fable of the latter resounded and vibrated many-toned within me. I also had wandered about in all sorts of science, and had early enough been led to see its vanity. I had, moreover, tried all sorts of ways of real life, and had always returned more unsatisfied and troubled. Now these things, as well as many others, I carried about with me during my solitary hours, but without writing anything down. But most of all I concealed from Herder my mystico-cabalistical chemistry, and everything relating to it, although, at the same time, I was still very fond of secretly busying myself in working it out more consistently than it had been communicated to me.—*Goethe's Autobiography*.

The text of various puppet-plays, which has been recovered by Simrock, Von der Hagen, and other zealous German scholars, enables us to detect the source of Goethe's conception—the original corner-stone whereupon he builded. In the play, as given in Ulm and Strasburg, there is a brief Prologue in Hell, in which Pluto orders the temptation of Faust. Notwithstanding the variation of the action in the different plays, the opening scene possesses very much the same character in all of them. As performed by Schütz, about the beginning of this century, Faust is represented as seated at a table, upon which lies an open book. His soliloquy commences thus: 'With all my learning, I, Johannes Faust, have accomplished just so much, that I must blush for self-shame. I am ridiculed everywhere, no one reads my books, all despise me. How fain am I to become more perfect! Therefore I am rigidly resolved to instruct myself in necromancy!'—*Bayard Taylor*.

I think it was one of the noblest conceptions that ever entered into the breast of a poet, which made Goethe open his *Faustus* with a scene of Moonlight. The restlessness of an intellect wearied with the vanity of knowledge, and tormented with the sleepless agonies of doubt—the sickness of a heart bruised and buffeted by all the demons of presumption—the wild and wandering throbs of a soul parched amidst plenty by the blind cruelty of its own dead affections—these dark and depressing mysteries, all maddening within the brain of the hermit-student, might have suggested other accompaniments to one who had looked less deeply into the nature of man—who had felt less in his own person of that which he might have been ambitious to describe. But this great master of intellect was well aware to what thoughts and what feelings the perplexed and bewildered are most anxious to return. He well knew where it is that Nature has placed the best balm for the wounds of the spirit—by what indissoluble links she has twined her own eternal influences around the dry and chafed heart-strings that have most neglected her tenderness.—*Lockhart*.

NIGHT.

*A high-vaulted narrow Gothic Chamber. FAUST seated  
at his desk, restless.*

FAUST.

**A** LAS, of high Philosophy,  
 Law's Mystery, and Medicine,  
 And, to my grief, Theology,  
 I've toiled the mastery to win—  
 And now, poor fool, for all my lore,  
 I stand no wiser than before !  
 Master and Doctor I'm styled, God wot !  
 And for ten long years it hath been my lot  
 Up, down, and thwart, without repose,  
 To lead my scholars by the nose ;  
 Yet nothing I know with all my learning—  
 'Tis *that* that in my heart is burning !  
 I'm wiser than those wretched creatures,  
 Doctors and Masters, Scribes and Preachers :  
 I trouble me not with scruple or cavil—  
 Little I reckon of hell or devil !

But then all joy from my breast is flown.  
No longer I fancy that aught is known :  
No longer I fancy that I may find  
Aught that will better or bless mankind !  
Then I have neither goods nor gold—  
Honour or lordship none I hold.  
By the merest hound would such life be spurned !  
Therefore to Magic I have turned,  
If so by the Spirit's power and voice,  
I may master the mystery and rejoice—  
May feel that my sweat hath ceased to flow  
In talking of what I do not know—  
May regard the forces, unrepelled,  
By which the world is together held—  
May deal with things in their seed and spring,  
And cease in words to be trafficking !

Oh, would that thou, full Moon, didst shine,  
Thy last on misery of mine !  
How oft I've watched the midnight skies  
From this lone desk to see thee rise,  
Till o'er my books and papers thou,  
Sad friend, didst smile on me, as now !  
Ah, would 'twere mine on mountain height  
To loiter in thy lovely light—  
Haunt mountain cave, with sprite for fellow,  
Flit o'er the meadows thou dost mellow,  
Cast off this sickliness of soul,  
Bathe in thy freshness, and be whole !

Stuck in this dungeon must I dwell,  
This cursèd, damp, immuring cell!  
Where e'en the blessed light of day  
Strikes the stained glass with saddened ray,  
And shows, of all its radiance clipt,  
Books gnawed by worms, with dust bedeckt,  
Which, to the ceiling of the crypt,  
Foul smoke-dried paperings protect—  
With instruments all placed amiss—  
With pyx and crystal ranged around—  
Old lumber littering the ground—  
This is thy world—thy world is this!

And dost thou ask thyself in vain  
Why beats thine heart within thy breast?  
Why with a vague and nameless pain  
Thy springs of life are all opprest?  
For Nature man was made of old,  
And thou from Nature's face hast fled;  
Thou dost but view, 'mid reek and mould,  
Brute bones and relics of the dead!

Away into a wider land!  
Away! This Book of Mystery,  
Compiled by Nostradamus' hand,  
Is it not guide enough for thee?

Then shalt thou know the planet's course,  
 And learn what Nature loves to teach ;  
 Thy soul shall recognise its force,  
 As spirit holds with spirit speech !  
 Vain the dull pondering of sense  
 To make the hallowed symbols clear !  
 Spirits, I feel your influence !  
 Make answer if ye deign to hear !

*[He opens the Book, and regards the Sign of  
 the Universe.]*

Ah ! what unwonted gladness at the sight  
 Pervades my senses, bids my being brighten !  
 I feel a hallowed rapture of delight  
 Flash through my nerves and veins, as heaven did lighten !  
 Was it a God who traced these Signs so well ?  
 The storm within me they are stilling—  
 My heart with gladness they are filling—  
 And, by an overmastering spell,  
 Nature reveals her forces at my willing !  
 Am I a God ? Lo, all is light !  
 In these fair lineaments the glory  
 Of Nature works, and lies displayed before me !  
 Now know I that the Sage hath said aright :—  
 “ The Unseen is not shut to sense ;  
 Thy sense is shut—thine heart is dead !  
 Up, Scholar, stay not in suspense,  
 But bathe thee in the Morning Red ! ”

*[He contemplates the Sign.]*



How all into the Whole enweaves !  
 How each in other works and lives !  
 The Heavenly Powers, ascending and descending,  
 Their golden ewers are extending !  
 Bliss with their flashing pinions bringing,  
 From heaven o'er earth their flight they're winging,  
 And with their music all is ringing !

A show—and but a show—yet how divine !  
 Where, Mighty Mother, shall I make thee mine ?  
 Where hang upon thy breasts ? Ye founts of life,  
     Which pendent heaven and earth sustain,  
     Which blighted spirit strives to gain—  
 Ye gush, ye quicken all, and am I doomed to pine ?

*[He turns over the Book impatiently, and observes  
 the Sign of the Spirit of the Earth.]*

Far other is the effect of this fair Sign !  
     Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nigher !  
     I feel my soul is soaring higher !  
 I'm glowing as with new-made wine !  
 I feel a mood to face the world awaken—  
 To say, Of weal and woe I have partaken—  
 The storm to buffet—and, of all forsaken,  
 Amid the shipwreck's crash to stand unshaken !

The vault begins to cloud—  
 The Moon withdraws her light—

The cresset flickers!

All's mist!—Red arrowy flashes lighten

Around mine head!—There falls

A horror from the vaulted roof,

And seizes me!

I feel thee—to my bidding thou art bent!

Reveal thyself!

The very fibres of my heart are rent!

With a strange wild feeling,

Lo, my senses all are reeling!

I feel that my whole heart to thee is rendered!

Thou must! thou must! though life for price be tendered!

*[He seizes the Book, and pronounces the Sign of the Spirit in a mysterious manner—a red flame bursts forth—the Spirit appears in the flame.]*

SPIRIT.

Who calleth?

FAUST (*with averted face,*)

Vision of affright!

SPIRIT.

With mastery thou hast brought me here!

Long hast thou assailed my sphere,

And now—

FAUST.

I may not bear the sight!

## SPIRIT.

Thou prayest—panting—in thine error—

My voice to hear, mine aspect to behold—

Lo, by thy potent prayer I am controlled!

Here am I!—What unmanly terror

Seizes the more than man? Where is the spell you hurled?

Where is the breast which could create a world,

Sustain, and cherish? which with rapture trembled,

And dreamed that *Us*, the Spirits, it resembled?

Where art thou, Faust? Thy challenge boldly rang—

Thy soul with all its powers to meet me sprang!

Art *thou* the man? who at my breath dost shiver—

Dost to the bottom of thy being quiver—

A fearful, writhing, and recoiling worm!

## FAUST.

Flamboyant Form!—I dare the sequel!

I'm he—am Faust—am none the less thine equal!

## SPIRIT.

In the floods of life, in action's storm—

On the crest of the wave,

In the depths of the sea—

I am birth and grave,

Eternally!

As I weave my tissues,

Life glows and issues,

And I stand at the thunderous loom of time,

And work for the Godhead his garb sublime!

FAUST.

As thou thy sinuous web of life dost weave  
Round the wide world, how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT.

Thou 'rt like the spirit whom thou dost conceive—  
Not me!

[*Vanishes.*]

FAUST (*confounded*).

Not thee?

Whom then?

I—image of the Godhead!

And not like thee!

[*A knocking.*]

O Death! I know—it is my Familius!

Mine opportunity hath come to nought!—

That the full vision which my spirit sought

Must, by the prowling dunce, be ended thus!

*Enter WAGNER in his night-gown and night-cap, with a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns round impatiently.*

WAGNER.

Pardon me, Sir—I thought you were declaiming,

Some passage, doubtless, from the Grecian plays:

That is an art at which I've long been aiming:

It carries all before it now-a-days.

I've often heard that, if you want a teacher,  
A player may give lessons to a preacher.

FAUST.

Aye, if the preacher chance to be a player,  
As may, upon occasion, come to pass.

WAGNER.

When in one's study one 's a constant stayer,  
And only sees the great world through a glass,  
Or views it on some holiday occasion,  
How can one hope to move it by persuasion?

FAUST.

Unless you feel, in vain yourself you worry—  
Unless it flashes from the soul,  
Yours will not be the oratory  
The heart of hearer to controul!  
Sit at it! Glue your bits together!  
Make of your stolen scraps a hash!  
Try, with your heap of ashes, whether  
Your breath can fan it to a flash!  
The child and jackanapes may wonder,  
If praise like theirs a joy impart;  
But heart from heart will stand asunder,  
Unless it gushes from the heart!

WAGNER.

But action makes the orator, you'll find ;  
In this I feel I'm very much behind.

FAUST.

Pursue thine aim without pretence !  
Disdain to be a tinkling fool !  
Sound understanding and good sense  
Find utterance with little rule.  
When earnest thought the spirit raises,  
Who cares to hunt about for phrases ?

With all the turns on which you've set your mind,  
With all your shreds of rhetoric when you've wrought 'em,  
You're just as stirring as the misty wind  
Which drizzles through the shrivelled leaves of Autumn !

WAGNER.

O God, but Art is long,  
And short is Life ! And ever,  
Despite mine uttermost endeavour,  
Will fears my brain and bosom throng.  
To find some method man is ever trying,  
By which to reach the fountain head—  
And ere one half the weary way is sped,  
Why, a poor devil finds he's dying !

FAUST.

The parchment scroll—is that the holy well  
On which to quench thy thirsting thou dost count ?

Thine inner thirst if thou wouldst quell,  
In thine own bosom thou must find the fount !

## WAGNER.

Excuse me, but it surely is a pleasure  
The spirit of the former times to measure—  
To see how sage who lived before us thought,  
And mark the glorious height to which by us 'tis brought.

## FAUST.

Aye, even to the starry height !  
Past times, my friend, are veiled in deepest night—  
A book with sevenfold sigil is the Past !  
    What men the spirit of the times miscall  
    Is but the spirit after all  
In which the flitting times are glassed !—  
Oft a fool's chronicle, the mind to cumber—  
    A thing from which in haste we turn away—  
A bin for rubbish, or a loft for lumber—  
    The poor performance of a puppet-play,  
With high state maxims, and pragmatic saws,  
Fit only to be mouthed by wooden jaws !

## WAGNER.

But in the world—in the deep heart of man—  
We may attain to knowledge, and should prize it.

## FAUST.

Knowledge forsooth!—so call it if you can!

Who that hath seen the babe would so baptize it?  
 The few who knowledge for their own did take,  
 And left the outlets of the heart unguarded,  
 And laid their bosom bare, have been rewarded—  
 Aye, with the cross, the fagot and the stake!  
 But pardon me—we're deep into the night;  
 The spell of this our converse must be broken.

## WAGNER.

Fain would I stay awake till morning light,  
 To hear the learned words you leave unspoken!  
 But on the morrow, as 'tis Easter Day,  
 A few more questions let me ask, I pray.  
 Great zeal upon my studies I bestow;  
 True, I know much, but *all* I fain would know.

[*Exit.*

FAUST (*solus*).

Strange he alone by Hope should still be haunted,  
 Who clings to trash, and hath no higher scope—  
 Who doth with greedy hand for treasure grope,  
 And, when he finds an earthworm, is enchanted!

Dare mortal voice, and such a voice, resound  
 Where all, but now, was populous with spirit?



And yet, for once, thy debtor I am found,  
Thou poorest wretch of all that earth inherit !  
For thou didst snatch me from a fell despair,  
Which thought and sense had all but overpowered ;  
Ah, so gigantic did the Vision glare,  
I dwindled to a dwarf, and crouched and cowered !—

I, God's own image, who my way had won  
Nigh to the mirrored form of truth eternal,  
Basked in the glory and the light supernal,  
And deemed me earth's emancipated son—  
I, more than Seraph, who in fancy's flight,  
All nature's maze was proudly permeating,  
And felt a sense of Godhead in creating—  
Ah, that my pride should know such swift abating !  
One thunderword hath swept me into night !

I durst not deem mine equal I was greeting—  
I had the might to force thee to a meeting,  
But to retain thee I had not the might !  
Blest with a glimpse of passing glory  
I felt so little, and so great !  
But thou didst thrust me back with fury  
To man's inscrutable estate.  
Wisdom or warning who will proffer ?  
Is still the thought of action rife ?  
Alas ! that what we do, no less than what we suffer,  
Checks the free current of our life !

E'en in the loftiest flights to man accorded,  
Some foreign stuff doth to the spirit cling!  
When the world's goods our labours have rewarded,  
All higher good seems vain imagining;  
The life which gives us life—the lofty feeling—  
Dies in the welter of the world, congealing!

If Fancy once, on daring wing of fire,  
Stretched to the Infinite, by hope bellattered,  
Small is the space which now she doth require,  
When by the tides of time our joys are shattered!  
Care builds her nest deep in the heart's recesses,  
And, darkling, broods o'er dim distresses,  
And restless sways herself, and scares delight and rest!  
Lo, with new masks she evermore is drest,  
Disguised as wife and child, as house and mailing—  
As fire and flood, as bane and blade!  
Of what befalls not we're afraid,  
And what we never lose we're evermore bewailing!

I'm not a God—I feel it as I must!  
I'm but the worm which wriggles through the dust,  
And in the dust, for which 'tis doomed to crave,  
Is crushed by wanderer's tread, and finds a grave!

Is it not dust, all that contracts these walls  
Upon a hundred shelves—the mass of trifles

Which in a thousand forms my sight appals,

And in a world of moths my spirit stifles?

Here shall I fill the void within my breast?

These tomes must I peruse, from morn to morrow,

To learn that happiness is rare at best,

That all beneath the sun are born to sorrow?

Why art thou grinning, O thou hollow skull?

Say, did thy brain, like mine, too deeply ponder—

Seek the clear day, and in a twilight dull,

In search of knowledge, miserably wander?

Ye instruments, ye do but mock at me—

Cog-wheel, and crank, and cylinder are mocking!

I reached the door—ye should have been the key;

For all your curious wards the lock knows no unlocking!

Mysterious even in the blaze of day,

Nature lets no man of her veil bereave her!

What to the mind she deigns not to display,

Thou dost not wrench from her by screw or lever!

Ye antique fixtures, which I do not want,

Ye still are here because ye once were wanted!

Thou antique roll, smoke only canst thou vaunt,

Since first upon this desk the smouldering lamp was planted!

Better have spent the little all I owed,

Than, loaded with that little, long to doff it!

To enjoy thine heritage, the only mode

Is to employ, and have thy uses of it!

What profits not is but a weary load;

'Tis what the hour brings forth that yieldeth profit!

But, lo, on yonder spot what is it that thou markest?  
 Is yonder gleaming flask a magnet to thy sight?  
 Whence the fair light, which dawns when all is darkest,  
 Welcome as moon to wretch lost in the woods at night?

All hail! thou singular and precious phial!  
 I reach thee down with awe for one dread trial—  
 In thee I honour human wit and skill!  
 Thou abstract essence of sweet sleepy juices,  
 Thou concentration of all deadly uses,  
 Be thou subservient to thy master's will!  
 I see thee—and the sight my pain assuages;  
 I clutch thee—and the strife no longer rages!  
 Lo, throb by throb, my passion ebbs away!  
 My spirit points to where the high seas darkle;  
 Before my feet the crystal waters sparkle;  
 To brighter shores allures a brighter day!

A chariot ablaze with flaming pinions  
 Comes sweeping down! Before me is my goal!  
 I yearn to cleave yon ether's dim dominions,  
 And seek new spheres of action for the soul!  
 This lofty life, this glory of the Godhead,  
 Thou, but a worm, such bliss deservest thou?  
 Yea, on the earth, with all its sunlight flooded,  
 Turn thou thy back, and show thy courage now!  
 Rouse thee, and burst the everlasting portals  
 Past which the coward slinks in pale affright,

And show, albeit thy lot is that of mortals,  
That soul of man can tower to the full Godhead's height !  
Gaze with calm vision on the dismal hollow  
Which frightened fancy feigns, itself to damn—  
Through the dread dark defile thy purpose follow,  
Though at its mouth all Hell displays its oriflamme—  
Firm in thy fixed resolve, thy terrors banish,  
And dare thy doom, though into nought thou vanish !

And thou, pure crystal, in thy casket hidden,  
Come—to the banquet though no guest be bidden !  
For many a year thou hast escaped my sight !  
Thou sparkledst at the banquets of my father,  
When the grave guests would round him gather,  
And pass thee to each other, and grow bright,  
And mark thy quaint devices with delight,  
In ready rhymes thy trceries explaining,  
Or, at a draught, thine ample measure draining—  
Thou dost recall me many a youthful night !  
I care not now to pass thee to my neighbour ;  
I care not that my wit upon thy work should labour—  
Here is a juice which soon displays its might !  
See, the brown flood is filling up thine hollow !  
I mix a bumper none shall follow ;  
One long last draught, with all my soul, I swallow,  
And with this festive pledge I greet the morning light !

*[He puts the goblet to his mouth.]*

*Chimes and Carols.*

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !  
 Joy to the mortal-bred,  
 Whom a sin-merited,  
 Haunting, inherited,  
 Curse did imprison !

## FAUST.

Hark, the deep hum, which, as its music swells,  
 Draws back the goblet with mysterious power !  
 Say, are ye heralding, ye booming bells,  
 The feast of Easter at the matin hour ?  
 Sing ye the song, ye choirs, which angel voices sang,  
 When from the sepulchre the proclamation rang,  
 That Heaven with Earth did covenant once more ?

## CHORUS OF WOMEN.

Balmed with sweet spices,  
 Faithful we laid Him out—  
 Decked with devices  
 Fond we arrayed Him out ;  
 Fair we entwined Him  
 In the grave's winding gear—  
 Ah ! and we find Him  
 No longer here !

## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen !  
Now is the loving blest,  
He who with grief opprest  
Suffered and stood the test,  
Died, and is risen !

## FAUST.

Ye heavenly tones ! so mighty and so mild,  
Why seek me prostrate in the dust of death ?  
Peal forth your power, where man may be beguiled !  
I hear the message, but I lack the faith—  
For miracle is faith's beloved child !  
I dare not strive to reach the distant sphere,  
From which the blessed tidings sound ;  
Yet the old carol leaves me fancy-bound—  
It calls me back to life, and roots me here !

In other days, Heaven, with a loving kiss,  
Upon me in the solemn sabbath hush descended,  
And mystic music with the bells was blended,  
And prayer was one deep ecstasy of bliss !

A sweet unutterable yearning  
 Urged me to roam the forest and the field ;  
 And 'mid the tears with which mine eyes were burning,  
 A world before me stood revealed !

This song of yore, when spring was in the wildwood,  
 Proclaimed its pastimes, and its careless bliss ;  
 And memory, with the feelings of my childhood,  
 Now holds me back on verge of the abyss !  
 Sound on, sound on, thou sweet celestial strain !  
 I weep ! I weep ! Earth claims her own again !

CHORUS OF DISCIPLES.

Thou, O Thou buried One,  
 Death who defiest,  
 Sitt'st the preferred One,  
 Throned in the highest !  
 Thou the Creator's side  
 Sittest in gladness near ;  
 We on Earth's bosom bide,  
 Brooding in sadness here !  
 Comfort declining  
 Sore we our Master miss—  
 Ah, we're repining,  
 Lord, at Thy bliss !



## CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen

Free from corruption's stains!

Glad, and uprisen,

Burst from your chains!

By your deeds teaching Him,

In your love reaching Him,

Bound each to each in Him,

Going forth preaching Him,

Bliss in your speech of Him—

Ye have your Master near!

Still is He here!

BEFORE THE GATE.

*People of all sorts and conditions passing out.*

A PARTY OF CRAFTSMEN.

How now? Whither away?

SECOND PARTY.

We're for the Hunting Lodge to-day.

FIRST PARTY.

And we are for a ramble to the Mill.

A CRAFTSMAN.

Down to the Water Court I'd have you go.

A SECOND.

'Tis not a pleasant road, I trow.

SECOND PARTY.

And what wilt thou?

## THIRD CRAFTSMAN.

Whate'er the others will.

## FOURTH.

Come up to Burgdorf, and you'll find for cheer  
The loveliest lasses, and the best of beer,  
And hand-to-hand work of the primest sort!

## FIFTH.

My over jolly bully-boy, let be—  
Thy skin must itch for thrashing number three.  
I won't go there—I hate the place in short.

## A SERVANT MAID.

No! No! I must be going back.

## A SECOND.

We're sure to find him by the poplar trees.

## THE FIRST.

And what if he be there, good lack?  
'Tis you he'll walk with, if you please,  
With you he'll dance upon the floor—  
Aye, that is worth my waiting for!

## THE SECOND.

He won't be by himself—he said  
He'd try and bring young Curlyhead.

## A STUDENT.

'Slight! What long steps the strapping wenches take!  
Let us step out, and follow in their wake.  
Beer when 'tis strong—tobacco when it bites—  
And Betty in her best—are my delights!

## BURGESS'S DAUGHTER.

Those nice young fellows only see—  
It really is a shocking shame!  
Although they might command the best society,  
They're running after servants, all the same.

SECOND STUDENT (*to the first*).

Don't walk so fast! Mark well the two behind,  
So exquisite in their array—  
One lives fast by me, and I find  
I'm smitten with my pretty May;  
Although they're looking so demure,  
They'll let us join them in the end, I'm sure.

## THE FIRST.

Nay, my friend, nay! Your prudes I do not prize—  
On, or we lose the game for lack of pressing!  
Hand that on Saturday the besom plies  
Is best on Sunday, if you want caressing!

## A BURGESS.

Now we've elected him, this Burgomaster,  
His self-importance scarcely could be vaster—  
And then, what is he doing for the town?  
Each day are things not worse than ever?  
To keep us down is his endeavour—  
I wish to God he'd keep the taxes down!

A BEGGAR (*sings*).

Gentle master! Pretty maiden,  
With rosy cheek and dainty dress!  
Relieve a wretch with sorrow laden—  
Ah, look and pity my distress!

Let not my lute in vain be playing!  
The heart that gives is always gay;  
The day when all the world is maying  
Should be to me a harvest-day!

## SECOND BURGESS.

'Tis good on Saints' days and on Sundays, neighbour,  
 To gossip about war and warlike work,  
 When far away—off yonder—with the Turk—  
 The foreign folk each other well belabour.  
 One stands before the window, drinks his glass,  
 And marks the gaudy craft while gliding down the river ;  
 And homeward wends, ere dew is on the grass,  
 Exclaiming, Peace, and peaceful times for ever !

## THIRD BURGESS.

Aye, neighbour, true for you ! 'Tis even so !  
 Each other's costards let 'em split—  
 Let everything to ruin go—  
 So we at home in quiet sit !

OLD WOMAN (*to Burgesses' Daughters*).

The pretty dears ! So smartly drest !  
 Who sees you finds his heart is gone !  
 But not so proud—'twere far the best !  
 And what you want, I'll get it you anon.

## BURGESS'S DAUGHTER.

Come, Agatha !—it is not right  
 To talk in public with an old witch-wife ;  
 And yet she showed me on St. Andrew's Night  
 My future lover to the life.

## THE SECOND.

She showed me mine in the crystal, full and fair—  
A soldier, with a sort of gallants round him ;  
I seek him here—I seek him everywhere—  
But, sooth to say, I have not found him !

## SOLDIERS.

Town with its rampire  
For the campaigner !  
Charmer still prouder,  
Scorner still vainer,  
Fain would I gain her !  
Bold if the venture,  
Fair is the prey !

Hark, how the trumpet,  
Rousing the ranger,  
As to a banquet  
Summons to danger !  
Hey for the tempest !  
Turmoil is rapture !  
Maiden and fortress  
Quickly we capture,  
Bold if the venture,  
Fair is the prey !  
And the gay soldier  
Marches away !

*Enter FAUST and WAGNER.*

FAUST.

Freed from ice are the watercourses,  
Where the quickening glance of the Spring is seen :  
The valleys with promise and joy are green ;  
Hoar Winter, at fault with his feeble forces,  
Falls back on the hills where the winds are keen ;  
And, as he retreats, he essays to pour  
Impotent hail in an arrowy flight,  
Which falls aslant on the verdurous floor—  
But the Sun endures not the rimy white.  
Every where, lo, there is stirring and growing—  
All with his colours will soon be glowing.  
Though the scene lacks flowers, he makes it gay  
With the holiday folk in their best array !

Turn now, and, from the hillock's crown,  
Look back upon the distant town.  
Beneath the archway, dark and low,  
A motley multitude doth flow.  
To-day each suns him on the sward ;  
They honour the rising of the Lord,  
For they themselves for the day have risen.  
From the dingy dens of their sordid Babel,  
From the bonds of the handicraftsman's prison,  
From courts overshadowed by roof and gable,



From narrow streets, and stifling alleys,  
From the hallowing gloom of the miuster's night,  
All are issuing into light !  
See, ah, see with what joyous sallies  
Through garden and meadow they scatter wide—  
How the river is tossing the pleasure galleys  
Through the length and breadth of its laughing tide—  
And how to sinking overladen  
The last pulls off from the pebbly marge !  
From the mountain paths, of youth and maiden  
The gay garbs flash as they roam at large.  
I hear the village hum arise ;  
Here is the people's paradise ;  
Both great and little shout for glee ;  
Here I'm a man—and dare to be !

---

## WAGNER.

With you, Sir Doctor, thus to ramble  
Credit and profit doth bestow ;  
Yet loth were I, alone, to join the gambol,  
Because I shrink from everything that's low.  
This shouting—fiddling—skittle-pitching—  
Excites my loathing, deep and strong ;  
They yell as though the fiend the fools were switching,  
And call it pleasure, call it song !

*Peasants under the Linden.*

## DANCE AND SONG.

The Shepherd drest him for the dance,  
 With wreath and ribbon all aglance,  
 And coat with colours glowing !  
 'Twas full around the linden tree,  
 And all were dancing, mad with glee—  
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !  
 Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !—  
 Like mad the fiddle going !

With eager haste he hustled in,  
 And notice of a maid to win,  
 He set his elbow going ;  
 The buxom damsel turned and spoke,  
 " I call that but a sorry joke "—  
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !  
 Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !—  
 " How very rude you're growing ! "

They're dancing as of sense bereft,  
 They're dancing right, they're dancing left,  
 The petticoats are showing !  
 They're getting red, they're getting warm,  
 They're resting breathless arm in arm—  
 Hurrah ! Hurrah !  
 Hip ! Hip ! Hurrah !—  
 To hip the elbow going !

“Don't make so free—full many a maid  
Is first betrothed and then betrayed,  
A heedless trust bestowing.”  
But soon he wheedled her aside,  
And from the linden echoing wide—  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Hip! Hip! Hurrah!—  
They heard the fiddle going!

## OLD PEASANT.

Sir Doctor, 'tis right good of you,  
Our feast to-day you have not spurned,  
But come into this press of folk,  
And you that are so deeply learned;  
So take this pitcher of the best,  
We've filled it with fresh liquor first—  
I pledge you, and I pray aloud,  
It may not merely quench your thirst;  
Let every drop that it can hold  
To make your tale of days be told.

## FAUST.

The pitcher to my lips I press,  
And wish you health and happiness.

*[The people gather round him in a circle.]*

## OLD PEASANT.

Indeed it is right kindly done

On this glad day yourself to show ;  
You showed us all you meant us well

In days of trouble, long ago !

Full many a man stands living here,

Whom your good sire, with you to aid,  
From the mad fever's fangs did snatch,

The time the pestilence he stayed ;

And though you were a younker then,

In each sick house you stood your ground ;

Full many a corpse we carried forth,

But still you came out safe and sound ;

Many a sore trial then you stood !

The Helper helped the helper good !

## ALL.

Health to the trusty friend and tried,

And long to help us may he bide !

## FAUST.

Bow before Him above, who lends

Help to the helper whom He sends !

[*He passes on with Wagner.*]

## WAGNER.

What must thy feelings be, illustrious man,  
Such homage from the people to have won !  
Ah, happy he, the fortunate, who can  
Use lofty gifts as thou hast done !  
The father shows thee to his son ;  
Each asks, and hastes, and nearer draws ;  
The fiddle stops, the dancers pause ;  
You pass—in rows they stand to see—  
They fling their bonnets up for glee ;  
A little more, and they would bend the knee,  
As 'twere the *Venerabile* !

## FAUST.

A little further on, to yonder stone,  
And in our ramble we will take our resting.  
Here, lost in thought, I've often sat alone,  
And mortified myself with prayer and fasting.  
Here, rich in hope, and in believing blest,  
To tears—sobs—wringing hands—I oft resorted.  
If so the staying of the Pest  
From the high Lord of Heaven might be extorted !  
The shouts which greet me fill my soul with shame ;  
Oh, could'st thou in my bosom read the story,  
How little sire or son could claim  
Of all this long-surviving glory !

My father was a sombre worthy man,  
Who, honestly, but after his own fashion,  
For Nature had a curious sort of passion,  
And all her mystic mazes loved to scan—  
Was ever with Adepts surrounded,  
Lived only in his murky cell,  
And with strange recipes compounded  
Contrariants in his crucible.  
There the Red Lion, wooer bold, was married  
In tepid waters to the Lily White ;  
And then with flames of fire the pair were harried  
From cell to cell to consummate the rite.  
If then to crown the hopes the artist cherished,  
The Young Queen's colours stained the glass,  
*That* was the remedy ; the patients perished,  
And who was cured—they let the question pass !  
Forth with our Hell's elixir we would sally,  
Till on the mountain, in the valley,  
Worse than the Pest we walked abroad.  
They took their bane from me without misgiving—  
They died away, and I am living,  
And men the murderers applaud !

WAGNER.

Why should you feel such access of remorse ?  
What can an honest man do more  
Than practise what was tried before,  
And scrupulously keep the beaten course ?

If, as a youth, your father you revere,  
All that he knows you readily acquire ;  
If, as a man, you should extend your sphere,  
Your son will reach to summits that are higher.

## FAUST.

Ah, happy he whom doubt hath failed to daunt,  
Who mid the billows still by hope is haunted !  
Of what we know not we bewail the want,  
And what we know we never think is wanted.  
But let us with such troublous thoughts have done,  
Nor the sweet pleasures of the hour embitter !  
See, in the glory of the setting Sun,  
How, mid their bowers of green, the homesteads glitter !  
He sinks—he sets—we have outlived the day !  
New life he wakes beyond this vaulted hollow !  
Would I had wings to lift me from the clay—  
For ever in his track I fain would follow !  
Then, in the light of eve without a close,  
Should the still world be evermore beholden—  
The hills on fire—the valleys in repose—  
The silver waters flashing into golden !  
I should not stay me then in my career  
For the wild crags o'er mountain gorge impendent !  
And lo, the Sea, with all its bays resplendent,  
Bursts on my vision, like a thing of fear !

Slowly the mighty Orb at last is sinking !

Athirst for its eternal light,

I hurry onwards, draughts of glory drinking,

The Day before me, and behind, the Night,

The Skies above me, and beneath, the Surges !—

A glorious dream !—'Tis passing !—He is gone !—

Ah, that with wing which bears the spirit on

No corporal wing can match, howe'er it urges !

Yet at our birth there is an instinct given—

Upwards and onwards still the feeling springs,

When o'er us, lost in the blue wastes of heaven,

Her shrilly lay the Sky-lark sings—

When high above the mountain larches,

The Eagle hovers in the dome—

And o'er the meres, and o'er the marches,

The Crane is making for its home !

WAGNER.

I've had myself some very curious notions,

But ne'er experienced any such emotions ;

Forest and field soon satisfy the look.

I never envied any bird its pinion ;

But mental pleasures, where they hold dominion,

Bear you from page to page, from book to book.

Then winter nights are summer to the soul—

A blissful glow of life warms every member ;

And when some precious parchment you unroll,

All heaven descends, albeit 'tis December.



## FAUST.

By the one impulse is thy mind possest—

Oh, let the other rest unknown for ever!

Two souls, alas, are dwelling in my breast,

And one doth from the other long to sever!

One clings to earth, like some fond amorist,

With strong organic clutch that never tires—

The other heaves to mount above the mist,

And reach the realm of its exalted sires!

If there be Spirits in the air,

Lords of midspace betwixt the earth and heaven,

Descend ye from your golden atmosphere—

Guide me to where some hue to life is given!—

Oh, that a magic mantle were but mine,

To bear me to strange lands! In payment

For such a robe, I'd scorn the richest raiment—

The mantle of a king would I decline!

## WAGNER.

Invoke not thou the baleful powers of air,

Which through the welkin stream, and overspread it,

And from the ends of earth for man prepare

Danger, and doom, and everything that's dreaded.

Lo, from the North, upon the driving sleet,

Sharp-fanged, with tongues like arrows tipt, they hasten!

Lo, from the Orient, parching all they meet,

With hungry gust upon your lungs they fasten!

If the Meridian from the desert sends  
The hordes whose fire upon your head converges,  
The West to bring refreshing rain pretends,  
And field, and meadow, and yourself submerges.  
They love to listen, still on mischief bent—  
Love to defer, though bent upon denying ;  
They whisper that from heaven they have been sent,  
And lisp like angels, when they're lying.  
But let us go ! The world is growing grey—  
The air is chill—the mist is on the way.  
Only at eve we prize the house.  
Why dost thou stand at gaze with bended brows ?  
What is it in the dusk thy mind doth trouble ?

FAUST.

You swart Dog dost thou see that's beating tilth and stubble ?

WAGNER.

I saw him long ago, nor thought about it more.

FAUST.

Mark the brute well ! What dost thou take him for ?

WAGNER.

Why, for a Poodle, who, in his own fashion,  
Is hunting for his master, sooth to tell.

FAUST.

See, how he winds, and forms at each gyration  
The narrowing circle of the spiral shell—  
And, if I do not err, a fiery eddy  
Follows behind him as he flies!

WAGNER.

'Tis a black Poodle, as I've said already;  
It well may be some glamour of your eyes.

FAUST.

Meseems he's weaving light fantastic springes,  
To form a magic toil about our feet.

WAGNER.

So far as I can see, he only cowers and eringes,  
Since in his master's stead two strangers he doth meet.

FAUST.

He nears! The circle narrows momentarily!

WAGNER.

'Tis not a demon but a dog, you see.  
He snarls and slinks—lies quiet as a log—  
And wags his tail—exactly like a dog.

FAUST.

Poor fellow, come to me ! Come here !

WAGNER.

'Tis but a fool of a dog, 'tis clear.  
Stand still, he sits with watchful eye ;  
Speak to him, and to jump on you he'll try ;  
Lose anything, he'll bring it quick—  
Or spring into the water for your stick.

FAUST.

Thou sayest well—my scruples I recall ;  
I find no trace of Sprite—'tis training all !

WAGNER.

A dog when he is trained aright  
May be a wise man's favourite.  
He merits all your favour, full and free,  
The accomplished scholar of the students, he.

*[They enter the archway of the gate.]*

## STUDY.

*Enter FAUST with the POODLE.*

## FAUST.

I've left behind me field and meadow,  
And night is brooding o'er the brake;  
And on my spirit falls a shadow,  
And all my better soul doth wake.  
Lulled is each passion, wild and erring,  
And violence hath smoothed its brow;  
The love of man within is stirring —  
The love of God is stirring now!

Rest thee, Poodle! Run not riot!

Why dost thou snuffle at yonder sill?  
Lay thee down by the stove in quiet,  
And my softest cushion is thine at will.  
On the paths of the mountain, helter-skelter,  
Running and bounding you pleased me best  
But when in my chamber I give thee shelter,  
Be quiet, and so be a welcome guest!

When in the cell no longer dreary,  
 The lamp again is burning bright,  
 Within the bosom all is cheery—  
 The conscious heart is full of light !  
 Reason again its voice delivers,  
 And hope again begins to blow ;  
 Of life we're panting for the rivers —  
 The fount of life we long to know !

Growl not Poodle ! High and holy,  
 A mystic strain my soul entrances,  
 And thy discord disturbs the solemn fancies !  
 Of the loftiest things men think but lowly,  
 For they know them not !  
 On the Good and the Fair as a peevish folly  
 The brow of the world is for ever scowling—  
 Dog ! dost thou imitate man in growling ?

But, alas, I feel though I strive my best,  
 Joy wells no more in my weary breast !  
 Ah, why should the stream so soon run dry,  
 And the spirit thirsting and panting lie ?  
 Such is our lot—I know it well !  
 And yet in despite of our mortal birth,  
 We learn to prize what is not of earth,  
 And implore the heavens their tale to tell ;  
 And light by Revelation lent  
 Ne'er shone as in the New Testament.

And, lo, the desire hath within me sprung  
 To open the Book, and, once for all,  
 Translate the high Original  
 Into my own belovèd German tongue.

[*He opens the volume and sets about the task.*]

'Tis writ, In the beginning was the *Word* !  
 I'm stopped already ! Who will help afford ?  
 The simple Word so high can scarce be rated—  
 It must be otherwise translated.  
 If by the Spirit I am rightly taught,  
 'Tis writ, In the beginning was the *Thought* !  
 Yet still upon the passage let me ponder,  
 Lest from its scope my hasty pen should wander !  
 Is it mere Thought which operates each hour ?  
 Surely, In the beginning was the *Power* !  
 Still, as the word is traced beneath my hand,  
 A something warns me not to let it stand.  
 The Spirit helps me ! All is fairly tracked !  
 I write, In the beginning was the *Act* !

If thou art to share my dwelling,  
 Cease thy yelling,  
 Cease thy yowling !  
 'Mid such everlasting howling  
 'Tis impossible to dwell !  
 One of us must quit the cell—  
 You convert it into hell !

I must prove but a churlish host, I fear—  
 The door is open, the way is clear.—  
 But what is this I see !  
 In nature's order can it be ?  
 Is it substance ? Is it show ?  
 How long and broad he seems to grow !  
 He seems to spurn the ground !  
 'Tis not shape of mortal hound !  
 What a guest have I harboured unawares !  
 Like the River-horse of the Nile he glares,  
 With his eyes of fire, and his tusks of fear.  
 Ah, I have thee here !  
 For such half hell-begotten brute  
 The Key of Solomon will suit.

*SPIRITS (in the passage).*

One of us within is caught !  
 Stay without there—follow not !  
 As a fox in yonder cell  
 Trapped is an old lynx of hell !  
 Have a care !  
     Fly ye hither—  
     Fly ye thither—  
 And he'll yet escape the snare !  
 If your aid can avail him,  
 Let it not fail him ;  
 For he beyond measure  
 Hath toiled for our pleasure !



## FAUST.

Spell to quell him need I none  
Save that of the Quaternion !  
Fire or Water, Air or Earth,  
Whichsoever gave him birth—  
Salamander shall glimmer,  
Undina shall flow,  
Sylphid shall shimmer,  
Gnome moiling shall go !

Who knows not the lore  
Of the Elements four,  
Their resources  
And forees,  
Will meet with disaster,  
If e'er he makes effort the Spirits to master !—

As the levin-fire quiver,  
Salamander !  
Rush forth as a river,  
Undina !  
Flash a meteor of beauty,  
O Sylphid !  
As drudge do thy duty,  
Incubus ! Incubus !  
Come forth, and bring it to a close !

None of the Four  
 Of the brute is the core—  
 He lies at his ease and he grins at me ;  
 My spell is as harmless as spell may be.  
 But thou shalt hear me,  
 And feel me and fear me !—

Tell, caitiff, tell,  
 Art a flier from hell ?  
 Then look on the symbol,  
 At sight of which tremble  
 The armies of darkness !—

He bristles and swells into starkness !—

Foul reprobate, heed Him,  
 And say canst thou read Him—  
 The Branch that ne'er sprouted,  
 The Name never sounded,  
 Him that Heaven feels throughout it,  
 The Stricken, and Wounded ?

Lo, the space is growing scant—  
 He's swelling to an Elephant !  
 He fills the chamber like a mist—  
 Like a mist he'll vanish wholly !  
 Rise not to the roof—desist !  
 Crouch before thy master lowly !

Thou seest I'm deadly in mine ire!  
I will scorch thee with hallowed fire!  
Brave not the sight  
Of the glowing triple light!  
Brave not the might  
Of my strongest spell, when my wrath is fervent!

*(As the mist melts away, MEPHISTOPHELES comes forward from behind the store, dressed like a Travelling Scholar.)*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What's all the coil? Fair sir—your humble servant!

FAUST.

This, then, is the true kernel of the cur—  
A Scholar on the tramp! Ha! Ha! 'Tis most upsetting!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Permit me to salute you, learned sir!—  
You've given me an awful sweating.

FAUST.

What is thy name?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis a light thing to ask  
For one by whom the Word so low is rated—  
Who loves to take a peep beneath the mask,  
And know the nature of all things created.

FAUST.

With gentry such as you we well may claim  
To know your nature when we know your name.  
As to your quality we're not beguiled,  
When Lord of Flies—Destroyer—Liar—you are styled.  
Who art thou then?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Part of the Power which would  
Work evil evermore—yet evermore works good!

FAUST.

What is the riddle which thy speech implies?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the Spirit which evermore denies!  
And that with reason! All that is create  
Deserves destruction for its fate—

'Twere better far had nothing been created !  
And so whate'er with Sin and Death is mated,  
And in your one word Evil blent,  
Is my peculiar element !

FAUST.

You style yourself a part, yet whole you stand, I see

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I tell the modest truth to thee—  
Though the mad world they call the human soul  
Is wont to deem itself a whole,  
I'm but a part of Part—a part of Night,  
Which once was All before the birth of Light—  
The imperious Light, who fain would overwhelm  
His mother Night, and oust her of her realm !  
But vain his toil—his force is idly spent !  
'Tis Body yields him his embodiment—  
He flows from Body—Bodies he makes bright—  
    And Body stops him in his mid career !  
    And so with Body may he disappear,  
And all once more be Universal Night !

FAUST.

Now know I your benignant mission !  
You can't on a great scale work perdition,  
And so your work is on a small.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, and to little purpose, after all!  
This clumsy world, this God-knows-what,  
Which is antagonist to Nought,  
Spite all the toils I've undertaken  
Is still unshattered and unshaken!  
Flood—Tempest—Earthquake—Fire—at my command—  
There they remain untroubled—Sea and Land!  
And that damned trash, of brutes and men the brood,  
I'm baffled by their masses serried;  
And yet what multitudes I've buried!  
But still there circulates the fresh young blood.  
'Twould drive me mad, but 'tis so little worth!  
From Air, from Water, and from Earth,  
Germes by the thousand burst their eage,  
In wet and dry and hot and cold!  
On Fire had I not laid mine hold  
I had not aught for appanage!

## FAUST.

And so unable to resist  
The power that peoples sea and sod,  
In spite you elench your devil's fist,  
And shake it in the face of God!  
Some nobler occupation find,  
The wondrous son of Chaos thou!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll turn it over in my mind,  
But can't decide upon it now—  
Meanwhile have I your leave to go?

## FAUST.

I know not why you ask my leave ;  
Your person I have got to know—  
Your calls I'm willing to receive ;  
There is the window—there the door—  
And there the light smoke finds a vent.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

I fear me I am fastened to the floor ;  
Mine exit hath a slight impediment—  
The Druid's Foot—the threshold Spell—

## FAUST.

The Pentagram is in the way ?  
Inform me then, thou Son of Hell,  
How was thine entrance made, if that can stay ?  
How was so choice a spirit trapped ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Observe it well—it is not fairly mapped ;  
The outward angle hath its points apart,  
And so I entered at the gap.

## FAUST.

'Twas my good luck, and thy mishap !  
And so my prisoner thou art ?  
Why, this is unawares to win !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

The Dog marked nothing as he bounded in ;  
Things now look differently, I doubt—  
The Devil's unable to get out.

## FAUST.

But why not through the window leap ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Phantom or Fiend, one law we all must keep—  
E'en as we enter, so we must withdraw ;  
We make our choice, and then we're bondsmen to the law.



FAUST.

Go to! Hell hath its code of law?  
Methinks 'tis well—in such a case a pact  
Might safely with you gentry be concluded?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er we say you'll find you're not deluded;  
In every point we're most exact.  
But this will further thought require—  
We'll talk about it the next time we meet;  
And, in the meantime, I entreat  
You will permit me to retire.

FAUST.

Nay, wait a moment longer—why, good lack!  
You have not told me any news.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pray let me go—I'll very soon be back,  
And you may ask me anything you choose.

FAUST.

I snared you not—when all is told,  
You're taken in your own device ;  
When you hold the Devil, keep your hold—  
You'll not be apt to catch him twice !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If such your pleasure, with your whim to chime,  
I'll tarry with you, and be all compliance ;  
Provided that to while away the time  
I give you a slight sample of my science.

FAUST.

You're welcome—I attend ; but, see—  
Diverting let your science be !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

More joy for every sense within thee  
In this brief moment thou shalt win thee,  
Than in a year's monotony !  
The songs my dainty Sprites shall sing thee,  
The fairy forms which they shall bring thee,  
Are not mere empty magic sleight !

With fragrance choice they shall invite thee,  
With flavours choicer still delight thee,  
    They shall entrance thee with delight !  
No preparation do we need ;  
We are assembled all—proceed !

## SPIRITS.

Vanish thou sombre  
Cloud-rack and cumber !  
Earth as thou woorest  
Show in thy bluest,  
    Ether divine !  
Clouds cease to darkle !  
    Gone be the dun light !  
Skies are all sparkle ;  
    Mild is the sunlight,  
    Mellow the shine !  
Creatures aerial,  
Beauty ethereal,  
Softly are bending  
    O'er the blue hollow :  
Sighs are ascending,  
    Longings to follow !  
And, with their streaming  
Draperies gleaming,  
Landscape is beaming,  
    Leaves are all lustre !

And the rapt lovers  
Yield them undoubting  
Mid the green covers !  
Leafage and lustre !  
Tendrils are sprouting !  
Rich is the cluster !  
Lo, the press shivers,  
Lo, the vat quivers,  
Wine in red rivers  
Foamingly gushes,  
And where it rushes,  
Precious stone flushes !  
Streams from their fountains  
Mid the hills flying,  
Caught by the mountains,  
Lakelets are lying,  
Girt by green spaces !  
And the winged races.  
Honeydew sipping,  
Sunwards are flitting—  
Flitting to dwellings  
Sea-girt and buoyant,  
Mid the wave wellings  
Dancing undoyant !  
Hark, the loud chorus  
Soundeth sonorous !  
Mark on the meadow  
Dancer and shadow !

In the sun playing  
 All are a-maying !  
 Some, the hills climbing,  
 Seek the cloud's pillow ;  
 Others are swimming,  
 Borne on the billow ;  
 Others on pinions  
 Play the air's minions—  
 All for the far-away,  
 All for the star, away—  
 Bent upon bliss !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He sleeps ! Well done, my airy, fairy tonguesters !  
 Ye've sung him into sleep, my youngsters !

I'm fairly in your debt for this.—

Thou'rt not the man to hold the Devil fast !—  
 All sweetest spells of slumber round him cast !

Immerse him in a sea of dreams !

But ere this magic threshold may be passed,

I want the tooth of rat, meseems.

There needs no lengthy conjuration ; near me  
 There's one that's scurrying about—he'll hear me.

The mighty Lord of Rats and Mice,  
 Of Flies and Frogs, of Bugs and Lice,  
 Commands thee hitherwards to draw,  
 And yonder threshold spell begnaw,

When once with oil it hath been smeared.—  
What, Hopper, hast so soon appeared ?  
Then set to work ! The point of ill  
Is on the frontage of the sill.  
Another bite and I depart the den !—  
Now, Faustus, dream away until we meet again.

FAUST (*awaking*).

And am I once again betrayed ?  
And hath it vanished, the bright Spirit throng ?  
Was't in a dream the Devil was displayed ?  
Was't but a Poodle-dog that past me sprung ?

## S E C O N D   A C T .

### THE TRANSFORMATION.

THE Second Act, in point of time, follows close upon the First. Mephistopheles makes no delay in prosecuting his acquaintance with Faust. The Fiend finds the Philosopher in his Study, moody and discontented as before. He offers to become his servant, and undertakes to satisfy his cravings. Faust defies him to fulfil his promise, and Mephistopheles accepts the challenge. They depart upon the Magic Mantle. At night (p. 128), they arrive at Leipzig. To initiate his neophyte in life, Mephistopheles conducts him to Auerbach's Cellar. Faust is only disgusted with the orgy. Mephistopheles resolves to try him with love, and for that purpose to restore him to his youth. This is the motive of the visit to the Witches' Kitchen. The three scenes entitled—*Study—Auerbach's Cellar*—and the *Witches' Kitchen*—compose the Second Act of the Drama. It is introductory to the Episode of Margaret. It lays the foundation for the first great temptation. The time occupied is not necessarily more than two days.

Dans la première partie, Faust est d'abord en proie au doute de la science, et plus tard à toutes les ardeurs de la poésie. On le voit lutter avec les exigences superbes d'un esprit hautain et sans repos qui prétend approfondir tous les mystères et ravir à la terre ses plus divines voluptés. Cette lutte finit avec le pacte qu'il signe à Méphistophélès, auquel Faust appartiendra dans l'autre vie, si son désir est satisfait ici-bas. Dès lors l'action commence. Les rapports inquiets et fatals qu'il se crée avec la nature et l'humanité, la transfiguration de Faust, son amour pour Marguerite, le Blocksberg et ses vingt illusions, sont autant de tentatives pour apaiser cette âme insatiable. Toutes échouent : le bonheur et le désespoir, comme deux vents contraires, soulèvent à chaque instant les océans de sa conscience.—*Blaze de Bury.*

Faust, baffled in his attempt to solve the problem of the universe, curses in his despair the lofty aspirations of his higher nature ; he yields to the tempter, and, in the vain desire to still the craving of his soul, plunges into the depths of sensual gratification. He is permanently lost, however, only on one condition, namely, the subjugation of the higher to the lower elements of his being, the permanent triumph of self-indulgence over aspiration and effort. Hence in Goethe's poem Faust's ultimate doom appears uncertain to the last, and not, as in the popular tradition, predetermined at the expiration of a given term.—*Anna Swanwick.*

The poorest human soul is infinite in wishes, and the infinite Universe was not made for one, but for all. Vain were it for Faust, by heaping height on height, to struggle towards infinitude ; while to that law of Self-denial, by which alone man's narrow destiny may become an infinitude within itself, he is still a stranger. Such, however, is his attempt ; not indeed incited by hope, but goaded by despair, he unites himself with the Fiend, as with a stronger though a wicked agency ; reckless of all issues, if so were that, by these means, the craving of his heart might be stayed, and the dark secret of Destiny unravelled or forgotten.—*Carlyle.*

'This Act' [Goethe is speaking of the Fourth Act of the Second Part] 'acquires quite a peculiar character, so that like an independent little world it does not touch the rest, and is only connected with the whole by a slight reference to what precedes and follows.' 'It will then,' said I, 'be perfectly in character with the rest ; for, in fact, Auerbach's Cellar, the Witches' Kitchen, the Blocksberg, the Imperial Diet, the Masquerade, the Classic Walpurgis-night, the Helena, are all of them little independent worlds, which, each being complete in itself, do indeed work upon each other, yet come but little in contact. The great point with the poet is to express a manifold world, and he uses the story of a celebrated hero merely as a sort of thread on which he may string what he pleases. This is the case with Gil Blas and the Odyssey.' 'You are perfectly right,' said Goethe, 'and the only matter of importance in such compositions is, that the single masses should be clear and significant, while the whole always remains incommensurable, and even on that account, like an unsolved problem, constantly lures mankind to study it again and again.'—*Eckermann.*



STUDY.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

Who's there ? Come in ! Again my peace is broken !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I !

FAUST.

Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thrice must the word be spoken !

FAUST.

Come in then !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

So—I see you once again—  
 May closer ties be thus foretoken'd!  
 I'm here, a noble young and jocund,  
 To chase the crickets from your brain,  
 In scarlet coat with golden braid,  
 And mantle of the best brocade,  
 A tall cock's feather in my hat,  
 A rapier at my side suspended;  
 And, not to mince what I am at,  
 I'd have you don a garb as splendid,  
 Throw off your fetters and be free,  
 And learn what life is—marking me!

## FAUST.

I still shall feel, whatever my attire,  
 Cramped by this wretched life of earth;  
 I am too old for idle mirth,  
 Too young to be without desire!  
 In all this world what canst thou gain thee?  
 Refrain thyself! Thou shalt refrain thee!—  
 Such is the everlasting song,  
 Which in the ear of mortal rings—  
 The burden which our whole life long  
 Each hour in passing hoarsely sings!  
 I only wake to horror in the morn—  
 Tears, bitter tears, I weep, to see the sun,

The day to see, which in its course forlorn,  
Will not fulfil one wish of mine—not one—  
Which sets me with myself at strife,  
And turns each baffled hope to pain,  
And with the mummeries of life  
Mars the creations of my brain !  
And when the night upon my spirit sinks,  
In anguish on my couch my limbs I stretch ;  
Rest even then from my entreaty shrinks—  
Wild visions hover round the sleepless wretch !  
The God within me as his own  
Claims the dominion of my soul ;  
He rules my spirit from a throne,  
But nought without can he control !  
And so existence is a load at best—  
I loathe my life, and long to be at rest !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet Death is ne'er a wholly welcome guest.

## FAUST.

Ah, happy he whose brow, in battle's blaze,  
The Phantom with the blood-red laurel bindeth—  
Whom, after the wild dance's whirling maze,  
Clasped in the arms of love he findeth !  
Oh, would that in the Mighty Spirit's might  
Ingulphed—exanimate—my soul had sunken !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet by some one, of a certain night,  
A certain brown juice was not drunken.

## FAUST.

You play the spy, it seems, where'er you go ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

All-knowing I am not—yet many a thing I know.

## FAUST.

If, when my tortured brain was reeling,  
The sound of the familiar chimes  
Roused all I had of childish feeling,  
And touched the chords of happier times—  
I curse the fate that doth environ  
The spirit with a snare and spell—  
The blandishments that play the siren  
And link us to this living hell !  
Accurst 'bove all be that vain glory  
Which mocks us with a higher mood !  
Accurst the whole phantasmagory  
By which the senses are subdued !  
Accurst the dreams and lying splendours  
Of deathless name and laurelled brow !

Accurst the phantom wealth that tenders  
Fair wife and child, and serf and plough !  
Accurst be Mammon when with treasure  
He doth to daring deed invite,  
And when for enervating pleasure  
He smooths the pillows of delight !  
Curse on the goblet's balm for grieving !  
Curse upon love's voluptuous thrall !  
Curse upon hope ! Curse on believing !  
Curse man's endurance more than all !

## CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Woe ! Woe !  
Thou hast laid it low,  
The beautiful world,  
With a violent blow—  
Into fragments 'tis whirled !  
A Demi-god dares to assail it !  
We trail it  
A wreck to the regions of ruin !  
We wail it,  
The beauty that's lost, and deplore it !  
Dutiful  
Be and restore it—  
Beautiful,  
Proud of apparel !  
In thy bosom its beauty renew !  
New pleasures pursue

With senses unclouded,  
 Unshrouded—  
 And soon a new carol  
 Shall echo for you !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis my youngsters  
 Are the songsters—  
 Wise, though young, they know the attraction  
 Of joy and action !  
 To the wide world thou art wooed  
 From the sullen solitude  
 Where the stagnant blood doth thicken—  
 Where the senses cease to quicken !

Hug not thy grief, from mortal eye concealing  
 The vulture that consumes thee ! Hear my plan !  
 The meanest fellowship will give the feeling,  
 That in the midst of men thou art a man !  
 Not that 'tis my intent  
 To mix you with the common crew—  
 I'm none of your grandees, 'tis true,  
 But if with me you should consent  
 To pass through life, I'll try to please you  
 Whatsoever whim may seize you.  
 On the spot I tell you  
 I am your fellow—  
 Or, if such ministry you crave,  
 I am your servitor—your slave !

FAUST.

But thou wilt claim thy wages, or 'tis odd.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On a long day you're welcome to insist.

FAUST.

Nay, nay, the Devil is an Egoist,  
And doth but little for the love of God—  
Gratis he never grinds your grist.  
Out with it boldly—what dost thou require?  
Such varlet, faith, is perilous to hire!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Here* to thy service I will bind me—  
Rest and repose I'll sacrifice for thee;  
And *yonder*, if I chance to find thee,  
Why, thou shalt do the same for me.

FAUST.

Be the Hereafter what it pleases!  
When you have knocked this world to pieces  
Let any other world succeed!

'Tis from this earth my joys I borrow—  
This sun looks down upon my sorrow ;  
Severed from these, upon the morrow  
    Hap what may hap, I little heed !  
Therefore no more I care to ponder  
    Whether we there shall hate or love—  
Or whether in your distant *Yonder*,  
    There be an under or above !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

In such a mood no scruple thou wilt raise—  
Come, strike the bargain, and for all thy days  
Mine arts shall minister to thy delight !  
I'll give thee what as yet ne'er greeted mortal sight !

## FAUST.

What wilt thou give, poor fiend ? Was ever  
Man's soaring spirit, in its high endeavour,  
Compass'd by spirit of thy cast ?  
Yes, thou hast bread which satisfies not—hast  
Red gold, which, as you hold it fast,  
Like the quick silver through the hand doth run—  
High play, at which man never won—  
Beauty, which, when I deem it mine,  
    Ogles my friend beneath its drooping lashes—



Glory, beatitude divine,  
Which, as a meteor, into darkness flashes !  
Aye, show your fruit, which, ere 'tis plucked, doth rot—  
Your trees, that mock with their eternal greening !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Such requisition scares me not ;  
I know of pleasures that will meet thy meaning ;  
Yea, my good friend, the time thou soon shalt see,  
When at our ease we'll banquet on the best.

## FAUST.

If ever on the couch I lie at rest,  
Then let there be an end of me !  
If e'er my spirit thou canst flatter  
That self-complacence I betray—  
If charms to cheat me thou canst scatter—  
Be that to me the final day !  
Such is my wager !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Done !

FAUST.

And done I say !  
If e'er I say to passing minute,  
    " Stay yet awhile ! Thou art so fair !"  
Display the dungeon—chain me in it—  
    Then let me perish, then and there !  
Then let the death-bell end the trial—  
    Then from my service thou art free !  
The hand may drop upon the dial,  
    And time shall be no more for me !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bethink thee ! We shall not forget the sign.

FAUST.

I ask thee not thy rights to waive ;  
I know full well the peril that is mine.  
    As on I drag, I am a slave—  
What matters it if I be thine ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-day, then, to begin, I'll wait on you,  
    And stand behind you at the Doctors' Dinner ;  
    But one thing—whether you or I be winner—  
I'll ask you for a line or two.

## FAUST.

To writing, Pedant, dost thou trust alone ?  
Man, and man's honour, are they all unknown ?  
When I have staked mine everlasting days,  
    Shall not the word I speak suffice for token ?  
The world streams onward—nought the torrent stays—  
    And am I bound by air, when I have spoken ?  
Yea, by such fancy is the heart possest,  
    And who would free it from the noble error ?  
Blest is the man that with the Truth is blest !  
    To all beneath the sun he will prefer her.  
But from a scrabbled parchment, signed and sealed,  
    As 'twere a spectre, men recoil in terror !  
Faith dies forgotten in the feather—  
The sovereign things are wax and leather !  
Which most, foul fiend, is in thy way—  
Brass—marble—parchment—paper ? Say !  
With style—pen—graver—shall I underwrite it ?  
    I leave the choice of them to thee !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Lord, into what a rhapsody  
You've worked yourself—and what a flame you've lighted !  
    A scrap of anything is good—  
    Why, you can sign it—with a drop of blood !

FAUST.

If such should be thy pleasant mood,  
So let my faith to thee be plighted!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Blood is a curious fluid, on the whole.

FAUST.

Thou need'st not fear this compact will be broken!  
The passion of my very soul  
Is in the words which I have spoken!  
Too high hath mine ambition yearned—  
Yes, I may only rank with thee!  
By the Great Spirit I am spurned!  
Nature doth hide herself from me!  
The threads of thought are snapt asunder;  
Science is proved a sickening blunder!  
Yes, let me sound the senses to their slime!  
Let passion rise to madness, and let magic  
Unveil whate'er it hath of dark and tragic—  
All that it hides of sensuous and sublime!  
Let me sweep onward in the rush of time,  
And wild hap-hazard! In my second prime  
Let enjoyment, and distress,  
Disappointment and success,  
Shift with each other as best they can—  
'Tis restless energy makes the man!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

End nor limit do I set.

Sip the sweets the hour supplies—

Snatch at pleasure as it flies—

I wish you joy of all you get ;

But set to, and don't stand blinking !

## FAUST.

Hark ye ! 'Tis not of pleasure I am thinking !

Mine be the whirlwind—mine the fierce delight—

Love linked with hate—disquiet in its might !

Freed from the turmoil and the toil of science,

My breast shall bare itself to every sorrow !

Each mortal joy shall lend me its appliance.

And all the wealth of all my soul shall borrow !

All heights, all depths, my intellect shall know—

Heaped on my heart shall lie all weal and woe—

My self into the self of all shall be expanded.

'Till, like the rest, I too am wrecked and stranded !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Believe me, who for many a weary year

Have brought this diet to the test,

That, from the cradle to the bier,

No man the ancient leaven may digest !

Believe thou one of us, the Whole  
 Was only made for God's delight !  
 He dwells in one eternal aureole—  
 Us he hath doomed to darkness in despite—  
 And you can claim but day and night !

FAUST.

I am resolved !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well—be it so—  
 I fear in one thing you are wrong—  
 Life is but short and Art is long ;  
 You're not beyond advice, I trow.  
 Associate yourself with some wild poet,  
 And let him, from the fancies he hath fostered,  
 Select each noble quality, and bestow it  
 To form a coronal for your honoured costard—  
 The Lion's mood,  
 The swiftmess of the Deer,  
 The Italian's fiery blood,  
 The Northman's scorn of fear !  
 Let him find the art of running  
 Magnanimity with cunning,  
 And teach thee, in thy youthful gladness,  
 To follow method in thy madness ;  
 Would for acquaintance I could claim him—  
 Sir Microcosmus I would name him !

FAUST.

What am I, then, if 'tis beyond my part  
To clutch humanity's high coronet,  
On which my very soul is set ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou art precisely—what thou art !  
Pile on thy periwig a million locks—  
Stand tiptoe, mounted on an ell of socks—  
Thou still remainest what thou art !

FAUST.

I feel it, all in vain I've massed the treasure  
Of all the mind of man can hope to know ;  
And when at last I sit me down, no pleasure  
Gushes within—no power begins to flow !  
Not by a hair's breadth am I higher,  
Or to the Infinite one whit the nigher !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

My friend, you only see the matter  
Just as the matter 's mostly seen :  
Ere death arrives our plans to scatter,  
Some joys we must contrive to glean.

The devil! Thou hast hands and feet,  
 And head, and what not, too, are thine;  
 And though my pleasure may be fleet,  
 No matter—none the less 'tis mine.

Get you six horses if you can—

Horse-power you'll then possess in plenty,  
 And dash along a proper man,  
 As though your legs were four-and-twenty.

Arouse thee! Let thy poring be,  
 And come into the world with me!

The slave that thinks—I tell thee to thy teeth—

Is like a beast, with the foul fiend to hound him  
 In one dull circle, round a blasted heath,  
 While fair green meads are smiling all around him!

FAUST.

How shall we set about it?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come!

The very place is martyrdom.

What life could be more dull and dreary

Than thus the youngsters and yourself to weary?

Leave such things to your neighbour, Master Paunch!

In threshing straw why take such trouble?

You but withhold the fairest branch

Of knowledge from the boys you bubble—

I hear one in the corridor.



FAUST.

I cannot see the lad to-day.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor boy! He's there an hour or more—

Don't send him comfortless away.

Come, if your cap and gown you'll lend me,

The mask will fit me for the play.

[*He puts on the robes.*]

Now may my mother wit befriend me!

A quarter of an hour will do—

Meanwhile make ready for the journey you.

[*Exit Faust.*]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*solus*).

On reason and on knowledge set thy ban!

Scorn the high majesty of man!

With sorcery thy vision darken.

And to the lying Spirit hearken!

I have thee—and the bet may keep!

Fate to this man a restless soul hath given,

Which spurns control in its impetuous sweep;

To over-straining he hath striven

The joys of earth to overleap.

O'er life's wild wastes he shall be driven—

Through all its dreary platitude;

His bosom shall be rent and riven,

And, as he hungers, phantom food,

Mocking his mouth, shall hover in the heaven.  
Spite all his prayers no solace he shall know.  
Had he not sold himself to the Devil, even,  
Headlong to ruin he must go !

*Enter a FRESHMAN.*

FRESHMAN.

I've only just arrived from home,  
And full of reverence I come  
To wait upon the mighty sage,  
Who is the marvel of the age.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I thank you from my very core ;  
You see a man like many more—  
Perhaps you have inquired elsewhere ?

FRESHMAN.

I pray you have me in your care !  
I come with earnest love of truth,  
A little money, wealth of youth.  
My mother would scarcely let me go,  
But I want to learn what a man should know.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For that you're on the very spot.

## FRESHMAN.

Yet oft I wish that I were not !  
'Neath yonder cloister, yonder column,  
All appears so sad and solemn !  
The space seems so confined to be ;  
There's nothing green—there's not a tree ;  
And in the class rooms, on the benches,  
My senses fail, my spirit blenches.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

It all will come with habitude ;  
The child upon its mother's breast  
At first will turn from nature's food,  
But soon it sucks it in with zest.  
So Wisdom's breast will yield delight,  
And days increase your appetite.

## FRESHMAN.

Fain would I hang upon her bosom fair !  
Where shall I find her—only tell me where ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

First tell me, lest our way we lose,  
What is the Faculty you choose ?

## FRESHMAN.

Right learnèd I would fain go forth,  
Master of all the lore on earth,  
And in the heavens—know all the courses—  
    Make science, aye, and nature mine !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

You're on the right track, I opine ;  
But do not dissipate your forces.

## FRESHMAN.

Body and soul, I'm on it bent !  
    And yet I fain would slip my tether,  
And have my modest merriment,  
    All in the pleasant summer weather.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Still make your most of time ! You can't detain it,  
But Method tells you how to gain it—  
And so to business let us come.  
With Logic commence your curriculum—  
Your mind will thus be on its route,  
Accoutred with the Spanish boot,

And will effectually be taught  
To keep the narrow path of thought,  
And not go zig-zag, here and there,  
Like the marsh meteor in the air.  
Then your tutor will teach you, day by day,  
That for what is as easy, one would say,  
As eating and drinking, one ! two ! three !  
Are requisite indispensably.  
With the fabric of thought 'tis just the same  
As 'tis with the web on a weaver's frame,  
Where a touch sets in motion a thousand lines ;  
    Backwards and forwards the shuttles are going,  
    Unseen in a current the threads are flowing,  
One impact a thousand plies combines.  
Up comes your Philosopher, who but he,  
And makes you aware that it so must be :  
The first was so, the second so,  
And therefore the third and the fourth are so ;  
And, if the first and second were not,  
The third and fourth could never be got.  
In this your scholars are all believers,  
But none of 'em ever have turned out weavers !  
On life when your Solomon tries his wit,  
He drives the spirit out of it,  
And when the pieces are in his hand,  
He finds he has lost the mystic band !  
*Encheirisis Naturæ* 'tis named, God wot,  
By the chymist, self-mocked, though he knows it not.

FRESHMAN.

I don't exactly comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In that respect you soon will mend,  
If all to reduce to rule you try,  
And learn to properly classify.

FRESHMAN.

I'm so bewildered by what you've said,  
There's the whirl of a mill-wheel in my head.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Next above every other matter,  
In METAPHYSICS learn to smatter.  
There your Philosopher will explain  
What never was meant for mortal brain ;  
What's there, what's not there, none can tell—  
But a sounding phrase will do as well !  
And see to it that for this half year  
A model of method you appear.  
You'll have five lectures every day—  
As the clock is striking be in the way.  
The text-book of the course prepare,  
With every paragraph conned with care,

The better to see, at a single look,  
That he tells you nothing but what is book ;  
Still, write what he dictates, as engrossed  
As if he were the Holy Ghost !

FRESHMAN.

You need not say it twice—the sense  
Of what you say is clear as light ;  
For what you have in black and white  
You can take home with confidence.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But fix upon a Faculty !

FRESHMAN.

Of JURISPRUDENCE I detest the name !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In that, I must confess, you're not to blame—  
I know its moral and its mystery.  
Your boasted laws and ordinances  
Are simply heirlooms of disease ;  
From age to age the insidious plague advances—  
From place to place it stretches by degrees ;  
Right turns to wrong—benevolence to bane—  
Woe if the heritor thou art !  
The law that's written on the heart,  
For that, alas, we must inquire in vain !

FRESHMAN.

My loathing rises with thy speech ;  
Happy the pupil thou dost teach !  
I've half a mind to choose THEOLOGY !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Loth am I to mislead you, but to me  
This science seems a puzzle for the wise—  
The right path is so easily forsaken,  
And in it so much hidden poison lies  
Which for the precious balm is readily mistaken.  
Here, too, 'tis best your party to declare,  
And by a master's words to swear.  
In general, stick to words ! For mortals  
This is the passport of the portals  
Which guard the fane of certainty !

FRESHMAN.

But in the words some meaning there must be.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There thou art right—but seldom this avails,  
For 'tis precisely where the meaning fails  
The word comes in the most conveniently.



With words you twirl a man and twist him—  
With words you build yourself a system—  
Words yield belief a ready quota—  
A word you may not rob of one iota!

## FRESHMAN.

I fear me that my questions weary you ;  
Still I must trouble you, to win  
Upon the head of MEDICINE  
A wise and weighty word or two.  
Three years are very quickly passed,  
And then, God knows, the field is vast ;  
Could I but find a finger-post,  
I then might reach a higher level.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

With this vile cant I'm overdosed ;  
I must resume my rôle—as Devil!

(*Aloud*).

The spirit of MEDICINE is not hard to master !  
Study the great and small worlds, at your ease—  
Then let things take their course, slower or faster,  
As God may please !  
In vain the sage the path of science tries—  
We only learn the little that we can ;  
He that can seize the moment as it flies,  
He is the proper man !

Your figure's not to be denied,  
 And as for boldness you will do ;  
 And only in yourself confide,  
 And others will confide in you.  
 Manage the women and secure 'em !  
 Their everlasting ahs ! and ohs !  
 And pretty throes,  
 'Tis from a single point you cure 'em !  
 Half deferential if you come,  
 You'll have them all beneath your thumb !  
 Procure a title—their conceit it flatters,  
 And makes them think your science is sublime ;  
 You're welcome then to all the little matters  
 For which another man must bide his time.  
 Feel the pulse deftly as it dances,  
 And clasp them, with sly burning glances,  
 Well round the slim and slender waist—  
 To see how tightly it is laced !

FRESHMAN.

There's sense in that—at least you see the means and end.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grey is all theory, my dear young friend,  
 And still life's golden tree in green is drest !

FRESHMAN.

It seems to me like dreaming, I protest.  
 Deep in your wisdom I would fain be grounded,  
 And to the bottom hear the whole expounded.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er I can, I'll gladly do.

FRESHMAN.

I cannot possibly take leave of you,  
Until I ask that, moved in my behalf,  
You'd grace my album with your autograph.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With all my heart !

*[He writes in the book and gives it back.]*

FRESHMAN (*reads*).

ERITIS SICUT DEUS SCIENTES BONUM ET MALUM.

*[He closes the book reverentially and takes his leave.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*solus*).

Follow my fere's old saw—the serpent's wisdom borrow—  
And some fine day you'll find your likeness to God is but  
sorrow !

*Re-enter* FAUST.

FAUST.

And whither now ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Your will shall be your fate—  
We'll see the little world, and then the great !  
With what pleasure, with what profit,  
You'll make the jolly circuit of it !

FAUST.

But with this lengthy beard of mine,  
In life's light arts I ne'er shall shine ;  
I feel that I shall strive in vain  
The manner of the world to gain ;  
With other men I feel so small—  
I'm shyness and confusion all !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Twill come in time ! List the advice I give—  
Trust thine own self, and thou hast learnt to

FAUST.

How shall we leave ? And whereabout  
Are horses, servants, carriage—where ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We've but to spread the mantle out,  
And 'twill convey us through the air.

You'll bring upon this daring trip  
No baggage with you, to equip.  
A puff of fire—of that there is no dearth—  
Will lift us quickly from the earth,  
And if we're light, a swift course we shall steer.  
I gratulate thee on thy new career!

## AUERBACH'S CELLAR IN LEIPZIG.

*Jolly fellows drinking.*

FROSCH.

What! no one laughing? no one drinking?  
I'll teach you all to sit there blinking!  
You're but dank straw to-night, I trow,  
And yet I've seen ye all aglow.

BRANDER.

It lies with thee; 'tis thou that dost supply  
No fiddle-faddle, no seulduddery.

FROSCH.

Have at you then with both!

*[He throws a glass of wine in his face.]*

BRANDER.

Thou double hog!

FROSCH.

You've set me going—I'm agog!

SIEBEL.

A plague upon all brawlers ! Turn them out !  
Expand your lungs ! Sing Runda ! Swill and shout !  
Ho ! Holla ! Ho !

ALTMAYER.

Alack ! I'm God-forgotten !  
The rogue will split my ears—what, ho, some cotton !

SIEBEL.

'Tis only when you make the vault resound,  
That the full volume of the bass is found.

FROSCHE.

Right, sirs ! Whoe'er takes huff, out with the loon !  
A ! tara lara da !

ALTMAYER.

A ! tara lara da !

FROSCHE.

Our pipes are all in tune !

*(Sings).*

The Holy Roman Empire, ho,  
How doth it hold together ?

## BRANDER.

A nasty song! Pah! A political song!  
 A sorry song! Thank God on every morrow  
 You've not the care o' th' Empire for your sorrow!  
 I hold 'tis something to be thankful for  
 That I'm not Cæsar, no, nor Chancellor.  
 Still we must have a head, and so, I hope,  
 You'll not object to choose a Pope.  
 You know the curious quality which can  
 Depress the scale, and elevate the man.

FROSCHE (*sings*).

Speed thee, Lady Nightingale!  
 And greet my sweetheart well, and bid her hail!

## SIEBEL.

'Thy sweetheart--deuce a greet! With that I can't away, sir!

## FROSCHE.

I'll kiss my sweet, as well as greet, and none shall say me  
 nay, sir!

(*Sings*).

Bolt fly back! 'Tis dead of night!  
 Bolt fly back! Love waits delight!  
 Bolt be drawn! It is the dawn!



## SIEBEL.

Aye, sing, sir, sing away and laud her to the skies!  
It will be my turn next for laughter;  
She's made a fool of me—and you come after.  
No, let her find a gallant in a gnome!

Upon the cross-roads let 'em sniff and snicker!  
Let some old goat from Blocksberg bound for home  
Pause in his gallop past, Good Night to wicker!  
A likely lad of honest flesh and blood  
For such a baggage is too good.  
The only greeting I would give her  
Would be her window panes to shiver!

BRANDER (*striking the table*).

Attend, my masters all! Give ear!  
Ye know I'm not an eremite;  
Some love-sick folk are sitting here,  
And as I want their hearts to cheer,  
I'll treat ye to a rare Good Night.  
List! 'Tis the newest thing that's out,  
And give the chorus with a shout!

(*Sings*).

A Rat in a cellar had his nest—  
His skin could scarce be smoother;  
And his paunch, from feasting on the best,  
Was fit for Doctor Luther.

The cook with poison strewed the spot,  
 And soon he found the place as hot  
 As if love scorched his liver !

CHORUS (*uproariously*).

As if love scorched his liver !

BRANDER.

He hurried in—he hurried out—  
 And drank at every puddle ;  
 He gnawed—he scratched—he rushed about—  
 Vain was his frenzied fuddle ;  
 In bounds of agony he sprang—  
 Poor brute ! he felt as fierce a pang  
 As if love scorched his liver !

CHORUS.

As if love scorched his liver !

BRANDER.

For very pain in open day  
 He rushed into the kitchen—  
 Fell panting on the hearth, and lay  
 With all his limbs a-twitching ;  
 Loud laughed the poisoner, and said  
 Aha ! he is as fairly sped,  
 As if love scorched his liver !

CHORUS.

As if love scorched his liver !

SIEBEL.

Aye, this for mirth is proper matter!  
The flats! They deem 'tis height of skill  
Ratsbane for wretched rats to scatter!

BRANDER.

The rats stand well in your good will?

ALTMAYER.

The poor bald-headed mass of fat—  
His heart with sympathy is rife!  
He sees in yonder swollen rat  
His likeness, to the very life!

*Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Fore all things it is necessary  
With merry fellows to be merry—  
So shalt thou see how time can glide away,  
And life be made one pleasant holiday.  
With much conceit, and little wit,  
They trace a round that never fails,  
Like kittens playing with their tails;  
And if their heads no headache split,

And if mine host his score forbear,  
They're merry men all, and free from care.

BRANDER.

Their strange looks show you that they travel—  
So much 'tis easy to unravel.  
A fresh arrival they must be.

FROSCH.

Beshrew me, thou art right! Leipzig's the place for me!  
'Tis a small Paris, sirs—it polishes its people.

SIEBEL.

What dost thou take them for, in sooth?

FROSCH.

Let be! Ere down your throat a bumper goes,  
As if it were a baby's tooth,  
I'll worm the secret from the fellows' nose.  
They're scions of some noble house, I'd swear,  
They've such a proud and discontented air.

BRANDER.

Mere mountebanks from a market, for a pottle!

ALTMAYER.

Belike !

FROSCH.

Nay, watch me ! I'll apply the screw !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

They'd never scent the Devil, the dull crew,  
Although he had them by the throttle !

FAUST.

Sirs, we salute you !

SIEBEL.

We in turn salute !

(*Aside, looking at MEPHISTOPHELES askance.*)

You fellow's halting of a foot !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pray at your table may we take a seat ?

When good wine can't be had, do what you can.  
'Tis a rare chance good company to meet.

ALTMAYER.

You seem a most particular gentleman.

FROSCH.

At Rippach, pray, sir, was your journey broken?  
And with Sir John, sir, did you stop to sup?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To-night we did not look him up;  
But the last time we saw him, more by token,  
He charged us with his compliments, by dozens,  
For all the Johnnies that we met—his cousins!

[*He makes a bow to FROSCH.*]

ALTMAYER (*aside*).

Thou hast it there! He took!

SIEBEL.

A master of the game!

FROSCH.

Go to! I'll have him all the same!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unless I err, we caught the sound  
Of voices rare in chorus singing—  
Yon roof must give a fine rebound,  
When a good carol sets it ringing!

FROSCII.

You are a virtuoso, it would seem?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, no! my power is small—my passion is extreme.

ALTMAYER.

Give us a stave!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'll sing you all night long!

BRANDER.

And brand-new let us have the strain.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We're only just returned from Spain,  
That most delightful land of wine and song.

(*Sings.*)

There was once a monarch noted  
For his fondness for a Flea—

FROSCII.

Hark ye! A Flea! D'ye take the jest?  
A Flea must be a dainty guest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*sings*).

There was once a monarch noted  
For his fondness for a Flea,  
And he scarcely could have doted  
On a son more foolishly.

He calls his man of stitches,  
The man of stitches goes—  
“Ho, measure him for breeches !  
Ho, measure him for clothes !”

## BRANDER.

Don't fail to press it on the man of stitches  
To take his measure to a T,  
And, as he loves his life, to see  
There's not a wrinkle in the breeches !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

In silk and velvet dizeded  
Behold the younker drest !  
His coat with ribbons glistened—  
A cross was on his breast ;  
Forthwith he's Herr Minister,  
And wears a splendid star ;  
And his brother and his sister  
High and mighty people are.  
  
And at court the lords and ladies  
In quiet could not sit ;  
Each, from queen to waiting-maid, is  
Be-devilled and be-bit !  
And they did not dare to nick 'em,  
Although they felt the prick—  
But we nick 'em, and we snick 'em,  
Wherever they may stick !



CHORUS (*uproariously*).

But we nick 'em, and we snick 'em,  
Wherever they may stick!

FROSCH.

Bravo! that's the song for me!

SIEBEL.

So may it fare with every flea!

BRANDER.

Point the finger, fair and fine!

ALTMAYER.

Hey, for jollity! Hey, for wine!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd drink to jollity, and be your debtor  
For a good rouse, were but your wine a trifle better.

SIEBEL.

Hold, master—that's no jesting matter!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But that I fear mine Host would take it ill,  
I fain would treat each worthy guest  
To wine, from our own cellar, of the best.

SIEBEL.

Throw all the blame on me—the glasses fill!

FROSCH.

If good the wine, our praises will be ample;  
And, hark ye, don't be stingy with the sample!  
If a judicial sentence you invite,  
My mouth must be right full, to judge aright!

ALTMAYER (*aside*).

They're from the Rhine land, to my mind.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bring me a gimlet!

BRANDER.

What d'ye want to bore?  
You scarce can have the hogsheads at the door?

ALTMAYER.

Mine Host hath left his chest of tools behind.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*taking the gimlet, and addressing FROSCH*).

Now name the wine you wish for—steady!

FROSCH.

What dost thou mean? Hast such variety?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Each man of you to choose is free.

ALTMAYER (*to FROSCI*).

Aha! I see you liek your lips already.

FROSCI.

Well, then, if I'm to choose—Rhine wine for ever!  
Of all that's best the Fatherland is giver.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*boring a hole at the edge of the table where  
FROSCI is sitting*).

Get me some wax—I'll make you each a stopper.

ALTMAYER.

Why, this is prestidigitation proper!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to BRANDER*).

And what say you?

BRANDER.

Champagne for me!

And, hark, right sparkling let it be!

[MEPHISTOPHELES bores, and in the meanwhile one of the  
company has made the stoppers and stopped the holes.]

BRANDER (*continues*).

One can't refrain from what is foreign—

What's good is sometimes found beyond the Rhine ;  
Your German hates your Frenchman like the murrain,  
And yet he loves to drink his wine.

SIEBEL (*as MEPHISTOPHELES approaches his seat*).

None of your sour to give me a grimace !

Sweet, genuine sweet, for me, I say !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*boring*).

Then, presto ! you shall have Tokay !

ALTMAYER.

Nay, nay, my masters ! Look me in the face—

Much I misdoubt these be but scurvy jests.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fie ! fie ! With such right noble guests

No freedom would I dare to take—

Mention your wine, and be awake !

And you, sir, with what liquor may I serve you ?

ALTMAYER.

With any—no inquiry make!

[*After all the holes have been bored and stopped, MEPHISTOPHELES sings, making mysterious gestures.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grapes of stem of vine are born,  
 From the he-goat springs the horn!  
 Wine is wine, though vines be wood;  
 Wooden table yields as good.  
 Nature's mystic gifts receive!  
 Lo, a miracle—believe!

Now draw the stoppers! At it go!

[*As they draw the stoppers, and the wine which each has chosen runs into his glass, they all make an exclamation.*

ALL.

Fairy fountains! How they flow!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Spill it not, or 'ware of woe!

[*They drink repeatedly.*

ALL.

We're jolly as the cannibals,  
 Or as five hundred swine, O!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They're in their glory now! The rogues are free!

FAUST.

I only want to get away!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, mark them first! Their bestiality  
Will be far better than a play!

[SIEBEL *drinks carelessly—the wine is spilt upon the ground, and turns to flame.*]

SIEBEL.

Help! Fire! Help! Hell hath found a vent!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the flame*).

Softly, my gentle element!

[*To the company.*]

'Tis but a drop of Purgatorial fire!

SIEBEL.

Sirrah! Beware! A warning you require!  
D'ye think we're men who won't resent?

FROSCI.

Don't try it on again—or you'll provoke us!

ALTMAYER.

Let them leave quietly—nay—speak them fair!

SIEBEL.

Look ye, my masters, how d'ye dare  
To practise here your hocus-pocus?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Peace, peace, thou ancient wine-cask!

SIEBEL.

Ancient broom!  
Wilt thou insult us too?

BRANDER.

Refrain—  
Or on your shoulders blows will rain!

[ALTMAYER draws a stopper from the table—  
the fire flies out against him.]

ALTMAYER.

I'm burning! I'm burning!

SIEBEL.

Sorcery !

Fall on ! No law for such as he !

[*They draw their knives and fall upon MEPHISTOPHELES.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*gesticulating*).

False image and pretence,

Shuffle space and sense !

Be here, and hence !

[*They stand bewildered, and stare at one another.*

ALTMAYER.

Where am I ? What a lovely land !

FROSCII.

Hills clad with vines !

SIEBEL.

And grapes to hand !

BRANDER.

See, what a stem the leafage drapes !

And what a splendid bunch of grapes !

[*He seizes SIEBEL by the nose—the others do the same with one another, and raise their knives.*



MEPHISTOPHELES (*as before*).

Sleight! from their eyes remove the band,  
And how the Devil jests disclose!

[MEPHISTOPHELES *disappears with FAUST. The four start back from one another.*

SIEBEL.

What ails thee?

ALTMAYER.

How?

FROSCH.

Is that thy nose?

BRANDER (*to SIEBEL*).

And thine I am holding in my hand!

ALTMAYER.

I've got a shock that through my limbs went clinking—  
A stool, for God's sake! I am sinking!

FROSCH.

Nay, what hath happened, let me know?

SIEBEL.

Where is the rogue? If I could spy his jerkin,  
Alive I'd never let him go!

ALTMAYER.

I saw him, mounted on a firkin,  
Ride through the cellar door, I trow—  
Seems to the floor my feet were growing—

*[Turning towards the table.*

I wonder is the wine still flowing.

SIEBEL.

'Twas mockery all—'twas mere moonshine !

FROSCHE.

And yet it seemed like drinking wine !

BRANDER.

And then the grapes—pray, what of that ?

ALTMAYER.

Mark ye ! We must believe in miracles—that's flat !

## THE WITCH'S KITCHEN.

*A large cauldron is hanging over the fire on a low hearth. In the steam which rises from it various forms are seen. A She-monkey sits by the cauldron, and skims it, and sees that it does not run over. The He-monkey is seated near her with the young ones, and warms himself. The walls and roof are hung with the strangest articles of witchcraft.*

*Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*

FAUST.

From this mad magic work I shrink abhorrent !

My renovation dost thou warrant

With all this wild tomfoolery ?

Must I take counsel with an aged crone ?

And by her filthy cookery

From off my frame can thirty years be thrown ?

Woe's me if this is all I may expect !

Flown are the hopes which round me hovered !

Hath nature—hath some nobler intellect—

No blessed balsam for decay discovered ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Spoke like an oracle—for, look,  
 Nature hath means to make you young—none apter ;  
 But that stands written in a different book,  
 And forms a very curious chapter.

## FAUST.

I fain would know it.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good! 'Tis soon revealed—  
 Leech, gold, nor gramarye you need to know it.  
 Forthwith betake thee to the field—  
 Set to, and haeke it, and hoe it—  
 Confine thy thoughts—thy passions tame—  
 Within thy little sphere be little—  
 Invigorate thyself with simple victual—  
 Live with the beasts, a beast—nor deem it shame  
 The acres thou dost reap thyself to dung—  
 This is the means, if such should be thine aim,  
 To four score winters to be young !

## FAUST.

'Tis not my wont—so low I cannot grovel !  
 I cannot handle spade and shovel—  
 Such life would never suit me.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

There's the hitch !  
Then there is nothing for it but the Witch.

## FAUST.

But why the beldam in particular, say ?  
Can't you yourself prepare the liquor ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

That were rare sport to while the time away—  
I'd build a thousand bridges quicker !  
Not science, no, nor skill alone,  
But patience also must be shown.  
Long years it takes a spirit still and steady ;  
'Tis only time that makes it strong and heady ;  
Slow is the task, and you must brew  
Strange matters if you undertake it ;  
The Devil taught it her, 'tis true,  
But then the Devil cannot make it.

[ *Glancing at the MONKEYS.*

Lo, Beauty in its charms arrayed !  
That is the Man, and that the Maid !

[ *To the MONKEYS.*

The Dame is not at home, I see.

## THE MONKEYS.

She's out on a spree!  
Up the flue she's flown,  
Off and away by the chimney stone!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

How long is she out when she larking goes?

## THE MONKEYS.

As long as we take to warm our toes.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

What think'st thou of the dainty creatures?

## FAUST.

The most disgusting brutes I ever saw!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, nay, from their discourse I draw  
The rarest fun, despite their sorry features.

[*To the MONKEYS.*]

Now tell me, each accursed puppet,  
Why are ye stirring yonder stuff?

## THE MONKEYS.

We're boiling broth for beggars to sup it.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then you'll have customers enough.

## THE HE-MONKEY

*(approaching and fawning upon MEPHISTOPHELES).*

Quick, doublets pitch,  
And make me rich,  
And let me be the winner!  
If you have pence,  
Then you have sense,  
As I'm a sinner.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Money, methinks, must be the monkey's motto;  
He'd like a ticket in the lotto!

*[In the meanwhile the young MONKEYS have been playing with a large globe, and rolling it before them.]*

## THE HE-MONKEY.

Such is the world!  
Around 'tis twirled,  
And, as it rolls, we follow;

It rings like glass—  
 Which breaks, alas ;  
 Within 'tis hollow !  
 Here much, here more,  
 It gleams all o'er.  
 I am alive, good fellow !  
 Heed what I say,  
 And keep away !  
 Thy life soon ceases !  
 The globe is clay—  
 It falls to pieces !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For what's the sieve ?

THE HE-MONKEY (*taking it down*).

Whoe'er the thief,  
 I quickly would proclaim him !

[*He runs to the SHE-MONKEY, and lets her look through it.*]

Look through the sieve !  
 Dost know the thief,  
 And dost thou fear to name him ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*approaching the fire*).

And yonder pot ?



## THE MONKEYS.

The simple sot !  
 He knoweth not  
 The cauldron or the kettle !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Unmannered beast !

THE HE-MONKEY (*handing a brush*).

Take this at least,  
 And seat thee on the settle !

[*He makes MEPHISTOPHELES sit down.*]

## FAUST

(*who all this time has been standing before a mirror, now approaching it, and now retiring from it*).

What do I see ? What heavenly Shape doth grace  
 The mirror's magical dominion ?  
 Lend, lend me, Love, thy very swiftest pinion,  
 And bear me to her trysting-place !  
 Love—'tis in vain thine aid I summon !  
 When I approach, the vision rare  
 Is blurred, as seen through misty air !  
 The fairest image of a woman !  
 Ah me, can woman be so fair ?  
 Those soft recumbent limbs are more than human !  
 Is it the essence of the heavens that's there ?  
 Can such a form be found in earthly clime ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

When for six days a God his labour plies,  
 And, as he ends it, *Bravo!* cries,  
 You naturally look for something prime.  
 So stare your fill, since you are struck!  
 I know where I can find your idol—  
 And happy he who hath the luck  
 With such a bride to grace his bridal!

[FAUST continues looking into the mirror—MEPHISTOPHELES stretches himself on the settle, and, playing with the brush, continues speaking.

Here on my throne as king I sit me down:  
 My sceptre's here—I only lack the crown!

## THE MONKEYS

(*who have been playing all sorts of strange, wild antics, bring MEPHISTOPHELES a crown, with loud cries*).

Oh, if you would  
 With sweat and blood  
 But give the crown a gluing!

[*They handle the crown awkwardly, and break it in two pieces, with which they dance about.*

'Tis done!—We rhyme,  
 But all the time  
 We hear and see what's doing!

FAUST (*before the mirror*).

Woe's me! The sight hath turned my brain!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to the brutes*).  
And mine begins to reel, as I were drinking.

## THE MONKEYS.

A happy vein,  
A lucky strain,  
Will pass for thinking.

FAUST (*as before*).

A fire within my breast is burning!  
Let us at once begone from here!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in the same position*).

One thing at all events we're learning—  
Our pretty poets are sincere.

[*The cauldron, which the SHE-MONKEY has neglected, begins to boil over—a great flame rises and blazes up the chimney—THE WITCH comes tumbling down through the flames with horrible cries.*

## THE WITCH.

Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow!  
You blasted beast! You cursed sow!  
You have left the kettle, and scorched the frau!  
Here's goodly gear!

[*Observing FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*

Whom have we here ?  
 What make ye here ?  
 So in ye stole ?  
 The Devil's dole  
 Consume ye whole !

*[She dips the ladle into the cauldron, and dashes the flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the MONKEYS—the MONKEYS whimper—MEPHISTOPHELES reverses the brush which he holds in his hand, and strikes at the glasses and the pots.]*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Let fly ! Let fly !  
 There the broth doth lie !  
 There lies the glass !  
 The jest I pass  
 Beats time, my lass,  
 To thy sweet melody !

*[THE WITCH steps back in terror and amazement.]*

Dost know me then, thou skeleton, thou scare !  
 Dost know me for thy lord and master ?  
 Why should I not o'erwhelm ye, standing there,  
 You and your monkey-spirits with disaster ?  
 For my red doublet hast thou lost respect ?  
 My tall cock's feather, too, hast thou forgotten ?  
 Am I so masked that thou canst not detect ?  
 And must I name myself, thou carrion rotten ?

## THE WITCH.

My lord, forgive the rough salute !  
But I perceive no horse's foot—  
Then your two ravens of a feather—?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

This once you've not the devil to pay,  
For 'tis a long time, sooth to say,  
Since you and I were last together.  
And Culture, too, which licks the world to shape,  
Hath not allowed the Devil to escape ;  
The Phantom of the North is fled for ever—  
Horns, tail, and claws, they've stripped him clean and clever !  
As for my foot, with which I can't dispense,  
'Twould injure me with folks, where'er I gadd'd ;  
And so for years, like many a youth of sense,  
For want of natural calves, my legs I've padded.

THE WITCH (*dancing*).

I'm reft of my five senses, sheer,  
Once more to see the noble Satan here !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

That title, woman, spare mine ear !

## THE WITCH.

Why so? What mischief hath it done to thee?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

They've long thought fit among the myths to stick it ;  
 Though what they've gained by that, I fail to see—  
 The wicked one is gone, but still they have the wicked.  
 Call me Lord Harry, and the thing holds good—  
 I am a cavalier with cavalieros ;  
 And, if you're doubtful of my gentle blood,  
 Look ye—this is the cognizance of heroes !

*[He makes an unseemly gesture.]*

THE WITCH (*laughing immoderately*).

Ha ! ha ! Your old way, I declare !  
 You're still the pleasant rogue you ever were !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

My friend, take note of what I say—  
 When you've to deal with witches, that's the way.

THE WITCH.

And now, fair sirs, how can I be of use ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We need a jorum of the famous juice—  
 And be it of the oldest, mark ye !  
 'Tis time that doth the double strength produce.

## THE WITCH.

With joy I give you what you ask !  
 Here is mine own peculiar flask—  
 'Tis free from every particle of stink ;  
 I'll mete you out a modicum with pleasure.

(*Aside.*)

If without being prepared this man should drink,  
 An hour the remnant of his life would measure !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Pshaw ! He's a friend—'twill work right well in him ;  
 I grudge him not the best of thy purveying.  
 Describe thy circle—say thy saying—  
 And fill the bumper to the brim !

[THE WITCH, with mysterious gestures, traces a circle, and places a number of strange things in it ; in the meanwhile the glasses begin to ring, and the cauldron begins to make music ; lastly she brings a great book, and places the MONKEYS in the circle, and makes them serve as a reading-desk, and hold the torches. She beckons FAUST to approach.

FAUST (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES).

Nay, tell me what's she at, the antic ?  
 All this mad stuff—these gestures frantic—

This most disgusting trumpery—  
I know and hate it mortally.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nonsense! To laughter it should but provoke us—  
Nay, don't be so fastidious, man!  
The leech is naught without his hocus-pocus—  
Let her assist her nostrum as she can.

[*He pushes FAUST into the circle.*]

THE WITCH

(*with a strong emphasis declaiming from the book*).

Give ear all men!  
Of one make ten.  
Pass two, and then,  
That odd be even,  
Three bewitch—  
So art thou rich.  
Forego the four!  
Of five and six—  
Such Witch's lore—  
Make seven and eight,  
And all is straight;  
And nine is one,  
And ten is none!  
Such is the Witch's one-times-one!



FAUST.

The beldam raves, as if she had a fever.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

There's a lot more of it for the believer—

I know the book—'tis all of the same ring ;

I've wasted many an hour upon its pages :

A downright contradiction is a thing

Puzzles alike your simpletons and sages !

The trick is old, yet ever new, you see—

All times have deemed it no slight matter

By Three and One, and One and Three,

Error instead of truth to scatter.

You've heard it preached and prated of for years—

Why should you heed the idiots for a minute ?

Yet men are wont, when words assail their ears,

To think there surely must be something in it !

THE WITCH (*continuing*).

The splendor bright

Of wisdom's light

From all the world is hidden !

Truth ever shrinks

From him that thinks.

And comes to fools unbidden !

FAUST.

What nonsense is it that she squalls?  
 My head is splitting with her chatter—  
 A hundred thousand naturals  
 Could scarcely raise a greater clatter!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the WITCH*).

Enough, enough, O most accomplished Sybil!  
 Nay, dole us out no wretched dribble—  
 Fill up the rummer to the very rim!  
 His nerves, I promise you, will not be shaken:  
 High grades, and many, he hath taken—  
 Many a good gulp hath been absorbed by him!

[THE WITCH, *with many ceremonies, pours the liquor into a glass; as FAUST lifts it to his mouth a slight flame bursts forth.*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Down with it quickly! Let it go!  
 'Twill warm you to your heart's desire!  
 Art with the Devil hail-fellow,  
 And dost thou fear a flash of fire?

[*The WITCH dissolves the circle—FAUST steps out.*

Now forth at once! You may not rest!

THE WITCH.

May the good potion work aright !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the Witch*).

If I can grant you any small request,  
Don't fail to ask it on Walpurgis-night.

THE WITCH.

Here is a song, which, if you care to sing,  
You'll find it hath rare virtues, when you've tried it.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come quick as lightning ! Be thou guided !  
Unless a sudorific be provided,  
Ne'er through the frame will the fine essence spring !  
Hereafter, like a lord, thou shalt enjoy thy leisure,  
And feel within thy breast a thrill of secret pleasure,  
As young Cupido stirs, in his wild wantoning !

FAUST.

Still let me gaze ! Ah, tear me not asunder  
From that sweet Shape which is so passing fair !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay ! nay ! Incarnate thou shalt see the wonder  
Of womankind—no phantom of the air !

*(Aside.)*

With this in his body he will greet  
Helen of Troy in every street.

## T H I R D   A C T .

### THE TEMPTATION.

FAUST, fresh from the Witch's Kitchen, meets Margaret fresh from the Cathedral ; in the evening he is introduced into her chamber by Mephistopheles, who leaves a casket in the press. The next day the casket is taken to the Priest, and Faust is informed of the fact by Mephistopheles, who leaves a second set of jewels to replace the first. On the third day Margaret takes the new casket to Martha, and in Martha's house she is met by Mephistopheles, who procures an appointment for the evening, and brings the news to Faust. In the evening Faust and Margaret meet. These incidents are comprised in the scenes entitled *The Street—Evening—The Promenade—Martha's House—The Street*—and *The Garden*. The scene entitled *A Pavilion in the Garden* must be regarded as occurring a short time afterwards. The action in the whole Act does not require more than four or five days.

Redevenu jeune avec toutes les ardeurs, toutes les curiosités, toutes les énergies, tous les entraînements, tous les égoïsmes de la jeunesse, inutilement éclairée des rayons intermittents et pâles d'une conscience mobile et flottante, erratique pour ainsi dire, puisqu'elle n'est dans l'attraction divine—redevenu jeune, Faust ne va ni à l'orgie, ni au jeu, ni aux jouissances grossières; il va droit à l'amour le plus naturel et le plus noble, à l'amour de la femme, à la plus innocente, à la plus pure, à Marguerite, et il l'attaque au moment où elle sort de l'église, en état de grâce. Elle n'en est que plus tentante pour celui qui a pactisé avec l'enfer. Nous savons le reste de cette première partie, et par quelle catastrophe elle se termine. *Une voix* nous dit de la coulisse que Marguerite est sauvée; Faust reste sur la terre. Rien de plus humain, rien de plus touchant, rien de plus douloureux, rien de plus poétique, que cet épisode de Marguerite, courant à travers cette sombre légende, et semblable à l'aube du premier jour sur le chaos étonné.—*A. Dumas Fils.*

The simple girl returning from church is accosted by Faust, and answers him somewhat curtly. Here commences the love episode, which gives to the poem a magic which none can resist. Shakespeare has drawn no such portrait as that of Margaret; no such peculiar union of passion, simplicity, homeliness and witchery. The poverty and inferior social position of Margaret are never lost sight of; she never becomes an abstraction; it is love alone which exalts her above her lowly station, and it is only in passion she is so exalted.—*Lewes.*

The art of the poet has so wrought the drama, that we see nothing but the depth of her affection and the agony of her sufferings. It is only incidentally we learn she has caused the death of her mother, her brother, and her child; she is crushed by the successive coils of a chain, thrown around her by the most unrelenting destiny, while she is herself unconscious of the agency. Guilt, and horror, and death, spring up suddenly from where she had seen nothing but love, like hideous skeletons starting from the perfumed depth of a bower of roses. . . . Like Cordelia, she sinks amid the strife of the violent or evil natures by which she is surrounded; as little able to resist their influence, as the floating lily can oppose the rushing of the cataract by which it is hurried down the abyss.—*Filmore.*

L'histoire de Marguerite serre douloureusement le cœur. Son état vulgaire, son esprit borné, tout ce qui la soumet au malheur, sans qu'elle puisse y résister, inspire encore plus de pitié pour elle. Goethe, dans ses romans et dans ses pièces, n'a presque jamais donné des qualités supérieures aux femmes, mais il peint à merveille le caractère de faiblesse qui leur rend la protection si nécessaire.—*Madame de Staël.*

## THE STREET.

*Enter* FAUST. MARGARET *passes by.*

FAUST.

Fair lady mine, may I aspire  
To offer my arm and be your squire ?

MARGARET.

I'm not a lady—am not fair—  
Without a squire can home repair.

*[She disengages herself and exits.*

FAUST.

By heaven but yonder child is fair !  
I never saw such beauty rare—  
So virtuous and so virginal,  
And somewhat malapert withal !  
Her lips of red, her cheeks of light,  
Will haunt my memory day and night !

And then the way she dropped her eyes—  
Deep in my heart the image lies !  
A charm her very curtness lent,  
Which in itself was ravishment !

*Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

Get me the girl—I must possess her !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which one ?

FAUST.

She hath just passed me—see !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What, her ? She's fresh from her confessor ;  
Of sin he hath declared her free—  
To the chair I crept up stealthily.  
She is an innocent thing, and goes  
To shrift with nothing to disclose—  
I have no power at such an age !

FAUST.

She's over fourteen, I engage.



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

What a Jack Libertine you've grown,  
To mark each flow'ret for your own,  
And deem there is not woman's fame  
Or favour, which you may not claim.  
Things sometimes take a different line.

## FAUST.

Good Master Moraliser mine,  
I do not want my morals mended!  
Hark in thine ear—I claim my right—  
If this young thing of life and light  
Lies not within my arms to night,  
At midnight our accord is ended!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Consider how we must proceed!  
Some fourteen days at least I need,  
If but to find a fitting season.

## FAUST.

Had I seven hours to woo the maid,  
I should not need the Devil's aid  
To bring a chit like that to reason.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, that's the veriest Frenchman's prate—  
Why can't you take your love at leisure?  
Why must you make a rush at pleasure?  
The enjoyment is not half so great,  
As when their scruples you overcome  
With all sorts of brimborium,  
And knead and mould your poppet well—  
As many a foreign tale will tell.

## FAUST.

My appetite requires no zest.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Offence apart—apart from jest—  
I tell you that the lovely child  
Won't be so easily beguiled.  
By storm the fort you cannot carry;  
We must resort to ruse—and tarry.

## FAUST.

Get me some trifle she doth prize!  
Guide me to where the angel lies!  
Get me a kerchief from her breast—  
Aught that my darling's touch hath blest!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To let you see that to your pain  
I minister with might and main,  
I will not lose a single hour—  
This day I'll bring you to her bower.

FAUST.

And shall I see her? Clasp her?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No!

She will be at a neighbour's—so  
Straight to her chamber you shall go,  
Bask in her atmosphere at leisure,  
And take an antepast of pleasure.

FAUST.

Can we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis early yet.

FAUST.

Some present you must try and get!

[*Exit.*]

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Presents already! Bravo! You will do!  
I know full many a likely spot,  
And many a treasure long forgot—  
But I must pass them in review.

[*Exit.*]

## EVENING.

*A neat little Chamber.*

MARGARET *braiding and binding her hair.*

MARGARET.

Much would I give if I could say  
Who was that gentleman to-day !  
His bearing was so proud and high,  
He's of a noble family ;  
That much upon his brow is told—  
Besides he would not else have been so bold.

[*Exit.*

*Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in—step light—dont be afraid !

FAUST (*pausing*).

Leave me ! I do not need thine aid !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying*).

A very tidy little maid !

[*Exit.*

FAUST (*looking round*).

Welcome delicious twilight shade,  
Which this sweet halidom dost shimmer through!  
Let Love's delicious pang my heart pervade—  
Love that doth live on Hope's sweet honeydew!  
What a sweet sense of stillness here doth brood,  
Of order, of contentedness!  
In this rare poverty what plenitude!  
In this poor cell what blessedness!

[*He throws himself into the leathern arm-chair  
beside the bed.*

Receive me thou! that hast, in mirth and moan,  
Welcomed with open arms a former race!  
How oft around this patriarchal throne,  
Have swarms of clustering children shed a grace!  
Here, grateful, at the holy time of Christ,  
My darling, with her fresh and fair young face,  
Her grandsire's withered hand hath fondly kist!  
I feel, sweet maid, thy spirit bright  
Of thrift and order whispering soft and low,  
Which daily prompts thee, as a mother might,  
To spread the table with the spotless white,  
And with the crinkling sand the floor to strow!  
O gentle hand! O hand divine!  
Thou mak'st a heaven of this poor hut of thine!  
And here!—

[*He lifts the curtain.*

O thrill of blessedness untold!—

Here would I linger by the hour!

Here, Nature, when light dreams had power,  
Didst thou the human angel mould!

Here lay the babe, its bosom heaving,

As the warm life-blood flushed abroad—

And here, while holy spells were weaving,

She grew—a miniature of God!

And thou—what evil hope is in thy breast?

How am I troubled by a strange unrest!

What would'st thou here? What pricks thee to the core?

Wretch that thou art, I know thee, Faust, no more!

Is it charmed breath that fills this chamber rare?

For instantaneous joy I panted—

And in a dream of love I stand enchanted!

Are we the playthings of the shifting air?

If here she came, ere thou hadst time to fly,

With what rebuke would thy presumption meet!

The mighty libertine would lie

Dissolved to nothing at her feet!

*Re-enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Make haste! I see her coming there.

FAUST.

Away! Here come I nevermore!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Here is a Casket I've in store—  
I got it—well, no matter where—  
Do thou but place it in the press,  
I swear she'll go half mad for joy;  
The trifles in it, I confess,  
Were meant another to decoy.  
But child is child, and play is play!

FAUST.

I know not—shall I?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why not, pray?  
Is't that you mean to keep the treasure?  
Then I advise your lustihood  
To leave the wanton hours unwooded,  
And spare me to enjoy my leisure.  
Maybe you're of the miser's mood?  
I scratch my head, I rub my hands—

*[He places the casket in the press and locks it up.]*



Be on the alert!—  
 To bend the dainty little flirt  
 To be conformable to your commands;  
 And you look all gloom,  
 As if you were bound for your lecture-room,  
 And there they stood bodily, grim and grey,  
 Physic and Metaphysica!  
 Come on!

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter MARGARET with a lamp.*

MARGARET.

It is so close, so sultry here—

*[She opens the window.]*

And yet 'twas not so warm without;  
 I feel—I know not how—so queer—  
 What can my mother be about?  
 All over my body I'm shivering—  
 I'm such a silly little thing!

*[She begins to sing while she is undressing.]*

There was a king in Thule  
 Was faithful to the grave,  
 To whom his dying true-love  
 A golden beaker gave.

It was his choicest treasure—  
 'Twas the only cup for him ;  
 And whene'er he drained its measure,  
 His eyes would overbrim.

And he reckoned land and lordship,  
 When his time was come to die ;  
 To his heir he left their wardship—  
 But he put the beaker by.

His knights around he gathers,  
 And he feasts right royally,  
 In the high hall of his fathers,  
 In his castle on the sea.

He stood—and, as the liquor  
 For the last time flushed his blood,  
 He flung the hallowed beaker  
 Deep down into the flood !

He watched it dropping—drinking—  
 And sinking in the sea ;  
 And his failing eyes were sinking—  
 Drop nevermore drank he !

*[She opens the press to put away her clothes,  
 and observes the casket.]*

How came this lovely casket here ? Certes,  
 Before I went I locked the press.  
 'Tis passing wonderful ! What's in it ? Let me guess :—

'Tis like enough 'twas left in pawn,  
And mother keeps it for a debt :  
A riband through the key is drawn—  
I'll find out all about it yet !  
What's this ? My goodness gracious ! See !  
I never set my eyes on such a show !  
A set ! With them a dame of high degree  
To highest festival might go !  
How would that chain become me ? Oh !  
Whose can they be, these gems divine ?

*[She puts them on and walks before the looking-glass.*

Were but the pair of ear-rings mine !  
One looks so different to the eye.  
What is thy beauty worth, young maid ?  
All well and good when all is said,  
But then they give it the go by—  
Praise that's half pity you endure.  
For gold each yearns,  
On gold all turns !  
God help us that are poor !

## THE PROMENADE.

FAUST *pacing up and down immersed in thought.*

*Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

By all disappointed love ! By all the fires of hell !  
Would I knew aught of worse, to curse by it as well !

FAUST.

What ails thee, man ? What is it moves thee so ?  
I never saw a face that looked so evil !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'd give myself instanter to the Devil,  
But that I was a Devil long ago !

FAUST.

Is thy head turned ? It doth become thee well  
Thus like a raving lunatic to yell !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Just think !

The gems I got for Gretchen yesterday,  
A Priest hath swept them all away !—  
The matter comes to the mother's ear,  
And she views the thing with a secret fear.  
The dame hath her nose in every nook,  
And she snuffles away o'er her missal book,  
And smells at her chattels to ascertain  
What is sacred, and what profane ;  
And she plainly scents in jewel and gem  
That there was not much of a blessing in *them* !  
" My child," quoth she, " ill-gotten gear  
Doth corrupt the blood, and the conscience sear !  
To the Mother of God let the whole be given—  
She'll gladden our hearts with mamma from heaven !"  
Thought little Margaret with a pout,  
" 'Tis a gift horse all the talk's about,  
And one of the godless he scarce could be  
Who brought it here so handsomely."

To a Priest the mother herself addrest,  
And the ghostly man, when he saw the jest,  
Was very well pleased with what he saw —  
Says he, " You're well disposed, 'tis plain ;  
Gainsay yourself, and you're sure to gain !  
The Church hath ever a goodly maw—

In her time she hath eaten up province and pelf,  
And hath never yet over-eaten herself—  
The Church alone, my daughters dear,  
Is fit to digest ill-gotten gear !”

FAUST.

That's far from an uncommon claim—  
A Jew and a King can do the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So off he swept clasp, chain, and ring,  
As things to be had for the gathering—  
Thanked them, neither less nor more,  
Than if 'twere a basket of nuts he bore—  
Said, Heaven would reward them another day—  
And very much edified were they.

FAUST.

And Gretchen ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is ill at ease ;  
Herself she knows not how to please ;  
Dreams night and day of the jewels rare,  
But more of him who brought them there.

FAUST.

My darling's sorrow makes me sad—  
Let another set forthwith be had!  
The first were nothing, I may say.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, to my lord 'tis all child's play!

FAUST.

And go, and see thou dost my will!  
Hang thou about her gossip still!  
A milksop, Devil, cease to be.  
And get the trinkets instantly!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No scruple, sir, my service mars!

[*Exit* FAUST.]

A love-sick fool, I do declare,  
Would puff sun, moon, and all the stars—  
To please his mistress--into air!

[*Exit*.]

## THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.

MARTHA (*alone*).

God pardon my good lord, for he  
Hath scarcely acted well by me!  
Away into the world he's flown,  
And left me as a widow lone.  
I never vexed him all my life—  
God knows I was a loving wife!

[*She weeps.*]

Perchance he's dead!—O day of woe!—  
Had I but aught his death to show!

*Enter* MARGARET.

MARGARET.

Dame Martha!

MARTHA.

Child, what aileth thee?



MARGARET.

My knees almost beneath me sink !  
I've found another—only think—  
Another casket—of ebony—  
And full of jewels rich and rare,  
Far finer than the others were !

MARTHA.

Don't talk about it to your mother ;  
'Twould go the same way as the other.

MARGARET.

Oh, only look at them ! Ah, do !

MARTHA.

You lucky little creature, you !

MARGARET.

I daren't be seen with them, alas,  
Upon the street, or e'en at mass.

MARTHA.

But you can frequently come over,  
And wear them here upon the sly ;  
And you can pace before the glass, moreover—  
We shall enjoy it, you and I ;

Then an occasion comes, a holiday,  
 And by degrees, the whole you can display—  
 At first a chain, and then a pearl in the ear ;  
 Your mother won't observe—we'll tell some fib, my dear.

MARGARET.

Caskets like these who can it be that brings ?  
 It scarcely counts with canny things !

[*A knocking.*

Can that my mother's knock have been ?

MARTHA (*looking through the blinds*).

'Tis a strange gentleman—Come in !

*Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I fear I take you by surprise—  
 Ladies, I should apologise—

[*He steps back with an air of respect as he sees* MARGARET.

Dame Martha Schwertdlein I would wish to see.

MARTHA.

What wouldst thou with her ? I am she.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*).

Enough—I know you now—no more—  
 You have a distinguished visitor ;

Forgive me—'tis inopportune—  
I'll call again in the afternoon.

MARTHA (*about*).

Of all things—the strange cavalier  
Doth take thee for a lady, dear!

MARGARET.

I'm but a poor young simple thing—  
His lordship is too flattering ;  
The gems and trinkets are not my own.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah, no—'tis not the gems alone ;  
The lofty look—the air—betray—  
I am so glad that I may stay.

MARTHA.

What may you bring ? My curiousness excuse—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I would that I had better news !  
But blame me not for what I have to tell—  
Your husband 's dead, and sends you his farewell !

MARTHA.

Dead! What, my darling dead? Then I  
Have nothing left to do but die!

MARGARET.

Dear Dame, ah, yield not to despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

List the sad tidings that I bear!—

MARGARET.

Ne'er let me love while I'm alive,  
A loss I never should survive.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Joy hath its grief, and grief with joy is varied.—

MARTHA.

Tell me what happened at the close!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

His bones in Padua are buried—  
He lies in St. Antonio's;  
In a well consecrated space  
He hath his last cool resting-place.

MARTHA.

Hast thou nought else?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A favour to be granted!

One last boon, and a costly, he bespoke :  
For him be sure to get three hundred masses chanted!—  
Apart from this I've nothing in my poke.

MARTHA.

What! Not a token? Not a toy?  
Why, every journeyman in his satchell bears  
Some fond memento, which he spares,  
And would starve rather, or as beggar wander—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Madam, it grieves me you should feel annoy,  
But, in good sooth, his gold he did not squander:  
His failings, too, he ceased not to deplore—  
And his ill fortune he bewailed still more.

MARGARET.

Ah me, that fortune so unkind should prove!  
Full many a requiem for his soul I'll say.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You're worthy to be wed without delay—  
You are a darling made for love !

MARGARET.

Ah no, for that my years are scant.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

If not a bridegroom, why then, a gallant !  
Heaven's choicest gift it were to fling  
One's arms around so sweet a thing !

MARGARET.

'Tis not our country custom, sir.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Custom or not, such things occur.

MARTHA.

But tell me—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I stood by where he was lying ;  
Some wretched litter for his couch sufficed—  
'Twas straw half rotted—but he died in Christ !  
The score he had run up disturbed his dying.

“By what remorse,” he cried, “I’m overtaken—  
My business and my wife, both—both—forsaken!  
To think upon it is to die!

‘Till she forgive me, how can I be shriven?”—

MARTHA (*weeping*).

The darling! Long ago he was forgiven!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

“Yet she, God knows, was more to blame than I.”

MARTHA.

He lied! What—on the verge o’ the grave a liar!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

He rambled somewhat as his end drew nigher,  
If to some judgment I may make pretence.  
“No time to yawn had I,” quoth he—“no hours of freedom—  
First to get children, and then bread to feed ’em,  
And bread, too, in the very widest sense—  
And could not eat in peace the crust I’d gotten!”

MARTHA.

And all my truth, and all my love forgotten—  
My drudgery by day and night!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Not so—he thought of them, as well he might !  
He said, “ On Malta when I last did look,  
    My prayers for wife and child were fond and fervent ;  
    And Heaven looked down with favour on its servant—  
And so a Turkish argosy we took,  
With a consignment of the Sultan’s treasure.  
    Valour had its reward—and then and there  
I was awarded, in the amplest measure,  
    As was befitting, my sufficient share.”

## MARTHA.

But how ? But where ? Perchance he had it buried ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

God knows where the four winds the spoil have carried !  
A lady fair at Naples, to say sooth,  
    Met him, and took him into her good graces—  
And gave such tokens of her love and truth,  
    That to his blessed end he bore the traces.

## MARTHA.

The wretch ! His family to plunder !  
    And all the penury, and all the woe,  
Could not keep him and infamy asunder !



## MEPHISTOPHELES.

He died in consequence, you know.  
Now, if I were in your position,  
I'd mourn him for a virtuous year,  
And meanwhile seek a friend to solace my condition.

## MARTHA.

None would be like my first, I fear.  
There could not be a kinder fool or fonder—  
The sun upon his like will never shine!  
He had no failing—save the wish to wander—  
And foreign women—and foreign wine—  
And that cursed whirling of the dice!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

There would not have been much ado,  
Had he each harmless little vice  
Conversely overlooked in you.  
Were such the pleasant state of things,  
I'd ask for an exchange of rings!

## MARTHA.

My lord, you do but play the jester's part.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

Methinks 'tis high time that I stirred—  
She'd take the very Devil at his word!

(*To MARGARET*).

How is it, maiden, with thine heart?

MARGARET.

What means my lord by that?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

The sweet young innocent!

(*Aloud*).

Ladies farewell!

MARGARET.

Farewell!

MARTHA.

My scruples to content,  
If you have proof, pray don't defer it,  
How, where, and when my love departed and was buried!  
The claims of order we should ne'er forget—  
I'd like to read his death in the gazette.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

A matter 's established at the mouth  
Of two witnesses everywhere—north and south ;  
I have for a comrade a gallant young fellow,  
Who'll be glad to depose to the facts that I tell you.  
I'll bring him here.

## MARTHA.

I pray you do !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

And the young lady will be here too ?—  
A gallant lad ! A traveller, he,  
And to the ladies all courtesy !

## MARGARET.

I should but blush before such worth.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Before no monarch upon earth.

## MARTHA.

In the garden in the ere at eve  
You and your friend we will receive.

## THE STREET.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

How now? Is all in train? Is't soon to be?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bravo! I find you're all on fire!

You soon shall have your heart's desire—  
This evening Gretchen at her friend's you'll see.  
The dame's a most commodious quean,  
A gypsy born, and go-between!

FAUST.

Good!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

But one thing she wishes us to do.

FAUST.

Well, one good turn deserves another.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

True,

'Tis only to depose—such is her whim—  
That her dead lord, in all his length of limb,  
In Padua hath found his hallowed lair.

FAUST.

That's choice! Then first to Padua one goes!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

*Sancta simplicitas!* The trouble you may spare!  
Though you know nothing of the thing—depose!

FAUST.

If such thy plan, it brings the matter to a close.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Most sanctimonious purist! lo, you there!  
Is it the first time since thy natal hour  
Thou'st borne false witness, holy as thou art?  
Hast not of God—the World, and its minutest part—  
Of Man, and all the things that stir his head and heart—  
Given definitions with portentous power?

With front of brass and fearless breast?  
 And, wouldst thou to the bottom go,  
 Of these high matters didst thou know  
 More than of Schwerdtlein's death? Not thou, it stands confest!

FAUST.

Thou ever wast a liar and a sophist.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, think a little deeper ere thou scoffest!  
 Wilt not to-morrow, in all honour,  
 Befool poor Gretchen till you've won her,  
 And swear you've lavished your whole soul upon her?

FAUST.

Aye, from my heart!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All very fine!  
 And when you rave of truth—devotion—  
 One sole o'er-mastering emotion—  
 Will that be from this heart of thine?

FAUST.

Peace! Peace! It will!—And when my mind  
 For the wild rush of thoughts that rise  
 Seeks for a name, and fails to find—

When thought has ranged through all creation,  
And grasps, all vainly, at expression,  
If I this glow of passion's flame  
Should endless, everlasting, name—  
Is that a devil's pack of lies ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Still I am right.

## FAUST.

List ! Mark thou this—  
I do entreat thee stop, and spare my lungs !  
People who *will* be right, if they have tongues,  
Will be, I wis !  
But come—the thing's sufficiently discussed ;  
I own that thou art right—because I must !

## THE GARDEN.

MARGARET *leaning on FAUST'S arm.* MARTHA *with*  
MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and down.*

MARGARET.

I know it well, you do but spare me, sir,  
And so demean yourself that I'm ashamed.  
'Tis the good nature of the traveller,  
Which for its way of taking things is famed.  
Poor talk like mine, I know, has no pretence  
To please a man of such experience.

FAUST.

More is one look of thine, one word from thee,  
Than all the wisdom of the world to me!

*[He kisses her hand.]*

MARGARET.

Nay, spare yourself the pains! How can you kiss it, you?  
It is so nasty and so rough!  
What is there not I'm not obliged to do!  
Mother is harder than enough.

*[They pass on.]*



MARTHA.

And so you're always travelling about ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Duty and business still the day must carry ;  
There's many a spot we leave with pain, no doubt,  
And yet we must not dare to tarry !

MARTHA.

'Tis well enough, ere the wild years be past,  
To roam the world, and think of nothing more :  
But the evil days will come at last,  
And to the grave to slink, a lone old bachelor—  
It well might make you stand aghast !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I look upon the distant view with terror.

MARTHA.

Ah, then in time, dear sir, bethink you of the error.

*(They pass on.)*

MARGARET.

Yes, out of sight is out of mind !  
With courtesy you overflow ;  
But you have heaps of friends, I know,  
Whom cleverer than me you find.

FAUST.

Darling ! What men call cleverness and sense  
Is oft mere emptiness and folly !

MARGARET.

How ?

FAUST.

Ah, that simplicity and innocence  
Themselves and their own worth should not avow !  
That meekness, modesty, the gifts of nature when  
She is most liberal, should shun the view !

MARGARET.

Ah, think of me a little, now and then—  
I shall have time enough to think of you !

FAUST.

You're much alone withal ?

MARGARET.

Yes, though our household is but small,

Upon my time there's many a call.

We keep no maid ; I cook, sweep, knit, and sew—

Go late to bed, and early rise ;

Mother in everything, you know,

Is so precise !

Not that we've any need to pinch or pare—

We might do more than many another ;

For father left a property to mother,

A house in the suburb with a garden fair.

My days pass now in quiet in the main ;

My brother is a soldier—

My little sister 's dead ;

I had my share of trouble ere she sped,

Yet gladly would I bear it all again,

The darling was so dear !

FAUST.

An angel, if like thee !

## MARGARET.

I reared it, and 'twas very fond of me.  
'Twas after father's death 'twas born ;  
We had given up mother—so forlorn  
And in such piteous case she lay—  
And she came round so slowly, day by day ;  
And thus it fell she could not think  
Of feeding it with nature's drink ;  
And so I reared it, all alone.  
On milk and water—'twas my own !  
Upon my arm, upon my knee,  
It smiled, and kicked—grew merrily.

## FAUST.

You must, I'm sure, have felt the purest pleasure.

## MARGARET.

Yet there were times that tried me beyond measure.  
My rest at night it often broke ;  
The cot stood by my bed ; no stir it made  
But I awoke :  
I'd give it drink, or by me have it laid,  
Or I would rise, when quiet 'twould not keep,  
And walk it up and down, and dandle it to sleep—  
And still was at the tub when day began to peep ;

Then off to market—tidy things away—  
And each to-morrow but repeats to-day.  
A life like this is scarcely gay at best,  
But then it makes one relish food and rest.

[*They pass on.*]

MARTHA.

Ah, the poor women have enough to do—  
Old bachelors are so hard to be converted.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It but depends on some one such as you  
To find the better way asserted.

MARTHA.

But tell me frankly—no one have you met—?  
Has your heart ne'er attached itself as yet?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What saith the saw?—A hearth, when all is told,  
And a good wife are better far than gold.

MARTHA.

I mean—at no time hath the tender passion—?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've always been received in the most gracious fashion.

MARTHA.

Nay—have no serious feelings for the fair — ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

To trifle with the sex no gentleman should dare !

MARTHA.

You take me not !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The worse for me, I find !

But as I take it—you are very kind.

[ *They pass on.* ]

FAUST.

And so, you little angel in disguise,

You recognised me at a look ?

MARGARET.

Didst thou observe it not ? I dropped my eyes.

FAUST.

And you forgive the liberty I took—  
Nay, my impertinence—when home  
You were returning from the Dome ?

MARGARET.

I was confounded—it was new to me ;  
Never against me had a word been spoken ;  
Ah, thought I, hath he recognised the token  
Of aught unmaidenly or bold in thee ?  
He must have thought, from something in my air,  
One need not stand on ceremony *there*.  
Yet—I must own it—there began to stir—  
Here—in my bosom—something strange and new ;  
And with myself I felt the angrier,  
Because I was not angrier with you !

FAUST.

My darling !

MARGARET.

Stay !

[*She plucks an aster and pulls the petals one after another.*]

FAUST.

What's that ? A posy ?

MARGARET.

No !

'Tis but a pastime.

FAUST.

How ?

MARGARET.

You'll ridicule me—go !

*[She plucks the leaves and murmurs.]*

FAUST.

What art thou murmuring ?

MARGARET (*half-loud*).

He loves me—Loves me not !

FAUST.

Sweet face, with look from angels caught !



MARGARET.

Loves me—Not—Loves me—Not—

*[She plucks the last petal with great delight.]*

He loves me!

FAUST.

Yes, darling! Let the language of the flower

Be as an oracle of God! He loves thee!

Know'st thou what that doth mean? He loves thee!

*[He takes both her hands.]*

MARGARET.

I'm all on tremble!

FAUST.

Oh tremble not! Let this fond look,

This pressure of the hand, proclaim

What is unspeakable!

To give ourselves up wholly, and to feel

A joy that must be endless!

Eternal!—Ah, its end would be despair!—  
 No, no! No end! No ending!

[MARGARET *presses his hands, disengages herself, and runs away.* FAUST *stands a moment lost in thought, and then follows her.*

MARTHA (*coming up*).

Night 's closing in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Our steps we must retrace.

MARTHA.

I'd ask you yet awhile to tarry,  
 But this is such an awful wicked place—  
 They've nothing else to do but fetch and carry;  
 Their only labour  
 Is gaping at the movements of their neighbour—  
 Do what you will the lip is always curled!  
 And our young couple—?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Flown by yon parterre—  
 The giddy butterflies!

MARTHA.

He seems in love with her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she with him. Such is the way of the world.

## PAVILION IN THE GARDEN.

MARGARET *runs into the Pavilion—plants herself behind the door—holds the tip of her finger to her lip—and peeps through the crevice.*

MARGARET.

He's coming!

FAUST (*coming up*).

Sweet tormentor that thou art—  
I've caught thee!

[*He kisses her.*]

MARGARET (*embracing him and returning the kiss*).

Love—I love thee from my heart!

\*                   \*

\*

MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks at the door.*

FAUST (*stamping*).

Who's there ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend !

FAUST.

A brute !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis time for parting—come !

MARTHA (*coming up*).

Yes, sir, 'tis wearing late.

FAUST.

May I not see you home ?

MARGARET.

Mother would—nay—good-bye !

FAUST.

And must I leave you then?

Good-bye!

MARTHA.

Adieu!

MARGARET.

Soon may we meet again!

[*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MARGARET.

Good heavens! Like him did ever man  
Know all things, all, that mortal can!  
And there I stand, all bashfulness,  
And nothing can I say but, Yes.  
I'm but a silly child—and he—  
I wonder what he finds in me!

[*Exit.*

## FOURTH ACT.

### THE FALL.

THERE is a lapse of time between the concluding scene of the preceding Act and the opening one of this (p. 215). Faust has fled from the presence of Margaret to avoid temptation, and his feelings are described in the *Forest and Cavern* scene. Mephistopheles induces him to return; and the first consequence of his return is intimated in the words of Margaret at the Spinning-wheel—*Meine Ruh ist hin*. There is a short interval between this scene and those which follow. Mephistopheles determines to remove Faust from the influence of Margaret, which the Fiend discovers is becoming antagonistic to his own (p. 230). The scenes entitled *Martha's Garden—At the Fountain—The Esplanade—*and *Night—*occupy but a single day, which is fixed as the day but one before the First of May (p. 239). Faust obtains an appointment for the night (p. 227). Mephistopheles brings Valentine upon the scene (p. 237). Margaret's mother swallows the sleeping draught—her brother is killed in the duel—and Faust is forced to fly. Mephistopheles is triumphant. Margaret's story ends, for the present, as it began—at *The Cathedral*.

*Forest and Cavern.* I do not understand the relation of this scene to the whole. Faust is alone among the solitudes of Nature, pouring out his rapture and his despair. Mephistopheles enters, and the two wrangle. The scene is full of fine things, but its position in the work is not clear to me.—*Lewes.*

In his sketch of the growth of *Faust*, Mr. Lewes does not seem to be aware of the publication of the *Fragment* in 1790. The *Forest and Cavern* is there given, not in its present position, but immediately after the scene *At the Fountain* (Scene xvii.), and consequently *after* Margaret's fall. Goethe's first design was, evidently, to drive Faust from Margaret's presence through the remorse following the deed, and his transfer of the scene to its present place substitutes a moral resistance in advance of the deed for the earlier motive. The character of Faust's love is not only elevated by this change, but the element of good in his nature is again actively, and not merely reactively, developed.—*Bayard Taylor.*

La pauvre Marguerite est livrée à la puissance du mal : l'esprit infernal s'acharne sur elle et la rend coupable sans lui ôter cette droiture de cœur qui ne peut trouver de repos que dans la vertu. Un méchant habile se garde bien de pervertir en entier les honnêtes gens qu'il veut gouverner : car son ascendant sur eux se compose des fautes et des remords qui les troublent tour à tour. Faust, aidé par Méphistophélès, séduit cette jeune fille, singulièrement simple d'esprit et d'âme. Elle est pieuse, bien qu'elle soit coupable, et seule avec Faust elle lui demande s'il a de la religion. La réponse, d'une éloquence inspirée, ne conviendrait pas à la disposition de Faust, si dans ce moment il n'était pas meilleur, parce qu'il aime, et si l'intention de l'auteur n'avait pas été, sans doute, de montrer combien une croyance ferme et positive est nécessaire, puisque ceux mêmes que la nature a faits sensibles et bons n'en sont pas moins capables des plus funestes égarements quand ce secours leur manque.—*Madame de Staël.*

Düntzer insists that the unity of the plot is disturbed by the introduction of Valentine, whose death, he asserts, has no intimate connexion with Margaret's fall. Goethe's design, nevertheless, may be easily conjectured, and the poets, we imagine, will take sides with him against the critic. The guilt of blood, which the action of Mephistopheles brings upon Faust, obliges the latter to fly from the town, and he is thus prevented from learning the shame and misery which swiftly came upon Margaret. Without such a motive, his flight would be a heartless desertion, at variance with the expressions of his love in the preceding and following scenes. Moreover, while the consequences of Margaret's fault succeed each other with terrible, cumulative retribution, her right to pity and sympathy increases with them. We could ill spare this picture of Valentine, the brave soldier, the honest man, whose death is another necessary link in the fatal chain of Margaret's destiny.—*Bayard Taylor.*

*The Cathedral.*—Le service des morts est célébré dans ce lieu solennel.—*Madame de Staël.* C'est l'office des morts, célébré, sans doute, à l'occasion de la mort de Valentin.—*Bacharach.* The requiem is celebrated for Gretchen's mother, or brother, or for both.—*Loeper.* Undoubtedly for both.



## FOREST AND CAVERN.

FAUST (*solus*).

Transcendent Spirit ! Thou hast given me all,  
All that I prayed for ! Not in vain hast thou  
Revealed thyself to me in flames of fire !  
Thou gav'st me gorgeous Nature for a realm,  
With power of feeling and enjoyment ! Not  
A mere cold wondering visit dost thou grant—  
Thou bid'st me gaze into her bosom's depths  
As 'twere the breast of a familiar friend !  
Thou summonest the tribes of living things  
To pass before me, and I know my kind  
In the still woodland, in the air, and flood.  
And when the storm in the forest roars and gnarrs,  
And the pine giant, all the neighbouring boughs  
And neighbouring boles o'erwhelming, thunders down,  
And the dull crash booms hollow through the hills,  
Thou dost conduct me to the sheltered cave,  
And dost confront me with myself, and show  
The marvel and the mystery within !

And when on high, all purity, the moon  
 Is breathing balm, around me, lo, there flit  
 From wall of rock, and forth of dewy copse,  
 The silvery shadows of the olden time,  
 To soften the severe delight of thought !

But woe is me that mortal may not know  
 The fulness of fruition ! With the bliss  
 Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,  
 Thou gav'st me for associate him with whom  
 I may not part, though cold and insolent  
 He doth degrade me in mine own esteem,  
 And turns thy gifts to nothing with a breath.  
 He fans within my bosom a wild fire  
 For one fair image, unrelentingly.  
 So from desire I reel into delight,  
 And in delight I languish for desire !

*Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Doth not this sort of life begin to pall ?  
 How is it that you can escape satiety ?  
 'Tis well enough to try it once for all,  
 Then off to something new for a variety !

FAUST.

Would thou hadst something else to do  
 When thus my joy thou overturnest !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

I've half a mind to leave thee here to rue—

Why, man, thou canst not be in earnest ?

Cankered—and cracked—and aught but debonair—

To lose thee were to lose a treasure !

My hands are full—I've not an hour to spare—

What shall I do, or what shall I forbear ?

I'm like a hound at fault to know your pleasure !

## FAUST.

That's just the tone to take ! I must display

My gratitude because he bores me dead !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Why, without me, thou wretched child of clay,

What sort of life wouldst thou have led ?

I've cured thy brain for many a long day

Of all the whimwhams that thy fancy fed ;

And but that I was in the way,

This ball of earth thou wouldst have fled !

Why midst the rifts o' th' rocks sit cheek by jowl

With thine own shadow, like an owl ?

Why, slobbering amid moss and dripping stone,

Make a toad's nutriment thine own ?

A pleasant way the time to kill !

The Doctor's sticking in you still.

## FAUST.

The life, the ecstacy, thou canst not guess,  
 Which comes of wandering in the wilderness!  
 Hadst thou the sense of rapture such as this,  
 Fiend that thou art, thou wouldst begrudge the bliss!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

A bliss, forsooth, on which to ponder!  
 In damp and darkness on the hills to wander—  
 With heaven and earth to deem thyself embodied—  
 To fancy thou art swelling into Godhead—  
 In thought Earth's flying mysteries to follow—  
 To beat the six days of creation hollow—  
 In pride to clasp I know not what illusion—  
 To overflow the world in thine effusion—  
 To challenge earth to recognise her son—  
 And then the lofty intuition—

[*He makes a gesture.*]

With—I must not say what—for the conclusion!

## FAUST.

Fie on thee!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

With my conclusion you're disposed to quarrel;  
 That modest *fie* of yours is mighty moral!

To the chaste ear you must not dare to name  
What the chaste heart delights in, all the same!  
One joy I don't begrudge you, by-the-bye—  
The joy you feel when to yourself you lie!

You'll not stick long to this, I'm clear;

Far back into the past you're driven,

And, if it lasts, you will be riven

With misery—madness—all that mortals fear!—

Enough of this! Your lady-bird sits yonder,

And all is dreary and depressed;

On you she ceases not to ponder—

Love is the tyrant of her breast!

At first your passion, in its furious current,

Was like a brook which snows have swollen high:

Into her heart you poured the torrent—

And now the brook again is dry!

Instead of sitting throned in this high fashion,

King of the woods, methinks, my lord

The poor young monkey might reward

With some requital for her passion.

To her the time seems miserably long!

She seeks the lattice—sees the leaden pall

Of the dun clouds pass o'er the city wall.

“Oh would I were a bird!”—so goes her song

The livelong day, half the night long!

Awhile she's cheerful, and anon she's low—

Then she weeps her fill;

And then she's quiet to outward show—

But love-sick still!

FAUST.

Serpent ! Serpent !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*).

So !—I bet

I encoil thee yet !

FAUST.

Get thee behind me, reprobate that thou art !

Name not her name to me ! 'Tis fire !

Madden me not with that fierce wild desire

For her sweet body which consumes my heart !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What's to be done ? She thinks that you are flown,

And in a sort you are—as you must own.

FAUST.

Though far apart, our hearts are all accord !

She still is unforgotten—unforsaken !

Should she but touch the Body of the Lord

With her sweet lips, my envy would awaken !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

I often envy *you*, as thought discloses  
The pair of twins that feed among the roses !

## FAUST.

Avaunt, thou pander !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Good ! You rail and I must rally !  
The God who fashioned youth and maid  
Must have foreseen the noble trade,  
Which finds them time and place to dally !  
Away ! Thou need'st not glare and glower !  
Betake thee to thy lady's bower—  
'Tis not the grave, I guess !

## FAUST.

What need I reckon of heaven when in her arms ?  
Let me find solace in her glowing charms !  
Do I not feel her wretchedness ?—  
Oh, am I not the outcast—the world's wonder—  
The monster without aim, without repose—  
Mad as the rush of waters, which in thunder  
Roars down the rocks, and to the bottom goes !

And by it she, with a child's sense of things,  
Her little mountain strip and lowly cot—  
And all her fond imaginings  
Home-centred in that narrow spot!—  
And I, of God forsaken,  
'Twas not enough, I trow,  
The firm rocks to have taken,  
And shattered at a blow!  
Her and her quiet I must undermine!  
Hell! thou must claim this sacrifice as thine!  
Shorten, foul fiend, the pang before the doing!  
Be swiftly done what must be done!  
Let me be crushed to atoms in her ruin,  
And let us in our doom be one!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Again it seethes—again it glows!  
Go in and comfort her, you fool!  
When difficulties round him close,  
Your simpleton begins to pule.  
Give me the man who lifts his crest!  
You show a spice of the devil in most affairs:  
But if there's aught on earth that I detest,  
It is a devil who despairs.



## GRETCHEN'S ROOM.

GRETCHEN (*at the spinning-wheel, alone*).

My peace is gone,  
And my heart is sore ;  
I shall find it never,  
Oh, nevermore !

Where he is not near,  
'Tis dark and drear—  
The world is all  
Turned into gall.

My wretched head  
With pain is racked—  
My wretched brain  
Is all distract.

My peace is gone,  
And my heart is sore ;  
I shall find it never,  
Oh, nevermore !

For him at the lattice  
My eyes grow dim ;  
If I leave the house,  
'Tis but for him.

His noble form,  
His bearing high,  
The smile of his mouth,  
The flash of his eye —

And the magic flow  
Of words that's his,  
The clasp of his hand,  
And, oh, his kiss !

My peace is gone,  
And my heart is sore ;  
I shall find it never,  
Oh, nevermore !

I yearn for him  
With all my might —  
Ah, would I could clasp him,  
And hold him tight !

Oh, would I could kiss him,  
And with a sigh  
Upon his kisses  
Dissolve and die !

## MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET *and* FAUST.

MARGARET.

Tell me, my Henry!—

FAUST.

If I can!

MARGARET.

How is't with thee as to religion—say ;  
Thou art a good and noble-hearted man,  
But there, I fear me, thou art all astray!

FAUST.

Content thee, child! Thou knowest well that I  
Do fondly love thee—for my love would die!  
To each his feeling and his faith I leave.

MARGARET.

That's not enough—thou know'st we must believe!

FAUST.

Must we ?

MARGARET.

Ah, had I power with thee !—At all events,  
Thou honourest not the Holy Sacraments.

FAUST.

I honour them.

MARGARET.

Not from thine heart, alas !  
'Tis long since thou hast ceased to go to shrift or mass.  
Dost thou believe in God ?

FAUST.

Who, darling, can aver  
That he believes in God ?  
Ask of your priest, or your philosopher—  
His answer, sounds it not  
As 'twere a mockery of the questioner ?

MARGARET.

Then thou dost not believe ?

## FAUST.

My meaning, dearest, do not misconceive !

Who dares to name Him,

Who dares proclaim Him,

And say, Yes, I believe ?

Who that hath feeling,

His bosom steeling,

Can say, I disbelieve ?

The All-enfolder,

The All-upholder,

Enfolds, upholds he not

Thee—Me—Himself ?

Do not the heavens bend o'er us from above ?

Lies not the earth beneath us, firm and fast ?

And with their looks of love

Do not the eternal stars ascend the sky ?

Do not mine eyes gaze into thine ?

Doth not the rush of the swift universe

Sweep o'er thine head and heart ?

And doth not the eternal mystery,

Unseen, yet not unseen, float round thee ?

Fill thine heart with it to the full !

And with the feeling when thy soul is blest,

Then name it what thou wilt—

Bliss—Heart—Love—God—

In vain I seek to name it—  
'Tis feeling all !  
The name is but a sound—a smoke—  
While heaven is all aglow !

MARGARET.

All that is very good, I know ;  
You speak as 'twere the Priest that spoke,  
Albeit he uses different phrases.

FAUST.

'Tis uttered in all places—  
By all hearts under heaven—and each  
Speaks it in his own speech—  
Then why not I in mine ?

MARGARET.

Less perilous seem those words of thine,  
But there's something wrong in it ; for, indeed,  
There's no Christianity in thy creed.

FAUST.

My love !

MARGARET.

It hath long been a grief to me  
To see thee keep such company.

FAUST.

How so ?

MARGARET.

The man that is thy mate  
From the depths of my inmost soul I hate !  
Nothing, no, nothing in all my life  
Within my bosom hath plunged the knife,  
Like that man's horrible visage !

FAUST.

Tut !

Little darling, fear him not !

MARGARET.

His presence curdles my very blood.  
I feel to all others as I should ;  
But much as I long to see thee, dear,  
I view that man with a mortal fear—  
And I hold him to be a scoundrel, too—  
Forgive me, God, if it be not true !

FAUST.

With such strange birds we must learn to bear.

MARGARET.

My lot with such may I never share !  
When he crosses the door, he begins to peer,  
And he looks around with his mocking leer,  
And seems distraught ;  
One sees he takes interest in nought !  
'Tis writ on his brow, as on parchment scroll,  
That he can love no living soul !  
Upon thine arm I feel so free,  
So warm, so unreserved with thee,  
And lo ! his presence closes up my heart !

FAUST.

Ill-boding angel that thou art !

MARGARET.

He strikes such chillness to my core,  
That, if he chance to cross our way,  
I feel as if I loved thee, love, no more—  
When he is by, I cannot pray ;  
This eats into my heart—and you—  
O Henry, you must feel it too !

FAUST.

'Tis but a mere antipathy !



MARGARET.

I must be going.

FAUST.

Can it never be—  
And o'er thy bosom shall I never bend,  
Heart to meet heart, and soul with soul to blend?

MARGARET.

Ah, by myself did I but sleep!  
I'd leave the door unbarred for thee to-night;  
But mother's slumber is not deep,  
And if she caught us, in my fright  
I should drop dead upon the spot!

FAUST.

My angel, apprehend it not!  
Here is a flask! Three drops—but three—  
Do thou into her drink distil,  
And slumber's veil will shroud her peacefully.

MARGARET.

What would I not that thou dost will?  
I trust it will not do her aught but good!

FAUST.

Would I advise it, darling, if it would ?

MARGARET.

Dearest and best ! If thou but look on me,  
 It is as though thy will my willing drew !  
 I have already done so much for thee,  
 That little more remains for me to do !

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The monkey ! Is she gone ?

FAUST.

Still spying ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I'm avised

Of what passed at the interview.  
 The Doctor hath been soundly catechised—  
 I hope much benefit will accrue !  
 The maids are right when they would be apprised

Whether a man sticks to the good old way—  
If he obeys the priest, his wife he will obey.

FAUST.

Thou monster, thou dost judge amiss!  
This soul, so tender and so true,  
Full of the fond belief  
Which makes her bliss,  
Cannot without a holy anguish view  
Her lover with the lost, in everlasting grief!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Of dames thou sensuous, super-sensuous squire—  
A little Magdalen leads thee by the nose!

FAUST.

Thou bastard birth of filth and fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

In physiognomy, too, her skill she shows!  
When I am near, she feels she knows not how—  
My mask a strange sensation must produce;

She feels that I'm a genius—nay, I vow,  
I think she takes me for the deuce!  
To-night, then,— ?

FAUST.

What is that to thee ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I, too, shall have my frolic then, you'll see !

## AT THE FOUNTAIN.

GRETCHEN *and* LISETTE *with their pitchers.*

LISETTE.

Of Mistress Bab's fine doings have you heard?

GRETCHEN.

No—I go out but little, I may say.

LISETTE.

Faith, Sybil told me all to-day!  
She's played the fool at last—yes, that's the word!  
So much for airs!

GRETCHEN.

How so?

LISETTE.

Why—only think!  
She's feeding *two* when she doth eat and drink!

GRETCHEN.

Oh!

LISETTE.

She hath met with her meed in her mishap.  
The time she kept hanging on yonder chap!  
And then their rambles—  
Their galliards and their gambols!  
All others, forsooth, she must outshine,  
And he must treat her to tarts and wine,  
And she fancied herself so mighty fine,  
And was so utterly lost to shame,  
That she took his presents as they came.  
And the kissing and cuddling that went on!  
No wonder that the flower is gone!

GRETCHEN.

Poor thing!

LISETTE.

What—pity dost thou feel?  
While we were at home at the spinning-wheel,  
When our mothers kept us in at night,  
She was out with her spark in high delight—

On the bench at the door—in the alley dark—  
The hours were too swift for them to mark !  
And now she may humble herself, and win  
The Church's grace in the sheet of sin !

GRETCHEN.

Of course he'll take her for his wife.

LISETTE.

What a fool he would be ! No—everywhere  
A brisk young fellow can take the air—  
Besides—he's bolted !

GRETCHEN.

That's not right !

LISETTE.

If she gets him, still she's in evil plight ;  
The boys will tatter her wreath—and more—  
We maids with cut straw will bestrew her door !

[*Erit.*

GRETCHEN (*going homewards*).

Of old how stern would be my railing,  
Whene'er I heard of maiden failing !

And how my tongue would fail of winning  
Fit words to blame another's sinning !  
Black as it seemed, could blacker be,  
It was not black enough for me !  
I felt so pure and proud within,  
And now I am the spoil of sin !  
Yet all that moved this heart of mine,  
God ! was so dear, was so divine !



## ESPLANADE.

*In a niche in the Town-wall is a devotional image of the  
MATER DOLOROSA, with cuses of flowers before it.*

GRETCHEN

*(placing fresh flowers in the cuses).*

Ah, bending,  
Thou in grief transcending,  
Look on me with pity, in this my need!

Thine heart's blood welling,  
With pangs past telling,  
Thou eyest thy Son as He doth bleed!

Thou the Father eyest,  
And thou deeply sighest  
For thyself and Him, in thine hour of need!

Who knoweth  
How goeth  
The pang to my very bone?

How my heart within me yearneth—  
How it beateth—how it burneth—  
Thou dost know, and thou alone !

Wherever I am going,  
What woe, what woe, is growing  
Here—in my bosom nurst !  
Alone, my chamber keeping,  
I weep—and weep—sit weeping,  
As though my heart would burst !

The flowers my sill adorning  
Were bedewed with tears by me,  
When early in the morning  
I plucked the blooms for thee !

Ere the sun had waked the morrow,  
Ere the east was flushed with red,  
I was waking in my sorrow,  
I was sitting on my bed !

Help! Be not shame and death my need!  
Ah, bending,  
Thou in grief transcending,  
Look on me with pity, in this my need !

## NIGHT.

*The street before GRETCHEN'S door. Enter VALENTINE,  
her brother.*

VALENTINE.

When o'er the flagon and the stoup  
The gallants all were cockalhoop,  
And every fellow of the Flower  
Of Beauty ranted by the hour,  
And bumpers in her honour poured—  
With elbows leaning on the board,  
I sat at ease amid the rout,  
And heard the gasconading out.  
Smiling I stroke my beard, and say,  
    With the full bumper in my hand:—  
“All good and excellent in their way!  
    But is there one in all the land,  
That's like my own dear little pet,  
That's fit to wait on Margaret?”

'Twas all clink ! clink ! around the room !

“He’s right”—with shouts the air they vex—

“She is the glory of her sex !”—

And so the toasters all were dumb.

And now !—I may tear my hair withal,

Or dash myself against the wall !—

With cutting speeches, noses sneering,

Will every jackanapes be jeering !

And I, like bankrupt debtor fretting,

At every chance word shall be sweating !

And though I sent the rascals flying,

I could not say that they were lying.

Who’s coming here ? Who steals this way ?

There’s two of them, or I missay.

Is’t he ? I’ll take him by the fell,

And send the vagabond to Hell !

*Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.*

FAUST.

How from the window of the Sacristy

Upwards the lamp’s eternal light doth flimmer,

And flickers sideways with a feeble shimmer—

And darkness closes round it, bodily !

E’en so within my bosom all is night !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And I am faint as Tom-cat for delight,

Who clambers up the ladders tall,  
And softly steals along the wall.  
I feel so virtuous all over—but  
With just a spice of roguery—a spice of rut!  
Body o' me! My members borrow  
A thrill from wild Walpurgis-night:  
It comes round on the overmorrow—  
Then why we wake we know aright.

FAUST.

Is that the treasure rising, by the by,  
Which flaring yonder I espy?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You can at once enjoy the pleasure  
Of digging up the choicest treasure;  
Thereat I lately took a squint—  
There be rare Lion-dollars in 't.

FAUST.

What, not a trinket, not a ring,  
To ornament my queen of girls?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I think I noted some such thing—  
A matter of a string of pearls.

FAUST.

'Tis well ! I do not care to go,  
When I have nothing to bestow !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It should not cause you such dismay  
That pleasure does not ask for pay.—  
Now that in Heaven is camped the starry throng,  
On showing off my art I'm bent :  
I'll sing her a good moral song,  
To fool her to her heart's content.

*(He sings to the guitar.)*

What dost thou here,  
At door of fere,  
Katrina dear,  
So early in the morning ?  
The merry blade  
Lets in a maid,  
That out a maid  
Will never go—take warning !

Ah, take thou heed !  
Is 't done, the deed ?  
You'll rue with speed !  
Goodbye, if here you linger !

Wouldst thou, in brief,  
Be free of grief,  
Refuse the thief,  
Without the ring on finger !

VALENTINE (*coming forward*).

Thou damned ratecatcher ! By the element !  
Whom art thou luring to perdition ?  
To the devil first with the instrument,  
And then to the devil with the musician !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The cithern's cleft in twain ! 'Tis past retrieving !

VALENTINE.

Now for a turn at costard-cleaving !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Stand, Doctor—don't give way ! Be brisk !  
Stand by me and the day we'll carry !  
Out quickly with thy flipperwhisk !  
Do thou but push—and I will parry !

VALENTINE.

Then parry that !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And wherefore not ?

VALENTINE.

And that !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With ease !

VALENTINE.

The devil I've caught !—  
But what is this ? My fighting hand is maimed !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Push home !

VALENTINE (*falling*).

My God !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

The lout is fairly tamed !—



Up and away ! Don't stop to chatter !  
A moment more, and *Murder* is the cry !  
I settle with the watch when aught's awry,  
But with the blood-ban—that's another matter !

[*Exeunt.*]

MARTHA (*at a window*).

Without ! Without there !

GRETCHEN (*at another window*).

Bring a light !

MARTHA (*as before*).

They brawl and scuffle—shout and fight.

PEOPLE.

Here's one of them lies dead !

MARTHA (*coming out*).

The murderers, whither are they flown ?

GRETCHEN (*coming out*).

Who lieth here ?

PEOPLE.

Thy mother's son !

GRETCHEN.

Great God! And is he sped?

VALENTINE.

I'm dying! That is said full soon,  
Nor sooner said than done.  
Why do ye women cry and croon?  
Come! Listen everyone!

*[They come round him.]*

Look ye, my little Margaret,  
You're young and maladroit as yet—  
Nor manage as you might.  
This rede into thine ear I pour—  
Since thou art once for all a whore,  
Why, be the thing outright!

GRETCHEN.

My brother! God—oh, what a name!

VALENTINE.

Nay, leave our Lord God out of the game!  
What's done—so much the worse—is done;  
'Twill run its course as it must run.  
You go with one upon the sly—  
Others will follow by-and-by;

When a dozen have had you, the work to crown,  
You'll be the commoner of the town !

When Shame into the world is born,  
O'er head and ears the veil of night  
Is thrown, to screen her from the sight,  
And shelter her from scorn.

Yes, men would gladly murder her !  
But when she's grown, in wild decay  
She flaunts it in the light of day,  
And yet is none the lovelier !  
The fouler that she is to sight,  
The more she courts the blessed light !

I see—and soon 'twill come—the day  
When honest folk will turn away,  
And pass thee scared—as though the Pest  
Had thee, thou strumpet, with the rest !  
Thou shalt feel a sinking at the core  
As they look on thee, as on one that's banned !  
The chain of gold thou shalt wear no more—  
No more in the church by the altar stand,  
Or desport thyself on the dancing-floor  
In a fair lace ruff, as in days of yore !  
Go—cowering in some loathsome spot,  
With beggars and with cripples rot !  
And—if God doom thee not to worse—  
Live on the Earth, a living curse !

MARTHA.

Commend thy soul to God on high!  
Why burden it with blasphemy?

VALENTINE.

Would in my clutch I had thee clawed,  
Thou shameless, vile, beshrivelled bawd!  
For all the evil I have done  
The fullest pardon would be won.

GRETCHEN.

My brother! Oh, what agony!

VALENTINE.

I tell thee, let thy weeping be!  
When thou from honour didst depart,  
Thou then didst stab me to the heart!  
I sink into the sleep of death—  
A soldier to my latest breath!

[Dies.]

## THE CATHEDRAL.

## SERVICE, ORGAN AND HYMN.

GRETCHEN *amidst a number of people*—EVIL SPIRIT  
*behind* GRETCHEEN.

## EVIL SPIRIT.

How different was it, Margaret, with thee,  
When thou, all innocence,  
Cam'st to the altar here,  
And from the well-worn little book  
Didst lisp thy prayer—  
Thine heart half-full of glee,  
Half-full of God!  
Gretchen!  
Where are thy thoughts?  
What is the deed of shame  
Which haunts thine heart?  
Say, art thou praying for thy mother's soul,  
Who slept away to long, long pain through thee?

Whose blood is at thy door?—  
And there—beneath thine heart—  
Dost thou not feel it stir, the quickening thing,  
Which plagues itself and thee  
With its ill-boding presence?

## GRETCHEN.

Woe! Woe!  
Would I were free of the dark thoughts  
Which come across me and come over me  
In my despite!

## THE CHOIR.

*Dies Irae, Dies illa,  
Solvat sacellum in favilla.*

[*The organ peals.*]

## EVIL SPIRIT.

Fear seizes thee!  
The trumpet sounds!  
The graves begin to quake!  
And thine heart,  
Roused from its rest in dust  
To dwell in penal fires,  
Quakes too!

GRETCHEN.

Would I were hence !  
I feel as if the organ's sound  
Took away my breath—  
As if the hymn  
Unstrung my heart !

THE CHOIR.

*Judee ergo quum sedebit,  
Quidquid latet apparebit,  
Nil inultum remanebit.*

GRETCHEN.

I'm pent !  
The minster pillars  
Close in on me !  
The vaulted roof  
Crushes me !—Air !

EVIL SPIRIT.

Conceal thee ? Sin and Shame  
Brook no concealment !  
Air ? Light ?  
Woe's thee !

## THE CHOIR.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,  
Quem patronum rogaturus,  
Quum vir justus sit securus?*

## EVIL SPIRIT.

The glorified  
Avert their faces from thee!  
The pure of spirit  
Shudder to reach thee out their hands!  
Woe! Woe!

## CHORUS.

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*

## GRETCHEN.

Neighbour! Your smelling-salts!—

[*She swoons.*]



## F I F T H A C T.

### THE CATASTROPHE.

THE Witches' Carnival immediately succeeds the Service for the Dead. In point of time, therefore, the *Walpurgis-night*, with its *Intermezzo*, belongs to the preceding Act; but in point of dramatic action it is portion of the Act which follows. It inaugurates the career of dissipation on which Faust is launched by Mephistopheles in order to make him forget the past: and by the appearance of Margaret's wraith it prepares the reader for the catastrophe which ensues. The Theatre spoken of by Mephistopheles towards the end of the scene must be regarded as just such a theatre as that with which the Lieutenant of Artillery delighted Wilhelm Meister; and the *Golden Wedding* is nothing but a collection of *Xenon* adapted to a puppet-show upon the Blocksberg. An interval of some twelve months must be imagined between the *Walpurgis-night* and the *Gloomy Day*, which closes with the *Night upon the Wold* and the scene in the *Dungeon*. The tragedy ends with the death of Margaret and the flight of Faust.

The title and character of the Witches' Sabbath on the summit of the Brocken, on the night between April 30 and May 1, spring equally from the old and new religion. Walpurgis (or Walpurga, which is the most usual form of the name) was the sister of Saints Willibald and Wunnibald, and emigrated with them from England to Germany, as followers of Saint Boniface, in the eighth century. She died as Abbess of a convent at Heidenheim, in Franconia, and after the extirpation of the old Teutonic faith became one of the most popular saints, not only in Germany, but also in Holland and England. The first of May, which was given to her in the calendar, was the ancient festival-day of the Druids, when they made sacrifices upon their sacred mountains, and kindled their May-fires. Inasmuch as their gods became devils to their Christian descendants, the superstition of a conclave of wizards, witches, and fiends on the Brocken—or Blocksberg—naturally arose, and the name of the pious Walpurgis thus became irrevocably attached to the diabolical anniversary. The superstition probably grew from the circumstance that the Druidic rites were celebrated by night, and secretly, as their followers became few. Goethe describes such a scene in his Cantata of *The First Walpurgis-night* (written in 1799), wherein his Druid sentinel, on the look out for suppressive Christians, sings—

Mit dem Teufel, den sie fabeln,  
Wollen wir sie selbst erschrecken.

Mr. Lewes is mistaken when he says: 'The scene on the Blocksberg is part of the old legend, and is to be found in many versions of the puppet-play.' There is no trace of it in any of the forms of the legend or play which I have examined. The carnival of the Witches on the Blocksberg is a much older tradition than that of Faust, and the two were never united in the popular stories. Johann Friedrich Löwen, a native of Clausthal, in the Hartz, published in 1756 a comical epic entitled *The Walpurgis-night*, wherein, apparently for the first time in literature, Faust appears on the Blocksberg.—*Bayard Taylor*.

Il faut suppléer par l'imagination au charme qu'une très belle poésie doit ajouter aux scènes que j'ai essayé de traduire. Il serait véritablement trop naïf de supposer qu'un tel homme ne sache pas toutes les fautes de goût qu'on peut reprocher à sa pièce; mais il est curieux de connaître les motifs qui l'ont déterminé à les y laisser, ou plutôt à les y mettre. Goethe ne s'est astreint dans cet ouvrage à aucun genre: ce n'est ni une tragédie, ni un roman. L'auteur a voulu abjurer dans cette composition toute manière sobre de penser et d'écrire: on y trouverait quelques rapports avec Aristophane, si des traits du pathétique de Shakespeare n'y mêloient des beautés d'un tout autre genre. *Faust* étonne, émeut, attendrit; mais il ne laisse pas une douce impression dans l'âme. Quoique la présomption et le vice y soient cruellement punis, on ne sent pas dans cette punition une main bienfaisante; on dirait que le mauvais principe dirige lui-même la vengeance contre le crime qu'il fait commettre; et le remords, tel qu'il est peint dans cette pièce, semble venir de l'enfer aussi bien que la faute.—*Malame de Stüel*.

## WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

## THE HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

## THE DISTRICT OF SCHIERKE AND ELEND.

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

You'd mount a broomstick now with small persuasion—  
Would I'd a good buck-goat, however rough!  
We're still a long way from our destination.

## FAUST.

For buck or broomstick I have no occasion—  
This knotted staff will serve me well enough.  
What boots it shortening the way?  
To loiter through a labyrinth of valleys—  
To climb the rocks, and watch the joyous sallies  
Of the young streams in their incessant play—  
This is the charm which makes a journey gay!

The spring is stirring in the birches ;  
 E'en the slow pine betrays its influence—  
 What marvel if our very limbs it searches ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faith, I have no such vernal sense.  
 My body is all winter ! Would the ground  
 On which I tread were hoar with frost and snow !  
 How mournful rises the imperfect round  
 Of the red moon, with its belated glow,  
 And niggard light ! One comes into collision  
 With some damned tree or rock at every turn !  
 I'll hail a Will-o'-Wisp with your permission—  
 Yonder is one which lustily doth burn !  
 Halloa, my friend, your kind assistance render !  
 Why all this vain expenditure of splendour ?  
 Be good enough to light us up the steep !

WILL-O'-WISP.

To pleasure you, my masters, I am ready  
 To force my natural bias and be steady—  
 But zig-zag is the course I'm wont to keep.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Aye, aye, you think man's privilege to claim—  
 But just go straight, in the devil's name,  
 Or out that flicker o' life of your's I'll puff.

## WILL-O'-WISP.

You're master of the house, that's clear enough,  
 So I'll conform me to your lordship's fancies—  
     But mind! the hill is magic mad to-night,  
     And if you choose to follow wandering light,  
 You must not be too nice, but take your chances!

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES *and* WILL-O'-WISP  
*in alternate song.*

Sphere of vision and vagary  
 We, meseems, have dared to enter!  
 Gain thee credit, meteor airy!  
     Guide us onward to the centre  
 Of the vasty desert places!

Trees with trees upon their traces,  
     See, how swiftly past they're trooping!  
     And the mountain cliffs are swooping,  
 And the snouted granite masses,  
 How they're snorting o'er the passes!

Through the boulders, through the grasses,  
 Downward brook and beck are springing—  
 Is't a rustling? Is it singing?  
 Is it love's sweet oratory—

Voices of the days of glory—  
Days of hope, and of devotion?  
And the Echoes with the story  
Of the olden time are ringing!

Hoo-hoo! Shoo-hoo! Through the cover  
Hark to howlet, jay, and plover—  
All are waking and in motion!  
See between the bramble branches  
Spindle shanks and puffy paunches!  
And the roots, like serpents, glancing  
As they wind themselves from under  
Rock and sand to things of wonder,  
Snare or scare us in advancing!  
And amid the teeming blotches  
Many a fibrous polyp watches  
For the wanderer! And erratic  
Troops of mice, with hues prismatic,  
Swarm the moss, and swarm the heather;  
And the fire-flies round us flicker,  
Crowding round us, thick and thicker,  
A wild escort altogether!

Tell me—for 'tis past my knowing—  
Are we standing? Are we going?  
All things in a whirl are showing—  
Fell and forest making faces,  
Wild-fires ever shifting places—  
How they're flaring! How they're growing!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Grasp my garment ! High and hoary  
Here's a central promontory,  
Where astonished gazer knows  
How on mountain Mammon glows !

## FAUST.

How strangely glimmers through the hollows,  
Red as the morn, a lurid light !  
Wayward and wan, its course it follows,  
Till lost beneath the mountain height.  
Here floats the fog—there rolls the vapour ;  
Here issues fire from gauze and mist ;  
Now 'tis a line as from a taper—  
Now 'tis a fount of amethyst !  
Lo ! here it wanders through the valley,  
And marks it with a hundred veins—  
And here the flying splendours rally,  
And scatter radiance o'er the plains !  
Now 'tis as though some viewless quire  
Were sprinkling showers of golden sand—  
But see ! The mountains are on fire  
As towering in their height they stand !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hath not Sir Mammon rarely lighted  
His palace for the night? 'Tis well  
That thou hast seen the spectacle,  
For boisterous guests, I find, have been invited!

## FAUST.

How fierce the Wind's Bride hurtles through the air!  
With what fell force the Storm-blast strikes my shoulders!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Clutch the old ribs of the rocks, or midst the boulders,  
Down in the gorge below, you'll find your sepulchre!—  
A mist is thickening the night!  
Hark, what a crash through the forest! In flight  
The fluttered owls are scattered!  
Hark, how the pillars are shattered  
Of the evergreen palace! The quaking—  
The crack of the boughs and the breaking—  
The trunks in the might of their moaning—  
The roots, all gaping and groaning!  
In portentous indiscriminate fall,  
One over another, down crash comes all!  
And over the wrack, where the scaurs are scowling,  
The winds are all hissing and howling!



Hear'st thou voices strange on high ?  
In the distance ? Drawing nigh ?  
Hark, the mountain side along  
Streams a madding magic song !

## CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Bound for the Brocken the witches are seen—  
The stubble is golden, the corn is green.  
And masses in heaps are mustering where  
Sir Urian sits aloft in air !  
And as on they scurry, o'er stock and stone,  
The witch and the goat by their stench are known.

## VOICES.

Alone old Baubo's coming now—  
She rides upon a farrow-sow.

## CHORUS.

Where honour's due, there honour pay—  
Dame Baubo on, and lead the way !  
A proper sow and a gammer stout—  
Then follows all the witches' rout.

VOICE.

Which way did ye come ?

VOICE.

By Ilse's Rock !

I peeped at the owl in her nest—by cock,  
She showed me a pair of eyes !

VOICE.

To Hell !

Why is thy riding so fast and fell ?

VOICE.

See, as past me she dashed,  
How my side has been gashed !

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The way is wide, the way is long—  
What ails ye for a madeap throng ?  
With push of fork, and scrape of broom,  
The child is choked, and burst the womb !

## WARLOCKS—HALF-CHORUS.

A snail with his house could scarce be slower—  
The women all are on before ;  
Whenever 'tis hey for the devil's door,  
They're a thousand steps in advance, or more.

## THE OTHER HALF.

But little difference it makes—  
A thousand steps a woman takes,  
But let her make what haste she can,  
One bound, and she is passed by man.

VOICE (*abov*).

Come with us, come, from the Rocky Mere !

VOICES (*from below*).

With you on high we would fain career !  
We wash and are white—we are fresh and fair—  
But fruit, alas, we may never bear !

## BOTH CHORUSES.

The winds are laid, the stars in flight,  
The wan moon fain would hide her light ;

And in its whiz the magic quire  
Sputters a thousand sparks of fire !

VOICE (*from below*).

Halt ! Halloa !

VOICE (*above*).

Who's calling from the clefts below ?

VOICE (*below*).

Take me with you ! Take me with you !  
I'm climbing these three hundred years,  
And yet the peak I cannot win—  
Would I could join my kith and kin !

BOTH CHORUSES.

Ye may ride the besom, the pitchfork ride—  
Ye may ride the stick, or the goat bestride ;  
Who cannot mount aloft to-night  
Is lost for ever, the luckless wight !

DEMI-WITCH (*below*).

I hurry on, so long a time,  
But far ahead the others climb !

There is no rest for me at home,  
Nor can I find it when I roam.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

The salve bestows the witch's mood,  
A tatter for a sail is good,  
A trough's a good ship for the sky ;  
Who flies not now will never fly !

BOTH CHORUSES.

And when the mountain top ye round,  
Sweep steadily along the ground,  
And cover, far as eye can see,  
The wild heath with your witchery !

[ *They let themselves down.*

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What a crowd and crush ! What a clash and clatter !  
What a whirl and whiz ! What chaff and chatter !  
Spark—sparkle—stench—with burning blent—  
A genuine witches' element !  
Stick close to me, our parting to prevent—  
Where art thou ?

FAUST (*at a distance*).

Here !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So far away already ?

Mine household I must try and steady.

Give place ! Childe Voland comes ! Place, my good  
people ! Place !

Here, Doctor, take my hand ! So ! Pluck up heart of grace,  
And clear the enclosure like a pricket !

For such as me they're far too wild and wicked !

Yonder I see a most peculiar glare—  
Something attracts me in yon thicket.

Come ! come ! We'll slip into this leafy lair !

FAUST.

Contrarious Spirit, true to thy vocation !

Lead and I follow ! Yes, methinks, 'tis right—

We seek the Brocken on Walpurgis-night,  
To doom ourselves when there to isolation !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

See how the flames light up the heather !

A merry club is met together—

With a choice few you're not alone.

## FAUST.

I'd rather be above, I own.  
Mid whirls of smoke each bonfire glows ;  
    Post to the Evil One they travel—  
    There's many a riddle to unravel.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

And many a riddle to propose.  
Leave thou the great world to its riot !  
Here we will house ourselves in quiet.  
About the matter there is no mistake—  
In the great world our little worlds we make.  
I see the younger witches naked—stark—  
    The old ones, being judicious, are more modest !  
    Indulge my whim, though of the oddest—  
Small is the labour, great the lark !  
Their instruments they're tuning, I declare !  
Confounded jar ! But one must learn to bear.  
So come along—needs must be—never mind !  
I'll go before and you can come behind—  
Once more you'll be obliged to me, I know.  
    How say'st thou ? Is not this a noble room ?  
    Look down its length—its end is lost in gloom !  
A hundred fires are burning in a row !  
They dance and chat—they cook, carouse, and court—  
Where, I should like to know, is better sport ?

## FAUST.

Say wilt thou, as we are to join the revel,  
Present thyself as Wizard or as Devil ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faith, 'tis my wont to pass incognito,  
But on a gala-day one's orders one should show.  
Garter I've none around my knee to gleam,  
But here the Horse's Hoof is held in high esteem.  
Seest thou yon snail ? How sliely she is creeping,  
    With those twin feelers on her snout !  
She scents a secret worth her keeping—  
    Do what I will they're sure to find me out.  
But come—we'll saunter on from fire to fire—  
I'll be the pimp, and you shall be the squire !

*[He addresses certain personages who are sitting  
round expiring embers.]*

What make ye here, old gents, at the world's end ?  
Plunge well into the midst, I recommend,  
Of all the young deray and devildom !  
Sure, one has solitude enough at home !



## GENERAL.

The popular tide is treacherous to swim in—  
'Tis all in vain that we have borne the brunt ;  
It is with nations as with women—  
The young are always to the front !

## MINISTER.

Men nowadays in devious paths engage ;  
Give me your good old statesmen, hale and hoary !  
The days when *we* were in our glory,  
That was the genuine Golden Age !

## PARVENU.

We too were men of some renown,  
And oft did curious things, when young and heady ;  
But now the world is turning upside down,  
Just when we want to keep it steady !

## AUTHOR.

Who nowadays will read a work of sense,  
Or aught that any trace of thought discloses ?  
As for the young folks, in their insolence  
They think there's wit in turning up their noses !

## MEPHISTOPHELES

*(suddenly assuming the appearance of a very old man, and  
mocking them).*

For doomsday all mankind is ripening quick,

Since up the Witches' Mount I nevermore shall wheeze !

My little cask is running thick —

And so the world is on its lees !

## PEDLAR-WITCH.

Gentles, do not pass me by !

Chances lost are future cares !

Look with favour on my wares—

All sorts of merchandise have I !

And yet I've nothing in my pack

But hath on earth its counterpart—

No mischief that the power doth lack

To give mankind a proper smart !

No blade is here which life's blood hath not reddened—

No bowl, from which the poison's wasting flame

Hath not scorched life and limb, 'till all was deadened—

No trinket, which hath not debauched a dame—

No sword, which hath not some firm bond dis severed,

Or from behind some deadly thrust delivered !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Rise to the times, my gossip! Cease to grovel!

Done and dismissed! Dismissed and done!

Lay in a stock of something novel—

'Tis novelty that's all the run!

## FAUST.

Let me but keep awake and ware!

This is the Devil's Holy Fair!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

The rout is making for a point above—

You think you're shoving when you get a shove.

## FAUST.

And who is that?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mark well her airy brows—

That's Lilith.

## FAUST.

Who?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dan Adam's earliest spouse.

Be on thy guard against her golden tresses,  
 That toy of hers in which she's nonpareil !  
 When she hath caught a youngster in her spell,  
 He will not soon escape from her caresses !

FAUST.

Yonder sit two, an old one and a young—  
 Right merrily they've frisked and flung.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

No rest to-night for yonder crew—  
 There goes another dance ! Come ! Tackle to !

FAUST (*dancing with the YOUNG ONE*).

I had a dream was fair to see—  
 Methought I saw an Apple-tree ;  
 Two golden Apples o'er me hung—  
 They tempted me and up I sprung.

THE YOUNG ONE.

Apples have been considered nice  
 Down from the times of Paradise ;  
 It gives me secret joy to know  
 That such within my garden grow.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*dancing with the OLD ONE*).

Wild was the dream that came to me—  
Methought I saw a rifted tree ;  
It had a most peculiar split—  
Such as it was I fancied it.

THE OLD ONE.

With best obeisance I salute  
The Gallant of the Horse's Foot—  
So let his lordship stand prepared,  
Unless by furbelow he's scared.

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

Accursed rabble ! Dare ye mock me thus ?  
How long I ask must I repeat,  
No Spirit stands on ordinary feet,  
And none the less ye dance away—like us !

THE FAIR ONE (*dancing*).

What does he want, then, at our ball ?

FAUST (*dancing*).

Oh, he would fain be all in all.

While we are dancing, he appraises ;  
 If any step his choler raises,  
 Woe worth the step for figuring in the dance !  
 But most it angers him, whenever we advance.  
 If only in a constant round we went,  
 As he does in that ancient mill of his,  
 He'd say we were not much amiss—  
 In special, if you deigned the fool to compliment !

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

Ye still are there ! The like was never heard !  
 I've exorcised ye ! Vanish at my word !  
 This devil's pack defies all rule ! We boast  
 We are so wise—and Tegel hath its ghost !  
 Long as I've shown the thing to be absurd,  
 It haunts us still ! The like was never heard !

THE FAIR ONE.

You're very tiresome, and I don't disguise it !

PROKTOPHANTASMIST.

I tell ye, Spirits, as ye're standing there,  
 This spirit-despotism I cannot bear ;  
 My spirit cannot exercise it !—

[*The dancing goes on.*]

I'm not in luck to-night, I know it ;  
Still I've my Tour—and, ere I quit the road,  
I yet have hopes that I shall find a mode  
To bring into subjection devil and poet !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

He'll squat in the first puddle that he reaches—  
That is the way his solace is secured ;  
And when he's well phlebotomised by leeches,  
Of spirits—and of spirit—he is cured !

[*To FAUST, who has left off dancing.*]

Why didst thou let the pretty damsel go,  
Who, as she danced, so sweetly sang ?

## FAUST.

As she was singing from her mouth there sprang  
A small red mouse !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well that it was so !  
Thou hast but little reason to complain.  
Don't be so dainty ! 'Tis enough to say  
'Tis well for you it was not grey—  
Who cares for such things when he plays the swain ?

FAUST.

Then saw I—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What ?

FAUST.

Mephisto, dost thou see,  
There—standing all apart—a pale child, sad and sweet ?  
She drags her limbs so painfully,  
She seems to move with fettered feet !  
I know not how, but to mine eyes,  
She seems my darling in disguise !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Regard her not ! She's perilous ! Forbear !  
'Tis magic all—it hath no life—'tis air !  
Her presence never bodeth good !  
Her frozen aspect freezes up the blood,  
And petrifies the body ! In a word,  
'Tis the Medusa maid of whom you've heard.



FAUST.

Her eyes are as the eyeballs of the dead,  
Whose lids no loving hand was by to close !  
Yet 'tis the bosom of my Margaret—  
The form I clasped when love to madness rose !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis sorcery, thou fond, deluded fool !  
Each in her sees his mistress, as a rule !

FAUST.

Ah, what delight ! Ah, what despair !  
That wistful look—it still is there !  
How strangely round the lovely throat  
There gleams a slender crimson band  
No broader than the edge of brand !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou'rt right ! The thing I also note.  
With head beneath her arm you may behold her,  
Since Perseus sliced it from her shoulder !—

What, lusting for illusion still?  
 Come—take a saunter up the hill—  
 Why, all is merry as the Prater!  
     A theatre, or my wits are gone!  
 For our amusement how they cater!  
     What's doing here?

## SERVIBILIS.

  They'll recommence anon—  
 A brand-new piece, sir—the last piece of seven—  
     'Tis thus that for the public we purvey!  
 'Twas by a dilettante given,  
     And dilettanti act the play;  
 As dilettante I must raise the curtain—  
     Excuse me, sirs—mine office I must do.

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Do and be damned! Of one thing I am certain,  
     The Blocksberg is the proper place for you!

## WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM;

OR,

THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF OBERON AND TITANIA.

*I N T E R M E Z Z O.*

STAGE MANAGER.

To-night of rest we take a spell,  
Gallant sons of Mieding !  
Hoary hill and dewy dell  
Are all the scene that's needing.

HERALD.

Golden Wedding cannot be  
Till fifty years have vanished ;  
But more than gold it pleases me  
To know that strife is banished.

OBERON.

Sprites, who my liegemen true have been,  
Now show that you're delighted !  
Fairy King and Fairy Queen  
Are once again united.

PUCK.

Puck appears and twirls him round,  
And featly foots the measure ;  
Hundreds come upon the ground  
With him to take their pleasure.

ARIEL.

Ariel awakes delight  
With singing of the rarest ;  
Music fascinates the fright—  
It fascinates the fairest.

OBERON.

Ye lovers list to what I say—  
Upon my moral ponder !  
To separate them is the way  
To make a couple fonder.

## TITANIA.

Should he be gruff, she full of whim,  
Ere both with rage be smothered,  
Away to farthest north with him!  
Away with her to southward!

ORCHESTRA. TUTTI (*fortissimo*).

Gnat's proboscis, Midge's nose,  
And all the kindred swarmers,  
Where the leaf or clover grows—  
These are our performers!

## SOLO.

Lo, the Piper with his Bag!  
'Tis a soap-sud bubble—  
Hark the schnecke—schnicke—schmack  
Its snub-nose tries to snuffle.

## SPIRIT ON THE MAKE.

Spider's foot, and paunch of toad,  
And winglets for the minim!  
The makings of a little ode  
Are all the makings in him.

## A COUPLE.

Dainty step, and lofty spring,  
Through honey-dew and vapour—  
Although ye dance a merry fling,  
In air ye cannot caper.

## INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

Is this a masquerade or not ?  
Do mine eyes deceive me ?  
Oberon, the Fairy God,  
Is present to receive me !

## ORTHODOX.

Not a talon, not a tail !  
And yet beyond all cavil,  
Like those of Grecian hill and dale  
Your god is but a devil.

## NORTHERN ARTIST.

We're sketchy all ! O northern clime,  
No genius thou impartest !  
I'll off to Italy in time,  
And so become an artist.

## PURIST.

'Tis ill luck brings me here ; I doubt  
If lewdness could be louder,  
And, see, of all this witches' rout  
But two are wearing powder.

## YOUNG WITCH.

Your powder and your petticoat  
For grey old hoddy-doddy !  
I'll sit me naked on my goat,  
And show my buxom body.

## MATRON.

We shall not wrangle with you here—  
We're wiser if we're older ;  
But, young and nice as you appear,  
You'll be the first to moulder.

## BANDMASTER.

Gnat's proboscis ! Midge's nose !  
Beware the naked beauty !  
Trec-frog, and cricket in the grass !  
Keep time, and do your duty !

WEATHERCOCK (*turning to one side*).

A most magnificent divan !  
 Maids sighing for the bridal,  
 And bachelors, each a proper man,  
 And hope with none is idle.

WEATHERCOCK (*turning to the other side*).

And if the ground don't open well  
 The whole of them to swallow,  
 I'll run and leap right into hell,  
 And he that lists may follow !

XENIA.

The fool, though we're Ephemera,  
 Finds that we've nips to shear him ;  
 But Satan, our august Papa,  
 Shall see how we revere him.

HENNINGS.

See, in what crowds these Xenia swarm,  
 So innocently jesting ;  
 They'll say at last they mean no harm  
 To those they are molesting.



## MUSAGETES.

While thus bewitched on every side  
All thought of care one loses ;  
I'd rather be the Witches' Guide  
Than Leader of the Muses.

## CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE.

Right-minded folks our works applaud—  
Cling close to me—who'll pass us ?  
The Blocksberg's summit is as broad  
As Germany's Parnassus.

## INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER.

How name ye yonder stilted wight,  
With self-importance swelling ?  
He sniffs and snuffs with all his might—  
“ For Jesuits he is smelling ” !

## CRANE.

I love to fish in waters clear—  
In troubled streams I revel ;  
E'en so your pious folk, I hear,  
Have dealings with the Devil.

## WORLDLING.

Nought to your pious folk comes ill—  
My words you may rely on ;  
They've meetings on this Devil's Hill,  
As 'twere the Hill of Zion.

## DANCER.

Another band ! It hither speeds—  
I hear the distant drumming !—  
'Tis but the bitterns in the reeds,  
Monotonously humming.

## DANCING-MASTER.

How awkwardly their legs they fling !  
They fain would pass for dancers !  
The clumsy hop, the crooked spring,  
And ask not how it answers.

## HONEST FELLOW.

This pack of rascals, with what ire  
They're at each other glancing !  
The Bag-pipe here, like Orpheus' lyre,  
Has set the brutes a-dancing !

## DOGMATIST.

*Peccavi* I will never cry,  
For eritic or for cavil;  
The Devil must exist, say I—  
How else could there be Devil?

## IDEALIST.

Faney holds my sense in thrall,  
And cannot be prevented;  
But if I am indeed the All—  
Then I am all demented.

## REALIST.

Existence doth my spirit mock,  
Perplexing questions putting;  
My foot is here on mountain rock,  
And yet I feel no footing.

## SUPERNATURALIST.

My foot is on the Devil's sod—  
I'm with my witch delighted;  
The Devil's an argument for God,  
The best can be indited.

## SCEPTIC.

The flame they follow—yet, I trow,  
 They ne'er will find the treasure ;  
 But cavil rhymes with devil—so  
 'Tis here I take my pleasure.

## BANDMASTER.

Tree-frog, and cricket in the grass !  
 Confounded dilettanti !  
 Gnat's proboscis ! Midge's nose !  
 You're noble musicanti !

## MEN OF THE WORLD.

*Sans-souci*—'tis so we greet  
 The jovial and the knowing ;  
 We cannot go upon our feet—  
 So on our heads we're going.

## IMBECILES.

We sponged and lived upon the loose,  
 But now we're God-forgotten ;  
 We've fairly danced away our shoes,  
 And loaf about unshodden.

## WILL-O'-WISPS.

We've left the bogs that gave us birth,  
To blaze abroad our talents ;  
So here we dance, and share the mirth,  
And glitter 'mid the gallants.

## FALLEN STAR.

A star I flamed athwart the sky,  
In meteoric splendour ;  
Who now, when in the grass I lie,  
A helping hand will tender ?

## MEN OF THE MASSES.

Make way for us ! Enlarge the round !  
We'll make the grass lie flatter !  
We come as sprites—but sprites are found  
Most rudely cased in matter.

## PUCK.

Calf of Elephant ! Don't be  
Such a ponderous jumper !  
Of all the dancers that you see  
Than Puck there's not a plumper.

## ARIEL.

Winged by Nature or by Sprite,  
Ere the frolic closes,  
Follow ye my airy flight  
To the Hill of Roses !

ORCHESTRA (*pianissimo*).

Gauzy mist and pomp of cloud  
In the dawn grow splendid !  
The leaf is stirred—the reed is bowed—  
And so the Pageant's ended !

## A G L O O M Y D A Y.

*An Open Country.*FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST.

In misery! In despair! Long pitiably wandering about, and now imprisoned! Confined as a malefactor in a dungeon, and reserved for nameless horrors, the gentle, hapless creature! 'Tis come to that!—to that!—All this, thou treacherous and unworthy Spirit, thou hast concealed from me!—Stand, aye, stand, and roll thy devil's eyes infuriate! Stand, and affront me with thine intolerable presence!—Imprisoned! In irremediable misery! Given over to evil spirits and rigorous, inexorable man! And me, in the meanwhile, hast thou amused with tasteless dissipations, hast concealed from me her growing anguish, and hast left her, in utter helplessness, to perish!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She's not the first!

## FAUST.

Hound! Horrible monster!—Change him, thou Infinite Spirit! change the reptile back into the hound that haunts the roads by night, that trips the heedless wanderer, and fastens on his shoulders as he falls! Change him again into the shape he loves, that he may crouch before me in the dust, and I may spurn him with my foot, the reprobate!—She's not the first!—Woe! Woe! The heart of man cannot conceive that more than one poor creature should have sunk to such a depth of misery, or that the first, in her death agony, should not have made atonement for the guilt of all the rest, in the eyes of the All-Merciful! It racks me, mind and marrow, the misery of this *one*;—thou calmly sneerest at the fate of thousands!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

And so, once more, we're at our wit's end, the point where reason, with you mortals, snaps! Why dost thou enter into fellowship with us, if thou canst not go through with it? Would'st fly, and art not proof to dizziness? Which forced himself upon the other, thou or I?

## FAUST.

Grind not thy ghastly teeth before me thus! I loathe thee!—Great and glorious Spirit, who hast deigned to reveal



thyself to me, thou who dost know my very heart and soul, why weld me, in a fellowship of shame, to one who feeds on mischief, and revels in destruction ?

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast thou yet done ?

## FAUST.

Save her, or woe betide thee ! The most horrible of curses haunt thee for countless years !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot loose the bonds of the Avenger ; his bolts I cannot draw. Save her !—Who plunged her in perdition ? I or thou ?

[FAUST looks wildly round him.

Art grasping at the thunder ? 'Tis well you miserable mortals may not wield it ! To smite your innocent opposite to atoms—that is the tyrant's way to vent his spleen when vexed.

## FAUST.

Bring me to where she is ! She shall be free !

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

Bethink thee of the risk that thou dost run! Thou know'st the guilt of blood, shed by thine hand, still lies upon the town. Around the scene of blood avenging spirits hover, and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

## FAUST.

This too from thee! The murder and the death of a whole world upon thee, thou unnatural monster! Guide me to where she is, I tell thee, and set her free!

## MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct thee—what I can I will! Listen! Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I will becloud the senses of the warder; seize thou the keys, and then conduct her forth, with a man's hand! I watch—the magic horses are in waiting—I bear you off! 'Tis all I can.

## FAUST.

Up and away then!

## NIGHT.

*On the Wold.*

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES *thundering along upon black horses.*

FAUST.

What are they at round the Ravenstone ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

God knows what they're stewing and brewing.

FAUST.

Flying high, flying low, they are bowing and bobbing !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis a Witches' Sabbath.

FAUST.

They scatter and patter.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Push on! Push on!

## DUNGEON.

FAUST, *with a bunch of keys and a lamp, before an iron wicket.*

FAUST.

A strange foreboding on my spirit falls—  
A world of woe upon my bosom lies!  
Here doth she dwell behind these dripping walls—  
Her only fault a virtue in disguise!  
And dost thou fear again to see her?  
And dost thou hesitate to free her?  
Thy tarrying but prolongs her agonies!

*[He lays his hand upon the lock. Singing within.]*

My mother, the harlot,  
Hath done for me!  
My father, the varlet,  
Hath eaten me!  
My sister each bone  
Picked up where 'twas thrown—  
In a cool place they lay:  
So off as a bird of the wildwood I've flown—  
Fly away! Fly away!

FAUST (*unlocking the door*).

She little thinks her lover hears with awe  
The clanking fetters and the rustling straw!

[*He enters.*]

MARGARET (*hiding her face in the pallet*).

Woe! Woe! They come! 'Tis hard to die!

FAUST (*softly*).

Hush! Hush! To free thee I am seeking!

MARGARET (*throwing herself at his feet*).

As thou art man feel for my misery!

FAUST.

'Thou wilt awake the warders with thy shrieking!

[*He takes hold of the fetters to unlock them.*]

MARGARET (*upon her knees*).

O'er me, stern headsman, such a right,

Ah, who could give?

Thou com'st for me at dead of night—

Oh, pity me and let me live!

Until to-morrow morning is it long?

MARGARET (*rises from her knees*).

Oh, I am still so young, so young !  
And I must die !  
Fair was I, too—'twas my calamity !  
My love was near me—now he's far away !  
Torn is the garland—scattered flower and spray !  
Handle me not so ungently ! See—  
Spare me ! What have I done to thee ?  
Ah, let me not in vain implore—  
I never saw thee in my life before !

FAUST.

She stabs me to the very core !

MARGARET.

Full well I know thou hast the might !  
First let me nurse the baby, pray—  
I prest it to my heart all night,  
And now they've taken it away !  
They say I killed it !—'Tis for spite—  
And joy I ne'er again shall know !  
Then they sing songs of me ! 'Tis very wrong !  
The ancient story endeth so—  
Why point the song ?

FAUST (*throwing himself on the ground*).

See, at thy feet thy lover strives  
To free thee from these miserable gyves !

MARGARET (*throwing herself down beside him*).

Aye, let us kneel to the blessed saints in prayer !

See! Under the stair—  
At the door of the cell—  
There's the seething of Hell !  
The Devil  
With a hideous noise  
In mad mischief doth revel !

FAUST (*aloud*).

Gretchen ! Gretchen !

MARGARET (*listening*).

That was his voice !—

[*She springs up—the chains fall off.*]

Where is he ? Yes—I heard him call !  
I'm free—I'll not be held in thrall !  
To his neck I'll fly,  
On his bosom lie !



He said Gretchen ! He stood at the door of the cell !  
Amidst all the howling and clashing of Hell—  
Through the din of the demons, the scoff, and the groan,  
I heard the sweet, loving, affectionate tone !

FAUST.

'Tis I !

MARGARET.

'Tis thou ! Oh, say it once again !

[*She clasps him.*]

'Tis he ! 'Tis he ! Ah, where is all my pain ?  
Where are the pangs that chains and dungeon gave me ?  
'Tis thou ! Thou'rt come to save me !  
I'm saved !—

Yes, there I see the very street,  
Where first it was our chance to meet ;  
And there's the very garden—see—  
Where I and Martha watched for thee !

FAUST (*endeavouring to get her away*).

Come with me ! Come !

MARGARET (*caressing him*).

Ah, stay thee !

I am so happy where thou stayest !

FAUST.

Do not delay thee !

If thou delayest

Our only chance of safety we shall miss !

MARGARET.

What ! Thou canst no longer kiss ?

My love—so speedily returned—

And all thy kissing, all, unlearned ?

Pressed to thine heart why feel I such a load ?

Once all thy words, and all thy looks, were blisses !

A heaven of happiness my soul o'erflowed,

And thou wouldst kiss, as thou wouldst kill with kisses !

Kiss me !

Or I'll kiss thee !

*[Embracing him.*

Ah me, thy lips are cold,

Nor part !

Where is thy loving

Gone roving ?

Who hath filched thine heart ?

*[She turns away from him.*

FAUST.

Come ! Follow me, darling ! My love, be bold !

My heart shall repay thee a thousandfold !

Do thou but follow ! 'Tis all I need !

MARGARET (*turning to him again*).

And is it thou? And is it thou indeed?

FAUST.

'Tis I! Oh, come!

MARGARET.

Thou dost unloose my chain,  
Dost take me to thine heart again!  
How comes it that thou hast no fear of me?—  
And dost thou know, my friend, whom thou wouldst free?

FAUST.

Come! Come! Fast wears the waning night!

MARGARET.

My mother, I murdered her outright—  
My child I drowned!  
It was the bond by which we both were bound,  
Yea, both!—Is't thou? Is't fancy's gleam?  
Give me thine hand!—'tis not a dream!—  
Thine own loved hand!—But, ah, 'tis wet!  
Wipe it away! 'Tis clammy yet!

There's blood thereon !  
My God ! What hast thou done !  
Oh, put thy dagger by—  
I pray thee do !

FAUST.

Let what is past be past for aye !  
You pierce me through !

MARGARET.

I'm going—thou must stay behind !  
I will describe the graves, and mind  
Thou dost this work of sorrow  
Upon the morrow !  
Give the best place to my mother ;  
Close beside her place my brother—  
Me, a little space aside,  
But not too wide !  
Let the little one rest upon my breast—  
No one else would lie by me !  
To come and nestle up to thee,  
That was a sweet, a dear delight !  
But never again will that be mine !  
My heart seems strangely drawn to thine,  
But thou dost seem to thrust me back in fright—  
And yet 'tis thou, and thou dost look so kind !

FAUST.

If thou dost feel 'tis I, stay not behind !  
Come with me !

MARGARET.

Where ?

FAUST.

Where thou wilt be free !

MARGARET.

If the grave be there—  
If Death be in waiting—come !  
From here to my long last home I go—  
And one step further—no !—  
So thou art going ? Would that I could go !

FAUST.

Thou canst ! 'Tis but to will ! The door is ope !

MARGARET.

I dare not go—I've nothing more to hope !  
Why should I fly ? They lie in wait for me !  
'Tis so wretched to have to beg one's way,  
And the mind to evil thoughts a prey—

'Tis so wretched to roam through a foreign land—  
And upon me still they would lay their hand !

FAUST.

I shall be with thee !

MARGARET.

Away like wild !  
Rescue thy child !  
Follow the path,  
On to the brook,  
Over the bridge,  
Into the wood,  
To the left—where the plank is—  
To the pond !—  
Lay hold of it !  
It strives to rise—  
It struggles yet !  
Rescue ! Rescue !

FAUST.

The past forget !  
A single step and thou art free !

## MARGARET.

Would we were past the hill ! for, see,  
There sits my mother upon a stone—  
Ice on my brain is dropping !—  
There sits my mother upon a stone,  
And there she is mowing and mopping !  
She becks not, she nods not, her head hangs o'er —  
She hath slept so long, she will wake no more !  
She slept that we might take our pleasure.  
Ah, those were pleasant times !

## FAUST.

My treasure !  
Vain is persuasion—prayer, alas, is vain—  
I must, to save thee, rescue thee again !

## MARGARET.

Unhand me ! No ! I'll not be forced !  
Don't lay such a murderous hold on me !—  
Once I did everything to pleasure thee.

## FAUST.

The day dawns ! Darling ! Darling !

## MARGARET.

Day! Yes, 'tis day! The last day I shall see—  
 My wedding-day it ought to be!—  
 Tell no one thou hast been with Margaret!—  
 My wreath hath met mischance;  
     But plaint is vain!  
 We shall see each other once again,  
 But, ah, not at the dance!—  
 The crowd is hushed—not a word is spoken!  
 The peopled spaces  
 Are alive with faces!  
 The death-bell tolls! The wand is broken!  
 The headsman takes me by the shoulder,  
     And hurries me off to the stool of blood;  
 The axe smites the neck of each beholder,  
     As it smiteth mine with its heavy thud!  
 And all is as silent as the grave!

## FAUST.

Oh, would that I had ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appearing without*).

Off, or you're lost! It is the morn!  
 Such shillyshally! Such puling and fooling!  
 The horses are cooling!  
 The night is o'er.



MARGARET.

What's that which rises from the floor?—  
He!—He!—Bid him fly apace!  
What doth he in a holy place?  
He wants me!

FAUST.

Thou shalt live!

MARGARET.

Great Judge! Into thine hands my soul I give!—

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come—or I leave thee with her in the scrape!—

MARGARET.

Thine am I, Father! Aid me to escape!  
Ye Angels—all ye Heavenly Hosts—befriend me!  
Spread your bright leagner round me to defend me!—  
Henry! I fear for thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is indicted!

VOICE.

She is acquitted!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*).

Come thou with me!

[*Vanishes with FAUST.*]

VOICE (*from within, dying away*).

Henry! Henry!

# NOTES.

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## I.

HISTORICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE.

## II.

GRAMMATICAL AND CRITICAL.

The following extracts from the *Conversations of Lord Byron*, noted by Captain Medwin, should have been inserted before the extract from *Coleridge's Table Talk*, which is given on page 18:—As to originality, Goethe has too much sense to pretend that he is not under obligations to authors, ancient and modern; who is not? You tell me the plot is almost entirely Calderon's. The fête, the scholar, the argument about the *Logos*, the selling himself to the fiend and afterwards denying his power, his disguise of the plumed cavalier, the enchanted mirror—are all from *Cyprian*. That *Magico Prodigioso* must be worth reading, and nobody seems to know anything about it but you and Shelley. Then the vision is not unlike that of Marlowe's in his *Faustus*. The bed-scene is from *Cymbeline*; the song or serenade a translation of Ophelia's in *Hamlet*; and, more than all, the *Prologue* is from *Job*, which is the first drama in the world, and perhaps the oldest poem.—I have a great curiosity about everything relating to Goethe, and please myself with thinking there is some analogy between our characters and writings. . . . I would give the world to read *Faust* in the original. I have been urging Shelley to translate it; but he said that the translator of *Wallenstein* was the only person living who could venture to attempt it; that he had written to Coleridge, but in vain. For a man to translate it, he must think as *he* does.—*Conversations of Lord Byron*.

## NOTES.

### I.—HISTORICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE.

PAGE 31.

*Alas, of high Philosophy,  
Law's Mystery and Medicine,  
And, to my grief, Theology,  
I've toiled the mastery to win.*

DÜRR, as long ago as 1676, denied the historical existence of Faust, and broached the opinion that Faust the magician was only a reflection projected by the form of Faust the printer. Undoubtedly there is an association between Black Letter and the Black Art. John Fust, the printer, established his printing office at Mentz in the year 1442, printed the Bible in 1460, and, according to Conrad Durieux, having presented a copy of it to Louis XI., incurred the charge of magic at the hands of the monks, whose occupation as copyists he destroyed. But the printer is supposed to have died of the plague in the year 1466; and we have no genuine or authentic record of the magician till half a century afterwards.

The Dutch translation (1592) of the original Faust-legend places the magician's birth in 1491. But there is no evidence for this. The Abbot of Tritheim, in a passage from his *Epistolae Familiares*, given by Blackie, under the date of the 20th of August, 1507, speaks of a vagabond scholar named Magister Georgius Faustus Sabellieus, who styled himself Faustus Junior—a title which leaves it open to speculation whether Faust the Elder was the old printer or a new professor of the occult philosophy. According to Loeper, the name of Johannes Faust, under the date of 1509, has been discovered in the records of the University of Heidelberg, where he is entered as a Bachelor of Divinity; and we are told that the Faust of legend was accustomed to style himself *Hemithaus Heidelbergensis*.

The most genuine and authentic record of the existence of the man, around

whose personality such a mist of myth has gathered, is to be found in the *Zeyger der Gesundheit* of the physician Begardi, which was published in 1539, and from which Blackie gives the following extract:—‘There is yet a celebrated character whom I would rather not have named; but, since I must mention him, I shall tell what I know of him in a few words. *Some years ago* this man passed through almost all lands, principedoms, and kingdoms, making his name known to everybody, and making great show of his skill, not in medicine only, but in chiromancy, necromancy, physiognomy, visions in crystals, and such like. And in these things he not only acquired great notoriety, but also obtained the name of a famous and experienced master. He did not conceal his name, but called himself Faustus, and used to subscribe himself *Philosophus Philosophorum*. But of those who were cheated by him, and complained of the same to me, there is a great multitude. His promise was great, like that of Thessalus in Galen’s days, as also his fame, like that of Theophrastus; but his deeds, as I have heard, were almost always found to be very petty and deceitful, though he was, to speak plainly, not slow at giving, and especially taking, money, as many a worthy person had cause to know. But now the matter is not to be remedied—*past is past, and gone is gone*. I must even leave the matter as it is, and see thou to it, that thou treat it as a good Christian ought to do.’

Gastius, in his *Sermones Convivales*, first published in 1543, refers to Faust as an example of the power of the Devil, and states that he had dined with him in the great College of Basle. The theologian had misgivings as to where his host procured the materials of the banquet—the fowl that were served up were of a different kind from any that the guest had ever seen, and there were no fowl to be purchased in the market. ‘He had a dog and a horse with him,’ says Gastius, ‘both of which I believe were devils, for they were able to do everything.’ ‘The wretch,’ he adds, ‘came to his end in a terrible manner, for he was strangled by Satanus,’ and ‘his body would only lie upon its face, although it had been five times turned upon its back.’

A third contemporary account is given by Wier, who had been a disciple of Cornelius Agrippa, and was afterwards Court Physician to the Duke of Cleves. ‘Joannes Faustus,’ he says in his *De Præstigiis Dæmonum*, first published in 1556, ‘a native of the little town of Kundling, studied magic at Cracow, where formerly it was openly taught, and practised his art in divers places in Germany a few years before 1540 (*paucis annis ante quadragesimum supra sesquimillesimum*), to the admiration of many, but with boundless mendacity and multifarious fraud. As far as empty boasting and professions went, there was nothing which he could not do.’

In his *Collectanea*, first published in 1562, Manlius, the disciple of Melancthon, states that he had heard an account of Faust from the lips of the great Reformer, who, as is well known, died in 1560. Melancthon professed to have been personally acquainted with the magician. Faust, he said, was born at Kundling, not far from the birth-place of Melancthon. He had studied magic

at Cracow, and was possessed of a variety of curious secrets. He led a vagabond life, and visited every part of Europe. He was a consummate scoundrel (*turpissimus nebulò*); he was a most licentious rascal; he had been frequently within an ace of losing his life in consequence of his amours. He escaped from Wittenberg when Duke John had given orders for his arrest. He fled from Nuremberg just in time to escape the bailiffs. He had a dog that was a devil, like the dog of Cornelius Agrippa, the fellow who wrote on the Vanity of the Arts. He was a *clouca diabolorum*—a common sewer of devils. At Venice he gave out that he could fly, and the Devil, having raised to him to a certain height, suddenly let him drop, and left him on the ground for dead. He boasted that the victories of the Imperial Armies in Italy had been gained by the assistance of his magic. 'A few years ago,' said Melancthon, 'this same John Faust, on the last day of his life, was sitting in the common inn of a certain village in the Duchy of Wurtemberg.' The landlord asks him 'why he sat there so sad, contrary to his wont?' 'Be not alarmed,' says Faust, 'if you should hear anything to-night.' At night the house was shaken, as with an earthquake. In the morning Faust did not appear. At mid-day the landlord entered his apartment, and found him lying on his face beside his bed. He had been strangled by the Devil.

These accounts enable us to fix approximately the period during which the great magician flourished. He was at the height of his celebrity in 1525—the year in which the battle of Pavia was won, the year which the picture in Auerbach's Cellar bears date, and the year in which, according to Widmann, he began publicly to practise magic. He was alive, according to Melancthon, in 1532, which was the year in which Duke John the Constant died. In 1540, Wier leaves us to infer that he was dead. Nearer than this, the date of the death of the Black Artist cannot be fixed. Neither can the subsequent growth of the legend be satisfactorily traced. It was complete, however, in the year 1587. In that year an anonymous author published at Frankfort 'The History of Dr. Joh. Faust, the notorious Sorcerer and Black Artist: how he bound himself to the Devil for a certain time: what singular adventures befel him therein: what he did and carried on till finally he received his well-deserved pay.' It was in England that the legend was first incorporated with literature. A 'Ballad on the Life and Death of Dr. Faustus, the Great Congerer: or, the Judgment of God showed upon one John Faustus, Doctor in Divinity,' was licensed to be printed in London on the 28th of February, 1588—Mr. Dyce has fixed the date—and shortly afterwards Marlowe's play *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus* was composed. The date of the play has not been fixed; but Marlowe died in 1593. In 1594 'A Second Report of Doctor John Faustus, containing his Appearances, and the Deeds of Wagner,' was published by 'an English gentleman, Student in Wittenberg, an University of Germany, in Saxony.' In 1599 the work of Widmann appeared at Hamburg, and was shortly afterwards translated by Palma Cayet into French. The popularity of the legend in its native country was immense. The story of Doctor Faustus

and the Devil was played for the amusement of the German soldiery in the camps of Wallenstein and Tilly. In 1628 the English play was acted by English players before a German audience at Dresden. In the end it became the Punch and Judy of the German populace, and was represented in a variety of puppet shows, the text of which has been recovered and preserved by the industry of Simrock and Van der Hagen.

But it was not in the legend or the puppet-show that the vagabond scholar was destined to become immortal. Goethe was born in 1749. As a child he had devoured an abridgment of the story by 'a Christianly-disposed author.' As a boy he had contracted a passion for puppet-shows, of which his *Autobiography* and *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* contain a record. As early as 1770 the echoes of the old Faust puppet-show were vibrating in his mind. In 1775 he had composed scenes of his future masterpiece, which he read to Klopstock and Jacobi. In 1790 he published *Faust—a Fragment*. He dismissed the matter from his mind; but Schiller pronounced the *Fragment* to be a 'Torso of Hercules,' and urged him to complete it. From 1794 to 1808 Goethe laboured at his task. In 1808 it was completed: for it is only the First Part that the world regards as *Faust*. Goethe, however, was determined to supplement his *Paradise Lost* by a *Paradise Regained*. He published the *Helena* in 1827, and completed the Second Part on his eighty-second birth-day, on the 28th of August, 1831. He died on the 22nd of March, 1832, and the Second Part was not published till after he was dead.

It was not without a struggle that the great German poet was able to appropriate to himself the exclusive property in the subject of the great German legend. He commenced his work at a time when in every quarter of Germany *Fausts* were announced as forthcoming. During the period in which he was elaborating his design, no less than nine-and-twenty dramas or poems on the subject of Faust were produced by German authors. He had to enter the lists with no less a competitor than Lessing. But Aaron's rod swallowed up all the rest. The only *Faust* which the world at present knows is that of Goethe.

The effect produced by the work of Goethe in literature, and art, and music, has been treated in the Preface rather than in this note, which is devoted to the historical consideration of the Faust of legend. In such a view the note cannot more appropriately end than with the following words of Blaze de Bury:—'Ce nom de *Faust*, quelle place ne tient-il dans l'histoire de l'esprit moderne? A partir du xv siècle, de quelque côté que votre curiosité se tourne, vous le trouvez partout. De ces cinq lettres assemblées par le doigt du destin sur un échiquier, des montagnes d'œuvres sont sorties: récits populaires, drames, compilations littéraires et musicales, dessins, gravures et tableaux. Les bibliothèques, les musées, les salles de spectacle, ce nom a tout rempli, à ce point que voilà un héros légendaire qui, si je m'en rapporte au catalogue des choses qu'il a suscitées, a déjà plus occupé le génie humain que n'ont fait les plus authentiques personnages de l'histoire.'



PAGE 32.

*Therefore to Magic I have turned,  
If so by the Spirit's power and voice  
I may muster the mystery and rejoice.*

The nature of the magical studies of the Faust of legend is described in the following words of Palma Cayet:—'Il entendit que, dans Cracovie, au royaume de Pologne, il y avait eu ei-devant une grande école de magie, fort renommée, où se trouvaient telles gens qui s'amusaient aux paroles chaldéennes, persanes, arabiques et grecques, aux figures, caractères, conjurations et enchantements, et semblables termes, que l'on peut nommer d'exorcismes et sorcelleries, et les autres pièces ainsi dénommées par exprès les arts dardaniens, les nigromances, les charmes, les sorcelleries, la divination, l'incantation, et tels livres, paroles et termes que l'on pourrait dire. Cela fut très-agréable à Fauste, et il y spécula et étudia jour et nuit; en sorte qu' il ne voulut plus être appelé théologien. Ains fut homme mondain, et s'appela docteur de médecine, fut astrologue et mathématicien.'

In his treatment of the legend, Goethe declines to follow in the steps of Marlowe. The magic to which Faust devotes himself is something very different from the magic of Cornelius and Valdes. He does not aspire to make the Spirits of the Elements subservient to his will, by compelling them to transform themselves into Lions, or into Almain Rutters, or into Lapland Giants. He does not even care to make them appear before him as

Women, or unwedded maids,  
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows  
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love.

The magic of Faust is not the magic of the magician—it is the magic of modern science; and in this Goethe is true to the spirit of the times of Faust. Originating with the Arabs in the form of Alchemy, natural philosophy invested itself with the mysteries and marvels of the East. From the first, the Oriental imagination was delighted to detect fantastic successions and connexions in events. Nor was this as monstrous as it now appears to us. In the sequences of Nature, as Hume long afterwards remarked, anything, prior to experience, may be the cause of anything. There was no absurdity, therefore, in supposing that the fortunes of the earth might be connected by an invariable sequence with the movements of the heavens. There was nothing contrary to experience in supposing that amid the wonderful transformations of which matter is susceptible, there might be discovered the secret of the transmutation of metals and the *elixir vite*. Imagination is the faculty of infancy, and infant science amused itself with the fancies of spirit and sign, and periapt and charm. It

believed in the influence of the stars; it closely scrutinized the houses of heaven, and watched the aspect of the planets in opposition and conjunction, in sextile, square and trine. It loved to speak mysteriously of the Red Lion, and the Green Dragon, and the Virgin in the Glass. It studied the Cabala. It became theurgic. The very titles of the works upon natural philosophy which the genius of the Middle Age produced reflect the ideas of the authors. They wrote *De Arte Cabalisticâ* and *De Verbo Mirifico*; *De Philosophiâ Occultâ*; *De Naturalium Effectuum admirandis causis seu Incantationibus*; *De Sensu Rerum sive Magiâ*;—they aspired to present the world with an *Amphitheatrum Providentiæ Divino-Magicæ*. These were the titles of the works of Reuchlin, of Cornelius Agrippa, of Pomponatius, of Campanella, of Vanini. Such was the magic to which Goethe's Faust devoted himself; such were the feelings with which he regarded the Signs of the Microcosm and evoked the Spirit of the Earth. On this subject, as the genius of Goethe matured, his fancy underwent a change. In the *Fragment*, Mephistopheles is a servant of the Spirit of the Earth, and the Spirit of the Earth lends him to Faust as the minister of his pleasures. In the completed *Faust*, the recourse to magic is the last desperate effort to solve the mystery of existence, and the disdain of the Spirit of the Earth is the culminating point of Faust's despair. The legend compelled a referenee to the vulgar arts of magic, but those arts are practised not by Faust, as in the legend, but by the subservient Fiend. Even Mephistopheles is scarcely a magician. True, he has the receipt of fernseed, and walks invisible. True, he journeys through the air upon the magic mantle. True, he practises the arts of legerdemain upon the boon companions in the cellar. True, he procures the *elixir vitæ* from the Witch. But, throughout that portion of the Tragedy in which there is any action, he is little more than a bold, bad man. He is a mere diabolical Iago.

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PAGE 33.

*This Book of Mystery,  
Compiled by Nostradamus' hand.*

Unfortunately for posterity, time has not preserved the title of the book which, from the efficacy attributed to it by Faust, might well rival the mighty book of the wondrous wizard in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The title of the principal work of Nostradamus is *The True Prophecies and Prognostications of Michael Nostradamus, Physician to Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., Kings of France, and one of the best Astronomers that ever were—A Work full of Curiosity and Learning*. We know little more of the author, in addition to the facts mentioned in the title of his book, than that he was born in 1503—that he

was the companion of Cornelius Agrippa, and might have been the companion of Faust—that in 1525 he exposed himself as a physician to the pestilence which then laid waste Provence—that he was not only physician, but astrologer and prophet—that his prophecies tallied with the death of Henry by the hand of Montmorency—that he died in 1566—and that his book has the honour of being placed in the *Index Expurgatorius*, because his *Prophetical Centuries* predict the downfall of the Papacy. He was the Zadkiel of his period, and his astrological almanacks were famous enough to be appropriated by the pirates, who, even then, were the buccaners of the book trade. His celebrity is attested by the satire of Jodelle :—

Nostra damus, cum falsa damus, nam fallere nostrum est ;  
Et cum falsa damus nil nisi nostra damus—

a distich to which the believers in the philosopher replied—

Nostra damus cum verba damus que Nostradamus dat ;  
Nam quæcunque dedit, nil nisi vera dedit.

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PAGE 34.

*Now know I that the Sage hath said aright.*

There is a great controversy as to the personality of the *Sage*, and as to the nature of the *Morning Red*. Düntzer is of opinion that the Sage is Nostradamus; Bayard Taylor thinks Goethe refers to Jacob Boehmen; Scherer thinks the words (by a strange anachronism, but one not without parallel in *Faust*) refer to Herder; Loeper inclines to the opinion that the words refer to no person in particular, and that the Sage is a mere poetical abstraction. Loeper says that in the occult philosophy of the day the *Morning Red* was the name for a determinate experiment which was to lead to the discovery of the philosopher's stone. He tells us, also, that in Welling's *Opus Mago-Cabalisticum* it was the name for the Essential Salt out of which the world of Lucifer, the Son of the Morning, was originally made. What seems more to the point, he tells us that Scholasticism and Theosophy identified all higher knowledge with the *Morning Red*; and that St. Thomas Aquinas expressly describes all *a priori* cognition as *Cognitio Matutina*. And undoubtedly this was the idea of Jacob Boehmen when he entitled his work *Aurora, or the Morning Red*; for it was the fundamental principle of the Teutonic Theosopher, that it is utterly impossible to arrive at truth except by way of *Illumination*. It was in this sense that the words were used by Herder when he describes the Mosaic account of the Creation as *ein Gemälde der Morgenröthe*, uses the words *Unterriecht unter der Morgenröthe* as the title of a chapter, and utters the exclamation *Komm hinaus, Jüngling, aufs freie Feld und*

*merke—die wälteste herrlichste Offenbarung Gottes erscheint dir jeden Morgen als Thatsache, grosses Werk Gottes in der Natur.* Goethe illustrates his general meaning in a letter to Madame Von Stein:—‘How legible the Book of Nature becomes to me I cannot express to you; my long lessons in spelling have helped me, and now my quiet joy is inexpressible. Much as I find that is new, I find nothing unexpected; everything fits in, because I have no system, and desire nothing but the pure truth!’

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PAGE 37.

*In the floods of life, in action's storm.*

This passage, as well as others of a similar character in *Faust*, cannot be better illustrated than by a reference to the philosophy of Spinoza—a philosophy which exercised a life-long influence on the mind of Goethe. According to Spinoza there is one infinite *Substance* which is the substance and the cause of all things—which, in so far as it is the cause of all, reveals itself by the two *attributes* of thought and extension—and which, in so far as it manifests itself in individual forms displays itself in *modes*—modes, which, to use the words of Schwegler, are what the waves are to the sea, shapes that perpetually die away and never are. It is this philosophy which explains the true character of *das Werden* in the Divine Benediction at the close of the Prologue. It is this which explains the profession of faith which Faust makes in his last interview with Margaret in the Garden. It is the philosophy of *Faust*. In his youth Goethe studied the writings of Bruno, who, to use the phrase of Cousin, was the poet of pantheism, as Spinoza was its geometer; and the profound influence which Spinoza exercised upon his mind is revealed in the following passage from his *Autobiography*—the highest tribute of admiration from an individual which the great Hebrew metaphysician has received:—‘My confidence in Spinoza,’ he says, ‘rested on the serene effect which he wrought in me, and it only increased when I found my worthy Mystics were accused of Spinozism, and learned that even Leibnitz himself could not escape the charge; nay, that Boerhaave, being suspected of similar sentiments, had to abandon theology for medicine. But let no one think that I would have subscribed to his writings and assented to them *verbatim et literatim*. For, that no one really understands another; that no one attaches the same idea to the same word which another does; that a dialogue, a book, excites in different persons different trains of thought—this I had long seen all too plainly; and the reader will trust the assertion of the author of *Faust* and *Werther*, that, deeply experienced in such misunderstandings, he was never so presumptuous as to think that he understood properly a man who, as the scholar

of Descartes, raised himself through mathematical and rabbinical studies to the highest reach of thought, and whose name even at this day seems to mark the limit of all speculative efforts.'

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PAGE 38.

*O Death!—I know—it is my Famulus!*

Le docteur Fauste avait un jeune serviteur qu'il avait élevé quand il étudiait à Wittenberg, qui vit toutes les illusions de son maître Fauste, toutes ses magies et son art diabolique. Il était un mauvais garçon, coureur et débauché, du commencement qu'il vint demeurer à Wittenberg; il mendiait, et personne ne voulait le prendre à cause de sa mauvaise nature. Ce garçon se nommait Christoffe Wagner, et fut dès lors serviteur du docteur Fauste: il se tint très-bien avec lui, en sorte que le docteur Fauste l'appelait son fils. Il allait où il voulait, quoiqu'il allât boitant et de travers.—*Palma Cayet.*

In passing, I will, for the sake of the sequel, just mention a good fellow, who, though of no extraordinary gifts, was yet one of our number. He was called Wagner, and was first a member of our Strasburg society, and then of that at Frankfort—a man not without spirit, talent, and education. He appeared to be *a striving sort of person*, and was therefore welcome. He, too, attached himself to me, and, as I made no secret of my plans, I showed him as well as others my sketch of *Faust*, especially the catastrophe of Gretchen. He caught up the idea and used it for a tragedy, *The Infanticide*. It was the first time that anyone had stolen from me any of my plans. It vexed me, though I bore him no ill-will on that account. Since then I have often enough suffered such robberies and anticipations of my thoughts, and with my dilatoriness and habit of gossiping about the many things I was ever planning and imagining, I had no right to complain.—*Autobiography* (1774).

Some remarks on the word *Famulus* will be found in a subsequent Note.

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PAGE 45.

*Mysterious even in the blaze of day,  
Nature lets no man of her Veil bereave her!  
What to the mind she deigns not to display,  
Thou dost not wrench from her by screw or lever.*

Or les roys [d'Égypte] s' elisoient ou de l'ordre des presbtres, ou de l'ordre des gens de guerre, pour ce que l'un ordre estoit honoré et reveré pour la

vaillance, et l'autre pour la sâpience : et celuy qui estoit esleu de l'ordre des gens de guerre, ineontinent après son election estoit aussi receu en l'ordre de presbriise, et luy estoient communiqez et descouverts les secrets de leur philosophie, qui couvroit plusieurs mysteres sous le voile de fables, et sous des propos qui obscurément monstroient et donnoient à veoir à travers la vérité, comme eux mesmes donnent taisiblement à entendre, quand ils mettent devant les portes de leur temples des Sphynges, voulans dire que toute leur theologie contient, sous paroles enigmatiques et couvertes, les secrets de sâpience. Et en la ville de Sais l'image de Pallas, qu'ils estiment estre Isis, avoit une telle inscription, 'Je suis tout ce qui a esté, qui est, et qui sera jamais, et n'y a encore eu homme mortel qui m'ait descoverte de mon voile.'—*Plutarque par Amyot.*

The point of method, if properly examined, will help to elucidate the whole question of Goethe's aptitude for dealing with physical science. The native direction of his mind is visible in his optical studies as decisively as in his poetry; that direction was towards the *concrete* phenomenon, not towards abstractions. He desired to explain the phenomena of colour, and in mathematics these phenomena disappear; that is to say, the very *thing* that is to be studied is hurried out of sight and masked by abstraction. This was utterly repugnant to his mode of conceiving Nature. The marvellous phenomena of polarised light in the hands of mathematicians excited his boundless scorn. 'One knows not,' he says, 'whether a body or a mere ruin lies buried under these formulas.' The name of Biot threw him into a rage; and he was continually laughing at the Newtonians about their prisms and spectra, as if the Newtonians were pedants who preferred their dusky rooms to the free breath of heaven. He always spoke of observations made in his garden, or with a simple prism in the sunlight, as if the natural and simple method were much more certain than the artificial method of science. In this he betrayed his misapprehension of method. He thought that Nature revealed herself to the patient observer.

Und was sie deinem Geist nicht offenbaren mag.

Das zwingst du ihr nicht ab mit Hebeln und mit Schrauben.

—*Lewes.*

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PAGE 46.

*All hail! thou singular and precious phial!*

Suicide is an event of human nature which, whatever may be said and done with respect to it, demands the sympathy of every man, and in every epoch must be discussed anew. Montesquieu grants his heroes and great men the right of killing themselves as they think fit, since he says that it must be free to everyone to close the fifth act of his tragedy as he pleases. But here the

discourse is not of those persons who have led an active and important life, who have sacrificed their days for a great empire, or for the cause of freedom, and whom one cannot blame if they think to follow in another world the idea which inspires them, as soon as it has vanished from the earth. We have here to do with those whose life is embittered by a want of action, in the midst of the most peaceful circumstances in the world, through exaggerated demands upon themselves. Since I myself was in this predicament, and best knew the pain I suffered in it, and the exertion it cost me to free myself, I will not conceal the reflections which I made, with much deliberation, on the various kinds of death which one might choose. There is something so unnatural in a man tearing himself away from himself, not only injuring, but destroying himself, that he mostly seizes upon mechanical means to carry his design into execution. When Ajax falls upon his sword, it is the weight of his body which does him the last service. When the warrior binds his shield-bearer not to let him fall into the hands of the enemy, it is still an external force which he secures, only a moral instead of a physical one. Women seek in water a cooling for despair, and the extremely mechanical means of fire-arms ensure a rapid act with the very least exertion. Hanging one does not like to mention, because it is an ignoble death. In England one may select it, because there, from youth upwards, one sees so many hanged, without the punishment being precisely dishonourable. By poison, by opening the veins, the only intention is to depart slowly from life; and that most refined, rapid, and painless death by an adder was worthy of a queen who had passed her life in pleasure and brilliancy. But all these are external aids, enemies with which man forms an alliance against himself. When now I considered all these means, and looked about further in history, I found among all those who killed themselves no one who did this deed with such greatness and freedom of mind as the Emperor Otho. He, having the worst of it as a general, but being by no means reduced to extremities, resolves to quit the world for the benefit of the empire, which, in some measure, already belongs to him, and for the sake of sparing so many thousands. He has a cheerful supper with his friends, and the next morning it is found that he has plunged a sharp dagger into his heart. This deed alone seemed to me worthy of imitation; and I was convinced that whoever could not act in this like Otho had no right to go voluntarily out of the world. By these convictions, I freed myself not so much from the danger as from the whim of suicide, which in those splendid times of peace, and with an indolent youth, had managed to creep in. Among a considerable collection of weapons, I possessed a handsome, well-polished dagger. This I laid every night by my bed, and before I extinguished the candle I tried whether I could succeed in plunging the sharp point a couple of inches deep into my heart. Since I never could succeed in this, I at last laughed myself out of the notion, threw off all hypochondriacal fancies, and resolved to live. But to be able to do this with cheerfulness, I was obliged to solve a poetical problem, by which all that I had felt, thought, and fancied upon this important point,

should be reduced to words. For this purpose I collected the elements which had been at work in me for a few years; I rendered present to my mind the cases which had most afflicted and tormented me; but nothing would come to a definite form; I lacked an event, a fable, in which they could be embodied. All at once I heard the news of Jerusalem's death, and immediately after the general report, the most accurate and circumstantial description of the occurrence, and at this moment the plan of *Werther* was formed, and the whole shot together from all sides, and became a solid mass, just as water in a vessel, which stands upon the point of freezing, is converted into hard ice by the most gentle shake.—*Autobiography*.

There is a sort of modernness, a minuteness of psychological analysis, in Apollonius, which we seek in vain even in Euripides, the most advanced of the classical poets. The scene where Medea determines in her agony to commit suicide, but recoils with the reaction of a strong youthful nature from death, is the ancient parallel, if not the prototype, of the splendid scene near the opening of Goethe's *Faust*.—*Mahaffy's History of Greek Literature*.

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PAGE 60.

*The Shepherd drest him for the Dance.*

When the Harper, at the conclusion of his song, seized a goblet of wine that stood before him, and, turning towards his benefactors, quaffed it off with a look of thankfulness, a shout of joy arose from the whole assembly. They expressed their wishes, amid a general clapping of hands, that the wine he had drunk might restore his strength, and refresh his aged limbs. He then sang several other ballads, and this further excited the hilarity of the company. 'Old man,' inquired Philina, 'do you know the song *The Shepherd drest him for the Dance*?' 'O yes!' he answered; 'if you will sing it, I will gladly accompany you.' Philina stood up, and prepared to perform her part. The Harper commenced the air, and she sang the words. We shall not trouble our readers with repeating them, as they might consider the ballad uninteresting, or composed in bad taste.—*Wilhelm Meister* (1777–1796).

The peasants, I presume, are supposed to sing the song as they are dancing—in the same manner as the dancing girl sings on the Broeken, when the red mouse springs from her mouth in the middle of the song. The *Song of the Shepherd*, like the *Song of the Rat*, and the *King in Thule*, was not originally composed for *Faust*, but was ultimately deemed worthy of a place in the great poem.



## PAGE 64.

*My Father was a dark but worthy man,  
Who honestly, but after his own fashion,  
For Nature had a curious sort of passion.*

In these lines Goethe embodies his own early experience. During a long illness, by which he was overtaken in the year 1769, he, in company with Fräulein von Klettenberg, attentively read certain Chémico-Alchemical books, which had been recommended to their notice by his physician, who professed to have discovered the Universal Remedy. In conjunction with Fräulein von Klettenberg and his mother he set up a small laboratory, and, to use his own words, became a half-adept. His reading is described in the *Autobiography* as follows:—‘Fräulein von Klettenberg had already secretly studied Welling’s *Opus Mago-Cabalisticum*, for which, however, as the author himself immediately darkens and removes the light he imparts, she was looking about for a friend who, in this alternation of glare and gloom, might bear her company. It needed small incitement to inoculate me also with this disease. I procured the work, which, like all other writings of this kind, could trace its pedigree up to the Neo-Platonic School. . . . This work makes very honourable mention of its predecessors, and we were incited to investigate those original sources themselves. We turned to the works of Theophrastus Paracelsus, and Basilius Valentinus, as well as to those of Helmont, Starkey, and others, whose doctrines and directions, resting more or less on nature and imagination, we endeavoured to see into and follow out. I was particularly pleased with the *Aurea Catena Homeri*, in which Nature, though, perhaps, in *fantastical fashion*, is represented in a beautiful combination; and thus, sometimes by ourselves, sometimes together, we employed much time on these singularities, and spent the evenings of a long winter (during which I was compelled to keep my chamber) very agreeably, since we three, my mother being included, were more delighted with these secrets than we could have been with their elucidation. . . . My friend, who, without parents or brothers or sisters, lived in a large, well-situated house, had already before this begun to purchase herself a little air-furnace, alembics, and retorts of moderate size; and, in accordance with the hints of Welling, and the significant signs of our physician and master, operated principally on iron, in which the most healing powers were said to be concealed, if one only knew how to open it. And as the volatile salt which must be produced made a great figure in all the writings with which we were acquainted, so for these operations alkalis also were required, which, while they flowed away into the air, were to unite with these superterrestrial things, and at last produce *per se* a mysterious and excellent neutral salt. Scarcely was I in some measure recovered, and, favoured by the change in the season, able once more to occupy my old

gable-chamber, than I also began to provide myself with a little apparatus. A small air-furnace with a sand-bath was prepared, and I very soon learned to change the glass alembics, with a piece of burning match-cord, into vessels in which the different mixtures were to be evaporated. Now were the strange ingredients of the Macrocosm and Microcosm handled in an odd mysterious manner, and before all I attempted to produce neutral salts in an unheard-of way. But what busied me most, for a long time, was the so called *Liquor Silicium* (flint-juice) which is made by melting down pure quartz-flint with a proper proportion of alkali, whence results a transparent glass, which melts away on exposure to the air, and exhibits a beautiful clear fluidity.—*Autobiography*.

Goethe's father was a cold, stern, formal, somewhat pedantic, but truth-loving, upright-minded man.—*Lewes*.

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PAGE 64.

*There the Red Lion, wooer bold, was married  
In tepid waters to the Lily White.*

The passage, divested of alchemical obscurity, would read thus:—‘There was red mercury, a powerfully acting body, united with the tincture of antimony, at a gentle heat of the water-bath. Then, being exposed to the heat of an open fire in an aludel, a sublimate filled its heads in succession, which, if it appeared with various hues, was the desired medicine.’—*Hayward*.

We find Paracelsus using, and fortunately defining, the very language of Faustus. The *Red Lion* and *White Lily* are generic, not specific, names of the ingredients used. In the hundred recipes given by Ashmole, each preparation is different, while every one of them retains the language of the *Red Man* and his *White Wife*. Each alchemist seems to have selected his ingredients with some reference to his own theory of marriage; sometimes we are told of the union of kindred natures—happier results, however, have been in general anticipated from uniting opposite and irreconcilable natures, and compelling the rebellious to obedience.—*Anster*.

The following extracts from the *Hundred Aphorisms demonstrating the Preparation of the Grand Elixir* by Baro Urbigerus, contained in *The Lives of the Alchymical Philosophers*, published in London in 1815, may explain the meaning of the young Queen's colours:—‘If our *Virgin* in her confinement, before she is set at liberty, does not manifest her extreme beauty with all her internal, divers, delicate, *natural colours*, wonderfully charming and very pleasant to the eye, it signifies that she has not sufficiently enjoyed the spiritual company of the Dragon.’ ‘After you have cibated the noble Elixir with your double mercury, before it can come to its perfect fixedness, it must of necessity wander through all the states and *colours of nature* by which we are to judge of

its being and temperament. The constant and essential colours that appear in the digestion of the matter, and before it comes to a perfection, are three, viz., *black*, which signifies the putrefaction and conjunction of the elements; *white*, which demonstrates its purification; and *red*, which denotes its maturation. The rest of the colours that appear and disappear in the progress of the work are only accidental and unconstant.' 'When your Elixir is brought to a fluxibility and a perfect fixedness, if you desire to make a medicine upon metals, you must determinate or ferment it with common gold in filings, in which determination it will vitrify, and then you will have not only an incomparable medicine, capable to transmute all imperfect metals into the purest gold, according to the doctrine of all the philosophers, though ourselves never designed anything but an *Universal Remedy* for the cure of all curable diseases incident to human bodies, as is well known to our friends who have enjoyed the benefit of these our labours.'

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PAGE 66.

*Yet at our birth there is an instinct given—  
Upwards and onwards still the feeling springs.*

That there are in man very many intellectual capacities which in this life he is unable to develope, which therefore point to a better future, and to a more harmonious state of existence: on this point we are both agreed. But further than this, I cannot give up that other fancy of mine, even though on account of it you may again call me, as you have so often done already, a mere enthusiast. For my part, I do think that man feels conscious also of corporeal qualities, of whose mature expansion he can have no hope in this life. This most assuredly is the case with *flying*. How strongly at one time used the clouds, as they drove along the blue sky, to tempt me to travel with them to foreign lands! And now in what danger do I stand, lest they should carry me away with them from the mountain peak as they sweep violently by! What desire do I not feel to throw myself into the boundless regions of the air—to poise over the terrific abyss, or to alight on some otherwise inaccessible rock! With what a longing do I draw deeper and deeper breath, when, in the dark blue depth below, the eagle soars over rocks and forests, or in company, and in sweet concord with his mate, wheels in wide circles round the eyrie to which he has entrusted his young! Must I then never do more than creep up to the summits? Must I always go on clinging to the highest rocks, as well as to the lowest plain; and when I have at last, with much toil, reached the desired eminence, must I still anxiously grasp at every holding place, shudder at the thought of return, and tremble at the chance of a fall?—*Goethe's Letters from Switzerland.*

PAGE 67.

*Invoke not thou the baleful powers of air.*

The spirits of the aire will mix themselves with thunder and lightning, and so infest the clyme where they raise any tempest, that soudainely great mortality shall ensue to the inhabitants.—*Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication.*

The air is not so full of flies in summer as it is at all times of invisible Devils; this Paracelsus stiffly maintains.—*Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.*

Cornelius Agrippa, before he wrote his *Vanity of the Arts and Sciences*, intended to reduce into system and method the secret of communicating with Spirits and Demons. On good authority, that of Porphyrius, Pselus, Plotinus, Jamblichus—and on better were it necessary to allege it—he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarmed with what the Grecks called *Dæmones*, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, our waters of fish, and our earth of insects.—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature.*

The Scottish vulgar, without having any defined notion of their attributes, believe in the existence of an intermediate class of Spirits, residing in the air, or in the waters, to whose agency they aseribe floods, storms, and all such phenomena as their own philosophy cannot readily explain. They are supposed to interfere in the affairs of mortals, sometimes with a malevolent purpose, and sometimes with milder views.—*Notes to the Lay of the Last Münstrel.*

PAGE 69.

*And, if I do not err, a fiery eddy  
Follows behind him as he flies.*

In explanation of this phenomenon, Hayward gives the following extract from Goethe's work on Colours:—'A dark object, the moment it withdraws itself, imposes on the eye the necessity of seeing the same form bright. Between jest and earnest, I shall quote a passage from *Faust* which is applicable here. (Then follows the passage.) This had been written some time—from the poetical intuition and in half consciousness—when, as it was growing twilight, a black poodle ran by my window in the street, and drew a clear shining appearance after him—the undefined image of his passing form remaining in the eye. Such phenomena occasion the more pleasing surprise, as they present themselves most vividly and beautifully, precisely when we suffer our eyes to wander unconsciously. There is no one to whom such counterfeit images have not often appeared, but they are allowed to pass unnoticed; yet I have known

persons who teased themselves on this account, and believed it to be a symptom of the diseased state of their eyes, whereupon the explanation which I had it in my power to give inspired them with the highest satisfaction. He who is instructed as to the real nature of it remarks the phenomenon more frequently, because the reflection immediately suggests itself. Schiller wished many a time that this theory had never been communicated to him, because he was everywhere catching glimpses of that the necessity for which was known to him.'

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PAGE 73.

*'Tis writ, In the beginning was the Word!*

This passage is not, as Blackie supposes, a fortunate inspiration of Goethe. It is directly suggested by the legend. In Widmann's *Veritable History of Dr. Faust* I find, in the fifteenth chapter, that Mephistopheles thus answers Faust's proposition to discuss with him certain questions of theology:—'In so far as it concerns the Bible, which thou again art of a mind to read, there shall be no more permitted to thee than, namely:—the first, second, and fifth books of Moses; all the others, except Job, shalt thou let be; and likewise in the New Testament thou mayst read the three Disciples that wrote of the deeds of Christ, that is to say, the Tax-gatherer, the Painter, and the Doctor (meaning Mattheum, Marcum, and Lucam); but John shalt thou avoid, and I forbid also the chatterer Paul, and such others as wrote Epistles.'—*Bayard Taylor*.

Goethe frequently speaks of the influence which the Bible exerted upon his intellectual development. The following passage from his *Autobiography* is remarkable:—'By this notion [that of seeking the ground, the interior, the sense, the tendency of the book], the Bible first became really accessible to me. I had, as is the case in the religious instruction of Protestants, run through it several times, nay, had made myself acquainted with it, by way of leaps from beginning to end and back again. The blunt naturalness of the Old Testament, and the tender *naïveté* of the New, had attracted me in particular instances; as a whole, indeed, it never properly appealed to me; but the diverse characters of the different books no more perplexed me; I knew how to represent to myself their significance faithfully and in proper order, and had too much feeling for the book to be ever able to do without it. By this very side of feeling I was protected against all scoffing, because I saw its dishonesty at once. I not only detested it, but could even fall in a rage about it; and I still perfectly remember that in my childishly fanatical zeal I should have completely throttled Voltaire, on account of his *Saul*, if I had only got hold of him.—*Autobiography*.

## PAGE 71.

*For such half hell-begotten brute  
The Key of Solomon will suit.*

*Clavicula Salomonis*, livre de magie et de conjuration attribué à Salomon, et publié, sous ce titre latin, en 1686.—*Bacharach*.

If *Bacharach* be correct in this statement, the reference to the *Clavicula* is only another instance of anachronism in *Faust*. But Taylor states that the work is referred to by Paracelsus, and if so it must be of an earlier date than that attributed to it by *Bacharach*, for Paracelsus was born in 1493, and died in 1541. According to Taylor, Solomon's fame as a magician is mentioned by Josephus; and a work of the Hebrew monarch, on the manner of citing spirits, is referred to by Origen. A *Clavicula* is still extant which is alleged to have been communicated by Constantine to Pope Sylvester, and to have been translated under the auspices of Julius II.

The following account of the Elementary Spirits is from the work of the Comte de Gabalis, referred to by Pope in his Letter prefixed to the *Rape of the Lock*:—‘When you shall be enrolled among the children of the philosophers, and your eyes fortified by the use of the holy elixir, you will discover that the elements are inhabited by very perfect creatures, of the knowledge of whom the sin of Adam deprived his unfortunate posterity. The immense space between earth and sky has other inhabitants than birds and flies; the ocean other guests than whales and sprats; the earth was not made for moles alone; nor is the desolating flame itself a desert. The air is full of beings of human form, proud in appearance, but docile in reality, great lovers of science, officious towards sages, intolerant towards fools. Their wives and daughters are masculine Amazonian beauties——’ ‘How! you do not mean to say that spirits marry?’ ‘Be not alarmed, my son, about such trifles; believe what I say to be solid and true, and the faithful epitome of cabalistic science, which it will only depend on yourself one day to verify by your own eyes. Know then that seas and rivers are inhabited as well as the air; and that ascended sages have given the name of Undines or Nymphs to this floating population. They engender few males; women overflow; their beauty is extreme; the daughters of men are incomparably inferior. The earth is filled down to its very centre with Gnomes, a people of small stature, the wardens of treasures, mines, and precious stones. They are ingenious, friendly to man, and easy to command. They furnish the children of sages with all the money they want, and ask as the reward of their service only the honour of being commanded. Their women are small, very agreeable, and magnificent in their attire. As for the Salamanders, who inhabit the fiery region, they wait on the sages, but without any eagerness for the task; their females are rarely to be seen.’

Pope in the following passage asserts a curious species of metempsychosis :—

For when the fair in all their pride expire,  
 To their first elements their souls retire.  
 The sprites of fiery termagants in flame  
 Mount up and take a Salamander's name.  
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,  
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental tea.  
 The graver prude sinks downward to a Gnome,  
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.  
 The light coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,  
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

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PAGE 77.

*What is thy name ?*

Lors le docteur Fauste conjura le Diable, à quoi il s'efforça tellement, qu' il fit un tumulte qui était comme s'il eût voulu renverser tout de fond en comble ; car il faisait plier les arbres jusques en terre ; et puis le Diable faisait comme si toute la forêt eût été remplie de diables, qui apparaissaient au milieu et autour du cercle à l'environ comme un grand charriage menant bruit, qui allaient et venaient çà et là, tout au travers par les quatre coins, redonnant dans le cercle comme des clans et foudres, comme des coups de gros canon, dont il semblaient que l'enfer fût entr' ouvert ; et encore y avait-il toute sorte d'instruments de musique amiables, qui s'entendaient chanter fort doucement, et encore quelques danses ; et y parurent aussi des tournois avec lances et épées, tellement que le temps durait fort long à Fauste, et il pensa de s'enfuir hors du cercle. Il prit enfin une résolution unique et abandonnée, et y demeura, et se tint ferme à sa première condition (Dieu permettant ainsi, à ce qu'il pût poursuivre), et se mit comme auparavant à conjurer le Diable de nouveau, afin qu'il se fit voir à lui devant les yeux, de la façon qui s'ensuit. Il s'apparut à lui, à l'entour du cercle un griffon, et puis un dragon puant le soufre et soufflant. . . . Puis après, ce furent six globes de feu comme des lumignons, et s'en éleva un au-dessus, et puis un autre par dessous, et ainsi conséquemment, tant qu'il se changea du tout, et qu'il s'en forma une figure d'un homme tout en feu, qui allait et venait, tout autour du cercle, par l'espace d'un quart d'heure. Soudain ce diable et esprit se changea sur-le-champ en la forme d'un moine gris, vint avec Fauste en propos, et demanda ce qu'il voulait. Le docteur Fauste demanda au diable comme il s'appelaît, quel était son nom : le diable lui répondit qu'il s'appelaît Méphistophélès.—  
*Palma Cayet.*

The legend names the demon *Mephostophiles* ; Marlowe calls him *Mephostophilis* ; Shakspeare styles him *Mephostophilus*, and Goethe has fixed his name as *Mephistopheles* for ever. The derivations of the word are as various as its

spelling. It has been derived from the Hebrew, from the Greek, from the French, and from the German. The derivation from the Hebrew can scarcely be made intelligible. The derivation from the French, *Méfier*, may be disregarded. The Latin word, *Mephitis*, suggests his origin as an exhalation from Avernus. But the word is generally referred to the Greek. Dürr conjectures that the name is only the blunder of a monk for *Μεγιστοφιλής*, *qui præ cæteris eminere vult*. The ordinary derivation, *Μη-φῶς-φιλεῖν*, is applicable enough to one who hates the light. But the great triumph of etymological ingenuity is to be found in the hybrid product of Greek and German, the word *Me-faustophilus*, which designates the Fiend who was the enemy of Faust. The word is for the first time found in the Faust-books, and even in the earlier Faust-books the name of the demon is not Mephistopheles but Aziel. As Loeper remarks, the meaning and etymology of the word will probably remain undetermined till some earlier authority for the Faust-Legend is discovered than the Faust-book of 1587.

The character of Mephistopheles is in many respects a caricature of Merck—the strange man who, in Goethe's own language, had the greatest influence on his life. He was a military paymaster at Darmstadt. In his character there was a wonderful contradiction; by nature a good, noble, upright man, he had embittered himself against the world; he was formidable for his sarcasm; he was under the necessity of treating men in a malignant and spiteful way; he felt a certain *dilettantish* impulse to production, but in all his labours he went to work negatively and destroyingly; he possessed a strongly-marked negative tendency; he was embittered with the gall of Swift; his figure was long and lean; he had a remarkable, sharp, prominent nose; his eyes were light blue, or grey, and there was something of the tiger in his glance; Lavater's *Physiognomy* has preserved his profile. Such is Goethe's description in his *Autobiography* and his *Conversations*, of the man who sat to him for the portrait of Mephistopheles, and with whom, as Faust with Mephistopheles, Goethe at one period of his life was in constant and intimate association.

The following criticisms on the character of Mephistopheles, in addition to those already given, may be of interest to the reader:—Le Diable est le héros de cette pièce; l'auteur ne l'a point conçu comme un fantôme hideux, tel qu'on a coutume de le représenter aux enfans; il en a fait, si l'on peut s'exprimer ainsi, le méchant par excellence, auprès du quel tous les méchants, et celui de Gresset en particulier, ne sont que des novices, à peine dignes d'être les serviteurs de Méphistophélès. Goethe a voulu montrer dans ce personnage, réel et fantastique tout à la fois, la plus amère plaisanterie que le dédain puisse inspirer, et néanmoins une audace de gaîté qui amuse. Il y a dans les discours de Méphistophélès une ironie infernale, qui porte sur la création tout entière, et juge l'univers comme un mauvais livre dont le Diable se fait le censeur.—*Madame de Staël*.

Méphistophélès est un frondeur. Il se moque des contradictions humaines;



et s'il accomplit volontiers les désirs de ce philosophe malade qui veut rajeunir pour chercher le bonheur, Méphistophélès ne donne à Faust que l'avant-goût des jouissances, dont il lui démontre philosophiquement l'inanité. C'est là, selon nous, la véritable supériorité du génie de Goethe. L'Esprit du Mal n'est pas un être difforme, effrayant, soufflant la discorde dans les pensées de l'âme indécise de l'homme, c'est un trucheman entre la vie réelle et la vie inconnue ; et le Diable est plutôt, dans l'œuvre de Goethe, un *Mentor du Mal*, ne le conseillant pas, mais l'accordant à la requête d'un savant blasé qui cherche et n'a pas trouvé.—*Alexandre Laya.*

En effet, en sortant de chez la sorcière qui a préparé le philtre, Faust devient amoureux d'une jeune fille nommée Marguerite, qu'il rencontre dans la rue. Pressé de réussir, il appelle Méphistophélès au secours de sa passion, et cet esprit, qui devait, une heure auparavant, l'aider dans de sublimes découvertes et lui dévoiler la *tout* et la *plus que tout*, devient pour quelque temps un entre-metteur vulgaire, un Scapin de Comédie, qui remet des bijoux, séduit une vieille compagne de Marguerite, et tente d'écarter les surveillants et les fâcheux. Son instinct diabolique commence à se montrer seulement dans la nature du breuvage qu'il remet à Faust pour endormir la mère de Marguerite, et par son intervention monstrueuse dans le duel de Faust avec le frère de Marguerite.—*Gérard de Nerval.*

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PAGE 87.

*The mighty Lord of Rats and Mice,  
Of Flies and Frogs, of Bugs and Lice.*

Lors tout incontinent apparurent, au docteur Fauste, dans son poêle ou étuve, toute sorte de tels insectes, comme fourmis, lézards, mouches, bovines, grillons, sauterelles et autres. Alors, toute la maison se trouva pleine de cette vermine. Toutefois, il était fort en colère contre tout cela, transporté et hors de son sens ; car, entre autres de tels reptiles et insectes, il y en avait qui le piquaient comme fourmis ; les bergails le piquaient, les mouches lui couraient sur le visage, les puces le mordaient, les taons ou bourdons lui volaient autour. Tant qu'il en était tout étonné, les poux le tourmentaient en la tête et au cou, les araignées lui filaient de haut en bas, les chenils le rongeaient, les guêpes l'attaquaient. Enfin il fut tout partout blessé de toute cette vermine, tellement qu'on pourrait bien dire qu'il n'était encore qu'un jeune diable, de ne se pouvoir pas défendre de ces bestions. Au reste, le docteur Fauste ne pouvait pas demeurer dans les dites étuves ou poêles ; mais, d'abord qu'il fut sorti du poêle, il n'eut plus aucune plaie, et n'y eut plus de tels fantômes autour de lui, et tous disparurent, s'étant dévorés l'un et l'autre vivement et avec promptitude.—*Palma Cayet.*

PAGE 96.

*'Tis my youngsters  
Are the tonguesters.*

I am of opinion that he does not speak the truth, and that the Invisible Spirits do not belong to the Liar's train, bearing a greater similarity to those good spirits, hovering round the human conscience, and being akin to the invisible voice in the Dom-Scene, which Goethe has, in analogy to the ancient tragedy, called *Böser Geist*, which haunts an evil conscience.—*Koller*.

In Leutbecher's work I find a hint of what I believe to be the true intention of this Chorus. He says:—'The pure spirits who direct the harmonies of existence lament over Faust's step, and encourage him to commence another and fairer career. But Mephistopheles calls these voices precociously shrewd, and proposes the conditions of his compact, promising delights which, in advance, appear worthless to Faust. The lament is certainly not ironical; on the contrary, the course of the drama, as it is afterwards developed, is here shadowed forth by the spirits, and Mephistopheles no more comprehends them than Faust. He is deceived, as in the Fifth Act of the Second Part.'—*Bayard Taylor*.

Loeper rejects this idea, and regards the spirits not as warning spirits, nor as guardian angels, nor as the good genius of Faust, but as the subordinate spirits of Mephistopheles, who counsel Faust to enter on a new course of life. They are the same as those who sing the song in the corridor when Mephistopheles is caught, and the lullaby in the chamber when he finally manages to escape.

PAGE 100.

*I'll ask you for a line or two.*

Après tout cela, le docteur Fauste dressa, par-dessus cette grande oubliance et outrecuidance, un instrument au Diable et une reconnaissance, une brève soumission et confession, qui est acte horrible et abominable. Et cette obligation-là fut trouvée en sa maison, après son misérable départ de ce monde. C'est ce que je prétends montrer évidemment, pour instruction et exemple à tous les bons chrétiens, afin qu'ils n'aient que faire avec le Diable, et qu'ils puissent retirer d'entre ses pattes leurs corps et leurs âmes, comme Fauste s'est outrageusement abandonné à son misérable valet et obéissant, qui se disait être par le moyen de telles œuvres diaboliques, qui est tout ainsi que les Parthes faisaient, s'obligeant les uns aux autres; il prit un couteau pointu, et se piqua une veine en la main gauche, et se dit un homme véritable. Il fut vu, en sa main

ainsi piquée, un écrit comme d'un sang de mort, en ces mots latins : *O homo, fuge!* qui est à dire : 'O homme, fuis-t'-en de là, et fais le bien.' Puis le docteur Fauste reçoit son sang sur une tuile et y met des charbons tout chauds, et écrit comme s'ensuit ci-après : 'Jean Faust, docteur, reçois de ma propre main manifestement pour une chose ratifiée,' &c., &c.—*Palma Cayet.*

Faust is now again in his fatherland, but his term is nearly expired, and he whiningly asks the Devil, who by the contract is always to speak the truth, whether it be yet possible for him to come to God. The Devil stammers out a soft 'I know not,' and flies tremblingly away. Faust kneels down to pray, but his devotions are interrupted by the vision of Helen, sent by the Evil One to prevent him from relapsing into faith. He yields to the temptation, and all hope is at an end.—*Hayward.*

Men, it is true, no longer believe in the Devil's agency; at least they no longer believe in the power of calling up the Devil, and transacting business with him; otherwise there would be hundreds of such stories as that of *Faust*. But the spirit which created that story, and rendered it credible to all Europe, remains unchanged. The sacrifice of the future to the present is the spirit of that legend. The blindness to consequences caused by the imperiousness of desire; the recklessness with which inevitable and terrible results are braved in perfect consciousness of their being inevitable, provided that a temporary pleasure can be obtained, is the spirit which dictated Faust's barter of his soul, which daily dictates the barter of men's souls. We do not make compacts, but we throw away our lives; we have no Tempter face to face with us, offering illimitable power in exchange for our futurity, but we have our own desires—imperious, insidious—and for them we barter our existence—for one moment's pleasure risking years of anguish.—*Lewes.*

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PAGE 109.

*But tell me, lest our way we lose,  
What is the Faculty you choose?*

In the Augsburg puppet-play Faust exclaims: 'I, too, have long investigated, have gone through all arts and sciences. I became a Theologian, consulted authorities, weighed all, tested all—polemics, exegesis, dogmatism. All was babble, nothing breathed of divinity! I became a Jurist, endeavoured to become acquainted with justice, and learned how to distort justice. I found an idol, shaped by the hands of self-interest, and self-conceit, a bastard of justice, not herself. I became a Physician, intending to learn the human structure, and the methods of supporting it when it gives way; but I found not what I sought—I only found the art of methodically murdering men. I became a Philosopher, desiring to know the soul of man, to catch truth by the wings, and wisdom by

the forelock—and I found shadows, vapours, follies, bound into a system.’—*Bayard Taylor*.

At first I attended my lectures assiduously and faithfully, but the philosophy would not enlighten me at all. In the *Logic* it seemed strange to me that I had so to tear asunder, isolate, and, as it were, destroy those operations of the mind which I had performed with the greatest ease from my youth upwards, and this in order to see into the right use of them. Of the thing itself, of the World, and of God, I thought I knew as much as the Professor himself, and in more places than one the affair seemed to come into a tremendous strait. . . . It was soon quite as bad with the *Law-lectures* : for I already knew just as much as the Professor thought good to communicate to us. My stubborn industry in writing down the lectures at first was paralyzed by degrees, for I found it excessively tedious to pen down once more that which, partly by question, partly by answer, I had repeated with my father often enough to retain it for ever in my memory. . . . The *Medical faculty* shone above the others, with respect both to the celebrity of the professors and the number of the students, and I was the more easily borne along by the stream, as I had just so much knowledge of all these things that my desire for science would soon be increased and inflamed. At the commencement of the second half-year, therefore, I attended on a course of chemistry by Spielmann, another on anatomy by Lobstein, and proposed to be right industrious, because by my singular preliminary, or rather extra knowledge, I had already gained some respect and confidence in our society.—*Autobiography*.

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PAGE 111.

*Encheïresis Naturæ.*

Faithfully devoted to nature as Goethe was, he loved to speak of her works and ways with mysterious prefaces and intimations. Thus he once led me to his cabinet of natural history, and said, while he put into my hand a piece of granite, which was remarkable for its unusual transitions:—‘Here, take this old stone as a memorial of me. Whenever I find an older law of Nature than that which manifests itself in this product, I will present you with a specimen of it, and take this back again. Up to the present time I have discovered none such; and I doubt exceedingly whether anything similar, not to say better, in this kind of phenomena, will ever come under my notice. Look attentively at these transitions: such is the universal tendency, the final result, of all in Nature. Here you see is something that meets another substance, forces its way to it, and, when united, gives birth to a third. Believe me, this is a fragment of the earliest history of the human species. The intermediate limbs you must find out for yourself. He who cannot discover them will not be wiser though he

were told them. Our scientific men (*Naturforscher*-investigators of Nature) are rather too fond of details; they count out to us the whole consistency of the earth in separate lots, and are so happy as to have a different name for every lot. That is argil (*thonerde*), that is quartz (*kieselerde*); that is this, and that is that. But what am I the better, if I am ever so perfect in all these names? When I hear them, I always think of the lines in *Faust*—

*Encheiresin Naturæ nennt's die Chemie,  
Bohrt sich selber Esel und weist nie wie.'*

—*Falk.*

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PAGE 120.

*Auerbach's Cellar.*

The locality of this scene possesses a double interest, through its connexion with the early *Faust* legend, and with the academic years of young Goethe. If the stranger who visits Leipzig will seek the large ancient house, No. 1, *Grimmische Strasse*, near the Market-place, the sign AUERBACH'S KELLER, nearly on a level with the sidewalk, will guide him down into the two vaulted chambers which have echoed to the wit and song and revelry of four centuries of jolly companions.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Auerbach's Cellar is a place of public entertainment of the same class and character as the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden. I supped there during my last visit to Germany, and took some pains to ascertain the traditions connected with it, which the waiter seemed to have a particular pleasure in communicating. He assured me that there was not a shadow of a doubt as to my being seated in the very vault in which both *Faust* and Goethe had caroused; and producing an old copy of *Widman*, he avowed himself ready to make oath that it had been in the cellar, as a sort of heir-loom, for 300 years at the least. It was really a very curious copy, but bore the date of MDCXCV. The principal curiosities of the vault are two very old paintings, shaped like the segment of a circle, painted, it is supposed, to commemorate *Faust's* presence and achievements there. The one represents him at the table drinking to the sound of music, with a party of students; the other represents him in the act of passing out of the door upon a cask, whilst the spectators are holding up their hands in astonishment. The first-mentioned bears a Latin inscription, which has proved a puzzler to the philologists:—

Vive, Bibe, Obgregare, Memor  
Fauste hujus et hujus  
Pœnæ. Aderat cludo hæc  
Asterat amplo Gradu.—1525.

A distinguished scholar, Dr. Maginn, proposes to read it thus :—

Vibe, Bibe, Obgregare, Memor  
 Fausti hujus et hujus  
 Pœnæ. Aderat clauda hæc,  
 Ast erat ampla Gradu.—1525.

Over the other are inscribed the lines following :—

Doctor Faust zu dieser Frist  
 Aus Auerbach's Keller geritten ist,  
 Auf einem Fass mit Wein geschwind,  
 Welches geschen viel Mutterkind.  
 Solches durch seine subtile Kraft hat gethan,  
 Und des Teufel's Lohn empfangen davon.—1525.

It has been made a doubt whether this date (1525) refers to the time at which the pictures were painted, or to that at which the adventures took place.—*Hayward.*

The Latin inscription would seem to be meant for a hexameter and pentameter, and if *oblectare*, which the sense requires, were substituted for *obgregare*, which the Latin language rejects, it would run as follows :—

Vive, bibe, oblectare, memor Fausti hujus, et hujus  
 Pœnæ; aderat clauda hæc, ast erat ampla, gradu.

The German inscription has been done into English, by Blackie, thus :—

Doctor Faustus, on that tyde,  
 From Auerbach's cellar away did ryde  
 Upon a wine-cask speedilie,  
 As many a mother's son did see.  
 By subtile crafte he did that deede,  
 And he received the devil's meede.

On the 19th of September, 1775, Goethe writes to the Countess Augusta von Stolberg that he had written a scene of *Faust* which, from the internal evidence, would seem to have been this scene in *Auerbach's Cellar*. The letter deals with one of those numerous occasions on which Goethe fancied that he was in love, and he describes his sensations in the words of Brander's song :—‘ I felt all the time like a rat that has swallowed poison ; it scampers into every hole ; it swallows everything liquid, and devours everything eatable that comes in its way ; and its entrails burn with inextinguishable fire.’

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PAGE 126.

*'Tis a small Paris, Sirs.*

Goethe was sent to the University of Leipzig, in Michaelmas 1766. ‘ In Leipzig,’ he tells us in his *Autobiography*, ‘ a student could scarcely be any-

thing else than polite, as soon as he wished to stand on any footing at all with the rich, well-bred, and punctilious inhabitants'; and he adds that, 'the student of any wealth and standing had every reason to show himself attentive to the mercantile class, and to be the more solicitous about the proper external forms, as the *Colony* exhibited a model of French manners.' A note from the American translation, given by Mr. Oxenford, informs us that 'Leipzig was so called because a large and influential portion of its citizens were sprung from a colony of Huguenots, who settled there after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.'

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PAGE 133.

*I'll make you each a stopper.*

Goethe took this specimen of juggling from the legend, where, however, it is not performed by Mephistopheles, but by Faust. It is related as having taken place at Erfurt: 'Spake he (Faust) whether they would not like to try a foreign wine or two; answered they, yes; whereupon he further asked, whether it should be Rephal, Malvasie, Spanish, or French wine, and one of them, laughing, made answer, all these kinds are good. Then Faust demanded a ginlet, began to bore four holes, one after another, in the border of the leaf of the table, stuck in stoppers, even as people stick spigots in the heads of casks, called for several fresh glasses, and, when all this had been done, he drew out one stopper after another, and behold! out of each of the aforesaid holes flowed unto each one the wine he had required, even as out of four casks, from the dry leaf of the table.'—*Bayard Taylor*.

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PAGE 139.

*Is that thy nose?*

The legend, as given by Palma Cayet, has a chapter entitled *Les hôtes du docteur Fauste se veulent couper le nez*. It describes how Faust had invited a number of guests to dine without having made any preparation for their entertainment. Mephistopheles carries off the marriage supper of a rich burgher—fish, fowl, roast joint, and goose—and brings the whole to Faust:—Lors furent Fauste et ses invités pourvus de vivres; mais le vin manquait, toutefois non longtemps, car Méphistophélès fut fort bien au voyage de Florence dans les caves de Fougres, dont il en emporta quantité. Mais, après qu'ils eurent mangé, ils désiraient (qui est ce pourquoi ils étaient principalement venus) qu'il leur fit pour plaisir quelques tours d'enchantement. Lors il leur fit venir sur le table une vigne avec ses grappes de raisin, dont un chacun prit sa part. Il commanda

puis après de prendre un couteau et le mettre à la racine comme s'ils eussent voulu couper; néanmoins, ils n'en purent pas venir à bout; puis, après, il s'en alla hors des étuves, et ne tarda guère sans revenir. Lors ils s'arrêtèrent tous et se tinrent l'un l'autre par le nez, et un couteau dessus. Quand donc puis après ils voulurent, ils purent couper les grappes. Cela leur fut ainsi mis auement; mais ils eussent bien voulu qu'ils les eût fait venir toutes mûres.—*Palma Cayet.*

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PAGE 141.

*The Witch's Kitchen.*

Il n'y a guère d'exemples dans les pièces françaises de ces plaisanteries fondées sur le merveilleux, les prodiges, les sorcières, les métamorphoses, etc. : c'est jouer avec la nature, comme dans la comédie de mœurs on joue avec les hommes. Mais il faut, pour se plaire à ce comique, n'y point appliquer le raisonnement, et regarder les plaisirs de l'imagination comme un jeu libre et sans but. Néanmoins ce jeu n'en est pas pour cela plus facile, car les barrières sont souvent des appuis; et quand on se livre en littérature à des inventions sans bornes, il n'y a que l'excès et l'emportement même du talent, qui puisse leur donner quelque mérite; l'union du bizarre et du médiocre ne serait pas tolérable.—*Madame de Staël.*

To the great and overwhelming tragic powers of Goethe, Aristophanes, of course, can make no pretension; but in their preference of the arbitrary comic to the comic of manners, the two writers come very close together; and both writers should have lived, as Madame de Staël expresses it, when there was an intellectual chaos, similar to the material chaos. Had Aristophanes written in modern times, it is, perhaps, not impertinent to suggest that the Auerbach's Keller in Leipzig, the Hexenküche, the Walpurgisnacht, and perhaps the quizzing scene with the young student just fresh from [*sic*] his university, are precisely the sort of scenes which would have fallen from his pen.—*Mitchell.*

They have now been tormenting themselves for nearly thirty years with the Broomsticks of the Blocksberg and the Monkey-dialogues of the Witch's Kitchen, but they have never yet rightly succeeded in interpreting and allegorising that *dramatic-humouristic nonsense*. Really one ought to play the joke oftener in his youth, and enjoy such broken meats as the Broeken—*solche Broeken wie den Broeken*.—*Goethe.*

'The chief motive of the *Witch's Kitchen*,' says Bayard Taylor, 'is, of course, the passional rejuvenation of Faust, as introductory to the episode of Margaret.' But why suggest that the 'rejuvenation' is merely 'passional'? Faust asks whether the elixir will take thirty years from his *body*. Mephistopheles describes him to Martha and Margaret as *ein braver Knab*. Mar-



garet never supposes herself to be in love with a man of fifty. In fact Faust is changed into a Romeo. The transformation is as complete as the metamorphosis of Lewis Grayle into Margrave in the *Strange Story* of Lord Lytton.

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PAGE 161.

*Margaret.*

The name, and in some degree the character, of Margaret, were suggested to the poet by his acquaintance with an innocent Frankfort girl, to whom he had been attached when a boy. As the substance of the Margaret-scenes dates from 1774 and 1775, and was therefore written some thirteen years before Goethe knew Christiane Vulpius, it is a gross anachronism to suppose that in drawing the character of his Gretchen, Goethe could have thought of his subsequent wife, as some ill-informed French and English commentators imagine.—*Selss.*

As no French commentator whatsoever has broached the theory of which Professor Selss complains, and as I am the only ill-informed English commentator to whom he can possibly allude—and that by anticipation—I beg to remark that, as a matter of fact, the description of Margaret exactly tallies with the description of Goethe's wife as given in the extract from the book of Blaze de Bury, from which I am about to cite. It may be true that the substance of the Margaret-scenes dates from 1774 and 1775, but it is equally true that in July, 1788, Goethe was suddenly accosted in the park at Weimar by Christiane Vulpius, and that the description of Christiane Vulpius is the description of Margaret as she ultimately appeared in the *Fragment* of 1790. The character of Margaret contains traits and reminiscences of Gretchen, and of Frederica, and of Lili; and I see no reason why the woman whom Goethe made his wife, and for whom he wrote the *Roman Elegies*, should be excluded from all participation in his literary glories. The coincidence at least is worthy of remark.

Un jour de 1788, comme il se promenait dans le parc, Goethe rencontra sur son chemin une belle enfant éblouissante de jeunesse et de fraîcheur. C'était l'autre Christiane, la fille du libraire et littérateur Vulpius, qui venait lui présenter une requête en faveur de son père, réduit par sa faute aux plus tristes nécessités. Les mémoires du temps nous la donnent comme une naïve et sympathique créature: visage rond et plein, longues tresses blondes, nez fripon, bouche sensuelle, taille rebondie et petit pied. Dans cette rayonnante jeune fille qui s'offrait à lui sans naissance, sans fortune, et sans titre, Goethe vit-il du premier coup d'œil celle qui pouvait lui donner un bonheur qu'il ne devait attendre ni d'une comtesse ni d'un bel esprit? Pensa-t-il avoir découvert là cet être bon, naturel, féminin, destiné à ne s'occuper que dans son intérieur, à ne rien savoir des intrigues du dehors, à ne jamais l'interroger sur rien: étoile

fixe et bienfaisante dont la douce lueur reposerait ses yeux de l'importune fascination de tant de soleils? Ce qu'il y a de certain, c'est qu'il la prit avec lui et ne la quitta plus. 'Rien ne manquait à cet heureux mariage, si ce n'est la bénédiction du prêtre,' écrivit assez ingénument l'honnête M. Riemer, un de ces commentateurs sans préjugés qui détestent l'hypocrisie, même alors qu'elle est un simple hommage rendu à la vertu. La bénédiction, après s'être fait attendre dix-sept ans, eut lieu pourtant le 19 octobre, 1806, trois [cinq] jours après la bataille d'Iéna.—*Les Maîtresses de Goethe.*

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PAGE 171.

*There was a King in Thule.*

As a result of this union of soul and intellect, in which all that was living in each came forth upon his lips, I offered to recite my newest and most favourite ballads. *The King of Thule*, and *There was a Rascal bold enough*, had a good effect, and I brought them forth with more feeling as my poems were still bound to my heart, and as they seldom passed my lips. For in the presence of persons who I feared could not sympathise with my tender sensibility, I felt restrained; and frequently, in the midst of a recitation, I have become confused and could not get right again. How often for that reason have I been accused of wilfulness, and of a strange, whimsical disposition!—*Autobiography (1774).*

De 1774 à 1775 Goethe écrit pour son *Faust* la ballade du *Roi de Thulé*. Étrange procédé de cet esprit sans méthode, qui commence un œuvre de cette importance par le détail le plus inutile de l'œuvre! Le poème de *Faust* est cependant parti de là. Toute une forêt greffée sur une fleur; car, immédiatement après, à la suite d'un voyage avec Lavater, qui le passionna d'abord, dont il médita plus tard jusqu'à le caricaturer dans la *Nuit de Walpurgis*, il écrit le premier monologue de Faust, le dialogue avec Wagner, et des fragmens ou de simples ébauches d'autres scènes.—*A. Dumas Fils.*

M. Dumas might as well have traced the whole of *Faust* to *The Shepherd dressed him for the Dance*, or to the *Song of a Rat*, or to any of the other songs which were ultimately utilised for *Faust*.

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PAGE 197.

*Yes, though our household is but small,  
Upon my time there's many a call.*

It was very pleasant to me to listen to the description which she gave me of the little world in which she moved, and of the persons whom she particularly

valued. She thereby imparted to me a clear, and, at the same time, such an amiable idea of her situation, that it had a very strange effect on me; for I felt at once a deep regret that I had not lived with her sooner, and, at the same time, a truly painful envious feeling towards all who had hitherto had the good fortune to surround her. I at once watched closely, as if I had a right to do so, all her descriptions of men, whether they appeared under the names of neighbours, cousins, or gossips, and my conjectures inclined now this way, now that. But how could I have discovered anything, in my complete ignorance of all the circumstances? She at last became more and more talkative, and I more and more silent. It was so pleasant to listen to her, and as I heard only her voice, while the form of her countenance, as well as the rest of the world, floated dimly in the twilight, it seemed to me as if I could see into her heart, which I could not but find very pure, since it unbosomed itself to me in such unembarrassed loquacity.—*Autobiography*.

Goethe is speaking of Frederica as he first met her in 1770.

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PAGE 206.

### *The Pavilion.*

Lewes regards the scene in the *Pavilion* as a continuation of the scene in the *Garden*; and accordingly he views the short soliloquy of Margaret, with which it concludes, as following immediately after Faust's first declaration of his passion. But this can scarcely be. The scene in the *Garden* closes at night (p. 204), whereas that in the *Pavilion* opens with light sufficient for Margaret to peep out from the crevice and see Faust when he approaches (p. 206). In the former scene the conversation has been kept up mainly by Margaret, whereas in the latter it is supposed to be monopolised by Faust (p. 208). The one scene culminates with a declaration of passion which leaves the lovers speechless; the other opens with all the playfulness of familiar love. Besides, the scene in the *Pavilion* has an independent title, and contains its own stage directions. What, then, is the dramatic significance of this short scene—the shortest, with the exception of that at the *Ravenstone*, in the whole drama? Though short, it must be supposed to occupy some considerable time, for it opens in broad daylight, and it does not close till it is growing late, and Faust has had time to talk about everything that man can talk about. The main incident is reproduced from an earlier work of Goethe's. Mephistopheles and Martha interrupt Faust and Margaret, just as Hermes and Arsinoë interrupt Satyros and Psyche. What is the meaning of the interruption? The soliloquy of Margaret shows that she is still innocent; and the soliloquy of Faust in the scene of the *Forest and the Cavern* shows that he is resolved that she should remain so. Is it possible that

Mephistopheles fancied that Faust might be induced to exclaim to the passing moment—

Stay yet awhile—thou art so fair ?

Or is the motive of the scene that which is evinced in the soliloquy of Mephistopheles when dressed in the academicals of Faust (p. 107)—

Spite all his prayers no solace he shall know ?

Or is it that Mephistopheles reasons in the alternative, and goes in for the double chance ?

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PAGE 211.

*Forest and Cavern.*

The significance of the preceding scene is evinced by pointing out the dramatic significance of this. In the *Fragment*, the succession of scenes was as follows:—The scene in the *Pavilion*—that at the *Spinning-wheel*—the scene in the *Garden* which contains the assignation for the night—the scene at the *Fountain*, and then that in the *Forest*, followed by those at the *Oratory* and the *Cathedral*. In the completed work, Goethe shifts the scene in the *Forest*, and places it between that in the *Pavilion* and that at the *Spinning-wheel*. This denotes not only a transposition of parts, but a change of conception—a change which gives a different significance to the parts transposed. In the *Fragment*, the motive of the scene in the *Forest* was satiety or satisfaction; in the *Tragedy* it is a struggle. This necessarily results from the moral of the tragedy, as stated in the *Prologue*. Faust is not merely the dissatisfied scholar, which is all that Mephistopheles sees in him; he is a spirit that is ever struggling for something higher and better. It is true that in the struggle he evidently succumbs; but this, too, is only an illustration of the declaration in the *Prologue* (p. 23)—

While doomed to struggle, man is doomed to stray !

The scene would seem to have been suggested to Goethe by a reminiscence of his early love affair with Gretchen's namesake:—I therefore drew my friend into the woods, and while I slunned the monotonous firs, I sought those fine leafy groves, which do not indeed spread far in the district, but are yet of sufficient compass for a poor wounded heart to hide itself. In the remotest depth of the forest I sought out a solemn spot, where the oldest oaks and beeches formed a large, noble shaded space. The ground was somewhat sloping, and made the effect of the old trunks only the more perceptible. Round this open circle closed the densest thickets, from which the mossy rocks mightily and venerably peered

forth, and made a rapid fall for a copious brook. Scarcely had I compelled my friend hither, who would rather have been in the open country by the stream, among men, than he playfully assured me that I showed myself a true German. He related to me circumstantially, out of Tacitus, how our ancestors found pleasure in the feelings which Nature so provides for us, in such solitudes, with her inartificial architecture. He had not been long discoursing of this when I exclaimed: 'Oh! why did not this precious spot lie in a deeper wilderness? Why may we not train a hedge around it, to hallow and separate from the world both it and ourselves? Surely there is no more beautiful adoration of the Deity than that which needs no image, but which springs up in our bosom merely from the intercourse with Nature!' What I then felt is still present to me; what I said, I know not how to recall.—*Autobiography.*

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PAGE 219.

*The Spinning-wheel.*

The note on the preceding scene explains the motive of the scene before us. Scherer conceives that Goethe deceived himself when he said that he had recovered the threads of *Faust*, and that in spite of the more consecutive result obtained by the transposition, a certain incongruity still remains. In a drama, he says, a thing should be either narrated or enacted, but not both; and he imagines that Margaret's longing, as described by Mephistopheles, and Margaret's longing at the *Spinning-wheel*, are one and the same thing. Bayard Taylor holds the same opinion. But this is a misconception of the dramatic significance of the two scenes. In the one, Mephistopheles describes the passionate longing of Margaret, still innocent, for her lover; in the other, Margaret, who has fallen, gives utterance to the heart-rending exclamation, *Meine Ruh' ist hin*. The one is the description of a love-sick girl; the other is, in reality, the wail of a lost spirit. The two scenes are not contemporaneous, or nearly identical in time, as Bayard Taylor supposes. The one follows the other, and is its natural consequence and result. This scene also contains a reminiscence of Goethe's Frankfort life:—'Gretchen sat at the window spinning.'

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PAGES 231-237.

*The Garden—The Fountain—The Oratory—Night.*

The interview in the Garden occurs immediately after Gretchen's fall; and *Martha's Garden* is the first of the four scenes which occupy the last day of

the loves of Faust and Margaret. That the four scenes occupy but one single day is clear. In the *Garden*, Faust obtains an appointment for the night (p. 227) ; after the interview Margaret repairs to the *Fountain*, and in the misfortune of Barbara sees a forecast of her own (p. 231) ; in an agony of mingled remorse and fear she throws herself at the feet of the Virgin at the little *Oratory* in the wall (p. 235) ; then comes the fatal *Night*. Margaret administers the sleeping-draught to her mother, and awaits the arrival of her lover. Faust goes to keep the appointment ; Mephistopheles accompanies him, and Valentine awaits them in the street. The duel ensues. Valentine is killed—Faust is compelled to fly—and the mother sleeps to death. All this is eminently dramatic ; but the critics have been blind to the dramatic effect, because they have failed to see that the night for which the appointment is made is the night on which Valentine is killed. The passionate desire expressed by Faust in his last interview with Margaret (p. 227) is never realised. Again Mephistopheles declines to satisfy him—once more he carries out his secret determination (p. 107), and, as on every other occasion, baulks him.

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PAGE 247.

*The Cathedral.*

If the foregoing observations be correct, it is obvious that the scene in the *Cathedral* describes the Service for the Dead which is celebrated over the brother and the mother of Margaret, who are supposed to have died on the same fatal night. This reduces the plot to consistency, and answers the questions put or suggested in the following extracts.

There is an air of improbability about this part of the story. How came it, it may be asked, that the death of Margaret's mother was not inquired into by the authorities, and that Faust could still continue to visit the house ? How is it that, after so awful a catastrophe as the unintentional poisoning of her mother, Margaret could still receive the visits of the man who had supplied her with the poison ? Why does Valentine in his speech never once allude to his mother's death ?—*Selss*.

On doit s'étonner qu' aucune mention n'ait été faite jusqu' ici de la mort de la mère de Marguerite. La pauvre femme est entièrement passée sous silence depuis la scène où Faust remet à Marguerite un narcotique qu' ils croyaient l'un et l'autre inoffensif. Les paroles de l'Esprit malin semblent dire qu' elle est morte empoisonnée, et ce n'est que dans la scène finale du *Cachot* que Marguerite, folle de douleur et de remords, s'accuse d'avoir tué sa mère et son enfant. —*Bacharach*.

PAGE 253.

*Walpurgis-night.*

No critic or translator that I am aware of, with the exception of Bacharach, has seen the significance of the line in which Mephistopheles, on the night of Valentine's death, speaks of the Walpurgis-night :—

Die kommt uns übermorgen wieder.

The failure to observe this remarkable indication of time has led the best critics, English, French, and German, into a curious misconception. Loeper and Scherer, as well as Anster, Gerard de Nerval, and Marc-Monnier, conceive that the Medusa, which assumes the form of Margaret, reminds Faust of his deserted mistress, and induces him to attempt her rescue. 'It is in vain,' says Loeper, 'that after his involuntary murder of Valentine, Mephistopheles carries Faust into his own peculiar domain—it is just this world of nothingness and frivolity that arouses Faust's conscience, and the *Idol* leads him back to his deserted mistress.' This criticism overlooks two facts in the conduct of the drama—the first, that Faust had seen Margaret only a couple of days before he sees the Medusa; the second, that he does not see her again till twelve months after.

'The region of love, hate, hope, despair,' said Goethe to Eckermann in 1824, 'or by whatever other names you may call the moods and passions of the soul, is innate with the poet, and he succeeds in representing it. But it is not born with him to know by instinct how courts are held, or how a parliament, or a coronation, is managed; and if he will not offend against truth, while treating such subjects, he must have recourse to experience or tradition. Thus in *Faust* I could by anticipation know how to describe my hero's gloomy weariness of life, and the emotions which love excites in the heart of Gretchen; but some observation of nature was required for the lines—

Wie traurig steigt die unvollkommne Scheibe,  
Des späthen Monds mit feuchter Gluth heran!

The passage thus emphasised by Goethe should be compared with the apostrophe in the monologue of Faust on Easter Eve :—

O, sähest du, *voller* Mondenschein  
Zum letzten Mal auf meine Pein.

Walpurgis-night, as I have already stated, comes round on the 30th of April, and Easter cannot occur before the 22nd of March; but the comparison of these two passages leads us to narrow the time occupied by the action of the Tragedy still further. The moon, which was at the full on Easter Eve, has not yet filled

her horn upon Walpurgis-night. The events of the Tragedy, therefore, exclusive of the final catastrophe in the *Dungeon*, are crowded into the space of some three weeks.

In the winter of 1777 Goethe made the ascent of the Hartz Mountains, which he has described in *Die Harzreise im Winter*, and also in his *Campaign in France*. The *Walpurgis-night* contains reminiscences of the 'turreted and walled fortifications' of the cliffs, and of 'the torrents rushing down through the ravines,' which he described to Plessing. His ultimate ascent was in 'wild, stormy weather, with the snow-flakes drifting round him.' This probably suggested the words of Mephistopheles :—

My body is all winter! Would the ground  
Were whitened o'er with wintery frost and snow!

Another personal experience is idealised in the *Walpurgis-night* :—At night we were driving up a rising ground between Hanau and Gelhausen, and, although it was dark, we preferred walking to exposing ourselves to the danger and difficulty of that part of the road. All at once, in a ravine on the right-hand side of the way, I saw a sort of amphitheatre, wonderfully illuminated. In a funnel-shaped space there were innumerable little lights gleaming, ranged step-fashion over one another, and they shone so brilliantly that the eye was dazzled. But what still more dazed the sight was, that they did not keep still, but jumped about here and there, as well downwards from above as *vice versa*, and in every direction. The most of them, however, remained stationary, and beamed on. It was only with the greatest reluctance that I suffered myself to be called away from this spectacle, which I could have wished to examine more closely. On interrogating the postillion, he indeed knew nothing about such a phenomenon, but said there was in the neighbourhood an old stone-quarry, the excavation of which was filled with water. Now, whether this was a pandemonium of *Will-o'-the-wisps*, or a company of shining creatures, I will not decide.—*Autobiography*.

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PAGES 259–264.

*Herr Urian—Baubo—Junker Voland.*

*Urian*, précédé de *Herr*, est un terme méprisant qu'on attribue à un inconnu quelconque. Le Diable est quelquefois appelé de ce nom, dont l'origine n'est pas certaine.—*Bacharach*.

*Baubo*, d'après la vieille fable grecque, est la nourrice de Déméter (*Mère*, un des noms de Cères). Elle réussit par ses discours cyniques et ses gestes indélicats à faire rire sa maîtresse au milieu du chagrin que causait à cette dernière l'enlèvement de sa fille Proserpine. Goethe en fait ici le symbole de l'impudeur.



C'est pourquoi il lui donne une truie pour monture. Grimm, dans sa *Mythologie allemande*, ne fait aucune mention de Baubo. La Sorcière qui conduit l'armée furieuse (*das wüthende Heer*) s'appelle dame *Holle* ou *Holda*.—*Ibid.*

*Voland* (valant), littéralement *séducteur*, est opposé à *Heiland* (heillant), *sauteur*. Ce nom a été attribué au Diable déjà dans le poème des *Nibelungen*. L'allemand moderne s'en sert très-rarement.—*Ibid.*

*Voland* is the *Voelundr* of the Edda, and the *Weland* of Beowulf. *Valant* has subsequently been used by the German poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries as a common appellation for the Devil—for instance, *Nibelungen—Wigalois—Gudrun*. It has also been used with the feminine affix *Valandinne* or *Valendinne* for the bad-tempered ladies of yore.—*Koller*.

By the middle High Dutch poets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the Devil was known by the names of *Valant*, *Foland*, and *Folland* (see Grimm under the word *Faland*: *malus genius, diabolus*). The word is used in this sense by Neander and in the *Nibelungen*.—*Loeper*.

In the French edition of the popular story so often quoted the Devil is called *Le Diable volatique*. . . . 'Mon Valet, dis-moi quel esprit es-tu?'—'Mon Maître Fauste, je suis *Esprit Volant*, qui ay mon cours dans l'air sous le ciel.'—*Blackie*.

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PAGE 265.

*Post to the Evil One they travel.*

Faust, dans son insatiable curiosité, voudrait regarder Satan en face. Mais Méphistophélès, Esprit de négation, ennemi de toute vraie science humaine, ne se soucie pas de le laisser approcher des mystères mêmes du sabbat. Dans les *Paralipomènes*, c'est-à-dire les scènes ou passages complémentaires du *Faust*, laissés par Goethe, il y a une scène qui nous montre Satan trônant sur le pînacîe du Brocken au milieu de son peuple, qu' il instruit à sa façon. Le chœur prosterné chante les louanges du Maître. Faust et Méphistophélès assistent à la solennité, qui est une sorte de parodie obscène du culte chrétien.—*Bacharach*.

The transition from the *Intermezzo* to the succeeding scene of *Faust* is too violent, and we cannot help wishing that the course of the drama had not been thus interrupted. Goethe, however, not only projected but partly wrote an additional scene, devoted to the pure diabolism of the mediæval traditions. While we must admit that a correct instinct led him to withhold it, we still must feel that an intermediate scene was necessary.—*Bayard Taylor*.

The scene known among Germans as *The Court of Satan* was not intended as a scene additional to the Dance among the Witches—it was an alternative scene which he deliberately rejected. The real defect in the drama lies not in the harshness of the transition from the *Intermezzo* to the succeeding scene, but in the long lapse of time which intervenes between them.

PAGE 269.

*Lilith.*

According to the Rabbinical tradition, Lilith was the name of the woman who was created with the man, in the 27th verse of the 1st chapter of *Genesis*—‘male and female created He them’—and who, being created at the same time as Adam, refused to subordinate herself to his authority. Eve, the woman made of the rib of Adam, as related in the 21st verse of the 2nd chapter, and who then became his wife (verse 25), supplanted the first wife, who became an evil spirit, seducing men and doing mischief to children. The Devil nestled in her hair. Later she became connected with the German Witches, and when Goethe transplanted the Witch of Palestine to the Harz, he only followed a well-established tradition. Langbein, in the *Almanack of the Muses*, of 1783, alludes to ‘Dame Lilith Adam’s earliest dame,’ and describes her as

Riding away with all her might  
To reach the Ball on Walpurgis-night.

Lilith also makes her appearance as a masculine spirit in Löwen’s *Walpurgis-night*, published in 1756. In the Bible the name Lilith occurs in Isaiah, ch. 34, v. 14, where Luther translates the word *Kobold*, the Septuagint *Empusa*, and the Vulgate *Lamia*.—*Loeper*.

PAGE 271.

*Proklophantasmist.*

The *Jays of Young Werther*, with which Nicolai came out, gave us occasion for many a jest. This otherwise excellent, meritorious and well-informed man had already begun to depreciate and oppose everything that did not accord with his own way of thinking, which, as he was of a very narrow mind, he held to be the only correct way.—*Goethe*.

To the very last, Nicolai never could persuade himself that there was anything in heaven or earth that was not dreamt of in *his* philosophy. He was animated with a fierce zeal against the Jesuits; in this most people thought him partly right: but when he wrote against Kant’s philosophy, without comprehending it, and judged of poetry as he judged of Brunswick munn, by its *utility*, many people thought him wrong. A man of such spiritual habitudes is now by the Germans called a *Philister*, Philistine. Nicolai earned for himself the pre-eminence of being *Erz-Philister*, Arch-Philistine.—*Carlyle*.

*Proktophantasiaïste*—néologisme formé par Goethe du grec *πρωκτός*, *anus*, et de *φάντασμα*, *apparition*, à l'adresse de Nicolai, dont il a été question plus haut. Ce qui a donné lieu à cette dénomination, ce fut l'état bizarre dans lequel était tombé ce critique rationaliste. Après avoir fait une guerre acharnée non seulement aux meilleurs esprits et aux plus grands poètes de son époque, mais à toute sorte d'esprits et à tout ce qui semblait surnaturel, à tout mysticisme, il croyait, bien qu'il fût parfaitement éveillé, voir un grand nombre de personnes, vivantes ou mortes, qui l'entouraient et le tourmentaient jour et nuit, comme de vrais revenants. Grâce à l'application à l'anus d'une quantité de sangsues, il fut bientôt délivré de cette obsession infernale. Dans la suite il mit le comble au ridicule qu'il s'était attaché, en faisant une lecture des plus insipides sur cette affaire dans une séance de l'Académie des Sciences de Berlin (28 février, 1799).—*Bacharach*.

A copious abstract of this paper is given by Dr. Anster; and it is well worth the perusal of any person who is interested either in Physiology or Metaphysics. The appearances were so far from tormenting the patient as Bacharach affirms, that they afforded him frequent subject for amusement. Though originating from within, they bore all the appearance of phenomena presented from without—except, as Nicolai says, that the colours were somewhat paler than they were in nature. But while they appeared as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, Nicolai was always able to distinguish these phantoms of imagination from the phenomena of nature—'indeed,' he says, 'I never once erred in this.' The effects of the application of the leeches was somewhat curious. The application was made at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, but 'the room swarmed with human forms of every description' till half-past four, when, as Nicolai remarks, 'digestion commences.' The figures then began to move more slowly; the colours became gradually paler, and by half-past six they had become entirely white; they dissolved into air or broke up into pieces; and by eight o'clock they had vanished—the insubstantial pageant had faded and left not a rack behind. Nicolai regards his being able to distinguish between *phantasms* and *phenomena* as sufficient to overturn Fichte's system of Idealism. But there is nothing new in the argument. Berkeley, in his *Principles of Human Knowledge*, had been at great pains to point out the distinction between 'the ideas imprinted on the senses by the Author of Nature,' which he calls '*real things*,' and the 'ideas or images of things excited in the imagination,' which are but '*chimeras*.'

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PAGE 272.

*Tegel hath its Ghost.*

Tegel is a small place about eight or ten miles from Berlin. In the year 1799, the inhabitants of Berlin, who pride themselves very highly on their enlighten-

ment, were fairly taken in by the story of a ghost said to haunt the dwelling of a Mr. Schultz at Tegel. No less than two commissions of distinguished persons set forth to investigate the character of the apparition. The first betook themselves to the house on the 13th of Sept., 1797, waited from eleven at night till one in the morning, heard a voice, and saw nothing. The second party were more fortunate; for one of them rushed with such precipitation towards the place from whence the noise proceeded, that the ghost was under the necessity of decamping in a hurry, leaving the instruments with which he made the noise (very clumsy contrivances) as *spolia opima* to the conquerors. Thus began and ended the Tegel ghost's career, who, however, fully rivalled our Cock-lane ghost in celebrity, and gave rise to a good deal of controversy. This statement is taken from a pamphlet published in 1798, in 8vo., with the motto:—'Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.'—*Hayward*.

In Varnhagen von Ense's *Tagebuch*, I find the following curious statement:—Tegel is haunted, as is known: this winter the Minister (Wilhelm) von Humboldt is said to have seen his double there. The servant entered terrified to find him sitting at his writing-desk, and confessed, in his confusion, that he had just left him lying in bed! The Minister followed the servant into his bed-chamber, and also saw himself lying in bed; observed the thing for a while: did not approach nearer, however, but went gently away. After half an hour the apparition had disappeared.—*Bayard Taylor*.

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PAGE 273.

*A small red Mouse.*

Mr. Hayward cites the following from the *Deutsche Sagen*:—'The following incident occurred at a nobleman's seat at Thuringia, about the beginning of the seventeenth century. The servants were paring fruit in a room when a girl, becoming sleepy, left the others and laid herself down, apart but not far off, upon a bank [bench] to repose. After she had lain still a short time, a little red mouse crept out of her mouth, which was open. Most of the people saw it, and showed it to one another. The mouse ran hastily to the open window, crept through, and remained a short time without. A forward waiting-maid, whose curiosity was excited by what she saw, spite of the remonstrances of the rest, went up to the inanimate maiden, shook her and removed her to another place a little further off, and then left her. Shortly afterwards the mouse returned, ran to the former familiar spot, where it had crept out of the maiden's mouth, ran up and down as if it could not find its way, and was at a loss what to do, and then disappeared. The maiden, however, was dead and remained dead. The forward waiting-maid repented of what she had done, in vain. In the same establishment, a lad had before then been often tormented by the sorceress, and could have no peace; this ceased on the maiden's death.'

PAGE 276.

*A Theatre, or my wits are gone !*

A young artillery officer, of great talent, and skilled in mechanical contrivances, had, during the building of our house, rendered my father essential services, for which he was well rewarded; and anxious to testify his gratitude to our little family at Christmas, he had presented us with a fully appointed *theatre*, which in the hours of leisure he had constructed, carved, and decorated. He was the person who, assisted by a *servant*, had arranged the *puppets*, and, by disguising his voice, had played the different characters. He found no difficulty in overcoming the reluctance of my father, who from complaisance yielded to a friend what from principle he had denied to his children. At length the theatre was again erected, the neighbouring families were invited, and the piece was once more repeated.—*Wilhelm Meister*.

Generally we passed all our leisure hours with my grandmother, in whose spacious apartments we found plenty of room for our sports. She contrived to engage us with various trifles, and to regale us with all sorts of nice morsels. But one Christmas evening she crowned all her kind deeds, by having a puppet-show exhibited before us, and thus unfolding a new world in the old house. This unexpected drama attracted our young minds with great force; upon the Boy particularly it made a very strong impression, which continued to vibrate with a great and lasting effect. The little stage with its speechless personages, which at the outset had only been exhibited to us, but was afterwards given over for our own use and dramatic vivification, was prized more highly by us children, as it was the last bequest of our good grandmother, whom encroaching disease first withdrew from our sight, and death next tore away from our hearts for ever.—*Autobiography*.

PAGE 277.

*Oberon's Golden Wedding.*

According to Loeper the *Golden Wedding* is a mere interpolation in the Blocksberg Scene. According to Bayard Taylor it is a mere excrescence. This seems to be the general opinion of the critics. But if the *Golden Wedding* be regarded as a play of marionettes, such as that which the Lieutenant of Artillery prepared for Wilhelm Meister, it may well be regarded as a portion of the night's amusements on the Brocken. It is a little Comedy of Epigrams divided into five portions, each of which, with the exception of the third, is terminated by a crash of the fairy orchestra. It ridicules in turn the leading Puppets of

the time—the Courtiers—the Authors and Artists—the Critics—the Philosophers—and the Politicians. It is a collection of *Xenia*, the history of which is developed in the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller.

On the 23rd of December, 1795, Goethe writes to Schiller that he had lately been looking into the *Xenia* of Martial, and that he had formed the idea of making epigrams upon all the periodicals, each in a separate distich. On the 29th of December, Schiller writes to Goethe in great delight upon the subject. 'What material,' he says, 'is offered to us by Stolberg and his set, by Raeknitz, by Ramdohr, by the metaphysical world with its Egos and Non-Egos, by our friend Nicolai, by our sworn enemy the *Leipziger Geschmacksherberge*, by Thümmel and Göschen as his master of the horse, and by others of the same stamp.' Schlosser was not to escape, and even Wieland was to appear coupled with the graceful damsel, a celebrity at Weimar (31st July, 1796). Schiller broached the idea that in the end there would be a Comedy in Epigrams (31st January, 1796). This idea was realised by Goethe in the *Golden Wedding*. In the autumn of 1797 it had been offered to Schiller for the *Almanac of the Muses*, but Schiller, from prudential motives, had declined it (2nd October, 1797). On the 20th of December, 1797, Goethe writes to Schiller:—'My *Oberon's Golden Wedding* you omitted with wise forethought. It has meanwhile had double the amount of verses added to it, and I think the best place for it will be *Faust*.' In *Faust* accordingly it appeared in 1808. It is hardly to be imagined that so consummate an artist deliberately introduced it into his masterpiece, as a mere interpolation or excreescence.

Many of the personages in the *Intermezzo* may be easily identified with individuals. The Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess, in whose domestic disputes Goethe, according to Lewes, frequently acted as a mediator, are, perhaps, to be detected in *Oberon* and *Titania*. *Ariel* and *Puck* are, perhaps, Goethe in disguise. The *Stage Manager* is avowedly Mieding, who sustained that character at Weimar. The *Couple* may designate either Wieland with the graceful partner alluded to by Schiller, or the two Stolbergs, the 'buoyant creatures' described by Lavater in the passage of his *Physiognomy* which Goethe has extracted in his *Memoirs*. The *Inquisitive Traveller* is undoubtedly Nicolai. The *Orthodox* personage, I agree with Dr. Anster, makes no allusion to Schiller's *Gods of Greece*; he merely states the vulgar belief that the Gods of Greece were Devils—the belief expressed by Tannhäuser when he exclaims—

O Venus, lovely lady mine,  
Thou'rt but a Satanella.

The *Northern Artist*, with his Italian journey, is probably meant by Goethe as a piece of self-satire. The *Weathercock*, as Loeper remarks, can scarcely mean a person who has changed his religion like Stolberg, as Bayard Taylor supposes; it probably refers to a critic with two faces such as Reichardt—who is charged with that offence by Schiller. *Henning*s, *Musagetes*, and the *Ci-devant*

*Spirit of the Age* are all Hennings, who, like Cerberus, is three single gentlemen in one. The stiff man, with the keen nose for a Jesuit, can scarcely be Nicolai, as Loeper thinks, for the *Inquisitive Traveller* inquires who he is; he is supposed by Selss to be the *Crane*. Koller supposes that the *Crane* is a skit at Herder; but the *Crane*, as Goethe himself told Eckermann in 1829, is Lavater. The *Worldling* is probably Goethe with a reminiscence of the time when he ate his chicken at Cologne between Lavater and Basedow, the one explaining the Book of Revelation to a country parson, and the other attacking the doctrine of Infant Baptism to a French dancing-master—

Prophete rechts, Prophete links,  
Das Weltkind in der Mitten.

The dance of the Philosophers is introduced by a *Dancer*. The *Dancing Master* and *Fideler* were added by Goethe in the last edition of his works. Düntzer affirms that *Fideler* is the same as *Fideler*, and means an *Honest fellow*; Loeper, on the other hand, contends that he is the same as *Fideler*, and means a common *Fiddler*. As in the great controversy between Handel and Buononcini in the time of Swift—

'Tis strange there should such difference be  
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.

But I give my vote for the *Honest fellow*. The instrument to which the Philosophers dance is not the fiddle, but the bagpipe, and among the various Philosophers some place should be found for the philosophy of common sense. The *Dogmatist*, *Idealist*, *Realist*, *Supernaturalist*, and *Sceptic* are merely philosophic types. Professor Selss has a curious note upon the *Sceptic*:—‘They (believers) follow the track of the flames (which announce the presence of something Supernatural), and think they are near the treasure; but, etc., *i.e.*, Scepticism is the true mode of dealing with the Supernatural’ (p. 318). This cannot be the meaning of the quatrain. The passages refer to the popular superstition already referred to in the Valentine scene (p. 239), that the existence of a concealed treasure is indicated by a blaze of light. The superstition forms the subject of Goethe’s ballad, *The Treasure Digger*, and it is referred to in the *Antiquary*, in the scene between Dousterswivel and Sir Arthur Wardour in the ruins of St. Ruth. The application which the *Sceptic* makes of the superstition, one would think, is obvious enough. You follow false lights, he says to the Dogmatist, but you will never discover the truth—the hidden treasure, which for ever will remain hid.

The most curious thing about the whole of this *Golden Wedding* has never yet been remarked—its glaring anachronisms. The contemporaries of Goethe are made the contemporaries of Faust. Nicolai and Lavater are brought into relation with the mediæval magician, though they did not live for upwards of two centuries after, just as Helen and Menclaus are brought into relation with him, though they lived two thousand years before.

PAGE 289.

*Gloomy Day.*

One peculiarity is noticeable in this scene—it is the only bit of prose in the whole work. What could have determined him to write in prose? At first, I thought it might be the nature of the scene, but the intensity of language seems to demand verse, and surely the scene in *Auerbach's Cellar* is more prosaic in its nature than this. The question then remains, and on it the critic may exert his ingenuity.—*Lewes*.

The French translator, Stapfer, assigns as the probable reason why this scene alone, of the whole, should be left in prose, 'that it might not be said that *Faust* wanted any one of the possible forms of style.'—*Brooks*.

The true account of the matter is suggested by Goethe himself, in a letter to Schiller, under the date of the 5th of May, 1798, in which he says:—'My *Faust* I have brought a good bit further. The old and very confused manuscript has been copied, and the parts arranged in separate boxes, and numbered according to a detailed scheme. Hence I shall now be able to make use of every moment when I feel in the humour for it, work out the various parts, and, sooner or later, have them put together. A very curious thing struck me while doing this. Some tragic scenes I had written in prose, which, owing to their naturalness and power, as compared with the rest, are quite intolerable. I am, therefore, at present trying to turn them into rhyme, as the idea then appears as if it were half hidden by a veil, and the direct immensity of the subject is thus lessened.'

But, as a matter of fact, the *Gloomy Day* is not written in ordinary prose. In his *Letters from Italy*, in speaking of the original form of his *Iphigenia*, Goethe says:—'The fragment which lies before me is rather a sketch than a finished piece; it is written in poetical prose, which occasionally falls into a sort of iambic rhythm, and even imitates other syllabic metres.' This is an exact description of the passages of so-called prose in *Faust*. They are in reality broken verse:—

Im Elend! Verzweifeld!  
 Erbärmlich auf der Erde lange verirrt,  
 Und nun gefangen! Als Missethäterin  
 Im Kerker zu entsetzlichen  
 Qualen eingesperrt,  
 Das holde unselige Geschöpf!  
 Bis dahin! dahin!—  
 Verrätherischer, nichtswürdiger Geist,  
 Und das hast du mir verheimlicht!—

Riemer, according to Taylor, states that Goethe dictated the whole of this scene to him as it stands, without a pause, some time between 1803 and 1808.



PAGE 295.

*My mother, the harlot,  
Hath done for me !*

Il l'entend de loin murmurer une chanson qui prouve l'égarément de son esprit ; les paroles de cette chanson sont très-vulgaires, et Marguerite étoit naturellement pure et délicate. On peint d'ordinaire les folles comme si la folie s'arrangeoit avec les convenances, et donnoit seulement le droit de ne pas finir les phrases commencées, et de briser le fil des idées ; mais cela n'est pas ainsi : le véritable désordre de l'esprit se montre presque toujours sous des formes étrangères à la cause même de la folie, et la gaieté des malheureux est bien plus déchirante que leur douleur.—*Madame de Staël.*

PAGE 308.

*She is indicted !*

It is now the night of the catastrophe. As the clock strikes nine, a voice from above calls to Faust: *Bereite dich—Prepare thyself*; and shortly afterwards the same voice exclaims: *Du bist angeklagt—Thou art arraigned*. It strikes ten, and as Kasperl (in his capacity of watchman) calls the hour, the voice exclaims: *Du bist gerichtet—Thou art judged*. 'Thus then,' says Franz Horn, 'no retreat is any longer possible, for the judgment (*Urtheil* not *Verurtheil*) is passed, and though not yet pronounced, still quite clear to the foreboding spirit.' On the stroke of midnight, the voice calls for the last time: *Du bist auf ewig verdammt—Thou art damned to all eternity*; and after a short monologue, Faust falls into the power of the Evil One.—*Hayward.*

In the puppet-play *Faust*, Mephistopheles exclaims, before it strikes eleven, *Fauste, judicatus es*; and later on, *In aeternum damnatus es !* And in the comedy of *Dr. Fausto*, played at Dantzic in the year 1668, after Pluto, by his devils, has laid hold of Faust, the following words are supposed to be traced in fire:—

Accusatus est, judicatus est, condemnatus est.

In other representations a *Voice from above* addresses these words to Faust.—*Loeper.*

## II.—GRAMMATICAL AND CRITICAL.

Professor Selss, in his recent edition of *Faust*, has thought it 'expedient to draw special attention to some fifty passages which have been frequently misunderstood, and which admit of a more faithful rendering than Mr. Hayward (9th ed. 1874); Professor Blackie (1834); the Hon. R. Talbot (2nd ed. 1839); Th. Martin (1865); Bayard Taylor (1871); Miss A. Swanwick (1879); Dr. Webb (1880), and the other translators of *Faust*, have given' (p. 45). As the work of Professor Selss was printed when not more than thirty or forty pages of the present work were in type, I am at a loss to know why Professor Selss has paid me the compliment of including me in the foregoing honourable list, except on the theory of Predestination—the more so as the only misconception with which he charges me is in connexion with the word *das Werdende*, where I venture to think that I am right, and Professor Selss is wrong.

The meaning of Goethe is frequently as much a subject of controversy among Germans themselves as the meaning of an ancient Classic; and, to obviate criticism, I have given in these final notes the different renderings of a number of disputed passages and phrases. For my better protection, I have selected the renderings of Germans who were also German teachers—Lebahn, Koller, Bacharach, and Professor Selss himself.

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 PAGE 7.
*Lustige Person.*

It is a source of satisfaction to me that Professor Selss, to whom I communicated my note on the *lustige Person* prefixed to the *Prelude*, has so far accepted my view as to abandon the interpretation which regards him as an actor, whether under the name of *Buffoon*, or *Clown*, or *Merry Andrew*. He prefers, however, translating the words *Merry Spectator*. But in this he can scarcely be right. The opening words—

Ihr beiden, die ihr mir so oft  
In Noth und Trübsal beigestanden—

point to a more intimate relation than that which subsists between the manager

and a casual spectator. *Lustige Person* is literally *Merry Personage*. The Grand Duke was the owner and patron of the theatre of which Goethe was for many years the responsible director. We learn from Goethe's conversations with Eckermann in 1825, that while Goethe had a settled contempt for the public, the Grand Duke was of opinion that a theatre was meant to pay—in fact, that 'it was nothing but a house for the purpose of getting money'—and that, therefore, the public taste should be consulted. It may be a fancy, but I cannot help thinking that this divergence of opinion is shadowed forth by Goethe in the *Prelude*. The name of the third interlocutor describes, though it does not designate, the Prince. The Grand Duke was in every sense of the words a *Merry Monarch*. During Goethe's earlier years at Weimar, Karl August, to use the words of Lewes, was the 'constant companion' and the 'most jovial associate' of Goethe in all his 'devilries and dissipations.' They danced with the peasant girls, and kissed them. They smacked cart whips in the marketplace of Jena for a wager. They drank wine out of skulls, like Byron and his Monks at Newstead. They bid fair to emulate the extravagances of the Regent Orleans and the Duc de Chartres. 'We are somewhat mad here,' Goethe wrote to Merck, 'and play the devil's own game.' It would have been strange if *Faust*, which was the reflex of Goethe's life, contained no covert allusion to the man who exercised so great an influence upon it—stranger still if the *Prelude* which contained his theory of the dramatic art contained no allusion to the theatre which formed so conspicuous a part of *die Lustigen von Weimar*—

Spiel und Tanz, Gespräch, Theater,  
 Sie erfrischen unser Blut ;  
 Lasst den Wienern ihren Prater ;  
 Weimar, Jena, das ist gut !

—  
 PAGE 9.

### *Die Gegenwart von einem braven Knaben.*

There is some difficulty about the *braven Knaben*, whose presence, according to the Merry Personage, counts for something on the stage. He is generally identified with the *lustige Person*, who, according to Filmore, is fully alive to his own importance as an *actor*. He is so regarded by Lebahn. Bacharach, who translates the passage, 'le concours d'un brave camarade n'est donc pas à dédaigner,' would seem to take the same view. But I am inclined to think that the *braven Knaben*, in the first speech of the Merry Personage (p. 9), is the type of *der Jugend schönste Blüthe*, whom he describes in his second speech as forming the choicest portion of a dramatic poet's audience (p. 13). The logic of

the passage is obvious enough. The Dramatic Poet affects a contempt of what he calls the *bunten Menge*, and both Manager and Merry Personage protest that, without the *bunten Menge*, the Dramatic Poet's occupation would be gone.

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PAGE 11.

*Was macht ein volles Haus euch froh?*

The foregoing observations determine the meaning of this controverted line. According to Professor Selss, 'Mr. Hayward's rendering of this line is correct:—What makes a full house merry?' and 'the Hon. Mr. Talbot is quite wrong in interpreting the line differently, viz., Why is it a crowded house ye so delights?' 'Was,' he says, 'cannot mean *why*,' and, 'moreover, that expression would have been quite unsuited to the occasion' (p. 47). But Germans differ. According to Dr. Koller, in his *Faust Papers*, 'the German *was macht ein volles Haus euch froh?* is, Why does a full house make you (Poets) merry? or as Blackie translates it—

A crowded house, forsooth, gives you delight;

and Koller holds, in my opinion correctly, that the passage is to be taken in connexion with the preceding question—

What dream ye of on your poetic heights?

He even denies that 'the words admit of a double construction, as Hayward supposes, unless he alters the punctuation, and considers the accusative *euch* as an idle word; which,' says Koller, 'in the present instance, would certainly not be idiomatic in Frankfort any more than at Weimar.' Lebahn evades the difficulty; but Bacharach agrees with Koller, and translates the passage as the sense requires it to be translated: 'Quelle joie vous fait éprouver une salle pleine de monde.'

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PAGE 12.

*Wer sichert den Olymp, vereinet Götter?*

The first part of this line is universally understood to express the idea of Horace's *calo musa beat*—poetry bestows immortality. The second part is less clear. Düntzer's explanation that it means the same thing as the former clause, viz.—Who makes men to be one with (*i. e.* received among) the gods? is forced and improbable. It necessitates the change of *Götter* into *Göttern*,

for which there is no MS. authority. The simplest explanation of *vereinet* is, that it contains an allusion to *Iliad*, i. 602-4, where Apollo and the Muses reconcile or reunite, by means of their songs, the Gods who were at variance.—*Selss.*

I cannot think that in a passage so eminently modern in its tone Goethe was thinking of his Horace or his Homer. A reference to Apollo and the Muses would have formed an anti-climax, which would have been really bathos. The literal meaning of the word *vereinet* accommodates itself to the sense, and is in accordance with the analogies of the German language. Goethe has explained his meaning in his *Wilhelm Meister*, when he asks: 'Who but Poets, in fine, created Gods (Götter gebildet)?' His idea is evidently the same as that of Shakspeare and of Schiller. It is the imagination of the Poet which '*boldly* forth the forms of things unknown'—

'Tis not merely  
The human being's pride that *peoples* space  
With life and mystical predominance.

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PAGE 27.

### *Das Werdende.*

Hayward professes to be unable to give an explanation of the phrase, and calls Heraud and Carlyle to his aid. According to Heraud the expression means 'that which continually passes from one state to another,' and designates 'the office of the third person in the Trinity.' Carlyle paraphrases the expression as the '*existence* which is everywhere a birth into higher existence.' Lewes holds that in Goethe's philosophy the universe is conceived 'as the living manifestation of the *Divine Energy* ever flowing forth into activity.' Bacharach renders the passage 'Que la *création* éternellement active et vivante vous enlace des doux liens de l'amour.' Lebahn uses the word *Crescentive*. Koller, in his *Faust Papers*, translates the passage thus:—'Let the *Creative Essence* entrance ye, the true Children of Heaven, with the soft bonds of love.' Professor Selss, however, maintains that, 'according to the rule for German participles when in the neuter, *das Werdende* cannot possibly mean a Power or an Essence,' and that 'it can only possibly mean the sum-total of growing or rising things, or the aggregate of vital germs in the world.' But that the phrase *can* mean power and essence is plain, for Goethe describes *das Werdende* as that which for ever works and lives. The association of the ideas of essence, power, and evolution is intimated in the Chorus of Disciples by the words, 'Ist er in *Werdlust* Schaffender Freude nah.' The following passage from the eighth

book of his Memoirs reflects light upon the subject:—‘I could well represent to myself a Godhead which has gone on producing itself from all eternity; but as production cannot be conceived without multiplicity, so it must of necessity have immediately appeared to itself as a Second, which we recognise under the name of the Son; and these two must now continue the act of producing, and again appear to themselves in a Third, which was just as substantial, living, and eternal as the Whole. . . . One easily sees how the Redemption is not only decreed from eternity, but is considered as eternally necessary; nay, that it must ever renew itself through the whole time of generation and existence (die ganze Zeit des *Werdens* und *Seins*).’—*Autobiography*.

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PAGE 38.

*Mein Famulus.*

The majority of translators leave this word untranslated. Birch regards it as designating the *Spiritus Familiaris*, or Guardian Angel of Faust, who announces the approach of Death in the form of *der trockne Schleicher*, or the Skeleton in Holbein's *Dance of Death*. Descending to the level of ordinary ideas, De Nerval and Bacharach render it *mon serviteur*, and Laya *mon valet*; Hayward employs the word *amanuensis*. Taylor describes the *Famulus* as standing to a German Professor in the various relations of ‘a student, an amanuensis, an assistant in his laboratory, a *servitor* in the academic sense. Bacharach tells us that the word is employed in certain German Universities to designate un étudiant âgé et pauvre qui assiste le Professeur dans la partie matérielle de son cours.’ Loeper describes him as an inmate of the Professor's house, part scholar, part secretary, and part intermediary between the Professor and the students. It is in this last character that he is described by Goethe himself in his *Autobiography*, on the occasion of his visit as a student to the great Leipzig Professor, Gellert:—‘His two *Famuli* guarded a sanctuary the access to which was not permitted to all the world.’ The *Famulus* reappears in the Second Part of *Faust*; and were it not for the exigencies of the legend, one would be led to conclude that the personage of whom Faust speaks so contemptuously in the First Part was not Wagner, but the ‘man of eld,’ who is the interlocutor of Mephistopheles in the following dialogue:—

MEPHISTO.

Come here, my friend!—Your name is Nicodemus.

FAMULUS.

Most worthy sir! Such is my name.—*Orcmus!*

## PAGE 41.

*Das ist im Grund der Herren vigner Geist.*

Goethe says *was ihr*, not *was man*. There is not the slightest difficulty as to whom Faust addresses in these words: 'What you people call,' &c., that, masters, is after all your own meagre spirit,' having in view Wagner and such like fellows.—*Koller*.

The idea is that scholars such as Wagner view ancient history with modern eyes, and from want of breadth misinterpret antiquity, as they are unable to divest themselves of their own notions.—*Selss*.

What ye gentlemen term the spirit of the times is, at bottom, only your own spirit, in which the times are glassed.—*Lebahn*.

Ce que vous appelez l'esprit des temps n'est au fond que le propre esprit de ces messieurs dans lequel les temps se réfléchissent.—*Bacharach*.

Goethe's meaning is admirably illustrated by Napoleon, in a conversation which he had with M. de Fontanes at Malmaison, on the evening which followed the execution of the Duc d'Enghien, as detailed by Madame de Rémusat:—Monsieur de Fontanes, vos amis les historiens me sont souvent fort suspects. Votre Tacite lui-même n'explique rien. Il conclut de certains résultats sans indiquer les routes qui ont été suivies; il est, je crois, habile écrivain, mais rarement homme d'état. Il nous peint Néron comme un tyran exécration, et puis nous dit, presque en même temps qu'il nous parle du plaisir qu'il eut à brûler Rome, que le peuple l'aimait beaucoup. Tout cela n'est pas net. Allez, croyez-moi, nous sommes un peu dupes dans nos croyances des écrivains qui nous ont fabriqué l'histoire au gré de la pente naturelle de leur esprit.

## PAGE 45.

*Walz' und Bügel—Du alte Rolle.*

*Bügel*, rendered 'collars' by most translators, means a hot iron or *Bügelisen*, used for smoothing paper or any other soft substance in which there is some roughness. *Rolle*, nine lines lower down (not 'roll,' Hayward), means the 'roller' or 'pulley' by which Faust's college lamp was pulled up and down.—*Selss*.

This is a transmutation of poetry to prose. How Professor Selss's antique *pulley* could have been regarded as part of the antique lumber which Faust never used—and how the pulley could be smoke-dried—and how the lamp could stand on the desk, *an diesem Pull*, if it were suspended over it, does not appear.

Neither does it appear with reference to *Bügel*, how anybody but a washer-woman could have required a smoothing-iron for ordinary business. The word *Bügel* may be applied to a sword handle, or to a stirrup-iron, or to a circular saw, or to the handle of a tailor's goose—to anything in fact which is round or curved. As for *Rolle*, the ordinary translation is obviously correct; and accordingly it is justified by Loeper in his note on the smoke-dried paperings which caused Faust such disgust in his first monologue, *supra*, p. 32:—Es sind die geschriebenen, papiernen und pergamentnen *Rollen* aus der Zeit vor der Anwendung des Drucks gemeint; vergl. v. 325: Du alte *Rolle*, du wirst angeraucht; und v. 755: *Entrollst* du gar ein würdig Pergamen.

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PAGE 64.

*Mein Vater war ein dunkler Ehrenmann.*

My father was a sombre, worthy man.—*Lebahn*. Mon père était un obscur homme de bien.—*Bacharach*. My father was an honorable man living in obscurity—the adjective *dunkler* here is mistranslated ‘sombre’ (Hayward), and other erroneous words.—*Selss*.

*Dunkel*, like the word ‘obscure,’ is very often employed for ‘vague, confused, unintelligible;’ for instance, *dunkle Erinnerung, Ahnung, Schriften*; thus we have *dunkle und helle Köpfe, des têtes bornées et ouvertes*; and the passage ought to be translated ‘My father was a worthy man, but most abstruse, peculiar in his notions, fantastic.’—*Koller*.

Faust's father is described by Faust as a physician; and having regard to the honour in which his memory was held by the whole country, he could scarcely be considered an *obscure* man in the sense of Bacharach and Selss. Perhaps this line may be adequately, though ambiguously, rendered—

My father was a *dark* but worthy man.

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PAGE 64.

*Das Wüdrige zusammenzog.*

In the company of adepts he shut himself up in the dark laboratory, and poured opposing elements together after numberless receipts.—*Lebahn*.

En compagnie d'adeptes, il s'enfermoit dans son noir laboratoire, et d'après des recettes innombrables, il mêlait ensemble les éléments contraires.—*Bacharach*.

*Das Wüdrige*, ‘the bitter physic,’ is misunderstood by English translators.



They mistake it for a chemical term: the contraries. But however well this might suit the passage, *Wüdrig* has no such meaning in German.—*Selss.*

When Germans thus disagree on what is German, an English translator may be excused if he takes the meaning which suits the passage. The adepts of the Middle Ages were not apothecaries.

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PAGE 67.

*Die andre hebt gewaltsam sich vom Dust.*

The other with all its might lifts itself from the mist to the realms of an exalted ancestry.—*Lebahn.*

L'autre s'élève violemment de la poussière terrestre vers le domaine des hauts aïeux. L'allemand *Dust* est un provincialisme employé à la place de *Staub* (en anglais également *dust*).—*Bacharach.*

This rare word for *Staub* is, as Düntzer informs us, used in Frankfort and the neighbourhood.—*Selss.*

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PAGE 83.

*Und mir erst gute Mähr zu sagen.*

Wait yet another moment, and tell me something worth telling.—*Lebahn.*

Reste donc encore un moment pour me dire la bonne aventure.—*Bacharach.*

*Mähr* is an old German word which continues only in poetry. . . . It invariably signifies *news*, and is therefore usually preceded by the adjective *good* or *bad*.—*Koller.*

Good news.—*Selss.*

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PAGES 99, 100.

*Top! Und Schlag auf Schlag!*

Voici ma main!—*Bacharach.*

'Done!—And my hand upon it!'—*Lebahn.*

*Top!* done, agreed! This interjection is an old imperative of *tappen*, to tap, and implies that the parties engaging in a wager or contract touch each other's hands by way of pledge.—*Selss.*

Such a repetition of shaking hands as a solemn concluding act of making a contract is, certainly, against the German custom and our various idiomatic

expressions and law proverbs relating to it : see Grimm, *R. A.*, page 138. Faust is not a Don Juan of the stage, nor a farmer selling cattle at Smithfield ; he might else be excused for such a repetition. The expression *und Schlag auf Schlag* may, perhaps, be translated 'and at a blow,' and is, as Mr. Boileau says, a metaphor taken from a thunderstorm, and refers only to the following : 'When to the moment I shall say,' &c., meaning, with the same rapidity as a stroke of thunder peals, he, the unhappy being, will deliver up his soul to the Devil, if ever he shall appear a frail Faust, a boasting Bobadillo.—*Koller*.

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PAGE 162.

*Wie sie kurz angebunden war !*

Lord Leveson Gower, deceived by the form of the idiom, fell into a very amusing blunder. He translates the couplet :—

As with her gown held up she fled,  
That well-turned ankle well might turn one's head.

Even Blaze, whose translation in many other respects is so careful and intelligent, says : 'Quel corsage bien pris !'—*Bayard Taylor*.

The mistake of Lord Leveson Gower rivals that attributed to him by Professor Selss (p. 268)—'they *lisp* in English when they lie !' for *lispeln englisch* (p. 68)—a blunder which, if his lordship made it in his first edition (1823), he has rectified in his second (1825). Taylor must be wrong in attributing the translation 'Quel corsage bien pris !' to Blaze de Bury. I have before me the French edition of 1849 and that of 1876, and in both the translation is 'Et cette jupe courte ! d'honneur c'est à ravir !' This rendering is adopted by Mazière :

Et cette jupe courte ! où l'on pense et devine  
Les doux trésors cachés d'une beauté divine !

Gérard de Nerval, whose rendering of *Faust* attracted the admiration of Goethe himself, translates the passage, 'Ah ! elle s'est vite dégagée !—il y a de quoi me ravir !'—and this translation is adopted by Marc-Monnier :

Comme elle a vite pris la mouche !  
C'est à ravir de prime-saut.

The following are the renderings of the German professionals and professors :—

How tartly she spoke !—'twas absolutely ravishing.—*Lcbahn*.

Et puis le sans-façon avec lequel elle m'a traité ! vraiment c'est à ravir.—*Bacharach*.

How tart she was ! literally, how short in the rein !—a figure taken from a horse so tightly held that it can move its head but slightly. —*Selss*.

## PAGE 201.

*Es schien ihm gleich mir anzuzwängeln  
Mit dieser Dirne grade hin zu handeln.*

The desire seemed at once to enter his mind to strike a bargain with this girl forthwith (p. 64). It seemed as if the idea had suddenly come into his head to come to terms with this girl (p. 295). The verb *handeln* is used here in its commercial signification for *einen Handel schliessen* (p. 64).—*Selss.*

It seemed as if it struck him suddenly that he need not stand on ceremony with such a girl.—*Lebahn.*

Il paraissait obéir comme à un soudain caprice, et en agir tout à fait sans façon avec cette fille.—*Bacharach.*

## PAGE 215.

*Du bist schon wieder abgetrieben,  
Und währt es langer, aufgetrieben.*

Déjà les ressorts sont de nouveau détendus.—*Bacharach.*

You are already surfeited again—driven back into your old course.—*Lebahn.*

*Aufgetrieben, abgetrieben*—two participles used of horses worked beyond their strength, and not containing any reference to Faust's earlier course of life: 'You are [again] exhausted, and if this continues, will be worn out with madness, anguish, and terror.'—*Selss.*'

*Abgetrieben*, that is to say, *von der Spur deines Wildes*. It is a hunting expression, 'You have already lost the scent again,' or 'You have already let the sport slip out of your hands again,' and it is not quite as Hayward translated it: 'You are already driven back into your old course.'—*Koller.*

## PAGE 216.

*Gelt! dass ich dich fange!*

Je voilà pris! Je le savais bien.—*Bacharach.*

'Good! I'll catch you!' or, 'If I can but catch you.'—*Lebahn.*

This imperative is a provincialism of South Germany, and used as an affirmative interjection.—*Koller.*

*Gelt* is the imperative of *gelten*, being an abbreviation of *es gelte*; it originally

signified, 'let this be a wager! let us bet!' but it has now come to mean *nicht wahr*, or some similar expression of assurance. All English translators go astray in their interpretation of this passage. They take *gelt* to mean *good, yes, &c.*, and they render *dass ich dich fange!* 'if I catch you' (Mr. Hayward), or 'so I may snare you' (Hon. R. Talbot). But there is nothing hypothetical in the German; on the contrary, it expresses the most confident assurance of success—'a wager that I'll catch you!'—*Selss.*

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PAGE 219.

*Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.*

Turned into gall, embittered.—*Selss.*

The whole world is embittered to me.—*Lebahn.*

Le monde entier pour moi n'est qu' amertume.—*Bacharach.*

The word does not derive from *Galle*, and has nothing to do with bitterness. It ought to be translated 'the whole world is out of tune to me, gives to me a jarring dissonance.' It occurs again, *Faust, II.* p. 36, *das schönste Glück durch Grille zu vergällen.* The German language uses the unprefixed *gellen* chiefly in the present participle as an adjective, for instance, *ein gellender Schrei*, 'a piercing cry'; and the prefixed figuratively, for instance, *einem eine Freude vergellen*, 'to spoil one's pleasure.'—*Koller.*

If Koller be right, the quatrain should be translated thus:—

When he is not near  
As death 'tis drear;  
All beneath the moon  
Is out of tune!

---

PAGE 229.

*Ein Mägdelein nasführet dich.*

I fear I have been guilty of an audacity in presuming to think that Mephistopheles here plays upon the words *Mayd—Mägdelein—*and *Magdalena*, so as to concentrate as much contempt as possible on the head of Margaret. We learn from Loeper that at a very early period poor Gretchen was compared *mit einer Madonna* (virgo pregnant) *und mit einer Magdalena*; and some such comparison

as this is required, in order to explain the violence of the language with which Faust explodes—

Du Spottgeburt von Dreck und Feuer!

I do not know whether there is anything in the point, that when Margaret is describing her own feelings—

Wenn thät ein armes Mägdlein fehlen—

she uses the word as a dissyllable, whereas it is a trissyllable in the mouth of Mephistopheles when he is sneering at Faust—

Ein Mägdlein nasführet dich.

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PAGE 235.

*Zwinger.*

*Zwinger*, says Hayward, is untranslatable, and a good deal of doubt exists as to the meaning of the term. On the authority of a correspondent, he tells us that such are often in the middle of a town, and have a passage wherein a devotional image with a lamp has occasionally been placed, not expressly for the purpose of devotion, but to light up a dark passage. This is the view which Hayward himself apparently adopts. Lord Leveson Gower and Mr. Talbot omit the word. Anster, Galvan, Miss Swanwick, and Martin, make no effort to translate it, and reproduce the German *Zwinger*. Birch gives, *Outside of the Town Jail*, and Clarke, *Prison—Forming a Quadrangle*. Blackie translates it an *Enclosed Area*, and Filmore, a *Recess*. Brooks and Bayard Taylor have recourse to the word *Doujon*. Scoones translates it *Keep*, and Kegan Paul, *the Ramparts*. All the French translators—De Nerval, de Bury, Mare-Monnier, Laya, and Bacharach—adopt the words *les Remparts*. Colquhoun uses the phrase, *Between the Town Walls and the Town*. According to Lebahn, *Zwinger* is a tower or castle which was used in former times as a prison, to compel people to obedience, and the walls were so thick that they admitted of niches in which images could be placed. According to Bacharach, l'allemand *Zwinger*, tour fortifiée et aussi *en-cinte fermée*, sert a désigner, dans les vieilles villes, l'espace qui se trouve entre les murailles et la première ligne des maisons. Selss gives the same interpretation. This is the true meaning of the word, and it corresponds to the definition which writers on Fortification give of the word *Esplanade*. It is in this sense that Goethe himself uses the word at the commencement of his *Autobiography*, when describing his early life at Frankfort:—It was, therefore, one of our favourite walks, which we endeavoured to take now and then in the course of a year, to

follow the circuit of the path inside the city walls. Gardens, courts, and back-buildings extend to the *Zwinger*; and we saw many thousand people amid their little domestic, secluded, and contracted concerns.—*Autobiography*.

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PAGE 241.

*Die Zither ist entzwei! An der ist nichts zu halten.*

La guitare est en deux; elle ne peut plus servir.—*Bacharach*.

The guitar is broken to pieces! 'Tis all up with it!—*Lebahn*.

The guitar is broken to pieces: no two bits of it will hold together.—*Selss*.

The German *an der nichts zu halten* means rather, 'there is no great loss in that.'—*Koller*.

---

PAGE 272.

*Wie er's in seiner alten Mühle thut.*

By the *Ancient Mill*, apparently, is meant Nicolai's periodical, *The Universal German Library* (1765-1798), and its successor *The New Universal German Library*, which Goethe ridicules in the seventh book of his *Autobiography*. Professor Selss has a curious note upon this passage:—

'If you would only turn round in a circle, as he does in his old treadmill, he would perhaps express approval, especially if you were to compliment him on the (subject of his critiques) (not 'to consult him'—Hayward).' Nicolai is here compared to the blind horse of a treadmill.—*Selss*.

A comparison which it is rather difficult for a mere English Translator to realise.

---

PAGE 273.

*Doch eine Reise nehm' ich immer mit.*

But I am always ready for a journey.—*Lebahn*.

'But I shall at all events take an excursion while I can'; *mitnehmen*, to take *en passant*.—*Selss*.

Mais j'emporte toujours un Voyage, et j'espère bien, avant mon dernier pas, réduire sous mes lois les diables et les poètes.—*Bacharach*.

An allusion to Nicolai's dull *Description of a Tour through Germany and Switzerland* (1783-1796), in which his journey to the Brocken would, at all events, be convertible into money. 'Also that confounded Nicolai,' says Goethe, in a letter to Schiller of the 11th of February, 1797, 'we can wish nothing better for him than that he should be again attacked: in his case it is ever *bonus odor ex re qualibet*, and the money which the volume brings him is not at all distasteful to him.'—*Loeper*.

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PAGE 276.

*Auf dem Blocksberg.*

Lorsqu' on désire qu' une personne soit bien loin, on a l'habitude, en langage proverbial, de l'envoyer sur le Blocksberg.—*Bacharach*.

To wish a man upon the Blocksberg—*Ich wünsche den Kerl auf dem Blocksberg*—is like wishing him to the Devil, in English. This speech has in German the effect of a pun.—*Hayward*.

---

PAGE 295.

*Fort! Dein Zagen zögert den Tod heran.*

Mr. Hayward translates this line: On! Thy irresolution lingers death hitherward. He says 'two interpretations, neither quite satisfactory, are suggested to me. Having first ascertained that the German word *zögern* corresponds with the English word *linger*, and that in strictness neither could be used as an active verb, I translated the passage literally: On! thy irresolution lingers death hitherwards, and thus shadowed out the same meaning, and gave the same scope to commentary as the original!' *Shadowed out* with a vengeance! that is, he has given us a chaos of words which contain no meaning whatever. I have at least endeavoured to find an *intelligible* sense for the line, whether I have caught Goethe's precise meaning or not. Faust may possibly be supposed to consider Margaret to be in the agonies of death, and that his delay in saving her only prolonged those agonies.—*Talbot*.

On! thy tarrying (: thy irresolution :) lingers (: lures on :) death hitherwards! (: While thou dalliest, her death-hour draws near, and the danger becomes greater every moment).—*Lebahn*.

Hâte toi! Si tu trembles, si tu tardes, tu donnes à la mort le temps d'arriver.—*Bacharach.*

Your delay *hastens* her death.—*Selss.*

This surely cannot be German—it certainly is not sense. Shakspeare has a passage similar to this line of Goethe:—

I say at once! Let your brief plagues be mercy,  
And linger not our sure destructions on!

*Troilus and Cressida.*

---

PAGE 307.

*Heinrich! Mir graut's vor dir!*

Henry, I shudder to look on thee!—*Mir graut's*, I am afraid. 'Afraid' is formed from the French *j'ai froid*, I am cold; my blood is chilled through apprehension of impending evil.—*Lebahn.*

Neither Selss nor Koller gives a note upon the passage, though it is not free from difficulty. The literal translation is, 'I feel a shuddering *before* you'; and this may mean either 'I shudder *at* you,' or 'I shudder *for* you.' The former is the meaning adopted by Bacharach, who translates the passage, 'Henri! j'ai horreur de toi!' and by Marzials, who translates it, 'I abhor thee.' The latter is the meaning adopted by the author of a translation published by Amédée Chaillot, at Avignon, who gives—'Faust, c'est ton sort qui m'afflige'; and by Lord Leveson Gower, who gives—

Henry, I shudder—'tis for thee!

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ADDITIONAL NOTES.

PAGE 98.

*In diesem Sinne kannst du 's wagen.  
Verbinde dich!*

Si tu penses ainsi, tu peux bien risquer la chose. Engage toi!—*Bacharach.*

In this mood you may venture. Bind yourself!—*Lebahn.*

The received English translation: 'in this mood,' does not express the German 'Sinn.' The meaning is, that Faust may risk the consequences of the



bargain, if he adheres to the interpretation (Sinn) he has just given to the terms of the bond, viz., his being indifferent as to his future state.—*Selss*.

The received English translation, adopted as it is by Lehahn, and countenanced by Bacharach, is evidently right. Faust gives no interpretation to the 'bond'; the 'bond,' indeed, is so plainly expressed, that it requires no interpretation. The meaning is as clear as day: 'If you are indifferent to the future,' Mephisto says, 'you will have no difficulty in accepting my offer'—

If such thy mind, no scruples thou wilt raise,  
Come, strike the bargain!

---

PAGE 218.

*Was muss gescheh'n, mag's gleich gescheh'n!  
Mag ihr Geschick auf mich zusammen stürzen  
Und sie mit mir zu Grunde gehn!*

The auxiliary *mag* is intended for the *imperative* in the first place only, ending with the point of exclamation; in the second place, it is merely expressing a *condition*, which refers to the above wish of the half-distracted Faust. Goethe has not made him say, *Let her be damned with me!* but Faust says, completely absorbed in his agonies, and in reference to his fate: '*Shorten them! What must be done let it be quickly done! Should even her fate fall crushing upon me; should she even (which may heaven prevent!) perish along with me (for I can endure it no longer!)*'—*Koller*.

In this view the passage should be rendered—

Let me be crushed to atoms in her ruin,  
But let us in our doom be one!

---

PAGE 246.

*Befehl eure Seele Gott zu Gnaden!  
Wollt ihr noch Lästung auf euch laden!*

In deference to Bacharach and Selss, I have rendered *Lästung* by the word *blasphemy*. But I doubt if this be right. Valentine is not represented as blaspheming God, but he might very well be regarded by Martha as calumniating Margaret. The passage had better be translated thus:—

Prepare thy spirit for the skies,  
Nor load thy parting soul with lies.

## POSTSCRIPT.

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SINCE the foregoing notes were in type I have for the first time seen the recent translation by Mr. Birds. Mr. Birds gives a rendering of the passage from *Begardi* (p. 310), which differs materially from that given by Professor Blackie, and is as follows:—‘*There is still living* a notorious adventurer, whose name, though I do not mention it, will be at once recognized. For within the last few years he has travelled through almost every country, principality, and kingdom [in Europe], advertising his name and proclaiming his wonderful skill, not only in medicine, but also in chiromancy, necromancy, physiognomy, crystalloscopy, and other such arts. In fact, he has expressly adopted the style and title of a ‘celebrated and much-travelled master’ of those arts; and has boasted, not without some reason, that he was in reality, as well as in name, ‘Faustus’ [fortunate], and described himself accordingly ‘*Philosophus philosophorum,*’ &c. But how many are they who have complained to me that they have been woefully deceived by him! For, though his promises equalled those of Thessalus [of Tralles], and his fame rivalled that of Theophrastus [Paracelsus], his performances, so far as I ever heard, were miserably poor and delusive; he made money, however, or, to speak more correctly, money passed through his hands rather than he acquired it; and afterwards, as I said, he was obliged to part with a great deal in the shape of leg bail (*er hat viel mit den Fersen gesegnet*) to escape the bailiffs. At any rate the money all vanished.’ If this be the correct rendering of the passage from *Begardi*, it is proof that Faust was alive in 1539.

I am indebted to Mr. Birds for the following reference to the Festival of the Miners, in *Wilhelm Meister*, which at once illustrates and explains the corresponding passage in *Walpurgis-night* (p. 257):—‘Our wanderer observed little flames come glimmering and wavering forth from many dells and chasms, gradually stretch themselves into lines, and roll over the summits of the mountains. Much kindlier than when a volcano opens, and its belching roar threatens whole countries with destruction, did this fair light appear, and yet by degrees it glowed with new brightness; grew stronger, broader, more continuous; glittered like a stream of stars, soft and lonely indeed, yet spreading boldly over all the scene.’

---

I cannot close this book without expressing my deep sense of the obligations under which both book and author have been laid by the sympathy, encouragement, and assistance of those three eminent scholars, DR. INGRAM, late Regius Professor of Greek—DR. ATKINSON, Professor of the Romance Languages—and DR. DOWDEN, Professor of English Literature—in the University of Dublin. Nor can I close it without expressing my admiration of the genius of DR. ANSTER, my predecessor both as Regius Professor of Laws and as translator of *Faust*. I cannot close it, in fine, without expressing my obligations to the PROVOST AND SENIOR FELLOWS of Trinity College, under whose auspices this attempt to reproduce the German masterpiece is given to the world.

THE END.



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# INDEX.

<i>Abbey &amp; Overton's</i> English Church History	15	Changed Aspects of Unchanged Truths ...	7
—'s Photography .....	11	<i>Chesney's</i> Indian Polity .....	2
<i>Acton's</i> Modern Cookery .....	21	— Waterloo Campaign .....	21
Alpine Club Map of Switzerland .....	18	<i>Church's</i> Beginning of the Middle Ages ...	3
Alpine Guide (The) .....	18	<i>Colenso</i> on Moabite Stone &c. ....	17
<i>Amos's</i> Jurisprudence .....	5	—'s Pentateuch and Book of Joshua.	17
— Primer of the Constitution.....	5	Commonplace Philosopher.....	7
— Fifty Years of the English Con- stitution .....	5	<i>Comte's</i> Positive Polity .....	5
<i>Anderson's</i> Strength of Materials .....	11	<i>Corder's</i> Handbook to the Bible .....	15
<i>Armstrong's</i> Organic Chemistry .....	11	<i>Congreve's</i> Politics of Aristotle .....	6
<i>Arnold's</i> (Dr.) Lectures on Modern History	2	<i>Conington's</i> Translation of Virgil's <i>Æneid</i>	19
— Miscellaneous Works .....	7	— Miscellaneous Writings.....	6
— Sermons .....	15	<i>Contanscau's</i> Two French Dictionaries ...	8
— (T.) English Literature .....	6	<i>Conybeare</i> and <i>Howson's</i> St. Paul .....	16
<i>Arnott's</i> Elements of Physics.....	10	<i>Cooper's</i> Tales from Euripides .....	18
Atelier (The) du Lys .....	19	<i>Cordery's</i> Struggle against Absolute Mon- archy .....	3
Atherstone Priory.....	19	<i>Cotta</i> on Rocks, by <i>Lawrence</i> .....	12
Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson ...	7	Counsel and Comfort from a City Pulpit... .....	7
<i>Ayre's</i> Treasury of Bible Knowledge .....	21	<i>Cox's</i> (G. W.) Athenian Empire .....	3
<i>Bacon's</i> Essays, by <i>Whately</i> .....	6	— Crusades .....	3
— Life and Letters, by <i>Spedding</i> ...	5	— Greeks and Persians.....	3
— Works .....	5	<i>Creighton's</i> Age of Elizabeth .....	3
<i>Bagehot's</i> Economic Studies .....	21	— England a Continental Power .....	3
— Literary Studies .....	6	— Shilling History of England ...	3
<i>Bailey's</i> Festus, a Poem .....	19	— Tudors and the Reformation .....	3
<i>Bain's</i> Mental and Moral Science.....	6	<i>Cresy's</i> Encyclopædia of Civil Engineering	14
— on the Senses and Intellect .....	6	Critical Essays of a Country Parson.....	7
— Emotions and Will.....	6	<i>Crookes's</i> Anthracen .....	15
<i>Baker's</i> Two Works on Ceylon .....	17	— Chemical Analyses .....	13
<i>Ball's</i> Alpine Guides .....	18	— Dyeing and Calico-printing .....	15
<i>Barry</i> on Railway Appliances .....	11	<i>Culley's</i> Handbook of Telegraphy.....	14
<i>Beaconsfield's</i> (Lord) Novels and Tales 18 & .....	19	<i>Curteis's</i> Macedonian Empire .....	3
<i>Becker's</i> Charicles and Gallus.....	8	<i>De Caisne</i> and <i>Le Maout's</i> Botany .....	12
<i>Beesly's</i> Gracchi, Marius, and Sulla .....	3	<i>De Tocqueville's</i> Democracy in America... .....	5
<i>Black's</i> Treatise on Brewing .....	21	<i>Dixon's</i> Rural Bird Life .....	12
<i>Blackley's</i> German-English Dictionary.....	8	<i>Dobson</i> on the Ox .....	20
<i>Blainé's</i> Rural Sports .....	20	<i>Dove's</i> Law of Storms .....	9
<i>Bloxam's</i> Metals .....	11	<i>Doyle's</i> (R.) Fairyland .....	13
<i>Bolland</i> and <i>Lang's</i> Aristotle's Politics.....	6	<i>Drummond's</i> Jewish Messiah .....	16
<i>Boulbee</i> on 39 Articles.....	15	<i>Eastlake's</i> Hints on Household Taste.....	14
—'s History of the English Church... .....	15	<i>Edwards's</i> Nile .....	17
<i>Bourne's</i> Works on the Steam Engine.....	14	<i>Ellicott's</i> Scripture Commentaries .....	16
<i>Bowdler's</i> Family <i>Shakespeare</i> .....	19	— Lectures on Life of Christ .....	16
<i>Bramley-Moore's</i> Six Sisters of the Valleys . .....	19	Elsa and her Vulture .....	19
<i>Brandé's</i> Dictionary of Science, Literature, and Art .....	12	Epochs of Ancient History.....	3
<i>Brassey's</i> Sunshine and Storm in the East . .....	17	— English History .....	3
— Voyage of the Sunbeam.....	17	— Modern History .....	3
<i>Browné's</i> Exposition of the 39 Articles.....	15	<i>Ewald's</i> History of Israel .....	16
<i>Browning's</i> Modern England .....	3	— Antiquities of Israel.....	16
<i>Buckle's</i> History of Civilisation .....	2	<i>Fairbairn's</i> Applications of Iron .....	14
— Posthumous Remains .....	7	— Information for Engineers.....	14
<i>Buckton's</i> Food and Home Cookery.....	21	— Mills and Millwork .....	14
— Health in the House .....	13	<i>Farrar's</i> Language and Languages .....	7
— Town and Window Gardening... .....	12	<i>Francis's</i> Fishing Book .....	20
<i>Bull's</i> Hints to Mothers .....	21	<i>Frobisher's</i> Life by <i>Jones</i> .....	4
— Maternal Management of Children. .....	21	<i>Froude's</i> <i>Cæsar</i> .....	4
Burgomaster's Family (The) .....	19	— English in Ireland .....	1
<i>Burke's</i> Vicissitudes of Families.....	4	— History of England .....	1
Cabinet Lawyer.....	21	— Lectures on South Africa .....	2
<i>Capes's</i> Age of the Antonines.....	3	— Short Studies.....	2
— Early Roman Empire .....	3	<i>Gairdner's</i> Houses of Lancaster and York .....	2
<i>Cayley's</i> Iliad of Homer .....	19	— Richard III. & Perkin Warbeck .....	2
<i>Cetshwayo's</i> Dutchman, translated by Bishop <i>Colenso</i> .....	7	<i>Ganot's</i> Elementary Physics .....	10
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<i>German Home Life</i> . . . . .	7	<i>Lindley</i> and <i>Moore's</i> Treasury of Botany . . . . .	21
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Gospel (The) for the Nineteenth Century . . . . .	16	— (W.) Edward the Third . . . . .	2
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<i>Helmholtz's</i> Scientific Lectures . . . . .	10	— Speeches . . . . .	7
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<i>Kingzett's</i> Alkali Trade . . . . .	13	— Roman Triumvirates . . . . .	3
— Animal Chemistry . . . . .	13	— Romans under the Empire . . . . .	2
<i>Kirby</i> and <i>Spence's</i> Entomology . . . . .	12	<i>Merrifield's</i> Arithmetic and Mensuration . . . . .	11
<i>Klein's</i> Pastor's Narrative . . . . .	7	<i>Miles</i> on Horse's Foot and Horse Shoeing . . . . .	20
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<i>Miller's Elements of Chemistry</i> .....	13	<i>Sewell's Passing Thoughts on Religion</i> ...	16
——— Inorganic Chemistry.....	11	——— Preparation for Communion .....	16
——— Wintering in the Riviera.....	17	——— Stories and Tales .....	18
Minto (Lord) in India.....	2	——— Thoughts for the Age .....	16
<i>Mitchell's Manual of Assaying</i> .....	15	<i>Shelley's Workshop Appliances</i> .....	11
Modern Novelist's Library .....	18 & 19	<i>Shorl's Church History</i> .....	15
<i>Monseil's Spiritual Songs</i> .....	17	<i>Smith's (Sydney) Wit and Wisdom</i> .....	6
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<i>Morell's Philosophical Fragments</i> .....	5	<i>Southey's Poetical Works</i> .....	19
<i>Morri's Age of Anne</i> .....	3	<i>Stanley's History of British Birds</i> .....	12
<i>Mozart's Life, by Nohl</i> .....	4	<i>Stephen's Ecclesiastical Biography</i> .....	4
<i>Müller's Chips from a German Workshop</i> .	7	<i>Stonehenge, Dog and Greyhound</i> .....	20
——— Hibbert Lectures on Religion ...	16	<i>Stoney on Strains</i> .....	14
——— Science of Language .....	7	<i>Stubbs's Early Plantagenets</i> .....	3
——— Science of Religion .....	16	Sunday Afternoons, by A. K. H. B. ....	7
<i>Neison on the Moon</i> .....	9	Supernatural Religion .....	16
<i>Nevile's Horses and Riding</i> .....	20	<i>Swinbourne's Picture Logic</i> .....	6
<i>Newman's Apologia pro Vita Sua</i> .....	4	<i>Taneock's England during the Wars,</i>	
<i>Nicols's Puzzle of Life</i> .....	12	1778-1820 .....	3
<i>Noiré's Müller &amp; Philosophy of Language</i>	7	<i>Taylor's History of India</i> .....	2
<i>Northcott's Lathes &amp; Turning</i> .....	14	——— Ancient and Modern History ...	4
<i>Ormsby's Poem of the Cid</i> .....	19	——— ( <i>Jeremy</i> ) Works, edited by <i>Eden</i>	17
<i>Owen's Comparative Anatomy and Phy-</i>		Text-Books of Science.....	11
<i>siology of Vertebrate Animals</i> .....	11	<i>Thomé's Botany</i> .....	11
<i>Packe's Guide to the Pyrenees</i> .....	18	<i>Thomson's Laws of Thought</i> ..	6
<i>Pattison's Casaubon</i> .....	4	<i>Thorpe's Quantitative Analysis</i> .....	11
<i>Payen's Industrial Chemistry</i> .....	14	<i>Thorpe and Muir's Qualitative Analysis</i> ...	11
<i>Pewner's Comprehensive Specifier</i> .....	21	<i>Thudichum's Annals of Chemical Medicine</i>	13
<i>Phillips's Civil War in Wales</i> .....	2	<i>Tilden's Chemical Philosophy</i> .....	11
<i>Piessé's Art of Perfumery</i> .....	15	——— Practical Chemistry .....	13
<i>Polé's Game of Whist</i> .....	21	<i>Todd on Parliamentary Government</i> .....	2
<i>Powell's Early England</i> .....	3	<i>Trench's Realities of Irish Life</i> .....	7
<i>Preece &amp; Sivewright's Telegraphy</i> .....	11	<i>Trollope's Warden and Barchester Towers</i>	18
Present-Day Thoughts.....	7	<i>Trovis's Law of Nations</i> .....	5
<i>Proctor's Astronomical Works</i> .....	9	<i>Tyndall's (Professor) Scientific Works</i> ..	10
——— Scientific Essays (Two Series) ..	11	Unawares .....	19
Prothero's Life of Simon de Montfort .....	4	<i>Unwin's Machine Design</i> .....	11
Public Schools Atlases .....	8	<i>Ure's Arts, Manufactures, and Mines</i> .....	14
<i>Rawlinson's Parthia</i> .....	3	Venn's Life, by <i>Knight</i> .....	4
——— Sassanians .....	3	<i>Ville on Artificial Manures</i> .....	15
Recreations of a Country Parson .....	7	<i>Walker on Whist</i> .....	21
<i>Reynardson's Down the Road</i> .....	19	<i>Walpole's History of England</i> .....	1
<i>Rick's Dictionary of Antiquities</i> .....	8	<i>Warburton's Edward the Third</i> .....	3
<i>Rivers's Orchard House</i> .....	12	<i>Watson's Geometry</i> .....	11
——— Rose Amateur's Guide.....	12	<i>Watts's Dictionary of Chemistry</i> .....	13
<i>Rogers's Eclipse of Faith</i> .....	16	<i>Webb's Civil War in Herefordshire</i> .....	2
——— Defence of Eclipse of Faith .....	16	<i>Weinhold's Experimental Physics</i> .....	10
<i>Rogel's English Thesaurus</i> .....	8	<i>Wellington's Life, by Gleig</i> .....	4
<i>Ronalds' Fly-Fisher's Entomology</i> .....	20	<i>Whately's English Synonyms</i> .....	8
<i>Rowley's Rise of the People</i> .....	3	——— Logic .....	6
——— Settlement of the Constitution ...	3	——— Rhetoric .....	6
Russia and England .....	1	<i>White's Four Gospels in Greek</i> .....	16
Russia Before and After the War .....	1	——— and <i>Riddle's Latin Dictionaries</i> ...	8
<i>Rutley's Study of Rocks</i> .....	11	<i>Wilcock's Sea-Fisherman</i> .....	20
<i>Sandars's Justinian's Institutes</i> .....	6	<i>Williams's Aristotle's Ethics</i> .....	6
<i>Saukey's Sparta and Thebes</i> .....	3	<i>Wilson's Resources of Modern Countries</i> ...	21
<i>Savile on Apparitions</i> .....	7	<i>Wood's (J. G.) Popular Works on Natural</i>	
<i>Schellen's Spectrum Analysis</i> .....	9	History .....	11
Seaside Musings .....	7	<i>Woodward's Geology</i> .....	12
<i>Scott's Farm Valuer</i> .....	21	<i>Yonge's English-Greek Lexicons</i> .....	8
——— Rents and Purchases .....	21	——— Horace .....	19
<i>Seebohm's Oxford Reformers of 1498</i> .....	2	<i>Youatt on the Dog</i> .....	20
——— Protestant Revolution .....	3	——— on the Horse .....	20
<i>Sewell's History of France</i> .....	2	<i>Zeller's Greek Philosophy</i> .....	3











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