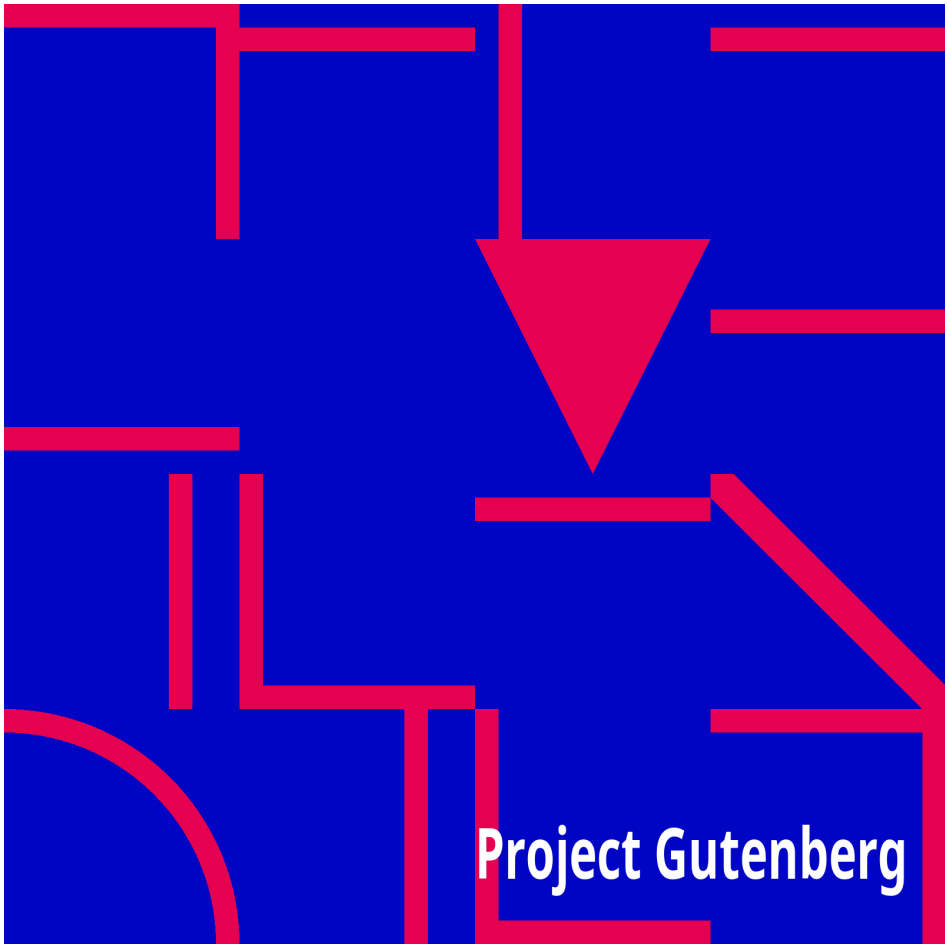
Peter Schlemihl

Adelbert von Chamisso and Henry Morley



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PETER SCHLEMIHL

BY

ADELBERT CHAMISSO

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END

BY

CARODÉ

HYMNS TO THE NIGHT

BY

NOVALIS

Decorative graphic

CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited:

LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE

1889

INTRODUCTION.

"Peter Schlemihl," one of the pleasantest fancies of the days when Germany delighted in romance, was first published in 1814, and was especially naturalised in England by association with the genius of George Cruikshank, who enriched a translation of it with some of his happiest work as an illustrator. An account of the book and its author is here reprinted at the end of the tale, as originally given by the translator. To this account one or two notes may be added. Louis Charles Adelaide de Chamisso de Boncourt was born on the 27th of January, 1781, at the Château of Boncourt, in Champagne, which he made the subject of one of his most beautiful lyrics. He belonged to a family faithful to Louis XVI., that fled to Würzburg from the fury of the French Revolution. Thus he was taken to Germany a child of nine, and was left there when the family, with other emigrants, returned to France in 1801. At fifteen he had Teutonised his name to Adelbert von Chamisso, and was appointed page to the Queen of Prussia. In the war that came afterwards, for a very short time he bore arms against the French, but being one of a garrison taken in the captured fort of Hamlin, he and his comrades had to pledge their honour that they would not again bear arms against France during that war. After the war he visited France. His parents then were dead, and though he stayed in France some years, he wrote from France to a friend, "I am German heart and soul, and cannot feel at home here." He wandered irresolutely, then became Professor of Literature in a gymnasium in La Vendée. Still he was restless. In 1812 he set off for a walk in Switzerland, returned to Germany, and took to the study of anatomy. In 1813, Napoleon's expedition to Russia and the peril to France from legions marching upon Paris caused to Chamisso suffering and confusion of mind.

It is often said that his sense of isolation between interests of the land of his forefathers and the land of his adoption makes itself felt through all the wild playfulness of "Peter Schlemihl," which was at this time written, when Chamisso's age was about thirty-two. A letter of his to the Councillor Trinius, in Petersburg, tells how he came to write it. He had lost on a pedestrian tour his hat, his knapsack, his gloves, and his pocket handkerchief—the chief movables about him. His friend Fouqué asked him whether he hadn't also lost his shadow? The friends pleased their fancies in imagining what would have happened to him if he had. Not long afterwards he was reading in La Fontaine of a polite man who drew out of his pocket whatever was asked for. Chamisso thought, He will be bringing out next a coach and horses. Out of these hints came the fancy of "Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man." In all thought that goes with invention of a poet, there are depths as well as shallows, and the reader may get now and then a peep into the depths. He may find, if he will, in a man's shadow that outward expression of himself which shows that he has been touched, like others, by the light of heaven. But essentially the story is a poet's whim. Later writings of Chamisso proved him to be one of the best lyric poets of the romance school of his time, entirely German in his tone of thought. His best poem, "Salas y Gomez," describes the feeling of a solitary on a sea-girt rock, living on eggs of the numberless sea-birds until old age, when a ship is in sight, and passes him, and his last agony of despair is followed by a triumph in the strength of God.

"Alone and world-forsaken let me die;
Thy Grace is all my wealth, for all my loss:
On my bleached bones out of the southern sky
Thy Love will look down from the starry cross."

The "Story Without an End"—a story of the endless beauty of Creation—is from a writer who has no name on the rolls of fame. The little piece has been made famous among us by the good will of Sarah Austin. The child who enjoyed it, and for whom she made the delicate translation which here follows next after Chamisso's "Peter Schlemihl," was that

only daughter who became Lady Duff-Gordon, and with whom we have made acquaintance in this Library as the translator of “The Amber Witch.”

To make up the tale of pages in this little book without breaking its uniformity, I have added a translation of the “Hymns to Night” of Novalis. It is a translation made by myself seven-and-forty years ago, and printed in a student’s magazine that I then edited. “Novalis” was the name assumed by a poet, Friedrich von Hardenberg, who died on the 25th March, 1801, aged twenty-nine. He was bred among the Moravian brethren, and then sent to the University of Jena. Two years after his marriage to a young wife, Sophie von Kühn, she died. That was in 1797. At the same time he lost a brother who was very dear to him. It was then —four years before his own death—that he wrote his “Hymns to Night.”

H. M.

INTRODUCTORY EPISTLE

FROM

A. VON CHAMISSO TO JULIUS EDWARD HITZIG.

YOU, who forget nobody, must surely remember one Peter Schlemihl, whom you used to meet occasionally at my house—a long-legged youth, who was considered stupid and lazy, on account of his awkward and careless air. I was sincerely attached to him. You cannot have forgotten him, Edward. He was on one occasion the hero of our rhymes, in the hey-day of our youthful spirits; and I recollect taking him one evening to a poetical tea-party, where he fell asleep while I was writing, without even waiting to hear my effusion: and this reminds me of a witticism of yours respecting him. You had already seen him, I know not where or when, in an old black frock-coat, which, indeed, he constantly wore; and you said, "He would be a lucky fellow if his soul were half as immortal as his coat," so little opinion had you of him. *I* loved him, however: and to this very Schlemihl, of whom for many years I had wholly lost sight, I am indebted for the little volume which I communicate to you, Edward, my most intimate friend, my second self, from whom I have no secrets;—to you, and of course our Fouqué, I commit them, who like you is intimately entwined about my dearest affections,—to him I communicate them only as a friend, but not as a poet; for you can easily imagine how unpleasant it would be if a secret confided to me by an honest man, relying implicitly on my friendship and honour, were to be exposed to the public in a poem.

One word more as to the manner in which I obtained these sheets: yesterday morning early, as soon as I was up, they were brought to me. An extraordinary-looking man, with a long grey beard, and wearing an

old black frock-coat with a botanical case hanging at his side, and slippers over his boots, in the damp, rainy weather, had just been inquiring for me, and left me these papers, saying he came from Berlin.

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

Peter Schlemihl,

THE SHADOWLESS MAN.

CHAPTER I.

After a prosperous, but to me very wearisome, voyage, we came at last into port. Immediately on landing I got together my few effects; and, squeezing myself through the crowd, went into the nearest and humblest inn which first met my gaze. On asking for a room the waiter looked at me from head to foot, and conducted me to one. I asked for some cold water, and for the correct address of Mr. Thomas John, which was described as being "by the north gate, the first country-house to the right, a large new house of red and white marble, with many pillars." This was enough. As the day was not yet far advanced, I untied my bundle, took out my newly-turned black coat, dressed myself in my best clothes, and, with my letter of recommendation, set out for the man who was to assist me in the attainment of my moderate wishes.

After proceeding up the north street, I reached the gate, and saw the marble columns glittering through the trees. Having wiped the dust from my shoes with my pocket-handkerchief and readjusted my cravat, I rang the bell—offering up at the same time a silent prayer. The door flew open, and the porter sent in my name. I had soon the honour to be invited into the park, where Mr. John was walking with a few friends. I recognised him at once by his corpulency and self-complacent air. He received me very well—just as a rich man receives a poor devil; and turning to me, took my letter. "Oh, from my brother! it is a long time since I heard from him: is he well?—Yonder," he went on,—turning to the company, and pointing to a distant hill—"Yonder is the site of the

new building." He broke the seal without discontinuing the conversation, which turned upon riches. "The man," he said, "who does not possess at least a million is a poor wretch." "Oh, how true!" I exclaimed, in the fulness of my heart. He seemed pleased at this, and replied with a smile, "Stop here, my dear friend; afterwards I shall, perhaps, have time to tell you what I think of this," pointing to the letter, which he then put into his pocket, and turned round to the company, offering his arm to a young lady: his example was followed by the other gentlemen, each politely escorting a lady; and the whole party proceeded towards a little hill thickly planted with blooming roses.

I followed without troubling any one, for none took the least further notice of me. The party was in high spirits—lounging about and jesting —speaking sometimes of trifling matters very seriously, and of serious matters as triflingly—and exercising their wit in particular to great advantage on their absent friends and their affairs. I was too ignorant of what they were talking about to understand much of it, and too anxious and absorbed in my own reflections to occupy myself with the solution of such enigmas as their conversation presented.

By this time we had reached the thicket of roses. The lovely Fanny, who seemed to be the queen of the day, was obstinately bent on plucking a rose-branch for herself, and in the attempt pricked her finger with a thorn. The crimson stream, as if flowing from the dark-tinted rose, tinged her fair hand with the purple current. This circumstance set the whole company in commotion; and court-plaster was called for. A quiet, elderly man, tall, and meagre-looking, who was one of the company, but whom I had not before observed, immediately put his hand into the tight breast-pocket of his old-fashioned coat of grey sarsnet, pulled out a small letter-case, opened it, and, with a most respectful bow, presented the lady with the wished-for article. She received it without noticing the giver, or thanking him. The wound was bound up, and the party proceeded along the hill towards the back part, from which they enjoyed an extensive view across the green labyrinth of the park to the wide-spreading ocean. The view was truly a magnificent one. A slight speck

was observed on the horizon, between the dark flood and the azure sky. "A telescope!" called out Mr. John; but before any of the servants could answer the summons the grey man, with a modest bow, drew his hand from his pocket, and presented a beautiful Dollond's telescope to Mr. John, who, on looking through it, informed the company that the speck in the distance was the ship which had sailed yesterday, and which was detained within sight of the haven by contrary winds. The telescope passed from hand to hand, but was not returned to the owner, whom I gazed at with astonishment, and could not conceive how so large an instrument could have proceeded from so small a pocket. This, however, seemed to excite surprise in no one; and the grey man appeared to create as little interest as myself.

Refreshments were now brought forward, consisting of the rarest fruits from all parts of the world, served up in the most costly dishes. Mr. John did the honours with unaffected grace, and addressed me for the second time, saying, "You had better eat; you did not get such things at sea." I acknowledged his politeness with a bow, which, however, he did not perceive, having turned round to speak with some one else.

The party would willingly have stopped some time here on the declivity of the hill, to enjoy the extensive prospect before them, had they not been apprehensive of the dampness of the grass. "How delightful it would be," exclaimed some one, "if we had a Turkey carpet to lay down here!" The wish was scarcely expressed when the man in the grey coat put his hand in his pocket, and, with a modest and even humble air, pulled out a rich Turkey carpet, embroidered in gold. The servant received it as a matter of course, and spread it out on the desired spot; and, without any ceremony, the company seated themselves on it. Confounded by what I saw, I gazed again at the man, his pocket, and the carpet, which was more than twenty feet in length and ten in breadth; and rubbed my eyes, not knowing what to think, particularly as no one saw anything extraordinary in the matter.

I would gladly have made some inquiries respecting the man, and asked who he was, but knew not to whom I should address myself, for I felt almost more afraid of the servants than of their master. At length I took courage, and stepping up to a young man who seemed of less consequence than the others, and who was more frequently standing by himself, I begged of him, in a low tone, to tell me who the obliging gentleman was in the grey cloak. "That man who looks like a piece of thread just escaped from a tailor's needle?" "Yes; he who is standing alone yonder." "I do not know," was the reply; and to avoid, as it seemed, any further conversation with me, he turned away, and spoke of some common-place matters with a neighbour.

The sun's rays now being stronger, the ladies complained of feeling oppressed by the heat; and the lovely Fanny, turning carelessly to the grey man, to whom I had not yet observed that any one had addressed the most trifling question, asked him if, perhaps, he had not a tent about him. He replied, with a low bow, as if some unmerited honour had been conferred upon him; and, putting his hand in his pocket, drew from it canvas, poles, cord, iron—in short, everything belonging to the most splendid tent for a party of pleasure. The young gentlemen assisted in pitching it: and it covered the whole carpet: but no one seemed to think that there was anything extraordinary in it.

I had long secretly felt uneasy—indeed, almost horrified; but how was this feeling increased when, at the next wish expressed, I saw him take from his pocket three horses! Yes, Adelbert, three large beautiful steeds, with saddles and bridles, out of the very pocket whence had already issued a letter-case, a telescope, a carpet twenty feet broad and ten in length, and a pavilion of the same extent, with all its appurtenances! Did I not assure thee that my own eyes had seen all this, thou wouldst certainly disbelieve it.

This man, although he appeared so humble and embarrassed in his air and manners, and passed so unheeded, had inspired me with such a feeling of horror by the unearthly paleness of his countenance, from

which I could not avert my eyes, that I was unable longer to endure it.

I determined, therefore, to steal away from the company, which appeared no difficult matter, from the undistinguished part I acted in it. I resolved to return to the town, and pay another visit to Mr. John the following morning, and, at the same time, make some inquiries of him relative to the extraordinary man in grey, provided I could command sufficient courage. Would to Heaven that such good fortune had awaited me!

I had stolen safely down the hill, through the thicket of roses, and now found myself on an open plain; but fearing lest I should be met out of the proper path, crossing the grass, I cast an inquisitive glance around, and started as I beheld the man in the grey cloak advancing towards me. He took off his hat, and made me a lower bow than mortal had ever yet favoured me with. It was evident that he wished to address me; and I could not avoid encountering him without seeming rude. I returned his salutation, therefore, and stood bareheaded in the sunshine as if rooted to the ground. I gazed at him with the utmost horror, and felt like a bird fascinated by a serpent.

He affected himself to have an air of embarrassment. With his eyes on the ground, he bowed several times, drew nearer, and at last, without looking up, addressed me in a low and hesitating voice, almost in the tone of a suppliant: “Will you, sir, excuse my importunity in venturing to intrude upon you in so unusual a manner? I have a request to make—would you most graciously be pleased to allow me—!” “Hold! for Heaven’s sake!” I exclaimed; “what can I do for a man who”—I stopped in some confusion, which he seemed to share. After a moment’s pause, he resumed: “During the short time I have had the pleasure to be in your company, I have—permit me, sir, to say—beheld with unspeakable admiration your most beautiful shadow, and remarked the air of noble indifference with which you, at the same time, turn from the glorious picture at your feet, as if disdaining to vouchsafe a glance at it. Excuse the boldness of my proposal; but perhaps you would have no objection

to sell me your shadow?" He stopped, while my head turned round like a mill-wheel. What was I to think of so extraordinary a proposal? To sell my shadow! "He must be mad," thought I; and assuming a tone more in character with the submissiveness of his own, I replied, "My good friend, are you not content with your own shadow? This would be a bargain of a strange nature indeed!"

"I have in my pocket," he said, "many things which may possess some value in your eyes: for that inestimable shadow I should deem the highest price too little."

A cold shuddering came over me as I recollected the pocket; and I could not conceive what had induced me to style him "*good friend*," which I took care not to repeat, endeavouring to make up for it by a studied politeness.

I now resumed the conversation:—"But, Sir—excuse your humble servant—I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning,—my shadow?—how can I?"

"Permit me," he exclaimed, interrupting me, "to gather up the noble image as it lies on the ground, and to take it into my possession. As to the manner of accomplishing it, leave that to me. In return, and as an evidence of my gratitude, I shall leave you to choose among all the treasures I have in my pocket, among which are a variety of enchanting articles, not exactly adapted for you, who, I am sure, would like better to have the wishing-cap of Fortunatus, all made new and sound again, and a lucky purse which also belonged to him."

"Fortunatus's purse!" cried I; and, great as was my mental anguish, with that one word he had penetrated the deepest recesses of my soul. A feeling of giddiness came over me, and double ducats glittered before my eyes.

"Be pleased, gracious sir, to examine this purse, and make a trial of its contents." He put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth a large strongly stitched bag of stout Cordovan leather, with a couple of strings to match,

and presented it to me. I seized it—took out ten gold pieces, then ten more, and this I repeated again and again. Instantly I held out my hand to him. "Done," said I; "the bargain is made: my shadow for the purse." "Agreed," he answered; and, immediately kneeling down, I beheld him, with extraordinary dexterity, gently loosen my shadow from the grass, lift it up, fold it together, and, at last put it in his pocket. He then rose, bowed once more to me, and directed his steps towards the rose bushes. I fancied I heard him quietly laughing to himself. However, I held the purse fast by the two strings. The earth was basking beneath the brightness of the sun; but I presently lost all consciousness.

On recovering my senses, I hastened to quit a place where I hoped there was nothing further to detain me. I first filled my pockets with gold, then fastened the strings of the purse round my neck, and concealed it in my bosom. I passed unnoticed out of the park, gained the high road, and took the way to the town. As I was thoughtfully approaching the gate, I heard some one behind me exclaiming, "Young man! young man! you have lost your shadow!" I turned, and perceived an old woman calling after me. "Thank you, my good woman," said I; and throwing her a piece of gold for her well-intended information, I stepped under the trees. At the gate, again, it was my fate to hear the sentry inquiring where the gentleman had left his shadow; and immediately I heard a couple of women exclaiming, "Jesu Maria! the poor man has no shadow." All this began to depress me, and I carefully avoided walking in the sun; but this could not everywhere be the case: for in the next broad street I had to cross, and, unfortunately for me, at the very hour in which the boys were coming out of school, a humpbacked lout of a fellow—I see him yet—soon made the discovery that I was without a shadow, and communicated the news, with loud outcries, to a knot of young urchins. The whole swarm proceeded immediately to reconnoitre me, and to pelt me with mud. "People," cried they, "are generally accustomed to take their shadows with them when they walk in the sunshine."

In order to drive them away I threw gold by handfuls among them, and sprang into a hackney-coach which some compassionate spectators sent to my rescue.

As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling vehicle I began to weep bitterly. I had by this time a misgiving that, in the same degree in which gold in this world prevails over merit and virtue, by so much one's shadow excels gold; and now that I had sacrificed my conscience for riches, and given my shadow in exchange for mere gold, what on earth would become of me?

As the coach stopped at the door of my late inn, I felt much perplexed, and not at all disposed to enter so wretched an abode. I called for my things, and received them with an air of contempt, threw down a few gold pieces, and desired to be conducted to a first-rate hotel. This house had a northern aspect, so that I had nothing to fear from the sun. I dismissed the coachman with gold; asked to be conducted to the best apartment, and locked myself up in it as soon as possible.

Imagine, my friend, what I then set about? O my dear Chamisso! even to thee I blush to mention what follows.

I drew the ill-fated purse from my bosom; and, in a sort of frenzy that raged like a self-fed fire within me, I took out gold—gold—gold—more and more, till I strewed it on the floor, trampled upon it, and feasting on its very sound and brilliancy, added coins to coins, rolling and revelling on the gorgeous bed, until I sank exhausted.

Thus passed away that day and evening; and as my door remained locked, night found me still lying on the gold, where, at last, sleep overpowered me.

Then I dreamed of thee, and fancied I stood behind the glass door of thy little room, and saw thee seated at thy table between a skeleton and a bunch of dried plants; before thee lay open the works of Haller, Humboldt, and Linnæus; on thy sofa a volume of Goethe, and the

Enchanted Ring. I stood a long time contemplating thee, and everything in thy apartment; and again turning my gaze upon thee, I perceived that thou wast motionless—thou didst not breathe—thou wast dead.

I awoke—it seemed yet early—my watch had stopped. I felt thirsty, faint, and worn out; for since the preceding morning I had not tasted food. I now cast from me, with loathing and disgust, the very gold with which but a short time before I had satiated my foolish heart. Now I knew not where to put it—I dared not leave it lying there. I examined my purse to see if it would hold it,—impossible! Neither of my windows opened on the sea. I had no other resource but, with toil and great fatigue, to drag it to a huge chest which stood in a closet in my room; where I placed it all, with the exception of a handful or two. Then I threw myself, exhausted, into an arm-chair, till the people of the house should be up and stirring. As soon as possible I sent for some refreshment, and desired to see the landlord.

I entered into some conversation with this man respecting the arrangement of my future establishment. He recommended for my personal attendant one Bendel, whose honest and intelligent countenance immediately prepossessed me in his favour. It is this individual whose persevering attachment has consoled me in all the miseries of my life, and enabled me to bear up under my wretched lot. I was occupied the whole day in my room with servants in want of a situation, and tradesmen of every description. I decided on my future plans, and purchased various articles of vertu and splendid jewels, in order to get rid of some of my gold; but nothing seemed to diminish the inexhaustible heap.

I now reflected on my situation with the utmost uneasiness. I dared not take a single step beyond my own door; and in the evening I had forty wax tapers lighted before I ventured to leave the shade. I reflected with horror on the frightful encounter with the school-boys; yet I resolved, if I could command sufficient courage, to put the public opinion to a second

trial. The nights were now moonlight. Late in the evening I wrapped myself in a large cloak, pulled my hat over my eyes, and, trembling like a criminal, stole out of the house.

I did not venture to leave the friendly shadow of the houses until I had reached a distant part of the town; and then I emerged into the broad moonlight, fully prepared to hear my fate from the lips of the passers-by.

Spare me, my beloved friend, the painful recital of all that I was doomed to endure. The women often expressed the deepest sympathy for me—a sympathy not less piercing to my soul than the scoffs of the young people, and the proud contempt of the men, particularly of the more corpulent, who threw an ample shadow before them. A fair and beauteous maiden, apparently accompanied by her parents, who gravely kept looking straight before them, chanced to cast a beaming glance on me; but was evidently startled at perceiving that I was without a shadow, and hiding her lovely face in her veil, and holding down her head, passed silently on.

This was past all endurance. Tears streamed from my eyes; and with a heart pierced through and through, I once more took refuge in the shade. I leant on the houses for support, and reached home at a late hour, worn out with fatigue.

I passed a sleepless night. My first care the following morning was, to devise some means of discovering the man in the grey cloak. Perhaps I may succeed in finding him; and how fortunate it were if he should be as ill satisfied with his bargain as I am with mine!

I desired Bendel to be sent for, who seemed to possess some tact and ability. I minutely described to him the individual who possessed a treasure without which life itself was rendered a burden to me. I mentioned the time and place at which I had seen him, named all the persons who were present, and concluded with the following directions: —He was to inquire for a Dollond's telescope, a Turkey carpet interwoven with gold, a marquee, and, finally, for some black steeds—

the history, without entering into particulars, of all these being singularly connected with the mysterious character who seemed to pass unnoticed by every one, but whose appearance had destroyed the peace and happiness of my life.

As I spoke I produced as much gold as I could hold in my two hands, and added jewels and precious stones of still greater value. "Bendel," said I, "this smooths many a path, and renders that easy which seems almost impossible. Be not sparing of it, for I am not so; but go, and rejoice thy master with intelligence on which depend all his hopes."

He departed, and returned late and melancholy.

None of Mr. John's servants, none of his guests (and Bendel had spoken to them all) had the slightest recollection of the man in the grey cloak.

The new telescope was still there, but no one knew how it had come; and the tent and Turkey carpet were still stretched out on the hill. The servants boasted of their master's wealth; but no one seemed to know by what means he had become possessed of these newly acquired luxuries. He was gratified; and it gave him no concern to be ignorant how they had come to him. The black coursers which had been mounted on that day were in the stables of the young gentlemen of the party, who admired them as the munificent present of Mr. John.

Such was the information I gained from Bendel's detailed account; but, in spite of this unsatisfactory result, his zeal and prudence deserved and received my commendation. In a gloomy mood, I made him a sign to withdraw.

"I have, sir," he continued, "laid before you all the information in my power relative to the subject of the most importance to you. I have now a message to deliver which I received early this morning from a person at the gate, as I was proceeding to execute the commission in which I have so unfortunately failed. The man's words were precisely these: 'Tell your master, Peter Schlemihl, he will not see me here again. I am going to cross the sea; a favourable wind now calls all the passengers on board;

but, in a year and a day I shall have the honour of paying him a visit; when, in all probability, I shall have a proposal to make to him of a very agreeable nature. Commend me to him most respectfully, with many thanks.' I inquired his name; but he said you would remember him."

"What sort of person was he?" cried I, in great emotion; and Bendel described the man in the grey coat feature by feature, word for word; in short, the very individual in search of whom he had been sent. "How unfortunate!" cried I bitterly; "it was himself." Scales, as it were, fell from Bendel's eyes. "Yes, it was he," cried he, "undoubtedly it was he; and fool, madman, that I was, I did not recognise him—I did not, and have betrayed my master!" He then broke out into a torrent of self-reproach; and his distress really excited my compassion. I endeavoured to console him, repeatedly assuring him that I entertained no doubt of his fidelity; and despatched him immediately to the wharf, to discover, if possible, some trace of the extraordinary being. But on that very morning many vessels which had been detained in port by contrary winds had set sail, all bound to different parts of the globe; and the grey man had disappeared like a shadow.

CHAPTER II.

Of what use were wings to a man fast bound in chains of iron? They would but increase the horror of his despair. Like the dragon guarding his treasure, I remained cut off from all human intercourse, and starving amidst my very gold, for it gave me no pleasure: I anathematised it as the source of all my wretchedness.

Sole depository of my fearful secret, I trembled before the meanest of my attendants, whom, at the same time, I envied; for he possessed a shadow, and could venture to go out in the daytime; while I shut myself up in my room day and night, and indulged in all the bitterness of grief.

One individual, however, was daily pining away before my eyes—my faithful Bendel, who was the victim of silent self-reproach, tormenting himself with the idea that he had betrayed the confidence reposed in him

by a good master, in failing to recognise the individual in quest of whom he had been sent, and with whom he had been led to believe that my melancholy fate was closely connected. Still, I had nothing to accuse him with, as I recognised in the occurrence the mysterious character of the unknown.

In order to leave no means untried, I one day despatched Bendel with a costly ring to the most celebrated artist in the town, desiring him to wait upon me. He came; and, dismissing the attendants, I secured the door, placing myself opposite to him, and, after extolling his art, with a heavy heart came to the point, first enjoining the strictest secrecy.

"For a person," said I, "who most unfortunately has lost his shadow, could you paint a false one?"

"Do you speak of the natural shadow?"

"Precisely so."

"But," he asked, "by what awkward negligence can a man have lost his shadow?"

"How it occurred," I answered, "is of no consequence; but it was in this manner"—(and here I uttered an unblushing falsehood)—"he was travelling in Russia last winter, and one bitterly cold day it froze so intensely, that his shadow remained so fixed to the ground, that it was found impossible to remove it."

"The false shadow that I might paint," said the artist, "would be liable to be lost on the slightest movement, particularly in a person who, from your account, cares so little about his shadow. A person without a shadow should keep out of the sun, that is the only safe and rational plan."

He rose and took his leave, casting so penetrating a look at me that I shrunk from it. I sank back in my chair, and hid my face in my hands.

In this attitude Bendel found me, and was about to withdraw silently and respectfully on seeing me in such a state of grief: looking up, overwhelmed with my sorrows, I felt that I must communicate them to him. "Bendel," I exclaimed, "Bendel, thou the only being who seest and respectest my grief too much to inquire into its cause—thou who seemest silently and sincerely to sympathise with me—come and share my confidence. The extent of my wealth I have not withheld from thee, neither will I conceal from thee the extent of my grief. Bendel! forsake me not. Bendel, you see me rich, free, beneficent; you fancy all the world in my power; yet you must have observed that I shun it, and avoid all human intercourse. You think, Bendel, that the world and I are at variance; and you yourself, perhaps, will abandon me, when I acquaint you with this fearful secret. Bendel, I am rich, free, generous; but, O God, I have *no shadow*!"

"No shadow!" exclaimed the faithful young man, tears starting from his eyes. "Alas! that I am born to serve a master without a shadow!" He was silent, and again I hid my face in my hands.

"Bendel," at last I tremblingly resumed, "you have now my confidence; you may betray me—go—bear witness against me!"

He seemed to be agitated with conflicting feelings; at last he threw himself at my feet and seized my hand, which he bathed with his tears. "No," he exclaimed; "whatever the world may say, I neither can nor will forsake my excellent master because he has lost his shadow. I will rather do what is right than what may seem prudent. I will remain with you—I will shade you with my own shadow—I will assist you when I can—and when I cannot, I will weep with you."

I fell upon his neck, astonished at sentiments so unusual; for it was very evident that he was not prompted by the love of money.

My mode of life and my fate now became somewhat different. It is incredible with what provident foresight Bendel contrived to conceal my deficiency. Everywhere he was before me and with me, providing

against every contingency, and in cases of unlooked-for danger, flying to shield me with his own shadow, for he was taller and stouter than myself. Thus I once more ventured among mankind, and began to take a part in worldly affairs. I was compelled, indeed, to affect certain peculiarities and whims; but in a rich man they seem only appropriate; and so long as the truth was kept concealed I enjoyed all the honour and respect which gold could procure.

I now looked forward with more composure to the promised visit of the mysterious unknown at the expiration of the year and a day.

I was very sensible that I could not venture to remain long in a place where I had once been seen without a shadow, and where I might easily be betrayed; and perhaps, too, I recollected my first introduction to Mr. John, and this was by no means a pleasing reminiscence. However, I wished just to make a trial here, that I might with greater ease and security visit some other place. But my vanity for some time withheld me, for it is in this quality of our race that the anchor takes the firmest hold.

Even the lovely Fanny, whom I again met in several places, without her seeming to recollect that she had ever seen me before, bestowed some notice on me; for wit and understanding were mine in abundance now. When I spoke, I was listened to; and I was at a loss to know how I had so easily acquired the art of commanding attention, and giving the tone to the conversation.

The impression which I perceived I had made upon this fair one completely turned my brain; and this was just what she wished. After that, I pursued her with infinite pains through every obstacle. My vanity was only intent on exciting hers to make a conquest of me; but although the intoxication disturbed my head, it failed to make the least impression on my heart.

But why detail to you the oft-repeated story which I have so often heard from yourself?

However, in the old and well-known drama in which I played so worn-out a part a catastrophe occurred of quite a peculiar nature, in a manner equally unexpected to her, to me, and to everybody.

One beautiful evening I had, according to my usual custom, assembled a party in a garden, and was walking arm-in-arm with Fanny at a little distance from the rest of the company, and pouring into her ear the usual well-turned phrases, while she was demurely gazing on vacancy, and now and then gently returning the pressure of my hand. The moon suddenly emerged from behind a cloud at our back. Fanny perceived only her own shadow before us. She started, looked at me with terror, and then again on the ground, in search of my shadow. All that was passing in her mind was so strangely depicted in her countenance, that I should have burst into a loud fit of laughter had I not suddenly felt my blood run cold within me. I suffered her to fall from my arm in a fainting-fit; shot with the rapidity of an arrow through the astonished guests, reached the gate, threw myself into the first conveyance I met with, and returned to the town, where this time, unfortunately, I had left the wary Bendel. He was alarmed on seeing me: one word explained all. Post-horses were immediately procured. I took with me none of my servants, one cunning knave only excepted, called Rascal, who had by his adroitness become very serviceable to me, and who at present knew nothing of what had occurred—I travelled thirty leagues that night; having left Bendel behind to discharge my servants, pay my debts, and bring me all that was necessary.

When he came up with me next day, I threw myself into his arms, vowing to avoid such follies and to be more careful for the future.

We pursued our journey uninterruptedly over the frontiers and mountains; and it was not until I had placed this lofty barrier between myself and the before-mentioned unlucky town that I was persuaded to recruit myself after my fatigues in a neighbouring and little-frequented watering-place.

I must now pass rapidly over one period of my history, on which how gladly would I dwell, could I conjure up your lively powers of delineation! But the vivid hues which are at your command, and which alone can give life and animation to the picture, have left no trace within me; and were I now to endeavour to recall the joys, the griefs, the pure and enchanting emotions, which once held such powerful dominion in my breast, it would be like striking a rock which yields no longer the living spring, and whose spirit has fled for ever. With what an altered aspect do those bygone days now present themselves to my gaze!

In this watering-place I acted an heroic character, badly studied; and being a novice on such a stage, I forgot my part before a pair of lovely blue eyes.

All possible means were used by the infatuated parents to conclude the bargain; and deception put an end to these usual artifices. And that is all —all.

The powerful emotions which once swelled my bosom seem now in the retrospect to be poor and insipid, nay, even terrible to me.

Alas, Minna! as I wept for thee the day I lost thee, so do I now weep that I can no longer retrace thine image in my soul.

Am I, then, so far advanced into the vale of years? O fatal effects of maturity! would that I could feel one throb, one emotion of former days of enchantment—alas, not one! a solitary being, tossed on the wild ocean of life—it is long since I drained thine enchanted cup to the dregs!

But to return to my narrative. I had sent Bendel to the little town with plenty of money to procure me a suitable habitation. He spent my gold profusely; and as he expressed himself rather reservedly concerning his distinguished master (for I did not wish to be named), the good people began to form rather extraordinary conjectures.

As soon as my house was ready for my reception, Bendel returned to conduct me to it. We set out on our journey. About a league from the town, on a sunny plain, we were stopped by a crowd of people, arrayed in holiday attire for some festival. The carriage stopped. Music, bells, cannons, were heard; and loud acclamations rang through the air.

Before the carriage now appeared in white dresses a chorus of maidens, all of extraordinary beauty; but one of them shone in resplendent loveliness, and eclipsed the rest as the sun eclipses the stars of night. She advanced from the midst of her companions, and, with a lofty yet winning air, blushingly knelt before me, presenting on a silken cushion a wreath, composed of laurel branches, the olive, and the rose, saying something respecting majesty, love, honour, &c., which I could not comprehend; but the sweet and silvery magic of her tones intoxicated my senses and my whole soul: it seemed as if some heavenly apparition were hovering over me. The chorus now began to sing the praises of a good sovereign, and the happiness of his subjects. All this, dear Chamisso, took place in the sun: she was kneeling two steps from me, and I, without a shadow, could not dart through the air, nor fall on my knees before the angelic being. Oh, what would I not now have given for a shadow! To conceal my shame, agony, and despair, I buried myself in the recesses of the carriage. Bendel at last thought of an expedient; he jumped out of the carriage. I called him back, and gave him out of the casket I had by me a rich diamond coronet, which had been intended for the lovely Fanny.

He stepped forward, and spoke in the name of his master, who, he said, was overwhelmed by so many demonstrations of respect, which he really could not accept as an honour—there must be some error; nevertheless he begged to express his thanks for the goodwill of the worthy townspeople. In the meantime Bendel had taken the wreath from the cushion, and laid the brilliant crown in its place. He then respectfully raised the lovely girl from the ground; and, at one sign, the clergy, magistrates, and all the deputations withdrew. The crowd separated to allow the horses to pass, and we pursued our way to the town at full

gallop, through arches ornamented with flowers and branches of laurel. Salvos of artillery again were heard. The carriage stopped at my gate; I hastened through the crowd which curiosity had attracted to witness my arrival. Enthusiastic shouts resounded under my windows, from whence I showered gold amidst the people; and in the evening the whole town was illuminated. Still all remained a mystery to me, and I could not imagine for whom I had been taken. I sent Rascal out to make inquiry; and he soon obtained intelligence that the good King of Prussia was travelling through the country under the name of some count; that my *aide-de-camp* had been recognised, and that he had divulged the secret; that on acquiring the certainty that I would enter their town, their joy had known no bounds: however, as they perceived I was determined on preserving the strictest *incognito*, they felt how wrong they had been in too importunately seeking to withdraw the veil; but I had received them so condescendingly and so graciously, that they were sure I would forgive them. The whole affair was such capital amusement to the unprincipled Rascal, that he did his best to confirm the good people in their belief, while affecting to reprove them. He gave me a very comical account of the matter; and, seeing that I was amused by it, actually endeavoured to make a merit of his impudence.

Shall I own the truth? My vanity was flattered by having been mistaken for our revered sovereign. I ordered a banquet to be got ready for the following evening, under the trees before my house, and invited the whole town. The mysterious power of my purse, Bendel's exertions, and Rascal's ready invention, made the shortness of the time seem as nothing.

It was really astonishing how magnificently and beautifully everything was arranged in these few hours. Splendour and abundance vied with each other, and the lights were so carefully arranged that I felt quite safe: the zeal of my servants met every exigency and merited all praise.

Evening drew on, the guests arrived, and were presented to me. The word *majesty* was now dropped; but, with the deepest respect and humility, I was addressed as the *count*. What could I do? I accepted the title, and from that moment I was known as Count Peter. In the midst of all this festivity my soul pined for one individual. She came late—she who was the empress of the scene, and wore the emblem of sovereignty on her brow.

She modestly accompanied her parents, and seemed unconscious of her transcendent beauty.

The Ranger of the Forests, his wife, and daughter, were presented to me. I was at no loss to make myself agreeable to the parents; but before the daughter I stood like a well-scolded schoolboy, incapable of speaking a single word.

At length I hesitatingly entreated her to honour my banquet by presiding at it—an office for which her rare endowments pointed her out as admirably fitted. With a blush and an expressive glance she entreated to be excused; but, in still greater confusion than herself, I respectfully begged her to accept the homage of the first and most devoted of her subjects, and one glance of the count was the same as a command to the guests, who all vied with each other in acting up to the spirit of the noble host.

In her person majesty, innocence, and grace, in union with beauty, presided over this joyous banquet. Minna's happy parents were elated by the honours conferred upon their child. As for me, I abandoned myself to all the intoxication of delight: I sent for all the jewels, pearls, and precious stones still left to me—the produce of my fatal wealth—and, filling two vases, I placed them on the table, in the name of the Queen of the banquet, to be divided among her companions and the remainder of the ladies.

I ordered gold in the meantime to be showered down without ceasing among the happy multitude.

Next morning Bendel told me in confidence that the suspicions he had long entertained of Rascal's honesty were now reduced to a certainty; he had yesterday embezzled many bags of gold.

"Never mind," said I; "let him enjoy his paltry booty. I like to spend it; why should not he? Yesterday he, and all the newly-engaged servants whom you had hired, served me honourably, and cheerfully assisted me to enjoy the banquet."

No more was said on the subject. Rascal remained at the head of my domestics. Bendel was my friend and confidant; he had by this time become accustomed to look upon my wealth as inexhaustible, without seeking to inquire into its source. He entered into all my schemes, and effectually assisted me in devising methods of spending my money.

Of the pale, sneaking scoundrel—the unknown—Bendel only knew thus much, that he alone had power to release me from the curse which weighed so heavily on me, and yet that I stood in awe of him on whom all my hopes rested. Besides, I felt convinced that he had the means of discovering *me* under any circumstances, while he himself remained concealed. I therefore abandoned my fruitless inquiries, and patiently awaited the appointed day.

The magnificence of my banquet, and my deportment on the occasion, had but strengthened the credulous townspeople in their previous belief.

It appeared soon after, from accounts in the newspapers, that the whole history of the King of Prussia's fictitious journey originated in mere idle report. But a king I was, and a king I must remain by all means; and one of the richest and most royal, although people were at a loss to know where my territories lay.

The world has never had reason to lament the scarcity of monarchs, particularly in these days; and the good people, who had never yet seen a king, now fancied me to be first one, and then another, with equal success; and in the meanwhile I remained as before, Count Peter.

Among the visitors at this watering-place a merchant made his appearance, one who had become a bankrupt in order to enrich himself. He enjoyed the general good opinion; for he projected a shadow of respectable size, though of somewhat faint hue.

This man wished to show off in this place by means of his wealth, and sought to rival me. My purse soon enabled me to leave the poor devil far behind. To save his credit he became bankrupt again, and fled beyond the mountains; and thus I was rid of him. Many a one in this place was reduced to beggary and ruin through my means.

In the midst of the really princely magnificence and profusion, which carried all before me, my own style of living was very simple and retired. I had made it a point to observe the strictest precaution; and, with the exception of Bendel, no one was permitted, on any pretence whatever, to enter my private apartment. As long as the sun shone I remained shut up with him; and the Count was then said to be deeply occupied in his closet. The numerous couriers, whom I kept in constant attendance about matters of no importance, were supposed to be the bearers of my despatches. I only received company in the evening under the trees of my garden, or in my saloons, after Bendel's assurance of their being carefully and brilliantly lit up.

My walks, in which the Argus-eyed Bendel was constantly on the watch for me, extended only to the garden of the forest-ranger, to enjoy the society of one who was dear to me as my own existence.

Oh, my Chamisso! I trust thou hast not forgotten what love is! I must here leave much to thine imagination. Minna was in truth an amiable and excellent maiden: her whole soul was wrapped up in me, and in her lowly thoughts of herself she could not imagine how she had deserved a single thought from me. She returned love for love with all the full and youthful fervour of an innocent heart; her love was a true woman's love, with all the devotion and total absence of selfishness which is found only in woman; she lived but in me, her whole soul being bound up in mine, regardless what her own fate might be.

Yet I, alas, during those hours of wretchedness—hours I would even now gladly recall—how often have I wept on Bendel's bosom, when after the first mad whirlwind of passion I reflected, with the keenest self-upbraidings, that I, a shadowless man, had, with cruel selfishness, practised a wicked deception, and stolen away the pure and angelic heart of the innocent Minna!

At one moment I resolved to confess all to her; then that I would fly for ever; then I broke out into a flood of bitter tears, and consulted Bendel as to the means of meeting her again in the forester's garden.

At times I flattered myself with great hopes from the near approaching visit of the unknown; then wept again, because I saw clearly on reflection that they would end in disappointment. I had made a calculation of the day fixed on by the fearful being for our interview; for he had said in a year and a day, and I depended on his word.

The parents were worthy old people, devoted to their only child; and our mutual affection was a circumstance so overwhelming that they knew not how to act. They had never dreamed for a moment that the *Count* could bestow a thought on their daughter; but such was the case—he loved and was beloved. The pride of the mother might not have led her to consider such an alliance quite impossible, but so extravagant an idea had never entered the contemplation of the sounder judgment of the old man. Both were satisfied of the sincerity of my love, and could but put up prayers to Heaven for the happiness of their child.

A letter which I received from Minna about that time has just fallen into my hands. Yes, these are the characters traced by her own hand. I will transcribe the letter:—

"I am indeed a weak, foolish girl to fancy that the friend I so tenderly love could give an instant's pain to his poor Minna! Oh no! thou art so good, so inexpressibly good! But do not misunderstand me. I will

accept no sacrifice at thy hands—none whatever. Oh heavens! I should hate myself! No; thou hast made me happy, thou hast taught me to love thee.

"Go, then—let me not forget my destiny—Count Peter belongs not to me, but to the whole world; and oh! what pride for thy Minna to hear thy deeds proclaimed, and blessings invoked on thy idolised head! Ah! when I think of this, I could chide thee that thou shouldst for one instant forget thy high destiny for the sake of a simple maiden! Go, then; otherwise the reflection will pierce me. How blest I have been rendered by thy love! Perhaps, also, I have planted some flowers in the path of thy life, as I twined them in the wreath which I presented to thee.

"Go, then—fear not to leave me—you are too deeply seated in my heart—I shall die inexpressibly happy in thy love."

Conceive how these words pierced my soul, Chamisso!

I declared to her that I was not what I seemed—that, although a rich, I was an unspeakably miserable man—that a curse was on me, which must remain a secret, although the only one between us—yet that I was not without a hope of its being removed—that this poisoned every hour of my life—that I should plunge her with me into the abyss—she, the light and joy, the very soul of my existence. Then she wept because I was unhappy. Oh! Minna was all love and tenderness. To save me one tear she would gladly have sacrificed her life.

Yet she was far from comprehending the full meaning of my words. She still looked upon me as some proscribed prince or illustrious exile; and her vivid imagination had invested her lover with every lofty attribute.

One day I said to her, "Minna, the last day in next month will decide my fate, and perhaps change it for the better; if not, I would sooner die than render you miserable."

She laid her head on my shoulder to conceal her tears. "Should thy fate be changed," she said, "I only wish to know that thou art happy; if thy condition is an unhappy one, I will share it with thee, and assist thee to support it."

"Minna, Minna!" I exclaimed, "recall those rash words—those mad words which have escaped thy lips! Didst thou know the misery and curse—didst thou know who—what—thy lover—Seest thou not, my Minna, this convulsive shuddering which thrills my whole frame, and that there is a secret in my breast which you cannot penetrate?" She sank sobbing at my feet, and renewed her vows and entreaties.

Her father now entered, and I declared to him my intention to solicit the hand of his daughter on the first day of the month after the ensuing one. I fixed that time, I told him, because circumstances might probably occur in the interval materially to influence my future destiny; but my love for his daughter was unchangeable.

The good old man started at hearing such words from the mouth of Count Peter. He fell upon my neck, and rose again in the utmost confusion for having forgotten himself. Then he began to doubt, to ponder, and to scrutinise; and spoke of dowry, security, and future provision for his beloved child. I thanked him for having reminded me of all this, and told him it was my wish to remain in a country where I seemed to be beloved, and to lead a life free from anxiety. I then commissioned him to purchase the finest estate in the neighbourhood in the name of his daughter—for a father was the best person to act for his daughter in such a case—and to refer for payment to me. This occasioned him a good deal of trouble, as a stranger had everywhere anticipated him; but at last he made a purchase for about £150,000.

I confess this was but an innocent artifice to get rid of him, as I had frequently done before; for it must be confessed that he was somewhat tedious. The good mother was rather deaf, and not jealous, like her husband, of the honour of conversing with the Count.

The happy party pressed me to remain with them longer this evening. I dared not—I had not a moment to lose. I saw the rising moon streaking the horizon—my hour was come.

Next evening I went again to the forester's garden. I had wrapped myself closely up in my cloak, slouched my hat over my eyes, and advanced towards Minna. As she raised her head and looked at me, she started involuntarily. The apparition of that dreadful night in which I had been seen without a shadow was now standing distinctly before me —it was she herself. Had she recognised me? She was silent and thoughtful. I felt an oppressive load at my heart. I rose from my seat. She laid her head on my shoulder, still silent and in tears. I went away.

I now found her frequently weeping. I became more and more melancholy. Her parents were beyond expression happy. The eventful day approached, threatening and heavy, like a thundercloud. The evening preceding arrived. I could scarcely breathe. I had carefully filled a large chest with gold, and sat down to await the appointed time—the twelfth hour—it struck.

Now I remained with my eyes fixed on the hand of the clock, counting the seconds—the minutes—which struck me to the heart like daggers. I started at every sound—at last daylight appeared. The leaden hours passed on—morning—evening—night came. Hope was fast fading away as the hand advanced. It struck eleven—no one appeared—the last minutes—the first and last stroke of the twelfth hour died away. I sank back in my bed in an agony of weeping. In the morning I should, shadowless as I was, claim the hand of my beloved Minna. A heavy sleep towards daylight closed my eyes.

CHAPTER III.

It was yet early, when I was suddenly awoke by voices in hot dispute in my antechamber. I listened. Bendel was forbidding Rascal to enter my room, who swore he would receive no orders from his equals, and insisted on forcing his way. The faithful Bendel reminded him that if

such words reached his master's ears, he would turn him out of an excellent place. Rascal threatened to strike him if he persisted in refusing his entrance.

By this time, having half dressed myself, I angrily threw open the door, and addressing myself to Rascal, inquired what he meant by such disgraceful conduct. He drew back a couple of steps, and coolly answered, "Count Peter, may I beg most respectfully that you will favour me with a sight of your shadow? The sun is now shining brightly in the court below."

I stood as if struck by a thunderbolt, and for some time was unable to speak. At last, I asked him how a servant could dare to behave so towards his master. He interrupted me by saying, quite coolly, "A servant may be a very honourable man, and unwilling to serve a shadowless master—I request my dismissal."

I felt that I must adopt a softer tone, and replied, "But, Rascal, my good fellow, who can have put such strange ideas into your head? How can you imagine—"

He again interrupted me in the same tone—"People say you have no shadow. In short, let me see your shadow, or give me my dismissal."

Bendel, pale and trembling, but more collected than myself, made a sign to me. I had recourse to the all-powerful influence of gold. But even gold had lost its power—Rascal threw it at my feet: "From a shadowless man," he said, "I will take nothing."

Turning his back upon me, and putting on his hat, he then slowly left the room, whistling a tune. I stood, with Bendel, as if petrified, gazing after him.

With a deep sigh and a heavy heart I now prepared to keep my engagement, and to appear in the forester's garden like a criminal before his judge. I entered by the shady arbour, which had received the name of Count Peter's arbour, where we had appointed to meet. The mother

advanced with a cheerful air; Minna sat fair and beautiful as the early snow of autumn reposing on the departing flowers, soon to be dissolved and lost in the cold stream.

The ranger, with a written paper in his hand, was walking up and down in an agitated manner, and struggling to suppress his feelings—his usually unmoved countenance being one moment flushed, and the next perfectly pale. He came forward as I entered, and, in a faltering voice, requested a private conversation with me. The path by which he requested me to follow him led to an open spot in the garden, where the sun was shining. I sat down. A long silence ensued, which even the good woman herself did not venture to break. The ranger, in an agitated manner, paced up and down with unequal steps. At last he stood still; and glancing over the paper he held in his hand, he said, addressing me with a penetrating look, "Count Peter, do you know one Peter Schlemihl?" I was silent.

"A man," he continued, "of excellent character and extraordinary endowments."

He paused for an answer.—"And supposing I myself were that very man?"

"You!" he exclaimed, passionately; "he has lost his shadow!"

"Oh, my suspicion is true!" cried Minna; "I have long known it—he has no shadow!" And she threw herself into her mother's arms, who, convulsively clasping her to her bosom, reproached her for having so long, to her hurt, kept such a secret. But, like the fabled Arethusa, her tears, as from a fountain, flowed more abundantly, and her sobs increased at my approach.

"And so," said the ranger fiercely, "you have not scrupled, with unparalleled shamelessness, to deceive both her and me; and you pretended to love her, forsooth—her whom you have reduced to the state in which you now see her. See how she weeps!—Oh, shocking, shocking!"

By this time I had lost all presence of mind; and I answered, confusedly, "After all, it is but a shadow, a mere shadow, which a man can do very well without; and really it is not worth the while to make all this noise about such a trifle." Feeling the groundlessness of what I was saying, I ceased, and no one condescended to reply. At last I added, "What is lost to-day may be found to-morrow."

"Be pleased, sir," continued the ranger, in great wrath—"be pleased to explain how you have lost your shadow."

Here again an excuse was ready: "A boor of a fellow," said I, "one day trod so rudely on my shadow that he tore a large hole in it. I sent it to be repaired—for gold can do wonders—and yesterday I expected it home again."

"Very well," answered the ranger. "You are a suitor for my daughter's hand, and so are others. As a father, I am bound to provide for her. I will give you three days to seek your shadow. Return to me in the course of that time with a well-fitted shadow, and you shall receive a hearty welcome; otherwise, on the fourth day—remember, on the fourth day—my daughter becomes the wife of another."

I now attempted to say one word to Minna; but, sobbing more violently, she clung still closer to her mother, who made a sign for me to withdraw. I obeyed; and now the world seemed shut out from me for ever.

Having escaped from the affectionate care of Bendel, I now wandered wildly through the neighbouring woods and meadows. Drops of anguish fell from my brow, deep groans burst from my bosom—frenzied despair raged within me.

I knew not how long this had lasted, when I felt myself seized by the sleeve on a sunny heath. I stopped, and looking up, beheld the grey-coated man, who appeared to have run himself out of breath in pursuing me. He immediately began:

“I had,” said he, “appointed this day; but your impatience anticipated it. All, however, may yet be right. Take my advice—redeem your shadow, which is at your command, and return immediately to the ranger’s garden, where you will be well received, and all the past will seem a mere joke. As for Rascal—who has betrayed you in order to pay his addresses to Minna—leave him to me; he is just a fit subject for me.”

I stood like one in a dream. “This day?” I considered again. He was right—I had made a mistake of a day. I felt in my bosom for the purse. He perceived my intention, and drew back.

“No, Count Peter; the purse is in good hands—pray keep it.” I gazed at him with looks of astonishment and inquiry. “I only beg a trifle as a token of remembrance. Be so good as to sign this memorandum.” On the parchment, which he held out to me, were these words:—“By virtue of this present, to which I have appended my signature, I hereby bequeath my soul to the holder, after its natural separation from my body.”

I gazed in mute astonishment alternately at the paper and the grey unknown. In the meantime he had dipped a new pen in a drop of blood which was issuing from a scratch in my hand just made by a thorn. He presented it to me. “Who are you?” at last I exclaimed. “What can it signify?” he answered; “do you not perceive who I am? A poor devil—a sort of scholar and philosopher, who obtains but poor thanks from his friends for his admirable arts, and whose only amusement on earth consists in his small experiments. But just sign this; to the right, exactly underneath—Peter Schlemihl.”

I shook my head, and replied, “Excuse me, sir; I cannot sign that.”

“Cannot!” he exclaimed; “and why not?”

“Because it appears to me a hazardous thing to exchange my soul for my shadow.”

“Hazardous!” he exclaimed, bursting into a loud laugh. “And, pray, may I be allowed to inquire what sort of a thing your soul is?—have you ever seen it?—and what do you mean to do with it after your death? You ought to think yourself fortunate in meeting with a customer who, during your life, in exchange for this infinitely-minute quantity, this galvanic principle, this polarised agency, or whatever other foolish name you may give it, is willing to bestow on you something substantial—in a word, your own identical shadow, by virtue of which you will obtain your beloved Minna, and arrive at the accomplishment of all your wishes; or do you prefer giving up the poor young girl to the power of that contemptible scoundrel Rascal? Nay, you shall behold her with your own eyes. Come here; I will lend you an invisible cap (he drew something out of his pocket), and we will enter the ranger’s garden unseen.”

I must confess that I felt excessively ashamed to be thus laughed at by the grey stranger. I detested him from the very bottom of my soul; and I really believe this personal antipathy, more than principle or previously-formed opinion, restrained me from purchasing my shadow, much as I stood in need of it, at such an expense. Besides, the thought was insupportable, of making this proposed visit in his society. To behold this hateful sneak, this mocking fiend, place himself between me and my beloved, between our torn and bleeding hearts, was too revolting an idea to be entertained for a moment. I considered the past as irrevocable, my own misery as inevitable; and turning to the grey man, I said, “I have exchanged my shadow for this very extraordinary purse, and I have sufficiently repented it. For Heaven’s sake, let the transaction be declared null and void!” He shook his head; and his countenance assumed an expression of the most sinister cast. I continued, “I will make no exchange whatever, even for the sake of my shadow, nor will I sign the paper. It follows, also, that the incognito visit you propose to me would afford you far more entertainment than it could possibly give me. Accept my excuses, therefore; and, since it must be so, let us part.”

“I am sorry, Mr. Schlemihl, that you thus obstinately persist in rejecting my friendly offer. Perhaps, another time, I may be more fortunate. Farewell! May we shortly meet again! But, *à propos*, allow me to show you that I do not undervalue my purchase, but preserve it carefully.”

So saying, he drew my shadow out of his pocket; and shaking it cleverly out of its folds, he stretched it out at his feet in the sun—so that he stood between two obedient shadows, his own and mine, which was compelled to follow and comply with his every movement.

On again beholding my poor shadow after so long a separation, and seeing it degraded to so vile a bondage at the very time that I was so unspeakably in want of it, my heart was ready to burst, and I wept bitterly. The detested wretch stood exulting over his prey, and unblushingly renewed his proposal. “One stroke of your pen, and the unhappy Minna is rescued from the clutches of the villain Rascal, and transferred to the arms of the high-born Count Peter—merely a stroke of your pen!”

My tears broke out with renewed violence; but I turned away from him, and made a sign for him to be gone.

Bendel, whose deep solicitude had induced him to come in search of me, arrived at this very moment. The good and faithful creature, on seeing me weeping, and that a shadow (evidently mine) was in the power of the mysterious unknown, determined to rescue it by force, should that be necessary; and disdaining to use any finesse, he desired him directly, and without any disputing, to restore my property. Instead of a reply, the grey man turned his back on the worthy fellow, and was making off. But Bendel raised his buck-thorn stick; and following close upon him, after repeated commands, but in vain, to restore the shadow, he made him feel the whole force of his powerful arm. The grey man, as if accustomed to such treatment, held down his head, slouched his shoulders, and, with soft and noiseless steps, pursued his way over the heath, carrying with him my shadow, and also my faithful servant. For a

long time I heard hollow sounds ringing through the waste, until at last they died away in the distance, and I was again left to solitude and misery.

Alone on the wild heath, I disburdened my heart of an insupportable load by giving free vent to my tears. But I saw no bounds, no relief, to my surpassing wretchedness; and I drank in the fresh poison which the mysterious stranger had poured into my wounds with a furious avidity. As I retraced in my mind the loved image of my Minna, and depicted her sweet countenance all pale and in tears, such as I had beheld her in my late disgrace, the bold and sarcastic visage of Rascal would ever and anon thrust itself between us. I hid my face, and fled rapidly over the plains; but the horrible vision unrelentingly pursued me, till at last I sank breathless on the ground, and bedewed it with a fresh torrent of tears—and all this for a shadow!—a shadow which one stroke of the pen would repurchase. I pondered on the singular proposal, and on my hesitation to comply with it. My mind was confused—I had lost the power of judging or comprehending. The day was waning apace. I satisfied the cravings of hunger with a few wild fruits, and quenched my thirst at a neighbouring stream. Night came on; I threw myself down under a tree, and was awoke by the damp morning air from an uneasy sleep, in which I had fancied myself struggling in the agonies of death. Bendel had certainly lost all trace of me, and I was glad of it. I did not wish to return among my fellow-creatures—I shunned them as the hunted deer flies before its pursuers. Thus I passed three melancholy days.

I found myself on the morning of the fourth on a sandy plain, basking in the rays of the sun, and sitting on a fragment of rock; for it was sweet to enjoy the genial warmth of which I had so long been deprived. Despair still preyed on my heart. Suddenly a slight sound startled me; I looked round, prepared to fly, but saw no one. On the sunlit sand before me flitted the shadow of a man not unlike my own; and wandering about alone, it seemed to have lost its master. This sight powerfully excited

me. “Shadow!” thought I, “art thou in search of thy master? in me thou shalt find him.” And I sprang forward to seize it, fancying that could I succeed in treading so exactly in its traces as to step in its footmarks, it would attach itself to me, and in time become accustomed to me, and follow all my movements.

The shadow, as I moved, took to flight, and I commenced a hot chase after the airy fugitive, solely excited by the hope of being delivered from my present dreadful situation; the bare idea inspired me with fresh strength and vigour.

The shadow now fled towards a distant wood, among whose shades I must necessarily have lost it. Seeing this, my heart beat wild with fright, my ardour increased and lent wings to my speed. I was evidently gaining on the shadow—I came nearer and nearer—I was within reach of it, when it suddenly stopped and turned towards me. Like a lion darting on its prey, I made a powerful spring and fell unexpectedly upon a hard substance. Then followed, from an invisible hand, the most terrible blows in the ribs that anyone ever received. The effect of my terror made me endeavour convulsively to strike and grasp at the unseen object before me. The rapidity of my motions brought me to the ground, where I lay stretched out with a man under me, whom I held tight, and who now became visible.

The whole affair was now explained. The man had undoubtedly possessed the bird’s nest which communicates its charm of invisibility to its possessor, though not equally so to his shadow; and this nest he had now thrown away. I looked all round, and soon discovered the shadow of this invisible nest. I sprang towards it, and was fortunate enough to seize the precious booty, and immediately became invisible and shadowless.

The moment the man regained his feet he looked all round over the wide sunny plain to discover his fortunate vanquisher, but could see neither him nor his shadow, the latter seeming particularly to be the object of his search: for previous to our encounter he had not had leisure to

observe that I was shadowless, and he could not be aware of it. Becoming convinced that all traces of me were lost, he began to tear his hair, and give himself up to all the frenzy of despair. In the meantime, this newly acquired treasure communicated to me both the ability and the desire to mix again among mankind.

I was at a loss for a pretext to vindicate this unjust robbery—or, rather, so deadened had I become, I felt no need of a pretext; and in order to dissipate every idea of the kind, I hastened on, regardless of the unhappy man, whose fearful lamentations long resounded in my ears. Such, at the time, were my impressions of all the circumstances of this affair.

I now ardently desired to return to the ranger's garden, in order to ascertain in person the truth of the information communicated by the odious unknown; but I knew not where I was, until, ascending an eminence to take a survey of the surrounding country, I perceived, from its summit, the little town and the gardens almost at my feet. My heart beat violently, and tears of a nature very different from those I had lately shed filled my eyes. I should, then, once more behold her!

Anxiety now hastened my steps. Unseen I met some peasants coming from the town; they were talking of me, of Rascal, and of the ranger. I would not stay to listen to their conversation, but proceeded on. My bosom thrilled with expectation as I entered the garden. At this moment I heard something like a hollow laugh which caused me involuntarily to shudder. I cast a rapid glance around, but could see no one. I passed on; presently I fancied I heard the sound of footsteps close to me, but no one was within sight. My ears must have deceived me.

It was early; no one was in Count Peter's bower—the gardens were deserted. I traversed all the well-known paths, and penetrated even to the dwelling-house itself. The same rustling sound became now more and more audible. With anguished feelings I sat down on a seat placed in the sunny space before the door, and actually felt some invisible fiend take a place by me, and heard him utter a sarcastic laugh. The key was turned in the door, which was opened. The forest-master appeared with

a paper in his hand. Suddenly my head was, as it were, enveloped in a mist. I looked up, and, oh horror! the grey-coated man was at my side, peering in my face with a satanic grin. He had extended the mist-cap he wore over my head. His shadow and my own were lying together at his feet in perfect amity. He kept twirling in his hand the well-known parchment with an air of indifference; and while the ranger, absorbed in thought, and intent upon his paper, paced up and down the arbour, my tormentor confidentially leaned towards me, and whispered, "So, Mr. Schlemihl, you have at length accepted my invitation; and here we sit, two heads under one hood, as the saying is. Well, well, all in good time. But now you can return me my bird's nest—you have no further occasion for it; and I am sure you are too honourable a man to withhold it from me. No need of thanks, I assure you; I had infinite pleasure in lending it to you." He took it out of my unresisting hand, put it into his pocket, and then broke into so loud a laugh at my expense, that the forest-master turned round, startled at the sound. I was petrified. "You must acknowledge," he continued, "that in our position a hood is much more convenient. It serves to conceal not only a man, but his shadow, or as many shadows as he chooses to carry. I, for instance, to-day bring two, you perceive." He laughed again. "Take notice, Schlemihl, that what a man refuses to do with a good grace in the first instance, he is always in the end compelled to do. I am still of opinion that you ought to redeem your shadow and claim your bride (for it is yet time); and as to Rascal, he shall dangle at a rope's end—no difficult matter, so long as we can find a bit. As a mark of friendship I will give you my cap into the bargain."

The mother now came out, and the following conversation took place: "What is Minna doing?" "She is weeping." "Silly child! what good can that do?" "None, certainly; but it is so soon to bestow her hand on another. O husband, you are too harsh to your poor child." "No, wife; you view things in a wrong light. When she finds herself the wife of a wealthy and honourable man, her tears will soon cease; she will waken out of a dream, as it were, happy and grateful to Heaven and to her

parents, as you will see." "Heaven grant it may be so!" replied the wife. "She has, indeed, now considerable property; but after the noise occasioned by her unlucky affair with that adventurer, do you imagine that she is likely soon to meet with so advantageous a match as Mr. Rascal? Do you know the extent of Mr. Rascal's influence and wealth? Why, he has purchased with ready money, in this country, six millions of landed property, free from all encumbrances. I have had all the documents in my hands. It was he who outbid me everywhere when I was about to make a desirable purchase; and, besides, he has bills on Mr. Thomas John's house to the amount of three millions and a half." "He must have been a prodigious thief!" "How foolishly you talk! he wisely saved where others squandered their property." "A mere livery-servant!" "Nonsense! he has at all events an unexceptionable shadow." "True, but . . . "

While this conversation was passing, the grey-coated man looked at me with a satirical smile.

The door opened, and Minna entered, leaning on the arm of her female attendant, silent tears flowing down her fair but pallid face. She seated herself in the chair which had been placed for her under the lime-trees, and her father took a stool by her side. He gently raised her hand; and as her tears flowed afresh, he addressed her in the most affectionate manner:—

"My own dear, good child—my Minna—will act reasonably, and not afflict her poor old father, who only wishes to make her happy. My dearest child, this blow has shaken you—dreadfully, I know it; but you have been saved, as by a miracle, from a miserable fate, my Minna. You loved the unworthy villain most tenderly before his treachery was discovered: I feel all this, Minna; and far be it from me to reproach you for it—in fact, I myself loved him so long as I considered him to be a person of rank: you now see yourself how differently it has turned out. Every dog has a shadow; and the idea of my child having been on the eve of uniting herself to a man who . . . but I am sure you will think no more

of him. A suitor has just appeared for you in the person of a man who does not fear the sun—an honourable man—no prince indeed, but a man worth ten millions of golden ducats sterling—a sum nearly ten times larger than your fortune consists of—a man, too, who will make my dear child happy—nay, do not oppose me—be my own good, dutiful child—allow your loving father to provide for you, and to dry up these tears. Promise to bestow your hand on Mr. Rascal. Speak my child: will you not?"

Minna could scarcely summon strength to reply that she had now no longer any hopes or desires on earth, and that she was entirely at her father's disposal. Rascal was therefore immediately sent for, and entered the room with his usual forwardness; but Minima in the meantime had swooned away.

My detested companion looked at me indignantly, and whispered, "Can you endure this? Have you no blood in your veins?" He instantly pricked my finger, which bled. "Yes, positively," he exclaimed, "you have some blood left!—come, sign." The parchment and pen were in my hand!

CHAPTER IV.

I SUBMIT myself to thy judgment, my dear Chamisso; I do not seek to bias it. I have long been a rigid censor of myself, and nourished at my heart the worm of remorse. This critical moment of my life is ever present to my soul, and I dare only cast a hesitating glance at it, with a deep sense of humiliation and grief. Ah, my dear friend, he who once permits himself thoughtlessly to deviate but one step from the right road, will imperceptibly find himself involved in various intricate paths, all leading him farther and farther astray. In vain he beholds the guiding-stars of Heaven shining before him. No choice is left him—he must descend the precipice, and offer himself up a sacrifice to his fate. After the false step which I had rashly made, and which entailed a curse upon me, I had, in the wantonness of passion, entangled one in my fate

who had staked all her happiness upon me. What was left for me to do in a case where I had brought another into misery, but to make a desperate leap in the dark to save her?—the last, the only means of rescue presented itself. Think not so meanly of me, Chamisso, as to imagine that I would have shrunk from any sacrifice on my part. In such a case it would have been but a poor ransom. No, Chamisso; but my whole soul was filled with unconquerable hatred to the cringing knave and his crooked ways. I might be doing him injustice; but I shuddered at the bare idea of entering into any fresh compact with him. But here a circumstance took place which entirely changed the face of things . . .

I know not whether to ascribe it to excitement of mind, exhaustion of physical strength (for during the last few days I had scarcely tasted anything), or the antipathy I felt to the society of my fiendish companion; but just as I was about to sign the fatal paper, I fell into a deep swoon, and remained for a long time as if dead. The first sounds which greeted my ear on recovering my consciousness were those of cursing and imprecation; I opened my eyes—it was dusk; my hateful companion was overwhelming me with reproaches. "Is not this behaving like an old woman? Come, rise up, and finish quickly what you were going to do; or perhaps you have changed your determination, and prefer to lie groaning there?"

I raised myself with difficulty from the ground and gazed around me without speaking a word. It was late in the evening, and I heard strains of festive music proceeding from the ranger's brilliantly illuminated house; groups of company were lounging about the gardens; two persons approached, and seating themselves on the bench I had lately occupied, began to converse on the subject of the marriage which had taken place that morning between the wealthy Mr. Rascal and Minima. All was then over.

I tore off the cap which rendered me invisible; and my companion having disappeared, I plunged in silence into the thickest gloom of the grove, rapidly passed Count Peter's bower towards the entrance-gate;

but my tormentor still haunted me, and loaded me with reproaches. "And is this all the gratitude I am to expect from you, Mr. Schlemihl—you, whom I have been watching all the weary day, until you should recover from your nervous attack? What a fool's part I have been enacting! It is of no use flying from me, Mr. Perverse—we are inseparable—you have my gold, I have your shadow; this exchange deprives us both of peace. Did you ever hear of a man's shadow leaving him?—yours follows me until you receive it again into favour, and thus free me from it. Disgust and weariness sooner or later will compel you to do what you should have done gladly at first. In vain you strive with fate!"

He continued unceasingly in the same tone, uttering constant sarcasms about the gold and the shadow, till I was completely bewildered. To fly from him was impossible. I had pursued my way through the empty streets towards my own house, which I could scarcely recognise—the windows were broken to pieces, no light was visible, the doors were shut, and the bustle of domestics had ceased. My companion burst into a loud laugh. "Yes, yes," said he, "you see the state of things: however, you will find your friend Bendel at home; he was sent back the other day so fatigued, that I assure you he has never left the house since. He will have a fine story to tell! So I wish you a very good night—may we shortly meet again!"

I had repeatedly rung the bell: at last a light appeared; and Bendel inquired from within who was there. The poor fellow could scarcely contain himself at the sound of my voice. The door flew open, and we were locked in each other's arms. I found him sadly changed; he was looking ill and feeble. I, too, was altered; my hair had become quite grey. He conducted me through the desolate apartments to an inner room, which had escaped the general wreck. After partaking of some refreshment, we seated ourselves; and, with fresh lamentations, he began to tell me that the grey withered old man whom he had met with my shadow had insensibly led him such a zig-zag race, that he had lost all traces of me, and at last sank down exhausted with fatigue; that,

unable to find me, he had returned home, when, shortly after the mob, at Rascal's instigation, assembled violently before the house, broke the windows, and by all sorts of excesses completely satiated their fury. Thus had they treated their benefactor. My servants had fled in all directions. The police had banished me from the town as a suspicious character, and granted me an interval of twenty-four hours to leave the territory. Bendel added many particulars as to the information I had already obtained respecting Rascal's wealth and marriage. This villain, it seems—who was the author of all the measures taken against me—became possessed of my secret nearly from the beginning, and, tempted by the love of money, had supplied himself with a key to my chest, and from that time had been laying the foundation of his present wealth. Bendel related all this with many tears, and wept for joy that I was once more safely restored to him, after all his fears and anxieties for me. In me, however, such a state of things only awoke despair.

My dreadful fate now stared me in the face in all its gigantic and unchangeable horror. The source of tears was exhausted within me; no groans escaped my breast; but with cool indifference I bared my unprotected head to the blast. "Bendel," said I, "you know my fate; this heavy visitation is a punishment for my early sins: but as for thee, my innocent friend, I can no longer permit thee to share my destiny. I will depart this very night—saddle me a horse—I will set out alone. Remain here, Bendel—I insist upon it: there must be some chests of gold still left in the house—take them, they are thine. I shall be a restless and solitary wanderer on the face of the earth; but should better days arise, and fortune once more smile propitiously on me, then I will not forget thy steady fidelity; for in hours of deep distress thy faithful bosom has been the depository of my sorrows." With a bursting heart, the worthy Bendel prepared to obey this last command of his master; for I was deaf to all his arguments and blind to his tears. My horse was brought—I pressed my weeping friend to my bosom—threw myself into the saddle, and,

under the friendly shades of night, quitted this sepulchre of my existence, indifferent which road my horse should take; for now on this side the grave I had neither wishes, hopes, nor fears.

After a short time I was joined by a traveller on foot, who, after walking for a while by the side of my horse, observed that as we both seemed to be travelling the same road, he should beg my permission to lay his cloak on the horse's back behind me, to which I silently assented. He thanked me with easy politeness for this trifling favour, praised my horse, and then took occasion to extol the happiness and the power of the rich, and fell, I scarcely know how, into a sort of conversation with himself, in which I merely acted the part of listener. He unfolded his views of human life and of the world, and, touching on metaphysics, demanded an answer from that cloudy science to the question of questions—the answer that should solve all mysteries. He deduced one problem from another in a very lucid manner, and then proceeded to their solution.

You may remember, my dear friend, that after having run through the school-philosophy, I became sensible of my unfitness for metaphysical speculations, and therefore totally abstained from engaging in them. Since then I have acquiesced in some things, and abandoned all hope of comprehending others; trusting, as you advised me, to my own plain sense and the voice of conscience to direct and, if possible, maintain me in the right path.

Now this skilful rhetorician seemed to me to expend great skill in rearing a firmly-constructed edifice, towering aloft on its own self-supported basis, but resting on, and upheld by, some internal principle of necessity. I regretted in it the total absence of what I desired to find; and thus it seemed a mere work of art, serving only by its elegance and exquisite finish to captivate the eye. Nevertheless, I listened with pleasure to this eloquently gifted man, who diverted my attention from my own sorrows to the speaker; and he would have secured my entire acquiescence if he had appealed to my heart as well as to my judgment.

In the meantime the hours had passed away, and morning had already dawned imperceptibly in the horizon; looking up, I shuddered as I beheld in the east all those splendid hues that announce the rising sun. At this hour, when all natural shadows are seen in their full proportions, not a fence or a shelter of any kind could I descry in this open country, and I was not alone! I cast a glance at my companion, and shuddered again—it was the man in the grey coat himself! He laughed at my surprise, and said, without giving me time to speak: "You see, according to the fashion of this world, mutual convenience binds us together for a time: there is plenty of time to think of parting. The road here along the mountain, which perhaps has escaped your notice, is the only one that you can prudently take; into the valley you dare not descend—the path over the mountain would but reconduct you to the town which you have left—my road, too, lies this way. I perceive you change colour at the rising sun—I have no objections to let you have the loan of your shadow during our journey, and in return you may not be indisposed to tolerate my society. You have now no Bendel; but I will act for him. I regret that you are not over-fond of me; but that need not prevent you from accepting my poor services. The devil is not so black as he is painted. Yesterday you provoked me, I own; but now that is all forgotten, and you must confess I have this day succeeded in beguiling the wearisomeness of your journey. Come, take your shadow, and make trial of it."

The sun had risen, and we were meeting with passengers; so I reluctantly consented. With a smile, he immediately let my shadow glide down to the ground; and I beheld it take its place by that of my horse, and gaily trot along with me. My feelings were anything but pleasant. I rode through groups of country people, who respectfully made way for the well-mounted stranger. Thus I proceeded, occasionally stealing a sidelong glance with a beating heart from my horse at the shadow once my own, but now, alas, accepted as a loan from a stranger, or rather a fiend. He moved on carelessly at my side, whistling a song. He being on foot, and I on horseback, the temptation to hazard a silly project occurred to me; so, suddenly turning my bridle, I set spurs to my horse,

and at full gallop struck into a by-path; but my shadow, on the sudden movement of my horse, glided away, and stood on the road quietly awaiting the approach of its legal owner. I was obliged to return abashed towards the grey man; but he very coolly finished his song, and with a laugh set my shadow to rights again, reminding me that it was at my option to have it irrevocably fixed to me, by purchasing it on just and equitable terms. "I hold you," said he, "by the shadow; and you seek in vain to get rid of me. A rich man like you requires a shadow, unquestionably; and you are to blame for not having seen this sooner."

I now continued my journey on the same road; every convenience and even luxury of life was mine; I moved about in peace and freedom, for I possessed a shadow, though a borrowed one; and all the respect due to wealth was paid to me. But a deadly disease preyed on my heart. My extraordinary companion, who gave himself out to be the humble attendant of the richest individual in the world, was remarkable for his dexterity; in short, his singular address and promptitude admirably fitted him to be the very *beau ideal* of a rich man's lacquey. But he never stirred from my side, and tormented me with constant assurances that a day would most certainly come when, if it were only to get rid of him, I should gladly comply with his terms, and redeem my shadow. Thus he became as irksome as he was hateful to me. I really stood in awe of him —I had placed myself in his power. Since he had effected my return to the pleasures of the world, which I had resolved to shun, he had the perfect mastery of me. His eloquence was irresistible, and at times I almost thought he was in the right. A shadow is indeed necessary to a man of fortune; and if I chose to maintain the position in which he had placed me, there was only one means of doing so. But on one point I was immovable: since I had sacrificed my love for Minna, and thereby blighted the happiness of my whole life, I would not now, for all the shadows in the universe be induced to sign away my soul to this being—I knew not how it might end.

One day we were sitting by the entrance of a cavern, much visited by strangers, who ascended the mountain: the rushing noise of a subterranean torrent resounded from the fathomless abyss, the depths of which exceeded all calculation. He was, according to his favourite custom, employing all the powers of his lavish fancy, and all the charm of the most brilliant colouring, to depict to me what I might effect in the world by virtue of my purse, when once I had recovered my shadow. With my elbows resting on my knees, I kept my face concealed in my hands, and listened to the false fiend, my heart torn between the temptation and my determined opposition to it. Such indecision I could no longer endure, and resolved on one decisive effort.

"You seem to forget," said I, "that I tolerate your presence only on certain conditions, and that I am to retain perfect freedom of action."

"You have but to command, I depart," was all his reply.

The threat was familiar to me; I was silent. He then began to fold up my shadow. I turned pale, but allowed him to continue. A long silence ensued, which he was the first to break.

"You cannot endure me, Mr. Schlemihl—you hate me—I am aware of it—but why?—is it, perhaps, because you attacked me on the open plain, in order to rob me of my invisible bird's nest? or is it because you thievishly endeavoured to seduce away the shadow with which I had entrusted you—my own property—confiding implicitly in your honour! I, for my part, have no dislike to you. It is perfectly natural that you should avail yourself of every means, presented either by cunning or force, to promote your own interests. That your principles also should be of the strictest sort, and your intentions of the most honourable description,—these are fancies with which I have nothing to do; I do not pretend to such strictness myself. Each of us is free, I to act, and you to think, as seems best. Did I ever seize you by the throat, to tear out of your body that valuable soul I so ardently wish to possess? Did I ever set my servant to attack you, to get back my purse, or attempt to run off with it from you?"

I had not a word to reply.

“Well, well,” he exclaimed, “you detest me, and I know it; but I bear you no malice on that account. We must part—that is clear; also I must say that you begin to be very tiresome to me. Once more let me advise you to free yourself entirely from my troublesome presence by the purchase of your shadow.”

I held out the purse to him.

“No, Mr. Schlemihl; not at that price.”

With a deep sigh, I said, “Be it so, then; let us part, I entreat; cross my path no more. There is surely room enough in the world for us both.”

Laughing, he replied, “I go; but just allow me to inform you how you may at any time recall me whenever you have a mind to see your most humble servant: you have only to shake your purse, the sound of the gold will bring me to you in an instant. In this world every one consults his own advantage; but you see I have thought of yours, and clearly confer upon you a new power. Oh this purse! it would still prove a powerful bond between us, had the moth begun to devour your shadow. —But enough: you hold me by my gold, and may command your servant at any distance. You know that I can be very serviceable to my friends; and that the rich are my peculiar care—this you have observed. As to your shadow, allow me to say, you can only redeem it on one condition.”

Recollections of former days came over me; and I hastily asked him if he had obtained Mr. Thomas John’s signature.

He smiled, and said, “It was by no means necessary from so excellent a friend.”

“Where is he? for God’s sake tell me: I insist upon knowing.”

With some hesitation, he put his hand into his pocket; and drew out the altered and pallid form of Mr. John by the hair of his head, whose livid lips uttered the awful words, “*Justo judicio Dei judicatus sum*; *justo*

judicio Dei condemnatus sum"—"I am judged and condemned by the just judgment of God." I was horror-struck; and instantly throwing the jingling purse into the abyss, I exclaimed, "Wretch! in the name of Heaven, I conjure you to be gone!—away from my sight!—never appear before me again!" With a dark expression on his countenance, he arose, and immediately vanished behind the huge rocks which surrounded the place.

CHAPTER V.

I WAS now left equally without gold and without shadow; but a heavy load was taken from my breast, and I felt cheerful. Had not my Minna been irrecoverably lost to me, or even had I been perfectly free from self-reproach on her account, I felt that happiness might yet have been mine. At present I was lost in doubt as to my future course. I examined my pockets, and found I had a few gold pieces still left, which I counted with feelings of great satisfaction. I had left my horse at the inn, and was ashamed to return, or at all events I must wait till the sun had set, which at present was high in the heavens. I laid myself down under a shady tree and fell into a peaceful sleep.

Lovely forms floated in airy measures before me, and filled up my delightful dreams. Minna, with a garland of flowers entwined in her hair, was bending over me with a smile of goodwill; also the worthy Bendel was crowned with flowers, and hastened to meet me with friendly greetings. Many other forms seemed to rise up confusedly in the distance: thyself among the number, Chamisso. Perfect radiance beamed around them, but none had a shadow; and what was more surprising, there was no appearance of unhappiness on this account. Nothing was to be seen or heard but flowers and music; and love and joy, and groves of never-fading palms, seemed the natives of that happy clime.

In vain I tried to detain and comprehend the lovely but fleeting forms. I was conscious, also, of being in a dream, and was anxious that nothing should rouse me from it; and when I did awake, I kept my eyes closed, in order if possible to continue the illusion. At last I opened my eyes. The sun was now visible in the east; I must have slept the whole night: I looked upon this as a warning not to return to the inn. What I had left there I was content to lose, without much regret; and resigning myself to Providence, I decided on taking a by-road that led through the wooded declivity of the mountain. I never once cast a glance behind me; nor did it ever occur to me to return, as I might have done, to Bendel, whom I had left in affluence. I reflected on the new character I was now going to assume in the world. My present garb was very humble—consisting of an old black coat I formerly had worn at Berlin, and which by some chance was the first I put my hand on before setting out on this journey, a travelling-cap, and an old pair of boots. I cut down a knotted stick in memory of the spot, and commenced my pilgrimage.

In the forest I met an aged peasant, who gave me a friendly greeting, and with whom I entered into conversation, requesting, as a traveller desirous of information, some particulars relative to the road, the country, and its inhabitants, the productions of the mountain, &c. He replied to my various inquiries with readiness and intelligence. At last we reached the bed of a mountain-torrent, which had laid waste a considerable tract of the forest; I inwardly shuddered at the idea of the open sunshine. I suffered the peasant to go before me. In the middle of the very place which I dreaded so much, he suddenly stopped, and turned back to give me an account of this inundation; but instantly perceiving that I had no shadow, he broke off abruptly, and exclaimed, "How is this?—you have no shadow!"

"Alas, alas!" said I, "in a long and serious illness I had the misfortune to lose my hair, my nails, and my shadow. Look, good father; although my hair has grown again, it is quite white; and at my age, my nails are still very short; and my poor shadow seems to have left me, never to return."

“Ah!” said the old man, shaking his head; “no shadow! that was indeed a terrible illness, sir.”

But he did not resume his narrative; and at the very first cross-road we came to, left me without uttering a syllable. Fresh tears flowed from my eyes, and my cheerfulness had fled. With a heavy heart I travelled on, avoiding all society. I plunged into the deepest shades of the forest; and often, to avoid a sunny tract of country, I waited for hours till every human being had left it, and I could pass it unobserved. In the evenings I took shelter in the villages. I bent my steps to a mine in the mountains, where I hoped to meet with work underground; for besides that my present situation compelled me to provide for my own support, I felt that incessant and laborious occupation alone could divert my mind from dwelling on painful subjects. A few rainy days assisted me materially on my journey; but it was to the no small detriment of my boots, the soles of which were better suited to Count Peter than to the poor foot-traveller. I was soon barefoot, and a new purchase must be made. The following morning I commenced an earnest search in a marketplace, where a fair was being held; and I saw in one of the booths new and second-hand boots set out for sale. I was a long time selecting and bargaining; I wished much to have a new pair, but was frightened at the extravagant price; and so was obliged to content myself with a second-hand pair, still pretty good and strong, which the beautiful fair-haired youth who kept the booth handed over to me with a cheerful smile, wishing me a prosperous journey. I went on, and left the place immediately by the northern gate.

I was so lost in my own thoughts, that I walked along scarcely knowing how or where. I was calculating the chances of my reaching the mine by the evening, and considering how I should introduce myself. I had not gone two hundred steps, when I perceived I was not in the right road. I looked round, and found myself in a wild-looking forest of ancient firs, where apparently the stroke of the axe had never been heard. A few steps more brought me amid huge rocks covered with moss and saxifragous plants, between which whole fields of snow and ice were

extended. The air was intensely cold. I looked round, and the forest had disappeared behind me; a few steps more, and there was the stillness of death itself. The icy plain on which I stood stretched to an immeasurable distance, and a thick cloud rested upon it; the sun was of a red blood-colour at the verge of the horizon; the cold was insupportable. I could not imagine what had happened to me. The benumbing frost made me quicken my pace. I heard a distant sound of waters; and, at one step more, I stood on the icy shore of some ocean. Innumerable droves of sea-dogs rushed past me and plunged into the waves. I continued my way along this coast, and again met with rocks, plains, birch and fir forests, and yet only a few minutes had elapsed. It was now intensely hot. I looked around, and suddenly found myself between some fertile rice-fields and mulberry-trees; I sat down under their shade, and found by my watch that it was just one quarter of an hour since I had left the village market. I fancied it was a dream; but no, I was indeed awake, as I felt by the experiment I made of biting my tongue. I closed my eyes in order to collect my scattered thoughts. Presently I heard unintelligible words uttered in a nasal tone; and I beheld two Chinese, whose Asiatic physiognomies were not to be mistaken, even had their costume not betrayed their origin. They were addressing me in the language and with the salutations of their country. I rose, and drew back a couple of steps. They had disappeared; the landscape was entirely changed; the rice-fields had given place to trees and woods. I examined some of the trees and plants around me, and ascertained such of them as I was acquainted with to be productions of the southern part of Asia. I made one step towards a particular tree, and again all was changed. I now moved on like a recruit at drill, taking slow and measured steps, gazing with astonished eyes at the wonderful variety of regions, plains, meadows, mountains, steppes, and sandy deserts, which passed in succession before me. I had now no doubt that I had seven-leagued boots on my feet.

I fell on my knees in silent gratitude, shedding tears of thankfulness; for I now saw clearly what was to be my future condition. Shut out by early sins from all human society, I was offered amends for the privation by Nature herself, which I had ever loved. The earth was granted me as a rich garden; and the knowledge of her operations was to be the study and object of my life. This was not a mere resolution. I have since endeavoured, with anxious and unabated industry, faithfully to imitate the finished and brilliant model then presented to me; and my vanity has received a check when led to compare the picture with the original. I rose immediately, and took a hasty survey of this new field, where I hoped afterwards to reap a rich harvest.

I stood on the heights of Thibet; and the sun I had lately beheld in the east was now sinking in the west. I traversed Asia from east to west, and thence passed into Africa, which I curiously examined at repeated visits in all directions. As I gazed on the ancient pyramids and temples of Egypt, I descried, in the sandy deserts near Thebes of the hundred gates, the caves where Christian hermits dwelt of old.

My determination was instantly taken, that here should be my future dwelling. I chose one of the most secluded, but roomy, comfortable, and inaccessible to the jackals.

I stepped over from the pillars of Hercules to Europe; and having taken a survey of its northern and southern countries, I passed by the north of Asia, on the polar glaciers, to Greenland and America, visiting both parts of this continent; and the winter, which was already at its height in the south, drove me quickly back from Cape Horn to the north. I waited till daylight had risen in the east of Asia, and then, after a short rest, continued my pilgrimage. I followed in both the Americas the vast chain of the Andes, once considered the loftiest on our globe. I stepped carefully and slowly from one summit to another, sometimes over snowy heights, sometimes over flaming volcanoes, often breathless from fatigue. At last I reached Elias's mountain, and sprang over Behring's Straits into Asia; I followed the western coast in its various windings,

carefully observing which of the neighbouring isles was accessible to me. From the peninsula of Malacca, my boots carried me to Sumatra, Java, Bali, and Lombok. I made many attempts—often with danger, and always unsuccessfully—to force my way over the numerous little islands and rocks with which this sea is studded, wishing to find a north-west passage to Borneo and other islands of the Archipelago.

At last I sat down at the extreme point of Lombok, my eyes turned towards the south-east, lamenting that I had so soon reached the limits allotted to me, and bewailing my fate as a captive in his grated cell. Thus was I shut out from that remarkable country, New Holland, and the islands of the southern ocean, so essentially necessary to a knowledge of the earth, and which would have best assisted me in the study of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. And thus, at the very outset, I beheld all my labours condemned to be limited to mere fragments.

Ah! Chamisso, what is the activity of man?

Frequently in the most rigorous winters of the southern hemisphere I have rashly thrown myself on a fragment of drifting ice between Cape Horn and Van Dieman's Land, in the hope of effecting a passage to New Holland, reckless of the cold and the vast ocean, reckless of my fate, even should this savage land prove my grave.

But all in vain—I never reached New Holland. Each time, when defeated in my attempt, I returned to Lombok; and seated at its extreme point, my eyes directed to the south-east, I gave way afresh to lamentations that my range of investigation was so limited. At last I tore myself from the spot, and, heartily grieved at my disappointment, returned to the interior of Asia. Setting out at morning dawn, I traversed it from east to west, and at night reached the cave in Thebes which I had previously selected for my dwelling-place, and had visited yesterday afternoon.

After a short repose, as soon as daylight had visited Europe, it was my first care to provide myself with the articles of which I stood most in need. First of all a drag, to act on my boots; for I had experienced the

inconvenience of these whenever I wished to shorten my steps and examine surrounding objects more fully. A pair of slippers to go over the boots served the purpose effectually; and from that time I carried two pairs about me, because I frequently cast them off from my feet in my botanical investigations, without having time to pick them up, when threatened by the approach of lions, men, or hyenas. My excellent watch, owing to the short duration of my movements, was also on these occasions an admirable chronometer. I wanted, besides, a sextant, a few philosophical instruments, and some books. To purchase these things, I made several unwilling journeys to London and Paris, choosing a time when I could be hid by the favouring clouds. As all my ill-gotten gold was exhausted, I carried over from Africa some ivory, which is there so plentiful, in payment of my purchases—taking care, however, to pick out the smallest teeth, in order not to over-burden myself. I had thus soon provided myself with all that I wanted, and now entered on a new mode of life as a student—wandering over the globe—measuring the height of the mountains, and the temperature of the air and of the springs—observing the manners and habits of animals—investigating plants and flowers. From the equator to the pole, and from the new world to the old, I was constantly engaged in repeating and comparing my experiments.

My usual food consisted of the eggs of the African ostrich or northern sea-birds, with a few fruits, especially those of the palm and the banana of the tropics. The tobacco-plant consoled me when I was depressed; and the affection of my spaniel was a compensation for the loss of human sympathy and society. When I returned from my excursions, loaded with fresh treasures, to my cave in Thebes, which he guarded during my absence, he ever sprang joyfully forward to greet me, and made me feel that I was indeed not alone on the earth. An adventure soon occurred which brought me once more among my fellow-creatures.

One day, as I was gathering lichens and algæ on the northern coast, with the drag on my boots, a bear suddenly made his appearance, and was stealing towards me round the corner of a rock. After throwing away my slippers, I attempted to step across to an island, by means of a rock, projecting from the waves in the intermediate space, that served as a stepping-stone. I reached the rock safely with one foot, but instantly fell into the sea with the other, one of my slippers having inadvertently remained on. The cold was intense; and I escaped this imminent peril at the risk of my life. On coming ashore, I hastened to the Libyan sands to dry myself in the sun; but the heat affected my head so much, that, in a fit of illness, I staggered back to the north. In vain I sought relief by change of place—hurrying from east to west, and from west to east—now in climes of the south, now in those of the north; sometimes I rushed into daylight, sometimes into the shades of night. I know not how long this lasted. A burning fever raged in my veins; with extreme anguish I felt my senses leaving me. Suddenly, by an unlucky accident, I trod upon some one's foot, whom I had hurt, and received a blow in return which laid me senseless.

On recovering, I found myself lying comfortably in a good bed, which, with many other beds, stood in a spacious and handsome apartment. Some one was watching by me; people seemed to be walking from one bed to another; they came beside me, and spoke of me as *Number Twelve*. On the wall, at the foot of my bed—it was no dream, for I distinctly read it—on a black-marble tablet was inscribed my name, in large letters of gold:—

PETER SCHLEMIHL

Underneath were two rows of letters in smaller characters, which I was too feeble to connect together, and closed my eyes again.

I now heard something read aloud, in which I distinctly noted the words, "Peter Schlemihl," but could not collect the full meaning. I saw a man of benevolent aspect, and a very beautiful female dressed in black, standing

near my bed; their countenances were not unknown to me, but in my weak state I could not remember who they were. Some time elapsed, and I began to regain my strength. I was called *Number Twelve*, and, from my long beard, was supposed to be a Jew, but was not the less carefully nursed on that account. No one seemed to perceive that I was destitute of a shadow. My boots, I was assured, together with everything found on me when I was brought here, were in safe keeping, and would be given up to me on my restoration to health. This place was called the SCHLMEIHLIUM: the daily recitation I had heard, was an exhortation to pray for Peter Schlemihl as the founder and benefactor of this institution. The benevolent-looking man whom I had seen by my bedside was Bendel; the beautiful lady in black was Minna.

I had been enjoying the advantages of the Schlemihlium without being recognised; and I learned, further, that I was in Bendel's native town, where he had employed a part of my once unhallowed gold in founding an hospital in my name, under his superintendence, and that its unfortunate inmates daily pronounced blessings on me. Minna had become a widow: an unhappy lawsuit had deprived Rascal of his life, and Minna of the greater part of her property. Her parents were no more; and here she dwelt in widowed piety, wholly devoting herself to works of mercy.

One day, as she stood by the side of Number Twelve's bed with Bendel, he said to her, "Noble lady, why expose yourself so frequently to this unhealthy atmosphere? Has fate dealt so harshly with you as to render you desirous of death?"

"By no means, Mr. Bendel," she replied; "since I have awoke from my long dream, all has gone well with me. I now neither wish for death nor fear it, and think on the future and on the past with equal serenity. Do you not also feel an inward satisfaction in thus paying a pious tribute of gratitude and love to your old master and friend?"

“Thanks be to God, I do, noble lady,” said he. “Ah, how wonderfully has everything fallen out! How thoughtlessly have we sipped joys and sorrows from the full cup now drained to the last drop; and we might fancy the past a mere prelude to the real scene for which we now wait armed by experience. How different has been the reality! Yet let us not regret the past, but rather rejoice that we have not lived in vain. As respects our old friend also, I have a firm hope that it is now better with him than formerly.”

“I trust so, too,” answered Minna; and so saying she passed by me, and they departed.

This conversation made a deep impression on me; and I hesitated whether I should discover myself or depart unknown. At last I decided; and, asking for pen and paper, wrote as follows:—

“Matters are indeed better with your old friend than formerly. He has repented; and his repentance has led to forgiveness.”

I now attempted to rise, for I felt myself stronger. The keys of a little chest near my bed were given me; and in it I found all my effects. I put on my clothes; fastened my botanical case round me—wherein, with delight, I found my northern lichens all safe—put on my boots, and leaving my note on the table, left the gates, and was speedily far advanced on the road to Thebes.

Passing along the Syrian coast, which was the same road I had taken on last leaving home, I beheld my poor Figaro running to meet me. The faithful animal, after vainly waiting at home for his master’s return, had probably followed his traces. I stood still, and called him. He sprang towards me with leaps and barks, and a thousand demonstrations of unaffected delight. I took him in my arms—for he was unable to follow me—and carried him home.

There I found everything exactly in the order in which I had left it; and returned by degrees, as my increasing strength allowed me, to my old occupations and usual mode of life, from which I was kept back a whole

year by my fall into the Polar Ocean. And this, dear Chamisso, is the life I am still leading. My boots are not yet worn out, as I had been led to fear would be the case from that very learned work of Tieckius—*De rebus gestis Pollicilli*. Their energies remain unimpaired; and although mine are gradually failing me, I enjoy the consolation of having spent them in pursuing incessantly one object, and that not fruitlessly.

So far as my boots would carry me, I have observed and studied our globe and its conformation, its mountains and temperature, the atmosphere in its various changes, the influences of the magnetic power; in fact, I have studied all living creation—and more especially the kingdom of plants—more profoundly than any one of our race. I have arranged all the facts in proper order, to the best of my ability, in different works. The consequences deducible from these facts, and my views respecting them, I have hastily recorded in some essays and dissertations. I have settled the geography of the interior of Africa and the Arctic regions, of the interior of Asia and of its eastern coast. My *Historia stirpium plantarum utriusque orbis* is an extensive fragment of a *Flora universalis terræ* and a part of my *Systema naturæ*. Besides increasing the number of our known species by more than a third, I have also contributed somewhat to the natural system of plants and to a knowledge of their geography. I am now deeply engaged on my *Fauna*, and shall take care to have my manuscripts sent to the University of Berlin before my decease.

I have selected thee, my dear Chamisso, to be the guardian of my wonderful history, thinking that, when I have left this world, it may afford valuable instruction to the living. As for thee, Chamisso, if thou wouldst live amongst thy fellow-creatures, learn to value thy shadow more than gold; if thou wouldst only live to thyself and thy nobler part—in this thou needest no counsel.

APPENDIX.

[*From the prefatory matter prefixed to time Berlin edition*, 1839, *from which the present translation is made*.]

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

THE origin of "Peter Schlemihl" is to be ascribed in a great degree to circumstances that occurred in the life of the writer. During the eventful year of 1813, when the movement broke out which ultimately freed Germany from the yoke of her oppressor, and precipitated his downfall, Chamisso was in Berlin. Everyone who could wield a sword hastened then to employ it on behalf of Germany and of the good cause. Chamisso had not only a powerful arm, but a heart also of truly German mould; and yet he was placed in a situation so peculiar as to isolate him among millions. As he was of French parentage, the question was, not merely whether he should fight on behalf of Germany, but, also, whether he should fight against the people with whom he was connected by the ties of blood and family relationship. Hence arose a struggle in his breast. "I, and I alone, am forbidden at this juncture to wield a sword!" Such was frequently his exclamation; and instead of meeting with sympathy on account of his peculiar situation, he was frequently doomed to hear, in the capital of Prussia, the head-quarters of the confederation against France and Napoleon, expressions of hatred and scorn directed against his countrymen. He was himself too equitable to mistake the cause of such expressions, which were perfectly natural under the circumstances, but they nevertheless deeply afflicted him when they reached his ears. In this state of things his friends resolved to remove him from such a scene of excitement, and to place him amid the quiet scenery of the country. An asylum was offered him in the family of Count Itzenplitsch, where he was sufficiently near to become acquainted with the gradual development of the all-important crisis, and yet free from any unpleasant personal contact with it. Here, at the family-seat of Cunersdorf, scarcely a day's journey from Berlin, wholly devoted to botany and other favourite pursuits, Chamisso conceived the idea of

"Peter Schlemihl," and with rapid pen finished off the story. Chamisso's letters of this date (in the first volume of his Life, by the writer of this notice) afford evidence of this.

The first edition of the incomparable story appeared in 1814, with a dedication dated May 27, 1813; and it was just beginning to be known in the world at the commencement of 1815, when the author left Germany on a voyage round the world, of which the story contains a remarkable anticipation. "Peter Schlemihl" was his parting salutation to his second fatherland, and the first foundation-stone of his future fame.

Chamisso was often pestered with questions respecting what he really meant by the story of Schlemihl. These questions amused as well as annoyed him. The truth is, that his intention in writing it was perhaps scarcely of so precise a nature as to admit of his giving a formal account of it. The story sprang into being of itself, like every work of genius, prompted by a self-creating power. In a letter to the writer of this notice, after he had just commenced the story, he says, "A book was the last thing you would have expected from me! Place it before your wife this evening, if you have time; should she be desirous to know Schlemihl's further adventures, and particularly who the man in the grey cloak is—send me back the MS. immediately, that I may continue the story; but if you do not return it, I shall know the meaning of the signal perfectly." Is it possible for any writer to submit himself to the scrutiny of the public more good-naturedly?

In the preface to the new French translation (which appeared in 1838) of this story, Chamisso amuses himself in his own peculiar way, over the prying curiosity of those who want to know what his real object was in writing this tale:—"The present story," he says, "has fallen into the hands of thoughtful people, who, being accustomed to read only for instruction's sake, have been at a loss to know what the shadow signifies. On this point several have formed curious hypotheses; others, who do me the honour to believe that I am more learned than I really am, have addressed themselves to me for the solution of their doubts.

The questions with which they have besieged me have made me blush on account of my ignorance. I have therefore been induced to devote myself to the investigation of a matter not hitherto the subject of my studies; and I now beg to submit to the world the result of my learned researches.

"'*Concerning Shadows.*—A dark body can only be partially illuminated by a bright one. The dark space which lies in the direction of the unilluminated part is what we call a *shadow*. Properly speaking, shadow signifies a bodily space, the form of which depends upon the form of the illuminating body, and upon their opposite position with regard to each other. The shadow thrown on a surface, situated before the shadow-projecting body, is, therefore, nothing else than the intersection of this surface by the bodily space (in French, *le solide*, on which word *solid* the whole force of the humour turns), which we before designated by the word shadow.'

"The question in this wonderful history of Peter Schlemihl relates entirely to the last-mentioned quality, *solidity*. The science of finance instructs us sufficiently as to the value of money: the value of a shadow is less generally acknowledged. My thoughtless friend was covetous of money, of which he knew the value, and forgot to think on solid substance. It was his wish that the lesson which he had paid for so dearly should be turned to our profit; and his bitter experience calls to us with a loud voice, Think on the solid—the substantial!" So far Chamisso.

"Peter Schlemihl" has been translated into almost all the languages of Europe. Of the Dutch, Spanish, and Russian translations we do not possess any copies. The French and Italian are as follows:—

> *Pierre Schlemihl. Paris, chez Ladvocat*, 1822.—This was revised by Chamisso in manuscript, who added a preface to it; but the translation was afterwards capriciously altered by the same publisher.

Un Roman du Poète Allemand contemporain, Adelbert de Chamisso; *traduit par N. Martin. Histoire merveilleuse de Pierre Schlemihl. Dunquerque*, 1837.—At the end the translator has added a letter to a friend, with the Greek motto, "Life is the dream of a shadow." The translator, while laughing in this letter at the Germans, who, he says, ought to write three folio volumes of explanatory notes on the little volume, falls into the error of being very diffuse himself in the attempt to elucidate his author. His long letter concludes not inappropriately with these words: "I have just observed, although certainly rather late, that I have written a letter full of shadows, and instead of lighting a torch to illuminate the darkness, have, I fear, only deepened the gloom. Should this be the case, the reader at any rate will not withhold from me the praise of having preserved the colours of the original."

Merveilleuse Histoire de Pierre Schlemihl. Enrichie d'une savente préface, où les curieux pourront apprendre ce que c'est que l'ombre. Paris et Nurnberg, 1838. *With illustrations*.—This translation was revised by Chamisso.

L'Uomo senz' Ombra. Dono di simpatia al gentil sesso. Milano, 1838. Published as an Annual, with a Calendar, and Engravings.—The editor is pleased not only to withhold the author's name, but manages so to word his own preface as to lead his readers to conclude that he himself is the author of the book.

"Schlemihl" was also brought on the stage, but without giving the honours of authorship to the true source. This took place at Vienna, in February, 1819. The announcement ran thus:—"Pulzlivizli, or the Man without a Shadow: a comic, enchanted drama, in three acts, adapted from De la Motte Fouqué, by Ferdinand Rosenau." Among the characters were the grey man, and a certain Albert, probably intended for Schlemihl. Of the contents of the piece we know nothing.

In England two editions have appeared [previous to the present,—*Tr.*]; one of which was reprinted at Boston in 1825. Of the popularity of "Peter Schlemihl" in Great Britain we have a striking proof, from a caricature that appeared shortly after the coronation of William IV. On the celebration of this solemnity, a brother of the King—the Duke of Cumberland—arrived from the Continent to be present on the occasion; and as he was well known to be an ardent Tory, his reception on the part of the people was not of the most flattering description. As a consequence of this, and owing, perhaps, to an expression that fell from the Duke, that "popularity is only a shadow," the caricature made its appearance. In the foreground of the print is seen a striking likeness of the royal Duke in the costume of the Order of the Garter. On his right stands the King, with the crown on his head, and reflecting a goodly shadow on the wall. Between the King and his brother are some courtiers, who exclaim, in a tone of commiseration, "Lost, or stolen, a gentleman's shadow." At the bottom of the print is the following inscription:—

"PETER SCHLEMIHL AT THE CORONATION.

> Granted that popularity is nothing but a shadow, it is still far from pleasant to be without that shadow."

BRIEF SKETCH OF CHAMISSO'S LIFE.

Louis Adelbert de Chamisso was born January 27, 1781, at Beaucourt, in Champagne. At the Revolution, he left France with his parents, and came to Berlin, where, in 1796, he was appointed page to the King, and soon after had a commission given him in the army. He applied himself with much ardour to acquire the German language, and felt great interest in the study of its literature, particularly its poetry and philosophy, and was most attracted by those writers whose character presented the greatest contrast to that of his own countrymen. By intercourse with the learned, and by the friendships which he formed, he soon became thoroughly German, which he proved by his poems, which

were distinguished above the crowd of such compositions by the originality of their style, and peculiar vigour. From 1804 to 1806 he published the "Almanack of the Muses," in conjunction with Varnhagen von Ense. At the peace of Tilsit he left the army, and visited France, when his family obtained back part of their possessions. At this time he held, for a short period, a situation as Professor at the school of Napoleonville, but soon returned to Germany, devoting himself wholly to a literary life, and in particular to the study of natural history. During his visit to France, he spent some time with Madame de Staël, whom he also visited in Switzerland. In 1811 he returned to Berlin; and in 1813 he wrote his "Peter Schlemihl," which marked him out as a man of distinguished and original genius. It was published in 1814 by his friend Fouqué. When Count Runnjanzow resolved on undertaking a voyage round the world, he invited Chamisso to accompany him as naturalist to the expedition—an invitation which he gladly embraced. The ships left Cronstadt in 1815, and returned in 1818; and although the discovery of a North-West passage—the great object of the expedition—was not attained, yet extensive acquisitions were made in every department of scientific research. Chamisso's share in the voyage is recorded in the third volume of the account of it published at Weimar in 1821, and does honour to his spirit of careful observation and his accuracy. He now again fixed his residence at Berlin, from whose university he received the degree of doctor in philosophy. An appointment at the Botanic Garden allowed him full liberty to follow up his favourite pursuit of natural history, and bound him by still stronger ties to his second fatherland. He now wrote an account of the principal plants of the North of Germany, with views respecting the vegetable kingdom and the science of botany: this work appeared at Berlin in 1827. Poetry, however, had still some share of his attention; and he continued, during the latter years of his life, to maintain his claims to an honourable place among the poets of Germany. Several of his ballads and romances rank with the most distinguished of modern times in this branch of composition.

Surrounded by a circle of attached and admiring friends, Chamisso continued thus entirely engaged till his death, in 1839, leaving behind him a name and works which posterity "will not willingly let perish."

FROM THE BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ TO JULIUS EDWARD HITZIG.

[*From the first edition.*]

We should take care, my dear Edward, not to expose the history of poor Schlemihl to eyes unfit to look upon it. That would be a bad experiment. Of such eyes there are plenty; and who is able to predict what may befal a *manuscript*, which is almost more difficult to guard than spoken language? Like a person seized with vertigo, therefore, who, in the paroxysm of his feelings, leaps into the abyss, I commit the story to the press.

And yet there are better and more serious reasons for the step I have taken. If I am not wholly deceived, there are in our dear Germany many hearts both capable and worthy of comprehending poor Schlemihl, although a smile will arise on the countenance of many among our honest countrymen at the bitter sport which was death to him and to the innocent being whom he drew along with him. And you, Edward, when you have seen the estimable work, and reflected on the number of unknown and sympathising bosoms who, with ourselves, will learn to love it,—you will, then, perhaps, feel that some drops of consolation have been instilled into those wounds inflicted on you, and on all who love you, by death.

To conclude: I have become convinced, by repeated experience, that a guardian angel watches over books, places them in proper hands, and if not always, yet often, prevents them from falling into improper. In any case, he exercises an invisible guardianship over every work of true genius and genuine feeling, and with unfailing tact and skill opens or shuts its pages as he sees fit.

To this guardian angel I commit our “Schlemihl.” And so, adieu!

FOUQUÉ.

Neunhausen, *May*, 1814.

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END.

TO MY DAUGHTER

My Dear Child,

The story you love so much in German I dedicate to you in English. It was in compliance with your earnest wish that other children might share the delight it has so often afforded you, that I translated it; so that it is, in some sort, yours of right. Let us hope that your confident expectations of sympathy in your pleasure may not be disappointed; or that, if others think the story less beautiful than you do, they may find compensation in the graceful designs it has inspired.

You have often regretted that it left off so soon, and would, I believe, "have been glad to hear more and more, and for ever." The continuation you have longed for lies in a wide and magnificent book, which contains more wonderful and glorious things than all our favourite fairy tales put together. But to read in that book, so as to discover all its beautiful meanings, you must have pure, clear eyes, and an humble, loving heart; otherwise you will complain, as some do, that it is dim and puzzling; or, as others that it is dull and monotonous.

May you continue to read in it with new curiosity, new delight, and new profit; and to find it, as long as you live, the untiring "Story without an End."

Your affectionate mother,

S. A.

CHAPTER I.

THERE was once a Child who lived in a little hut, and in the hut there was nothing but a little bed and a looking-glass which hung in a dark corner. Now the Child cared nothing at all about the looking-glass; but as soon as the first sunbeam glided softly through the casement, and kissed his sweet eyelids, and the finch and the linnet waked him merrily with their morning songs, he arose, and went out into the green meadow. And he begged flour of the primrose, and sugar of the violet, and butter of the buttercup; he shook dewdrops from the cowslip into the cup of a harebell; spread out a large lime-leaf, set his little breakfast upon it, and feasted daintily. Sometimes he invited a humming-bee, oftener a gay butterfly, to partake his feast; but his favourite guest was the blue dragon-fly. The bee murmured a good deal, in a solemn tone, about his riches; but the Child thought that if he were a bee, heaps of treasure would not make him gay and happy; and that it must be much more delightful and glorious to float about in the free and fresh breezes of spring, and to hum joyously in the web of the sunbeams, than, with heavy feet and heavy heart, to stow the silver wax and the golden honey into cells.

To this the Butterfly assented; and he told how once on a time, he too had been greedy and sordid; how he had thought of nothing but eating, and had never once turned his eyes upwards to the blue heavens. At length, however, a complete change had come over him; and instead of crawling spiritless about the dirty earth, half dreaming, he all at once awaked as out of a deep sleep. And now he would rise into the air;—and it was his greatest joy sometimes to play with the light, and to reflect the heavens in the bright eyes of his wings; sometimes to listen to the soft language of the flowers, and catch their secrets. Such talk delighted the Child, and his breakfast was the sweeter to him, and the sunshine on leaf and flower seemed to him more bright and cheering.

But when the Bee had flown off to beg from flower to flower, and the Butterfly had fluttered away to his playfellows, the Dragon-fly still remained, poised on a blade of grass. Her slender and burnished body, more brightly and deeply blue than the deep blue sky, glistened in the sun beam; and her net-like wings laughed at the flowers because *they* could not fly, but must stand still and abide the wind and the rain. The Dragon-fly sipped a little of the Child's clear dew-drops and blue violet-honey, and then whispered her winged words. And the Child made an end of his repast, closed his dark blue eyes, bent down his beautiful head, and listened to the sweet prattle.

Then the Dragon-fly told much of the merry life in the green wood; how sometimes she played hide-and-seek with her playfellows under the broad leaves of the oak and the beech trees; or hunt-the-hare along the surface of the still waters; sometimes quietly watched the sunbeams, as they flew busily from moss to flower and from flower to bush, and shed life and warmth over all. But at night, she said, the moonbeams glided softly around the wood, and dropped dew into the mouths of all the thirsty plants; and when the dawn pelted the slumberers with the soft roses of heaven, some of the half-drunken flowers looked up and smiled; but most of them could not so much as raise their heads for a long, long time.

Such stories did the Dragon-fly tell; and as the Child sat motionless with his eyes shut, and his head rested on his little hand, she thought he had fallen asleep; so she poised her double wings and flew into the rustling wood.

CHAPTER II.

But the Child was only sunk into a dream of delight, and was wishing *he* were a sunbeam or a moonbeam; and he would have been glad to hear more and more, and for ever. But at last, as all was still, he opened his eyes and looked around for his dear guest; but she was flown far away;

so he could not bear to sit there any longer alone, and he rose and went to the gurgling brook. It gushed and rolled so merrily, and tumbled so wildly along as it hurried to throw itself head over heels into the river, just as if the great massy rock out of which it sprang were close behind it, and could only be escaped by a break-neck leap.

Then the Child began to talk to the little waves, and asked them whence they came. They would not stay to give him an answer, but danced away, one over another; till at last, that the sweet Child might not be grieved, a drop of water stopped behind a piece of rock. From her the Child heard strange histories, but he could not understand them all, for she told him about her former life, and about the depths of the mountain.

"A long while ago," said the Drop of Water, "I lived with my countless sisters in the great ocean, in peace and unity. We had all sorts of pastimes; sometimes we mounted up high into the air, and peeped at the stars; then we sank plump down deep below, and looked how the coral builders work till they are tired, that they may reach the light of day at last. But I was conceited, and thought myself much better than my sisters. And so one day, when the sun rose out of the sea, I clung fast to one of his hot beams, and thought that now I should reach the stars, and become one of them. But I had not ascended far, when the sunbeam shook me off, and in spite of all I could say or do, let me fall into a dark cloud. And soon a flash of fire darted through the cloud, and now I thought I must surely die; but the whole cloud laid itself down softly upon the top of a mountain, and so I escaped with my fright, and a black eye. Now I thought I should remain hidden, when all on a sudden I slipped over a round pebble, fell from one stone to another, down into the depths of the mountain, till at last it was pitch dark, and I could neither see nor hear anything. Then I found, indeed, that 'pride goeth before a fall,' resigned myself to my fate, and, as I had already laid aside all my unhappy pride in the cloud, my portion was now the salt of humility; and after undergoing many purifications from the hidden

virtues of metals and minerals, I was at length permitted to come up once more into the free cheerful air; and now will I run back to my sisters, and there wait patiently till I am called to something better."

But hardly had she done when the root of a forget-me-not caught the drop of water by her hair and sucked her in, that she might become a floweret, and twinkle brightly as a blue star on the green firmament of earth.

CHAPTER III.

The Child did not very well know what to think of all this: he went thoughtfully home and laid himself on his little bed; and all night long he was wandering about on the ocean, and among the stars, and over the dark mountain. But the moon loved to look on the slumbering Child as he lay with his little head softly pillowed on his right arm. She lingered a long time before his little window, and went slowly away to lighten the dark chamber of some sick person.

As the moon's soft light lay on the Child's eyelids, he fancied he sat in a golden boat, on a great, great water; countless stars swam glittering on the dark mirror. He stretched out his hand to catch the nearest star, but it had vanished, and the water sprayed up against him. Then he saw clearly that these were not the real stars; he looked up to heaven, and wished he could fly thither.

But in the meantime the moon had wandered on her way; and now the Child was led in his dream into the clouds, and he thought he was sitting on a white sheep, and he saw many lambs grazing around him. He tried to catch a little lamb to play with, but it was all mist and vapour; and the Child was sorrowful, and wished himself down again in his own meadow, where his own lamb was sporting gaily about.

Meanwhile the moon was gone to sleep behind the mountains, and all around was dark. Then the Child dreamt that he fell down into the dark, gloomy caverns of the mountain, and at that he was so frightened, that

he suddenly awoke, just as morning opened her clear eye over the nearest hill.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Child started up, and, to recover himself from his fright, went into the little flower-garden behind his cottage, where the beds were surrounded by ancient palm-trees, and where he knew that all the flowers would nod kindly at him. But, behold, the Tulip turned up her nose, and the Ranunculus held her head as stiffly as possible, that she might not bow good-morrow to him. The Rose, with her fair round cheeks, smiled and greeted the Child lovingly; so he went up to her and kissed her fragrant mouth. And then the Rose tenderly complained that he so seldom came into the garden, and that she gave out her bloom and her fragrance the live-long day in vain; for the other flowers could not see her, because they were too low, or did not care to look at her, because they themselves were so rich in bloom and fragrance. But she was most delighted when she glowed in the blooming head of a child, and could pour out all her heart's secrets to him in sweet odours. Among other things, the Rose whispered in his ear that she was the fulness of beauty.

And in truth the Child, while looking at her beauty, seemed to have quite forgotten to go on; till the Blue Larkspur called to him, and asked whether he cared nothing more about his faithful friend; she said that she was unchanged, and that even in death she should look upon him with eyes of unfading blue.

The Child thanked her for her true-heartedness, and passed on to the Hyacinth, who stood near the puffy, full-cheeked, gaudy Tulips. Even from a distance the Hyacinth sent forth kisses to him, for she knew not how to express her love. Although she was not remarkable for her beauty, yet the Child felt himself wondrously attracted by her, for he thought no flower loved him so well. But the Hyacinth poured out her full heart and wept bitterly, because she stood so lonely; the Tulips indeed were her countrymen, but they were so cold and unfeeling that

she was ashamed of them. The Child encouraged her, and told her he did not think things were so bad as she fancied. The Tulips spoke their love in bright looks, while she uttered hers in fragrant words; that these, indeed, were lovelier and more intelligible, but that the others were not to be despised.

Then the Hyacinth was comforted, and said she would be content; and the Child went on to the powdered Auricula, who, in her bashfulness, looked kindly up to him, and would gladly have given him more than kind looks, had she had more to give. But the Child was satisfied with her modest greeting; he felt that he was poor too, and he saw the deep, thoughtful colours that lay beneath her golden dust. But the humble flower, of her own accord, sent him to her neighbour, the Lily, whom she willingly acknowledged as her queen. And when the Child came to the Lily, the slender flower waved to and fro and bowed her pale head with gentle pride and stately modesty, and sent forth a fragrant greeting to him. The Child knew not what had come to him: it reached his inmost heart, so that his eyes filled with soft tears. Then he marked how the lily gazed with a clear and steadfast eye upon the sun, and how the sun looked down again into her pure chalice, and how, amid this interchange of looks, the three golden threads united in the centre. And the Child heard how one scarlet Lady-bird at the bottom of the cup said to another, “Knowest thou not that we dwell in the flower of heaven?” and the other replied, “Yes; and now will the mystery be fulfilled.” And as the Child saw and heard all this, the dim image of his unknown parents, as it were veiled in a holy light, floated before his eyes: he strove to grasp it, but the light was gone, and the Child slipped, and would have fallen, had not the branch of a currant bush caught and held him; and he took some of the bright berries for his morning’s meal, and went back to his hut and stripped the little branches.

CHAPTER V.

BUT in the hut he stayed not long, all was so gloomy, close, and silent within, and abroad everything seemed to smile, and to exult in the clear and unbounded space. Therefore the Child went out into the green wood, of which the Dragon-fly had told him such pleasant stories. But he found everything far more beautiful and lovely even than she had described it; for all about, wherever he went, the tender moss pressed his little feet, and the delicate grass embraced his knees, and the flowers kissed his hands, and even the branches stroked his cheeks with a kind and refreshing touch, and the high trees threw their fragrant shade around him.

There was no end to his delight. The little birds warbled and sang, and fluttered and hopped about, and the delicate wood-flowers gave out their beauty and their odours; and every sweet sound took a sweet odour by the hand, and thus walked through the open door of the Child's heart, and held a joyous nuptial dance therein. But the Nightingale and the Lily of the Valley led the dance; for the Nightingale sang of nought but love, and the Lily breathed of nought but innocence, and he was the bridegroom and she was the bride. And the Nightingale was never weary of repeating the same thing a hundred times over, for the spring of love which gushed from his heart was ever new—and the Lily bowed her head bashfully, that no one might see her glowing heart. And yet the one lived so solely and entirely in the other, that no one could see whether the notes of the Nightingale were floating lilies, or the lilies visible notes, falling like dewdrops from the Nightingale's throat.

The Child's heart was full of joy even to the brim. He set himself down, and he almost thought he should like to take root there, and live for ever among the sweet plants and flowers, and so become a true sharer in all their gentle pleasures. For he felt a deep delight in the still, secluded, twilight existence of the mosses and small herbs, which felt not the storm, nor the frost, nor the scorching sunbeam; but dwelt quietly among their many friends and neighbours, feasting in peace and good

fellowship on the dew and cool shadows which the mighty trees shed upon them. To them it was a high festival when a sunbeam chanced to visit their lowly home; whilst the tops of the lofty trees could find joy and beauty only in the purple rays of morning or evening.

CHAPTER VI.

And as the Child sat there, a little Mouse rustled from among the dry leaves of the former year, and a Lizard half glided from a crevice in the rock, and both of them fixed their bright eyes upon the little stranger; and when they saw that he designed them no evil, they took courage and came nearer to him.

"I should like to live with you," said the Child to the two little creatures, in a soft, subdued voice, that he might not frighten them. "Your chambers are so snug, so warm, and yet so shaded, and the flowers grow in at your windows, and the birds sing you their morning song, and call you to table and to bed with their clear warblings."

"Yes," said the Mouse, "it would be all very well if all the plants bore nuts and mast, instead of those silly flowers; and if I were not obliged to grub under ground in the spring, and gnaw the bitter roots, whilst they are dressing themselves in their fine flowers and flaunting it to the world, as if they had endless stores of honey in their cellars."

"Hold your tongue," interrupted the Lizard, pertly; "do you think, because you are grey, that other people must throw away their handsome clothes, or let them lie in the dark wardrobe under ground, and wear nothing but grey too? I am not so envious. The flowers may dress themselves as they like for me; they pay for it out of their own pockets, and they feed bees and beetles from their cups; but what I want to know is, of what use are birds in the world? Such a fluttering and chattering, truly, from morning early to evening late, that one is worried and stunned to death, and there is never a day's peace for them. And

they do nothing; only snap up the flies and the spiders out of the mouths of such as I. For my part, I should be perfectly satisfied, provided all the birds in the world were flies and beetles."

The Child changed colour, and his heart was sick and saddened when he heard their evil tongues. He could not imagine how anybody could speak ill of the beautiful flowers, or scoff at his beloved birds. He was waked out of a sweet dream, and the wood seemed to him lonely and desert, and he was ill at ease. He started up hastily, so that the Mouse and the Lizard shrank back alarmed, and did not look around them till they thought themselves safe out of the reach of the stranger with the large, severe eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

But the Child went away from the place; and as he hung down his head thoughtfully, he did not observe that he took the wrong path, nor see how the flowers on either side bowed their heads to welcome him, nor hear how the old birds from the boughs, and the young from the nests, cried aloud to him, "God bless thee, our dear little prince!" And he went on and on, farther and farther, into the deep wood; and he thought over the foolish and heartless talk of the two selfish chatterers, and could not understand it. He would fain have forgotten it, but he could not. And the more he pondered, the more it seemed to him as if a malicious spider had spun her web around him, and as if his eyes were weary with trying to look through it.

And suddenly he came to a still water, above which young beeches lovingly entwined their arms. He looked in the water, and his eyes were riveted to it as if by enchantment. He could not move, but stood and gazed in the soft, placid mirror, from the bosom of which the tender green foliage, with the deep blue heavens between, gleamed so wondrously upon him. His sorrow was all forgotten, and even the echo

of the discord in his little heart was hushed. That heart was once more in his eyes; and fain would he have drunk in the soft beauty of the colours that lay beneath him, or have plunged into the lovely deep.

Then the breeze began to sigh among the treetops. The Child raised his eyes and saw overhead the quivering green, and the deep blue behind it, and he knew not whether he were waking or dreaming: which were the real leaves and the real heaven—those in the depths above or in the depths beneath? Long did the Child waver, and his thoughts floated in a delicious dreaminess from one to the other, till the Dragon-fly flew to him in affectionate haste, and with rustling wings greeted her kind host. The Child returned her greeting, and was glad to meet an acquaintance with whom he could share the rich feast of his joy. But first he asked the Dragon-fly if she could decide for him between the Upper and the Nether—the height and the depth? The Dragon-fly flew above, and beneath, and around; but the Water spake:—"The foliage and the sky above are not the true ones: the leaves wither and fall; the sky is often overcast, and sometimes quite dark." Then the Leaves and the Sky said, "The water only apes us; it must change its pictures at our pleasure, and can retain none." Then the Dragon-fly remarked that the height and the depth existed only in the eyes of the Child, and that the Leaves and the Sky were true and real only in his thoughts; because in the mind alone the picture was permanent and enduring, and could be carried with him whithersoever he went.

This she said to the Child; but she immediately warned him to return, for the leaves were already beating the tattoo in the evening breeze, and the lights were disappearing one by one in every corner. Then the Child confessed to her with alarm that he knew not how he should find the way back, and that he feared the dark night would overtake him if he attempted to go home alone; so the Dragon-fly flew on before him, and showed him a cave in the rock where he might pass the night.

And the Child was well content; for he had often wished to try if he could sleep out of his accustomed bed.

CHAPTER VIII.

But the Dragon-fly was fleet, and gratitude strengthened her wings to pay her host the honour she owed him. And truly, in the dim twilight good counsel and guidance were scarce. She flitted hither and thither without knowing rightly what was to be done; when, by the last vanishing sunbeam, she saw hanging on the edge of the cave some strawberries who had drunk so deep of the evening-red, that their heads were quite heavy. Then she flew up to a Harebell who stood near, and whispered in her ear that the lord and king of all the flowers was in the wood, and ought to be received and welcomed as beseemed his dignity. Aglaia did not need that this should be repeated. She began to ring her sweet bells with all her might; and when her neighbour heard the sound, she rang hers also; and soon all the Harebells, great and small, were in motion, and rang as if it had been for the nuptials of their Mother Earth herself with the Prince of the Sun. The tone of the Bluebells was deep and rich, and that of the white, high and clear, and all blended together in a delicious harmony.

But the birds were fast asleep in their high nests, and the ears of the other animals were not delicate enough, or were too much overgrown with hair, to hear them. The Fire-flies alone heard the joyous peal, for they were akin to the flowers, through their common ancestor, Light. They inquired of their nearest relation, the Lily of the Valley, and from her they heard that a large flower had just passed along the footpath more blooming than the loveliest rose, and with two stars more brilliant than those of the brightest fire-fly, and that it must needs be their King. Then all the Fire-flies flew up and down the footpath, and sought everywhere, till at length they came, as the Dragon-fly had hoped they would, to the cave.

And now, as they looked at the Child, and every one of them saw itself reflected in his clear eyes, they rejoiced exceedingly, and called all their fellows together, and alighted on the bushes all around; and soon it was so light in the cave, that herb and grass began to grow as if it had been

broad day. Now, indeed, was the joy and triumph of the Dragon-fly complete. The Child was delighted with the merry and silvery tones of the bells, and with the many little bright-eyed companions around him, and with the deep red strawberries which bowed down their heads to his touch.

CHAPTER IX.

And when he had eaten his fill, he sat down on the soft moss, crossed one little leg over the other, and began to gossip with the Fire-flies. And as he so often thought on his unknown parents, he asked them who were their parents. Then the one nearest to him gave him answer; and he told how that they were formerly flowers, but none of those who thrust their rooty hands greedily into the ground and draw nourishment from the dingy earth, only to make themselves fat and large withal; but that the light was dearer to them than anything, even at night; and while the other flowers slept, they gazed unwearied on the light, and drank it in with eager adoration—sun, and moon, and star light. And the light had so thoroughly purified them, that they had not sucked in poisonous juices like the yellow flowers of the earth, but sweet odours for sick and fainting hearts, and oil of potent ethereal virtue for the weak and the wounded; and at length, when their autumn came, they did not, like the others, wither and sink down, leaf and flower, to be swallowed up by the darksome earth, but shook off their earthly garment and mounted aloft, into the clear air. But there it was so wondrously bright, that sight failed them; and when they came to themselves again, they were fire-flies, each sitting on a withered flower-stalk.

And now the Child liked the bright-eyed flies better than ever; and he talked a little longer with them, and inquired why they showed themselves so much more in spring. They did it, they said, in the hope that their gold-green radiance might allure their cousins, the flowers, to the pure love of light.

CHAPTER X.

DURING this conversation the dragon-fly had been preparing a bed for her host. The moss upon which the Child sat had grown a foot high behind his back, out of pure joy; but the dragon-fly and her sisters had so revelled upon it, that it was now laid at its length along the cave. The dragon-fly had awakened every spider in the neighbourhood out of her sleep, and when they saw the brilliant light, they had set to work spinning so industriously that their web hung down like a curtain before the mouth of the cave. But as the Child saw the ant peeping up at him, he entreated the fire-flies not to deprive themselves any longer of their merry games in the wood on his account. And the dragon-fly and her sisters raised the curtain till the Child had laid him down to rest, and then let it fall again, that the mischievous gnats might not get in to disturb his slumbers.

The Child laid himself down to sleep, for he was very tired; but he could not sleep, for his couch of moss was quite another thing than his little bed, and the cave was all strange to him.

He turned himself on one side and then on the other, and, as nothing would do, he raised himself and sat upright to wait till sleep might choose to come. But sleep would not come at all; and the only wakeful eyes in the whole wood were the Child's. For the harebells had rung themselves weary, and the fire-flies had flown about till they were tired, and even the dragon-fly, who would fain have kept watch in front of the cave, had dropped sound asleep.

The wood grew stiller and stiller; here and there fell a dry leaf which had been driven from its old dwelling place by a fresh one; here and there a young bird gave a soft chirp when its mother squeezed it in the nest; and from time to time a gnat hummed for a minute or two in the curtain, till a spider crept on tip-toe along its web, and gave him such a gripe in the wind-pipe as soon spoiled his trumpeting.

And the deeper the silence became, the more intently did the Child listen, and at last the slightest sound thrilled him from head to foot. At length, all was still as death in the wood; and the world seemed as if it never would wake again. The Child bent forward to see whether it were as dark abroad as in the cave, but he saw nothing save the pitch-dark night, who had wrapped everything in her thick veil. Yet as he looked upwards his eyes met the friendly glance of two or three stars, and this was a most joyful surprise to him, for he felt himself no longer so entirely alone. The stars were, indeed, far, far away, but yet he knew them, and they knew him; for they looked into his eyes.

The Child's whole soul was fixed in his gaze; and it seemed to him as if he must needs fly out of the darksome cave, thither where the stars were beaming with such pure and serene light; and he felt how poor and lowly he was, when he thought of their brilliancy; and how cramped and fettered, when he thought of their free unbounded course along the heavens.

CHAPTER XI.

BUT the stars went on their course, and left their glittering picture only a little while before the Child's eyes. Even this faded, and then vanished quite away. And he was beginning to feel tired, and to wish to lay himself down again, when a flickering Will-o'-the-wisp appeared from behind a bush—so that the Child thought, at first, one of the stars had wandered out of its way, and had come to visit him, and to take him with it. And the Child breathed quick with joy and surprise, and then the Will-o'-the-wisp came nearer, and sat himself down on a damp mossy stone in front of the cave, and another fluttered quickly after him, and sat down over against him and sighed deeply, "Thank God, then, that I can rest at last!"

"Yes," said the other, "for that you may thank the innocent Child who sleeps there within; it was his pure breath that freed us."

“Are you, then,” said the Child, hesitatingly, “not of yon stars which wander so brightly there above?”

“Oh, if we were stars,” replied the first, “we should pursue our tranquil path through the pure element, and should leave this wood and the whole darksome earth to itself.”

“And not,” said the other, “sit brooding on the face of the shallow pool.”

The Child was curious to know who these could be who shone so beautifully, and yet seemed so discontented. Then the first began to relate how he had been a child too, and how, as he grew up, it had always been his greatest delight to deceive people and play them tricks, to show his wit and cleverness. He had always, he said, poured such a stream of smooth words over people, and encompassed himself with such a shining mist, that men had been attracted by it to their own hurt. But once on a time there appeared a plain man, who only spoke two or three simple words, and suddenly the bright mist vanished, and left him naked and deformed, to the scorn and mockery of the whole world. But the man had turned away his face from him in pity, while he was almost dead with shame and anger. And when he came to himself again, he knew not what had befallen him, till, at length, he found that it was his fate to hover, without rest or change, over the surface of the bog as a Will-o’-the-wisp.

“With me it fell out quite otherwise,” said the first: “instead of giving light without warmth, as I now do, I burned without shining. When I was only a child, people gave way to me in everything, so that I was intoxicated with self-love. If I saw any one shine, I longed to put out his light; and the more intensely I wished this, the more did my own small glimmering turn back upon myself, and inwardly burn fiercely while all without was darker than ever. But if any one who shone more brightly would have kindly given me of his light, then did my inward flame burst forth to destroy him. But the flame passed through the light and harmed it not; it shone only the more brightly, while I was withered and exhausted. And once upon a time I met a little smiling child, who played

with a cross of palm branches, and wore a beamy coronet around his golden locks. He took me kindly by the hand and said, 'My friend, you are now very gloomy and sad, but if you will become a child again, even as I am, you will have a bright circlet such as I have.' When I heard that, I was so angry with myself and with the child, that I was scorched by my inward fire. Now would I fain fly up to the sun to fetch rays from him, but the rays drove me back with these words:

'Return thither whence thou camest, thou dark fire of envy, for the sun lightens only in love; the greedy earth, indeed, sometimes turns his mild light into scorching fire. Fly back, then, for with thy like alone must thou dwell.' I fell, and when I recovered myself I was glimmering coldly above the stagnant waters."

While they were talking the Child had fallen asleep, for he knew nothing of the world nor of men, and he could make nothing of their stories. Weariness had spoken a more intelligible language to him—*that* he understood, and he had fallen asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

Softly and soundly he slept till the rosy morning clouds stood upon the mountain, and announced the coming of their lord, the sun. But as soon as the tidings spread over field and wood, the thousand-voiced echo awoke, and sleep was no more to be thought of.

And soon did the royal sun himself arise; at first his dazzling diadem alone appeared above the mountains; at length he stood upon their summit in the full majesty of his beauty, in all the charms of eternal youth, bright and glorious, his kindly glance embracing every creature of earth, from the stately oak to the blade of grass bending under the foot of the wayfaring man. Then arose from every breast, from every throat, the joyous song of praise; and it was as if the whole plain and wood were become a temple, whose roof was the heaven, whose altar the mountain, whose congregation all creatures, whose priest the sun.

But the Child walked forth and was glad, for the birds sang sweetly, and it seemed to him as if everything sported and danced out of mere joy to be alive. Here flew two finches through the thicket, and, twittering, pursued each other; there, the young buds burst asunder, and the tender leaves peeped out and expanded themselves in the warm sun, as if they would abide in his glance for ever; here, a dewdrop trembled, sparkling and twinkling on a blade of grass, and knew not that beneath him stood a little moss who was thirsting after him; there, troops of flies flew aloft, as if they would soar far, far over the wood: and so all was life and motion, and the Child's heart joyed to see it.

He sat down on a little smooth plot of turf, shaded by the branches of a nut-bush, and thought he should now sip the cup of his delight, drop by drop. And first he plucked down some brambles which threatened him with their prickles; then he bent aside some branches which concealed the view; then he removed the stones, so that he might stretch out his feet at full length on the soft turf; and when he had done all this, he bethought himself what was yet to do; and as he found nothing, he stood up to look for his acquaintance the dragon-fly, and to beg her to guide him once more out of the wood into the open fields. About midway he met her, and she began to excuse herself for having fallen asleep in the night. The Child thought not of the past, were it even but a minute ago, so earnestly did he now wish to get out from among the thick and close trees; for his heart beat high, and he felt as if he should breathe freer in the open ground. The dragon-fly flew on before and showed him the way as far as the outermost verge of the wood, whence the Child could espy his own little hut, and then flew away to her playfellows.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Child walked forth alone upon the fresh dewy cornfield. A thousand little suns glittered in his eyes, and a lark soared warbling above his head. And the lark proclaimed the joys of the coming year, and awakened endless hopes, while she soared circling higher and higher, till, at length, her song was like the soft whisper of an angel holding

converse with the spring, under the blue arch of heaven. The Child had seen the earth-coloured little bird rise up before him, and it seemed to him as if the earth had sent her forth from her bosom as a messenger to carry her joy and her thanks up to the sun, because he had turned his beaming countenance again upon her in love and bounty. And the lark hung poised above the hope-giving field, and warbled her clear and joyous song.

She sang of the loveliness of the rosy dawn, and the fresh brilliancy of the earliest sunbeams; of the gladsome springing of the young flowers, and the vigorous shooting of the corn; and her song pleased the Child beyond measure.

But the lark wheeled in higher and higher circles, and her song sounded softer and sweeter.

And now she sang of the first delights of early love; of wanderings together on the sunny fresh hilltops, and of the sweet pictures and visions that arise out of the blue and misty distance. The Child understood not rightly what he heard, and fain would he have understood, for he thought that even in such visions must be wondrous delight. He gazed aloft after the unwearied bird, but she had disappeared in the morning mist.

Then the Child leaned his head on one shoulder to listen if he could no longer hear the little messenger of spring; and he could just catch the distant and quivering notes in which she sang of the fervent longing after the clear element of freedom, after the pure all-present light, and of the blessed foretaste of this desired enfranchisement, of this blending in the sea of celestial happiness.

Yet longer did he listen, for the tones of her song carried him there, where, as yet, his thoughts had never reached, and he felt himself happier in this short and imperfect flight than ever he had felt before.

But the lark now dropped suddenly to the earth, for her little body was too heavy for the ambient ether, and her wings were not large nor strong enough for the pure element.

Then the red corn-poppies laughed at the homely looking bird, and cried to one another and to the surrounding blades of corn in a shrill voice, "Now, indeed, you may see what comes of flying so high, and striving and straining after mere air; people only lose their time, and bring back nothing but weary wings and an empty stomach. That vulgar-looking ill-dressed little creature would fain raise herself above us all, and has kept up a mighty noise. And now there she lies on the ground and can hardly breathe, while we have stood still where we are sure of a good meal, and have stayed, like people of sense, where there is something substantial to be had; and in the time she has been fluttering and singing, we have grown a good deal taller and fatter."

The other little redcaps chattered and screamed their assent so loud that the Child's ears tingled, and he wished he could chastise them for their spiteful jeers; when a cyane said, in a soft voice, to her younger playmates, "Dear friends, be not led astray by outward show, nor by discourse which regards only outward show. The lark is, indeed, weary, and the space into which she has soared is void; but the void is not what the lark sought, nor is the seeker returned empty home. She strove after light and freedom, and light and freedom has she proclaimed. She left the earth and its enjoyments, but she has drunk of the pure air of heaven, and has seen that it is not the earth, but the sun that is steadfast. And if earth has called her back, it can keep nothing of her but what is its own. Her sweet voice and her soaring wings belong to the sun, and will enter into light and freedom long after the foolish prater shall have sunk and been buried in the dark prison of the earth."

And the lark heard her wise and friendly discourse, and with renewed strength she sprang once more into the clear and beautiful blue.

Then the Child clapped his little hands for joy, that the sweet bird had flown up again, and that the redcaps must hold their tongues for shame.

CHAPTER XIV.

And the Child was become happy and joyful, and breathed freely again, and thought no more of returning to his hut, for he saw that nothing returned inwards, but rather that all strove outwards into the free air; the rosy apple blossoms from their narrow buds, and the gurgling notes from the narrow breast of the lark. The germs burst open the folding doors of the seeds, and broke through the heavy pressure of the earth in order to get at the light; the grasses tore asunder their bands, and their slender blades sprung upward. Even the rocks were become gentle, and allowed little mosses to peep out from their sides, as a sign that they would not remain impenetrably closed for ever. And the flowers sent out colour and fragrance into the whole world, for they kept not their best for themselves, but would imitate the sun and the stars, which poured their warmth and radiance over the spring. And many a little gnat and beetle burst the narrow cell in which it was enclosed and crept out slowly, and, half asleep, unfolded and shook its tender wings, and soon gained strength, and flew off to untried delights. And as the butterflies came forth from their chrysalids in all their gaiety and splendour, so did every humbled and suppressed aspiration and hope free itself, and boldly launch into the open and flowing sea of spring.

HYMNS TO NIGHT.

(*Translated from the German of Novalis.*)

I.

WHO that has life and intelligence, loves not, before all the surrounding miracles of space, ever-joyous light with its tints, its beams, and its waves, its mild omnipresence, when it comes as the waking day. Like the inmost soul of life, it is inhaled by the giant universe of gleaming stars, that dance as they swim in its blue flood; it is inhaled by the glittering, eternally motionless stone, by the living plant that drinks it in, by the wild and impetuous beast in its many forms; but above all, by the glorious stranger, with eyes of intellect, majestic step, with lips melodious, and gently closed. As a king over earthly nature, it calls forth to countless changes every power, binds and loosens bonds unnumbered, and hangs around every earthly being its heavenly picture. Alone its presence declares the wondrous glory of the kingdoms the world.

I turn aside to the holy, the inexpressible, the mysterious Night. Afar off lies the world, buried in some deep chasm: desolate and lonely is the spot it filled. Through the chords of the breast sighs deepest sorrow. I will sink down into the dewdrops, and with ashes will I be commingled. The distant lines of memory, desires of youth, the dreams of childhood, a whole life's short joys and hopes vain, unfulfilled, come clothed in grey, like evening mists, when the sun's glory has departed. Elsewhere has the light broken upon habitations of gladness. What, should it never return again to its children, who with the faith of innocence await its coming?

What fount is thus suddenly opened within the heart, so full of forethought, that destroys the soft breath of sorrow? Thou also—dost thou love us, gloomy Night? What holdest thou concealed beneath thy mantle that draws my soul towards thee with such mysterious power? Costly balsam raineth from thy hand; from thy horn pourest thou out manna; the heavy wings of the spirit liftest thou. Darkly and inexpressibly do we feel ourselves moved: a solemn countenance I behold with glad alarm, that bends towards me in gentle contemplation, displaying, among endless allurements of the mother, lovely youth! How poor and childish does the light now seem! How joyous and how hallowed is the day's departure!—Therefore then only, because Night dismissed thy vassals, hast thou sown in the infinity of space those shining balls to declare thine almighty power, and thy return in the season of absence? More heavenly than those glittering stars seem the unnumbered eyes that Night has opened within us. Farther can they see than beyond the palest of that countless host; without need of light can they pierce the depths of a spirit of love, that fills a yet more glorious space with joy beyond expression. Glory to the world's Queen, the high declarer of spheres of holiness, the nurse of hallowed love! Thee, thou tenderly beloved one, doth she send to me—thee, lovely sun of the Night. Now I awaken, for I am thine and mine: the Night hast thou given as a sign of life, and made me man. Devour with glowing spiritual fire this earthly body, that I ethereal may abide with thee in union yet more perfect, and then may the bridal Night endure for ever.

II.

Must ever the morn return? Is there no end to the sovereignty of earth? Unhallowed occupation breaks the heavenly pinion of the Night. Shall the secret offering of love at no time burn for ever? To the Light is its period allotted; but beyond time and space is the empire of the Night. Eternal is the duration of sleep. Thou holy sleep! bless not too rarely the Night's dedicated son in this earth's daily work! Fools alone recognise thee not, and know of no sleep beyond the shadow which in that twilight

of the actual Night thou throwest in compassion over us. They feel thee not in the vine's golden flood, in the almond-tree's marvel oil, and in the brown juice of the manna; they know not that it is thou that enhaloest the tender maiden's breast, and makest a heaven of her bosom; conceive not that out of histories of old thou steppest forth an opener of heaven, and bearest the key to the abodes of the blessed, the silent messenger of unending mysteries.

III.

Once, when I was shedding bitter tears, when my hope streamed away dissolved in sorrow, and I stood alone beside the barren hill, that concealed in narrow gloomy space the form of my existence—alone, as never solitary yet hath been, urged by an agony beyond expression, powerless, no more than a mere thought of sorrow; as I looked around me there for aid, could not advance, could not retire, and hung with incessant longing upon fleeting, failing life;—then came there from the blue distance, from the heights of my former happiness, a thin veil of the twilight gloom, and in a moment burst the bondage of the fetters of the birth of light. Then fled the glories of the earth, and all my sorrow with them; sadness melted away in a new, an unfathomable world; thou, inspiration of the Night, slumber of heaven, camest over me; the spot whereon I stood rose insensibly on high; above the spot soared forth my released and new-born spirit. The hill became a cloud of dust; through the cloud I beheld the revealed features of my beloved one. In her eyes eternity reposed; I grasped her hands, and my tears formed a glittering, inseparable bond. Ages were swept by like storms into the distance; on her neck I wept tears of ecstasy for life renewed. It was my first, my only dream; and from that time I feel an eternal and unchanging faith in the heaven of the Night, and in its light, the Loved One.

IV.

Now do I know when the last morn will be; when the light shall no more give alarm to the night and to love; when the slumber shall be without end, and there shall be but one exhaustless dream. Heavenly weariness do I feel within me. Long and wearisome had become the pilgrimage to the holy grave—the cross a burthen. He who hath tasted of the crystal wave that gushes forth, unknown to common eye, in the dark bosom of that hill, against whose foot the flood of earthly waves is dashed and broken; he who hath stood upon the summit of the world's mountain bounds, and hath looked beyond them down into that new land, into the abode of Night; he, well I ween, turns not back into the turmoil of the world—into the land where the light, and eternal unrest, dwells.

There, above, does he erect his huts—his huts of peace; there longs and loves, until comes the most welcome of all hours to draw him down into that fountain's source. Upon the surface floats all that is earthly—it is hurried back by storms; but that which was hallowed by the breath of love, freely streams it forth, through hidden paths, into that realm beyond the mountain chain, and there, exhaled as incense, becomes mixed with loves that have slept. Still, cheerful light, dost thou waken the weary to his toil, still pourest thou glad life into my breast; but from the mossy monument that memory has raised, thence canst thou not allure me. Willingly will I employ my hands in industry and toil; I will look around me at thy bidding; I will celebrate the full glory of thy splendour; trace out, untired, the beauteous consistency of thy wondrous work; willingly will I mark the marvellous course of thy mighty, glowing timepiece; observe the balance of gigantic powers, and the laws of the wondrous play of countless spaces and their periods. But true to the Night remains my heart of hearts, and to creative Love, her daughter. Canst thou show me a heart for ever faithful? Hath thy sun fond eyes that know me? Do thy stars clasp my proffered hand? Do they return the tender pressure, the caressing word? Hast thou clothed her with fair hues and pleasing outline? Or was it she who gave thine ornament a

higher, dearer meaning? What pleasure, what enjoyment, can thy life afford, that shall overweigh the ecstasies of death? Bears not everything that inspires us the colours of the Night? Thee she cherishes with a mother's care; to her thou owest all thy majesty. Thou hadst melted in thyself, hadst been dissolved in endless space, had she not restrained and encircled thee, so that thou wert warm, and gavest life to the world. Verily I was, before thou wert: the mother sent me with my sisters to inhabit thy world, to hallow it with love, so that it might be gazed on as a memorial for ever, to plant it with unfading flowers. As yet they have borne no fruit, these godlike thoughts; but few as yet are the traces of our revelation. The day shall come when thy timepiece pointeth to the end of time, when thou shalt be even as one of us; and, filled with longing and ardent love, be blotted out and die. Within my soul I feel the end of thy distracted power, heavenly freedom, hailed return. In wild sorrow I recognise thy distance from our home, thy hostility towards the ancient glorious heaven. In vain are thy tumult and thy rage. Indestructible remains the cross—a victorious banner of our race.

"I wander over,
  And every tear
To gem our pleasure
  Will then appear.
A few more hours,
  And I find my rest
In maddening bliss,
  On the loved one's breast.
Life, never ending,
  Swells mighty in me;
I look from above down—
  Look back upon thee.
By yonder hillock
  Expires thy beam;
And comes with a shadow,
  The cooling gleam.

Oh, call me, thou loved one,
  With strength from above;
That I may slumber,
  And wake to love.
I welcome death's
  Reviving flood;
To balm and to ether
  It changes my blood.
I live through each day,
  Filled with faith and desire;
And die when the Night comes
  In heaven-born fire."

V.

Over the widely-spreading races of mankind, ruled aforetime an iron Destiny with silent power. A dark and heavy band was around man's anxious soul; without end was the earth; the home of the gods and their abode. Throughout eternities had her mysterious structure stood. Beyond the red mountains of the morning, in the holy bosom of the sea, there dwelt the Sun, the all-inflaming, living light. A hoary giant bare the sacred world. Securely prisoned, beneath mountains, lay the first sons of the mother Earth, powerless in their destructive fury against the new and glorious race of the gods, and their kindred, joyous men. The dark, green ocean's depth was the bosom of a goddess. In the crystal grottoes rioted a voluptuous tribe. Rivers, trees, flowers, and brute beasts had human understanding. Sweeter was the wine poured forth by youth's soft bloom; a god in the vine's clusters; a loving, a maternal goddess, shooting forth among the full, golden sheaves; love's holy flame, a delicious service to the most beauteous of the goddesses. An ever gay and joyous festival of heaven's children and the dwellers upon earth, life rustled on as a spring, through centuries. All races venerated, like children, the tender, thousand-fold flame, as the highest of the world; one thought only was there, one hideous vision of a dream:—

"That fearful to the joyous tables came,
  And the gay soul in wild distraction shrouded.
Here could the gods themselves no counsel frame,
  That might console the breast with sorrow clouded.
This monster's path mysterious, still the same,
  Unstilled his rage, though prayers on gifts were crowded.
His name was Death, who with distress of soul,
Anguish and tears, on the hour of pleasure stole.

For ever now from everything departed
  That here can swell the heart with sweet delight,
Torn now from the beloved one, who, sad-hearted,
  On earth could but desire and grief excite,
A feeble dream seemed to the dead imparted,
  Powerless striving made man's only right;
And broken was enjoyment's heaving billow,
Upon the rock of endless care, its pillow.

With daring mind, as heavenly fancy glows,
  Man masks the fearful shape with fair resembling:
His torch put out, a mild youth doth repose;
  Soft is the end as the lyre's mournful trembling.
Remembrance fades i' the gloom a shadow throws:
  So sang the song, a dreadful doom dissembling.
Yet undefined remained eternal Night,
The stern reminder of some distant might."

At length the old world bowed its head. The gay gardens of the young race were withered; beyond into the freer, desert space aspired less childish and maturing man. The gods then vanished with their train. Lonely and lifeless, Nature stood. The scanty number and the rigid measure bound her with fetters of iron. As into dust and air melted the inconceivable blossoms of life into mysterious words. Fled was the magic faith, and phantasy the all-changing, all-uniting friend from heaven. Over the rigid earth, unfriendly, blew a cold north wind, and the

wonder-home, now without life, was lost in ether; the recesses of the heavens were filled with beaming worlds. Into a holier sphere, into the mind's far higher space, did the world draw the soul with its powers, there to wander until the break of the world's dawning glory. No longer was the light the gods' abode, their token in the heavens: the veil of the night did they cast over them. The night was the mighty bosom of revelations; in it the gods returned, and slumbered there, to go forth in new and in more glorious forms over the altered world.

Among the people above all despised, too soon matured, and wilful strangers to the blessed innocence of youth; among them, with features hitherto unseen, the new world came, in the poet's hut of poverty, a son of the first virgin mother, endless fruit of a mysterious embrace. The boding, budding wisdom of the East first recognised another Time's beginning; to the humble cradle of the monarch their star declared the way. In the name of the distant future, with splendour and with incense, did they make offering to him, the highest wonder of the world. In solitude did the heavenly heart unfold to a flowery chalice of almighty love, bent towards the holy countenance of the father, and resting on the happily-expectant bosom of the lovely pensive mother. With divine ardour did the prophetic eye of the blooming child look forth into the days of the future, towards his beloved, the offspring of the race of God, careless for his day's earthly destiny. The most child-like spirits, wondrously seized with a deep, heart-felt love, collected soon around him; as flowers, a new and unknown life budded forth upon his path. Words inexhaustible, the gladdest tidings fell, as sparks from a heavenly spirit, from his friendly lips. From a distant coast, born under Hellas' cheerful sky, a minstrel came to Palestine, and yielded his whole heart to the wondrous child:—

"The youth art thou, who for uncounted time,
  Upon our graves hast stood with hidden meaning;
In hours of darkness a consoling sign,
  Of higher manhood's joyous, hailed beginning;
That which hath made our soul so long to pine,

Now draws us hence, sweet aspirations winning.
In Death, eternal Life hath been revealed:
And thou art Death, by thee we first are healed."

The minstrel wandered, full of joy, towards Hindostan, the heart elated with the sweetest love, which, beneath yonder heavens, he poured forth in fiery songs, so that a thousand hearts inclined towards him, and with a thousand branches grew towards heaven the joyous tidings. Soon after the minstrel's departure, the precious life became a sacrifice to the deep guilt of man: he died in youthful years, torn from the world he loved, from the weeping mother and lamenting friends. His mouth of love emptied the dark cup of inexpressible affliction. In fearful anguish approached the hour of the new world's birth. Deeply was he touched with the old world's fearful death—the weight of the old world fell heavily upon him. Once more he gazed placidly upon the mother, then came the loosening hand of eternal love, and he slumbered. Few days only hung a deep veil over the swelling sea, over the quaking land; the beloved ones wept countless tears; the mystery was unsealed: the ancient stone heavenly spirits raised from the dark grave. Angels sat beside the slumberer, tenderly formed out of his dreams. Awakened in the new glory of a god, he ascended the height of the new-born world; and with his own hand buried within the deserted sepulchre the old one's corpse, and with almighty hand placed over it the stone no power can raise.

Yet do thy dear ones weep rich tears of joy, tears of emotion, and of eternal gratitude beside thy grave; even yet, with glad alarm, do they behold thee rise, themselves with thee; behold thee weeping, with sweet feeling, on the happy bosom of thy mother, solemnly walking with thy friends, speaking words as if broken from the tree of life; see thee hasten, full of longing, to thy Father's arms, bringing the young race of man, and the cup of a golden future, which shall never be exhausted. The mother soon followed thee in heavenly triumph; she was the first to join thee in the new home. Long ages have flown by since then, and ever in yet higher glory hath thy new creation grown, and thousands from out

of pain and misery have, full of faith and longing, followed thee; roam with thee and the heavenly virgin in the realm of love, serve in the temple of heavenly Death, and are in eternity thine.

"Lifted is the stone,
  Manhood hath arisen:
Still are we thine own,
  Unharmed by bond or prison.
When earth—life—fade away
  In the last meal's solemn gladness,
Around thy cup dare stray
  No trace of grief or sadness.

To the marriage, Death doth call,
  The brilliant lamps are lighted;
The virgins come, invited,
  And oil is with them all.
Space now to space is telling
  How forth thy train hath gone,
The voice of stars is swelling
  With human tongue and tone!

To thee, Maria, hallowed,
  A thousand hearts are sent;
In this dark life and shadowed,
  On thee their thoughts are bent:
The soul's releasement seeing
  They, longing, seek its rest;
By thee pressed, holy being,
  Upon thy faithful breast.

How many who, once glowing,
  Earth's bitterness have learned,
Their souls with grief o'erflowing,
  To thee have sadly turned;
Thou pitying hast appearéd,

In many an hour of pain;
We come to thee now, wearied,
There ever to remain.

By no cold grave now weepeth
A faithful love, forlorn;
Each still love's sweet rights keepeth,
From none will they be torn.
To soften his sad longing
Her fires doth Night impart;
From heaven cherubs thronging,
Hold watch upon his heart.

Content, our life advancing
To a life that shall abide,
Each flame its worth enhancing,
The soul is glorified.
The starry host shall sink then
To bright and living wine,
The golden draught we drink then,
And stars ourselves shall shine.

Love released, lives woundless,
No separation more;
While life swells free and boundless
As a sea without a shore.
One night of glad elation,
One joy that cannot die,
And the sun of all creation
Is the face of the Most High."

VI.

LONGING FOR DEATH.

BELOW, within the earth's dark breast,
From realms of light departing,
There sorrow's pang and sigh oppressed
Is signal of our starting.
In narrow boat we ferry o'er
Speedily to heaven's shore.

To us be hallowed endless Night,
Hallowed eternal slumber!
The day hath withered us with light,
And troubles beyond number.
No more 'mong strangers would we roam;
We seek our Father, and our home.

Upon this world, what do we here,
As faithful, fond, and true men?
The Old but meets with scorn and sneer:—
What care we for the New, then?
Oh, lone is he, and sadly pines,
Who loves with zeal the olden times!

Those old times when the spirits light
To heaven as flame ascended;
The Father's hand and features bright
When men yet comprehended;
When many a mortal, lofty-souled,
Yet bore the mark of heavenly mould.

Those olden times when budded still
The stems of ancient story,
And children, to do Heaven's will,

In pain and death sought glory;
Those times when life and pleasure spoke,
Yet many a heart with fond love broke.

Those old times when in fires of youth
Was God himself revealéd,
And early death, in love and truth,
His sweet existence sealéd,
Who put not from him care and pain,
That dear to us he might remain.

With trembling longing these we see,
By darkness now belated,
In Time's dominions ne'er will be
Our ardent thirsting sated.
First to our home 'tis need we go,
Seek we these holy times to know.

And our return what still can stay?
Long have the best-loved slumbered;
Their grave bounds for us life's drear way,
Our souls with grief are cumbered.
All that we have to seek is gone,
The heart is full—the world is lone.

Unending, with mysterious flame,
O'er us sweet awe is creeping;
Methought from viewless distance came
An echo to our weeping;
The loved ones long for us on high,
And sent us back their pining sigh.

Below, to seek the tender bride,
To Jesus, whom we cherish!
Good cheer! lo, greys the even-tide,—

Love's agonies shall perish.—
A dream—our fetters melt, at rest
We sink upon the Father's breast.

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