

FAUSTUS

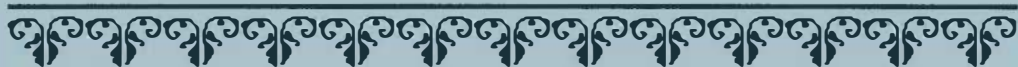
From the German of

GOETHE



Translated by

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE



EDITED BY

FREDERICK BURWICK

and

JAMES C. McKUSICK

FAUSTUS
FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE



— KUNST- UND HISTORISCHES MUSEUM, BERLIN —

Prelude in the theatre [33–242]

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This edition of *Faustus: From the German of Goethe*, translated by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, is indebted to the research of Paul M. Zall, who in 1971 assembled evidence that Coleridge had twice been involved in translating Goethe's major work, first for John Murray and then for Thomas Boosey. Zall identified Coleridge as the anonymous translator of the volume published by Boosey in 1821. After examining the copy of *Faustus: From the German of Goethe* at the Huntington Library, Zall set off on an exploration that led him through the correspondence of Coleridge with the publishers John Murray and Thomas Boosey. Convinced that the translation was indeed Coleridge's, he presented papers on his findings at several conferences and shared his attribution with leading scholars. Edward Bostetter encouraged Zall to develop his evidence of Coleridge's translation. 'Congratulations on ferreting out the Coleridge *Faust*', David Erdmann wrote to him, '—and for writing it up so well' (1 March 1971). Reginald Foakes was equally impressed. 'Altogether, the case seems strong', he told Zall, adding the caution that, until a more thorough stylistic proof was forthcoming, the attribution 'would be better made if made more reticently'.

Responding to that call for 'a more thorough stylistic proof', James McKusick prepared the stylometric analysis in the appendix to this volume. In this effort, McKusick thanks Peter Millican, who developed the software for the *Signature Stylometric System*. Current computer software has taken the guesswork out of authorship studies by providing comprehensive indices of the stylistic attributes of an author's work. Like fingerprinting or DNA analysis, these indices reveal the unique characteristics of vocabulary and syntax that set one author apart from all others. McKusick also wrote the headnote and edited the text for Germaine de Staël's excerpts. It was serendipity that in the copy of this text that McKusick used at the Johns Hopkins University Library, he found a penciled note identifying the anonymously published translation as by Francis Hodgson and edited by William Lamb. McKusick thanks Paul Douglass, author of the biography and editor of the letters of Lady Carolyn Lamb, for explaining William Lamb's role in the project. McKusick assumed responsibility for proof-reading and indexing.

Extending Zall's earlier investigation into Coleridge's work as translator of *Faust*, Frederick Burwick wrote a critical introduction. In his thorough annotations to the text, he attempted to relate Coleridge's translation to the stylistic traits evident in his other poetry. In preparing these notes, he relied on James Mays's carefully annotated volumes of Coleridge's *Poetical Works*. Further documenting the distinctive qualities of Coleridge's *Faustus*, he then introduced other contemporary translations. With the exception of the entries on de Staël, Burwick provided the headnotes and edited these additional texts. Just as McKusick identified Francis Hodgson as the English translator of de Staël's French translation, Burwick identified Daniel Boileau as the translator of the anonymously published prose version. Both co-editors are grateful for the efforts and assistance of Andrew McNeillie, Jacqueline Baker, Elizabeth Robottom, and Jackie Pritchard at Oxford University Press.

Frederick Burwick
James C. McKusick

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Commissioned by the Cotta publishing house in Stuttgart, Moritz Retzsch (1779–1857) completed in 1816 his twenty-six outline engravings for Johann Wolfgang Goethe's *Faust*. Johann Heinrich Bohte, German book-dealer in London, purchased directly from Cotta sets of the prints which he had bound with excerpted lines translated by George Soane (1820). For his rival editions, first with prose translation by Daniel Boileau (1820) then with blank-verse translation by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1821), Thomas Boosey commissioned Henry Moses (1782–1870) to copy the engravings. As frontispiece, Moses produced an additional plate of his own design, depicting a scene from the *Prelude in the Theatre* and imitating the style of Retzsch. This set of illustrations is reproduced from Boosey's edition of 1821. Because Coleridge did not translate the *Prelude in the Theatre* or the *Prologue in Heaven*, these two plates preceded the translated text; each of the following plates faced the passage illustrated, as indicated by the bracketed line numbers.

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CHRONOLOGY

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834)

- 1772–1775 Goethe creates the original *Faust*, discovered in a handwritten copy in the late 19th century, known as the *Urfaust*
- 1790 *Faust, ein Fragment* published
- 1799 *May/June* STC ascends the Brocken, site of the Walpurgis Night
- 1800 *May/June* STC's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein* published
- 1808 *Faust. Ein Tragödie (Faust I)* published
- 1809 *1 June to*
- 1810 *15 March* STC publishes *The Friend*
- 1810 Passages of *Faust* in French in de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*
- 1812 *13 August* Henry Crabb Robinson reads *Faust* to STC
20 August STC's critique of *Faust*, talks of writing a new *Faust*
8 December STC wants Goethe's songs
- 1813 *23 January* *Remorse* opens at Drury Lane
 English trans. of de Staël's *De l'Allemagne* pub. by Murray
 STC meets de Staël at Murray's in Albemarle Street
 September
- 1814 *23 August* Murray persuades STC to translate *Faust*
26 August Lamb's comment about language of 'cat monkeys'
 13 August to
 24 September Five essays on 'Principles of Genial Criticism'
 16 October STC gives up translation of *Faust*
- 1816 Moritz von Retzsch's *Umrisse* published by Cotta
 Goethe outlines first four acts of *Faust II* for his autobiography
 15 April STC moves to Highgate, under care of Gillman
 6 June Murray advances £50 to STC for Christmas Tale and 'play in progress'
 December *The Statesman's Manual*
- 1817 *March* *Lay Sermons*
 July *Biographia Literaria*

- 1817 *July* *Sibylline Leaves*
November *Zapolya* published by Rest Fenner
- 1818 *9 February* *Zapolya* opens at Surrey Theatre for 10 nights
October Sir Walter Scott: ‘Coleridge is engaged in translating *Faust*’
- 1819 *March* Financial losses with bankruptcy of publisher Rest Fenner
 Begins contributions to *Blackwood’s* (to 1822)
- 1820 2nd edition of Moritz von Retzsch’s *Umrisse* published by Cotta
- January* Publication by Bohte of *Extracts from Göthe’s Tragedy of Faustus, Explanatory of the Plates by Retzsch*, translated by George Soane
- February* Bohte’s *Faustus* reviewed in *London Magazine*
- March/July* STC’s notebook entries on Michael Scott as ‘Faust’ story
- 12 May* STC’s proposal for translating *Faust*: ‘My Advice and Scheme’
 Boosey’s reply to STC
- June* Anster’s translation of *Faust* in *Blackwood’s*
- June* Boosey’s edition with prose translation by Daniel Boileau and Retzsch plates re-engraved by Henry Moses (1782–1870)
- 25 June* STC tells Maria Gisborne that *Faust* ‘could not be endured in English and by the English’
- July* *Faust* and STC, ‘Lion’s Head’, *London Magazine*
- 21 July* STC asks Poole to send his account of ascending the Brocken, ‘seat of innumerable superstitions’, where ‘all the witches dance’ on Walpurgis Night
- August* George Croly, ‘Goethe and his Faustus,’ *London Magazine*
- 1 August* Bohte informs Goethe that STC is at work on a complete translation of *Faust* (Goethe–Schiller Archive, ms 28/88 Bl.362f)
- 4 September* Goethe, in letter to his son, says STC is translating *Faust*
- 27 September* Goethe translated Coleridge’s lines on ‘orphyic song’, written in praise of *The Prelude*, but applied by Goethe to his own *Faust. Kunst und Leben. Ans Friedrich Förster’s Nachlaß*, pp. 201–206
- October* STC refers in notebooks to difficulties in German translation:
 CN 4699 ‘sauf oder lauf’; cf. *Auerbachs Keller*
 CN 4731 ‘German Words, for which I am still to seek for an exact Correspondent in English. Anmuth’; cf. *Vorspiel auf dem Theater*
 CN 4738 (Nov. 1821) ‘Twiwt thro’—twiwt in—Zwischen Branches—swelling Branches’; cf. *Wald und Höhle*
 CN 4728, STC on God creating a Devil; cf. *Prolog im Himmel*

- 1821
 8 January Goethe's *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre* published
 STC at work on 'Logic'
 Apr-May STC meets with Anster (cf CN 4465)
 STC's alternative 'Faust' story- Michael Scott (CN 4642, 4690)
 September Translation of *Faust* published by Boosey
 October 'R's review of *Faustus* in *European Magazine*, rumor by 'worthy authority' that STC was the anonymous translator and will be succeeded by George Soane
 November STC declines Anster's invitation to lecture in Dublin
 November Henry Crabb Robinson reads 'the English *Faustus*'
 November Page proofs of Soane's translation for Bohte's planned second edition sent to *London Magazine*
 December 'C. Van Vinkbooms', *London Magazine*, reviews Soane page-proofs and *Faustus* (Boosey, 1821)
- 1822 12 January Shelley writes to John Gisborne complaining of the 'miserable' translations of *Faust* (by Boileau, in Boosey 1820) and by Anster in *Blackwood's* (June 1820) in January 1822, and wondering whether their 'stupid misintelligence' might spur Coleridge 'to action'
Faustus (Boosey, 1821) reviewed by Carlyle in *New Edinburgh Review*
 June Page proofs of Soane's translation for Bohte's planned second edition sent to Goethe
 26 October Shelley's translation of 'Walpurgisnacht' from *Faust* published in *The Liberal*, No. 1
- 1823 Lord Francis Leveson Gower's *Faust* published by Murray
 August De Quincey reviews Carlyle's translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* in *London Magazine*
 October Review of *Wallenstein* in *Blackwood's*: 'best translation of a foreign tragic drama'
- 1824 May STC's conversation with Dr. Gioacchino de' Prati on translating *Faust*
 Shelley's scenes from *Faust* ('Prolog im Himmel', 'Walpurgisnacht') published by Mary Shelley in *Posthumous Poems*
- 1825 *Aids to Reflection*
 16 May George Soane's *Faustus: A Romantic Drama* opens at Drury Lane (acted 24 times)
- 1826 8 May Goethe's reference to STC in translating *Faust*
- 1827 *Helena. Klassisch-romantische Phantasmagorie*, key text in *Faust II* published

- 1828 *Helena* reviewed by Thomas Carlyle in *Foreign Review*, 2
- 1829 *January* First performance of *Faust I* in Braunschweig
 31 *January* Henry Crabb Robinson to Goethe: 'Coleridge, too, the only living poet of acknowledged genius who is also a good German scholar attempted Faust, but shrunk from it in despair'
 STC's *On the Constitution of Church and State*
- 1830 STC's talks with John Hookham Frere on translating *Faust*
- 1831 22 *July* Goethe's final draft of *Faust II* completed
- 1832 22 *March* Goethe dies; *Faust II* published posthumously that same year
- 1833 16 *February* STC's alternative 'Faust' story in *Table Talk*
 Abraham Haywood, prose translation of *Faust*
- 1834 25 *July* STC dies at Highgate
- 1835 Anster publishes his translation of *Faust I*
- 1864 Anster publishes his translation of *Faust II*
- 1865 William Barnard Clarke, in preface to his translation of *Faust*, refers to an earlier translation 'said to be by Coleridge'

INTRODUCTION

Coleridge's Translation of *Faust*

On 4 September 1820, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe wrote to his son August that Samuel Taylor Coleridge was translating *Faust*.¹ What happened to the translation? The question has long baffled scholars of Goethe and Coleridge. The answer, as it turns out, is much the same as the solution to the mystery in Edgar Allan Poe's tale of the 'Purloined Letter'. It was there in plain sight all along. The search ought to have commenced with a look at the translations that were forthcoming at the very time of Goethe's letter. The translations, to be sure, were catalogued by William Hauhart in 1909, but he had no suspicion that a translation by Coleridge might be among them.² When Rosemary Ashton in 1977 addressed the possibility of a missing translation, she concluded that it was among the many Coleridgean projects that 'failed to come to fruition'.³ In documenting Coleridge's undertaking with Thomas Boosey, she cited only Boosey's edition of 1820, unaware that Boosey published another edition one year later.⁴

Germaine de Staël included several passages from *Faust* in her *De l'Allemagne*, originally published in Paris in 1810. In 1813 the publisher John Murray issued the English translation of de Staël's *Germany*, with the passages from *Faust* now in English that she had earlier translated into French. These excerpts included Faust's soliloquies on the Earth Spirit and on life and his love for Margaret, Margaret's torment in the Cathedral, Faust fascinated by the wraith on Walpurgis Night, and confronting Margaret in

¹ Goethe, *Werke*, Weimarer Ausgabe (= WA), herausgegeben im Auftrage der Grossherzogin Sophie von Sachsen, 146 vols. (Weimar: H. Böhlau, 1887–1919), ed. Gustav von Loeper et al., IV. xxxiii. 199–200.

² William F. Hauhart, *Reception of Goethe's Faust in England during the First Half of the Nineteenth Century* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1909), 38–9.

³ Rosemary Ashton, 'Coleridge and Faust', *Review of English Studies*, NS 28 (May 1977), 156–67.

⁴ In the *Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (= CL), 6 vols., ed. Earl Leslie Griggs (Oxford: Clarendon, 1956–71), CL v. 42–4, and in *The Notebooks of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (= CN), ed. Kathleen Coburn (New York: Pantheon, 1957, 1961) CN 4642 n., only Boosey's 1820 publication of *Faustus* is acknowledged, and not the 1821 edition. See also Carl Woodring's note on Coleridge's negotiations with Murray in 1814 and Boosey in 1820, in *Table Talk* (= TT), ed. Carl Woodring, 2 vols., *The Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, xiv (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1990), i. 342 n. 24.

her prison cell.⁵ So popular was de Staël's sampling from *Faust* that, by mid-summer of 1814, Murray sought someone who could translate the whole play. Coleridge's reputation as a poet of the demonic and his accomplishment in translating *Wallenstein* (1800)⁶ made him the natural choice.

Coleridge's first letter revealing his negotiations with Murray is dated 23 August 1814. After thanking Murray for his 'flattering Faith' in his abilities, he praised among recent works in German literature Goethe's *Faust* and Johann Heinrich Voss's *Luisa*⁷ as 'the two, if not the only ones, that are emphatically *original* in their conception, & characteristic of a new & peculiar sort of Thinking and Imagining'. 'I should not be averse', he assured Murray, 'from exerting my best efforts in an attempt to import whatever is importable . . . into our own Language.' Admitting that his financial distress compelled him 'to bring *even my Intellect* to the *Market*', he made it clear to Murray that a '*pecuniary* advantage' was necessary. 'I should like to attempt the Translation' and, if the terms were acceptable, would 'do it immediately'. He would provide as well a 'preliminary critical Essay'.⁸ Murray, in his reply dated 29 August, assured Coleridge that he alone 'could do justice' to 'the translation of Goethe's extraordinary drama'. He then answered Coleridge's concern for a '*pecuniary* advantage':

I am no less anxious that you should receive, as far as I think the thing can admit, a fair remuneration; and trusting that you will not undertake it unless you feel disposed to execute the labor perfectly *con amore*, and in a style of versification equal to 'Remorse,' I venture to propose to you the sum of One Hundred Pounds for the Translation and the preliminary Analysis, with such passages translated as you may judge proper of the works of Goethe, with a copy of which I will have the pleasure of supplying you as soon as I have your final determination.⁹

Coleridge's 'final determination' was sent two days later, 31 August 1814. He told Murray that 'the Terms proposed are humiliatingly low: yet such as

⁵ Germaine de Staël's *De l'Allemagne* (1810), published two years after Goethe's *Faust*, had been banned and burned by Napoleon who was at war with Germany. The English translation was published as *Germany*, 3 vols. (London: John Murray, 1813); the passages from Goethe's *Faust* are in vol. ii, chapter 23, pp. 181–226.

⁶ Because he worked from a prompter's copy, STC's translation from Schiller's *The Piccolomini* and *The Death of Wallenstein*, 2 vols. (London: T. N. Longman and O. Rees, 1800), appeared prior to their publication in Germany; reprinted in *The Poetical Works*, 3 vols. (London: W. Pickering, 1828).

⁷ In a letter to William Sotheby, 26 August 1802, Coleridge had described a plan to translate Voss's *Luisa, ein ländliches Gedicht in drei Idyllen* (1795), *CL* iii. 856–7. The translation which Thomas De Quincey prepared for *Blackwood's* in 1821 was published posthumously, *The Works of Thomas De Quincey*, ed. Grevel Lindop et al., 21 vols. (London: Pickering and Chatto, 2000–3), iii. 366–373.

⁸ To John Murray (August 1814), *CL* iii. 523.

⁹ Samuel Smiles, *A Publisher and his Friends*, 2 vols. (London: John Murray, 1891), i. 299.

under modifications I accede to'. Coleridge listed three 'modifications': (1) that the £100 should be paid to 'Mrs Coleridge, or Mr Robert Southey, at a Bill of five weeks' upon the 'delivery of the last Mss Sheet'; (2) that 'after two years from the first publication' the translation might be reprinted in any collection of his works; (3) that he retain the rights to adapt it for the stage. Although he agreed to Murray's request that *Faust* should be rendered 'in a style of versification equal to "Remorse"', Coleridge stressed that 'a large proportion of the work cannot be rendered in blank verse, but must be in wild *lyrical* meters'. Repeating his complaint that 'the Translation of so very difficult a work, as the Faustus, will be most inadequately remunerated by the Terms you propose', Coleridge added that those terms 'very probably are the highest, it may be worth your while to offer to me'. He also reminded Murray that *Faust* was only a fragment which Goethe might never complete, and that even de Staël had been critical in introducing her excerpts. Coleridge nevertheless confirmed their agreement, pledging that 'I will commence the Task as soon as I receive Goethe's Works from you.' Moreover, he would commence 'instantly, so as to let you have the last Sheet before the middle of November'.¹⁰

Coleridge went to work with good will, leaving London for the countryside where he could work undisturbed in order to complete the translation, as he had told Murray, within the next two and a half months. Murray's reply to Coleridge's second letter is missing, but Coleridge's third letter gives considerable evidence of its content. He clearly perceived Coleridge's comments as a deprecation of the value of the work, for Coleridge began his reply by saying that he had not intended to offend and that he believed *Faust* to be a work 'of genuine and original Genius'. He is nevertheless convinced that English readers will be less enthusiastic:

The Scenes in the Cathedral and the Prison must delight and affect all Readers not pre-determined to dislike. But the Scenes of Witchery and that astonishing Witch-Gallop up the Brocken will be denounced as *fantastic* and absurd. Fantastic they *are*, and were meant to be; but I need not tell you, how many will detect the supposed fault for one, who can enter into the philosophy of that imaginative Superstition, which justifies it.

Murray had also queried Coleridge on his planned Essay. Murray expected a critique of *Faust*; Coleridge planned a history, 'the 4 Stages of German Poetry, from Hans Sachs to Tie[c]k and Schlegel'. Finally, Murray had not expected Coleridge's complaint that £100 was too small a sum. Because Coleridge had already accepted that sum, he merely clarified the

¹⁰ To John Murray (August 1814), *CL* iii. 525.

ground of his complaint: 'In reference to the Labor and to the quantity of thoughtful Reading I deemed the price inadequate; not as less than you were justified in offering.' He then reassured Murray that he was fully committed to the project: 'I have left Bristol for a Cottage 5 miles from Bath, in order to be perfectly out of the Reach of Interruption.'¹¹

His letters of ensuing weeks reflect the best intentions. How many pages he translated daily, he did not record, but he did report in September that he was adhering to a work schedule of six hours daily, from 9 a.m. to 1.00 p.m., then after reading and correcting what he had written, working again from 6.00 to 8.00 p.m.¹² His commitment flagged, and by 16 October, as he informed Daniel Stuart, he had given up the entire project, leaving himself bereft of Murray's promised, and much needed, commission of £100: 'Murray, the Bookseller, has treated me in a strange way—about a translation of Goethe's *Faust*—but it is not worth mentioning except that I employed some weeks unprofitably—when it was of more than usual necessity that I [shou]ld have done otherwise.'¹³ Because Murray's part in the correspondence is missing, it is impossible to determine what that 'strange way' might have been. Murray had provided him with the requested edition,¹⁴ but perhaps had disagreed with Coleridge's opinion that the text needed judicious editing. A few months later Coleridge told Byron that he himself had convinced Murray to give up the project because the 'Witcheries' were too fantastic and 'the moral and religious opinions' too obnoxious.¹⁵ Faced with a similar problem when translating *Wallenstein* earlier, he had simply omitted the objectionable 'Prelude', explaining in the preface, 'It would have been unadvisable from the incongruity of those lax verses with the present taste of the English Public.'¹⁶

¹¹ To John Murray (10 September 1814), *CL* iii. 528. Coleridge's address during the subsequent months was 'Mrs Smith's, Ashley, Box, near Bath'.

¹² To Daniel Stuart (12 September 1814), *CL* iii. 533. In addition to translating *Faust*, Coleridge devoted part of his work schedule during the first weeks of his 'rural Retirement' to completing the last of the 'Essays on the Principles of Genial Criticism', which appeared in five instalments in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* (13, 20, 27 August; 10, 24 September 1814).

¹³ To Daniel Stuart (16 October 1814), *CL* iii. 536.

¹⁴ The edition lent to Coleridge was likely the edition in the John Murray library: *Goethes sämtliche Schriften*, 15 vols. (Vienna: Verlegt bey Anton Strauß. In Commission bey Geistinger, 1808–11); see George Paston [Emily M. Symonds], *At John Murray's: Records of a Literary Circle 1843–1892* (London: John Murray, 1932), 26.

¹⁵ Coleridge to Byron (30 March 1815), *CL* iv. 562: 'I had the open-heartedness to dissuade him [Murray] from hazarding any money on the translation of the *Faust* of Goethe much as I myself admired the work on the whole, and tho' ready to undertake the translation—from the conviction that the fantastic character of its Witcheries, and the general tone of the morals and religious opinions would be highly obnoxious to the taste and Principles of the present righteous English public.'

¹⁶ Preface, *Wallenstein. Poetical Works*, part 3: *Plays*, ed. J. C. C. Mays and Joyce Crick, *The*

The effort that he had already invested in translating *Faust* may well have been an influencing factor when, less than six years later, he was again negotiating a translation. The demand this time, however, was for Goethe's text to accompany the drawings that Moritz Retzsch had made of twenty-six scenes from the play. Those drawings had been published in Germany by Cotta in 1816, along with a ten-page analysis that included quotations from the depicted scenes. When Cotta brought out a second edition in 1820,¹⁷ Johann Heinrich Bohte, German bookseller in London, issued an English edition with excerpted captions to the plates translated by the playwright George Soane. The preface to Bohte's edition states: 'The Translator neither seeks nor desires credit; his task has been a simple one: that of selecting from the Tragedy the passages most appropriate to the Plates, and adding to them so much, of the story as would render the whole intelligible.'¹⁸

By June 1820, rival publishers, Thomas Boosey and Sons, issued their own version of Retzsch's drawings as engraved by Henry Moses, with analysis and translation of the text by 'a German in humble circumstances . . . possessing a very considerable knowledge of the English language'.¹⁹ Both the Bohte and the Boosey editions sold out quickly, but Thomas Boosey had initiated plans for a second edition of his version two months before the first edition appeared. He thus turned to Coleridge for 'friendly advice'.²⁰ The second edition, published by Boosey and Sons in September 1821, followed Coleridge's plan far enough to constitute a new book rather than another edition. It was anonymous, as the first had been, but now gave emphasis to the text rather than to Moses' plates. The title of the first had been *Retzsch's*

Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, xvi (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2001), 3 (Part I). 619.

¹⁷ *Umrisse zu Goethe's Faust gezeichnet von Retzsch* (Stuttgart: Cotta, 1816; 2nd edn. Stuttgart: Cotta, 1820).

¹⁸ George Soane's translation of 30 lines (following the 26 captions to Retzsch's plates) for the edition published by Johann Bohte in 1820 bears no similarity to the translation in Boosey's 2nd edition of 1821, nor do the 546 lines (to line 576 of the original German) that he translated for Bohte's projected 2nd edition in 1821. Soane also published *Faustus: A Romantic Drama* in 1825. The passages translated by Anster were printed in Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*; Anster's *Poetry* was, in part, annotated with corrections by Coleridge.

¹⁹ *Retzsch's Series of Twenty-Six Outlines, Illustrative of Goethe's Tragedy of Faust, Engraved from the Originals by Henry Moses, and an Analysis of the Tragedy* (London: Printed for Boosey and Sons, Broad-Street, Exchange, and Rodwell and Martin, New Bond Street, 1820). Goethe wrote to Boosey to enquire about the author of the translation and analysis; Boosey replied to Goethe that it was the work of 'a German in humble circumstances, a man of no little ability, and possessing a very considerable knowledge of the English language'; quoted in Carl F. Schreiber, 'Coleridge to Boosey—Boosey to Coleridge', *Yale University Library Gazette*, 20 (1947), 8–10. On the anonymous translator, Daniel Boileau, see the headnote to the text of *Retzsch's Series of Twenty-Six Outlines*.

²⁰ Schreiber, 'Coleridge to Boosey—Boosey to Coleridge'.

Series of Twenty-Six Outlines Illustrative of Goethe's Tragedy of Faust. The new title read *Faustus: From the German of Goethe*.²¹ The new text was twenty-nine pages longer (89 vs. 60), and could be bound with the plates or separately as an independent publication. Coleridge translated almost half of the original work, with his dramatic blank verse embedded in a prose plot summary of the remaining half. The prose, to be sure, occasionally compressed well over a hundred lines into one sentence (e.g., 'The student enters, and discourses, as he supposes, with his master, on the prosecution of his studies' summarizes 180 lines of verse). 'Faust's Study' and 'Before the Town Gates' are given in great detail; Faust and Mephistopheles in Faust's chamber are given in detail also, with lengthy excerpts from their sallies to Auerbach's Cellar and the Witch's Kitchen; the seduction of Margaret is given in detail, although Faust's comment on religion is omitted; Valentine's murder is given in verse, most of the Walpurgis Night scene in prose, and the prison scene in verse.

The verse passages interspersed in the prose paraphrases are not, as Coleridge had proposed, in 'the manner & metre of the original' except for occasional hymns and songs and one remarkable passage in tetrameter couplets describing the onset of Walpurgis Night revels (lines 3940–55).²² The rest, including those translating the scenes represented in the plates, are in dramatic blank verse. In his correspondence with Murray in 1814, and again in his proposal to Boosey and Sons in 1820, Coleridge had stressed a translation 'as for the stage'. His rendering of *Faust* in dramatic blank verse sets Coleridge's work apart from all earlier translations.

And there is more evidence. In an essay on *Faust* in *Blackwood's* for June 1820, a 27-year-old Dublin barrister, John Anster, had translated some 1,600 lines,²³ closely imitating Goethe's varied verse forms, mixing them with just such a prose 'analysis' as Coleridge had proposed. Coleridge was also writing for *Blackwood's* at this time,²⁴ and their mutual interest in *Faust* brought them together during the ensuing year. They met several times during the

²¹ In 1971, Paul Zall first presented the compelling evidence that Coleridge was translator of *Faustus: From the German of Goethe* (London: Boosey and Sons . . . and Rodwell & Martin, 1821). In an unpublished paper of 1971, Zall assembled the external evidence through the correspondence with Boosey; and the internal evidence of the striking stylistic similarities to Coleridge's translation of *Wallenstein* and to the dramatic verse in *Remorse* and *Zapolya*.

²² Throughout this edition of Coleridge's *Faustus* the line references conform to the Hamburg edition of Goethe's *Faust*. For the ease of cross-reference, these standard line references are also used for other English translations.

²³ John Anster, 'The Faustus of Goethe', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 7/39 (June 1820), 235–58.

²⁴ Coleridge's 'Letter to Peter Morris, M.D.' (November 1819), a response to John Gibson Lockhart's *Peter's Letters to his Kinfolk* (3 vols., 1819), was published without his permission in

months when Coleridge was preparing his *Faust* translation for Boosey. Although Coleridge followed Anster's version through the first three scenes, he then began to incorporate more from Goethe's original. In the opening scene, 'Night', he used exactly the same selection of passages as Anster. For the next scene, 'Before the Town-Gate', he inserted only two additional lines. For the scene in Faust's Study, Coleridge added sixty-five lines not in Anster. Coleridge then strikes out on his own, introducing lengthy passages from the scenes in Auerbach's Cellar and the Witch's Kitchen, as well as the entire courtship of Margaret. It is not until the final Prison scene that one may again notice similarities to Anster in Coleridge's text. With the excuse that 'many of these scenes have been rendered familiar by Madame de Stael', Anster had merely summarized. Because Coleridge translated passages to accompany each of the scenes illustrated by Retzsch's plates, he adhered to a more rigorous plan than Anster had found necessary. Furthermore, Coleridge was concerned with maintaining a dramatic blank verse very different from the verse written by Anster, and even more different from the rhymed verse written by George Soane.

In his letter of 4 September 1820 to his son, Goethe cited a report from England that 'in Consequence of the extensive Sale of the Outlines in this Country, great Curiosity has been excited respecting the tragedy'. The 'Outlines' refer, of course, to the reproduction of Retzsch's illustrations which had been published in England in January 1820 by Bohte and June 1820 by Boosey. In spite of the competition, both editions were promptly sold out. Bohte, who regularly corresponded with Goethe,²⁵ would have told him of the public demand for the work and informed him, too, that Boosey had commissioned Coleridge to assist with an expanded second edition. Because Bohte wrote his letters in German, Goethe is here clearly citing another of his London informants. He has learned not only that 'Coleridge übersetzt das Stück', but also that Coleridge intended his translation for the stage. To adapt *Faust* for the British stage, and for a British audience, Goethe recognized that changes would be inevitable. 'The present witch trial', he said in a wry reference to the scandalous divorce trial of Queen Caroline, 'can be disposed of only on the Blocksberg.'²⁶ Although he may well have originally

Blackwood's (September 1820), 629; in CL iv. 966–7. His second contribution was published as 'Letter from Mr Coleridge' and 'Selection from the Literary Correspondence with Friends, and Men of Letters', *Blackwood's*, 10 (October 1821), 243–62.

²⁵ Goethe, *Werke* (WA), IV. xxxii. 180–1, and xxxiii. 157. xxxii. 154, to Johann Christian Hüttner (draft), Weimar, [6] March 1820; xxxiii. 114, to Friedrich Arnold Brockhaus (draft), Jena, 14 August 1820.

²⁶ Goethe, *Werke* (WA), IV. xxxiii. 199ff. To August von Goethe (4 September 1820): 'Aus England meldet man Folgendes, welches die Mama wohl dolmetschen wird: "Perhaps it may be

considered such a scene,²⁷ there is, of course, no witch trial in *Faust*. Goethe was, however, fully aware of the widespread contention in England that his play was blasphemous and obscene, and would therefore have perceived an irony in the public accusations of the queen's immorality and adultery.²⁸ In this context, the 'Walpurgis Night', the scene with the witches' orgy atop the Blocksberg, would provide the apt distraction.

As editor of the *London Magazine*, John Scott reserved for himself an introductory feature entitled 'The Lion's Head', which he used to 'puff' the contents of the present issue or to anticipate a forthcoming piece. In 'The Lion's Head' for the issue of July 1820, he announced that 'a very masterly paper on Göthe, and his Faustus, . . . will appear in our next number'. Scott also recalled 'in the second number of our Magazine' (February 1820) the review of *Extracts from Göthe's Tragedy of Faustus* (1820). He praised Bohte for securing for this edition the original quarto prints from Germany. Of the octavo plates engraved by Henry Moses for Boosey's rival edition, *Retsch's Series of Twenty-Six Outlines, Illustrative of Goethe's Tragedy of Faust* (1820), Scott said that the 'English artist . . . seems to have executed his task very creditably to himself. But the originals have a spirit which has not been transfused into the copies.' For this reason, Scott was 'glad to hear that a fresh supply from the Continent has been received'.²⁹ This news indicated, too, that Bohte would be preparing a second edition. It was time that the literary work itself, not just the illustrations, be made available to English readers. Coleridge was proposed as best suited to the task of translating *Faust*: 'If Mr. Coleridge could spare the time from those labours of a more important nature in which he is so visibly and profitably engaged, we should like much to see an attempt made by the author of *Christabel*'.³⁰ George

gratifying to Mr. de Goethe to know, that in Consequence of the extensive Sale of the Outlines in this Country, great Curiosity has been excited respecting the tragedy, and of course has had a great Sale lately." Coleridge übersetzt das Stück. Sie werden es nach ihrer Weise wahrscheinlich umgemodelt bald auf's Theater bringen. Der jetzige Hexenprozeß läßt sich wohl auch nur auf dem Blocksberge abthun.' In suggesting that 'Mama' may translate the English text, Goethe is referring to his son August's mother-in-law, Henriette Ottilie Ulrike, Freifrau von Pogwisch; *Werke*, Weimar Ausgabe, IV. 1. 181.

²⁷ Albrecht Schöne, *Götterzeichen, Liebeszauber, Satanskult: Neue Einblicke in alte Goethetexte* (Munich: C. H. Beck, 1982).

²⁸ J. H. Adolphus (ed.), *A Correct, Full, and Impartial Report of the Trial of Her Majesty, Caroline, Queen Consort of Great Britian, before the House of Peers* (London: Jones and Co., 1820). The trial lasted from 17 August to 10 November 1820 and ended in the Queen's acquittal, in spite of a widespread belief in her guilt.

²⁹ Referring to the 2nd edition of Retsch, *Umriss zu Goethes Faust*.

³⁰ 'The Lion's Head', *London Magazine* (July 1820), 2. 6–7. On John Scott's editorship, see Josephine Bauer, *The London Magazine, 1820–29*, Anglistica Series I (Copenhagen: Rosenkilde and Bagger, 1953); Patrick O'Leary, *Regency Editor: The Life of John Scott* (Aberdeen: Aberdeen

Croly's essay on Goethe appeared, as promised, in the August issue of *London Magazine*.³¹

In the *European Magazine* (October 1821), the reviewer of the Boosey edition found the translation, in spite of its 'fidelity', less powerful than it might have been. He complained, with good reason, that Margaret's Song 'Meine Ruh' ist hin', was awkwardly translated as 'My peace of mind's ruined' (3374–413). He granted that the translator 'is evidently a great proficient, . . . who seems to feel his subject every where else', and called attention to one passage where the translator 'shews us that it was in his power to do considerably better'. He cited the passage where Coleridge turned from blank verse to tetrameter couplets in describing the ascent of the Brocken:

O'er the night a cloud condenses,
 Through the woods a rush commences,
 Up the owls affrighted start;
 Listen! how the pillars part,
 The ever-verdant roofs from under,
 Boughs rustle, snap, and break asunder!
 The trunks incline in fearful forms,
 Roots creak and stretch, as torn by storms;—
 In startling, and entangled fall,
 Upon each other rush they all,
 And through rent clefts and shattered trees,
 Now sighs and howls the rushing breeze.
 Hear'st thou voices in the air,
 Now far distant, and now near?
 Yes, the mountain's ridge along
 Sweeps a raging, magic song!

(394^o–55)

The reviewer was ecstatic:

There is a wild rush in the above lines, which at once make them the very life they describe; they come upon the ear like the night blast over a bleak hill. Oh why are not all the other poems so translated, and so versified! Throughout the volume there is not the least hint at the translator, yet it is surely a work of which no man ought to be ashamed. Rumor says the author of *Christabelle* tried at it and resigned it.

The reviewer then revealed that 'the same worthy authority' also informed him that George Soane was to be Coleridge's 'successor in the undertaking'.³² The reviewer's 'worthy' informant had his facts backwards: Soane had

University Press, 1983); and F. P. Riga and C. A. Prance, *Index to the London Magazine* (New York: Garland, 1978).

³¹ George Croly, 'Goethe and his Faustus', *London Magazine* (August 1820), 2, 125–42.

³² 'R.', 'Faustus, from the German of Goethe', *European Magazine*, 80 (October 1821),

indeed been commissioned by Bohte to continue with a translation that would present Goethe's dramatic poem in its entirety. But it was Soane who had resigned the task, and, without realizing it, the reviewer had in hand the work as completed by Coleridge.

Forty-four years later, William Barnard Clarke, in the preface to his translation of *Faust* (1865), alluded to an earlier translation 'said to be by Coleridge'.³³ As more years passed, the rumour and covert assumption that Coleridge was the translator gradually subsided. Not Goethe's assertion that Coleridge was translating *Faust*, nor even Coleridge's own letters to Murray and to Boosey on his translation, were enough to offset the fact that the work had appeared anonymously.

Coleridge, of course, had specifically requested not to be named as translator.³⁴ He gave several reasons for wanting anonymity. For one thing, he was worried about the play's immorality. This was a reason that he expressed to Byron when he gave up his first effort at translation in 1814. After Coleridge assumed a more prominent role in religious issues with the publication of *The Statesman's Manual* (1816) and *Lay Sermons* (1817), risking an apparent alliance with Goethe's unorthodox religious and moral opinions would have become a greater liability. Even if he managed to excise what might be perceived as morally objectionable, he could not manage a complete translation, and he did not want to undermine his reputation with a translation that remained a fragmentary pastiche. Perhaps, too, he was worried that his own efforts would bear traces of adaptation from Anster. Not the least of his reasons for maintaining anonymity was his former commitment to Murray which had remained unfulfilled.

Coleridge's translation was obscured not only by the anonymity which he requested, but also by the mistaken attribution, towards the end of the nineteenth century, of George Soane as translator of Boosey's second edition. Soane had translated passages into English to accompany the plates in Bohte's 1820 edition of Retzsch's illustrations. None of the brief passages which Soane translated for Bohte's edition of 1820 reappear in Boosey's edition of 1821, nor is there any similarity in style. But Bohte had not yet surrendered his rivalry with Boosey. Continuing with Soane as his translator, he made preparations for an edition with parallel texts in German and English. This edition was never completed. Apparently frustrated with his effort at

362-9. This 'R.' is not the 'R.' identified as the classical scholar Revd Henry Meen (1744-1817) in Emily Lorraine de Montluzin, 'Attributions of Authorship in the *European Magazine*, 1782-1826', <http://etext.lib.virginia.edu/bsuva/euromag/>.

³³ *Goethe's Faust I. and II. Parts*, trans. William Barnard Clarke (Freiburg i.Br., 1865), p. iii.

³⁴ To Thomas Boosey, 10 May 1820, *CL* v. 43-4; Schreiber, 'Coleridge to Boosey—Boosey to Coleridge'.

translation, Soane turned instead to his own reworking of the tale. Soane's *Faustus: A Romantic Drama* (first performed at Drury Lane, 16 May 1825) borrows very little from Goethe. The author of the prefatory remarks, 'D. ___ G.', condemns Goethe's *Faust* for its 'supernatural horrors, exaggerated sentiment, and extravagant mysticism', and praises Soane for having 'treated his subject skillfully, and adapted the incidents to the humour of the times'.³⁵

In December 1821, the page proofs of Soane's partial translation were sent to the *London Magazine*; in June 1822, Goethe also acknowledged having received the unbound set of printed pages:

In England hat ein Herr Soane meinen Faust bewundernswürdig verstanden und dessen Eigenthümlichkeiten mit den Eigenthümlichkeiten seiner Sprache und den Forderungen seiner Nation in Harmonie zu bringen gewußt; ich besitze die ersten Bogen mit nebengedrucktem Original.³⁶

No further instalment followed 'die ersten Bogen'. All that was completed, then, was thirty-two pages on four sheets printed in quarto format. These pages appeared 'mit nebengedrucktem Original', that is with the 546 lines in English alongside the corresponding 576 lines of German text.³⁷ On his visit to the Leipzig Book Fair in spring 1822, Bohte intended to deliver to Goethe personally the advance sheets of Soane's translation. Finding Goethe absent from Weimar, Bohte wrote him a brief note describing the project.³⁸ A year later Soane's translation of the 'Zueignung' (Dedication) was published anonymously in Goethe's *Kunst und Alterthum* (April 1823).³⁹ Goethe gave no further recognition of Soane's translation. Three years later, commenting on the foreign reception of his works, Goethe again mentioned Coleridge's efforts in his *Tagebuch* (8 May 1826): 'Einiges dictirt über mein Verhältnis zu fremden Litteratoren und Litteraturen.' Under the head 'England', Goethe listed the following topics:

Antheil von Coleridge
Verschiedene Versuche Faust zu übersetzen.

³⁵ George Soane, *Faustus: A Romantic Drama* (London: John Cumberland, 1825); prefatory 'Remarks, Biographical and Critical, by D. ___ G.', pp. 6–7.

³⁶ Goethe, *Werke* (WA), IV. xxxvi. 61. To Carl Friedrich von Reinhard (10 June 1822).

³⁷ Leonhard Leopold Mackall, 'Soane's Faust Translation now First Published from the Unique Advance Sheets Sent to Goethe in 1822', *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen und Literaturen*, 112/3–4 (Braunschweig, 1904), 277–97.

³⁸ J. H. Bohte to Goethe (3 June 1823): 'Zugleich fügt derselbe die fertigen Bogen einer bei ihm veranstalteten Übersetzung Ew. Excellenzen's "Faust"—aus selbigen Gründe ergebenst bei.—Bedauert dabei außerordentlich nicht die Ehre einer persönlichen Aufwartung genossen zu haben um noch einige andre Bemerkungen wegen dieser Übersetzung von der Feder des Herrn Soane, beifügen zu können.' Quoted in Mackall, 'Soane's Faust Translation', 279–80.

³⁹ *Kunst und Alterthum*, IV. ii. 77–8 (1823).

Andere, deren Namen nachzusehen.
Kupfer von Retsch zu Faust nachgestochen.⁴⁰

The only translator specifically named by Goethe is Coleridge, whose endeavour he places in the context of the other translations of *Faust* and the reproduction of Retsch's plates.

The set of page proofs with Soane's translation was also sent to the *London Magazine* and they were reviewed together with the anonymously published translation by Coleridge. The review was a part of the third instalment of 'C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogma for Dilettanti', a witty, casual, and sometimes scurrilous commentary on importations of European arts and letters. The reviewer began by making the point that Soane was more an adaptor than a translator. Acknowledging the 'many alterations' in his version of Friedrich de La Motte Fouqué's *Undine, or, The Spirit of the Waters* (staged at Covent Garden 23 April 1821), Soane 'modestly regretted that he had not made many more'. The reviewer then turned to Soane's work on *Faust*:

Mr. S. is likewise engaged, *or ought to be so*, in the arduous task of pouring the poetry of Goethe from a German into an English vessel—I have 32 pages of it (the *Faust*) here in print, wherein he appears to have succeeded so far exceedingly well. No doubt the venerable John Wolfgang's inspection of his MS. has been of material utility, and will give his undertaking consequence in the eyes of the public.—'Allow me to look at those sheets. Ah! this is a very good idea, the inserting of the original on the one side in oblong quarto so as to bind with the original etchings.' So, Soane has turned the sadly pleasing Ottava Rima dedication or address in the Spenserian Stanza. I am afraid he has caught the vulgar notion, that verse in which Tasso sang the woes of Erminia is more adapted to the ludicrous than the pathetic.⁴¹

By amending 'engaged' to '*ought to be so*', the reviewer hinted that Soane had in fact already lost enthusiasm for the task. The reviewer was aware, too, that Bohte had been in correspondence with Goethe about the dual-language edition to accompany the plates and intended to present him the same offering of thirty-two quarto pages. As well informed as he was about Bohte's plans for a second edition, he had no clue that Coleridge was the translator of Boosey's second edition: 'Boosey has published a very pleasing abstract of this Labyrinthine poem, with copious and sufficiently faithful versions of blank verse.' In spite of the explanation in the preface, the reviewer considered the blank verse a misrepresentation of a work 'written in the most varied metres, principally rhymed, and [. . .] essentially lyrical'. Coleridge, it will be

⁴⁰ Goethe, *Werke* (WA), I. xlii. Zweite Abtheilung (1907), 491.

⁴¹ 'C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogma for Dilettanti', *London Magazine* (December 1821), 657. I have corrected the typographical error which misplaced (following *public*.) the closed quotation marks which should have closed the two sentences attributed to Goethe (following *etchings*.)

recalled, had informed Murray of precisely this shortcoming: 'a large proportion of the work cannot be rendered in blank verse, but must be in wild *lyrical* meters.'⁴² Having already faulted Soane, as well, for altering Goethe's verse forms, 'Vinkbooms' argued that Soane's endeavour 'will better satisfy the inquisitive and thoughtful student in poetry who may be guiltless of German'. But for fidelity to the language, and to the cadences if not the metre, he granted superiority to Boosey's edition:

Our Doctor's aspirations and incantations in the first scene, beginning where he opens the book at the sign of the Microcosmos, 'Ha! Welche wonne fließt in diesem Blick,' &c. down to '*Ich bins*, bin Faust, bin deines gleichen!' have more fervour and impetuosity in Soane; but the cadence of the Earth-Spirit's mystic strain, 'In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm, &c.' is better felt in Boosey's prettily printed 8vo.

Spirit—In the floods of life, in the tempests of action,
Up and down I rave;
Hither and thither in motion;
Birth and the grave,
An unbounded ocean—
A changing strife—
A kindling life—
At the rustling loom of Time I have trod,
And fashion'd the living vesture of God.⁴³ (501-9)

In quoting from Boosey's edition, 'Vinkbooms' selected one of the few passages that turn from blank verse to imitate Goethe's rhyming. While not many readers would agree that Soane's translation should be preferred for its 'fervour and impetuosity', he picked a passage of verbal coincidences in claiming his preference for Coleridge's rendition 'of the Earth-Spirit's mystic strain' over Soane's:

In life's flowing tide,
In action's strife,
Up and down I glide,
Here and there I wave,
A birth and a grave,
An endless ocean,
A weaving motion,
A glowing life;
So work I at the rustling loom of time
And weave the living garment of the God Sublime. (501-9)

⁴² To John Murray (August 1814), *CL* iii. 525.

⁴³ 'C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogma for Dilettanti', 657-8. I have corrected the typographical error in the German: 'Liebensfluthen' > 'Lebensfluthen'.

The most troubling of the coincidences is that both Soane and Coleridge translate ‘am sausen den Webstuhl der Zeit’ as ‘at the rustling loom of time’; both, that is, ignore *sausende* as *eilen*—a *tempus fugit* metaphor—transforming the *rush* into a specifically auditory *rustle*.⁴⁴ In the very passage for which he granted Soane the advantage, ‘Vinkbooms’ has mistaken the perplexity about how to grasp the ‘breasts’ of nature (‘Or, ye breasts, where?’—a literal translation) for ‘fervour and impetuosity’:

Into a whole how all parts blend!
 Each in the other doth work and live;
 Up and down the heavenly powers wend;
 And the golden pails to each other give.
 In flight, that scatters blessing around,
 From Heaven they pierce through the earth profound,
 And all through all harmoniously sound.
 Ha! what a sight!—but only a sight!
 Where to grasp thee, nature, so infinite?
 Or, ye breasts, where? Ye, life’s endless spring,
 To which the earth and the heavens cling!
 To which the withering heart would strain,
 Ye flow, quench thirst,—and I long in vain! (447–59)

Coleridge’s blank verse gives to Faustus a much keener appreciation of the dynamism within the sign: the stars and planets in constant wheeling action, rising and falling; their ‘Schwingen’ visualized as ‘winnowing . . . Wings’. Goethe’s ‘Welch Schauspiel! Aber ach! ein Schauspiel nur!’ is utterly flattened in Soane’s ‘Ha! what a sight!—but only a sight!’ Coleridge recreates the sense of enchantment lost in the moment of disenchantment: ‘How splendid an illusion! but, alas! | Illusion only!’

How divinely
 Are all things blended! how each lives and moves
 But with the rest! how heav’nly powers descend,
 And re-ascend, balancing reeling worlds;
 And from the winnowing of their radiant wings,
 Scatter eternal blessings! how they press

⁴⁴ These two passages coincide where difference might have been expected. Anster in his translation lost the weaving metaphor by substituting a spinning wheel with his phrase ‘the murmuring wheel of time.’ Of all the sounds that might describe the whirl of the weaver at the loom, of all the English equivalents of *sausende* (often describing the wind: *howl, sough, whistle, whizz*), *rustle* does not seem obvious to describe the weaving, although it aptly describes the sound of the woven cloth in the following line. Boosey’s ‘German in humble circumstances’ had already given the line as ‘the rustling loom of time’; their identical word choice may well indicate that Coleridge and Soane were both using Boosey’s 1820 edition as a reference.

From heav'n to earth, and ever in their course
 Utter immortal harmony! How bright!
 How splendid an illusion! but, alas!
 Illusion only! Oh! how may I gaze
 Upon thee, boundless nature? where embrace thee?
 Ye fountains of all life, whose living tides
 Feed heav'n and earth: the wither'd bosom yearns
 To taste your freshness! Ye flow sparkling on,
 And yet I pant in vain.

(447–59)

In the face of the marked differences in the Boosey edition of 1821, the mistaken identification of Soane as the anonymous translator could have occurred only if that attribution had been made without bothering with even a cursory comparison of the two texts.

The English reception was troubled by the notion that Goethe's works were tinged with blasphemy and obscenity. Although the pseudonymous 'C. Van Vinkbooms' declared his 'faith and reverence for holy things . . . too steadfastly anchored to fear the puffs of doubt and mockery', he nevertheless approved that both Bohte's edition and Boosey's had omitted the lines in which Faust repudiates orthodox religion. Yet 'Vinkbooms' himself prints the 'offensive' passage to satisfy 'the *curious*' that the lines are not as bad as they were reputed to be:

In the works of several authors, ironies are put into the mouths of even the human actors: in Faust, the evil one himself is, as he ought to be, their sole utterer. The language of the wretched hero is very different—hark! '—*Margaret*. So then! you believe nothing?—*Faustus*. Do not construe my words so ill, charming creature! Who can name the deity, and say, I comprehend him? Who can feel, and not believe in him? Does not Heaven descend to form a canopy over our heads? Is not the earth immovable under our feet? Do not the eternal stars, from their spheres on high, look down on us with love?'⁴⁵

Goethe's reputation in England had been tarnished by accounts of religious and moral deviations in his works.

Thomas Carlyle attempted to dispel notions of the poem's ostensible immorality. For him, Faust and Mephistopheles represented the conflict of higher and lower instincts, and it was Goethe's objective to vindicate the former. His 'Review of *Faustus, from the German of Goethe*' (1822)⁴⁶ included, as

⁴⁵ 'C. Van Vinkbooms, his *Dogma for Dilettanti*', 657. He also quotes Madame de Staël's opinion that Goethe 'here shows the necessity of a firm and positive belief, since even those whom nature has created good and kind, are not the less capable of the most fatal aberrations when this support is wanting to them'.

⁴⁶ Thomas Carlyle, 'Review of *Faustus, from the German of Goethe*', *New Edinburgh Review*,

well, a comparison to Soane's *Extracts from Göthe's Tragedy of Faustus, Explanatory of the Plates by Retsch*. Carlyle subsequently asserted that his own inspection of these works, and of 'various disquisitions and animadversions, vituperative or laudatory, grounded on these two works', gave him no reason to alter his persuasion that '*Faust*, though considerably talked of in England, appears still to be no wise known'.⁴⁷ De Quincey, motivated in part by Carlyle's review of *Faustus*, sought to turn the tables in his review of Carlyle's translation of *Wilhelm Meister* for the *London Magazine* (1824). In spite of Carlyle's defence of Goethe's high moral purpose, De Quincey gleefully exposes Goethe's obsession with the sexual exploits of his characters.⁴⁸ Coleridge, even in his most enthusiastic endorsements of Goethe's genius, expressed misgivings about the want of moral rectitude.

In his *Table Talk*, Coleridge went so far as to declare, 'I never put pen to paper as translator of Faust.'⁴⁹ Yet from his letters and the gossip of his friends we know that he had undertaken the task, not once but twice. A closer look at the earnestness with which he undertook those two efforts makes it evident that he had not only 'put pen to paper', but had done so with ardour and determination. He had, after all, invested two and a half months at the task when he had accepted Murray's commission in the autumn of 1814.⁵⁰ When Boosey, whose London address Coleridge sometimes used for correspondence, asked Coleridge for 'friendly advice' in providing a more ample translation to accompany a second edition of the Retsch/Moses plates, Coleridge misinterpreted the request. He was indignant about being asked to do 'job work', especially if his translation would be made subservient to Moses' engravings. It would be another matter if his work were presented as an independent translation, not as mere accompaniment to the plates. After rehearsing objections about the play's blasphemy, he confessed that he could overlook immorality if he would be given room to counter it with his own moral position.⁵¹ He would insist on being allowed to substitute his own for

52 (1822), 316–34. Carlyle also translated *Faust's Curse* (from Goethe) (London: J. Francis, 1832), *Athenæum*, 7 January 1832.

⁴⁷ Carlyle, review of *Goethes sämtliche Werke* (1827) in the *Foreign Review*, 2 (1828), in *Complete Works of Thomas Carlyle*, 20 vols. (New York: P. F. Collier & Son, 1901), xiii. 148.

⁴⁸ Thomas De Quincey, 'Goethe', *London Magazine*, 10 (August 1824), 189–97; (September 1824), 291–307; in *The Works of Thomas De Quincey*, ed. Lindop et al., iv. 167–203. For De Quincey's ridicule of the sexual caprices, see especially the sections entitled 'Gallery of Female Portraits' and 'History of Mr. Meister's "Affairs of the Heart"', 183–203.

⁴⁹ 'Faust—Michael Scott, Goethe, Schiller, and Wordsworth' (16 February 1833), *TT* i. 343.

⁵⁰ Murray to Coleridge (23 August 1814), Smiles, *A Publisher and his Friends*, i. 299.

⁵¹ See, for example, his moral defence of the character of Don Juan in *BL* ii. 216: 'We see clearly how the character is formed; and the very extravagance of the incidents, and the super-human entireness of Don Juan's agency, prevents the wickedness from shocking our minds to any painful

some untranslatable passages and provide an abridgement rather than a complete translation. More important to present purposes, he adds that he would be even more pleased if the work could be published anonymously—‘Without my name I should feel the objections & the difficulty greatly diminished.’⁵² Whether at Boosey’s or his own initiative, he drew up a detailed proposal, dated 12 May 1820, ‘My Advice & Scheme’.⁵³

The proposal contained four elements. The first sounds like part of the Murray negotiations in proposing a preliminary essay on Goethe and praising *Faust* as ‘perhaps, the only properly *original* work on German Poesy’ (praise shared, as in 1814, with Voss’s *Luise*). The second suggestion is for a scene-by-scene analysis in the manner of Gray’s treatment of Aristophanes’ *Birds*.⁵⁴ The third is for a translation of ‘beautiful, yet inoffensive, passages . . . in the manner & metre of the original’, to be interspersed with the prose analysis. Finally, Coleridge proposes that each of the scenes represented in the plates be translated in their entirety (‘exceptional Lines excluded’), and that they be ‘translated poetically’ as for the stage, i.e. in dramatic blank verse.

During the ensuing year Coleridge was debt-ridden. His letters say nothing more of the Boosey project, although one to Robert Southey mentions a mysterious ‘work of amusement’ in which he is engaged ‘entitled the *Weather-bound Travellers*’.⁵⁵ He plans to publish it without his name—‘There is little chance of any work having a fair chance *with* my name.’⁵⁶ By

degree. (We do not believe it enough for this effect; no, not even with that kind of temporary and negative belief or acquiescence which I have described above.) Meantime the qualities of his character are too desirable, too flattering to our pride and our wishes, not to make up on this side as much additional faith as was lost on the other. There is no danger (thinks the spectator or reader) of my becoming such a monster of iniquity as Don Juan! I never shall be an atheist! I shall never disallow all distinction between right and wrong! I have not the least inclination to be so outrageous a drawcansir in my love affairs! But to possess such a power of captivating and enchanting the affections of the other sex!—to be capable of inspiring in a charming and even a virtuous woman, a love so deep, and so entirely personal to me!—that even my worst vices (if I were vicious), even my cruelty and perfidy (if I were cruel and perfidious), could not eradicate the passion!

⁵² Schreiber, ‘Coleridge to Boosey—Boosey to Coleridge’, 8–9.

⁵³ ‘My Advice & Scheme S. T. Coleridge’, single sheet dated 12 May 1820. Huntington Library MS accession number 131334; *CL* v. 43.

⁵⁴ Thomas Gray, ‘Analysis of The Birds of Aristophanes’, *The Works of Thomas Gray with Memoirs of his Life and Writings by William Mason* (1725–97), ed. Thomas James Mathias (1754–1837), 2 vols. (London: Printed W. Bulmer and Co., Shakspeare Press, for J. Porter, 1814).

⁵⁵ Coleridge’s ‘Weather-bound Travellers’ apparently bears no relationship to ‘The Delinquent Travellers’ (? 1824), in which he jests about criminals transported to Van Diemen’s Land. *Poetical Works* (=PW), ed. J. C. C. Mays, *The Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, xvi, i (pt. 2), 1022–6.

⁵⁶ To Robert Southey (31 May 1820), Coleridge, *CL* v. 51. In this letter, Coleridge also speaks of attempting to negotiate a new edition of *Wallenstein* with Thomas Longman, and also regrets the prevailing ‘prejudices respecting my supposed German Metaphysics’.

the end of 1820 he reports that his debts compel him 'to do *something*', and so he is anxious to finish 'one of two or three Schoolbooks', among other 'Literary Labours'.⁵⁷ Might the *Weather-bound Travellers* have been a scene from *Faust*? Certainly when Mephistopheles guides Faustus on the rugged ascent of the Brocken, there is reason enough to call them weather-bound travellers. When Faustus senses the coming of a spring thaw, Mephistopheles declares that he feels nothing of the sort: it is wintry in his body, and he wishes the way engulfed in snow and frost (3845–50).⁵⁸ The entire scene would have reminded Coleridge of making the same ascent to 'the witches' ball-room', with Friedrich Blumenbach and friends as weather-bound travellers, in May 1799.⁵⁹ That ascent of the Brocken had been the occasion for his poem 'Lines Written in the Album at Elbingerode, in the Hartz Forest'. On 21 July 1820, Coleridge wrote to Thomas Poole requesting that he send him material on the Brocken.⁶⁰

Even before Coleridge could add to the work that he had begun six years earlier, two publications appeared that required him to deviate from his 'Advice & Scheme'. He had proposed a preliminary essay, yet only a brief, innocuous preface appeared. George Croly had published an essay, along the lines that Coleridge had proposed, in the *London Magazine* for August 1820.⁶¹ Coleridge had also proposed that 'the manner & metre of the original' be followed in the interspersed verse. Published in *Blackwood's* for June 1820, Anster's translations from *Faust* had anticipated that scheme as

⁵⁷ To Charles Aders (German merchant living in London) (?December 1820), *CL* v. 130.

⁵⁸ *Faustus: From the German of Goethe*, 69 (below): 'Faustus, under the guidance of Mephistopheles, pursuing a toilsome journey, climbing up rocks, and threading the labyrinths of this region of magic to the heights consecrated to the celebration of the Witches' Revel. The last breeze of spring blows coldly; the moon shines dimly above their heads, scarcely distinguishing the projecting boughs and jutting cliffs. Mephistopheles calls an *ignis-fatuus* to light them. It proceeds before them in its usual tortuous course, till it is commanded by the Evil-One to go straight forward. The travellers join in a wild strain, descriptive of the surrounding objects of wonder—the moving trees—the bending cliffs—the falling torrents and rivulets—the unearthly sounds—and the echo like the voice of other times.'

⁵⁹ For Coleridge's account of his first ascent of the Brocken, departing from Göttingen on Saturday, 11 May, and arriving at the top of the Brocken on 13 May, 1799, see *CN* 412 and letter to Mrs S. T. Coleridge, Friday, 17 May 1799, *CL* i. 504; for his second ascent on Sunday, 24 June 1799, see *CN* 477.

⁶⁰ To Thomas Poole (July 1821), *CL* v. 160. When he requested the material from Poole, he was meeting with John Anster and was in the midst of translating *Faust*. Coleridge's narrative was subsequently published as 'Fragments of a Journey over the Brocken' in *The Amulet* (December 1828; dated 1829); *Shorter Works and Fragments*, ed. H. J. Jackson and J. R. de J. Jackson, *The Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, xi, 2 vols. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1995), ii. 1472–9.

⁶¹ Croly, 'Goethe'; Croly is identified as author of this review by Bauer, *The London Magazine*, 1820–1829, 288.

well.⁶² Rather than trying to avoid Anster's work, Coleridge revised and rewrote, and during these months he met with Anster several times. The Huntington Library has a copy of Anster's collected poems of 1819, with several corrections in Coleridge's hand, as though he were trying to guide the young poet. Coleridge revises Anster's 'When Hope's reviving glow with health return'd' to read 'Yet oft as Hope and tremulous Health return'd', and 'A form that, angel-like, hung o'er my bed' to read 'A form angelic, o'er my bed of pain | It hung &c.'⁶³ Coleridge's translation of *Faust* bears evidence of similar revisions of Anster's translation; evidence, that is, that Coleridge had an eye on Anster's translation as he set to the task of preparing his own translation for Boosey's second edition.

Coleridge drafted 'My Advice & Scheme' for the *Faust* translation in May 1820; Anster's translation appeared in June 1820; Croly's essay appeared in August 1820. Also published during the same period in 1820 were Bohte's edition with Soane's translation and Boosey's edition with the translation by a German 'in humble circumstances'. The latter two publications posed no rivalry to Coleridge's scheme. Indeed, it was only Anster's work that caused Coleridge to reconsider his approach. From April/May⁶⁴ to August 1821 he met with Anster on several occasions; in September 1821 the translation of *Faust* was completed and published by Boosey. There are only a few records of Coleridge's relationship with Anster during these months. In July 1821, he gave Anster a copy of *A Lay Sermon* (1817), followed by a second gift, in August 1821, of *The Statesman's Manual* (1816). Coleridge wrote the following inscription in the first volume:

To | John Anster, Esqre
with high esteem and regard from
S. T. Coleridge—

To meet, to know, to love—and then to part
Forms the sad tale of many a worthy heart.⁶⁵

To this inscription Anster added the date: '(July, 1821, J.A.)'. On the title page of *The Statesman's Manual* Coleridge wrote: 'John Anster, Esqre | from S. T. Coleridge'; on the flyleaf preceding, he wrote:

⁶² Anster, 'The Faustus of Goethe'.

⁶³ Coleridge, *Marginalia* (= *M*), 6 vols., ed. George Whalley and H. J. Jackson, *The Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, xii (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1980–2001), i. 100–103.

⁶⁴ CN 4465. This entry records the London address: 'Mr. John Anster 30 Thornhaught St. Bedford Square.' Although conjecturally dated 1818, the editor concedes that the entry could belong to a later date, in April 1821, when Anster called upon Coleridge at Highgate.

⁶⁵ *PWi* (pt. 2). 836.

Haec tam parva dedisse sat erit, Anstere,
 siquidem meminisse mei tibi sat fuerint,
 S. T. Coleridge,
 James Gillman's Esqre, | Highgate
 August, 1821.

These presentation copies are of special interest because they also contain Coleridge's penciled marginalia to his own text.⁶⁶ Anster had in turn given Coleridge a volume of his *Poems* (1819), in which Coleridge had entered his own stylistic alteration to Anster's sometimes clumsy phrasing.⁶⁷

Among Anster's *Poems* was 'The Times', a bold imitation of Coleridge's 'France: An Ode', and 'Reflections on Having Left a Place of Retirement'. The volume also included his translations from Goethe, the endeavour which led to his translations from *Faust* and his meetings with Coleridge. Through the summer months of 1821, Anster continued to visit Highgate during his trips from Dublin to London. When *Faustus* was published in September 1821, Coleridge was ready with yet another project that followed Anster's interests in German literature. On 19 September, Coleridge wrote to William Blackwood offering to submit a 'Life of Hölty, with specimens of his poems translated into English Verse'.⁶⁸ The collaborative spirit had given way to competitive rivalry, for Anster was busy with the very same project, publishing his 'Life of Hölty' in the November issue of *London Magazine*.⁶⁹ Also at this time, Anster tried to persuade Coleridge to visit him in Dublin and deliver there a course of lectures. Coleridge was uneasy about making the trip. On 17 November 1821, he wrote to Thomas Allsop expressing his 'anxiety to consult you on the subject of a proposal made to me by Anster, before I return an answer, as I must do speedily'.⁷⁰ When Coleridge again wrote to Allsop a few weeks later, 8 December 1821, he had developed an argument against accepting Anster's invitation: 'the thought of giving out my soul where you could not be present, . . .—this in conjunction with your anxiety and that of Mr. and Mrs. Gillman concerning my health, is the most efficient, I may say imperious, of the *retracting* influences as to the Dublin scheme.'⁷¹ Although Anster remained a visitor to Highgate, and 'a Fixture at our Fire-side',⁷² his trips from Dublin to

⁶⁶ M. J. Ryan, 'Coleridge and Anster; Marginalia to the 'Lay Sermons'', *Dublin Magazine*, 2 (1927), 39–44. ⁶⁷ *Mi* i. 100–103.

⁶⁸ *CL* v. 166 and n.; *M* ii. 1116; *SW&F* ii. 917; and *PWi* (pt. 2). 995–7; in listing his projects in October 1821, Coleridge again includes 'Life of Hölty with specimens of his poetry—First, the Ballad', *SW&F* ii. 955.

⁶⁹ *London Magazine*, 4 (November 1821), 518–22. ⁷⁰ *CL* v. 187. ⁷¹ *CL* v. 189

⁷² To John Anster, 18 February 1824, *CL* v. 332. In a letter to Allsop, 27 April 1824, *CL* v. 360, Coleridge reports that 'To our great surprise & delight Mr Anster came in on us this afternoon.' After a visit five years later, in July 1829, *CL* vi. 794, Coleridge was compelled to advise Anster

Highgate became less frequent. Only after Coleridge's death did Anster publish his complete translation. In his preface, he acknowledged that 'Some extracts from this translation . . . were published in Blackwood's magazine . . . 1820.'⁷³ He made no mention, however, of any part in Coleridge's translation of 1821.

Coleridge did not keep up the relationship after the translation was completed. Indeed, even in the midst of translating, Coleridge was concerned with making his own independent contribution. Because of his more fluent poetic style and his greater command of the German language, this was relatively easy for him to accomplish. Although he follows Anster's selection of passages closely throughout the opening scenes, he gradually draws in more and more of those passages which Anster avoided. Comparing Coleridge's blank verse with Anster's is complicated by the fact that Anster was conscientious in trying to imitate what he calls Coleridge's 'musical versification' as the closest approximation of Goethe's tone.⁷⁴ Anster's blank verse, however, is typically end-stopped or breaks at the pause between subject and predicate. Coleridge, by contrast, seldom end-stops a line and often concludes a line with a preposition or an adjective that propels both sound and sense forward. In Faust's monologue in the 'Forest and Cave', Goethe had written:

Und steigt vor meinem Blick der reine Mond
Besänftigend herüber, schweben mir
Von Felsenwänden, aus dem feuchten Busch
Der Vorwelt silberne Gestalten auf
Und lindern der Betrachtung strenge Lust. (3240–5)

against pursuing an attachment with Susan Steele. A daughter of Coleridge's friend from Christ's Hospital, living as a ward of the Gillmans, Susan had just turned 18. Anster, now 36 years old, was twice her age. Coleridge advised Anster to consider 'the great difference in your ages' and to respect Susan's frail health. Besides these factors, Coleridge also revealed that Susan had already formed an attachment with a 'young Oxonian', not mentioning that this was a planned union with Dr Gillman's son James Gillman, Jr. See further mention of Anster in *CL* v. 138 n., 187 and n., 211, 234, 332 n., 334 n., 360 n.; *CL* vi. 73 n., 792, 898.

⁷³ *Faustus: A Dramatic Mystery; The Bride of Corinth; The First Walpurgis Night*, translated from the German of Goethe, and Illustrated with Notes, by John Anster (London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman, 1835). Anster's translation of the second part followed almost thirty years later: *Faustus: The Second Part. From the German of Goethe*, by John Anster (London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, & Green, 1864).

⁷⁴ Anster, 'The Faustus of Goethe', 236: 'Goethe seems to us to have conveyed the most lofty conceptions of the nature of man, and those beings with whom we are connected for good or evil, in language rich yet simple, dignified yet familiar, and in parts of the work, we almost believe, while we are listening, in the magical effects attributed to sound. Nothing that we know in our language can give any idea of the charm we allude to, but a few of the most inspired passages of Coleridge; often, while engaged in our present task, have we thought of Kubla Khan and Christabel, and felt an idle regret that we could not have the enjoyment of reading the passages which we most admired

Anster translates:

And when before my eye the pure moon walks
 High over-head, diffusing a soft light,
 Then from the rocks, and over the damp wood,
 The pale bright shadows of the ancient times
 Before me seem to love, and mitigate
 The too severe delight of earnest thought! (3240–5)

Coleridge reworks the lines:

There may I gaze upon
 The still moon wandering through the pathless heaven;
 While on the rocky ramparts, from the damp
 Moist bushes, rise the forms of ages past
 In silvery majesty, and moderate
 The too wild luxury of silent thought. (3240–5)

Coleridge clearly has his eye on Goethe's text, not Anster's, when he renders 'Felsenwänden' as 'rocky ramparts' (not just 'rocks'), 'aus dem feuchten Busch' as 'from the damp | Moist bushes' (not 'over the damp wood'), 'silberne Gestalten' as 'forms . . . | In silvery majesty' (not 'pale bright shadows'). In the next line, however, he most probably had looked from Goethe's text to Anster's, for Anster had rendered 'Betrachtung' not as 'observation' but as 'thought'. Coleridge keeps not only Anster's word but his syntax as well. 'Und lindern der Betrachtung strenge Lust' becomes in Anster's phrase, 'and mitigate | The too severe delight of earnest thought!' Coleridge substitutes, 'and moderate | The too wild luxury of silent thought'. Yes, the same syntax, but much richer tensions in the oxymoron of 'strenge Lust'. Furthermore, the creative power seething in 'silent thought' was precisely what Coleridge, in *Biographia Literaria*, had praised as the 'just and original reflection' in Wordsworth's lines on holding 'in your mind | Such stores as silent thought can bring'.⁷⁵

Coleridge's presence in the rendering of *Faust* is marked, in contrast to Anster's endeavour, by the more poetic and more accurate attention to textual detail, but also by the persistence of ideas and images echoing Coleridge's earlier works. For one thing, Coleridge recognized the language of prayer in Faust's monologue to the Spirit of Nature. Anster's rendition,

in the German tragedy, shadowed out in the rich mystical numbers of our own great poet, which often affect the heart and ear like a spell.'

⁷⁵ Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria*, ii. 145, quoting Wordsworth, 'Simon Lee, the Old Huntsman', 65–6. The reference to 'silent thought' occurs nowhere else in the works of either Wordsworth or Coleridge.

‘Yes! lofty spirit, thou hast given me all, | All that I asked of thee’ (3217–18), gives the words but not the tone of devotion. Coleridge recognized in these lines (3217–39) Goethe’s allusions to Psalm 23:

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
 he leadeth me besides the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul:
 he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.

In Coleridge’s translation, the tone of devotional thanksgiving is retained:

Oh, thou great Spirit, thou hast given to me
 All, all that I desired. Thou hast not turned
 Thy beaming countenance in vain upon me.
 Thou gav’st me glorious Nature for a kingdom,
 The facility to feel and to enjoy her. (3217–321)

Readers of Coleridge will recognize in this invocation of the ‘great Spirit’ a strain familiar from the early sonnet ‘To William Lisle Bowles’

Like that great Spirit, who with plastic sweep
 Mov’d on the darkness of the formless Deep! (13–14)

through the prayer of Alvar in *Remorse*:

Kneeling I prayed to the great Spirit that made me (I. ii. 309)

Coleridge’s fondness for extending duplication into reduplication is evident as Faustus describes the echoing and re-echoing of the storm through the forest:

when the storm
 Howls crackling through the forest—tearing down
 The giant pines, crushing both trunk and branch,
 And makes the hills re-echo to their fall (3228–31)

Goethe has the sounds—*braust und knarrt, quetschend, donnert*—but not the re-echoing. As a Coleridgean pattern, however, the redoublings abound. In *Zapolya*, for example, Andreas hears the sounds of the chase ‘doubling its echoes’ through the forest:

as I reached the skirts of this high forest,
 I heard the noise and uproar of the chase,
 Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot. (IV. i. 199)

As already noted above, Coleridge translated ‘Felsenwänden’ as ‘rocky ram-parts’ (where Anster had simply ‘rocks’), and ‘aus dem feuchten Busch’ as ‘from the damp | Moist bushes’ (where Anster had ‘over the damp wood’).

While it is easy to credit Coleridge's version with subtly richer and more nuanced imagery, it is also possible to witness the telling peculiarities of Coleridge's descriptive style. The 'rocky ramparts', for example, have precedence in the phrase 'Proudly ramparted with rocks' from 'Ode to the Departing Year' (128). And when Coleridge has Faustus discern that 'from the damp | Moist bushes, rise the forms of ages past' (3236–7), he retrieves words that were written upon his own ascent of the Brocken, 'Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms', from *Lines Written in the Album at Elbingerode, in the Hartz Forest* (6). Many years had passed from the time when those lines were penned (17 May 1799), but the task of retracing Faust's venture must inevitably have called them to mind.⁷⁶ When Coleridge has Faustus discern 'the forms of ages past' arising visibly, he utilizes an oft-repeated trope for memories of the mind's eye assuming an external shape: 'the forms of other days', 'the forms of Memory' ('Anna and Harland', 13), 'the faded forms of past Delight' ('To Robert Southey', 11).

Coleridge's advantage over other translators of the period was not simply his command of the German language, but his familiarity with the trends in Spinozism, Transcendentalism, and *Naturphilosophie* that influenced much of the literature of the period. Faust's thanksgiving to the 'great Spirit'—'Erhabener Geist, du gabst mir, gabst mir alles' (3217)—continues his quest to identify with the power of nature. Coleridge would have recognized a familiar dilemma in Faust vacillating between theism and pantheism, in Faust struggling to affirm an Anima Mundi, a consciousness in nature akin to his own.⁷⁷ In the opening scene, 'Night', Faust contemplates the Sign of the Microcosm which he dismisses as mere artifice (430–54); he then calls upon the Spirit of the Earth convinced that this is a power more kindred to his own (460–81), only to be devastated by the Spirit's revelation: 'Thou'rt like the spirit whom thy fancy paints, | And not like me' ('Du gleichst dem Geist, den du begreifst, | Nicht mir' 512–13). Rather than affirming man's ideal image of self, the Spirit tells Faust that he can aspire to nothing beyond his own understanding. Faust ponders the narcissistic delusion that man is made in God's image (Genesis 1: 27).

Ich, Ebenbild der Gottheit, das sich schon
Ganz nah gedünkt dem Spiegel ew'ger Wahrheit,
Sein selbst genoß in Himmelsglanz und Klarheit,

⁷⁶ See 53 above.

⁷⁷ Coleridge, *Opus Maximum*, ed. Thomas McFarland, with the assistance of Nicholas Halmi, *The Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, xv (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 2002), 74–6 (on the 'I' and 'Thou'), 111–14 (on pantheism and the Anima Mundi), 231–2 (on the 'I AM' and the 'it is').

Und abgestreift den Erdensohn;

...

In jenem seligen Augenblicke
Ich fühlte mich so klein, so groß;
Du stießest grausam mich zurücke,
Ins ungewisse Menschenlos.

(614–17, 626–9)

Anster preserves the rhyme but drains the passage of its torment:

Image of God, I thought that I had been
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay!
That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,
I had beheld Truth's countenance serene!

...

Oh! at that glorious moment how I felt—
How little and how great!
Thy presence flung me shuddering back
Into man's abject state. . . .

(614–17, 627–9)

In his blank verse, Coleridge heightens Goethe's original contrast of exaltation and loss, and reinforces the psychological tensions with sight–light–blind imagery:

I, the image
Of God himself, deeming I had, at length,
Grasp'd Truth's own hand, and was about to gaze
With eye undazzled on her stainless mirror:
Basking in heav'n's pure light, and earthliness
Thrown like a worthless garb aside

...

Oh! in that wondrous moment,
How little and how great I felt myself!
But thou hast driven me back on the dull lot
Of blind humanity.

(614–17, 627–9)

The imagistic patterns are relevant, because Coleridge sometimes augments or adds lines simply to enhance the metaphorical unity. In the opening monologue, Goethe has Faust dismiss traditional learning in formal rhetorical parallelism:

Bilde mir nicht ein, was Rechts zu wissen,
Bilde mir nicht ein, ich könnte was lehren,
Die Menschen zu bessern und zu bekehren.

(371–3)

Coleridge loosens the structure by translating the repeated 'Bilde mir nicht ein' as 'No sweet imaginings' and 'no bright hopes'.

now

No sweet imaginings of hoarded blessings,
 Which knowledge guards the key of—no bright hopes
 Of mending or enlight'ning dull mankind
 Beam on my darkling spirit. (370–3)

No line in Goethe's text provides a source for 'Beam on my darkling spirit'; it follows rather from the light/dark contrast that Coleridge has introduced with 'bright hopes' and 'enlight'ning dull'.

Other translators of *Faust* were disadvantaged because they lacked the reading in literature and philosophy that enabled Coleridge to perceive and engage the rich intertextuality of Goethe's work. Coleridge was able to comprehend, as other translators could not, Faust's wrestling with theological questions. As one who had himself long pondered the Johannine *logos*,⁷⁸ Coleridge could bring full insight to his rendering of Faust's endeavour to interpret the opening of John's Gospel:

'In the beginning was *the Word*,' 'tis written;
 Here do I stumble: who can help me on?
 I cannot estimate 'the Word' so highly;
 I must translate it otherwise, if rightly
 I feel myself enlightened by its spirit.
 'In the beginning was *the Mind*,' 'tis written:
 Repeat this line, and weigh its meaning well,
 Nor let thy pen decide too hastily:
 Is it the mind creates and fashions all?
 'In the beginning was *the Power*,' it should be;
 Yet, even while I write the passage down,
 It warns me that I have not caught its meaning:
 Help me, then, Spirit! With deliberation,
 And perfect confidence, I will inscribe,
 At last, 'In the beginning was *the Deed*.' (1224–37)

This is, of course, a deliberation about the problem of translation, finding the right word for *the Word*. What does John mean by the *logos*? Anster, who elsewhere tried to imitate Goethe's rhyme and metre, abandoned Goethe's couplets in translating this passage and resorted to a prose translation broken into lines corresponding to Goethe's text. Faust is not merely speculating about an apt equivalent to the *logos*, he is rather searching for the meaning concealed in the word. Goethe, for whom damnation is the acquiescence to

⁷⁸ References to the creative *logos* and 'the word made flesh' occur frequently in Coleridge's letters, notebooks, and critical writings. The principal text, of course, is *Opus Maximum*, esp. 199–200, 223, 234, 354–5, 367.

passivity and stasis, has his Faust struggle to assert activity and dynamism. In the German text, Faust considers the alternatives *Wort, Sinn, Kraft*, before affirming *Tat* as the best expression for the principle of creativity. Anster's translations—WORD, THOUGHT, POWER, ACT—are certainly as apt as Coleridge's *the Word, the Mind, the Power, the Deed*. The difference between the two translations is that Coleridge's Faustus feels urgency in the quest for meaning, while Anster's Faustus is simply engaged in a pedantic philological exercise. With the confirmation of a *Tätigkeit*, Goethe's Faust is able to write 'getrost'. Coleridge's Faustus reaches that resolution and writes, 'With deliberation, | And perfect confidence'. Anster's Faustus writes 'boldly', but with no indication of how he has improved on the 'faults' of his previous alternative.

The same crux resides in Faust's pact with Mephistopheles:

Werd' ich zum Augenblicke sagen:
 Verweile doch! du bist so schön!
 Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen,
 Dann will ich gern zugrunde gehn!
 Dann mag die Totenglocke schallen,
 Dann bist du deines Dienstes frei,
 Die Uhr mag stehn, der Zeiger fallen,
 Es sei die Zeit für mich vorbei! (1699–706)

The condition of damnation is to desire time to stop, change to cease, activity to subside into stasis.

And if at any moment I exclaim
 'Linger, still linger, beautiful illusions,'
 Then throw me into fetters; then I'll sink,
 And willingly, to ruin. Ring my death-knell;
 Thy service then is o'er; the clock may pause,
 And the hand fall, and time be mine no longer.

Coleridge, who rejected the philosophical materialism of John Locke and Isaac Newton for treating the mind as 'always passive—a lazy *Looker-on*',⁷⁹ certainly recognized the ground of Goethe's *Tätigkeitsphilosophie*. Anster, however, manages to give the words but not the meaning of Goethe's text:

If ever I, at any moment, say,
 'Fair visions linger;'—'Oh how beautiful,'
 Or words like these, then throw me into fetters,
 Then willingly do I consent to perish;
 Then may the death-bell peal its heavy sounds;

⁷⁹ Coleridge to Thomas Poole, 23 March 1801, *CL* ii. 709.

Then is thy service at an end, and then
 The clock may cease to strike—the hand to move;
 For me be time then past away for ever! (1699–1706)

Failing to see the crux in wanting a single moment to linger—‘Verweile doch! du bist so schön!’—Anster divides the two phrases with a dash, so that the exclamation ‘Oh how beautiful’ is no longer dictated by the desire for time and change to cease. The emptiness of his added phrase—‘Or words like these’—exposes his failure to understand the condition that governs damnation and will make the clock ‘cease to strike’.

More than other translators, Coleridge was also alert and responsive to Goethe’s use of Marlowe’s *Doctor Faustus* and Shakespeare’s *The Tempest*. Both Marlowe’s play opens, and Shakespeare’s closes, with a scene of abjuration. Goethe has *Faust* repeat that act of divesting power. Coleridge, in his lectures, called attention to ways in which that motif works in *The Tempest*. Goethe’s Faust, like Shakespeare’s Prospero, can command, but not fully control, the powers of earth and air. Prospero’s magic is a troublesome burden, and his very usurpation and banishment was brought about by his study of magic interfering with his involvement in human affairs. Through his involvement with his daughter and with the shipwrecked crew of former friends and kinsmen, Prospero regains his position in the actions of the natural world. His final act of abjuration, ‘I’ll drown my book,’ is an affirmation rather than a resignation.⁸⁰ Because Coleridge’s last lecture series on Shakespeare was held in 1819, years before the publication of *Faust* Part II, he had no opportunity to discuss Goethe’s appropriation of Shakespeare’s Ariel. But he does observe the way in which Goethe, like Shakespeare, grounds power in natural rather than in supernatural phenomena.⁸¹

Writing from Goslar to Coleridge in Ratzeburg, Wordsworth sent the poem ‘There was a Boy’. In his reply, 10 December 1798, Coleridge quoted two lines and then declared them to be quintessentially Wordsworthian:

That

Uncertain heaven received
 Into the bosom of a steady lake [24–5]

⁸⁰ Coleridge, *Lectures 1808–1819 on Literature*, i. 359–367, ii. 445–51 and 520–8.

⁸¹ Hough-Lewis Dunn, ‘The Language of the Magician as Limitation and Transcendence in the Wolfenbüttel *Faustbuch*, Greene’s *Friar Bacon*, Marlowe’s *Faustus*, Shakespeare’s *Tempest*, and Goethe’s *Faust*’ (Ph.D. dissertation, University of Texas, Austin, 1974). Frithjof Stock, ‘Vom Ariel in Shakespeares *The Tempest* zum Ariel in Goethes *Faust II*, *Arcadia: Zeitschrift für vergleichende Literaturwissenschaft*, 7 (1972), 274–80; Eckhard Heftrich, ‘Shakespeare in Weimar’, in Roger Bauer and Michael de Graat (eds.) and Jürgen Wertheimer, *Das Shakespeare-Bild in Europa zwischen Aufklärung und Romantik* (Bern: Peter Lang, 1988), 182–200.

I should have recognized any where; and had I met these lines running wild in the deserts of Arabia, I should have instantly screamed out 'Wordsworth!'⁸²

In *Faustus* there are also passages that should prompt the reader to shout 'Coleridge!' Translating another poet's thought and style might well be deemed a chameleonic task, one which would require the translator to eschew stylistic self-revelations. But Coleridge was translating Goethe's work not only into another language, but also into another poetic medium. In writing dramatic blank verse Coleridge had learned to marshal his imagery in coherent patterns, and he had acquired certain habits of recurrent phrasing. Some recurrences are evident within different parts of the translation. For example, in addressing the Sign of the Macrocosm, *Faustus* asks:

Who wrote this sign? it stills my soul's wild warfare (435)

Later, when Mephistopheles taunts him with the fact that *Faustus* had been ready to drink poison, *Faustus* recalls that the church bells ringing in the Easter services had restored him. He uses the same phrasing for taming the 'wild' action:

Tho' from my heart's wild tempest
A sweet remembered tone recovered me (1585)

In neither case are there words in Goethe's text that would prompt the phrase. But variations recur throughout Coleridge's work:

Remorse (III. ii)

... A worse sorrow | Are fancy's wild hopes to a heart ...

Death of Wallenstein (II. vi)

... incapable of compact, | Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou ...

Fall of Robespierre (Act I)

... endearment, | All sacrificed to liberty's wild riot.

'Ode to the Departing Year' (23)

... young-eyed Joys! advance! By Time's wild harp,

'Monody on the Death of Chatterton' (73)

... of vernal Grace, | And Joy's wild gleams that lighten'd o'er ...

In the very speech in which Faust describes how the bells of Easter rescued him from suicidal thoughts, he goes on to pervert the Beatitudes of Christ's Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5: 3–11) into a series of curses, beginning with the words:

So fluch' ich allem, was die Seele
Mit Loch—und Gaukelwerk umspannt. (1587–8)

⁸² To William Wordsworth, 10 December 1798, *CLi*. 452–3.

In Coleridge's translation the curse is given a peculiarly Coleridgean turn:

Yet do I curse them all—all— all that captivates
The soul with juggling witchery, . . .

Hexerei is not a word that occurs at all in Goethe's *Faust*. *Witchery*, however, does recur in Coleridge's poetry, and it is used here with almost the same phrasing as in his translation, many years earlier, from Schiller:

It mocks my soul with charming witchery (*Piccolomini*, II. vii. 119)

Striking in this parallel is not just the soul imperiled by witchery, but the animation of that witchery by the active participles, **juggling** and **charm-
ing**. It is Coleridge's habit to empower witchery with a participle:

'Song of the Pixies' (45)
... soothing witcheries
'The Eolian Harp' (20)
... floating witchery

The 1821 text echoes expressions common in Coleridge's work of 1814–20. About 10 per cent of the vocabulary is peculiar to *Remorse* and *Zapolya* listings in the *Concordance*,⁸³ while certain other words are peculiar to poems written about 1820, including those like 'To Nature' that remained unpublished during his lifetime and were thus not available for general imitation.

Such echoes, combined with the cadence and metaphorical texture of the blank verse, persistently reveal Coleridge as the translator. Thanks to highly reliable computer-assisted authorship analysis, the characteristics of Coleridge's style can be accurately and reliably demonstrated. In the Appendix, 'Stylometric Analysis of the *Faust* Translations' James McKusick has prepared a statistical analysis to demonstrate the strong stylistic correlation between the 1821 translation of *Faustus* and Coleridge's *Remorse*. McKusick also presents the evidence that distinguishes the translation of 1821 from the other English translations: Hodgson/Staël, *Germany* (Murray, 1813), John Anster (*Blackwood's*, 1820), Daniel Boileau (Boosey, 1820), George Soane (Bohte, 1820; and the 1821 proofsheets), and Francis Leveson-Gower (1823).

When Percy Bysshe Shelley obtained *Retsch's Series of Twenty-Six Outlines, Illustrative of Goethe's Tragedy of Faust* (Boosey, 1820), he was entranced by the engravings and thoroughly disappointed by the transla-

⁸³ Sister Eugenia Logan, *A Concordance to the Poetry of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (Saint Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.: privately printed, 1940).

tions. Writing to John Gisborne in January 1822, Shelley begged him to 'Ask Coleridge if their stupid misintelligence of the deep wisdom and harmony of the author does not spur him to action.' Shelley had also seen Anster's translations in *Blackwood's* and thought them just as 'miserable'. The engravings, however, he judged fully 'worthy of Göthe'. Plate 8, 'Faustus sees Margaret for the first time', is so 'wonderful', Shelley said, 'that it makes my head beat'.⁸⁴ His enthusiasm for Retzsch's engravings was still strong three months later, 10 April 1822, when he again wrote to Gisborne:

What etchings those are! I am never satiated with looking at them, & I fear it is the only sort of translation of which Faust is susceptible—I never perfectly understood the Har[t]z Mountain scene, until I saw the etching. [Plate 21]—And then, Margaret in the summer house with Faust! [Plate 15]—The artist makes one envy his happiness that he can sketch such things with calmness, which I dared only to look upon once, & which made my brain swim round only to touch the leaf on the opposite side of which I knew that it was figured. Whether it is that the artist has surpassed Faust, or that the pencil surpasses language in some subjects, I know not; or that I am more affected by a visible image—but the etching certainly excited me here more than the poem it illustrated.

If Retzsch's engravings rival the language of Goethe in power, the translation by Boosey's 'German in humble circumstances' falls considerably short of the original: 'It is not bad, and faithful enough—but how weak! how incompetent to represent Faust!' Shelley repeated his conviction that 'no one but Coleridge is capable of this work'. He nevertheless made his own effort, but 'only attempted the scenes omitted in this translation'. He therefore turned to the *Walpurgisnacht*, published in the first number of Leigh Hunt's *The Liberal* (1822). Shelley at this time also translated Calderón's *El mágico prodigioso*, a play in which he found 'a striking similarity' to Faust.⁸⁵ In *Posthumous Poems* (1824), Mary Shelley then published the translations from Calderón and Goethe in full.

When Coleridge agreed to assist Boosey by preparing for the second edition a translation in dramatic blank verse, he may have benefited from some collaboration with Anster, but he apparently had little or no consultation with the writer who supplied the prose and who may well have also been responsible for supervising the whole work through the press. The common practice in collaborative translation seems to have been as described by Simon Sabba who translated Schiller's *Don Carlos* in 1820. Working with Germans who knew English and Englishmen who knew German, he pored

⁸⁴ To John Gisborne, January 1822, *Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. Frederick L. Jones, 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon, 1964), ii. 376.

⁸⁵ To John Gisborne, 10 April 1822. *Ibid.* ii. 407.

over the original word by word, 'dissecting, and entering into the construction of every sentence'.⁸⁶ But Sabba himself prepared the final text to ensure consistency and uniformity. When Coleridge had translated *Wallenstein* in 1800, he had assistance from Schiller's friend Joseph Mellish, but, again, was responsible for the final text. In preparing the translation of *Faustus* for the press, the writer of the prose attempted to provide a bridge to fill in the gaps between Coleridge's translated passages. The transitions summarize 'the *Story*', which—as Coleridge told Boosey in their negotiations—'any man who can write English & read German can do as well as I'.⁸⁷

Few men other than Coleridge, however, could have written the blank verse that moves so freely and yet with such harmony and coherence, or have captured as cogently the range of Goethe's ideas and allusions. In spite of this success, Coleridge may, in his own judgement, have fallen short. He was certainly aware of the poetic lapses and mistranslations that mar Anster's version. Among the many reasons that might explain why Coleridge never acknowledged the work, Murray's claim would not have been forgotten. Yet even in denying that he ever 'put pen to paper as translator of Faust',⁸⁸ he delineated the attraction and repulsion he felt for Goethe's text. When 'pressed—many years ago—to translate the Faust . . . I so far entertained the proposal as to read the work through with great attention'.⁸⁹ His major reservation, he repeated once again, was 'whether it became my moral character to render into English—and so far, certainly, lend my countenance to language—much of which I thought vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous'. Whatever it may be morally, it nevertheless possesses poetically a language that is 'very pure and fine'.

The intended theme of the Faust is the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge for itself, and for pure ends, would never produce such a misology, but only a love of it for base and unworthy purposes. There is neither causation nor progression in the Faust; he is a ready-made conjuror from the very beginning; the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first line. The sensuality and the thirst after knowledge are unconnected with each other. Mephistopheles and Margaret are excellent; but Faust himself is dull and meaningless. The scene in

⁸⁶ Although *Don Carlos* lacks an imprint on the title page, Sabba's dedication is dated from Versailles, 1820. His statement on translation is on p. ix.

⁸⁷ Schreiber, 'Coleridge to Boosey—Boosey to Coleridge', 9.

⁸⁸ 'Faust—Michael Scott, Goethe, Schiller, and Wordsworth', *TT* i. 343; ii. 200.

⁸⁹ To Daniel Stuart (12 September 1814), *CL* iii. 533. In addition to reading *Faust* 'with great attention,' Coleridge described his daily schedule while translating for John Murray as including six hours of writing, four in the morning and two in the evening. Part of this time was devoted to writing 'Principles of Genial Criticism'; see 11 above.

Auerbach's cellars is one of the best, perhaps the very best; that on the Brocken is also fine; and all the songs are beautiful.⁹⁰

Coleridge tended to see the play much as Retzsch had depicted it in his engraved plates: a series of striking scenes, yet not composing a whole. 'The scenes', he declared, 'are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat.'⁹¹

How much easier it would have been, Coleridge said, to write his own Faustian tale. Adaptation rather than translation had also been Soane's preference. After translating a few lines to accompany each of Retzsch's twenty-six plates, and providing further lines for a projected dual-language edition, Soane abandoned translation and instead brought to the stage his *Faustus: A Romantic Drama* as a musical melodrama with a score by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop (opening at Drury Lane on 16 May 1825; performed twenty-four times).⁹² Soane's Faustus seduces both Rosalia, daughter of Count Casanova, and her cousin Adine, murders the King of Naples, and assumes his identity. The play ends with fiery pyrotechnics as the earth, vomiting fires, opens before Faustus, and Mephistopheles fetches him into hell.

Coleridge's plan was to base his Faustian narrative on the life of Michael Scott (c.1175–c.1235), astrologer and alchemist, whose exploits had already been introduced to contemporary readers by Sir Walter Scott in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*.⁹³ Twice in his notebook entries of 1820, Coleridge speculated about writing on Michael Scott, a 'Homo Agonistes', whose story has 'the advantage of Dr. Faustus'; it could be set in Cumberland in the time of John Wyclif (c.1330–1384). He described a 'Prelude' to the drama which would provide an 'Interpretation of the Bible' in 'the Language of the Senses', adapting, too, the Parable of the Garden (Isaiah 51–7).⁹⁴ In the subsequent entry, Coleridge correctly set the period back a century: 'Magic—Michael Scott (Edward I time [1239–1307]).' On the history of magic, Coleridge's note went on to trace the lore from 'Zoroaster

⁹⁰ 'Faust—Michael Scott, Goethe, Schiller, and Wordsworth' *TT* i. 338–9; ii. 199.

⁹¹ *Ibid.* i. 339; ii. 199.

⁹² Soane, *Faustus: A Romantic Drama*; Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage, from the Restoration in 1660 to 1830*, 10 vols. (Bath: H. E. Carrington, 1832), ix. 294–5, refers to Soane's melodrama as 'insipid' and 'indifferent'.

⁹³ Émile Grillot de Givry, *Le Musée des sorciers, mages et alchimistes* (Paris, 1929); *Witchcraft, Magic, and Alchemy*, trans. J. Courtney Locke (Boston: Houghton & Mifflin, 1931), 92. See also Sir Walter Scott, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto II, stanzas 13–19; in this account, Michael Scott 'cleft the Eildon hills in three and bridled the river Tweed with a curb of stone', and was buried with his book of magic 'on a night of woe and dread' in Melrose Abbey.

⁹⁴ *CN* 4642. Although she dates this entry as early as February–March 1820, Kathleen Coburn states that 'it may be relevant to notice that the first article in the *London Magazine* for August 1820 (ii. 124–42) was "Goethe and his Faustus"; it tells the story of the 16th-century Dr. John Faustus.'

Disc[iples]'.⁹⁵ In the *Table Talk*, Coleridge again asserted that the very labour of translation made it seem more worthwhile to attempt an original composition:

to revive in my mind my own former plan of Michael Scott. But then I considered with myself whether the time taken up in executing the translation might not more worthily be devoted to the composition of a work which, even if parallel in some points to the Faust, should be truly original in motive and execution, and therefore more interesting and valuable than any version which I could make.⁹⁶

According to Henry Crabb Robinson, Coleridge was reluctant to continue with his translation of Goethe's *Faust* because he was convinced that he could write a better Faust-story based on the wizardly deeds of Michael Scott.

Crabb Robinson had studied under Friedrich Schelling in Jena, and in nearby Weimar had become personally acquainted with Goethe and Schiller, as well as with Madame de Staël and August Wilhelm Schlegel. He kept up his acquaintance with Goethe by correspondence and by return visits to Weimar, and had renewed his acquaintance with de Staël and Schlegel on the occasion of their visits to John Murray in 1813. Indeed, Crabb Robinson had been the mediator in Coleridge's negotiations with Murray. When a retrospect on Coleridge's career appeared in the *Quarterly Review* (November 1834)⁹⁷ a few months after Coleridge's death (25 July 1834), Crabb Robinson was prompted to respond to the author's denigration of Goethe's *Faust* and his misunderstanding of Coleridge's involvement in the translation:

I read . . . the greater part of the admirable article in the *Quarterly*—one of the finest articles that I have read in a long time. It comes from a personal friend, from one well acquainted with the German. . . . His praise of Coleridge is most affectionate—his praise perhaps overstrained. His details on metric are beyond my reach. I do not think he is duly aware of Goethe's pre-eminence; least of all can assent to his judgment concerning *Faust*. He alludes to a fact known principally to me, for I was commissioned by Murray to propose to Coleridge the translation of *Faust*. Coleridge answered me after a considerable time that he could not execute his purpose; it was burthensome. 'I felt I could make a better!' This reviewer did not relate; perhaps did not know the fact. But to prove that Coleridge could have made a better *Faust*, he gives an analysis of a *Michael Scott*, projected by Coleridge.⁹⁸

Crabb Robinson, who learned that John Gibson Lockhart was the author only after penning the above note, need not have been surprised that

⁹⁵ CN 4690; this undated entry was apparently written shortly after the previous entry, dated 'June 30th, 1820'.

⁹⁶ 'Faust—Michael Scott, Goethe, Schiller, and Wordsworth', *TT* i. 337–8; ii. 197–9.

⁹⁷ John Gibson Lockhart, 'Samuel Taylor Coleridge', *Quarterly Review* (November 1834).

⁹⁸ Henry Crabb Robinson, *On Books and their Writers*, 3 vols., ed. Edith J. Morley (London: J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd., 1938), i. 447–8 (7 October 1834).

Lockhart would know about Coleridge aborting the translation commissioned by Murray—Murray, after all, was the owner and publisher of the *Quarterly Review* and Lockhart was his editor.⁹⁹

Lockhart's account of Coleridge's Faustian 'Michael Scott' was taken directly from the *Table Talk*, published by Henry Nelson Coleridge the year before:

My Faust was old Michael Scott: a much better and more likely original than Faust. He appeared in the midst of his college of devoted disciples, enthusiastic, ebullient, shedding around him bright surmises of discoveries fully perfected in after-times, and inculcating the study of nature and its secrets as the pathway to the acquisition of power. He did not love knowledge for itself—for its own exceeding great reward—but in order to be powerful. This poison-speck infected his mind from the beginning. The priests suspect him, circumvent him, accuse him; he is condemned, and thrown into solitary confinement: this constituted the *prologus* of the drama. A pause of four or five years takes place, at the end of which Michael escapes from prison, a soured, gloomy, miserable man. He will not, cannot study; of what avail had all his study been to him? His knowledge, great as it was, had failed to preserve him from the cruel fangs of the persecutors; he could not command the lightning or the storm to wreak their furies upon the heads of those whom he hated and contemned, and yet feared. Away with learning! away with study! to the winds with all pretences to knowledge! We *know* nothing; we are fools, wretches, mere beasts. Anon I began to tempt him. I made him dream, gave him wine, and passed the most exquisite of women before him, but out of his reach. Is there, then, no knowledge by which these pleasures can be commanded? *That way* lay witchcraft, and accordingly to witchcraft Michael turns with all his soul. He has many failures and some successes; he learns the chemistry of exciting drugs and exploding powders, and some of the properties of transmitted and reflected light: his appetites and his curiosity are both stimulated, and his old craving for power and mental domination over others revives. At last Michael tries to raise the Devil, and the Devil comes at his call. My Devil was to be, like Goethe's, the universal humorist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth, by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite. I had many a trick for him to play, some better, I think, than any in the Faust. In the mean time, Michael is miserable; he has power, but no peace, and he every day more keenly feels the tyranny of hell surrounding him. In vain he seems to himself to assert the most absolute empire over the Devil by imposing the most extravagant tasks: one thing is as easy as another to the Devil. 'What next, Michael?' is repeated every day with more imperious servility. Michael groans in spirit; his power is a curse: he commands women and wine! but the women seem fictitious and devilish, and the wine does not make him drunk. He now begins to hate the Devil, and tries to cheat him. He studies again, and explores the darkest depths of sorcery for a receipt to cozen hell; but all in vain. Sometimes the Devil's finger turns over the page for

⁹⁹ John Murray founded the *Quarterly Review* in 1809; William Gifford was the first editor, succeeded by Lockhart, who held the post from 1825 until 1853.

him, and points out an experiment, and Michael hears a whisper—‘Try *that*, Michael!’ The horror increases; and Michael feels that he is a slave and a condemned criminal. Lost to hope, he throws himself into every sensual excess.—in the mid career of which he sees Agatha, my Margaret, and immediately endeavours to seduce her. Agatha loves him; and the Devil facilitates their meetings; but she resists Michael’s attempts to ruin her, and implores him not to act so as to forfeit her esteem. Long struggles of passion ensue, in the result of which his affections are called forth against his appetites, and, love-born, the idea of a redemption of the lost will dawn upon his mind. This is instantaneously perceived by the Devil; and for the first time the humorist becomes severe and menacing. A fearful succession of conflicts between Michael and the Devil takes place, in which Agatha helps and suffers. In the end, after subjecting him to every imaginable horror and agony, I made him triumphant, and poured peace into his soul in the conviction of a salvation for sinners through God’s grace.¹⁰⁰

Lockhart readily declared that Coleridge’s projected drama, quoted here from Coleridge’s most fulsome summary, would have been far superior to Goethe’s *Faust*. Crabb Robinson remained sceptical: ‘It certainly would have been more moral and more religious, but it would have had little in common with Goethe’s *Faust*.’¹⁰¹

Even before he made the arrangements in 1814 for Coleridge to serve as the translator for Murray’s edition of *Faust*, Crabb Robinson was well aware of Coleridge’s objections. On 13 August 1812, he described reading and discussing ‘a number of scenes out of the new *Faust* [1808]’. Coleridge at this time was already familiar with the earlier version, *Faust, ein Fragment* (1790):

He had read before the earlier edition, and he now acknowledged the genius of Goethe in a manner he never did before. At the same time, the want of religion and enthusiasm in Goethe is in Coleridge’s mind an irreparable defect. The beginning of *Faust* does not please Coleridge, nor does he think Mephistopheles a character. I urged that Mephistopheles ought to be a mere abstraction, and no character. And Coleridge had nothing satisfactory to oppose to this remark. I read Coleridge the *Zueignung*, and he seemed to admire it greatly.¹⁰²

A week later, visiting Captain James Burney (brother of Fanny Burney), Coleridge provided ‘a very spirited sketch of *Faust*’, again with his own critique:

He thinks the character of Faust himself not *motiviert*. He would have it explained how he was thrown into a state of mind which led to the catastrophe. This does

¹⁰⁰ ‘Faust—Michael Scott, Goethe, Schiller, and Wordsworth’, *TT* i. 337–8; ii. 197–9.

¹⁰¹ Crabb Robinson, *On Books and their Writers*, i. 448 (7 October 1834).

¹⁰² *Ibid.* i. 107 (13 August 1812). See also Crabb Robinson, *Diary, Reminiscences, and Correspondence*, 3 vols., ed. Thomas Sadler (London: Macmillan, 1869); i. 305, 388, 407.

not seem to me a powerful objection. The last stage of the process is given. We see Faust wretched—he has acquired the utmost that finite powers can obtain, and he languishes for infinity. Rather than be finitely good he would be infinitely miserable.¹⁰³

Coleridge on this occasion was already formulating his plans for ‘writing a new *Faust*’.

Following the debacle of Coleridge’s abandoning his translation for Murray, Crabb Robinson again found an opportunity for discussing *Faust* with Coleridge on the occasion of Ludwig Tieck’s visit to London in 1817. The first meeting, on 13 June, inspired no brilliant conversation: Tieck ‘was not the greatest talker to-day’; ‘Coleridge was not in his element . . . His German was not good and his English was not free.’ Eleven days later, when Crabb Robinson escorted Tieck to Highgate, the conversation improved:

Coleridge read some of his own poems and he and Ludwig Tieck philosophized. Coleridge talked the most. Tieck is a good listener and is an unobtrusive man. . . . [Tieck] spoke with great love of Goethe, yet censured his impious prologue to *Faust* and wishes an English translation might be from the earlier edition written in Goethe’s youth.¹⁰⁴

Crabb Robinson was apparently unaware of Coleridge’s work with Boosey when he recorded reading ‘the English Faustus’ in November, 1821. In his letter to Goethe, 31 January 1829, he mentions ‘the disgrace of such publications . . . as Lord Leveson Gower’s Faustus [1823]’, and he laments that Coleridge had not followed through with his endeavour:

Coleridge, too, the only living poet of acknowledged genius who is also a good German scholar attempted Faust, but shrunk from it in despair. Such an abandonment, and such a performance as we have had force to one’s recollection the line,

‘For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.’¹⁰⁵

From his correspondence with both Boosey and Bohte, Goethe had been informed, as Crabb Robinson had not, that ‘the English Faustus’ of 1821 was the work of Coleridge. In tracing the reception of *Faust* in England, Goethe, in his note of 8 May 1826, referred specifically to Coleridge’s involvement (‘Antheil von Coleridge’) and to the Boosey edition, for it was Boosey who had the Retzsch plates re-engraved (‘Kupfer von Retsch zu Faust nachgestochen’). Coleridge, in fact, is the only one named. Other attempts to translate *Faust* (‘Verschiedene Versuche, Faust zu übersetzen’)—

¹⁰³ Crabb Robinson, *On Books and their Writers*, i. 108 (20 August 1812).

¹⁰⁴ *Ibid.* i. 207–8 (13 and 24 June 1817).

¹⁰⁵ Crabb Robinson to Goethe (January 1829), *Briefe an Goethe*, 2 vols., ed. Karl Robert Mandelkow (Hamburg: Christian Wegner Verlag, 1969), ii. 496. Crabb Robinson also visited Goethe in August 1829; *On Books and their Writers*, i. 367–74 (2–18 August 1829).

Anster, Soane, Gower—remain unnamed, along with those whose names he must still look into ('Andere, deren Namen nachzusehen').¹⁰⁶

During the last years of his life, Coleridge's reply to queries about his translating *Faust* varied to some degree from the account recorded in the *Table Talk* for 16 February 1833. John Hookham Frere, who was to publish his own translation of a scene from *Faust*,¹⁰⁷ asked Coleridge, 'Had you ever thought of translating the "Faust"?' Coleridge's explanation of why he was 'prevented' turned into a critique:

I was prevented by the consideration that though there are some exquisite passages, the opening chorus, the chapel and the prison scenes for instance, to say nothing of the Brocken scene where he has shown peculiar strength in keeping clear of Shakespeare, he has not taken that wonderful admixture of Witch Fate and Fairy but has kept to the real original witch, and this suits his purpose much better.

Thus far Coleridge's appraisal was positive. Turning to the negative, he declared that 'the conception of Wagner' was bad. But the real fault lay in the character of Faust himself: 'Whoever heard of a man who had gained such wonderful proficiency in learning as to call up spirits &c. being discontented. No, it is not having the power of knowledge that would make a man discontented—neither would such a man have suddenly become a sensualist.' Coleridge also answered Frere's question about Shelley's translation of *Faust*, saying that he admired it very much, but also lamenting Shelley's atheism.¹⁰⁸

Coleridge's evasive replies about translating *Faust* were doubtlessly rooted in the very grounds that he declared—both moral and aesthetic. The latter are given more weight after 1821, when he began to stress his frustration at the impossibility of capturing both tone and sense of *Faust* in English, accompanied by the conviction that translation cost him more effort than he would need to create an original Faustian tale on Michael Scott. In the preface to *Wallenstein*, he had apologized, 'Translation of poetry into poetry is difficult, because the Translator must give a brilliancy to his language without that warmth of original conception, from which such brilliancy would follow of its own accord.' Translating *Faust* compounded that problem. In June 1820, he lamented that *Faust* 'could not be endured in English and by the English, and he did not like to attempt it with the necessity of the smallest

¹⁰⁶ Goethe, *Werke* (WA), I. xlii, Zweite Abtheilung (1907), 491.

¹⁰⁷ John Hookham Frere, *Work*, 3 vols., ed. W. E. Frere (London: Basil Montagu Pickering, 1872; rev. 2nd edn. 1874), ii. 402–3: Act III, Scene vii (Der Nachbarin Haus, lines 2901–31) (December 1835).

¹⁰⁸ *TT* i. 573–4.

mutilation!’¹⁰⁹ Two years later he complained with the authority of one who spoke from sad experience:

I would have attempted to translate . . . ‘Faustus,’ but I must give it up in despair. To translate it so as to make the English readers acquainted with the plot, is a foolish task. The beauty of this work consists in the fine colour of the style and in the tints, which are lost to one who is not thoroughly *au fait* with German life, German philosophy, and the whole literature of that country. The antithesis between the slang of Mephistopheles, the over-refined language of Faustus, and the pastoral simplicity of the Child of Nature, Margaret, requires a man’s whole life to be made evident in our language.¹¹⁰

The publication of *Faustus: From the German of Goethe* in September 1821 was not greeted with great public fanfare. In the review by ‘R’ in *European Magazine* (October 1821), who hinted that Coleridge was the translator, the anonymous *Faustus* was said to contain evidence that it could have been better that it was. It received a favourable notice (notice only, not a full review) in ‘C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogma for Dilettanti’, *London Magazine* (December 1821). Then, in Thomas Carlyle’s ‘Review of *Faustus, from the German of Goethe*’ for the *New Edinburgh Review* (1822), it was dismissed as failing to convey the fullness of Goethe’s meaning. Coleridge saw no reason to step forward and take credit as translator. When John Murray finally found a translator to provide what Coleridge had failed to deliver in 1814, the results were dismal if not disastrous. In 1823, Murray published *Faust: A Drama by Goethe; and, Schiller’s Song of the Bell*, translated by Lord Francis Leveson-Gower. Crabb Robinson was right to call it a ‘disgrace’. In the meantime, however, Coleridge’s translation had sold out, and Boosey brought forth another edition—this one with a twenty-seventh engraving, a frontispiece portrait of Goethe.¹¹¹ In 1825, George Soane proved Coleridge’s contention that it was better to create one’s own version than to translate. Soane abandoned his translation for Bohte and brought forth his own *Faustus: A Romantic Drama*, which sold well in print and had a fairly good run on stage.¹¹² By the time his account of his projected drama on Michael Scott had been published in the *Table Talk*, Coleridge had already read the

¹⁰⁹ Maria Gisborne’s Journal, 25 June 1820. *Maria Gisborne and Edward E. Williams*, ed. F. L. Jones (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1951), 37.

¹¹⁰ Gioacchino de’ Prati (1790–1863), ‘An Autobiography (the Medical Advisor’s Life and Adventures)’, pt. II ch. 13, *Penny Satirist* (13 October 1838), in *TT* ii. 490–1. M. H. Fisch, ‘The Coleridges, Dr. Prati, and Vico’, *Modern Philology*, 41 (1943), 121.

¹¹¹ *Faustus. From the German of Goethe. Embellished with Retzsch’s Series of 27 Outlines, Illustrative of the Tragedy Engraved by Henry Moses. With a Portrait of the Author*, 3rd edn. (London: Boosey, 1824).

¹¹² Soane, *Faustus: A Romantic Drama*.

prose translation by Abraham Haywood.¹¹³ Anster waited until after Coleridge's death to bring out his completed version, *Faustus: A Dramatic Mystery*.¹¹⁴ In his preface Anster recalled the passages published earlier in *Blackwood's Magazine* (1820), but he acknowledged no debt to Coleridge. Although known to a few—to Boosey, to Anster, to Goethe, and no doubt to the Gillmans and a few others in the Coleridge circle—the fact of Coleridge's translation was gradually forgotten. The last echo of Coleridge's endeavour was William Barnard Clarke's recollection, in 1865, of an earlier translation 'said to be by Coleridge'.¹¹⁵

¹¹³ Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Faust: A Dramatic Poem*, trans. Abraham Haywood (London: Moxon, 1833); 2nd ed., to which is appended an abstract of the continuation, with an account of the story of Faust and the various productions in literature and art founded on it (London: Moxon, 1834).

¹¹⁴ *Faustus: A Dramatic Mystery; The Bride of Corinth; The First Walpurgis Night*.

¹¹⁵ *Goethe's Faust I. and II. Parts*, trans. Clarke, p. iii.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (trans.),
The Faustus of Goethe

INTRODUCTION

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), the youngest of the ten children of Reverend John and Ann Bowden Coleridge, was born at Ottery St Mary in Devon. He attended the local grammar school until the year following his father's death in 1781, when he was sent to the charity school at Christ's Hospital in London. In 1791 he entered Jesus College, Cambridge. In 1794, he met with Robert Southey and became engaged to Sara Fricker, the sister of Southey's fiancée. With Southey, he planned to establish a commune, a pantisocracy, on the banks of the Susquehanna in America. In their political zeal they also jointly wrote *The Fall of Robespierre*, published in September of that year.

This play was the first of several that Coleridge wrote throughout his subsequent career. In addition to his work as a dramatist, his career is noteworthy for his great achievement as a poet, especially his poetic tales of supernatural influence: *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*; of dream visions: 'Kubla Khan'; and his blank-verse 'conversation poems': 'The Eolian Harp', 'This Lime-Tree Bower my Prison', 'Frost at Midnight', and 'The Nightingale'. It was the capacity of 'the rich mystical numbers' in these poems to 'affect the heart and ear like a spell' that prompted John Anster to declare that Coleridge, more than any other poet in the English language, could exercise a 'charm' as powerful as Goethe's *Faust*.¹

In addition to his achievements as poet and playwright, Coleridge also gained enduring reputation as a literary critic. His lectures on literature, including lectures on Shakespeare's plays, commenced in 1808, and were continued almost annually throughout the next decade. In 1811, he began adapting critical concepts from the lectures on dramatic art by August Wilhelm Schlegel.² In 1814, at the very time that he had accepted the task of translating *Faust* for John Murray, Coleridge brought out his *Essays on*

The Faustus of Goethe, trans. Samuel Taylor Coleridge (London: Boosey, 1821). With the twenty-six illustrations by Moritz Retzsch, re-engraved by Henry Moses.

¹ John Anster, 'The Faustus of Goethe', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, 7/39 (June 1820), 235–58; in this volume, see p. 223 below.

² August Wilhelm Schlegel, *Vorlesungen über dramatische Kunst und Literatur*, 2 vols. in 3 (Heidelberg: Mohr und Zimmer, 1809–11; 2nd edn. 1817).

the Principles of Genial Criticism, in which he developed ideas adapted from the philosophy of Immanuel Kant.³ One year later, a more extensive appropriation of ideas from Friedrich Schelling informed chapter 12 of *Biographia Literaria*.⁴ In his writings on religion, too, Coleridge drew ideas from contemporary German thinkers. In his *Aids to Reflection*, for example, Coleridge adapted from Schleiermacher's exegesis of the Gospel of Luke.⁵ Throughout his career, Coleridge translated and adapted shorter and longer pieces of German poetry and prose, from Schiller and Goethe, from Höltz and Hoffmann,⁶ and transformed Friedericke Brun's *Chamounix beyrn Sonnenaufgange* into his own *Hymn before the Sun-rise in the Vale of Chamouny*.

It is not possible to separate Coleridge's endeavours as mediator of German literature and philosophy from his activities as a playwright. In 1797, when he first commenced his collaboration with William Wordsworth, he was still, as he had been in his collaboration with Southey, very much involved in the drama. Wordsworth was composing his play *The Borderers* at the same time that Coleridge was at work on *Osorio*, the play that was later revised as *Remorse* (1813). Both Wordsworth and Coleridge were responding to the influence of Schiller's *The Robbers*, which had gained considerable popularity in England. A year later, after having submitted their collaborative collection, *Lyrical Ballads*, to the press, Wordsworth and Coleridge travelled to Germany. Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy settled in Goslar; Coleridge enrolled at the University of Göttingen. During his stay in Göttingen, Coleridge began translating the dramatic trilogy that Schiller had just written, and he rapidly completed the two major sections: *The*

³ On Coleridge's borrowings from Kant in *Principles of Genial Criticism*, see esp. René Wellek, *Immanuel Kant in England, 1793–1838* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1931), 111; G. N. G. Orsini, *Coleridge and German Idealism* (Carbondale: University of Southern Illinois Press, 1969), 170–1; the borrowings from Kant's *Kritik der Urtheilskraft* are well documented in *Coleridge's Poetry and Prose*, ed. Nicholas Halmi, Paul Magnuson, and Raimonda Modiano (New York: W. W. Norton, 2004), 338–51.

⁴ On the appropriations from Schelling in *Biographia Literaria*, see Frederick Burwick, 'Perception and "the heaven-descended KNOW THYSELF"', in *Coleridge's Biographia Literaria: Text and Meaning*, ed. Frederick Burwick (Columbus: Ohio State University Press, 1989), 127–37.

⁵ Coleridge, *Aids to Reflection*, ed. John Beer, *The Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ix (London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1993).

⁶ Coleridge's translation of 'Mignons Lied' ('Kennst Du das Land'), from Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, may have been among the poems he sent to Anster in 1820, at the very time that Boosey persuaded him to return to translating *Faust*. In October 1821 Coleridge proposed a series of translations for *Blackwood's*, including 'a Life of Höltz . . . with specimens of his poems, translated, or freely imitated in English verse'. Coleridge's 'History and Gests of Maxilian', an adaptation and parody of E. T. A. Hoffmann's 'Der goldne Topf', appeared in the January 1822 issue of *Blackwood's*. J. C. C. Mays's edition of Coleridge's *Poetical Works* identifies over three dozen poems translated by Coleridge from the German.

Piccolomini and *The Death of Wallenstein* (1800). These were published promptly on Coleridge's return to England.

In revising *Osorio* as *Remorse* in 1813, Coleridge was very attentive to the acting and staging, readily altering lines to enhance the performance. Because *Remorse* was a lucrative box-office success, Coleridge was eager to write another play. *Zapolya*, his 'Winter's Tale', was rejected for performance in 1816. Coleridge nevertheless held out hope that his translation of *Faustus* would be produced on stage. This was a major factor in his choosing to translate Goethe's work into dramatic blank verse. In his agreement with John Murray, Coleridge explicitly requested that he retain exclusive rights for the stage.⁷ That same consideration is repeated in his negotiations with Thomas Boosey.⁸

In the passages in which Faustus ponders pantheism and theism, the meaning of the *logos*, the contrary impulses of the self, Coleridge could recognize elements in Goethe's thought that were very similar to his own. Goethe, too, had felt the influence of Spinoza, of Kant, and of Schelling. As radically different as the authors were, in representing the tribulations of Faustus, they shared a common ground. Indeed there were many dimensions of the Faustian dilemma which would have eluded other English translators. Coleridge's translation of *Faustus* thus stands as a far more central accomplishment in his literary career than his earlier translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein* and *Piccolomini*.

⁷ Coleridge to John Murray, 31 August 1814, *CL* iii. 525.

⁸ Carl F. Schreiber, 'Coleridge to Boosey—Boosey to Coleridge', *Yale University Library Gazette*, 20 (1947), 8–10.

INTRODUCTION

The 'Faust' of Goethe is considered one of the most original productions of the German drama. It is not modelled in the form of a regular play, neither does it seem adapted for scenic representation; but it is said to have been written for the performance of puppets. The tale on which it is founded is not new to our language: the *Devil* and *Dr. Faustus* are the heroes of nursery romance, and have been elevated to a higher distinction in the 'Tragicall Historie' of Christopher Marlowe, a genius who delighted to soar above ordinary fiction into regions of wonder and dismay, and of whom it would be difficult to determine whether his talents best suited his subject, or whether such a subject was best suited to his talents. Marlowe's play is too well known to require more particular mention here, and it would be idle to attempt drawing any comparison between it and the 'Faust' of Goethe, as the two pieces have nothing in common besides the adoption (as a plot) of the popular fiction, which tradition has strangely enough attached to a German printer. The main-spring, which originates the interest in both, rests upon common associations, that connect the world of spirits with our humbler sphere of existence;—associations which are, perhaps, little more than the relics of sensations impressed on the memory by the fears of childhood. The Principle of Evil is delineated by Goethe with great skill. He is abject in seducing, diligent in ensnaring, cruel and remorseless in punishing his victim: in human shape he is yet distinguished from his mortal companion by the total want of personal interest which he takes in the scenes through which they pass, and by the bitter, scornful, yet uncomplaining tone of his remarks. Faustus is a singular compound of strength and weakness. He is daring and timid by turns; ambitious and irresolute; not wholly vicious, yet far from virtuous: he despises the power of the demon to whose arts he yields himself a willing prey, and half detects the snares laid for his destruction. Margaret is the only character for whom we feel undivided interest; she is entangled in the web of temptation, which the fiend has woven to catch the proud soul of his confident disciple; she is betrayed into crime through the kindest of affections: the potion which destroys her mother is unwittingly administered by her hand, and the murder of her child may be supposed to take place in a

moment of insanity. Her doom is not, therefore, final. She is punished on earth, but experiences the grace of a repentant sinner.

It is not pretended that the following pages contain a full translation of this celebrated drama. The slight analysis drawn up as an accompaniment to Retsch's *Outlines* being out of print, the Publishers felt desirous to supply its place with a more careful abstract of 'Faust,' which, while it served as a book of reference and explanation for the use of the purchasers of the plates, might also possess some claims to interest the general reader as an independent publication. With this view the most striking passages and scenes of the original have been translated into blank verse, and connected by a detailed description in prose, in which the writer has aimed at nothing more than to render the progress of the plot clearly understood. Some parts are omitted which, it was thought, would be offensive to English readers, from the free, and occasionally immoral tendency of the allusions which they contain: other parts of the scene have been thrown into narrative, where the difference of taste subsisting between the two nations would have rendered a clear translation of that which in Germany is considered sublime, in our language ludicrous: the general features of the whole have, nevertheless, been endeavoured to be preserved. The original is written in a great variety of metres, but in confining himself to blank-verse in all parts of the play except those which are strictly lyrical, the translator believes that he has adopted the only measure that would enable him to imitate the tone, without sacrificing the sense of his text.

'Faust' is preceded by a prelude, between the manager, author, and a kind of merry fellow or clown. This is nothing more than an introductory dialogue, like that to Gay's 'Beggars' Opera,' and as it bears no relation to the plot of the piece, has not been translated. For a different reason the prologue has also been passed over: it carries the scene to heaven, whither Mephistopheles ascends for the purpose of obtaining permission to tempt Faustus; and, both in conception and execution, is repugnant to notions of propriety such as are entertained in this country.



Plate 1. Prologue in heaven [294-8]

FAUSTUS

TIME—Night.

SCENE—A high-arched narrow Gothic Chamber,
FAUSTUS seated at his desk: he appears in a state of restlessness.
SOLILOQUY.

FAUSTUS: Now I have toil'd thro' all; philosophy, 354-517
Law, physic, and theology: alas!
All, all I have explor'd; and here I am
A weak blind fool at last: in wisdom risen
No higher than before: Master and Doctor
They style me now; and I for ten long years
Have led my pupils up and down, thro' paths
Involv'd and intricate, only to find
That nothing can be known. Ah! there's the thought
That wastes my heart away! 'Tis true, most true,
That I am wiser than that silly herd—
Doctors and magisters, and priests and scribblers:
No scruples startle me, no doubts perplex me,
Nor shrink I at the thought of hell or devil:
Therefore has joy departed from me; now
No sweet imaginings of hoarded blessings,
Which knowledge guards the key of—no bright hopes
Of mending or enlight'ning dull mankind
Beam on my darkling spirit. Wealth, or rank, 375
Or worldly honours, I have none:—a dog
Would loathe such base existence: therefore have I
Given up my soul to magic, and essay'd
If from the lips of spirits I could gather
Secrets worth learning, that I may no more
In bitterness of heart attempt to teach
What my mind cannot grapple with, but fathom
The secret places of the earth, and trace
The seeds of things before they burst to being,
Nor deal in words alone. O, thou pale moon!
Would that those beams of beauty were the last
Should visit these sad eyes!

Bright'ning my vigil, with the learned page
 Hast shar'd my adoration, would that I
 Could by thy sweet light, wander on the tops
 Of the far hills, in mountain-caves converse
 With hov'ring spirits, flit o'er twilight meads,
 And bathing in thy dew, free from the thirst
 Of knowledge, live in peace again! Alas!
 Still am I rooted, chain'd to this damp dungeon,
 Where thro' the painted glass ev'n heav'n's free light
 Comes marr'd and sullied, narrow'd by dark heaps
 Of mould'ring volumes, where the blind worm revels—
 Of smoke-stain'd papers, pil'd ev'n to the roof—
 Glasses and boxes—instruments of science—
 And all the old hereditary lumber
 Which crowds this cheerless chamber. This is then
 Thy world, O Faustus! this is called a world!
 And dost thou ask, why thus tumultuously
 Thy heart is throbbing in thy bosom? Why
 Some nameless feeling tortures ev'ry nerve,
 And shakes thy soul within? Thou hast abjur'd
 The fair fond face of nature, ever beaming
 With smiles on man, for squalid loathsomeness,
 Dank vapours, and the mould'ring skeletons
 Of men and brutes: away! away! is not
 This wondrous volume, by the pow'rful hand
 Of Nostrodamus penn'd, society
 Sufficient for thy soul? There thou canst learn
 To trace the starry course, and if instructed
 By nature, she will strengthen thy mind's pow'rs,
 Till thou hast learn'd to hold with her high converse,
 As spirits speak with spirits. But in vain
 Would human wisdom read these holy symbols:
 Ye teaching spirits, ye are hov'ring near me!

400

425

[He opens the book and sees the sign of Macrocosmus.]

Ha! what delight does in a moment fill
 My senses at this sight! I feel at once
 The renovated streams of life and pleasure
 Bubble thro' every vein. Was it a god
 Who wrote this sign? it stills my soul's wild warfare;
 Fills my lost heart with joy, while some strange impulse
 Tears down the veil from nature's mysteries,
 And lays them bare before me. 'Tis most strange:
 Am I a god? It seems so palpable;
 I see in these clear signs the hidden workings

Of nature all reveal'd. Now do I know
 The wise man's meaning, when he said, 'The world
 'Of spirits is not closed: thy sense is dull:
 'Thy heart is dead. Arise, my son, arise!
 'Faint not! but in the redness of the morning
 'Bathe thy earth-sullied bosom.'

[He considers the sign with attention.

How divinely

Are all things blended! how each lives and moves
 But with the rest! how heav'nly powers descend,
 And re-ascend, balancing reeling worlds;
 And from the winnowing of their radiant wings,
 Scatter eternal blessings! how they press
 From heav'n to earth, and ever in their course
 Utter immortal harmony! How bright!
 How splendid an illusion! but, alas!
 Illusion only! Oh! how may I gaze
 Upon thee, boundless nature? where embrace thee?
 Ye fountains of all life, whose living tides
 Feed heav'n and earth: the wither'd bosom yearns
 To taste your freshness! Ye flow sparkling on,
 And yet I pant in vain.

450

*[He turns over the book with marks of dissatisfaction,
 and perceives the sign of the SPIRIT OF THE EARTH.*

How diff'rently

Does this sign move me! SPIRIT OF THE EARTH!
 Thou art allied to me. I feel already
 My pow'rs increase. Already do I glow
 As if with wine. I feel unusual courage
 To venture forth into the world, to bear
 The bliss of earth, the woe of earth; to plunge
 Amid the howling tempest, and to dare
 The shipwreck undismay'd. Clouds gather round me—
 The moon conceals her light—now the lamp trembles,
 Expires—red beams of light play round my head—
 A shiv'ring feeling from the roof descends,
 And seizes on each sense—I feel thee near,
 Spirit, whom I invok'd; thou hov'rest near me:
 Reveal thyself! Ah! how my heart is torn—
 How all my senses labour with new feelings—
 I feel my whole heart given to thee. Appear!
 Thou must, thou must, tho' my life pay the forfeit!

475

*[He seizes the book and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the SPIRIT.—
 A red flame appears, and the SPIRIT in the flame.*

SPIRIT: Who calls me?

FAUSTUS, (*turning away.*): Fearful sight!

SPIRIT: Thy potent bidding

Compels me hither from my distant sphere.

And now—

FAUSTUS: Alas! I cannot bear thy sight.

SPIRIT: Anxiously, fervently thou didst desire

To see me face to face—to hear my voice—

To gaze upon my countenance: the yearnings

Of thy soul brought me hither. I am here!

What pitiful weakness has seized on thee now?

Where's the stout heart which did within itself

A world create, and which from earth aspiring,

Would with the bodiless creation blend

Its grosser essence? Where, where art thou, Faustus?

Thou whose voice I have heard; whose spirit press'd

Until it reach'd to mine. And art thou he?

Thou whose whole frame, whose ev'ry power is shaken,

By my mere breath: a fearful crawling worm

Coiling itself in dust.

FAUSTUS: Thou form of flame!

Shall thy sight blanch my cheek!—No! I am he,

Faustus, thine equal!

500

SPIRIT: In the floods of life, in the tempests of faction,

Up and down I rave;

Hither and thither in motion;

Birth and the grave,

An unbounded ocean—

A changing strife—

A kindling life—

At the rustling loom of Time I have trod,

And fashion'd the living vesture of God.

FAUSTUS: Thou active spirit, circling the wide world,

How near allied I feel myself to thee!

SPIRIT: Thou'rt like the spirit whom thy fancy paints,

And not like me.

[*Vanishes.*]

FAUSTUS: Proud Spirit! not like thee!

Read'st thou God's image on my brow,

Yet say'st I do not equal thee?

517

A knocking is heard, which proceeds from Faustus' pupil or amanuensis, Wagner, who enters 'in a night-gown and cap, with a lamp in his hand'. Faustus evinces great impatience at this interruption, and reluctance to participate in Wagner's insipid society, after the awful conference he has just held with a being of another world; but finding that Wagner had been attracted by the sound of his voice, in (as he conceived) solitary declamation, he turns the conversation to

the subject of eloquence, and expatiates in general terms on the inadequacy of art without the stimulus of natural feeling. The character of Wagner seems designed as a foil or contrast to that of Faustus. He is also a student, but his inquiries are merely human, and he evinces none of his master's anxiety to wander into the field of forbidden speculation: still he seems overawed and confounded by the more daring spirit of Faustus. The following is the conclusion of their conversation; in which the latter succeeds in convincing his friend of the inutility of human learning:—

WAGNER: Pardon me; 'tis delight ineffable

570-633

For the maz'd spirit to transport itself
Back into former times: mark how the wise
And learned thought in ages past, and see
To what a wondrous height we soar beyond them.

FAUSTUS: Oh, yes! even to the stars! Alas! my friend,

The ages that are past are unto us
A book with seven seals seal'd; and what you deem
The spirit of the times, is but the spirit
Of a few men, which to our mind's eye shews
The times as in a mirror, and in truth
Oft shews a sight of sorrow. The first glance
Makes the heart sick. We shrink from the dull lumber,
The worthless refuse, which at best contains
Only some great state-action, garnish'd forth
With sage, trite precepts, and such wondrous lore
As fills the mouths of puppets.

WAGNER: But the world—

Man's heart and soul—surely a little knowledge
Of these things is not valueless.

FAUSTUS: Yes, knowledge;

What the wise world calls knowledge; yet, who dares
To give it its right name? The few who knew
Aught worth recording, and were fools enough
To vent their free opinions, what has been
Their recompense, and their reward?—the stake,
The faggot, and the cross. I pray you, friend,
The night is far advanced, and we must now
Break off our conference.

WAGNER: Oh! I could wake

For ever, but to listen to the words
Of wisdom from your lips. But to-morrow
Is the first day of Easter; let me then
Propound a few more questions. I have studied
With ardour, and 'tis true that I have learn'd
Much, but my grasping spirit will not rest
Till it has master'd all.

FAUSTUS: How hope will linger,
 An inmate of the heart, which still, still leans
 On some weak reed; delving with eager haste
 For fancied treasures, and with joy o'erflowing,
 Though it find nought but earth-worms!

Did the voice

Of grov'ling human nature dare to mar
 My meditation, when ethereal beings
 Were hov'ring all around me? But, alas!
 This once I thank thee—the most miserable
 Of all earth's children. Thou hast rescued me
 From despair's iron clutches. Ah! the phantom
 Had lineaments so giant-like, methought
 I dwindled to a pigmy. I, the image
 Of God himself, deeming I had, at length,
 Grasp'd Truth's own hand, and was about to gaze
 With eye undazzled on her stainless mirror:
 Basking in heav'n's pure light, and earthliness
 Thrown like a worthless garb aside: the cherubim,
 Whose faculties the veins of nature fill,
 Who live the life of gods, I deem'd beneath me.
 My heart was full of hopes unutterable!
 What must my expiation be? one word
 Of thunder has destroy'd those hopes for ever.
 I may not mete myself with thee, proud Spirit!
 Power had I to compel thee here, but none
 To bid thee stay. Oh! in that wondrous moment, 625
 How little and how great I felt myself!
 But thou hast driven me back to the dull lot
 Of blind humanity. Who now shall teach me?
 What must I shrink from? what obey?—this impulse?
 Alas! our actions, like our sufferings,
 Impede the course of life. 633

He proceeds in the same strain of despair, feeding the bitterness of his feelings with reflections on the objects by which he is surrounded, until his eye glances on a phial of poison, and he instantly determines on self-destruction. He seizes it eagerly, and is raising the poison to his lips, when he hears the sound of the town-bells, which usher in Easter-Sunday, and, mingling with the hosannahs of the people, resounds the following:—

Chorus of Angels.

Christ has ascended,
 He sits thron'd in heaven;
 Man's fetters are riven,
 His sins are forgiven,
 His sorrows are ended.

737-796

FAUSTUS: Ha! what deep sound was that? What soft, clear tones
 Wrench from my trembling hand the glass just rais'd
 To reach my lips? Oh! you deep-sounding bells,
 Do you already usher in the morn
 Of Easter's joyful festival? Sweet voices!
 In holy chorus join'd, do ye already
 That song of consolation sing, which once
 Around the midnight grave, from angel lips,
 Peal'd a new covenant of peace?

Chorus of Women. With spices the sweetest,
 A rich grave we made him;
 And here, heavy-hearted,
 His followers laid him;
 Linen and bandage
 We wrapp'd clean around him:
 Ah! where is he now?
 We have sought, but not found him.
Chorus of Angels. Christ has ascended!
 They are happy who gave
 Their faith to his grave,
 And his power to save,
 And humbly his rising attended.

750

FAUSTUS: Powerful and soft! what seek ye here? ye sounds
 Of heaven! what seek of me, encompass'd round
 With dusk and darkness! Breathe your lovely notes
 To softer hearts. I hear, but have not faith;
 And miracle is faith's lov'd progeny.
 I dare not strive to reach those happy spheres
 Where the glad tidings sound; and yet those notes
 On which my infant ear delighted dwelt,
 They woo me back again to life. Oh! once
 In the still sabbath-day, when on my cheek
 The kiss of heaven descended, then those bells
 Full and sonorous in my ear would ring
 Notes such as angels warble. Prayer was then
 Unutterable rapture. Some strange feeling,
 Powerful, yet pleasing, would impel my steps
 Thro' wood, o'er mead, and drew down burning tears—
 While to my sight a new world seem'd reveal'd,
 Better and far, far lovelier. Then, those notes
 Spoke of youth's cheerful sports, of spring's glad hours.
 Memory holds back my hand; around my heart
 She steals her light soft spells. Ring on! ring on!
 Sweet symphonies of heav'n! tears bathe my cheek;
 And I am earth's again.

775

Chorus of Youths. The buried One has risen!
 He sits on high,
 Exaltedly,
 Free'd from the grave's dark prison:
 Heav'n's bright and glorious morrow
 Beams on him now,
 While men below,
 Toil thro' earth's night of sorrow.
 He left us here to languish,
 In grief behind;
 Oh! as thou art kind,
 Take pity on our anguish.

796

A Second Chorus of Angels concludes the scene.

This drama is not divided into acts, but the next scene is before the town-gates and in the neighbouring country. Hundreds of artizans, citizens, their daughters, maid-servants, and the whole idle population of the place are seen swarming forth to enjoy their holiday-sports. They form separate groups, and all utter sentiments characteristic of their stations. The mechanics and labourers propose parties of pleasure, and little journies to favourite spots in the vicinity. Some young women in humble life are looking out for their sweethearts, and are reconnoitred by two students on the watch for amusement. A second pair of females of higher rank stand by observing the motions of the former, and pitying the bad taste of the students. The citizens break forth into invectives against the mayor, others converse on politics. A beggar with his song, and a fortune-teller with her predictions, diversify the scene, and the whole seems designed to exhibit a concentrated view of the popular diversions and manners in the large towns of Germany. The several parties advance and retreat in succession, singing songs and passing rude jokes on each other. Faustus enters with Wagner, and mingles with the crowd: Wagner seems to feel little interest in the scene, before him, but the following are the reflections of the former:—

FAUSTUS: The warm and vivifying glance of Spring
 Has melted the cold fetters of the brooks;
 Green with the young year's promise is the vale;
 And Winter in his weakness hath withdrawn
 To the rough hills. Thence his hoar frost he breathes
 Upon the verdant meadow; yet the sun
 Permits him not that one poor trophy, but
 Dries up the envious mists, and all things paints
 With his own glitt'ring hues; and even here,
 Tho' bare of flowers, the human prospect spreads
 In gay and glad profusion. Turn thee hither,
 And look back on the city. From the black
 And yawning gate, a many-colour'd swarm
 Is pressing forth: all here to-day will come
 To feel the sun's warm beams. They celebrate

903-40

Their Saviour's resurrection: they themselves
 Have for a few hours risen above the cares
 And miseries, and bus'ness of this world,
 From the damp rooms of low-roof'd tenements—
 From trades and manual drudgery—from th' oppression
 Of beams and roofs—from dark and narrow streets, 925
 And the monastic gloom of churches: all
 To bask in heav'n's own brightness. 'Tis a sight
 Of joy and wonder. How the active crowd
 Sweep thro' the smiling gardens and the fields!
 How many merry oars beat on the river,
 Distant and near! behold that boat just starting
 Laden almost to sinking. The gay dresses
 Gleam in our sight e'en on the fair hill tops.
 Already do I hear the joyful hum
 Of the glad village. 'Tis the people's heav'n!
 And ev'ry loud huzza, which high and low
 Conspire to raise, speaks of contented hearts.
 Oh! here I feel that I am human still. 940

A dance of peasants and a pastoral song succeed. In the interim an old countryman recognizes Faustus, and addresses him in respectful terms, offering him a pitcher, from which the Doctor drinks to the health of the multitude assembled round him. The old peasant relates to the rest how, during the plague, Faustus and his father went from house to house, and administered medicines to the sick at the risk of their lives. They all invoke a blessing on his benevolence, but he tells them—

To bend in gratitude to Him above, 1009—10
 Who prompts the helper, and who sends the help.

Wagner declaims in a strain of pompous congratulation, on the happiness he must experience in reaping such a reward for his charitable exertions, but Faustus motions him to retire to a stone, a little apart from the crowd, and there confesses that neither he nor his father greatly merited these testimonies of respect from the crowd, as during that plague many had fallen victims to his father's nostrums. Wagner consoles him with the suggestion of his own inexperience, being then a mere youth, acting under his father's directions, and Faustus recurs to the description of the wild reveries of his imagination, which his companion does not seem to understand. The Doctor proceeds with the following admonition to his disciple:—

FAUSTUS: Thou hast but one desire, 1110—75
 Oh! never learn another. In my bosom
 Two spirits are contending, each attempting
 To separate from the other. One with strong
 But sensual ties is fettering me to earth;
 The other powerfully soars, and spreads
 Its wings to loftier emprise. Oh! if there



WILSON AND WILSON

Plate 2. Faustus and Wagner [1146-7]

Be spirits hov'ring in the air, who rest
 'Twixt heav'n and earth, from your bright seats descend,
 And bear me on your happy wings to scenes
 Of new and varied being. Were that mantle,
 That magic mantle mine which bore the wearer
 To distant realms at pleasure, I would not
 Exchange it for the costliest garb which e'er
 Was wrapp'd round regal limbs.

WAGNER: Do not invoke
 That well known host, whose countless myriads
 People the atmosphere, and from all quarters
 Swarm arm'd for man's destruction. From the north
 With arrow-pointed tongues in clouds they come;
 Or from the withering east they press and feed
 Upon the spring of life; or from the south
 Quick from the burning desert bring with them
 Intolerable fires; or from the west
 With deluging swarms first charm, then inundate,
 Man, fields, and meads alike. They listen readily;
 Awake to mischief willingly obey,
 Because they willingly deceive; they seem
 From heav'n commission'd, and like angels whisper.
 When what they breathe in our deluded ears,
 Is damnable as hell. But, let us hence:
 The sky is grey already, and the air
 With ev'ning mists grows cool. Home is the place
 Best suited for us now. Why do you stand,
 And seem thus bound? what attracts your notice
 In the dusk twilight?

1130

FAUSTUS: See'st thou yon black dog,
 Scouring thro' fields and stubble?

WAGNER: Long ago
 I saw him, but he dwelt not in my thoughts.

FAUSTUS: Consider him well. What do you take him for?

WAGNER: For a rough poodle, tracking as 'tis wont,
 Its master's footsteps.

1150

FAUSTUS: But do you observe
 How he in spiral circles wheels around us,
 Nearer at ev'ry moment, and mine eyes
 Are much deluded if his black paws leave not
 A track of fire behind them?

WAGNER: I see nothing
 But a black dog. Some ocular deception
 Obscures your senses.

- FAUSTUS: Nay, methinks he draws
 Light magic snares around us to enthrall
 Our steps hereafter.
- WAGNER: Doubtfully, I think,
 And fearfully he jumps around us, seeing
 Two strangers for his master's well-known face.
- FAUSTUS: The circle gradually grows narrower:
 Now he is near us.
- WAGNER: Do you not perceive
 'Tis a dog, and no spectre: snarls and bites,
 Lies on his belly, wags his tail, and does
 As other dogs do.
- FAUSTUS: Join us: come, come here!
- WAGNER: 'Tis a strange dog: stand still, he waits for you;
 Speak, and he jumps upon you: had you lost
 Aught, he would soon recover it, and leap
 Into the water for your stick.
- FAUSTUS: You're right,
 It is a dog; I see nought that resembles
 An evil spirit: 'tis th' effect of teaching.
- WAGNER: A wise man loves the brutes: aptest of scholars,
 They win our favour soon.

1175

[*Exeunt through the Town-gates.*]

**SCENE—Faustus's Study,
 Enter FAUSTUS with the DOG.**

Faustus soliloquizes, in a tone of feeling and sentiment, on the stillness of the night, calming every passion to repose. He is interrupted at intervals by the growling of the Dog, whom he in vain attempts to pacify. He feels a sudden desire to translate a passage from the New Testament, but cannot determine on an expression in his native language sufficiently comprehensive to express the *creating power*.

'In the beginning was *the Word*,' 'tis written;
 Here do I stumble: who can help me on?
 I cannot estimate 'the Word' so highly;
 I must translate it otherwise, if rightly
 I feel myself enlightened by its spirit.
 'In the beginning was *the Mind*,' 'tis written:
 Repeat this line, and weigh its meaning well,
 Nor let thy pen decide too hastily:
 Is it the mind creates and fashions all?
 'In the beginning was *the Power*,' it should be;

1224-37

Yet, even while I write the passage down,
 It warns me that I have not caught its meaning:
 Help me, then, Spirit! With deliberation,
 And perfect confidence, I will inscribe,
 At last, 'In the beginning was *the Deed*.'

1237

At this juncture the yelling and howling of the Dog increase, and Faustus again commands him to be quiet, and threatens to expel him. Suddenly he becomes enlarged to an enormous size, and assumes the form of a hippopotamus, whilst without, spirits are heard bemoaning the loss of their comrade. Faustus tries to subdue him with a spell of the four elements; but, finding that charm inefficient, concludes that he is under the dominion of a higher power, and has recourse to this stronger incantation:—

Art thou one who fell,
 Deserter from hell?
 Then look at this sign,
 Whose virtues incline
 The legions of hell to obey it.

1298–302

At this potent bidding the Dog reluctantly issues forth from behind the stove, whither he had retreated, and swells till he appears as large as an elephant, and nearly fills the room. He at length bursts in a cloud of smoke, which gradually dissipates, and discovers Mephistopheles 'drest like a travelling student.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: Wherefore this noise? what can I do to serve you? 1322–44

FAUSTUS: This was the kernel then, the dog inclosed;

A travelling student! why it makes me laugh.

MEPHISTOPHELES: All hail, most learned doctor! I salute you:

In truth, I must confess you made me tremble.

FAUSTUS: What dost thou call thyself?

MEPHISTOPHELES: That question seems

To me a simple one, from him who lately

Despised the Word.

He, however, at length designates himself as—

A portion of that power,

Whose wills are evil, but whose actions good.

FAUSTUS: What does this dark enigma signify?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I am the spirit who says 'nay' to all,

And rightly so; for all that have existence

Deserve that they should perish; so 'twere better

That nothing earthly should enjoy existence.

All, therefore, that you mortals mean by Sin,

Destruction, in a word, what you call Evil,

Is my peculiar element.

1344

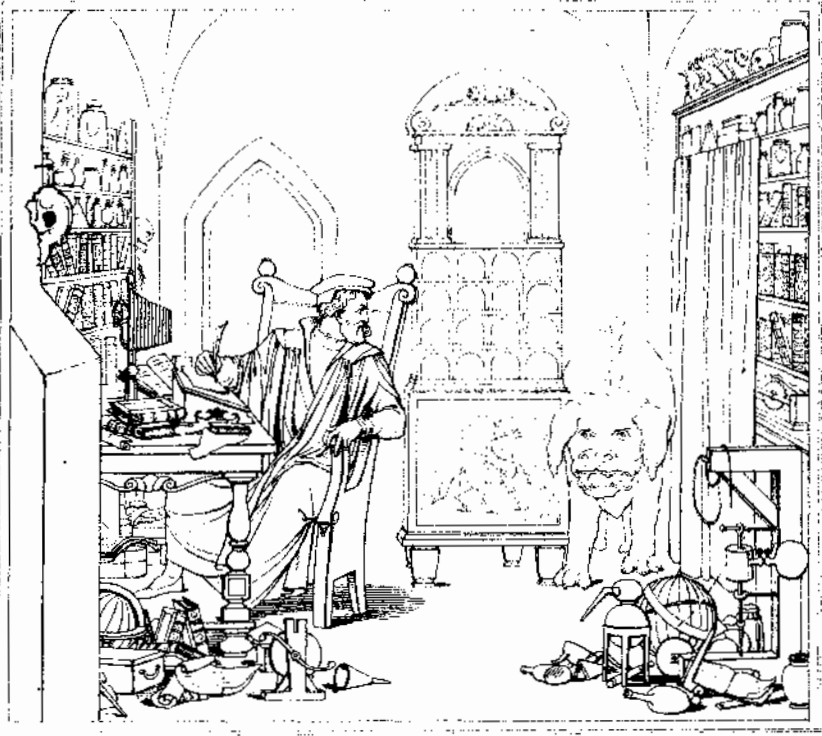


Plate 3. Faustus in his study [1322]

The conversation is continued in this strain until Mephistopheles expresses a wish to depart. Faustus wonders that he should meet with any impediment, having free access to the window, door, and chimney, but Mephistopheles explains that there is a slight hindrance, which is no other than a pentagon on the threshold. He got in, 'tis true, because there was a little opening left in one corner.

The dog did nothing note, as in he sprung, 1406-29
 But now the case assumes another shape,
 The Devil has no means to make an exit.

FAUSTUS: But why not make your exit by the window?

MEPHISTOPHELES: It is a rule with spirits and with devils,
 By the same way they enter they depart;
 The first is a free choice, the last a law.

FAUSTUS: Hell then, it seems, has laws. I like it well:

With gentry so precise, a solemn compact
 May, I presume, be made, and will be kept.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Whate'er we promise you may safely trust to;

We will not bate one jot of the agreement.
 But that requires some slight consideration,
 So let us speak of it anon more fully;
 But, for this time, I beg you earnestly
 To let me take my leave.

FAUSTUS: A moment stay,
 And answer a few questions ere we part.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Nay, now release me. I will soon return,

You then may as you please interrogate me. 1425

FAUSTUS: I did not drag you here. You freely came
 And fell into the trap without a bait.

He who has caught the devil should hold him fast,
 He may not light on such a prize again. 1429

Mephistopheles then begs permission to entertain Faustus with a display of his art, to which the latter accedes, provided it be an agreeable one. Mephistopheles promises to enchant his eyes with delightful visions, his ears with harmonious sounds, and his sense of smelling with the most exquisite odours. He summons the spirits over whom he has controul, who obey his commands, and conclude by lulling Faustus with a song into a deep sleep. Mephistopheles dismisses them with this acknowledgment:—

He sleeps! 'Tis well. Ye tender airy spirits, 1506-15
 Ye have entranc'd him nobly with your songs,
 And for this concert bind me still your debtor.
 Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil.
 Amuse his fancy with some pleasing dream.
 And plunge him in a sea of wild conceits,

Whilst I invoke a rat's tooth to gnaw off
The magic obstacle which bars my passage.

As lord of rats, and mice, and all reptiles, he then summons a rat, by whose aid the angle of the pentagon, being moistened with oil, is at length severed. Mephistopheles then takes leave of his sleeping companion, exclaiming,—

Now, Faustus, 1525-57
Now dream away, until we meet again.

FAUSTUS (*waking*): Am I then once again deceiv'd? and has
That crowd of hovering spirits all, all vanished?
Methought I saw the devil in my dream,
And lo! a little dog sprang forth and left me.

SCENE—Faustus's Study.

FAUSTUS: Hark! 'twas a knock: come in: who now is coming
To torture me?

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Tis I.

FAUSTUS: Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES: You must
Pronounce it thrice.

FAUSTUS: Come in then.

MEPHISTOPHELES: So: 'tis well!
We soon shall be sworn friends. I come to shake
Your fetters from you. Like a gay young lord
I come arrayed in gold and scarlet, wearing
My stiff silk mantle; in my cap, a plume;
And my long pointed rapier by my side.
Do you in like array bedeck yourself,
That free and unconfined you may observe
The changing scene of life.

FAUSTUS: 'Tis no matter
What dress I wrap around my limbs: in all
I shall be sensible of man's cramp'd powers
And limited existence. What have I,
(Too old for sport, too young for listlessness,)
To hope for from the world? 'Forbear! forbear!' 1550
That is th' eternal theme rung in all ears,
And hoarsely sounding thro' each hour of life.
I wake with horror ev'ry morn, and weep
To see a day dawn, which will not, midst all
The anxious flutt'rings of my heart, fulfill
One solitary wish. 1557

And when night comes, I stretch my tortured bones
 Upon a restless couch—wild dreams affright me—
 The god within me can stir up my soul
 Even from its lowest depths, yet has not power
 To move the world without. Therefore existence
 Is but a burthen to me—death a blessing—
 And life the thing I loathe.

1562-711

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yet still is death
 Not quite a welcome guest.

FAUSTUS: Oh! happy he
 Whose brows Death in the hour of triumph binds
 With blood-stained laurels; happy too is he,
 After the nimble dance, whom he finds lock'd
 Fast in his true love's arms. Oh! would that I
 Had sunk before the awful Spirit's power—
 Entranced, unsouled, absorbed.

1575

MEPHISTOPHELES: And yet there was
 A certain man this night who feared to quaff
 A certain dark brown liquor.

FAUSTUS: Then it seems
 It has become your pleasure to perform
 The spy's high office.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I am not omniscient,
 Yet I know much.

FAUSTUS: Tho' from my heart's wild tempest
 A sweet remembered tone recovered me,
 And all my youth's remaining hopes responded
 With the soft echo of joys long gone by,
 Yet do I curse them all—all—all that captivates
 The soul with juggling witchery, and with false
 And flattering spells into a den of grief
 Lures it, and binds it there. Accursed be
 All the proud thoughts with which man learns to pamper
 His haughty spirit—cursed be those sweet
 Entrancing phantoms which delude our senses—
 Cursed the dreams which lure us to the search
 Of fame and reputation—cursed all
 Of which we glory in the vain possession,
 Children and wife, and slave, and plough—accursed
 Be Mammon, when with rich and glittering heaps
 He tempts us to bold deeds, or when he smoothes
 The pillow of inglorious dalliance—
 Accursed be the grape's enticing juice—

1600

FAUSTUS: Nay, nay,—answer me;
 The Devil is an egotist, and ne'er
 Does good to others for the love of God.
 Let me know the condition. Such a servant
 Brings danger to a house.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Then Faustus, here,
 Here do I bind myself to be thy servant,
 And at thy nod forsake repose and ease:
 When in another place we meet hereaf ter,
 Thou'lt do the like for me.

FAUSTUS: That other place
 Gives me but small concern. When thou hast crushed
 This world to ruin, let another rise.
 From this earth all my sorrows spring; this sun
 Shines upon all my sorrows: once set free
 And separate from them, then let the worst
 That will and may, betide. I'll hear no more
 On such a subject, nor enquire again
 Whether beyond the grave man loves and hates,
 Or the distinctions of mortality
 Exist in yonder spheres.

MEPHISTOPHELES: With such a feeling
 You may proceed. Then bind yourself, and soon
 My arts shall minister to your delight,
 And I will give thee things which human eye
 As yet ne'er feasted on.

FAUSTUS: What can'st thou give,
 Thou miserable fiend? can man's high spirit,
 Full of immortal longings, be by such
 As thou art, comprehended? Thou profferest food
 Which mocks its eager appetite; yellow gold,
 That melts like quicksilver in the grasping hand;
 Games at which none e'er won; enchanting woman,
 To lean upon my breast, and while she leans there
 Woo with her treacherous smiles another victim,
 To sport and perish in them; and bright honour,
 Object of highest worship, yet a meteor
 Around which darkness closes. No, no, no:
 Shew me the fruit that withers ere 'tis plucked,
 And trees that day by day their green renewing,
 Bloom in perennial beauty.

1675

MEPHISTOPHELES: Thou demandest
 Hard things, and yet I shrink not. Thou shalt have
 The treasures which thou seekest; but, my friend,

The hour is coming when we may enjoy
All that is good, in safety.

FAUSTUS: Would that I
Could but for one short moment rest in peace,
Tho' the next should destroy me. Could you, by
Flattery or spells, seduce me to the feeling
Of one short throb of pleasure; let the hour
That brings it be my last. Take you my offer?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I do accept it.

FAUSTUS: Be the bargain ratified!
And if at any moment I exclaim
'Linger, still linger, beautiful illusions,'
Then throw me into fetters; then I'll sink,
And willingly, to ruin. Ring my death-knell;
Thy service then is o'er; the clock may pause,
And the hand fall, and time be mine no longer.

1700

MEPHISTOPHELES: Think of your contract well; 'twill be remember'd.

FAUSTUS: You're fully authorized. I have not rashly
Plighted my vow. Remorseless fate has doom'd me
To be a fettered slave. What matters it,
Or thine, or whose?

1711

Mephistopheles then requires the contract to be written and signed with blood, to which Faustus assents, declaring that he is weary of human knowledge, dissatisfied and disgusted with his state and occupation; that he looks forward to no enjoyment in future, but that which is to be derived from the practice of magic, and wishes to experience all the feelings, as well of pain as of pleasure, which were divided amongst the whole human species. Mephistopheles tells him that man is not made 'to digest the old and bitter leaven of sorrow,' and advises him to plunge into the vortex of society, and woo the pleasures of sense. Whilst they are discussing this mystical lore, the step of one of Faustus's pupils is heard on the stairs. Faustus declares that he will not see him, and Mephistopheles offers to sustain the interview in the Doctor's gown and cap, and in the short interval during which he is left alone, soliloquizes thus, on the thoughts and condition of his absent disciple.

Yes; despise
Reason and knowledge; man's sublimest powers.
Permit thy heart to be by the foul spirit
Hardened in magical delusions; then
Thou wilt be all my own. Fate has bestowed
A soul upon him that still presses forwards,
And whose unlimited desires outstrip
The joy of dull mortality. I'll drag him
Thro' the world's wilderness— thro' tame inanity:
He still shall sprawl, stop, cleave to me; the food
For which he thirsts and hungers shall torment

1851-67

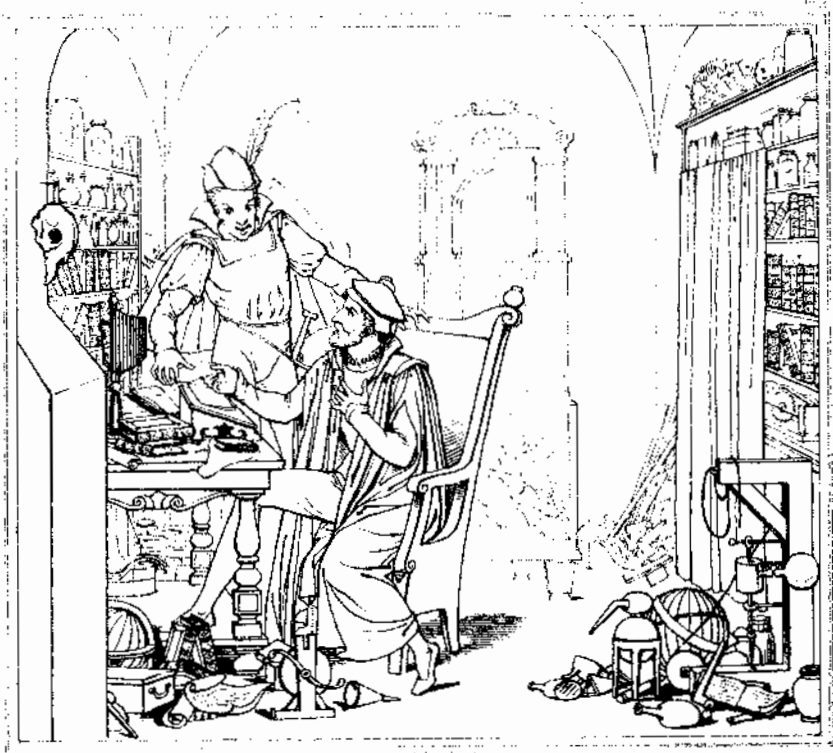


PLATE 4. FAUSTUS MAKES OVER HIS SOUL TO MEPHISTOPHELES

Plate 4. Faustus makes over his soul to Mephistopheles [1718–19]

His aching vision, yet elude his lips:
 Still, still unsatisfied, he shall in vain
 Pant after new delights. Tho' he had ne'er
 Bartered his soul to man's eternal foe,
 Ruin must have overtaken him at last.

The student enters, and discourses, as he supposes, with his master, on the prosecution of his studies. The Devil seems to please himself by confusing the senses of his auditor with an elaborate survey of the sciences, all of which he treats with equal sarcasm and contempt. Logic, metaphysics, law, and divinity, fall successively under the lash of his satire, until the poor bewildered student protests, that 'all seems a dream to him,' and begs but one favour, which is, that the Doctor will inscribe a sentence in his album. Mephistopheles writes, and the student, reads this inscription:

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum. 2048

He then puts up the book with great reverence, and retires.

[Enter FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS: Whither shall we go now?

2051-72

MEPHISTOPHELES: Whither you please.

We will explore the great and little world.

What joy, what benefit, you will experience!

FAUSTUS: But with this long, grey beard, methinks I want

The easy manners of the world. I cannot

Make this attempt successfully. I never

As yet could learn the happy art of moving

In the world's pageant gracefully. The presence

Of others makes me insignificant.

I shall be ever awkward and ungainly.

MEPHISTOPHELES: That happy art, my friend, may soon be learned.

So soon as you feel confidence, so soon

The art of life is learned.

FAUSTUS: How shall we proceed?

Where are your horses, grooms, and carriages?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Look at this mantle! only spread it forth, 2065

And it will bear us through the impassive air.

Take thou nor store, nor scrip: a little gas

Which I will presently prepare, will bear us

From the earth nimbly; if we be but light,

We shall mount rapidly. I give you joy

Of your new course of life. 2072

The first picture of life which Mephistopheles presents to the observation of Faustus, is a club of companions singing and drinking in a cellar at Leipzig. These are the easy sojourners in the land of existence, who, as the demon remarks, 'move in a narrow circle, like kittens hunting their own tails.' Faustus and Mephistopheles are welcomed by the revellers, who nevertheless seem struck with the strange shape and



Plate 5. Faustus and Mephistopheles in the tavern [2284-7]

halting gait of Mephistopheles, on which they pass some jokes, and ask him to sing them a song. He complies, and says he would drink if they had better wine to give him. He offers, however, to supply them with some of the best wine from his own cellar, if they will bring him a gimblet. They get one, and he tells each to choose the wine he prefers, requesting also some wax, to serve for stoppers. Mephistopheles then bores a hole in the table, opposite the spot at which each person is seated, and stops all the holes up with the wax, repeating with strange ejaculations the following spell:

Grapes does the vine bear; 2284-90
 Horns does the goat wear;
 The vine is wood, tho' wine is juice,
 This wooden table can wine produce;
 Here a lesson profound of Nature receive,
 Here is a miracle only, believe.
 Now draw the corks, and make merry.

They draw the corks, and each has the wine he longed for. Mephistopheles warns them not to spill a drop. They drink immoderately. Meanwhile Mephistopheles desires Faustus to observe the boors, and he will see them punished for their bestiality. One of the party carelessly lets some of his wine fall on the ground: it turns to fire, but Mephistopheles appeases the flame with this charm, 'Be quiet, friendly element.' The boors, who by this time are pretty well advanced in liquor, begin to quarrel with Mephistopheles. Another unlucky guest draws one of the waxen stoppers from the table, and fire flies in his face. He shrieks with the pain; the whole company unsheath their knives, and approach Mephistopheles, who with a solemn voice and gesture, pronounces—

False word and face, 2313-15
 Change sense and place;
 Be here and be there.

They stand amazed and look at each other. A momentary frenzy and mental delusion seize them: they imagine themselves transported to a vine-yard, and each, imposed upon by a ludicrous deception, seizes his neighbour's nose, and prepares to cut it off, mistaking it for a bunch of grapes.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Delusion from their eyes the spell withdraw, 2320-1
 Remember, how the devil sported with you.

He vanishes with Faustus. The boors release each other, and express their mutual astonishment.

Faustus is then taken with Mephistopheles in search of the elixir of life. With the view of discovering this, they explore

A Witch's Kitchen.

On a low hearth a large cauldron stands over the fire. In the smoke which arises from it several figures appear. A female cat-monkey is sitting by the cauldron, skimming

it, and watching, lest it should boil over. A male cat-monkey, with the young ones, sits near, warming itself. The walls and roof are covered with the strange furniture of a witch's habitation. Faustus is disgusted with this scene of witchcraft, and still more at the uninviting appearance of the liquid contained in the cauldron. He desires recourse to be had to some other means of renovating life. The devil declares that he knows of no other, except the natural specifics of air, regimen, diet, and hard labour. This is too grovelling a process for one who strives to match himself with spirits. 'But why,' he enquires, 'cannot you prepare the draught yourself?' The answer is ready:— 'tis the work of time, and requires the patient care of the hag, who possesses the knowledge of its singular and marvellous ingredients. Mephistopheles directs the attention of Faustus to the familiars, half monkeys, and half cats. There is a demi-human intelligence in their behaviour and language, which are nevertheless ludicrously absurd. Mephistopheles enquires after their mistress. They answer in a confused jingle of rhyme—

She feasts away 2381-3
 From home to-day,
 Up at the chimney's top.

Faustus again testifies his disgust, when the male monkey crawls up to Mephistopheles, and fawns upon him, making an almost unintelligible demand for money. The young animals are meanwhile amusing themselves with rolling a large ball or globe, backwards and forwards, the old monkey uttering a wild comment on their sport, of which the following is a part:

Like that ball 2402-7
 Does earth rise and fall,
 And keep rolling rolling around;
 Like a glass it jingles,
 Like that in dust mingles,
 And 'tis hollow beneath the ground.

This mummerly continues until Faustus, who has been standing before a mirror, approaches it, and then hastily retreats, exclaiming:

What do I see? what heavenly form is that 2429-40
 Reflected on yon magic mirror's surface?
 O love! the swiftest of thy pinions lend,
 And bear me to her presence. Wonderful!
 When nearer I approach, and leave the spot
 Where I now stand entranced, as in a mist
 I trace her lovely form. Fairest of Women!
 And can it be that Woman is so fair?
 Oppressed and fetter'd by this baser form,
 Gaze I on all the beauty heaven contains,
 Or is there aught so excellent on earth?

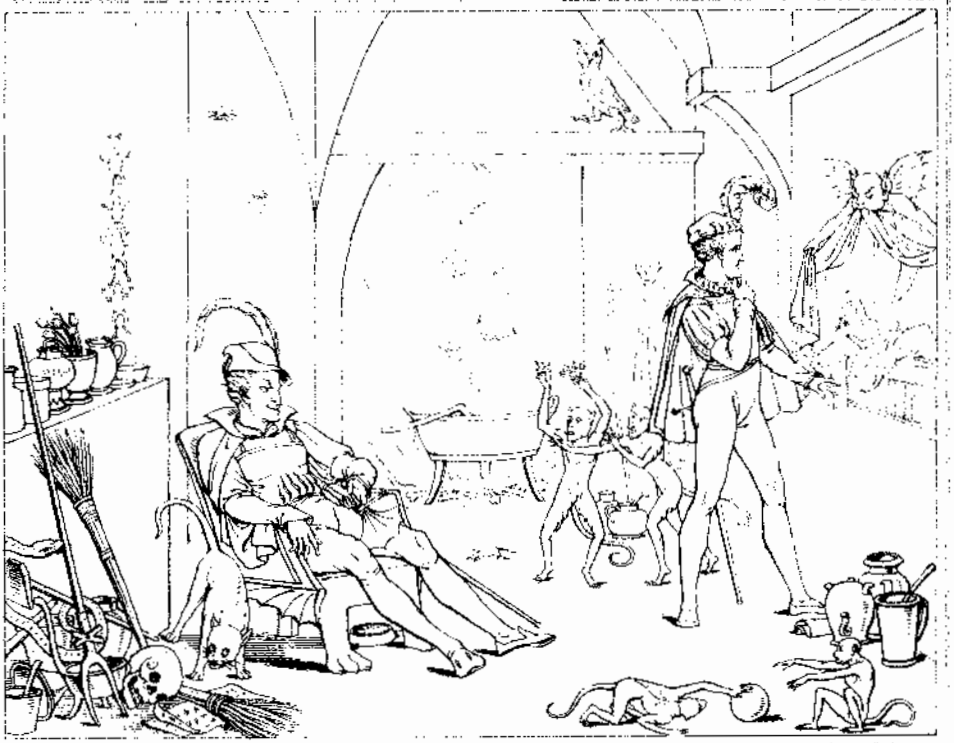


Plate 6. Faustus and Mephistopheles in the witch's cave [2448-9]

Mephistopheles mocks his transport, and as Faustus still remains with his eyes riveted on the illusion, the devil throws himself into a chair, and sports with the animals. These exhibit several extraordinary antics, and present him with a crown, which they immediately drop on the ground and dash to pieces.

The cauldron, which during their awkward attempts to ingratiate themselves with Mephistopheles, they had neglected, now boils over, and a great flame darts up the chimney, whence the witch descends with a terrific shriek. She first vents her imprecations on her familiars, and then, perceiving Faustus and Mephistopheles, thus addresses them.

What do I see?	2469-74
And who are ye?	
What want ye with me?	
What brought you hither?	
May the fire-pain wither	
Your bones together!	

She then stirs the cauldron, and sprinkles Faustus, Mephistopheles, and the animals, with flames. The monkeys utter a cry of anguish, but Mephistopheles discovers himself, and sharply reprimands the witch for not recognizing her visitor before. She excuses herself by pleading that she did not observe his cloven foot, and that he was unattended by his ravens. He admits the excuse for once, and informs her that the improvement which has taken place in the world, has extended to the devil: the northern phantom with his tail, claws, and horns, he informs her, is a non-entity; that he still retains the hoof as a mark of distinction, but disguises his legs as much as possible. He now requires a glass of the elixir for Faustus, which the witch readily gives, first calling Mephistopheles aside, and reminding him that if the stranger drinks unprepared, he will not live an hour. The Devil says there is no danger, for he is a friend.

The witch, making strange gesticulations, then draws a circle, and places several extraordinary implements within it. The glasses begin to jingle, and the cauldron to bubble and simmer. The witch takes a large book, places the cat-monkeys also within the circle, and gives them a light to hold, resting her book upon them. She motions Faustus to approach her.

She then, with strong emphasis, pronounces a mystical spell, and finally pours out the elixir, which Faustus is about to drink, when he perceives a light flame rise from it. He starts back, but, encouraged by Mephistopheles, at length drains the goblet. The witch breaks the circle; Faustus steps out, and is desired by his conductor not to remain passive, but to keep in constant motion, that the elixir may produce its effect. Faustus still casts a lingering look towards the mirror, but Mephistopheles hurries him away, consoling him with the assurance that he shall soon behold the model of female perfection, but adding, in an under tone, 'After the draught you have swallowed, you will soon think every woman a Helen.'

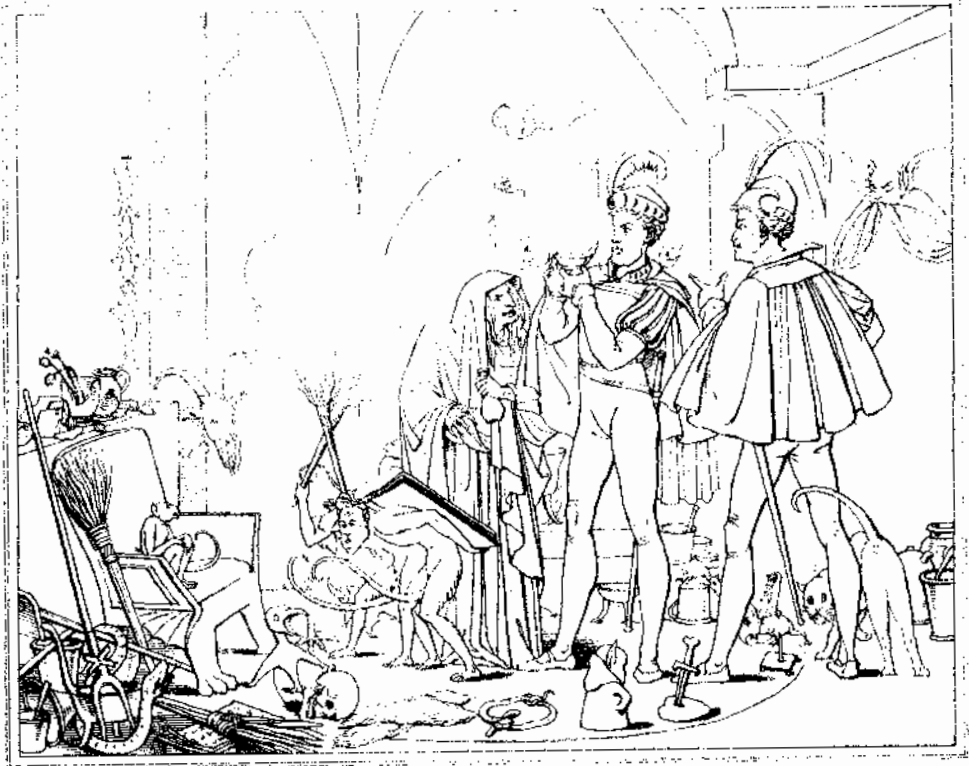


Plate 7. The witch gives Faustus the magic potion [2583-6]

SCENE—The Street.

FAUSTUS and MARGARET crossing the Stage.

FAUSTUS: Lovely lady, may I venture to offer you my arm and protection?

2605–26

MARGARET: I am neither a lady, nor lovely, and I can go home without protection.
[Disengages herself, and Exit.]

FAUSTUS: By heaven! this girl is beautiful, more beautiful than any woman I ever saw; she is so modest and virtuous, although a little pert. Red lips, blooming cheeks—I shall never forget this day! the manner in which she cast down her eyes is indelibly stamped upon my heart. How quickly she was displeased! This is quite transporting.

[Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.]

FAUSTUS: Hear me: I must have that maiden.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Which?

FAUSTUS: She who has just passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES: She? She came from her confessor, who has just given her absolution. I listened hard by: she is quite an innocent creature, who had nothing to confess. I have no power over her.

2626

Faustus threatens Mephistopheles to part from him at midnight, if he does not procure her for him that very night. Mephistopheles declares that he dares not use force, but must employ cunning, for which a fortnight at least is requisite, but promises to introduce Faustus into her chamber.

FAUSTUS: Can we go now?

2672–94

MEPHISTOPHELES: It is too early.

FAUSTUS: Take care, and procure a present for her.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Making presents already! Bravo! He gets on.

I know many hidden treasures, and many a good spot to search in.
 I must look about me a little.

2678
[Exit.]



Plate 8. Faustus sees Margaret for the first time [2605-6]

TIME—Evening.

SCENE—A small but neat Chamber;

MARGARET, braiding and binding up her Hair.

MARGARET: I would give something to learn who that gentleman was whom I met to-day: he had a noble mien, and was certainly of high birth: I could read it in his looks: he would not else have been so presuming.

2679

[Exit.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUSTUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Come in, softly, come in.

FAUSTUS, (*a fier a short pause.*): Pray leave me alone.

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*prying about.*): Not many maidens are so neat.

[Exit.

FAUSTUS, (*looking around.*): Hail, thou soft twilight, sweetly hallowing
 This sanctuary. Pleasing pain of love,
 Pierce to my inmost heart, which still is feeding
 On Hope's soft dew. A lovely stillness seems
 To reign within this chamber. 'Tis th' abode
 Of order and content. Oh! there is wealth
 In poverty like this, and happiness
 Can dwell within a dungeon.

2694

He continues in this train of meditation until Mephistopheles re-enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Quick! I see her coming below.

2729–30

FAUSTUS: Away! away! I ne'er will leave this spot.

Mephistopheles produces a casket, which he places in the cupboard. He then again urges Faustus to depart, which the latter at length consents to do.

[*Exeunt.*

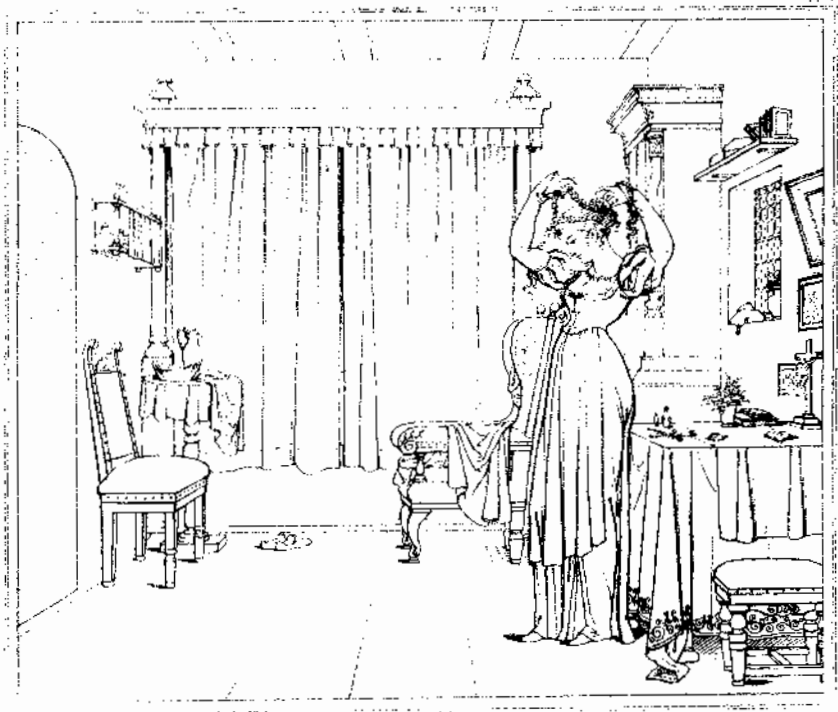


Plate 9. Margaret in her chamber [2678-9]

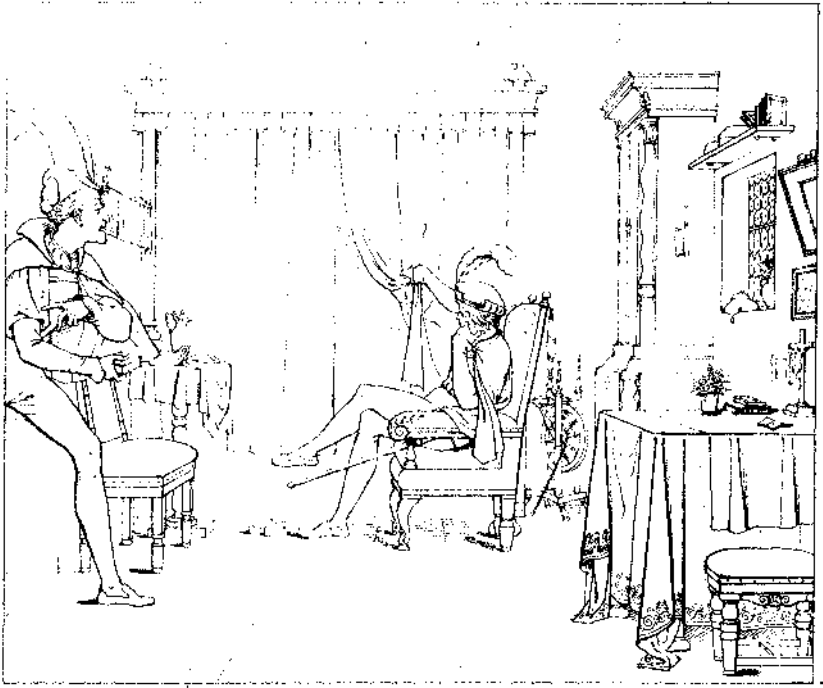


Plate 10. Faustus introduced into Margaret's chamber
by Mephistopheles [2695-6]

Enter MARGARET bearing a Lamp.

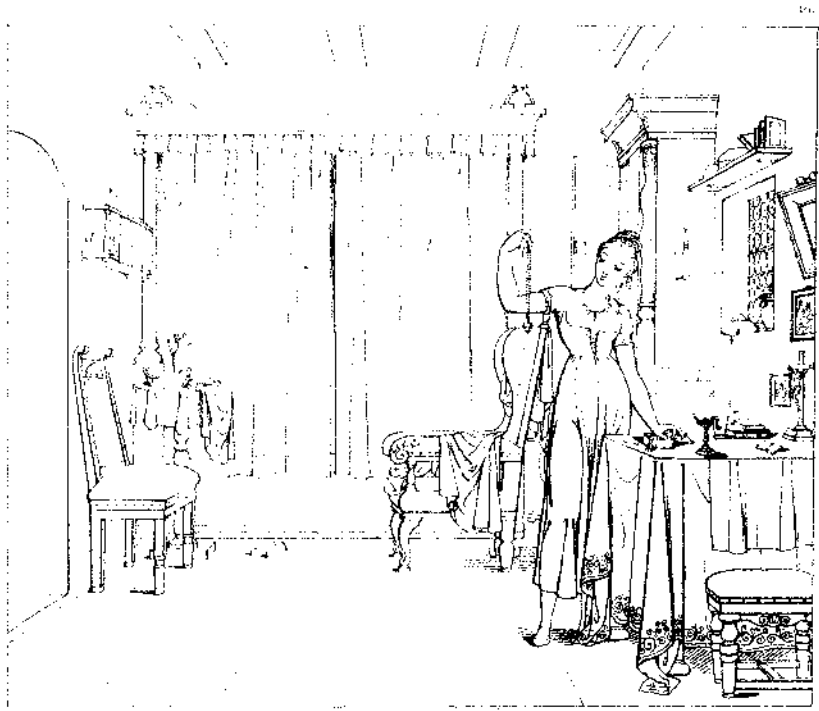
MARGARET: How close and sultry it is here! (*Opens the window.*) 2753-8
 And yet it is not warm without.
 I feel I know not how.
 I would my mother were come home.
 A shivering runs through my whole body.
 What a foolish fearful girl I am!

She sings a ballad, undressing at the same time. She then opens the cupboard to put by her clothes, and discovers the casket of jewels.

MARGARET: How did this beautiful casket come here? 2783-805
 I am sure I locked the cupboard.
 'Tis very wonderful. What can be in it?
 Perhaps somebody left it as a pledge,
 And my mother has lent some money upon it.
 There is a small key tied to it; I think I will open it.
 What is this? Heavens! look here.
 I never saw any thing like it.
 Jewels! A noble lady might wear these
 On the gayest holiday.
 How would this chain become me?
 To whom can all this finery belong?

*[She decorates herself with the jewels,
 and walks before the glass.]*

I only wish these ear-rings were mine.
 I look quite another thing with them on.
 What avails beauty, young girls?
 It is very well, but that's all. 2800
 You are praised and pitied with the same breath.
 All hunt after gold.
 All depends on it.
 Alas! we poor maidens. 2804



STYLUS ANIMUS SINGULISQUE PARTIBUS DISECTIS ET REPLICIS. H. W. G. 1844.

Plate II. Mephistopheles leaves rich ornaments in Margaret's chamber [2796]

SCENE—A Public Walk.

**Enter FAUSTUS in deep meditation, and to him
MEPHISTOPHELES.**

Mephistopheles pretends extreme vexation, and Faustus desiring to know the cause, the former acquaints him that Margaret's mother had discovered the jewels; that being convinced they had been left for an unworthy purpose, she had obliged her daughter to make an offering of them to the virgin; and that with this intent she had sent for her confessor, and delivered the casket, into his hands. Faustus enquires how Margaret bore the loss of her finery. Mephistopheles answers that she was very unwilling to part with it, and adds that now

Uneasily she sits, 2849-52
 Nor knows she what she wants, or what desires;
 Thinks of the precious jewels morn and night,
 But thinks still more of him who sent them to her.

Faustus expresses compassion for her mortification, and directs Mephistopheles to procure for her another casket, more splendid than the first, and to continue to pay court to the convenient neighbour, Martha. With these injunctions he departs.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *solus*: So fond a fool would blow into the air 2862-4
 Earth, sun, and moon, and all the heavenly bodies,
 As a mere pastime to amuse his love.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE—Neighbour Martha's Dwelling.

Martha is discovered in tears. She laments the state of uncertainty she is in with respect to the fate of her husband, who has abandoned her, and whom she believes to be dead. She expresses a wish to have a certificate of the fact of his death, to set her mind at rest.

Margaret enters with the second casket, which she has just found, and brought to shew to her friend Martha. The latter advises her not to inform her mother, lest she should transfer this casket also to the confessor. Margaret is half wild with joy at the sight of so many brilliant ornaments. She tries them on, and looks at herself in the glass; but one cause of mortification still remains; she cannot wear them in the streets, or exhibit them at church for fear of her mother's anger. Martha invites her to call upon her frequently, when, she says, they can admire them together; she suggests that some opportunity may offer for displaying them; some festival may take place, at which she can bring them out singly, and thus elude observation. Whilst they are engaged in conversation, Mephistopheles enters, and enquires for Martha by her name. Martha discovers herself, and Mephistopheles takes her aside, declaring that he has something of importance to communicate, but that he is reluctant to intrude in the presence of Margaret, whom he pretends to take for a young lady of quality.

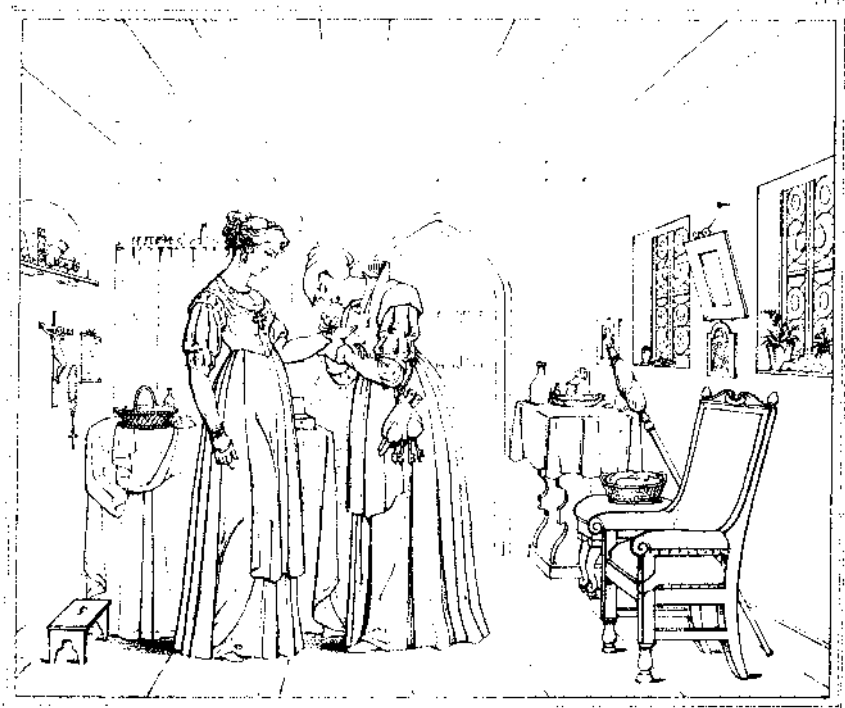


Plate 12. Margaret shews her treasures to Martha [2882]

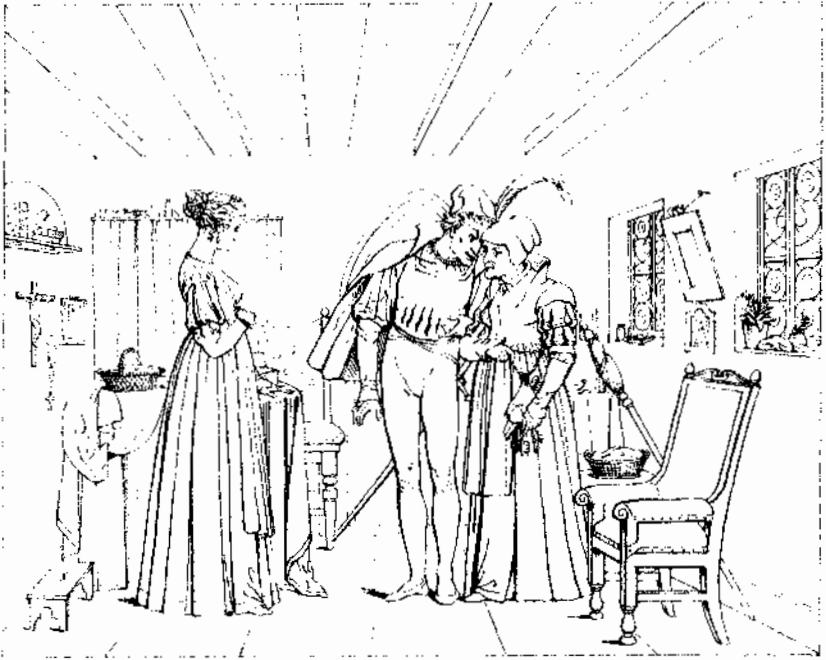


Plate 13. Mephistopheles informs Martha of her husband's death [2914–17]

The garrulous old woman immediately communicates his mistake to Margaret, who seems flattered by it, but informs him that she is of but humble birth and that the jewels which she wears do not belong to her. Mephistopheles politely observes that it was not the jewels, but the dignity of her appearance, which occasioned his error. He then informs Martha that her husband is dead, and desired to be remembered to her with her latest breath. Martha bursts into tears. Margaret attempts to console her, and Mephistopheles begs her to listen to the conclusion of the melancholy tale. 'Her husband,' he adds, 'lies buried in consecrated ground, attached to Saint Anthony's church at Padua.' She enquires if he had sent her any thing. 'Yes,' rejoins Mephistopheles, 'one strict injunction, to cause three hundred masses to be said for his soul; for the rest my pockets are empty.' Martha is offended that he did not send her a keep-sake, and is still more so when she learns that he attributed his desertion of home to the usage he received from her, and that he had spent all he gained upon a fair damsel at Naples. Mephistopheles advises her, when the term of mourning is expired, to look out for another husband. He sportively makes her a half-offer of himself, but perceiving that she is 'nothing loath,' says aside, 'now it is time to be off; she would tie the devil himself to his word.' He turns to Margaret—

MEPHISTOPHELES: What is the state of your heart?

3006-8

MARGARET: What do you mean, Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*aside*): A good girl—quite innocent.—(*aloud*).—Ladies!
Farewell!

Martha begs him, as he is going, to procure for her a certificate of the time and manner of her husband's death and burial, in order that she may have it inserted in the Weekly Gazette. Mephistopheles observes that the testimony of two witnesses is requisite, and offers to bring a friend of his with him who will willingly depose to the fact before the proper tribunal. He expatiates on his friend's courteous manners. Margaret makes a timid remark, and Martha concludes the conversation, by stating that they will wait the arrival of their visitors that evening in the garden.

SCENE—The Street.

Enter FAUSTUS *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS: How now can it be done? Shall we succeed, and speedily?

3025-67

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Tis well: I find you hot.

Margaret will soon be yours; for at the house

Of her near neighbour, Martha, who seems born

To play the procuress, we shall this night see her.

FAUSTUS: 'Tis well.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yet something still will be required of us.

FAUSTUS: One service well deserves another.

MEPHISTOPHELES: We must give valid evidence that the body

Of Martha's husband rests in holy ground

At Padua.

FAUSTUS: A rare project truly: we must make
The journey first.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Sancta simplicitas!
There is no need of that: you can depose,
Tho' you know nought about the fact.

FAUSTUS: If you
Have nothing better plann'd than this, the project
Must be abandoned.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Oh, most pious man!
Has this become a stumbling-block? Would this
Be the first moment of your life in which
You've borne false witness? Did you never give
Sage definitions of God—earth—and all
That dwells therein;—of man, and every impulse
Of head and heart; all given positively
With unseared conscience and unblushing front?
Yet weigh the subject duly; you'll confess
You had as little knowledge of these things
As of this good man's death.

FAUSTUS: Devil! thou art,
And will be still a sophist and a liar.

3050

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, yes! if that were all I knew. Will you not,
Honourable as you call yourself, to-morrow
Delude poor Margaret, and swear you love her
Even from your very soul.

FAUSTUS: Aye, and swear truly.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Tis wond'rous well: and then you'll add love, truth,
Eternal truth, and passion uncontrollable.
Will that be truly sworn too?

FAUSTUS: No more: it will:
When my heart labours with impassioned feelings,
I seek for names to call them by, and find none.
Then do I wander through the world, and catch
Words of high import, and this fire which wastes me
I call eternal, endless, everlasting.
Is that a false and lying trick of hell?

3067

Faustus finally yields to the reasoning of Mephistopheles, and they depart together.

SCENE—A Garden.

Enter MARGARET leaning upon the arm of FAUSTUS—
MEPHISTOPHELES leading MARTHA.—They walk up and down.

The conversation between Faustus and Margaret in this scene, is interrupted at the parts marked with asterisks by another disconnected dialogue between

Mephistopheles and Martha, who advance and deliver their sentiments as the former retreat. In this dialogue Martha lays strong siege to the heart of Mephistopheles, who answers in his usual ironical and sarcastic manner.

MARGARET: I see you put up with my rudeness, Sir, 3073–80

And in your goodness thus demean yourself,
To make me blush. Travellers are so polite!
I'm well persuaded, to so learn'd a man
My simple prating must be dull indeed.

FAUSTUS (*kissing her hand.*): One look from you, one word of yours contain 3080
More than the wisdom of this world.

MARGARET: Aye, out of sight, and out of mind. Politeness 3096–125
Yields you full store of compliment, but friends
You have, yes, many friends, who're wiser far
Than I.

FAUSTUS: Nay, dearest! what the world calls wisdom,
Believe me, oft is vanity and folly.

MARGARET: How?

FAUSTUS: O ne'er do innocence, and simple virtue,
Know their own value, and their holiest worth.
Sweet modesty and wild humility
Are the most precious blessings which the hand
Of bounteous, lovely Nature, showers down
Upon an earthly head.

MARGARET: Think of me only for a single moment:
I shall have time enough to think of you.

FAUSTUS: Are you, then, often much alone?

MARGARET: Yes; for our family is but small; and yet
Requires attendance: we maintain no servant:
It is my task to cook and tend the house,
Knit, sew, and toil from morn till eventide:
Besides, my mother is so strict and nice,
Not that she need, indeed, be quite so frugal;
My father left a competence—a small house
And garden; yet I rarely cease from toil.
My brother is a soldier; my young sister
Is in her grave: I had much trouble with her,
Yet willingly would I endure it all
Again, I loved her so—even from my heart.

FAUSTUS: If she resembled you she was an angel. 3125

MARGARET: One moment stay.—(*She gathers a flower, and plucks the leaves off one
by one.*) 3179–86

FAUSTUS: What is that for, a nosegay?

MARGARET: No, only play.

FAUSTUS: What play?



Plate 14. The decision of the flower [3182-3]

MARGARET: Go to: you'll laugh.—(*She tears the flower and mutters something indistinctly.*)

FAUSTUS: What is that you say so softly?

MARGARET (*half aloud.*): He loves me—loves me not.

FAUSTUS: Sweet heavenly countenance!

MARGARET, (*repeating.*): He loves me—loves me not.—He loves me—not.
(*Plucks the last leaf; and exclaims, with wild delight*)

He loves me!

FAUSTUS: Yes, yes, my love, and be this flowery omen

To thee an oracle of heaven. He loves thee!

Know'st thou the meaning of these words, 'he loves thee?'

3186

He seizes both her hands, but Margaret soon disengages herself, and runs off. He stands a moment lost in thought, and then follows her.

MEPHISTOPHELES and MARTHA *re-enter.*

MARTHA: Night approaches.

3194-426

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yes, we must away.

MARTHA: I willingly would press your stay, but here

Scandal abounds; here every eye is turned

To watch its neighbour's steps; even we should not

Escape. But where do our young couple loiter?

MEPHISTOPHELES: They have just flown away up yonder walk,

A pretty pair of sportive butterflies.

MARTHA: He seems to be enamoured of the girl.

MEPHISTOPHELES: And she of him—thus runs the world away.

3204

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—A Summer-house.

MARGARET comes jumping in, conceals herself behind the door,
presses her fingers to her lips, and peeps through the chink.

MARGARET: He is coming.

3205

Enter FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS: You little rogue, and is it thus you trick me?

Ha! have I caught you?—(*Kisses her.*)

MARGARET, (*returning his kiss.*): Thou best of men! I love thee from my heart.

[*MEPHISTOPHELES knocks at the door.*

FAUSTUS, (*Stamping with impatience.*): Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES: A friend.

FAUSTUS: A beast.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Tis time to leave; we must depart.

MARTHA, (*entering.*): Indeed, Sir, it is late.

FAUSTUS: May I not see you home?

MARGARET: My mother would—Farewell!

MARTHA: Adieu!

MARGARET: Soon to meet again.

[*Exeunt FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES.*

MARGARET: Dear me, how wise he is!

I stand before him quite ashamed,

And answer 'yes' to all he asks.

I am a very silly creature.

I cannot think what 'tis he sees in me.

3216

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—A Forest and Cavern.

FAUSTUS: Oh, thou great Spirit, thou hast given to me

3217

All, all that I desired. Thou hast not turned

Thy beaming countenance in vain upon me.

Thou gav'st me glorious Nature for a kingdom,

The facility to feel and to enjoy her.

Thou didst not merely grant a cold short glimpse,

But laid her deepest mysteries open to me,

As a friend's bosom. All created things

Thou mak'st to pass before me; and the beings

Peopling the fragile leaf—the air—the waters—

Are to my sight revealed; while, when the storm

Howls crackling through the forest—tearing down

The giant pines, crushing both trunk and branch,

3230

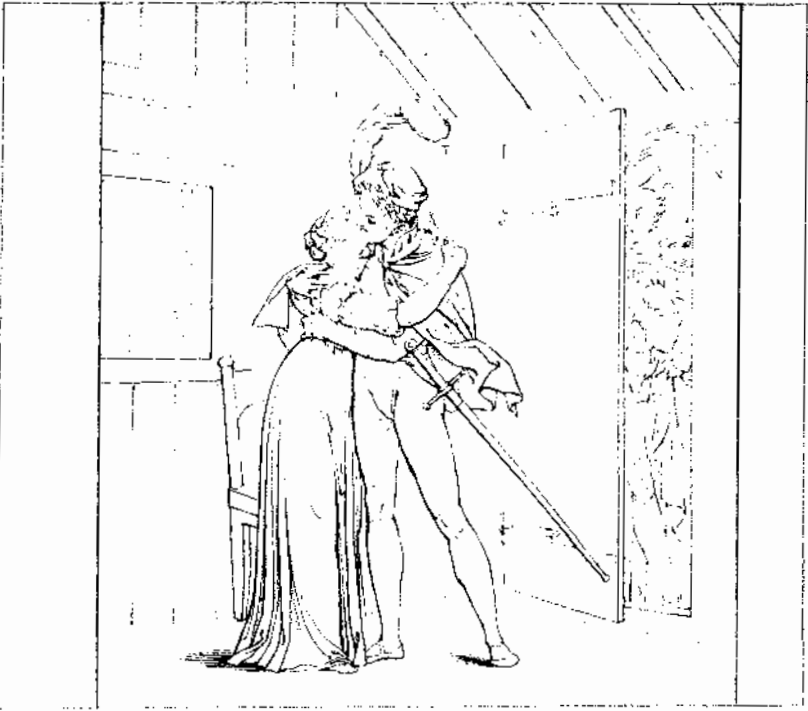


Plate 15. Margaret meets Faustus in the summer-house [3206]

And makes the hills re-echo to their fall,
 Then to the sheltering cave thou ledest me,
 And there layest bare the deep and secret places
 Of my own heart. There I may gaze upon
 The still moon wandering through the pathless heaven;
 While on the rocky ramparts, from the damp
 Moist bushes, rise the forms of ages past
 In silvery majesty, and moderate
 The too wild luxury of silent thought.
 O now I find and feel the lot of man
 Is not perfection: with this high delight
 Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,
 Thou gavest me an associate, without whom
 I can exist no more, though insolent
 And cold, he humbles me into myself,
 And turns thy gifts to nothing with a breath.
 With busy malice in my breast he fans
 An ardent flame for that bright form of beauty.
 Thus from desire I reel on to enjoyment,
 And in enjoyment languish for desire.

3250

[Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.]

MEPHISTOPHELES: Are you not weary of this life? How long
 Can it bestow enjoyment? 'Tis enough
 To taste but once, then on to something new.

FAUSTUS: Would you had other occupation
 Than to torment me on a happy day!

MEPHISTOPHELES: Well, I can leave you to yourself most willingly
 You would not say thus much to me in earnest.
 Such a companion, so unkind, so harsh,
 So mad, is verily not much to lose.
 All the day long my hands have toil'd for thee,
 And yet in my lord's looks I ne'er can trace
 The purpose of his mind—or what he wishes
 Accomplished, what untried.

FAUSTUS: That's the right tone—
 Look you for thanks for being wearisome?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Poor child of earth! how would'st thou have dragged thro'
 This life without me? Long ago I rescued thee
 From the vain phantasms of imagination;
 And were it not for me thou would'st ere this
 Have ceased to tread this globe. Why dost thou thus
 Flit like a weak-eyed owl in caves and clefts?
 Why like the toad draw nourishment obscene

3275

From moss and dripping stones? 'Tis fitting pastime—

You have not yet renounced your former calling.

FAUSTUS: Could'st thou divine what rapturous blissfulness

This wandering in the wilderness imparts,

Thou would'st be devil enough to envy me.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Envy thee what? thy lying on the mountains

Amidst the night-dew? Yearning to embrace

All earth and heaven?—swelling thy pigmy spirit

In fond imagination to a god's?—

Rooting from out thee every trace of earth?

Feeling a whole week's business in thy bosom,

And arrogantly grasping unknown bliss

Till thou seem'st earth's no more; and then the high,

The wond'rous intuition? (*with a grimace.*) I dare not

Proceed—

FAUSTUS: Fye on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES: You're displeased,

And you must utter now the well-bred 'fye.'

We must not whisper to chaste ears of that

Which chaste hearts can't dispense with. Briefly, then,

I grant you now and then the bliss of lying,

But it must not last long. You have been sinking

Into your former state, and soon will be

As wretched as at first. Enough of this;

3300

Your true love sits at home, and all goes cross

With her: she cannot root you from her heart;

She loves you—passionately loves you. Once

You could return affection, and your love

Was like a brook swollen with melted snow;

The brook is shallow now again. Methinks,

Instead of reigning like a monarch here,

Amidst the woods and wilds, 'twere well if you

Would stoop your greatness to the poor fond girl

Whose heart is breaking for you. Time seems long,

Piteously long to her, and at her window

She stands and gazes at the busy crowd

Upon the town walls. 'Would I were a bird!'

That is her song from morn till eventide;

And sometimes she is cheerful—oftener sad;

Tears then will fill her eyes, and then again

A seeming calmness fills her heart, but love

Is its unwearied inmate.

FAUSTUS: Serpent! serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*aside*): I shall catch you yet.

3325

FAUSTUS:

Cursed villain!

Begone: name not that lovely creature:—do not
Invite my half infuriated senses
To wish her mine again.

MEPHISTOPHELES:

What then must be

The sad result? She thinks you have forsaken her;
And so you have almost.

FAUSTUS:

Nay, I am near her;

And were the winds and waves a barrier 'twixt us,
I never can forget her, ne'er forsake her.

MEPHISTOPHELES:

Well, my friend, often have I envied you

Beneath the roses, like two twins embracing.

FAUSTUS: Away, base Pandar!

MEPHISTOPHELES:

Ah! you abuse me: I must laugh.

Now 'tis great pity—you shall once more enter
Her chamber, not to death.

FAUSTUS:

What joy,

What heavenly joy is in her arms! Oh! let me
Repose upon her bosom: do I not
Participate her woe? Oh! am I not
The fugitive—the houseless wanderer—
The wild barbarian without an object?

3350

Or like a cataract that from rock to rock
With eager fury leaps heralding ruin;—

And she with childlike passions undisturbed
In her own little cottage, girt around

With smiling fields, rested, without a wish
Beyond that narrow world? But I, th' abhorred
Of God, was not content to seize the rocks

And beat them into fragments, but even her,

And her young mind's sweet peace I undermin'd,

And made a ruin there. Hell, take thy victim!

Help me, thou Devil, to cut short these hours

Of torture! Let what must be, be at once!

May her fate overwhelm me—when I sink

Let her sink with me!

MEPHISTOPHELES: How you foam and rave!

Go in, fool, and console her. Your weak fancy,

When it cannot perceive the outlet, thinks

The end is come at once. Long live the brave!

Now, Faustus, thou art well nigh demonized:

There is nought more ridiculous than this—

A Devil that despairs.

3373

SCENE—MARGARET'S Chamber.
MARGARET, at her Spinning-Wheel.

SINGS:

My peace of mind's ruin'd;
 My bosom is sore,
 I ne'er meet him now,
 I shall ne'er meet him more.

3374

Where he is not present,
 A dark grave I see;
 The universe round
 Is a prison to me.

My poor shatter'd reason
 Is quickly departing;
 And my poor foolish heart
 With sorrow is smarting.

My peace of mind's ruin'd;
 My bosom is sore;
 I ne'er meet him now,
 I shall ne'er meet him more.

I open my window,
 And watch for him there,
 I go forth and wander,
 And search every where.

His firm stately tread,
 His form, manly and high,
 The smile on his lip,
 And the fire of his eye:

And his eloquent tongue
 Dropping accents of bliss,
 His hand's gentle pressure,
 And, ah! me, his kiss.

3400

My peace of mind's ruin'd,
 My bosom is sore,
 I ne'er meet him now,
 I shall ne'er meet him more.

My wild bosom swells
 At the thought of his coming,
 Oh! could I but clasp him,
 And keep him from roaming;

And give him one kiss,
 As I should then so madly,
 And receive but his kisses,
 I would die then, how gladly!

3413

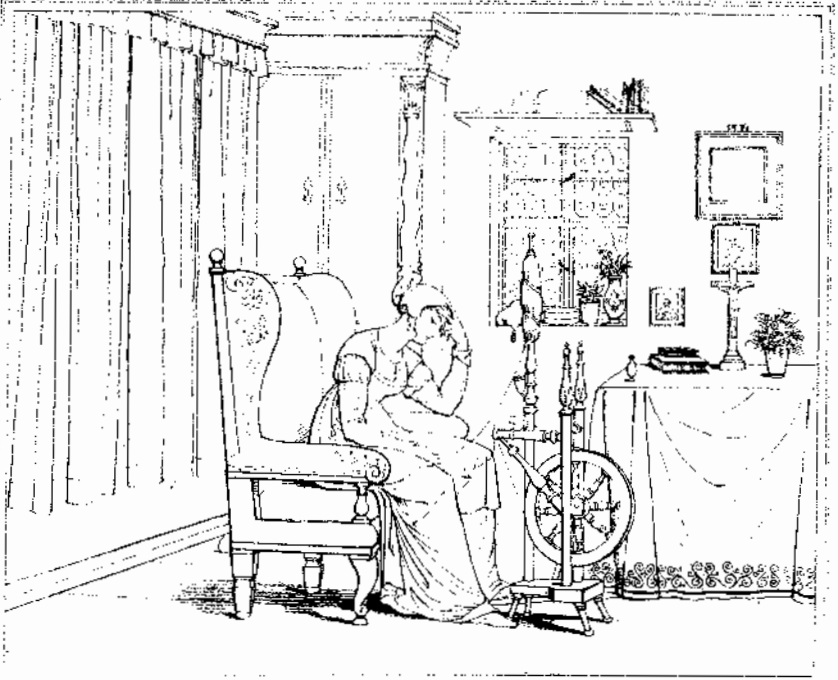


Plate 16. Margaret disconsolate at her spinning-wheel [3374-5]

SCENE—MARTHA'S Garden.
MARGARET and FAUSTUS.

MARGARET: Promise me, Henry. 3414

FAUSTUS: I promise whatever is in my power.

MARGARET: Pray tell me what are your sentiments with respect to religion?

You are a perfectly good man,

And yet, methinks, you do not much regard it.

FAUSTUS: Abandon that topic, dearest. You feel that I am kind to you.

I would lay down my life for her I love,

And will never rob any human being of his faith and his religion.

MARGARET: This will not suffice, you must believe.

FAUSTUS: Must I?

MARGARET: Ah! if I could but prevail on you.

You do not venerate the holy sacraments.

FAUSTUS: I do.

MARGARET: But still without desiring to partake of them.

It is long since you have been to mass or confession.

Do you believe in God?

3426

Faustus replies to this interrogatory by one of those mystical definitions of belief in God which characterize the professors of natural religion. Margaret, however, notwithstanding her girlish simplicity, has too much good sense to be imposed upon by general professions of faith calculated to cover any kind of religious creed. She tells him he has no christianity, and, desirous apparently to turn from so unpleasant a subject, she then changes the conversation, and then expresses her dislike to her lover's constant companion, Mephistopheles.

MARGARET: It has to me been long a source of grief 3469-502
To meet with you in such society.

FAUSTUS: How so?

MARGARET: The man you associate with
Is hateful to my sight. In all my life
My heart has never felt so deep a stab
As that man's hideous aspect gives it.

FAUSTUS: Angell!

Fear him not.

MARGARET: Oh! his presence stirs my blood.

I have a kindly feeling for all men,

But greatly as I long to see you, Henry,

I meet him with you, with an inward shudder,

And have a deep conviction he's a villain.

May heaven forgive me if I do him wrong!

FAUSTUS: In this wide world there must be such as he.

MARGARET: I would not live with any such as he,

No, not for worlds. When in our house he enters,

He casts around him a malicious glance,
 And almost grins—'tis plain he feels for none.
 'Tis written on his brow, that human soul
 He cannot love: when on thy breast reclined
 I feel so easy, fondly confident,
 That man's appearance withers every feeling.

FAUSTUS: Oh! thou sweet warning angel.

MARGARET: It o'erpowers

So strongly every feeling of my heart,
 That if his presence shocks my sight much longer,
 I think 'twill stifle even my love for you.
 When he is near, I have not power to pray;
 That thought alone disturbs my peace of mind.
 I think that you must feel as I do, Henry.

3500

FAUSTUS: Nay, nay, my love, 'tis nought but prejudice.

MARGARET: I must away.

3502

Faustus here intreats her to admit him to her chamber. He offers her a liquid, three drops of which, he says, will seal her mother's eyes in sleep, and then he may steal in unobserved. She demands to be assured that it will have no other injurious effects, and he gives her that assurance. The result is easily divined. Margaret administers the potion, that she may indulge her licentious passion. The mother sleeps, never to rise again. Margaret becomes pregnant, and the fiend exults over the ruin he has achieved.

The next SCENE is at the Fountain.

Margaret and Betty enter with their pitchers, to fetch water from the spring. The latter enquires if Margaret has heard what has happened to their companion Barbara. She tells how that unfortunate girl has been seduced and abandoned. She has no pity for her, but Margaret seems deeply impressed with the affecting tale; and, as she returns solitarily to her home, she applies it to her own situation, and is struck with remorse of conscience when she reflects on what she has been and now is.

MARGARET, (*Soliloquy.*): Alas! how sternly I could once reproach

3577-86

When any poor young maid had gone astray;
 To expose another's sins, my ready tongue
 Could scarce find words enough to vent its spleen!
 In vain they blamed; when all of blame was said,
 Methought the crime was hardly blamed enough.
 How did I bless myself, and raise my head,—
 And now behold me pale with sin myself!
 But oh! the cause that urged me to transgress,
 How dear it was! O Heavens! how beautiful!

The Fausse-Braye.

In a niche in the wall is an image of the Mater Dolorosa: before it are some flower-pots; Margaret places fresh flowers in the pots.

HYMN:

Oh! do not scorn her,
 Heavenly mourner,
 Who prays thee to behold her woe;
 Pierced through his side,
 With sufferings tried,
 Thou saw'st thy son's last pangs below.

3587-619

Then to the father turned'st thine eyes;
 Thy piteous sobs, thy piercing sighs
 Rose up for his, and for thy woe.

None can conceive
 How deep I grieve,
 And how pain shoots thro' every bone;
 And how my poor heart in throbs expires,
 How trembles still, and still desires,
 Thou only know'st, thou know'st alone.

Where'er, where'er I go,
 Woe only, only woe,
 Is all that change of place can win me;
 I scarcely feel alone,
 I weep, and sigh, and moan,
 And my heart bursts within me.

The stand before my window
 I dropped a tear upon,
 As with fresh flowers I filled it,
 When early morning shone.

When through my chamber darted,
 The sun's beams 'gan to play,
 I rose up broken-hearted,
 And sadly watched his ray.

Help! save from shame, from Death's fell blow!
 Oh! do not scorn her,
 Heavenly mourner,
 Who prays to behold her woe.

3619

TIME—Night. SCENE—Before MARGARET'S Door.

Valentine, the brother of Margaret, enters. He has discovered his sister's infamy, which has now become the public talk of the town. He thus bitterly laments the loss of honour to her and to himself:—

Oh! when with merry comrades I have sat, 3620-45
 When many an idle vaunt broke gaily forth,
 And to the flower of maidens many a glass,
 Filled to the brim, has drowned the word of praise;
 Hemmed by the circling throng, I proudly listen'd
 To every trooper's story, and I smiled,
 And stroked my beard, and thought how vain it was.
 Then, raising the full goblet to my lips,
 I said, let every man think as he lists;
 But shew me now, my friends, in all the land,
 A maiden equal to my own dear Margaret,
 A maiden fit to minister to my sister.
 Done! done! cling, clang, such boisterous sounds broke forth;
 But some more shrewdly said, 'the lad is right,
 She is indeed the jewel of her sex,'
 And every foolish praiser was struck dumb—
 And now, by heaven! it is, it is enough
 To make me tear my hair, and dash my brains out,
 Each scurvy fellow turns his nose up at me,
 And pierces, with his bitter taunts, my heart.
 I sit me down, as if I were a criminal,
 And shrink, and start at every random word,
 And tho' I have the power to smite the wretches,
 Alas! I have not power to say they lie.

At the close of his soliloquy, he sees Faustus and Mephistopheles, approaching cautiously under cover of the night. Faustus describes the state of his feelings:—

How from the casement of yon sacristy, 3650-4
 The ever-burning lamp gleams dimly out,
 And casts a fainter, and a fainter ray
 Into the darkness which now gathers round it:—
 So darkly gleams the ray within my bosom!

Mephistopheles replies in his accustomed ironical manner, declaring that he feels new spirit on the eve of the approaching first of May, which ushers in the festal night of spirits and witches. He plays a serenade on the guitar, and sings beneath Margaret's window. Valentine then comes forward, and with violent invectives assails them both. Mephistopheles desires Faustus to draw his sword, and make a thrust at the young soldier, whilst he parries his blow. The soldier's arm is paralyzed by the demon, and Faustus runs him through the body. He utters a cry of pain, and



Plate 18. Valentine fights with Faustus [3709–10]

falls. Mephistopheles hurries Faustus off, and Martha and Margaret appear at the window, alarmed at the cry of the wounded man. A crowd assembles. The two females come forth from the house, and Margaret enquires who it is that lies on the ground.

THE CROWD: Thy mother's son. 3720-5

MARGARET: Almighty Power! what misery!

VALENTINE: I'm hurt to death. That is a word soon said,

And sooner still the blow was given that caused it.

Women, why stand ye there, and shriek, and moan?

Come hither, listen to my parting breath. 3725

He addresses himself particularly to Margaret; he reproaches her with her shame; he tells her of the progress of vice, from the first commission of the crime, to the hardened impudence of practised infamy. He describes sin, when first born, as drawing the veil of night over its countenance; then it may be crushed without resistance. But soon it grows and waxes great, and displays its pale face to the light of day. Strange perversity! As its visage becomes more hideous, the more it courts notice, and tempts the eye of light. He prophesies that the time will come when she will feel the bitter pangs of remorse—when all will shrink from her touch as from an infected corpse—when she will not dare to flaunt in her golden chain and stand at the altar—when she will no longer captivate in the dance, but shrink into some dark corner, a beggar and a cripple—when heaven may pardon, but earth will heap maledictions on her head. Martha interferes, and entreats him not to burthen his parting soul with calumny, but he indignantly spurns her as a shameless pandar, and wishes that he had sufficient strength remaining to enable him to inflict on her that vengeance which she merits. Margaret bursts forth into an exclamation of bitter anguish, and her brother utters this mournful admonition, and dies:—

Nay, dry these tears,—'tis now too late to mourn; 3771-5

Then when you spake the word that yielded honour,

You gave the deepest stab that pierced my heart.

I woo the sleep of death, and go to God,

As best befits a brave man, and a soldier.



Plate 19. Valentine, dying, reproaches Margaret [377¹–5]

SCENE—The Cathedral.
Celebration of Mass—Organ and Singing.
A numerous congregation—MARGARET among the rest—
an EVIL SPIRIT standing behind her.

EVIL SPIRIT: How different, Margaret, were thy feelings once, 3776–834

When still a child, and young, and innocent,
 Here at the altar's foot with reverence kneeling,
 From thy worn book, lisping the daily prayer,
 Mixing with infant sports, a thought of heaven!
 Margaret, how rests thy mind? What evil lurks
 Within thy heart? Didst thou come here to pray
 For thy poor mother's soul, who by thy crime
 Was plunged in lingering pain? What blood is this
 Which stains thy threshold? Feel'st thou not within thee
 Another proof of sin already stirring,
 Another warning of fresh springing torment?

MARGARET: Woe! woe! oh, that I were released from thoughts
 That rise in spite of me, and 'whelm my soul
 In one wild ocean of despair!

THE CHOIR: *Dies iræ, dies illa,
 Solvet sæclum in favilla.*

[*The Organ sounds.*

EVIL SPIRIT: Heaven's wrath pursues thee; now the trumpet sounds— 3800

The tombs are shaken—and, again created,
 Thy heart arises from its ashy bed,
 And wakes to fiery tortures.

MARGARET: Oh! that I were away from hence. Methinks
 The organ drowns my breathing, and the hymns
 Sink in my heart, and rend its strings asunder.

THE CHOIR: *Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
 Quidquid latet adparebit,
 Nil inultum remanebit.*

MARGARET: I feel oppress'd; the pillars and the walls
 Close in upon me, and the vaulted roof
 Descends to crush me. Air! a breath of air!

EVIL SPIRIT: What would'st thou seek to hide thee? sin and shame
 Cannot be hidden. Ask'st thou air and light?
 Woe, woe unto thee!

THE CHOIR: *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
 Quem patronum rogaturus?
 Cum vix justus sit securus!* 3825

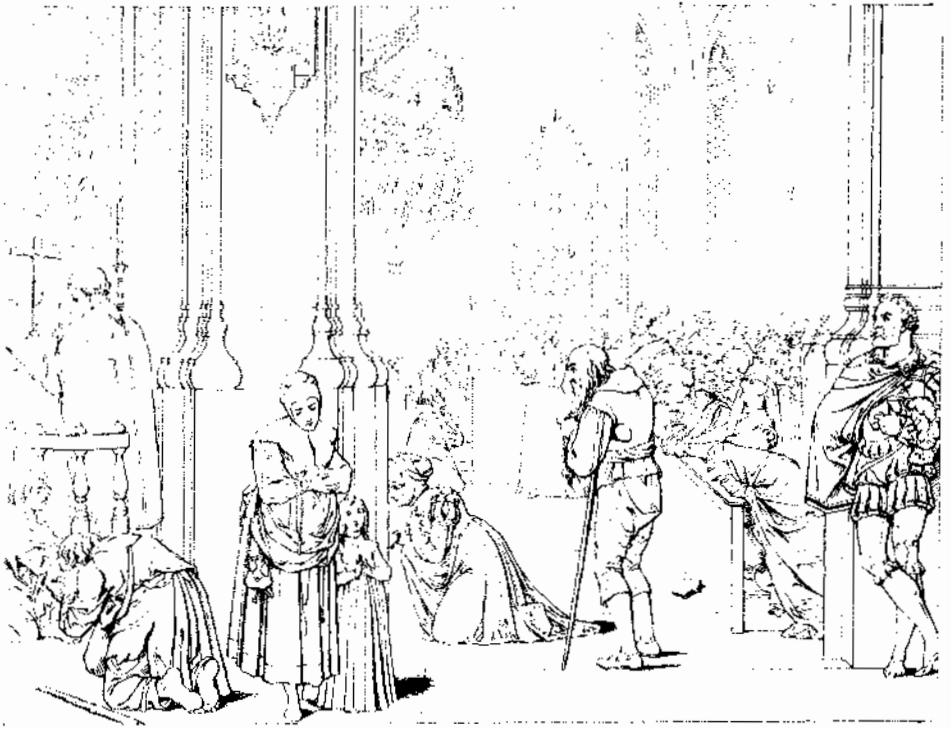


Plate 20. The Evil Spirit whispers despair to Margaret while at mass [3828–9]

EVIL SPIRIT: The blest avert their faces; the pure souls
 Shrink from extending forth their hands to save thee;
 Woe!

THE CHOIR: *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*

MARGARET, (*to a bystander.*): Help, neighbour! oh! support me.

3834

[*Falls into a swoon.*]

The famous Walpurgis-Night, or night of the first of May, is now arrived, and the scene, changing to the Hartz mountains, discovers Faustus, under the guidance of Mephistopheles, pursuing a toilsome journey, climbing up rocks, and threading the labyrinths of this region of magic to the heights consecrated to the celebration of the Witches' Revel. The last breeze of spring blows coldly; the moon shines dimly above their heads, scarcely distinguishing the projecting boughs and jutting cliffs. Mephistopheles calls an *ignis-fatuus* to light them. It proceeds before them in its usual tortuous course, till it is commanded by the Evil-One to go straight forward. The travellers join in a wild strain, descriptive of the surrounding objects of wonder—the moving trees—the bending cliffs—the falling torrents and rivulets—the unearthly sounds—and the echo like the voice of other times. Birds of all kinds are still in concert, as if it were day; reptiles in motion; knotty trunks stretched out in all directions, twining like serpents, as if to intercept their path; and swarms of glow-worms sparkling all around. Mephistopheles directs Faustus's attention to the veins of ore glowing in a deep cleft of the mountain; he scents the approach of the concourse of guests hurrying forward through the air to this great magic festival, and desires his charge to hold fast to the rock, or he will be swept to the precipices below. He thus paints the aspect of the scene before them:—

O'er the night a cloud condenses, 3940–55
 Through the woods a rush commences,
 Up the owls affrighted start;
 Listen! how the pillars part,
 The ever-verdant roofs from under,
 Boughs rustle, snap, and break asunder!
 The trunks incline in fearful forms,
 Roots creak and stretch, as torn by storms;—
 In startling, and entangled fall,
 Upon each other rush they all,
 And through rent clefts and shattered trees,
 Now sighs and howls the rushing breeze.
 Hear'st thou voices in the air,
 Now far distant, and now near?
 Yes, the mountain's ridge along
 Sweeps a raging, magic song!

The witches then appear in full band, mounted on broom-sticks, pitch-forks, goats, and sows, sailing in troughs, and decorated with all the paraphernalia of their order. They sing a rude measure, the voices of those above, and of those who are making

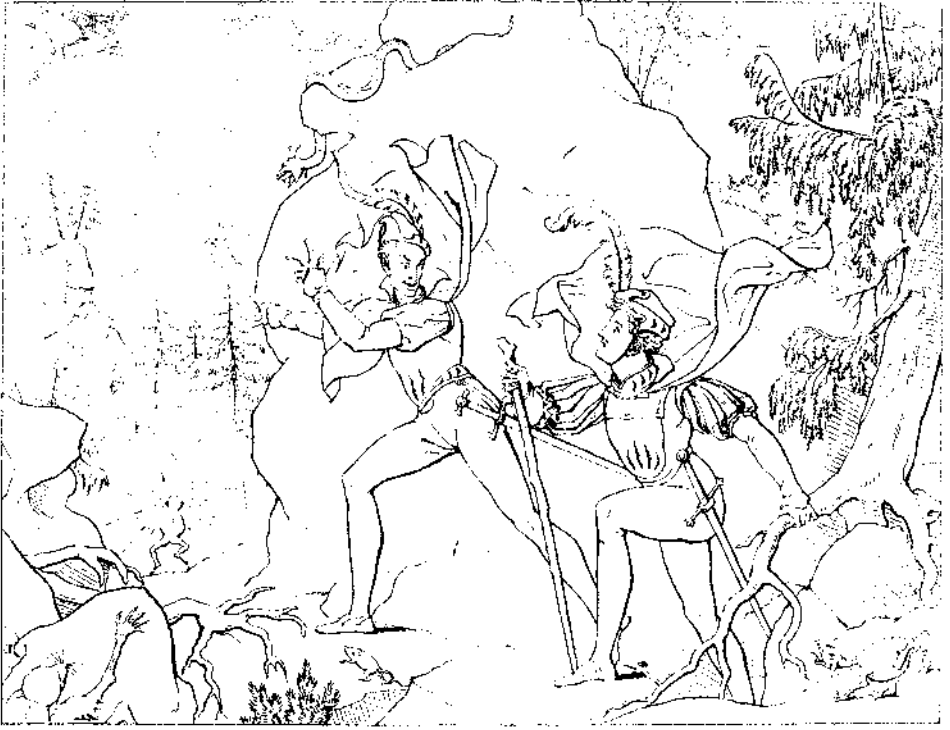


Plate 21. Faustus and Mephistopheles ascend the Brocken [3871-2]

their way up the mountain, mingling in the chorus. Mephistopheles again warns Faustus to be on his guard, lest they should be separated. He recommends him to hold fast to his skirts. The voice of Faustus in reply, sounds from a considerable distance. Mephistopheles perceives the danger to be imminent, and exerts his authority in commanding the throng to make way. He enjoins Faustus to attach himself to him, and leaps out of the rushing population. They approach a detached spot, where many fires are blazing. Mephistopheles displays the all-potent sign, the cloven foot; a serpent recognizes it, and crawls towards him. The two visitants advance from party to party, listen to the converse of each, and gaze on their revels. Mephistopheles suddenly assumes the form of an old man. He points out to Faustus, Lilith, Adam's first wife, distinguished by her beautiful hair. Faustus addresses himself to a fair magician, and Mephistopheles to an old witch. They lead them forth to dance. Faustus abandons his partner, disgusted by an evidence of her unearthly nature. He describes to Mephistopheles the sight which shocked him, and another object also which has interested him more nearly. The following dialogue passes between them.

FAUSTUS: Then saw I—

4183-4205

MEPHISTOPHELES: What?

FAUSTUS: Mephisto, dost thou see

A pale fair maid, alone there, standing yonder?

She moves away but slowly, and her step

Appears constrained, as though her feet were fettered.

Methinks—I must confess the thought that strikes me,

She wears the semblance of my own dear Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Dismiss the thought; 'tis merely idle fancy.

That is a form of magic without life.

It is a phantom which thou must not meet:

Her withering glance would chill thy mortal blood

And turn thee into stone. Thou know'st the tale

Of her of old, Medusa.

FAUST: In truth those eyes belong to one not living,

Whom human hand may vainly seek to touch:

But that is like the bosom I have pressed,

And that is the sweet form I have embraced.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Tis magic all: thou silly, dreaming fool.

She seems to every lover, like his mistress.

FAUSTUS: Oh! what delight, and yet, alas! what sorrow!

I cannot turn my eyes from gazing on it;

I marvel why that slender scarlet string,

Not broader than a knife's flat ridge, is twined

Around its lovely neck.

4205

Mephistopheles turns the whole into a jest, and hurries him away to a little hillock, where an interlude is represented, entitled *Walpurgis-Night*, or *Oberon and Titania's Golden Nuptials*, which, as it has no connexion with the main plot of the piece, we do not translate.

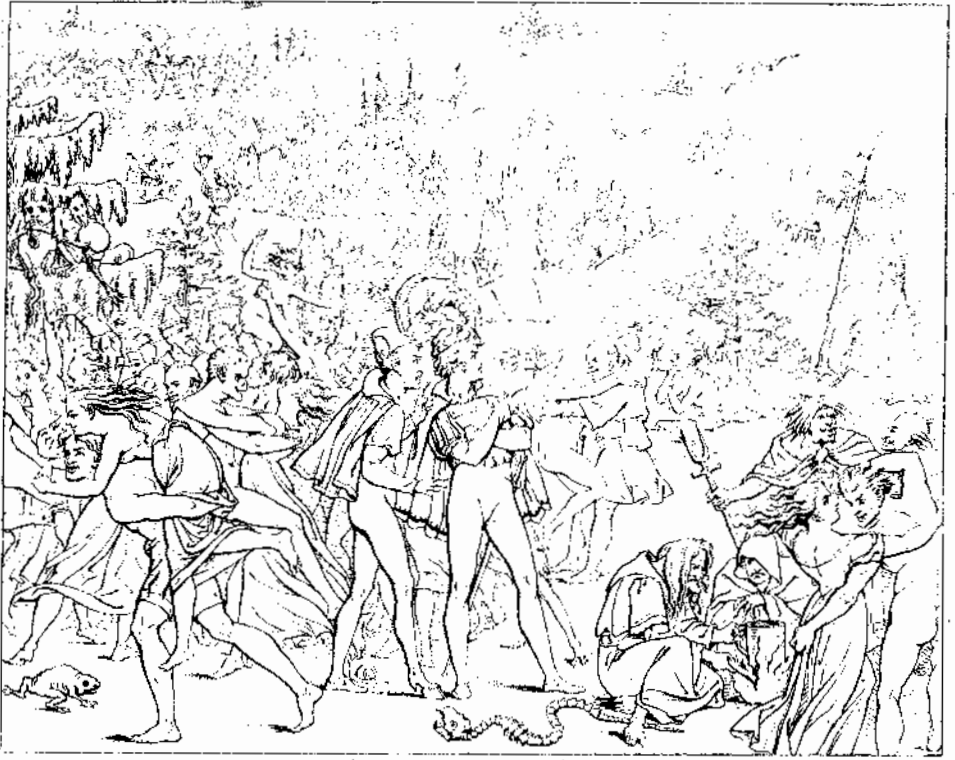


Plate 22. The witches' revel [4184-5, 4188]

SCENE—The Country—A gloomy day.*

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS: In sorrow! in despair! so long and piteously astray, and now in prison!

That gentle, hapless creature, cast, like a worthless criminal, into a gloomy dungeon, and reserved for horrid tortures! And is it come to this; to this—deluding, treacherous demon! This then thou kept'st secret! Aye, roll thy hideous eyes in devilish fury on me. Stand there with thy insufferable front, and brave my anger. In a dungeon! In hopeless wretchedness! To fiends abandoned and her merciless human judges; and all this while hast thou been lulling my attention with thy silly pastimes, concealing from me her increasing woe, and leaving her to perish unrelieved.

MEPHISTOPHELES: She is not the first.

FAUSTUS: Dog! horrible monster! Transform him, thou Eternal Spirit! again transform the reptile to his canine form—that form in which he crept across my path, rolling before the harmless passenger, watching his stumbling steps and clinging to his falling weight. Change him again into his favourite shape, and let him creep before me on his belly, that I may trample him beneath my feet into the dust: the wretch! not the first! Oh! sorrow, sorrow—beyond all human reason to conceive, that more than one created being into so frightful an abyss of misery has been plunged, and that the agonies that one endured, were not in infinite mercy's sight a just atonement for the crimes of all. The misery of this one victim harrows the sense of life within me, and thou—thou lookest with fiendish sneer upon the fate of thousands.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Now we are again at our wit's end, where Man's sense cracks. Why didst thou make a compact with us, if thou canst not go through with it? What, wouldst thou fly, and art not proof 'gainst giddiness? Did we intrude on thee, or thou on us?

FAUSTUS: Gnash not thy hungry teeth at me! I hate thee. Powerful, glorious spirit, who deign'dst to shew thyself to me, who know'st my heart and soul, why bind me to this vile associate, who feeds on mischief, and exults in ruin?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Hast finished now?

FAUSTUS: Save her, or woe betide thee! The curse of curses most appalling light for a thousand years upon thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES: I cannot sever the avenger's bonds, or loose his bolts. Save her? who was it plunged her into ruin—I or thou? (*Faustus looks wildly around.*) Art thou about to grasp the thunder? 'Tis well it was not given to blind mortality. To crush the innocent who fronts his path; that is the tyrant's way to 'scape from difficulties.

FAUSTUS: Take me to her. She shall, she must be free!

* [Coleridge footnote:] This Scene is in prose in the original, and is therefore so translated. [The prose lines in this scene are not numbered as part of the verse lines of the play.]



Plate 23. Faustus hears that Margaret is in prison
[Gloomy Day, unnumbered prose passage]

MEPHISTOPHELES: And yet thy own danger—think of that? know that the guilt of blood, thy hand hath shed, still rests upon the town. Above the grave, where lies the slain, avenging spirits hover and await the murderer's second coming.

FAUSTUS: That too from thee! the death and the destruction of a world, unholy fiend, light on thee! conduct me to her, I command thee, and release her.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I will conduct thee: hear what I can do! have I all power in heaven and earth? I will entrance the jailor's senses; do thou obtain the key, and, with thy mortal hand, from out the dungeon-walls convey her. I will be waiting near. The phantom-steeds, in readiness, shall bear you off. This I can do.

FAUSTUS: Away, then—to it.

[*Exeunt.*]

TIME—Night. SCENE—The open Country.
FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES mounted
on black horses rush by.

FAUSTUS: What forms are those hovering about the place of execution? 4398–404

MEPHISTOPHELES: I know not what they're doing.

FAUSTUS: See, they flit up and down—they bend and stoop.

MEPHISTOPHELES: A witches' meeting.

FAUSTUS: They are sprinkling now,
Hallowing the charm.

MEPHISTOPHELES: On, on!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—The Prison.
FAUSTUS before the dungeon-gates, with a key and a lamp.

FAUSTUS: A trembling long unfelt assails my limbs, 4405–11
And all the grief of man now sinks upon me.

There does she dwell, in yonder damp recess;

Her fault, her only fault—a yielding heart.

Thou tremblest to approach her, and thine eye

Dread'st to behold her once again. Away!

Thou lingerest in thy fear while death is nigh.

[*He seizes the lock. A voice is heard within,*
singing a rude ballad, so gross as to indicate insanity.

{*omitted 4412–4420*}

FAUSTUS, (*unlocking the dungeon door.*):

She dreams not that her love is listening near,

4421–612

Hears the straw rustle; and the fetters clank.

[*He enters.*]



Plate 24. Mephistopheles and Faustus pass the place of execution [4399-400]

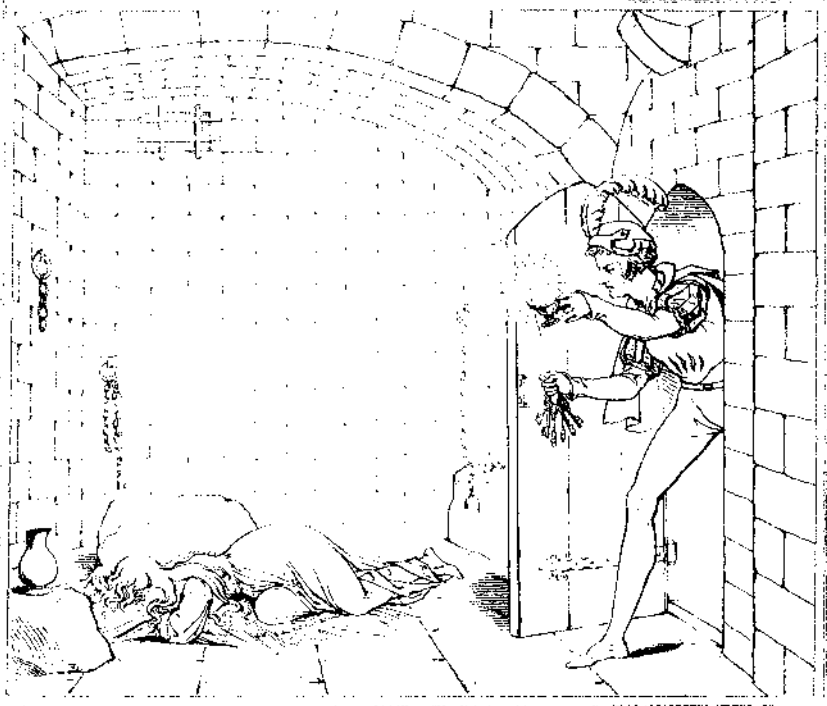


ILLUSTRATION BY J. H. STODOLSKY

Plate 25. Faustus enters the prison where Margaret is [4421–2]

MARGARET, (*striving to conceal herself in her straw-bed.*):

Woe, woe! they come: oh! bitter, bitter death!

FAUSTUS, (*softly.*): Hush, hush! 'tis I: I come to set you free.

MARGARET, (*throwing herself before him.*): If thou art human, pity my distress.

FAUSTUS: You will alarm the slumbering jailors: hush!

[*He lays hold of the fetters to unloose them.*]

MARGARET, (*on her knees.*): Ruffian! who gave thee this authority,

To bear me off in the still hour of midnight.

Have mercy! let me live a little longer:

Will not the morning's dawn be time enough?

[*Rises.*]

Am I too still so young—so young, and must I

Already die? Fair also was I once,

And that has been my ruin; then my love

Dwelt near me: now, alas! he's far away.

My garland is all torn, and every flower

Is scattered: nay, nay, seize me not so rudely!

Spare me! how have I injured thee? Let me

Not supplicate in vain for mercy to thee:

'Tis the first time I e'er beheld thy face.

FAUSTUS: Can I survive this sight of agony?

MARGARET: Thou see'st I'm in thy power—then let me only

Give suck to my poor babe: the whole night long

I pressed it to my bosom: 'twas stolen from me

To drive me mad, and now they say I kill'd it.

No more shall I know joy—no; they sing ballads

Upon me; 'tis unfeeling: there's an old song

Runs in that strain, how came they to apply it?

4450

FAUSTUS (*falling upon his knees.*): Behold thy lover at thy feet, he comes

To break the heavy bonds of woe asunder.

MARGARET, (*kneels by his side*): O, let us kneel and supplicate the saints!

See, see! beneath these steps, beneath this threshold,

Hell rolls its fires; and, hark! the Evil One

Raves wrathfully, and horribly below.

FAUSTUS, (*aloud*): Margaret, Margaret!

MARGARET, (*listens—then jumps up—the fetters fall off*):

That surely was the voice of him who loved me;

Where does he stay? I hear him call my name.

I am at liberty: none, none, shall stay me:

I fly to embrace, to hang upon his bosom:

Margaret he called; he stood upon the threshold;

Amid the howling and the din of hell,

Thro' fiends' dark taunts, and diabolic laughter,

I know those sweet, those soothing tones of love.

FAUSTUS: 'Tis I!

MARGARET: And is it thou? Say it again. [Embracing him.

'Tis he—'tis he—where are my torments now?
Where is the dungeon's horrors, fetters' weight?
Thou'rt here; thou com'st to save me; I am saved.
Already do I see the street where first
My eyes beheld thee, and the pleasant garden
Where I and Martha waited for thy coming.

4475

FAUSTUS, (*striving to remove her.*):

Come with me; come away.

MARGARET: Oh! stay a little;

How willingly where thou art would I stay!

FAUSTUS: Haste; if thou hastenest not we both shall rue it.

MARGARET: What, not one kiss! and hast thou then forgot

To kiss in this short absence from thy Margaret?

Why on thy bosom do I feel uneasy,

When once thy words, thy looks to me were heaven

Revealed? and then thou strovest to stop my breath

With kisses. Ah! thy lips are cold, are dumb;

Where is thy love? ah! who has stolen it from me?

[*turning from him.*

FAUSTUS: Come, follow me, my love. Take courage, yet

I'll press thee to my heart a thousand times;

But only follow me, 'tis all I ask.

4500

MARGARET, (*turning towards him again*): And is it thou? art thou indeed my love?

FAUSTUS: I am; come on.

MARGARET: Thou wilt strike off thy Margaret's cruel chains,

And take her to thy bosom. Shrink'st thou not

From my embrace? Knowest thou whom thou free'st?

FAUSTUS: Come—come—the night already wanes; come on.

MARGARET: I am my mother's murderer. I have drowned

My child.—Was it not thine as well as mine?—

Thine also. Art thou he?—I scarce believe it.

Give me thy hand. Is it no dream, in truth?

That hand so dear—but it is moist. Alas!

Wipe, wipe it off. Methinks there's blood upon it.

What hast thou done? For heaven's sake sheath that sword!

FAUSTUS: Oh! let the past be past. Thou stabbest me.

MARGARET: No, thou must stay, while I describe the graves

Which on the morrow thou must see prepared:—

Give the best to my mother; next, my brother;

4525

Myself aside—a little, not too far;

And on my right breast lay my infant, else

Will none rest near. To press me to thy heart

Were sweet, were happiness—but never more

Shall it be so to me. It seems as though

I forced my love upon thee, and thou strovest
 My fondness to repel; and yet thou'rt he,
 And hast the same kind gentle look as ever.

FAUSTUS: Oh! if thou feelest all this, I pray thee come.

MARGARET: Whither?

FAUSTUS: To freedom.

MARGARET: Ah! is the grave without? Does Death wait? come then,
 From hence to everlasting rest, and not
 One step beyond. Thou turn'st away. Oh! Henry,
 Would, would that I could go along with thee.

FAUSTUS: And if thou wilt thou canst; the door stands open.

MARGARET: I may not go, for me there is no hope.

Ah! what avails to fly—they wait to seize me.
 To be obliged to beg, and, conscience struck,
 Roaming about through foreign lands to beg:
 'Tis wretchedness itself, and still they'll seize me.

FAUSTUS: I will not move from thee.

4550

MARGARET: Quick, quick! Away!

Save thy poor child. Fly hence; away—away—
 Up yonder by the brook: beyond the stile,
 Deep in the wood, there where thou see'st the plank
 Across the pool. Oh! snatch it out at once.
 It strives to rise;—it struggles still—save—save it!

FAUSTUS: Collect thyself. One step, and thou art free.

MARGARET: Would we were past that hill! my mother there

Is sitting on a stone. How cold it is!
 There on a stone my mother sits, and shakes
 Her grey head towards me—now she beckons not,
 Nor nods—her head seems heavy—long she slept—
 She wakes no more. She slept while we were happy.
 Oh! those were blissful times.

FAUSTUS: If no entreaties and no words will move thee,
 I needs must force thee hence.

4575

MARGARET: Release me! No,

I will not suffer force; then seize me not
 With cruel murderous hands: for love of thee
 I did all this.

FAUSTUS: Day dawns! my love, my love!

MARGARET: Day? yes, 'tis day: the last day passes on—

My bridal-day it should have been. Tell none
 That thou wert here with Margaret. Ah! my garland,
 It is quite withered:—we will meet again;
 Not at the dance:—the crowd assembles close—
 Nothing is heard—the square, the streets, will scarce
 Contain them;—'tis the bell that sounds—the staff

Is broke asunder—how they seize and bind me—
 They bear me to the scaffold—every neck
 Feels the sharp sword, as now it falls on mine;
 'Tis silent now, as silent as the grave.

FAUSTUS: O that I never had been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*appearing at the door.*): Come on, or you are lost.

How useless is this trembling and delay,
 And idle prate: my horses shiver yonder.
 Already does the morning's dawn appear.

4600

MARGARET: What rises from the earth?—that being! he!

Send him away. What is his purpose here,
 On consecrated ground? He comes for me.

FAUSTUS: Thou shalt live.

MARGARET: I yield to thee, O God! and to thy judgment.

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*to Faustus.*): Come—come—or I abandon thee to her
 And ruin.

MARGARET: Thine am I, heavenly Father! save me, save me!

Ye angels, and ye hosts of saints, surround—
 Protect me! Henry, now you make me tremble.

MEPHISTOPHELES: She is judged.

A VOICE (*from above.*): She is saved.

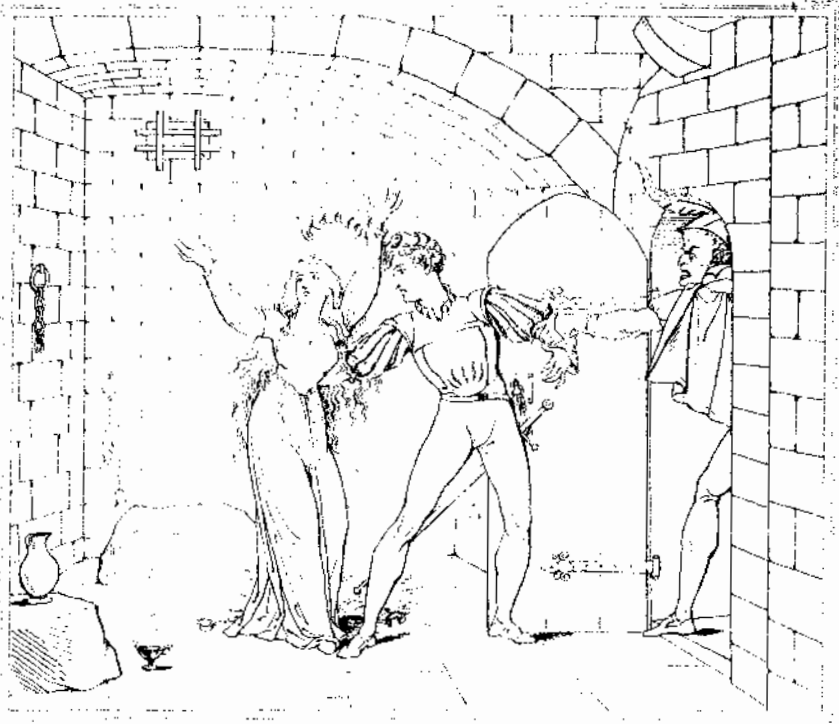
MEPHISTOPHELES, (*to Faustus.*): Come here with me.

[*Vanishes with Faustus.*

A VOICE (*heard from within*): Henry! Henry!

4612

As this little publication is designed to serve also as an accompaniment to the *Series of Outlines*, illustrative of 'Faust,' engraved by Mr. Moses, from Retsch's originals, it has been thought advisable to subjoin a Table of Reference to the several subjects of the plates, as contained in the preceding pages. The ingenious German artist above alluded to, has embodied in a very pleasing manner the wild, powerful, but often indistinct conceptions of his countryman. He has followed him into magic ground, and attempted to give identity to the several abortions of humanity that assemble on the Brocken to join in the Witches' revel. In his delineations of the three principal personages of the drama he has contrived, even with the simple aid of outline, to define, not merely the different characters, but also the different changes of character in the same person. This is particularly perceptible in the appearance of Faustus after he has partaken of the *elixir vitæ*; the lines of his features losing the rigidity expressive of age and contemplation, and softening into the semblance of youth and gallantry. The attitude of Margaret repulsing the first addresses of her seducer is innocent and elegant, and each gradation of her career is marked by its characteristic expression. But in depicting the great Enemy of Man, the artist had a more difficult task to perform, since the text presents no decided traits to seize on, for a devil in human shape without that degrading emblem of the beast, the cloven foot, can only be described as a man. Mr. Retsch has, however, given to Mephistopheles a sort of animal contour of visage, which, with his squinting eye,



MARGARET'S REFUSAL TO LEAVE THE PRISON

Plate 26. Margaret refuses to leave the prison [4601-6]

and goatish expression of countenance, approaching to a fiendish leer, is admirably adapted to personify a demon in disguise. The several situations are accurately delineated, and the costume and scenery are correct and appropriate.

THE END.

NOTES

Unless otherwise identified, all German quotations are from Goethe's *Faust*. Throughout this edition the line references conform to the Hamburg edition of *Faust*. For the ease of cross-reference, these standard line references are also used for other English translations. The bracketed numbers in the main text refer to the lines translated by STC. Following a line reference, the abbreviation SD refers to a stage direction.

A majority of these notes point to stylistic features and to similarities in concept or phrase to be found in other works by STC. Among the many verbal echoes and parallels are a few that occur in poems written after the 1821 *Faustus*. While incidental occurrence of a given image or phrase might be found in the writings of another poet, the cumulative frequency and abundance of these stylistic features can be matched in the works of no poet other than STC himself.

1–33 STC omits the four ottava rima stanzas of the dedicatory poem (*Zueignung* 1–32), the dialogue of the poet, theatre director, and comic person in the prelude in the theatre (*Vorspiel auf dem Theater* 33–242), and the Job-like situation in the dialogue between God and Mephistopheles in the prologue in heaven (*Prolog im Himmel* 243–353). Before Gower (1823), Soane was the only contemporary translator to include the *Zueignung*, *Vorspiel*, and *Prolog*, but Soane completed only 200 lines of *Nacht*, breaking off at line 574. Daniel Boileau omitted the *Zueignung*, but provided a brief prose summary of the *Vorspiel* and *Prolog*. Anster translated the *Zueignung*, but then skipped forward to *Nacht*. Like Madame de Staël, STC began his translation at line 354 with *Nacht*.

206–7 *in's bekannte Saitenspiel Mit Muth und Anmuth einzugreifen*. CN 4731: in October 1820, STC refers to 'German Words, for which I am still to seek for an exact Correspondent in English. Anmuth.' *Muth*, *Anmuth*, *Großmuth* are words that recur in Goethe's text. See 462–4 and 1795–8.

340–3

*Des Menschen Thätigkeit kann allzuleicht erschlaffen,
Er liebt sich bald die unbedingte Ruh;
Drum geb' ich gern ihm den Gesellen zu,
Der reizt und wirkt und muß als Teufel schaffen.*

With these words, Goethe has God justify his creation of the Devil. In a notebook entry for October 1820, CN 4728, STC comments on how God's creating a Devil might, as infinite regression, lapse into a Manichean principle of the Devil's eternal coexistence with God: 'The Devil is the Principle of Evil—but yet God created—i.e. is the Principle of the Devil—Aye, but God made him an Angel of Light, all Light & Holiness: & he made himself a Devil—What *Light* make Darkness? . . . If we are forced to assume a Devil, in order to conceive the Fall of Man, how much more must we assume a Devil's Devil to explain his own Fall—& so on ad infinitum, in diabolos Diabolorum per secula seculorum!'

Night (*Nacht* 354–807)

354 SD Gothic architecture is the symbol of the medieval and romantic. The scene is characteristic of the age of the Reformation in 16th-century Germany. This is the period of Luther, Dürer, Erasmus, and Hans Sachs. The Gothic style of architecture, though it was developed during the fourteenth century, had not yet been superseded by later forms. On the significance of Gothic architecture to Goethe, see Kenneth S. Calhoun, 'The Gothic Imaginary: Goethe in Strasbourg', *Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift für Literaturwissenschaft und Geistesgeschichte*, 75. 1 (March 2001), 5–14;

on the Gothic and STC, see Thomas Lloyd, 'The Gothic Coleridge', in Robert J. Barth, SJ (ed.), *The Fountain Light: Studies in Romanticism and Religion* (New York: Fordham University Press, 2002), 152–75.

354 *Philosophie*. The German university was organized in four major units or colleges called faculties. These were Theology, Jurisprudence, Medicine, and Philosophy. The effect of this organization can be seen in the kinds of doctoral degrees still granted in universities. We still have doctors of theology, of law, of medicine, and of philosophy. See below, 524: the *trivium* and *quadrivium*.

358–9 *Da steh ich nun, ich armer Tor! Und bin so klug als wie zuvor*. Goethe's Faust does not describe himself here as blind. STC's phrase 'A weak blind fool' anticipates his own recurrent sight–light–blind image pattern (see note to 614–17, 626–9). At the close of *Faust Part II* (1832), the aged Faust is blind. Although STC does not know this later text he frequently refers metaphorically to mental or moral blindness. Cf. 405 'mould'ring volumes, where the blind worm revels'; 630 'blind humanity'; *Gloomy Day* 'blind mortality'. (See p. 73)

366 *Zwar bin ich gescheitert als alle die Laffen*. Translating *Laffen* as 'silly herd', STC uses 'silly' in the sense of simple, as in 'silly buckets' (*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, 297), and 'herd' in the sense of the thoughtless masses, as in 'We will not follow the common herd' (*Wallenstein*, II. iii. 86).

371–3

*Bilde mir nicht ein, was Rechts zu wissen,
Bilde mir nicht ein, ich könnte was lehren,
Die Menschen zu bessern und zu bekehren.*

STC loosens the structure by translating the repeated 'Bilde mir nicht ein' as 'No sweet imaginings' and 'no bright hopes'. No line in Goethe's text provides a source for 'Beam on my darkling spirit'; it follows rather from the light/dark contrast that STC has introduced with 'bright hopes' and 'enlight'ning dull'. 'Darkling' is a word with strong Miltonic associations, and frequently used by STC; see, for example: 'Then left me darkling in a vale of tears' ('The Gentle Look', 8); 'Darkling he fixes on the immediate road his downward eye' ('*Religious Musings*', 96); 'on the darkling foe Open thine eye of fire' ('Ode to the Departing Year', 97–8); 'At thy first step, thou treadest upon the light, Thenceforth must darkling flow, and sink in darkness!' (*Zapolya*, II. i. 183–4).

382–5 *Daß ich erkenne, was die Welt Im Innersten zusammenhält, Schau' alle Wirkenskraft und Samen, Und tu' nicht mehr in Worten kramen*. In translating 'erkenne' and 'schaue', STC provides a predication that heightens the sense of exploration and discovery: 'fathom The secret places of the earth, and trace The seeds of things before they burst to being.' The phrasing recollects STC's translation from Schiller: 'secret birth of things' (*Piccolomini*, IV. i. 32). In English translations of Virgil's *Georgics*, Lucretius' *Nature of Things*, as well as in Francis Bacon's *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, the 'Seeds of things' referred to a dormant but vital fecundity waiting to burst forth.

386–7 *O sähst du, voller Mondenschein, Zum letztenmal auf meine Pein*. Like *Sonnenschein*, *Mondenschein* is a compound with the *-en* of the weak noun declension; now commonly *Mondschein*. STC chose not to use the compound: 'O, thou pale moon! Would that those beams of beauty were the last Should visit these sad eyes!' Anster, too, avoided the compound: 'Beautiful Moon!—Ah! would that now For the last time thy lovely beams Shone on my troubled brow!' In his marginal notes on Anster's *Poems: With Some Translations from the German* (Edinburgh, 1819), STC proposed many improvements. In 'When the moon's light upon some sculptur'd form', a line from Anster's *The Times*, STC suggested altering 'moon's light' to 'Moonlight,' or rephrasing the line as 'the dead Moonshine still In cold reflection lies!' Anster had used the word 'moonshine' twenty lines earlier. STC himself used 'moonshine' in both *Ancient Mariner* (78) and *Christabel* (146). See *Marginalia*, CC i. 100–4.

420 *Nostradamus*. Michel de Nostredame (1503–66), an astrologer and physician, a contemporary of the historical Dr Faust. No such book from the hand of Nostradamus is known. The conjurations which follow were apparently adapted from the *Arcana Caelestia* (1749) of Emanuel von Swedenborg (1688–1772), the Swedish spiritualist.

422 *Erkennest dann der Sterne Lauf*, 'thou canst learn To trace the starry course', The phrase 'starry courses' appears twice in *Piccolomini* (II. iv. 166 and IV. vii. 231).

429-9 Faustus contemplates the Sign of the Macrocosm which he dismisses as mere artifice. He vacillates between theism and pantheism, and struggles to affirm an *Anima Mundi*, a consciousness in nature akin to his own.

434-5 *War es ein Gott, der diesen Zeichen schrieb, Die mir das innere Toben stillen*. In translating these lines to the Sign of the Macrocosm, Anster rendered *das innere Toben* as 'tumults of my soul'. STC added his own distinctive phrasing: 'Was it a god Who wrote this sign? it stills my soul's wild warfare.' He uses the same phrasing for taming the 'wild' action: 1583-4 'Tho' from my heart's wild tempest A sweet remembered tone recovered me.' Variations on this phrasing recur throughout STC's work:

Remorse (III. ii)

... A worse sorrow Are fancy's wild hopes to a heart ...

Death of Wallenstein (II. vi)

... incapable of compact, Thy heart's wild impulse only dost thou ...

Fall of Robespierre (Act I)

... endearment, All sacrificed to liberty's wild riot.

'Ode to the Departing Year' (23)

... young-eyed Joys! advance! By Time's wild harp,

'Death of Chatterton' (73)

... of vernal Grace, And Joy's wild gleams that lighten'd o'er ...

442 *der Weise*. It is not likely that Goethe meant to refer to any single person here. In any event, no satisfactory identification of this sage or of the pretended quotation 443-6 has been made.

445-6 *bade . . . unverdrossen Die ird'sche Brust im Morgenrot*. STC translates: 'in the redness of the morning Bathe thy earth-sullied bosom.' The metaphor of this pretended quotation, to 'bathe in light', was familiar to STC, who had used it in *Lines: On an Autumnal Evening* (51: 'Bath'd in rich amber-glowing floods of light') and in the sonnet 'La Fayette' (5: 'He bathes no pinion in the dewy light').

447-59

*Wie alles sich zum Ganzen webt,
Eins in dem andern wirkt und lebt!
Wie Himmelskräfte auf und nieder steigen
Und sich die goldnen Eimer reichen!
Mit segenduftenden Schwingen
Vom Himmel durch die Erde dringen,
Harmonisch all das All durchklingen!
Welch Schauspiel! Aber ach! ein Schauspiel nur!
Wo fass ich dich, unendliche Natur?
Euch Brüste, wo? Ihr Quellen alles Lebens,
An denen Himmel und Erde hängt,
Dahin die welke Brust sich drängt—
Ihr quellt, ihr tränkt, und schmacht' ich so vergebens?*

447-50 *wirkt und lebt*. STC: 'How divinely Are all things blended! how each lives and moves But with the rest!' Cf. STC's 'Hexameters' to William Wordsworth (1798-9): 'to him it exists, it stirs and moves in its prison; Lives with a separate life, and "Is it the Spirit?" he murmurs.' Anster has no equivalent to *wirkt und lebt*; Soane translates the line as 'Each in the other doth work and live.' In his prose works, STC frequently quotes Acts 17: 28, 'For in him we live, and move, and have our being.' See, for example, *BL* i. 277 n; *Logic*, 85 n.; *CL* iv. 768-70.

451 *Schwingen*—visualized by STC as ‘winnowing . . . Wings’. Soane has simply ‘flight, that scatters blessing around’. For similar imagery of winged messengers, compare the following passage from *Remorse* (III. i. 45–53):

Since haply thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fitliest unheard! For oh, ye numberless
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunn’d,
What sense unmadden’d, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings? [Music.]
Even now your living wheel turns o’er my head!
Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten, like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parch’d caravan that roams by night!

454 *Welch Schauspiel! Aber ach! ein Schauspiel nur!* Faust’s response is utterly flattened in Soane’s ‘Ha! what a sight!—but only a sight!’ STC recreates the sense of enchantment lost in the moment of disenchantment: ‘How splendid an illusion! but, alas! Illusion only!’

455–9 *Brüste . . . Quellen alles Lebens . . . die welke Brust . . . Ihr quellt, ihr trünkt, und schmacht’ ich so vergebens.* Faust hungers after truth as an infant hungers for nourishment. The metaphor is often compared with that of Isaiah 66: 11. In 17th- and 18th-century books on natural science, ‘Nature’ is often pictured as a statue of a goddess (Isis) with many breasts. See also 1892–3.

460–521 Faustus calls upon the Spirit of the Earth convinced that this is a power more kindred to his own.

462–4 *Schon fühl’ ich meine Kräfte höher, Schon glüh’ ich wie von neuem Wein, Ich fühle Muth mich in die Welt zu wagen.* STC: ‘I feel at once The renovated streams of life and pleasure Bubble thro’ every vein.’ This translation omits the wine simile and avoids the implication of *Muth* as ‘courage to confront the world’. See note to lines 206–7 above for STC’s query on translation. See 1995–8.

489–90 *Welch erbärmlich Grauen Faßt Übermensch dich!* Anster translated these lines: ‘what pitiful despair Hath seized thee? thee, thou more than man.’ The Earth Spirit recognizes in Faust an unusual human being with aspirations to become godlike in knowledge, to become an equal of the spirits of the earth and of the universe. But Faust’s terror at the sight of the apparition moves the Earth Spirit to ironic scorn, calling Faust an *Übermensch*, or **superman**. Anster’s ‘more than man’ expresses the concept well. STC’s ‘stout heart’ is more a cajoling encouragement for Faustus to reassert his usual fortitude. Cf. Christabel’s promise that Sir Leoline and his ‘stout chivalry’ would protect Geraldine, *Christabel* (108, as amended November 1816).

508–9

*So schaff’ ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit
Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.
At the rustling loom of Time I have trod,
And fashion’d the living vesture of God. (Coleridge)
So work I at the rustling loom of time
And weave the living garment of the God Sublime. (Soane)*

Both Soane and STC translate ‘am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit’ as ‘at the rustling loom of time’. Both ignore *sausens* as *eilen*—a *tempus fugit* metaphor—transforming the *rush* into a specifically auditory *rustle*. In Bohte’s proof sheets of December 1821, Soane has a phrase identical to STC’s text, published by Boosey in September 1821. Of all the sounds that might describe the whirr of the

weaver at the loom, of all the English equivalents of *sausende* (often describing the wind: *howl, sough, whistle, whiz*), *rustle* is not appropriate to describe the weaving, although it may describe the sound of the woven cloth in the following line. Hodgson, in his translation of de Staël, had rendered the lines: 'we are created to labour in the work which God has ordained us, and of which time completes the web' (508–9). Anster had them as: 'Hear the murmuring wheel of time, awed, As I weave the living mantle of God!' (508–9). Boileau had translated the lines: 'thus he works the rustling loom of time, and weaves the living garment of the Deity' (508–9). STC had taken the phrase from Boileau, which may also have been Soane's source.

512–13 *Du gleichst dem Geist, denu begreifts, Nicht mir.* Rather than affirming man's ideal image of self, the Spirit tells Faust that he can aspire to nothing beyond his own understanding. 'Thou'rt like the spirit whom thy fancy paints, And not like me.' Faustus ponders the narcissistic delusion that man is made in God's image (Genesis 1: 27).

518–69 In the prose summary for this untranslated passage the difference is set forth between Wagner and Faustus: the latter quests after the meaning of life and death, good and evil; the former is preoccupied with the material and practical.

522–4 'Wagner had been attracted by the sound of his voice, in (as he conceived) solitary declamation, he turns the conversation to the subject of eloquence.' *Deklamieren*, or the art of effective oratorical delivery, was taught as part of the *trivium* devoted to the proper and effective use of language. The course of study in the liberal arts of the medieval university comprised two divisions with a total of seven fields: the *trivium*, comprising grammar, dialectic, rhetoric; and the *quadrivium* comprising arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

570–2 *es ist ein groß Ergetzen, Sich in den Geist der Zeiten zu versetzen.* Anster was accurate in his translation: 'tis delightful to transfuse yourself Into the spirit of the ages past.' Mistranslating *Geist der Zeiten*, STC has Wagner declare: 'tis **delight ineffable** For the maz'd spirit to transport itself Back into former times': STC, however, recognizes the absurd hyperbole of *groß Ergetzen*. His '**delight ineffable**' echoes Lovisa, in Mary Pix's *The False Friend* (1699), when she embraces her repentant husband: 'If it is Deceit: 'Tis also **Delight ineffable** To be so deceiv'd' (IV. i).

576 *ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln*, the book with seven seals (Revelation 5:1–8:1).

614–17, 626–9

*Ich, Ebenbild der Gottheit, das sich schon
Ganz nah gedünkt dem Spiegel ew'ger Wahrheit,
Sein selbst genoß in Himmelsglanz und Klarheit,
Und abgestreift den Erdensohn;*

...

*In jenem seligen Augenblicke
Ich fühlte mich so klein, so groß;
Du stiebest grausam mich zurücke,
Ins ungewisse Menschenlos.*

Image of God, I thought that I had been
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay!
That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,
I had beheld Truth's countenance serene!

...

Oh! at that glorious moment how I felt—
How little and how great!
Thy presence flung me shuddering back
Into man's abject state . . . (Anster)

I, the image
Of God himself, deeming I had, at length,
Grasp'd Truth's own hand, and was about to gaze

With eye undazzled on her stainless mirror:
 Basking in heav'n's pure light, and earthliness
 Thrown like a worthless garb aside

...
 Oh! in that wondrous moment,
 How little and how great I felt myself!
 But thou hast driven me back on the dull lot
 Of blind humanity. (Coleridge)

This reference to truth reflected in a mirror (*Spiegel*) suggests the Monadology of Leibniz, who speaks of souls as living mirrors or images of the universe of creatures, while spirits are images of Divinity itself, capable of knowing the system of the universe (615). Anster omits the 'mirror' and inserts the word 'sublimed'. On one occasion only does STC use the word 'sublime' as participle: 'Truth of subliming import' (*Religious Musings*, 107). In his translation, STC makes the mirror 'stainless' and adds to Goethe's text an 'eye undazzled': cf. 'the charm'd eye Shall gaze undazzled there' (*To the Author of Poems Published Anonymously at Bristol in September 1795*, 8–9). STC heightens Goethe's original contrast of exaltation and loss, and reinforces the psychological tensions with sight–light–blind imagery. STC had introduced the sight–light–blind imagery earlier in his translation of Schiller, *The Piccolomini*, I. xi: 'Blind as that subterrestrial [mole], who with wan Lead-coloured shine lighted thee into life.' See also *Limbo*. Morton Paley, in *Coleridge's Later Poetry* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1996; rev. edn. 1999), 49–53, comments on the recurrences of STC's sight–light–blind imagery.

632–3 *unsre Taten selbst, so gut als unsre Leiden, Sie hemmen unsres Lebens Gang*. STC: 'our actions, like our sufferings, Impede the course of life.' The two terms, *Taten* and *Leiden*, are complementary: 'what we do, and what is done to us.' They are fundamental in Goethe's aesthetic and philosophy. STC knew them from the Acts of the Apostles, where the acts are introduced as a doing and a suffering: the *to poeien* and the *to pathein*. He refers, for example, to 'each noble deed, achieved or suffered' (*Zapolya*, I. i. 414). Cf. note on *wirkt und lebt* in 447–50.

634–736 A prose summary is provided for this passage on Faust's attempt at suicide which STC did not translate.

742–4 *Welch ein tiefes Summen, welch ein heller Ton... ihr dumpfen Glocken*. STC translates: 'Ha! what deep sound was that? What soft, clear tones, ... Oh! you deep-sounding bells.' The sudden attention to a 'deep sound' is the rhetorical device that Byron used to conjure a gradual awareness of the distant cannon-fire of Napoleon's attack at Waterloo: 'But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!' (*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto III, line 189). Goethe, however, is attentive to the modulation of sound: *tiefes Summen, heller Ton, dumpfen Glocken*. Avoiding the contrast of *hell* (bright, clear) and *dumpf* (dull, muffled), STC uses repetition to provide an echoing and re-echoing. In 749 STC reinvokes the sound with the verb 'Peal'd' which has no counterpart in Goethe's text. The echoing and the participial compound, as in 'deep-sounding', recur frequently in STC's poetry: e.g. 'Deep-murmured' (*On a Cataract*, 8), 'Deep-sighing' (*Faded Flower*, 11), 'Deep-drawn sighs' ('Death of Chatterton', 67, and *Stranger* 69), 'Deep preluding strain' (*Destiny of Nations*, 2).

743 *Zieht mit Gewalt das Glas von meinem Munde*. In translating this line STC adds the agency of Faustus' 'trembling hand' to suggest his fear and trepidation in contemplating suicide: 'Wrench from my trembling hand the glass just rais'd To reach my lips?' Similar purpose is evident in the line 'This letter written by the trembling hand' (*Zapolya*, Prelude. i. 38). With no agency, there is a dramatic emphasis on the stark action, as in the lines from STC's *Remorse*: 'I shall meet her where no evil is, No treachery, no cup dash'd from the lips!' (I. i. 360–1).

749–56 *Chor der Weiber*. As STC has recognized, Goethe adapted the medieval enactment of the women at Christ's tomb: 'Quem quaeritis in sepulchro, o Christicolae?' For liturgical dramatization of the dialogue (Matthew 28, Mark 16, Luke 24, John 20), see *Quem quaeritis* trope from the monastery of Saint Martial, Limoges, and from Saint Gall MS 484, ed. and trans. David Bevington

in *Medieval Drama* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1975), 25–6; from the Winchester cycle and from Tours, ed. and trans. Joseph Quincey Adams in *Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramas* (Cambridge, Mass.: Houghton Mifflin, 1924; repr. 1952), 3–6.

762–3 *Was sucht ihr, . . . Ihr Himmelstöne, mich am Staube?* Faust denies that he is to be sought *am Staube* (= ‘earth-bound’; not *im Staube* = ‘in the dust’). STC translated: ‘ye sounds Of heaven! what seek of me, encompass’d round With **dusk and darkness!**’ For Goethe’s *Staube*, STC substituted ‘**dusk and darkness**’. On **dark and darkness**, see notes to 926 and 3650–4.

770–5 Childhood memory, and specifically the remembered music of Sabbath bells, is a familiar theme for STC. Compare the following passage from *Frost at Midnight* (26–33):

and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man’s only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!

775 *Ein unbegreifliches holdes Sehnen*. STC: ‘**Unutterable** rapture’. A more accurate translation would have been ‘An incomprehensible pious longing’. STC’s substitution here echoes the language of *Osorio*: ‘**unutterable** dying away’ II. i. 110, and ‘love **unutterable**’ iv. 312; *Remorse*: ‘**unutterable** dying away’ II. i. 126, and ‘joy **unutterable**’ v. i. 82; *Religious Musings*: ‘Love **unutterable**’ 162.

797–807 A prose summary takes the place of the second Chorus of Angels which concludes the scene. After rendering with appropriate grace and piety the Easter songs and the *Quem quaeritis*, STC may have omitted this last one because of the five rhyming gerunds. This summary also describes the activities of the villagers set forth in the first hundred lines of the next scene.

Before the Town-Gates (*Vor dem Tor*, 808–1177)

926 *Aus der Straßen quetschender Enge*. Anster translated the line as ‘[From] the oppression of confining streets’. STC ignored the physical act of *quetschend* as ‘squeezing’ or ‘crushing’. His visual reference to ‘**dark and narrow streets**’ comes close to being as much a cliché as ‘**dark and stormy night**’. Long before Edward George Bulwer-Lytton opened his novel *Paul Clifford* (1830) with ‘**dark and stormy**’, the words had already become hackneyed. In his youthful poem *Ode to Fancy* (1815), Anster had lamented ‘The **dark and stormy sea of life**’ (67), and in his translation Anster has Faust refer to the poison as ‘**dark and turbid**’ (732). STC had a persistent predilection for pairing ‘**dark**’ with a second modifier: ‘**dark and wild**’ (*Pains of Sleep*, 39), ‘**dark and dreary**’ (*Three Graves*, 278), ‘**dark and deadly**’ (‘Monody on a Tea-Kettle’, 5), ‘**chilly and dark**’ (*Christabel*, 14), ‘**cunning and dark**’ (*Robespierre*, I. 33), ‘**rude and dark**’ (*Alice du Clos*, 54), ‘**Sensual and dark**’ (‘France: An Ode’, 85), ‘**Wilder’d and dark**’ (‘Eolian Harp’, 63), ‘**void, dark, and drear**’ (*Dejection: An Ode*, 21). STC also has ‘**stormy and dark**’ (in the MS var. *Alice du Clos*, 54), ‘**black and stormy**’ (*Piccolomini*, III. i. 338), and ‘**make the darkness stormy**’ (*Zapholya*, II. i. 145).

927 *Aus der Kirchen ehrwürdiger Nacht*. The literal translation, ‘from the churches’ venerable night’, STC has altered to ‘[from] the monastic gloom of churches’; cf. the similar phrase in STC’s *Quae nocent*: ‘The cloister’s solitary gloom’ (12)

941–1008 A prose summary is provided for the omitted song of the peasants and the arrival of the old peasant who praises him for his cures.

1009–10 *Vor jenem droben steht gebückt, Der helfen lehrt und Hülfe schickt*. Faust judiciously replies to the peasants with a pious aphorism that deflects their praise which he feels undeserved. These lines are not in Anster. STC has apparently rescued them from the omitted passages because he recognized Goethe’s emendation of the counterfeit biblical verse: ‘God helps those who help

themselves! Hezekiah 6: 1. Not only is there no such verse in the Bible, actual scripture has the opposite message: 'Cursed is the one who trusts in man, who depends on flesh for his strength and whose heart turns away from the Lord' (Jeremiah 17: 5), and 'He who trusts in himself is a fool' (Proverbs 28: 26).

1011–109 A prose summary is provided for this passage in which Faustus explains to Wagner his father's lethal 'cures'.

1112 *Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Brust*. In his comments on Goethe's *Faust*, STC protested as inappropriate that the 'strong But sensual ties' (*Liebeslust*, 1114) should hold such sway over the man of intellectual aspirations. STC nevertheless recognized that the opposition between Faustus and Mephistopheles is an externalization of this inner struggle between mental and physical desires. The opposition of Reason and Passion, Hope and Despair, Joy and Sorrow, also inform such poems as *Two Founts*, *Youth and Age*, 'An Old Man's Sigh', and *Work without Hope*; see Paley, *Coleridge's Later Poetry*, 65–77.

1118–9 *gibt es Geister in der Luft, Die zwischen Erd und Himmel herrschend weben*. STC keeps this in the subjunctive: 'if there Be spirits hov'ring in the air.' Faustus again speculates with enthusiasm that he might gain access to a presumed realm of intermediary, elemental spirits.

1122–3 *wäre nur ein Zaubermantel mein, Und trüg er mich in fremde Länder* Continuing Faustus's speculation about acquiring magical powers, STC translates: 'Were that mantle, That magic mantle mine which bore the wearer To distant realms at pleasure.' Donning the legendary magic cloak, Faustus imagines that the elemental spirits might transport him wherever he wishes to go. In the 16th-century chapbooks, Faustus made frequent use of a magic cloak. Goethe's Mephistopheles provides it in line 2065. References to magic (charms, enchantments) recur too often in STC's poetry to list them all, but it is worth noting his distinction between good and evil magic, the magic of nature, of legend and lore, of fancy and imagination, of dreams, fanaticism, and self-delusion; see, for example: 'magic in the Elfin's dart' (*Lines in the Manner of Spenser*, 32); 'a magic light o'er all her [Britain's] hills and groves' ('France: An Ode', 35); 'the magic cauldron of a fervid and ebullient fancy' (*Apologetic Preface to 'Fire, Famine, and Slaughter'*); 'whether real or a magic show' (*The Improvisatore*, 61); 'There nightly borne does Laura lie A magic Slumber heaves her breast' (*The Snow-Drop*, 52–3); 'wipe yourselves cleanly with all books of magic' (*The Rash Conjuror*, 54); 'Fancy in her magic might Can turn broad noon to starless night!' (*The Delinquent Traveller*, 85–6); 'Inextricably as in some magic song' (*Piccolomini*, I. ix. 36); 'Hither invoked as round one magic Circle' (*Piccolomini*, I. xii. 25); 'magic ceremonies' (*Remorse*, II. ii. 155); 'magic sights' (*Remorse*, III. ii. 88); 'magic imagery' (*Remorse*, III. ii. 132); 'the magic power that charms together' (*Zapolya*, Prelude i. 356); 'magic rod of fanaticism' (*BL* i. 197); 'the magic transformation of Tasso's heroine into a tree, in which she could only groan and bleed' (*BL* ii. 217). On the 'magic mirror', see note to 2430; on the 'magic song', see note to 3955.

1155–6 *so zieht ein Feuerstrudel Auf seinen Pfaden hinterdrein*.

'A track of fire behind them' (Coleridge); cf. *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, 'every track Was a flash of golden fire' (280–1).

Faustus's Study (*Studierzimmer* 1178–529)

1178–223 A prose summary is provided for this passage in which Faust reflects on reason and the creative power. Goethe has Faust adopt Spinoza's concept of the *amor intellectualis Dei*, the knowledge and love of God: reason is the instrument, hope the support, and the love of God the motive power of philosophy (1198–200). *Vernunft* (1198) is apparently defined, as in Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, in contradistinction to *Verstand*; that is, reason in the intellectual power of arriving at truth intuitively; understanding is the faculty of organizing empirical data and constructing empirical proof. In the latter part of the omitted passage (1200–23), Faust reflects on the implications of 'the stream of life' (*des Lebens Quelle*). This metaphor from Psalm 36: 10 and Jeremiah 17: 7–8 leads him to reflect on the opening of the Gospel of John.

1224–5 *Geschrieben steht: 'Im Anfang war das Wort!' Hier stock ich schon! Wer hilft mir weiter fort?* STC: 'In the beginning was the Word,' 'tis written; Here do I stumble: who can help me on?' What troubles Faustus is the meaning of *logos* (John 1:1).

1237 *Tat*. Faust's reasoning has brought him back from John 1: 1 to Genesis 1: 1 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' The affirmation of the *Tat* follows Goethe's *Tätigkeit-philosophie* and his dialectic of *Taten* and *Leiden* (cf. notes to 447–50, 632–3). The condition of damnation in Faustus' pact with Mephistopheles rests on an acquiescence to the moment, surrendering the active involvement in change (see note to lines 1696–702). STC similarly affirms 'the Act' in his late sonnet 'An Old Man's Sigh': 'O might life cease! And Selfless Mind Whose total Being is Act, remain behind.' See Paley, *Coleridge's Later Poetry*, 71.

1238–97 A prose summary is provided for these untranslated lines in which the dog interrupts Faust and swells to giant size.

1300 *Zeichen*. Presumably Christ on the Cross.

1303–21 In the prose summary for these lines, the dog comes forward, continues to grow in size, and then in a puff of smoke is transformed into Mephistopheles dressed as a student.

1322–8 STC translates these lines which are not in Anster's translation.

1329–35 STC omits these seven lines in which Faust refers to Mephistopheles as 'Corrupter, Liar, and Lord of Flies', demanding that he reveal his name. 'Corrupter' (*Verderber*) is a translation of Greek *Apolylon* (Hebrew *Ahaddon*) of Revelation 9: 11. In Exodus 12: 23 the Destroyer is spoken of as a spirit whom Jehovah controls; probably the same spirit as referred to in Job 15: 21 and I Corinthians 10: 10. 'Liar' (*Lügner*) is the word for the Devil in John 8: 44. 'Lord of the Flies' (*Fliegengott*) is a translation of 'Beelzebub'. STC elsewhere refers to 'old Belzy' and 'Belzebub' (*Rash Conjuror*, 25 and 28).

1335–6 *Ein Teil von jener Kraft, Die stets das Böse will und stets das Gute schafft*. STC's translation is accurate. In spite of always willing evil, Mephistopheles' acts nevertheless result in good.

1338 *Ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint!* STC: 'I am the spirit who says "nay" to all.' In the *Prologue in Heaven*, God refers to Mephistopheles as one of the spirits of negation (338), the crafty knave. Here, Mephistopheles repeats that he is the spirit of negation. The principles of good and evil are thought of as affirmation and negation, creation and destruction. Cf. STC: 'tis positive negation! . . . The one permitted opposite of God' (*Limbo/Ne Plus Ultra*, 58–61).

1345–405 A prose summary is provided for this passage which STC did not translate into dramatic blank verse.

1406–29 STC translates these lines which are not in Anster's translation.

1430–505 A prose summary is provided for this passage in which Mephistopheles casts a spell on Faustus, putting him into a deep sleep.

1509 *Du bist noch nicht der Mann, den Teufel festzuhalten!* STC: 'Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil.' Wagering with the Devil, as STC frequently points out, is in itself a sin of *hubris*. The idea is thematic in *The Devil's Thoughts*; and is also expressed in STC's translation of *Piccolomini*: 'Accursed he who dallies with a devil!' (IV. iii. 63).

1516–24 In this prose summary of the concluding lines of the scene, Mephistopheles again defines himself as 'Lord of rats and mice, Of flies, frogs, bedbugs, and lice'. STC also omitted lines 1335–6, in which Faust refers to Mephistopheles as 'Corrupter, Liar, and Lord of Flies'.

Faustus' Study (*Studierzimmer* 1530–2072)

1558–61 STC may have omitted these four lines because he was baffled by Faust's references to *eigensinnige Krittel* ('obstinate carping') and *tausend Lebensfratzen* ('thousand grimaces of life').

1572, 1579–80 *Und doch ist nie der Tod ein ganz willkommen Gast . . .*

Und doch hat jemand einen braunen Saft, In jener Nacht, nicht ausgetrunken. In these lines Mephistopheles taunts Faustus for having contemplated suicide, 737–84 (lines not translated but summarized in prose).

1583–6

*Wenn aus dem schrecklichen Gewühle
Ein süß bekannter Ton mich zog,
Den Rest von kindlichem Gefühle
Mit Anklang froher Zeit betrog*

STC substitutes a phrasing that is often repeated in his poetry: ‘Tho’ from my heart’s wild tempest A sweet remembered tone recovered me.’ For other examples of this phrasing, see the note to 435 above. Faust’s recollection of ‘my youth’s remaining hopes’ and ‘the soft echo of joys long gone by’ anticipates STC’s own laments for lost youth and former pleasures, as in *Youth and Age*; see Paley, *Coleridge’s Later Poetry*, 69–90.

1587–90

*So fluch ich allem, was die Seele
Mit Lock- und Gaukelwerk umspannt,
Und sie in diese Trauerhöhle
Mit Blend- und Schmeichelkräften bannt!*

Yet do I curse them all—all—all that captivates
The soul with juggling witchery, and with false
And flattering spells into a den of grief
Lures it, and binds it there. (Coleridge)

This makes me curse all these unholy things,
This magic jugglery, that fools the soul
These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it,
And bind it in this dungeon of despair! (Anster)

I now curse whatever captivates the soul with lures and juggling, and binds it in this den of grief by delusive, false, and flattering spells! (Boileau)

STC’s vocabulary, like Goethe’s, is informed by the lore of curses and spells, as well as by the illusionist arts of swindlers and thieves. Goethe has ‘Lock- und Gaukelwerk’, ‘Blend- und Schmeichelkräften’. STC has ‘juggling witchery’, . . . with false And flattering spells’, ‘Entrancing phantoms which delude our senses’. For Goethe’s *Lock- und Gaukelwerk* Boileau had translated ‘lures and juggling’. Whether it was Boileau’s phrase or Anster’s ‘magic jugglery’ that suggested STC’s ‘juggling witchery’, it is certainly the ‘witchery’ that gives ‘the curse’ its peculiarly Coleridgean turn. *Hexerei* is not a word that occurs at all in Goethe’s *Faust*. *Witchery*, however, does recur in STC’s poetry, and it is used here with almost the same phrasing as in his translation, many years earlier, from Schiller: ‘It mocks my soul with charming witchery’ (*Piccolomini*, II. vii. 119). Striking in this parallel is not just the ‘soul’ imperiled by ‘witchery’, but the animation of that witchery by the active participles, ‘juggling’ and ‘charming’. It is STC’s habit to empower witchery with a participle: ‘. . . soothing witcheries’ (‘Song of the Pixies’, 45); ‘. . . floating witchery’ (‘Eolian Harp’, 20).

When he came to Faust’s doubt, despair, and curse, before signing the pact with Mephistopheles, STC recognized the relevance of Job’s despair, when his wife tells him to ‘curse God and die’ (Job 2: 9). The litany of the ‘cursed’, eleven times repeated, darkly parodies the litany of the ‘blessed’ in the Sermon on the Mount (the Beatitudes; Matthew 5: 1–12). STC had turned of ten to the literary rhetoric of the curse: the curse from the dead men’s eyes in the *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, Alhedra’s curse in *Remorse*, and above all the mother’s curse in *The Three Graves*, the 537-line ballad he had begun with Wordsworth in 1797 and completed in 1809.

1635–6 *Hör auf, mit deinem Gram zu spielen, Der, wie ein Geier, dir am Leben frisst.* STC has mis-translated *aufhören*, which means ‘cease’ not ‘learn’: ‘O learn to dally with your misery, Which like

a **vulture feeds upon your heart!**' The vulture is an allusion to the story of Prometheus. For STC, for Byron and Shelley, as well as for Goethe, Prometheus represented the rebel and the bird the tyrant's cruel oppression. A literal translation of *dir am Leben frisst* would be 'gnaw at your life' or 'gnaw at your vitals'. Greek sources (Hesiod, *Theogony* 507; Apollodorus, *The Library* 1. 45 and 2. 120; Callimachus, *Fragment* 551; Quintus Smyrnaeus, *Fall of Troy* 5. 334, 6. 269, and 10. 190) record that the bird ate Prometheus' **liver**. As in Goethe, STC identifies the bird as a vulture rather than as an eagle. STC, however, has it devour the **heart**. This is exactly the way that STC represents the tyrant's torment in *Zapolya*: 'For bloody usurpation, like a **vulture, Shall clog its beak within Illyria's heart**' (Prelude. i. 97–8); cf. 'Bleed with new wounds beneath the vulture's beak' (*Religious Musings*, 295).

1682–3 *Ein Mädchen, das an meiner Brust Mit Äugeln schon dem Nachbar sich verbindet*. Although *Äugeln* refers to that sort of flirtation known as 'making eyes', STC translates it as '**treacherous smiles**'. As in the repeated refrain to *Lemti*, '**treach'rous image!** Leave my mind' (26, 40, 51), STC uses the word '**treacherous**' to refer specifically to feminine wiles and seductive sexual power. STC's translation—'enchanting woman, To lean upon my breast, and while she leans there **Woo with her treacherous smiles** another victim'—recalls the variation to *Ode to the Departing Year*: '**With treacherous dalliance wooing Peace**' (163).

1696–9, 1699–702 *Kannst du mich mit Genuß betrügen—Das sei für mich der letzte Tag! Die Wette biet ich! . . . Werd ich zum Augenblicke sagen: Verweile doch! du bist so schön! Dann magst du mich in Fesseln schlagen, Dann will ich gern zugrunde gehn!* STC: 'Could you, by Flattery or spells, seduce me to the feeling Of one short throb of pleasure; let the hour That brings it be my last. Take you my offer? . . . if at any moment I exclaim . . . "Linger, still linger, beautiful illusions"', Then throw me into fetters; then I'll sink, And willingly, to ruin.' Faustus in these lines twice repeats the conditions of his wager with Mephistopheles. It is not succumbing to temptation that is the condition of damnation in this wager, but rather willingly abandoning the dynamic flux and change for the enduring perpetuation of single moment. These lines provide the thematic crux of Goethe's *Tätigkeitsphilosophie* (cf. notes to 447–50, 632–3, 1237). Damnation is that stasis in which the activity of time is stopped and the moment persists.

1707–11 STC translates these lines which are not in Anster's translation.

1712–850 The prose summary of these lines describe Faustus signing of the pact in blood.

1779 *Kein Mensch den alten Sauerteig verdaut*. Man is not made 'to digest the old and **bitter** **leaven of sorrow**'. In line 1777, Mephistopheles declares that he has had to chew *An dieser harten Speise* ('on this hard food'), and he doubts that man could survive on the same 'old sourdough'. Although Goethe refers to the conditions of the Fall of Satan and the rebel angels, he does not use in this context either the words *bitter* (*bitter*) or *sorrow* (*Sorge*). The English translation echoes KJV Psalm 83: 5 'Thou feedest them with the **bread of tears**, and givest them tears to drink'; or Psalm 127: 2 '**bread of sorrows**'. Also echoed by STC in his sonnet 'To William Linley, while he Sang a Song to Purcell's Music': 'But should uncomforted misfortunes steep My daily **bread in tears and bitterness**', 7–8.

1795, 1798 *Löwen Muth, . . . Großmuth und Arglist*. In granting Faust the youthful vigour to fulfil his desire for love, Mephistopheles grants him as well such assets as a 'lion's courage' and a combination of 'magnanimity and cunning'. On STC query on *Muth* and *Armuth*, see note on 206–7 above.

1821 STC has here omitted Mephistopheles' reference to *Kopf und H [oden]*, a crude echo to Faustus' claim that 'Two spirits are contending' within his bosom (1 112). In a letter to Lord Byron (30 March 1815; *CL* iv. 562), STC declared that Goethe's 'morals and religious opinions would be highly obnoxious to the taste and Principles of the present righteous English'. Cf. note to 2513.

1851–67 In this soliloquy, Mephistopheles appraises the condition of his new disciple and describes his plan to bring him to ruin.

1852 *Des Menschen allerhöchste Kraft*. Scorning reason and science, and **man's highest power**, Faustus will soon surrender unconditionally to Mephistopheles. Slightly shifting the terms, STC

refers instead to 'man's sublimest powers'. While in Germany many years earlier (17 May 1799), he had referred to 'man's sublimer spirit' (*Lines Written in the Album at Elbingerode, in the Hartz Forest*, 36). STC frequently attributed the sublime not to external nature but to the mind of man, to an individual's thoughts, emotions, and convictions: 'Tis the **sublime of man**' (*Religious Musings*, 126), '**Sublime of thought**' and '**Sublime of hope**' ('Death of Chatterton', 43 and 144), '**Thoughts sublime**' (*On Revisiting the Sea-shore*, 15), '**sublimer mood**' (*To a Lady*, 5). '**sublimest friendship**' (*Zapolya*, IV. iii. 47).

1853 *Blend- und Zauberwerken*. STC: 'magical delusions'. Cf. 1588 *Lock- und Gaukelwerk* . . . *Blend- und Schmeichelkräften*. STC: 'juggling witchery, . . . with false And flattering spells.' As evident in the contrast here, STC tends to enhance the metaphorical language of Faust (1588) and flatten that of Mephistopheles (1853). For STC's references to magic, see note to 1122-3.

1862 *Er soll mir zappeln, starren, kleben*. STC: 'He still shall sprawl, stop, cleave to me.' Although STC has retained the sense, he has missed Goethe's use of the language of the bird catcher (*Vogelfänger*). Once caught in the 'lime', the bird flaps and jerks (*zappeln*), soon becomes exhausted, paralyzed with cramps (*starren*), and sticks fast (*kleben*).

1868-2050 In the prose summary of the interview between Mephistopheles and the Student, it is observed that 'The Devil seems to please himself by confusing the senses of his auditor with an elaborate survey of the sciences, all of which he treats with equal sarcasm and contempt.'

1889-93 *So nimmt ein Kind der Mutter Brust . . . an der Weisheit Brüste*. Mephistopheles here parodies Faust's earlier reference to the *Brüste* . . . *Quellen alles Lebens* (455-9).

2048 *Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum*. STC gives this line in Latin, unaltered from Goethe's text. Anster omits the line; Boileau includes it, but without explanation. *Deus* has been substituted for *dii* in quoting Genesis 3: 5 of the Latin Bible. These are the words of the Serpent persuading Eve that she should eat the forbidden fruit: 'Ye shall not surely die; for God knoweth that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as God [gods], knowing good and evil.'

2051-72 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

2052 *Wir sehn die kleine, dann die große Welt*. The antithesis here is not that of microcosm to macrocosm, but rather the practical distinction between the world of the little man and the world of the great, the burgher and the courtier.

2053-4 *Mit welcher Freude, welchem Nutzen Wirst du den Cursum durchschmarutzen!* In translating *Freude* and *Nutzen* as 'joy' and 'benefit', STC recognized and retained the Horatian formula of *dulce et utile*. He apparently did not recognize, and therefore omitted, the student slang of the next line: *den Cursum durchschmarutzen* might be translated as 'take this course for free'. *Cursum* is an academic course. *Durchschmarutzen* means to survive as a parasite, without paying fees or tuition.

2065 *Mantel*. Faustus longed for a 'magic mantel' in 1122-3.

Auerbach's Cellar (*Auerbachs Keller* 2073-336)

The carousing of Frosch, Brander, Siebel, and Altmeyer is described in the prose summary of this scene. STC translates only the magical incantations from the spells and pranks of Mephistopheles. STC retains 2284-90, 2313-15, and 2320-1. Anster omitted this scene entirely from his translation.

2082 *Mit offener Brust singt Runda, sauft und schreit*. Responding to German folk rhymes of *saufer/laufen/schreien/heulen*, STC in CN 4699 (October 1820) offers a Greek parallel to 'sauft oder lauf.' Other popular German rhymes: 'Wird dann die Flasche leer beim **Saufen**, stört uns der Schnaps doch sehr beim **Laufen**'; 'Wenn ich zu viel von Licher **sauft**, ob ich danach noch sicher **lauf**?'; 'Sauft mein Kindchen **sauft**, ich **lauf** aus dem Haus.'

2113 *Blocksberg*. In lines not translated by STC, Siebel responds to a song by Frosch, declaring that his beloved has taken a demon lover, who will ride an old goat to the top of the *Blocksberg*, the

popular name of the Brocken in the Harz Mountains. These lines anticipate the journey of Faustus and Mephistopheles to the Brocken on *Walpurgis Night* (between 30 April and 1 May), when witches join in an orgy with evil spirits.

2284–90 *Trauben trägt der Weinstock! Hörner der Ziegenbock; Der Wein ist saftig, Holz die Reben, Der hölzerne Tisch kann Wein auch geben. Eintiefer Blick in die Natur! Hier ist ein Wunder, glaubet nur! Nun zieht die Pfropfen und genießt!* STC departs from blank verse to render these lines rhymed and in the incantational rhythms of the original. In the final line, 'Here is a miracle, only believe', STC correctly conveys Mephistopheles's claim that his magic pranks are miracles—to those who believe in them.

2313–15 *Falsch Gebild und Wort Verändern Sinn und Ort! Seid hier und dort!* Here again STC imitates the rhymes and rhythms of the original incantation. The prose summary describes the consequences of the magical change in perception and place.

2320–1 *Irrtum, laß los der Augen Band! Und merket euch, wie der Teufels spaße.* As typical in narrating pranks (*Schwänke*), Goethe concludes by releasing the carousers from the spell, and, as moral to the tale, letting them know that they have been the devil's fools.

Witch's Kitchen (*Hexenküche* 2337–604)

As in the preceding scene in *Auerbach's Cellar*, the events here are described in the prose summary. STC translates only four passages, retaining 2381–3, 2429–40, and 2469–74, which Anster omitted from his translation of this scene.

2381–3 Although he dismisses the language of the cat-monkey (*Meerkatze*) as 'a confused jingle of rhyme', STC provides a good sample of the nonsense verse.

2402–7 *Das ist die Welt; Sie steigt und fällt Und rollt beständig; Sie klingt wie Glas—Wie bald bricht das! Ist hohl inwendig.* A further example of the nonsense verse of the cat-monkey, this one also satirizes the fate of the World. STC adds an image not in the original: 'Like a glass it jingles, Like that in dust mingles.' The reference to mingling in the dust evokes the funeral service, based on Genesis 3: 19, from the Book of Common Prayer: 'we commit this body to the ground; earth to earth; ashes to ashes, dust to dust.' Cf. 'The Knight's bones are dust' (*The Knight's Tomb*, 9), 'let the Woman return at once to the dust, and let Adam remain in this thy Paradise' (*The Blossoming of the Solitary Date-Tree*, 13–14), 'Tis Cypher lies beneath this crust—Whom Death created into dust' (*On an Insignificant*, 1–2).

2429–30 *Welch ein himmlisch Bild Zeigt sich in diesem Zauberspiegel!* STC: 'what heavenly form is that Reflected on yon magic mirror's surface?' On magic, see notes to 1122–3 and 3955. STC recalls the powerful effect on his imagination of Spenser's description in the *Faerie Queene* (Book III, Canto ii, stanza 19) of the image of the Child in the magic mirror:

For still there lives within my secret heart
The magic image of the magic Child,
Which there He made up-grow by his strong art,
As in that crystal orb—wise Merlin's feat,—
The wondrous 'World of Glass,' wherein inis'l'd
All long'd for things their beings did repeat;—
And there He left it, like a Sylph beguiled,
To live and yearn and languish incomplete! (*Pang More Sharp than All*, 36–43)

Poetry itself, STC declared elsewhere, may conjure such magic images: 'Turning the blank scroll to a magic glass' (*To the Young Artist*, 5). Revealing the incriminating image in a painting is the purpose of Alvar's conjuration in *Remorse*: 'What the magic imagery revealed' (III. ii. 32).

2431 *O Liebe, leihe mir den schnellsten deiner Flügel.* STC: 'O love! the swiftest of thy pinions lend.' STC has similar phrasing in other poems: 'speedest on thy subtle pinions' (*France: An Ode*, 97). 'speedest on thy cherub pinions' (*France: An Ode*, 97, as quoted in *BL* i. 200), 'on

rapid pinions flown' (*Absence: A Farewell Ode*, 14), 'Love embathes his pinions bright' (*On a Lady Weeping*, 8).

2433–5 *Ach wenn ich nicht auf dieser Stelle bleibe, Wenn ich es wage, nah zu gehn, Kann ich sie nur als wie im Nebel sehn!* STC: 'When nearer I approach, and leave the spot Where I now stand entranced, as in a mist I trace her lovely form.' Goethe has no word to suggest 'entranced'. STC has introduced it as a verbal transitive passive modifier of the active verb 'stand'. The usage parallels 'lies entranced' (*Destiny of Nations*, 12) and 'lain entranced' (*Christabel*, 92). Goethe does describe the perception of the magic image *als wie im Nebel sehn*. STC has similar expressions of seeing 'as in a mist': 'she gazed around: And through a mist, the relic of that trance' (*Destiny of Nations*, 340), 'thro' the veiling mist you see' (*Alice du Clos*, 66).

2473–4 *Die Feuerpein Euch ins Gebein!* STC: 'May the fire-pain wither Your bones together!' When the Witch returns she challenges the strangers whom she finds in her kitchen: who are they? what do they want? how did they get there? Not waiting for answers, she closes her questions with a curse. STC has added the word 'wither'. Cf. the fate that befalls the crew in *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* [First Version]: 'every tongue thro' utter drouth Was wither'd at the root' (132). See note to 3493.

2513 *Sieh her, das ist das Wappen, das ich führe!* SD (*Er macht eine unanständige Gebärde.*) 'Look here, this is the Coat of Arms that I bear! (He makes an indecent gesture.)' Mephistopheles apparently thrusts his genitals at the Witch. As in 1821, this is another instance of the dubious 'morals' of the work, which STC declared would be judged 'highly obnoxious' by the English public.

2589–90 *Und kann ich dir was zu Gefallen tun, So darfst du mir's nur auf Walpurgis sagen.* After she has prepared the magic potion, Mephistopheles tells the Witch: 'And if I may return the favour, You only need to tell me on Walpurgis' (not translated by STC). This is the second time that Goethe anticipates the journey of Faustus and Mephistopheles to the Brocken on **Walpurgis Night** (see note to 2113).

2603–4 *Du siehst, mit diesem Trank im Leibe, Bald Helenen in jedem Weibe.* STC: 'After the draught you have swallowed, you will soon think every woman a Helen.' This passage, which makes it clear that the Witch's love potion will be working on Faustus' senses and physical reactions, introduces his seduction of Margaret which commences in the scene immediately following.

Street (*Straße* 2605–77)

2605 *Fräulein.* A form of address appropriate only to persons of rank. If the person addressed were of nobility, however, there would be presumptuous trespass in Faustus speaking to her without introduction. On the other hand, if she were not of rank, then addressing her as a Lady would be an equally presumptuous flattery. Margaret responds properly in rejecting his offer.

2610–11 *Sie ist so sitt- und tugendreich, Und etwas schnippisch doch zugleich.* STC: 'she is so modest and virtuous, although a little pert.' Goethe's hyphen would seem to indicate *sittreich* or *sitteneich*. He used *sitteneich* elsewhere, but there is no other occurrence of *sittreich*; the more usual word is *wohlgesittet*. STC's translation as 'modest' apparently presumes *sittsam*. An apt translation of *schnippisch*, STC uses the word 'pert' as meaning 'impudent' or 'cheeky': 'My lady eyes some maid of humbler state, While the pert captain, or the primmer priest, Prattles accordant scandal in her ear' (*Lines Composed in a Concert-Room*, 11–13).

2616–26 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

2619 *Dirne.* Originally without pejorative connotation, this word even before Goethe's day had come to mean prostitute. STC has provided a gentler translation: 'Hear me: I must have that maiden.' The line could be more accurately translated: 'Listen, you must fetch me that wench!' With the Witch's potion coursing through his veins, Faustus' words are here more coarse and brutal than anywhere else in the play.

2627–71 This prose summary describes Faustus, overwhelmed with sexual desire, urging Mephistopheles to procure him the girl as quickly as possible.

2627 *Ist über vierzehn Jahr doch alt.* Not translated by STC, Faust's declaration that she has turned 14 means simply that 'she's ripe for picking'.

2628 *Hans Liederlich.* Not translated by STC, Mephistopheles calls Faustus 'Lewd Jack'. He responds, 2633, by calling Mephistopheles '*Magister Lobesan*', that is, the 'Worthy Master' who lays down the law to his pupils.

2672–94 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

Evening (*Abend* 2678–804)

2678 SD *Ein kleines reinliches Zimmer.* STC: A *small but neat Chamber.* Upon entering into this space, Faustus undergoes another change of character. His lewd desires are softened in the presence of the external signs in her bedchamber of Margaret's simple purity of heart (Goethe's word *reinlich* suggests 'purity'). Neither Faustus's heedless passion nor Mephistopheles' lewd sensuality is compatible with the 'neat' appearance of this room.

2683 *keck.* STC translates as 'presuming' rather than as 'presumptuous'. Referring to Faustus' behaviour in 2605–6, Margaret is much more generous in her appraisal of him than he had been of her: she sees him as *wacker* and *edle* (STC: 'noble' and 'high birth'); he had described her as a girl of the streets.

2687–94

*Willkommen, süßer Dämmerchein,
Der du dies Heiligtum durchwebst!
Ergreif mein Herz, du süße Liebespein,
Die du vom Tau der Hoffnung schmachtend lebst!
Wie atmet rings Gefühl der Stille,
Der Ordnung, der Zufriedenheit!,
In dieser Armut welche Fülle!
In diesem Kerker welche Seligkeit!*

Hail, thou **soft twilight**, sweetly **hallowing**
This sanctuary. **Pleasing pain of love**,
Pierce to my **inmost heart**, which still is feeding
On Hope's **soft dew**. A lovely stillness seems
To reign within this chamber. 'Tis th' abode
Of order and content. Oh! there is wealth
In poverty like this, and happiness
Can dwell within a dungeon (Coleridge)

In his response to the atmosphere of Margaret's bedchamber, Faustus feels his passion sublimated in the apparent holiness (*Heiligtum*) of the room. Oxymoron, dominant trope of these lines, reflects Faustus' own inner conflict. In translating, STC introduces telling verbal changes. Goethe's Faustus welcomes the twilight that weaves through the *Heiligtum* of the room; STC's Faustus greets the '**soft twilight**, sweetly **hallowing** This sanctuary'. STC emphasizes transforming process: the room being hallowed by twilight (cf. '**Hallowing** his Sabbath-day by quietness', 'Reflections on Having Left a Place of Retirement', 10). In the *Biographia Literaria*, STC had mocked the Petrarchan conceit: 'No more will I endure **love's pleasing pain**, Or round my heart's leg tie his galling chain' (*BL* i. 24). Here the oxymoron well suits the confusion of Faustus, whose praise of 'wealth In poverty' and 'happiness . . . within a dungeon' nevertheless reveals a dismay at living in such condition. Throughout this passage STC transforms Goethe's words into his own accustomed phrases: *süßer Dämmerchein* becomes not 'sweet' but '**soft twilight**' (cf. 'on the Lake the silver Lustre sleeps, Amid the **paly Radiance soft** and sad', *Effusion at Evening*, 28); *mein Herz* becomes 'my **inmost heart**' (cf. '**heart's inmost stores**', *The Silver Thimble*, 59); *Tau der Hoffnung* becomes 'Hope's **soft dew**' (cf. 'Weeps the **soft dew**', *The Hour When We Shall Meet Again*, 15). '**Soft**', it should be recalled, is a favourite modifier when STC seeks to add a voluptuary accent to his description, not just of touch, but of mood, sound, and light.

2689–94

*Ergreif mein Herz, du süße Liebespein,
Die du vom Tau der Hoffnung schmachtend lebst!
Wie atmet rings Gefühl der Stille,
Der Ordnung, der Zufriedenheit!
In dieser Armut welche Fülle!
In diesem Kerker welche Seligkeit!*

That 'Hope' and 'happiness' may be sustained even in a 'dungeon' is a motif also developed in STC's *Allegoric Vision* and *Two Founts*; see Paley, *Coleridge's Later Poetry*, 96–9.

2694 *Kerker*. STC: 'dungeon'. This reference anticipates, with dark irony, Margaret's ultimate fate.

2695–728 The prose summary of these thirty-three lines states simply that Faustus continues in the same train. He also gradually realizes the incongruity of his present undertaking with his former standards of conduct. He is startled by the change: *Armsel'ger Faust! ich kenne dich nicht mehr* ('Poor Faust! I no longer recognize you', 2720) Mephistopheles intervenes before this turn of thought can lead to a decision which might disrupt his plans.

2729–30 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

2731–52 The prose summary of these twenty-one lines relates how Mephistopheles persuades Faustus to leave a box of jewellery for Margaret.

2753–8 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

2759–82 The prose summary refers to the ballad Margaret sings and her subsequent discovery of the box. The ballad, *Es war ein König in Thule*, tells of the King who was given a golden goblet by his beloved when she died. He cherished that goblet throughout his life. When the time of his own death arrived, he dispensed among his heirs all of his worldly goods, but the golden goblet he threw into the sea. He died as it sank into the waters. The ballad subtly anticipates how Margaret might perceive the gift of jewellery as a token of love rather than, as Mephistopheles intends, a bribe for favours.

2783–804 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

2786–7 *Vielleicht bracht's jemand als ein Pfand, Und meine Mutter lieb darauf*. STC: 'Perhaps somebody left it as a pledge, And my mother has lent some money upon it.' If the mother was in a position to lend money to friends or neighbours, then Margaret's family were not in the 'poverty' (*Armuth*) that Faustus earlier surmised (2693). See also lines 3115–18.

A Public Walk (*Spaziergang* 2805–64)

2805–48 The prose summary explains that this scene opens with Mephistopheles telling Faustus that Margaret's mother, suspecting that an unworthy motive has been behind the gift of jewellery, has required that to be given to the priest.

2849–52 In these lines, Mephistopheles relates what he understands to be Margaret's obsession with the jewels that she has now lost.

2853–61 This continuation of the prose summary reveals Mephistopheles' plot. If Margaret accepts a second gift, as Mephistopheles plans, she will be forced to hide the relationship from her mother.

2862–4 *So ein verliebter Tor verpufft Euch Sonne, Mond und alle Sterne Zum Zeitvertreib dem Liebchen in die Luft*. STC: 'So fond a fool would blow into the air Earth, sun, and moon, and all the heavenly bodies, As a mere pastime to amuse his love.' Cf. 'Fancy in the air Paints him many a vision fair' ('Death of Chatterton', 30). Mephistopheles jokes that he has turned Faustus from his quest for wisdom to the idle role of a foolish lover (*verliebter Tor*) blowing his fancies to the wind. These lines are not in Anster's translation.

Neighbour Martha's Dwelling (*Der Nachbarin Haus* 2865–3024)

2865–3024 Although most of this scene is presented in prose summary, it retains many lines translated from the text.

2925–6 The basilica of St Anthony in Padua was constructed over a seventy-year period from 1238 to 1310. The numerous funeral monuments are elaborate and splendid, as are the decorations and paintings added in the 15th to 17th centuries. The tomb of the saint is in a richly decorated chapel in the basilica, an unlikely resting place for the remains of the errant *Schwertlein*.

2930–2 Three hundred masses at the rate of one each weekday, but none on Sundays or holidays, would require practically a whole year. Masses for the dead were usually said at the funeral service and on the third, seventh, and thirtieth days after a person's death, and then on the anniversary of his passing. Three hundred masses in such a sequence would require nearly three centuries.

3006–8 These lines, and others quoted in the prose summary, are not in Anster's translation.

Street (*Straße* 3025–72)

3025–67 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

3030 *Kuppler- und Zigeunerwesen*. STC keeps only 'procuress' not 'gypsy', perhaps because he was unfamiliar with the widespread practice in German cities of gypsy women claiming clairvoyance and divination to predict for the young people their prospect in love, sometimes arranging as well secret trysts.

3037 *Sancta Simplicitas*. Latin, 'Holy Innocence!' Attributed to John Hus at the stake, when he saw an old woman throw a faggot into the fire to feed the flames by which he was being burned to death in the year 1415.

3068–72 The last five lines of this scene are reduced to the single line of prose summary which declares that 'Faustus finally yields to the reasoning of Mephistopheles.' Although Faustus does indeed give in to Mephistopheles, he does so only because he has been worn out, not persuaded, by Mephistopheles' sophistry.

3068–69 To win an argument, a person needs only a well-exercised tongue, determination, and good lungs.

3072 *Denn du hast recht, vorzüglich weil ich muß*. Conceding that he means to seduce Margaret, Faustus claims to be compelled by love not lust.

Garden (*Garten* 3073–204)

3073–80 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

3096–125 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

3102–5

*Ach, daß die Einfalt, daß die Unschuld nie
Sich selbst und ihren heil'gen Wert erkennt!
Daß Demut Niedrigkeit, die höchsten Gaben
Der liebevoll austeilenden Natur—*

O ne'er do innocence, and simple virtue,
Know their own value, and their holiest worth.
Sweet modesty and wild humility
Are the most **precious blessings** which the **hand**
Of bounteous, lovely Nature, **showers down**
Upon an earthly head. (Coleridge)

In translating Faustus' words on Margaret's virtue, STC has added two lines on the dispensations of Nature, to whom he gives a **hand** for dispensing and a **head** to dispense upon. Cf. 'A **precious boon**' (*The Improvisatore*, 24); 'One **precious boon**' (*Zapolya*, Prelude. i. 44); 'To me hath Heaven

with **bounteous hand** assigned' (*Lines on a Friend who Died of a Frenzy Fever Induced by Calumnious Reports*, 39); '**shower down** vengeance' (*Religious Musings*, 80); '**Blessings shower on thee**' (*Remorse*, v. i. 78); '**beams that play around her head**' (*Anthem for the Children of Christ's Hospital*, 21), '**play around a sainted infant's head**' (*To a Friend*, 25) '**hovers round my head**!' (*Shurton Bars*, 24); '**poured curses on my head**' (*Night-Scene: A Dramatic Fragment*, 12); '**on my head at once Dropped the collected shower**' (*To the Rev. George Coleridge*, 25). Not an oxymoron, STC means by '**wild humility**' a humility that is natural and spontaneous, unschooled and unaffected. In *Frost at Midnight* he describes his '**wild pleasure**' (32) upon hearing the Sabbath bells (see note to 770–5). As previously noted (434–5), '**wild**' is among STC's favourite modifiers.

3116–18 *Wir könnten uns weit eh'r als andre regen: Mein Vater hinterließ ein hübsch Vermögen, Ein Häuschen und ein Gärtchen vor der Stadt.* STC: 'Not that she need, indeed, be quite so frugal; My father left a competence—a small house And garden.' On the question of Margaret's 'poverty' (2693), relate this passage to 2786–7 and note.

3126–78 There is no prose summary for the fifty-two lines omitted here.

3179–86 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

3187–93 The prose summary is given in place of seven omitted lines.

3194–204 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

3204 *der Lauf der Welt.* Another of Mephistopheles's biblical allusions: '**the course of this world**', Ephesians 2: 2. The entire chapter in Paul's letter to the Ephesians deals with the evil of unredeemed life and the lust of the flesh, prior to the coming of Christ. William Congreve took the same phrase, '**the way of the world**', as the title of his play. STC substitutes a completely different meaning: '**thus runs the world away.**' STC does refer elsewhere to the '**turmoil of the world**' (*To the Rev. George Coleridge*, 3); see also: '**now their glad course mortals run**' (*The Nose*, 12).

A Summer-house (*Ein Gartenhäuschen* 3205–16)

3205–16 STC translates the entire scene, omitted in Anster's translation.

A Forest and Cavern (*Wald und Höhle* 3217–373)

STC retains lines 3251–65, 3282–310, and 3324–73, which Anster omitted from his translation.

3217–34

*Erhabner Geist, du gabst mir, gabst mir alles,
Warum ich bat. Du hast mir nicht umsonst
Dein Angesicht im Feuer zugewendet.
Gabst mir die herrliche Natur zum Königreich,
Kraft, sie zu fühlen, zu genießen. Nicht
Kalt stauenden Besuch erlaubst du nur,
Vergönnest mir, in ihre tiefe Brust
Wie in den Busen eines Freundes zu schauen.
Du führst die Reihe der Lebendigen
Vor mir vorbei und lehrst mich meine Brüder
Im stillen Busch, in Luft und Wasser kennen.
Und wenn der Sturm im Walde braust und knarrt,
Die Riesenfichte stürzend Nachbaräste
Und Nachbarstämme quetschend niederstreift
Und ihrem Fall dumpf hohl der Hügel donnert,
Dann führst du mich zur sichern Höhle, zeigst
Mich dann mir selbst, und meiner eignen Brust
Geheime tiefe Wunder öffnen sich.*

Faust's thanksgiving—'Erhabener Geist, du gabst mir, gabst mir alles'—continues the effort to identify with the power of nature that he had first attempted in conjuring the Sign of the Macrocosm

(430–59) and the Spirit of Earth (460–521). STC recognized the language of prayer in Faust's monologue to the Spirit of Nature. Anster's rendition, 'Yes! lofty spirit, thou hast given me all, All that I asked of thee' (3217–18), gives the words but not the tone of devotion. STC recognized in these lines (3217–39) Goethe's allusions to Psalm 23:

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
 he leadeth me beside the still waters.
 He restoreth my soul:
 he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness.

In STC's translation, the tone of devotional thanksgiving is retained: 'Oh, thou **great Spirit**, thou hast given to me All, all that I desired.' The desires that have been granted are referred to one by one: (1) knowledge of the world about him, (2) knowledge of himself, (3) the peace of contemplative living. Readers of STC will recognize in this invocation of the 'great Spirit' a strain familiar from the early sonnet 'To William Lisle Bowles':

Like that **great Spirit**, who with plastic sweep
 Mov'd on the darkness of the formless Deep! (13–14)
 As the **great Spirit** erst with plastic sweep
 Mov'd on the darkness of the unform'd deep! (13–14; 2nd version)

to the prayer of Alvar in *Remorse*:

Kneeling I prayed to the **great Spirit** that made me (I. ii. 309)

3228–31 STC's fondness for extending duplication into reduplication is evident as Faustus describes the echoing and re-echoing of the storm through the forest:

when the storm
 Howls crackling through the forest—tearing down
 The giant pines, crushing both trunk and branch,
 And makes the hills re-echo to their fall

Goethe has the sounds—*braust und knarrt, quetschend, donnert*—but not the re-echoing. As a Coleridgean pattern, however, the redoublings abound. In *Zapolya*, for example, Andreas hears the sounds of the chase 'doubling its echoes' through the forest:

as I reached the skirts of this high forest,
 I heard the noise and uproar of the chase,
 Doubling its echoes from the mountain foot. (IV. ii. 106–8)

3235–9

*Und steigt vor meinem Blick der reine Mond
 Besänftigend herüber, schweben mir
 Von Felsenwänden, aus dem feuchten Busch
 Der Vorwelt silberne Gestalten auf
 Und lindern der Betrachtung strenge Lust.*

And when before my eye the pure moon walks
 High over-head, diffusing a soft light,
 Then from the rocks, and over the damp wood,
 The pale bright shadows of the ancient times
 Before me seem to love, and mitigate
 The too severe delight of earnest thought! (**Anster**)

There may I gaze upon
 The still moon wandering through the pathless heaven;
 While on the rocky ramparts, from the damp
 Moist bushes, rise the forms of ages past
 In silvery majesty, and moderate
 The too wild luxury of silent thought. (**Coleridge**)

The transformative power of moonlight is a common theme in STC's poetry; it is exemplified in a marginal note to *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (263): 'In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and every where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country.'

3233-4 *meiner eignen Brust Geheime tiefe Wunder öffnen sich*. STC: 'layest bare the deep and secret places Of my own heart.' To retain Goethe's reference to *Wunder*, appropriate to the divine immanence in self and nature, the passage might have been translated 'reveal the secret and deep miracle, Of my own breast'. STC chose instead to emphasize the 'secret depths of the heart'. Cf. 'Secret heart' (*Religious Musings*, 286), 'Within my secret heart' (*Pang more sharp*, 36), 'Secret depths of earth' (*Zapolya*, I. i. 379). A more complex exposition of the 'deep and secret places' occurs in STC's *To William Wordsworth, Composed on the Night after his Recitation of a Poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind*: 'what within the mind By vital breathings secret as the soul Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart Thoughts all too deep for words!' (8-11).

3237 *Felsenwänden* STC 'rocky ramparts'; the phrase has precedence in 'Proudly ramparted with rocks' from 'Ode to the Departing Year' (128).

3237-8 *aus dem feuchten Busch Der Vorwelt silberne Gestalten auf*. Anster's phrase 'pale bright shadows of the ancient times' aptly renders Goethe's 'Der Vorwelt silberne Gestalten'. STC however, conjures other associations: when he has Faustus discern that 'from the damp Moist bushes, rise the forms of ages past', he retrieves words that were written upon his own ascent of the Brocken, 'Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms', from *Lines Written in the Album at Elbingerode, in the Hartz Forest* (6). Many years had passed from the time when those lines were penned (17 May 1799), but the task of retracing Faust's venture must inevitably have called them to mind. STC here engages an oft-repeated trope for memories of the mind's eye assuming an external shape: 'forms of other days' from the MS var. *Anna and Harland* (1); 'forms of Memory', *Anna and Harland* (13); 'faded forms of past Delight', *To Robert Southey* (11).

3239 *Und lindern der Betrachtung strenge Lust*. STC apparently looked from Goethe's text to Anster's, for Anster had rendered *Betrachtung* not as 'observation' but as 'thought'. STC keeps not only Anster's word but his syntax as well. *Und lindern der Betrachtung strenge Lust* becomes in Anster's phrase 'and mitigate The too severe delight of earnest thought!' STC substitutes, 'and moderate The too wild luxury of silent thought'. Yes, the same syntax, but much richer tensions in the oxymoron of 'strenge Lust'. Furthermore, the creative power in 'silent thought' was precisely what STC, in *Biographia Literaria*, had praised as the 'just and original reflection' in Wordsworth's lines on holding 'in your mind Such stores as silent thought can bring' (*BL* ii. 45, quoting Wordsworth, *Simon Lee*, 65-6). The reference to 'silent thought' occurs nowhere else in the works of either Wordsworth or STC.

3244-5 *kalt und frech, Mich vor mir selbst erniedrigt*. STC: 'insolent And cold, he humbles me into myself.' Concluding his enumeration of the gifts granted by the 'great Spirit' (3217-39), Faustus adds a fourth: the companion who turns all other gifts to nothing (3245-6).

3272-3 *Was hast du da in Höhlen, Felsenritzen Dich wie ein Schuhu zu versitzen?* STC: 'Why dost thou thus Flit like a weak-eyed owl in caves and clefts?' Mephistopheles is thus made to address Faust in a phrase similar to Piccolomini's to Illo: 'Mole-eyed, thou mayest but burrow in the earth', *Piccolomini*, I. xi. In translating *Schuhu* as 'weak-eyed owl' STC also employs one of his favoured '-eye' compounds (e.g. 'lidless dragon-eyes', 'Ode to the Departing Year', 145). On Goethe's echoic *Schuhu* for owl see STC's note on translating bird sounds from German into English, 3889-91.

3318 *Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär! so geht ihr Gesang*. STC: "'Would I were a bird!' That is her song.' This well-known folksong ('Wenn ich ein Vöglein wär' Und auch zwei Flüglein hätt', Flög' ich schnell zu dir') was translated by STC in a letter to Sara Fricker Coleridge (23 April 1799; *CL* i. 488; *PWi* (pt.1): 533-4, No. 189).

3324 *Schlange!* STC: 'Serpent!' The Tempter, Genesis 3.

3326 *Hebe dich*. STC: 'Begone.' If STC had recognized the echo of Christ's words to the Devil, which Luther rendered: 'Heb dich weg von mir, Satan!' he might have had Faustus say: 'Get thee hence.' Matthew 4: 10.

3331-3 *Ich bin ihr nah, und wär' ich noch so fern, Ich kann sie nie vergessen, nie verlieren*. STC inserts an additional line: 'Nay, I am near her; And were the winds and waves a barrier' 'twixt us, I never can forget her, ne'er forsake her.' The added line echoes one that STC had earlier used in *Osorio* (v. i. 130) and had retained in *Remorse* (v. i. 24): 'Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters.' In *The Garden of Boccaccio* (1828), written after his translation of *Faustus*, STC refers to the 'Wild strain of Scalds, that in the sea-worn caves Rehearsed their war-spell to the winds and waves' (35-6).

3332-5

*Ich bin ihr nah, und wär' ich noch so fern,
Ich kann sie nie vergessen, nie verlieren
Ja, ich beneide schon den Leib des Herrn,
Wenn ihre Lippen ihn indes berühren.*

Nay, I am near her;
And were the winds and waves a barrier 'twixt us,
I never can forget her, ne'er forsake her. (Coleridge)

STC departs radically from his source in these lines. He may well have objected to the near blasphemy of Faustus declaring that he was jealous of 'Body of the Lord' (*Leib des Herrn*) when Margaret took the bread of the Holy Sacrament between her lips. The line that he substitutes, 'were the winds and waves a barrier 'twixt us', is not in Goethe's text but is recurrent in STC's poetry: 'On wave and wind' (*Tell's Birth-Place*, 23), 'guide of the homeless winds, and playmate of the waves' (*France: An Ode*, 98) 'Without or wave or wind?' (*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, 423), 'the winds and waves' (*The Garden of Boccaccio*, 36). STC deliberated on the phrase "'twixt us' in CN 4738 (November 1821) 'Twixt thro'—twixt in—Zwischen Branches—swelling Branches'. The reference to 'Zwischen Branches' may refer back to 'Nachbarüste' and 'Nachbarstämme' in 3229-30.

3336-7 *Ich hab Euch oft benediet Ums Zwillingspaar, das unter Rosen weidet*. STC: 'often have I envied you Beneath the roses, like two twins embracing.' A direct allusion to the Song of Songs 4: 5 'Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins, which feed among the lilies'; in Luther's translation: 'Deine zwei Brüste sind wie zwei junge Rehwillinge, die unter den Rosen weiden.'

3339-41 *Der Gott, der Bub' und Mädchen schuf, Erkannte gleich den edelsten Beruf, Auch selbst Gelegenheit zu machen*. A scurrilous interpretation of Genesis 1: 27-8: 'And God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them; and God said to them: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it". *Beruf* (= profession) refers back to *Kuppler*, STC: 'base Pandar!' (3338), and *Gelegenheit zu machen* means 'act as procurer'. Faustus has called Mephistopheles a 'base Pandar'. In his reply Mephistopheles maintains that God recognized this as the noblest calling (*den edelsten Beruf*) and practised it himself by bringing Adam and Eve together. This is another instance of STC omitting passages that would probably be read as outrageous impiety.

Margaret's Chamber (*Gretchens Stube* 3374-413)

In the *European Magazine* (October 1821), the reviewer complained that Margaret's Song, 'Meine Ruh' ist hin', was awkwardly translated as 'My peace of mind's ruined' (3374-413). STC derived the phrase from the first Boosey edition, where Boileau had paraphrased Margaret's song in prose:

My peace of mind is gone, my heart is heavy; I never find repose, ah, never! Where I have him not, there is my grave, all the world is the bitterness of gall to me. My poor head is turned, my poor senses are bewildered. (Boileau 3374-413)

Martha's Garden (*Marthens Garten* 3414–543)

3414–26 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

3427–68 A prose summary replaces these omitted lines: Faustus replies to Margaret's concern about his apparent lack of religion.

3469–502 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

3493 *seine Gegenwart schmürt mir das Innre zu*. STC: 'That man's appearance **withers every feeling**.' Cf. STC: 'the **spirit within me is withered**' (*The Wanderings of Cain*). Goethe gives to Margaret a metaphor, *schmüren*, related to lacing up and tying a tight garment. STC substitutes the very different metaphor of shrivelling and wilting decay. For STC, '**wither**' typically links emotional depression with physical decline: 'shall he bloom and **wither**' (*Happiness*, 3), '**withered brow**' ('Death of Chatterton', 79), '**in thy heart they withered!**' (*Lines on a Friend Who Died of a Frenzy Fever Induced by Calumnious Reports*, 26), 'Disease that **withers** manhood's arm' (*Religious Musings*, 213), 'Thy balmy spirits and thy fervid blood Must change to feeble, **withered**, cold and dry' (*Inscription for a Seat by the Road Side Half-Way up a Steep Hill Facing South*, 29) 'His arm shrinks **wither'd**, his heart melts away' (*Remorse*, IV. iii. 33); or even in a mawkish and comically maudlin sense: 'Poor **wither'd** floweret! on its head Has dark Despair his sickly mildew shed!' (*To Fortune*, 27–8). See note to 2473–4.

3502–43 The prose summary describes the dialogue in which Faustus persuades Margaret to admit him into her chamber and provides her with Mephistopheles' potion which is supposed to put her mother into a deep sleep.

At the Fountain (*Am Brunnen* 3544–86)

3544–76 As the prose summary relates, Margaret overhears other village girls gossiping about one who had been seduced and abandoned.

3577–86 This soliloquy, which concludes the scene, is not in Anster's translation.

3579–81 *Wie konnt ich über andrer Sünden Nicht Worte gnug der Zunge finden! Wie schien mir's schwarz, und schwärzt's noch gar, Mir's immer doch nicht schwarz gnug war!* STC: 'To expose another's sins, my ready tongue Could scarce find words enough to vent its spleen! In vain they blamed; when all of blame was said, Methought the crime was hardly blamed enough.' The syntax here is complex. STC correctly translates *andrer* as a genitive plural of the pronoun: not 'other sins' but 'another's sins'. Instead of leaving *der Zunge* in the dative: 'I could find not words enough for my tongue to say,' he converts it to the nominative: 'my ready tongue Could scarce find words enough.' For the metaphorical *schwärzen* (blacken), STC substitutes the literal 'blame'.

The Fausse-Braye (*Zwinger* 3587–619)

3587 SD The stage directions are fully translated from the original. As in the scene in Margaret's Chamber (3374–413), Margaret again sings a solo lyric, this one addressed to Our Lady of Tears. Although he retains Margaret's shift from divine love to human love, STC alters both rhythm and metaphor. This scene is not in Anster's translation.

3599–600 *Was mein armes Herz hier banget, Was es zittert, was verlanget*. STC: 'And how my poor heart in throbs expires, How trembles still, and still desires.' The shift in syntax, with the strategic placing of 'still', is typical of STC; cf. 'Where rising still, still deepening', *Work without Hope*, line 16. r. 1 in Mays ed. *Poetical Works* ii. 1229; also CN 5192; Paley, *Coleridge's Later Poetry*, 79.

Night (*Nacht* 3620–775)

Margaret's brother has learned of his sister's disgrace. He is lying in wait for her lover, to avenge her betrayal.

3620–45 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

3646–9 The prose summary replaces the four lines in which Valentine takes notice of the approach of Faustus and Mephistopheles.

3650-4

These lines are not in Anster's translation.

*Wie von dem Fenster dort der Sakristei
Aufwärts der Schein des Ew'gen Lämpchens flämmert
Und schwach und schwächer seitwärts dämmert,
Und Finsternis drängt ringsum bei!
So sieht's in meinem Busen nächtig.*

How from the casement of yon sacristy,
The ever-burning lamp gleams dimly out,
And casts a fainter, and a fainter ray
Into the darkness which now gathers round it:—
So darkly gleams the ray within my bosom!

'Our linksburn dimly' (*Remorse*, IV. i. 145); 'Its flame burn dimly o'er a chasmsbrink' (*Remorse*, IV. iii. 74). The participial compound 'ever-burning' is akin to the many other such compounds in STC's poetry: i.e. 'ever-acting', 'ever-circling', 'ever-during', 'ever-enduring', 'ever-frowning', 'ever-living', 'ever-murm'ring', 'ever-narrowing', as well as other 'ever-' compounds such as 'ever-anxious' and 'ever-nigh'. See note to 3940-55 for another example of STC's use of the 'ever-' compound. The twilight threshold of fading light and enveloping darkness is also a recurrent Coleridgean motif: e.g. 'uncertain glimmer in the darkness' (*Night-Scene*, 32), 'A horror of great darkness wrapt her round' (*Destiny of Nations*, 273), 'In the sleep-compelling earth, in unpierc'd darkness' (*Remorse*, III. ii. 123)

3655-719 The prose summary tells how Valentine, lamed by Mephistopheles's magic, is killed in the duel. Faustus is compelled to flee from town, leaving the pregnant Margaret behind to face the consequences alone.

3661 Prose summary: Mephistopheles declares 'that he feels new spirit on the eve of the approaching first of May, which ushers in the festal night of spirits and witches'. This is the third reference to the orgy atop the Brocken on Walpurgis Night (the night of 30 April to 1 May); see notes to 2113, 2589-90.

3682-97 Prose summary: Mephistopheles 'plays a serenade on the guitar, and sings beneath Margaret's window'. His song has many points of similarity with the Schlegel translation of Ophelia's song in *Hamlet* (IV. v). Goethe acknowledged the borrowing in a conversation with Eckermann (18 January 1825): 'So singt mein Mephistopheles ein Lied von Shakespeare, und warum sollte er das nicht?' In her mad delirium in the concluding prison scene, Margaret, too, echoes Ophelia's song (4412-20).

3714-15 Prose summary: 'Mephistopheles hurries Faustus off' because the police will be arriving and murder will be charged. With crimes other than murder, Mephistopheles can deal with the police, but in matters of life and death, he cannot. The most likely reason would appear to be that in a trial for murder the court requires imperial sanction and the Emperor is looked on as the instrument of God.

3720-5 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

3726-70 The prose summary gives the details of Valentine's angry indictment of Margaret, ending with her being cursed by her dying brother and condemned by the gathering crowd.

3771-5 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

The Cathedral (*Dom* 3776-834)

STC translates the entire scene, including 3776-84 and 3800-34 omitted from Anster's translation.

3798-9, 3807-9, 3825-7

*Dies irae, dies illa Solvet saeculum in favilla.
Judex ergo cum sedebit, Quidquid latet adparebit, Nil inultum remanebit.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus? Quem patronum rogaturus? Cum vix justus sit securus.*

[Day of wrath, that day will dissolve the world into cinders.—Thus when the judge holds court, whatever is hidden will appear, nothing will remain unavenged.—What am I to say, To what patron shall I appeal, When not even the just are secure?] This Latin Requiem was sung in masses for the dead. It has been attributed, with no certainty, to Thomas of Celano (c. 1250). German translations are given in Karl Simrock's *Lauda Sion* (Stuttgart, 2nd edn. 1863), 333, and Friedrich Wolters, *Hymnen und Sequenzen* (Berlin, 2nd edn., 1922), 136–8. Goethe has the Choir sing the first, sixth, and seventh of the seventeen stanzas; the Evil Spirit paraphrases the third and fourth stanzas (3800–8).

3800–8 *Grimm faßt dich! Die Posaune tönt! Die Gräber beben! Und dein Herz, Aus Aschenruh Zu Flammenqualen Wieder aufgeschaffen, Bebt auf!* STC: 'Heaven's wrath pursues thee; now the trumpet sounds—The tombs are shaken—and, again created, Thy heart arises from its ashy bed, And wakes to fiery tortures.' As STC recognized, a source for this Requiem was 1 Corinthians 15: 52: 'for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.'

3809–12 *Mir ist, als ob die Orgel mir Den Atem versetzte, Gesang mein Herz/ Im Tiefsten löste.* STC: 'The organ drowns my breathing and the hymns Sink in my heart, and rend its strings asunder.' STC replaces the noun *Atem* (breath) with the verbal *breathing*, then adds the metaphor of *drowns*, thus heightening the sense of Margaret's terror as her *breathing* is engulfed in waves of sound. Paley, *Coleridge's Later Poetry*, 15–16, argues that STC used *breathing* in the Wordsworthian sense as vital power.

3817–20 *Die Mauernpfeiler Befangen mich! Das Gewölbe Drängt mich— Luft!* As in the opening scenes in Faust's study (354 SD: *A high-arched narrow Gothic Chamber*), Goethe describes Gothic space as oppressively narrow and confining. STC: 'the pillars and the walls Close in upon me, and the vaulted roof Descends to crush me. Air! a breath of air!' STC extends Margaret's cry for 'Luft' to echo the sense of her constricted *breathing* that he introduced in the previous lines.

3829 *Ihr Anlitz wenden Verklärte von dir ab. Die Hände dir zu reichen, Schauert's den Reinen.* STC: 'The blest avert their faces; the pure souls Shrink from extending forth their hands to save thee.' Transfigured souls (1 Corinthians 15: 49–54), who have risen from their graves (1 Thessalonians 4: 16–17) turn away from the sinful soul.

Walpurgis-Night (*Walpurgisnacht* 3835–4222)

3835–939 The prose summary tells of Faustus and Mephistopheles, their way lighted by an *Ignis fatuus*, ascend the Brocken to take part in the revel of witches.

3889–91 *Uhu! Schuhu! tönt es näher, Kauz und Kibitz und der Häher, Sind sie alle wach geblieben?* The prose summary simply observes, 'Birds of all kinds are still in concert.' In a notebook entry (CN 4726), STC queries the sounds of birds as expressed in German and English.

3940–55 not in Staël/Hodgson, Soane, Anster, or Boileau.

*Ein Nebel verdichtet die Nacht.
Höre, wie's durch die Wälder kracht!
Aufgeschwecht fliegen die Eulen.
Hör, es splintern die Säulen
Ewig grüner Paläste.
Girren und Brechen der Aste!
Der Stämme mächtiges Dröhnen!
Der Wurzeln Knarren und Gähnen!
Im fürchterlich verworrenen Falle
Übereinander krachen sie alle
Und durch die übertrümmerten Klüfte
Zischen und heulen die Lüfte.
Hörst du Stimmen in der Höhe?
Inder Ferne, in der Nähe?*

*Ja, den ganzen Berg entlang
Strömt ein wütender Zaubergesang!*

O'er the night a cloud condenses,
Through the woods a rush commences,
Up the owls affrighted start;
Listen! how the pillars part,
The ever-verdant roofs from under,
Boughs rustle, snap, and break asunder!
The trunks incline in fearful forms,
Roots creak and stretch, as torn by storms;—
In startling, and entangled fall,
Upon each other rush they all,
And through rent clefts and shattered trees,
Now sighs and howls the rushing breeze.
Hear'st thou voices in the air,
Now far distant, and now near?
Yes, the mountain's ridge along
Sweeps a raging, magic song! (Coleridge)

STC turned from blank verse to tetrameter couplets in describing the ascent of the Brocken. Without striving to match, STC's couplets keep pace with the rhymes of the original. At 'Ewig grüner Paläste', instead of resorting to the clichéd 'evergreen,' STC substitutes 'ever-verdant.' Throughout his poetry 'ever-' compounds recur frequently (see note to 3650–4 above).

3955 *ein wütender Zaubergesang!* STC: 'a raging, magic song'. Mephistopheles here calls attention to the Song of the Witches. For other references to the magic of song, see STC: 'skill'd with magic spell to roll The thrilling tones, that concentrate the soul!' (*To the Rev. W. J. Hort, While Teaching a Young Lady Some Song-Tunes on his Flute*, 9–10); 'sung to me her magic song' (*A Stranger Minstrel*, 49).

3956–4182 The prose summary relates what Faustus does and sees among the witches, how he joins in a dance, and then how he is distracted by a phantom, who appears to be Margaret.

4183–205 These lines are not in Anster's translation.

4206–398 The prose summary ends the account of the Walpurgis Night simply by declaring that Mephistopheles again distracts Faustus with a jest. The summary also declares that the next scene, with its dream of *Oberon and Titania's Golden Nuptials*, has been omitted because it has 'no connexion with the main plot'.

Walpurgis-Night's Dream (*Walpurgisnachtstraum* 4223–398)

Gloomy Day (*Trüber Tag*; prose)

This entire scene is omitted in Anster's translation.

STC: 'In sorrow! In despair!' Faustus has just learned that Margaret has been found guilty of the murder of her infant child and is now in prison awaiting execution.

STC: Now we are again at our wit's end? As in the scene of necromancy with Nostradamus' book (420), and the subsequent censure of the Earth-Spirit (482–514), Faustus is blamed by Mephistopheles for having undertaken the pact without being capable of dealing with the trials.

Ich kann die Bande des Rächers nicht lösen, seine Riegel nicht öffnen. STC: 'I cannot sever the avenger's bonds, or loose his bolts.' Mephistopheles cannot control the decrees of the court which deals with murder, because the decrees of that court are given 'in God's name'. See also note to lines 3714–15.

Zauberpferde. STC: 'phantom-steeds'—another magical means of transportation, like the magic cloak (2065). STC has magical steeds elsewhere in his poetry: 'Steeds with wings' (*The Silver*

Thimble, 3). 'Our fancies from their steeds unhorse' (*Inside the Coach*, 25), and, depending on how one interprets Geraldine's abduction by the 'Five warriors', one might also count their white steeds and the white palfrey 'fleet as wind' (*Christabel*, 79–85). See notes to 4399–404 and 4459.

Night. Open Field (*Nacht. Offen Feld* 4399–404)

In this brief scene, omitted in Anster's translation, Faustus and Mephistopheles are depicted on the 'phantom-steeds', charging back to the village where Faustus hopes to rescue Margaret from her impending execution. The dialogue contrasts how they interpret what they see as they approach the prison. Mephistopheles sees witches or demons. Faustus sees protecting angels.

4399 *Was weben die dort um den Rabenstein?* STC: 'What forms are those hovering about the place of execution?' *Rabenstein*, literally the 'ravens' stone', is a block of masonry used for the decapitation of convicted criminals. Hence the word means a 'place of execution'. Faustus' verb *weben* also implies that the figures are 'weaving' a charm.

4400, 4402 *Weiß nicht, was sie kochen und schaffen. . . . Eine Hexenzunft.* STC: 'I know not what they're doing . . . A witches' meeting.' In his use of the verbs *kochen* and *schaffen* Mephistopheles suggests that these figures are 'brewing and conjuring'.

4401, 4403 *Schweben auf, schweben ab, neigen sich, beugen sich. . . . Sie streuen und weihen.* STC: 'See, they flit up and down—they bend and stoop. . . . They are sprinkling now, Hallowing the charm.' *Schweben* might be better translated as 'hover', but STC had already used that verb in translating line 4399. To further the sense of a divine rather than a demonic presence, *neigen* and *beugen* might also be rendered 'kneel' and 'bow'. STC makes clear that Faustus perceives a heavenly intervention in translating *streuen* and *weihen* as 'sprinkling [holy water]' and 'Hallowing the charm'. Cf. 'hallow thus the Sabbath-day' (*Home-Sick, Written in Germany*, 4).

Prison (*Kerker* 4405–612)

Anster omits the opening (4405–11) and concluding (4611–12) lines of this scene.

4412–20 *singing a rude ballad, so gross as to indicate insanity.* This, of course, is the translator's note, again indicating STC's omitting passages he considers indecent; see note on lines 4448–50. Margaret's song, like that sung by the distraught Ophelia in *Hamlet* (IV. v), demonstrates the pathological condition of her mind. In the street scene preceding the sword fight in which Margaret's brother is killed Mephistopheles sang a serenade borrowed from Ophelia's song (3682–97). Margaret's hallucinations in this scene recapitulate her being seduced and abandoned by Faustus who involved her in the murder of her mother and her brother.

4436 *Zerrissen liegt der Kranz, die Blumen zerstreut.* STC: 'My garland is all torn, and every flower is scattered'. A bride appeared before the altar wearing a bridal wreath to signify her maidenhood. Margaret's garland, 'torn, and . . . scattered', may be taken as the symbol of Faustus having seduced and abandoned her (cf. 4583). The song 'Wir winden dir ein Jungfernkranz' gained popularity with the success of Carl Maria von Weber's Faustian opera *Der Frieschütz* (premiered on 18 June 1821 in Berlin).

4443 *Laß mich nur erst das Kind noch trünken.* STC: 'let me only Give suck to my poor babe.' In her insane despair Margaret has killed her infant. Unable to cope mentally with the horror of her crime, she imagines it still alive and at her breast. The situation is similar to the lines from Wordsworth that STC cites in *Biographia Literaria*: 'Suck, little babe, oh suck again! It cools my blood; it cools my brain: Thy lips, I feel them, baby!' *The Mad Mother*, 31; cited in *BL* ii. 150).

4448–50 *Sie singen Lieder auf mich! Es ist böß von den Leuten! Ein altes Märchen endigt so, Wer heißt sie's deuten?* STC: 'they sing ballads Upon me; 'tis unfeeling: there's an old song Runs in that strain, how came they to apply it?' That STC has translated *böß* as 'unfeeling', rather than as *evil*, *wicked*, or *mean*, may seem an unwarranted softening of the sense, until one recollects that 'unfeeling' often carried for STC a strong pejorative condemnation, as in 'the keen insult of the unfeeling Heart' ('Death of Chatterton'), or 'The scoff of each unfeeling mind' (*The Tears of a*

Grateful People). Margaret herself was singing a ballad of *Kindermord* when Faustus entered the prison (among the omitted lines that STC described as 'a rude ballad, so gross as to indicate insanity', 4412–20): *Meine Mutter, die Hur Die mich umgebracht hat! Mein Vater, der Schelm Der mich gessen hat!* 'My Mother, the whore, Who killed me! My father, the Scoundrel, Who ate me!' On *Kindermord* in the period, see Marita Metz-Becker, *Der verwaltete Körper: Die Medikalisierung schwangerer Frauen in den Gebäuhäusern des frühen 19. Jahrhunderts* (Frankfurt a.M. Campus Verlag, 1997); Regina Schulte, *The Village in Court: Arson, Infanticide, and Poaching in the Court Records of Upper Bavaria* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1994); Deborah A. Symonds, *Weep Not for Me: Women, Ballads, and Infanticide in Early Modern Scotland* (University Park, Pa.: Penn State University Press, 1997); Robert A. Peterson, *Writing British Infanticide: Child-Murder, Gender, and Print, 1722–1859* (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 2003).

4515 *Gib deine Hand! Es ist kein Traum! Deine liebe Hand!– Ach, aber sie ist feucht! Wische sie ab! Wie mich deucht, Ist Blut dran. Ach Gott! was hast du getan!* STC: 'Give me thy hand. Is it no dream, in truth? That hand so dear—but it is moist. Alas! Wipe, wipe it off. Methinks there's blood upon it. What hast thou done?' Goethe borrowed from Shakespeare the mad scene of Lady Macbeth in creating Margaret's hallucination in which she feels Faustus' hand still wet with the blood of her brother, as if he were still there in the street, sword in hand, after slaying Valentine. Apparently responding to Lady Macbeth's 'Out, out damned spot' (v. i. 34), STC adds the repetition 'Wipe, wipe it off.'

4551–62 *Geschwind! Geschwind! Rette dein armes Kind! Fort! immer den Weg Am Bach hinauf, Über den Steg, In den Wald hinein, Links, wo die Planke steht, Im Teich. Faß es nur gleich! Es will sich heben, Es zappelt noch! Rette! rette!* STC: 'Quick, quick! Away! Save thy poor child. Fly hence; away—away Up yonder by the brook: beyond the stile, Deep in the wood, there where thou see'st the plank Across the pool. Oh! snatch it out at once. It strives to rise;—it struggles still—save—save it!' Another hallucination: Margaret imagines that she is leading Faust to the rescue of the child she had drowned. Phrasing that STC has altered includes: his addition of 'yonder' (see note to 4599) and his substituting the active experience 'there where thou see'st' for the simple direction 'To the left' (*Links*).

4565–72 *Wären wir nur den Berg vorbei! Da sitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein, Es faßt mich kalt beim Schopfe! Da sitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein Und wackelt mit dem Kopfe Sie winkt nicht, sie nickt nicht, der Kopf ist ihr schwer, Sie schlieft so lange, sie wacht nicht mehr. Sie schlieft, damit wir uns freuen.* STC: 'Would we were past that hill! my mother there Is sitting on a stone. How cold it is! There on a stone my mother sits, and shakes Her grey head towards me—now she beckons not, Nor nods—her head seems heavy—long she slept—She wakes no more. She slept while we were happy.' Margaret's delusional mind now imagines her dead mother waiting for her, recollecting how her mother never reawakened after she had been given the sleeping potion. STC omits *Es faßt mich kalt beim Schopfe!* (4567), where Margaret anticipates being seized by the hair at her imminent execution. He also omits the framing repetition of *Da sitzt meine Mutter auf einem Stein* (4568). By altering *damit*, which would be translated as 'She slept so that we could enjoy ourselves', STC removed the guilty accusation from *Sie schlieft, damit wir uns freuen* (4572), rendering it 'She slept while we were happy.'

4584–95

*Tag! Ja, es wird Tag! der letzte Tag dringt herein;
Mein Hochzeittag sollt es sein!
Sag niemand, daß du schon bei Gretchen warst.
Weh meinem Kranze!
Es ist eben geschehn!
Wir werden uns wiedersehn;
Aber nicht beim Tanze.
Die Menge drängt sich, man hört sie nicht.
Der Platz, die Gassen
Können sie nicht fassen.*

*Die Glocke ruft, das Stäbchen bricht.
Wie sie mich binden und packen!
Zum Blutstuhl bin ich schon entrückt.
Schon zuckt nach jedem Nacken
Die Schärfe, die nach meinem zückt.
Stumm liegt die Welt wie das Grab!*

Day? yes, 'tis day: the last day passes on—
My bridal-day it should have been. Tell none
That thou wert here with Margaret. Ah! my garland,
It is quite withered:—we will meet again;
Not at the dance:—the crowd assembles close—
Nothing is heard—the square, the streets, will scarce
Contain them;—'tis the bell that sounds—the staff
Is broke asunder—how they seize and bind me
They bear me to the scaffold—every neck
Feels the sharp sword, as now it falls on mine;
'Tis silent now, as silent as the grave. (Coleridge)

Reminded that another day is about to dawn, Margaret recalls that it is the day of her execution, the day that should have been her wedding day. In line 4583, as in line 4436, she thinks of the fate of her *Jungfermkranz*. As he has done previously, STC adds the word 'withered' (see notes to 2473–4, 3493) 'Day' (*Tag*) is thrice repeated in the first two lines, thrice repeated also is the possessive pronoun: 'My bridal-day', 'my garland', and finally the sword that is going to fall on the neck that is 'mine'. The 'bell', the '*Armesünderglocke*', tolls while the condemned is being led to the place of execution (4590). The 'staff' is broken above the head of the condemned as a symbol of the death decree of the court. Before each execution, the court decree which orders it is read. Then either the judge or his representative breaks a small white rod (4590–91). Every witness of an execution by the axe so far identifies himself with the victim as to feel, by a momentary sympathy, that the blade is falling on his or her own neck (4593–4). When Margaret imagines the utter silence of death and the grave, STC, not Goethe, has inserted the familiar phrase from Psalm 31: 17 'let the wicked be ashamed, and let them be silent in the grave' (4595).

4599 *Mein Pferde schauern*. STC: 'my horses shiver yonder.' Although 'shiver' is a word that STC elsewhere relates to human joys, ecstasies, chills, hopes, pains, and fears, and nowhere else to horses, it is here more apt than 'shudder'. There is no *da, dort, or drüben* in Goethe's text, so STC's insertion of 'yonder' is his own effort to provide the sort of spatial location that is so distinctive in his other uses of the word, as 'on the midway slope Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon' ('Eolian Harp', 35), or 'To other thoughts by yonder thistle woo'd' (*Dejection: An Ode*, 26). See previous notes on the *Zauberpferde* of *Gloomy Day* (*Trüber Tag*), and notes on 4399–404, 4459.

4609 *Ihr Engel! Ihr heiligen Scharen, Lagert euch umher, mich zu bewahren!* STC: 'Ye angels, and ye hosts of saints, surround—Protect me!' Psalm 34: 7 'The angel of the Lord encamps around those who fear him, and delivers them.'

Germaine de Staël, *Germany*,
Part II, Chapter 23

INTRODUCTION

Anne-Louise Germaine de Staël-Holstein (1766–1817) was born in Paris to wealthy Swiss Protestant parents. Her father, Jacques Necker, was a banker who was appointed as Louis XVI's finance minister in 1777. His dismissal by Louis XVI was a climactic event in the life of his family and in the public life of France, where his moderate, liberal views had become quite popular; his departure from power was one of the pivotal episodes that led to the fall of the Bastille. As a young girl, Germaine Necker frequently attended the salon of her mother Suzanne Necker, a leading venue for European intellectuals in Paris. She was an active participant in conversations on matters literary, historical, and philosophical. In 1786 Germaine married the Swedish ambassador to France, Baron Erik de Staël-Holstein, seventeen years her elder, who proved to be an unfaithful husband and feckless socialite. They had only one child together, and Germaine followed her husband's footsteps into a life of libertinage, treating young men as a kind of catnip and bearing several children outside wedlock. Her first marriage ended in a formal separation in 1797.

During the later 1780s, Madame de Staël became a leading figure in Parisian society, and her salon was renowned as an exclusive meeting place where writers, artists, and critics could freely discuss the latest developments in literature, culture, and politics. Her first book, *Lettres sur les ouvrages et le caractère de J.-J. Rousseau* (*Letters on the Works and the Character of J.-J. Rousseau*) (1788), expressed her admiration for Rousseau's ideas on free love, child development, and the state of nature. After the fall of the Bastille in 1789, she became implicated in the liberal republican views of the Girondists, and her advocacy for tolerance, moderation, and pacifism came under deep suspicion from both revolutionary Jacobins and aristocratic émigrés. In 1792 she fled from Paris to England and then settled in Coppet, Switzerland, where her family owned an estate, and where she founded a new salon, soon frequented by leading intellectuals. For the rest of her life, as she moved between Paris, England, Italy, Russia, and Germany, often shadowed by Napoleon's secret police, her ancestral home in Coppet became a refuge

Germaine de Staël, *Germany* (*De l'Allemagne*, 1809), trans. Francis Hodgson, ed. William Lamb (London: John Murray, 1813), pt. II 'On Literature and the Arts', ch. 23 'Faustus', pp. 181–226.

and writer's retreat, where many of her best ideas were tried out and her best works composed.

The decade 1800–10 was the most productive period of Madame de Staël's literary career. Widely influential novels and profoundly original critical works poured forth from her pen, beginning with *De la littérature considérée dans ses rapports avec les institutions sociales* (*The Influence of Literature upon Society*) (1800). In this wide-ranging survey of European literary history, she argues that every literary text is the expression of the spiritual and historical reality of the nation in which it is conceived. Drawing upon the ideas of Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Herder, Madame de Staël articulates the concept of the *spirit of the age*, the *Zeitgeist*, which underlies all cultural phenomena. She suggests that the Nordic spirit, as exemplified by the songs of Ossian and indigenous German literature, is fundamentally opposed to the Classical spirit, as exemplified by the poetry of Homer and French literature generally.

These seminal ideas on the evolution of literature and culture received much fuller development in Madame de Staël's most popular and enduring work, *De l'Allemagne* (*Germany*), first published in 1810. This broad-ranging survey of German language, literature, philosophy, and culture was based on extensive personal experience. Madame de Staël had corresponded with Goethe as early as 1797, when he sent her copies of his novels *Werther* and *Wilhelm Meister*. In 1799 she sent Goethe an advance copy of her new book, *De la littérature*, expressed her admiration for *Werther* (which she had read in French translation), and said she was beginning to study the German language.¹ She first visited Germany in 1803–4; in Weimar she became acquainted with Goethe, Schiller, and other leading luminaries of the German Enlightenment. Because her command of spoken German was poor, she always spoke French with Goethe, who was fluent in that language. While in Weimar, she studied German language and literature with Böttiger, the director of the Weimar *Gymnasium*, who recorded in his diary that they discussed Goethe's *Faust*:

Weimar, 29. Januar 1804.—*Ich mußte ihr Goethes 'Faust' erklären. Als wir zu der Stelle kamen, wo der Floh ein Minister wird, lachte sie laut auf und fand es durchaus unbegreiflich, daß eine ganze Nation dies bedeutend und geistreich finden könne.* (I had to explicate Goethe's *Faust* to her. When we came to the part where a flea becomes a minister, she laughed out loud and found it absolutely incredible that an entire nation could find this episode significant and ingenious.)²

¹ Helen B. Posgate, *Madame de Staël* (New York: Twayne, 1968), 99.

² Alfred Götze, 'Goethes Faust und Madame de Staël', *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprache*, 204 (1967), 186.

In 1804 the only available edition of this drama was *Faust: Ein Fragment* (1790), which includes an amusing song about a flea that is dressed up as a Prime Minister (in *Auerbachs Keller*, *Faust* lines 2207–40). Presumably Madame de Staël obtained a copy of Goethe's *Fragment*, along with many other German books, during her 1803–4 visit to Weimar and Berlin. While in Berlin, she persuaded the distinguished scholar and translator August Wilhelm Schlegel to return with her to Coppet as a tutor for her two boys, and as a teacher and literary mentor for herself.³

In 1808 Madame de Staël spent several months in Vienna, Weimar, and Dresden, extending her knowledge of the German language and gathering materials for her intended book about Germany. When she arrived in Weimar in June 1808, Goethe had just published *Faust. Eine Tragödie*, the first complete edition of Part 1 of the play. Madame de Staël purchased a copy of the 1808 edition, which she sent to Friedrich Schlegel in Dresden, and she must have obtained another copy of the 1808 edition for her own use.⁴ (She may have received a presentation copy from Goethe himself, since he admired her work and had previously sent her copies of his books.) Returning to Coppet in 1808, Madame de Staël devoted the next two years to writing *De l'Allemagne*. When the book was ready for publication, she moved to the castle of Chaumont-sur-Loire, about 90 miles outside Paris, where she spent several months revising the manuscript and correcting proofs, working closely with the publisher of her immensely popular novel *Corinne*. Unfortunately, the first edition of 1810 was never to appear. After conducting surveillance while the work was in press, Napoleon's minister of police banned the book as an anti-French work. Almost all 5,000 copies of the first edition of 1810 were seized and destroyed. However, a single copy escaped the police, and *De l'Allemagne* subsequently appeared in England, published in French by John Murray in 1813. Later that year, Murray published an English-language edition, *Germany*, in three volumes, comprising the complete text of the French edition rendered into English by an anonymous translator. Until recently, the translator of the English edition was unknown. The editor of an 1861 English edition of *Germany* stated: 'We do not know who was its author. It shows a singular combination of ability and carelessness.'⁵ Indeed, no previous editor has identified the

³ Posgate, *Madame de Staël*, 101.

⁴ Götze, in 'Goethes Faust und Madame de Staël', notes that she obtained a copy of the 1808 edition of *Faust* while visiting Weimar (p. 186).

⁵ *Germany, by Madame the Baroness de Staël-Holstein. With Notes and Appendices*, ed. O. W. Wright (New York: H. W. Derby, 1861). This edition replaces Madame de Staël's prose translations of German texts with fresh verse translations from the original German; otherwise the translation is largely identical to the Murray edition of 1813.

English translator of *Germany*. But the Johns Hopkins University Library copy of the 1813 edition holds an important clue to the translator's identity. The title page of *Germany* (1813) contains the following pencil annotation after the words '*translated from the French*': 'by Francis Hodgson ed by Wm. Lamb.'⁶

Following up on this annotation, we have found persuasive evidence that the translators employed by Murray for this edition were indeed Francis Hodgson and William Lamb. Francis Hodgson is a likely candidate; he did many translations and is best known for his translation of Juvenal (see *DNB*). As a friend of Byron, and fellow Etonian, he attended many of the gatherings hosted by John Murray. Samuel Smiles, in *A Publisher and his Friends: Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray*, mentions Francis Hodgson several times (although Smiles does not mention Hodgson as translator of de Staël). John Murray was also the publisher of Hodgson's *The Friends* in 1818. Although definitive evidence is lacking, it seems quite plausible that Hodgson was the primary English translator of Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*.

When the English translation was completed in draft, Murray turned to William Lamb (the future Lord Melbourne, and husband of Lady Caroline Lamb) as editor of the translation. Why was an editor needed? We have found the explanation in Lady Caroline Lamb's correspondence with John Murray. She had read the not-yet-published proof sheets of the translation, had cautioned Murray that there were serious translating errors, and had proposed that her husband, who was perfectly proficient in French, should correct the translation. Hence the 'ed by Wm. Lamb' annotation in the Johns Hopkins University copy of *Germany* cited above. Caroline Lamb was personally acquainted with Madame de Staël, who had come to England in 1813 to oversee the publication of her work. In his 2004 biography of Caroline Lamb, Paul Douglass describes the circumstances of this request for William Lamb's involvement as translator of *De l'Allemagne*:

Murray asked Caroline, who was familiar with the work in the original French, to correct the proof sheets of the translation. She noted that two famous passages (one on enthusiasm), 'so splendidly Eloquent in the original,' were not well translated, and she proposed to Murray that William might help by translating them afresh. Murray could then insert them as if they were the corrections of Madame de Staël herself. Murray agreed; William's talents were employed and Caroline pleased: 'I delight in Staals booke, it seems to me a vast fund of erudition come together God

⁶ *Germany; by the Baroness Staël Holstein. Translated from the French. In three volumes* (London: John Murray, 1813). Title page, pencil annotation, in copy of this book held by the Milton S. Eisenhower Library, Special Collections, Johns Hopkins University.

knows why, but full of point, wit & ability.' Thus, Murray, Caroline, and William had already developed something of an affinity and a business relation.⁷

In her letters of October 1813, Lady Caroline Lamb offers an engaging first-person account of William Lamb's work on this translation. She asked her husband to make an independent translation of certain problematic passages:

I will not show Wm Lamb the translation till he has done it he has gone on so well without it will only puzzle him when he has ended quite he can then compare the two with a fresh eye which is an advantage. . . . the translator is not in my opinion a Man of refined taste. like HobHouse & many other clever people [Curzon? Curran?] for example—and others there is a spice of vulgarity which no erudition can balance—if you like William Lamb's better you can let it pas for Mad. de Staal's corrections pray do not offend or hurt the feelings of those whom you employ.⁸

Incorporating William Lamb's corrections, Murray published the English translation of *Germany* in 1813. It quickly sold out, and Murray published a second edition in 1814.

The 1813 English translation of *De l'Allemagne* is a faithful, and quite literal, translation of the French work, without any evident reference to the original German source texts. Its main thesis is developed in a famous chapter 'Of Classic and Romantic Poetry' (part II, chapter 11), which argues that the classic (French) tradition is descended from the ancient civilization of Greece and Rome, still dominant in southern Europe, while the romantic (Germanic) tradition finds its heritage in the chivalric and Christian culture of northern Europe. This memorable dichotomy, which soon became a commonplace of literary history, forms the backbone of the book's argument, and from it hangs a comprehensive survey of German literature, philosophy, and culture. Re-imported to France after the fall of Napoleon in 1814, and frequently republished there throughout the nineteenth century, *De l'Allemagne* offered an impetus to the subsequent development of French Romanticism, with its dreamy chivalric mysticism, its thirst for the absolute, and its relentless quest for indigenous poetic origins.

In part II, chapter 23, *De l'Allemagne* provides a detailed plot summary of Goethe's *Faust*, with some sample extracts translated into prose. According to the editors of the French critical edition, this partial translation of *Faust* was the first ever to be published in French,⁹ and it is also the first English

⁷ Paul Douglass, *Lady Caroline Lamb: A Biography* (London: Palgrave Macmillan, 2004) p. 154.

⁸ Lady Caroline Lamb, Letter to John Murray, n.d. [October 1813], Murray Archive. Cited *ibid.*

⁹ Mme de Staël, *De l'Allemagne*, nouvelle édition publiée d'après les manuscrits et les éditions originales avec des variantes, ed. Jean de Pange and Simone Balayé (Paris: Hachette, 1958), iii. 20 n. 2: 'L'analyse de Faust et les scènes qui suivent sont en effet présentées aux lecteurs français pour

version of this important drama. It is uncertain whether Madame de Staël was the translator of the sample extracts; her French editors state that she probably had assistance in her German translations from a number of colleagues, most notably August Wilhelm Schlegel, who resided at her estate in Coppet.¹⁰ There was some uncertainty or carelessness in her handling of the plot sequence of *Faust*, since one extract (the cathedral scene) appears out of sequence in the original manuscripts of *De l'Allemagne*, and other scenes (including the Witch's Kitchen and the death of Valentin) occur out of sequence in the final published version (see textual notes for further details). Such an out-of-sequence arrangement of plot elements suggests that Madame de Staël had in hand a set of extracts translated into French, which she endeavoured to join together with a plot summary, but through careless handling these extracts wandered out of their correct sequence. In revising her manuscripts (perhaps in consultation with a native German speaker) some errors were corrected, but in the final published version of *De l'Allemagne*, a few scenes still remain out of sequence. Previous readers do not seem to have noticed that these scenes occur out of sequence, nor have these misplaced scenes been fully documented by previous editors. But their misplacement does offer some insight into Madame de Staël's compositional technique, which involved a collaborative translation process and a collage-like assembly of the final published version.

The editors of the French critical edition of *De l'Allemagne* claim that Madame de Staël began her work on *Faust* by reading Goethe's *Urfaust* and *Faust: Ein Fragment*, and they attribute certain out-of-sequence plot elements in the original manuscript to the influence of those two fragmentary texts; but we cannot concur with this assertion.¹¹ The *Urfaust* was not

la première fois par Mme de Staël. Aucune traduction en français de Faust n'avait encore été faite lorsque fut imprimé le livre De l'Allemagne.' ('The analysis of *Faust* and the following scenes were actually presented to French readers for the first time by Mme de Staël. No French translation of *Faust* was made prior to the publication of the book *De l'Allemagne*.)

¹⁰ *De l'Allemagne* (1958), i, p. vi: 'Il est probable que Mme de Staël n'a pas traduit elle-même tous les textes publiés dans *De l'Allemagne*. Elle avait sous son toit un maître traducteur en la personne d'Auguste-Guillaume Schlegel qui s'exerçait quotidiennement à transposer cinq ou six langues l'une à l'autre.' ('It is likely that Mme de Staël did not herself translate all of the texts published in *De l'Allemagne*. She had living with her a master-translator in the person of August Wilhelm Schlegel, who engaged himself every day in transposing five or six languages into each other.')

¹¹ *De l'Allemagne* (1958), iii, 105 n. 1: 'Le manuscrit B intercale ici l'analyse de la scène de Marguerite à l'église que l'on retrouvera plus loin. Il en est de même dans le manuscrit C. Or, dans le texte imprimé, cette scène prend place après la mort de Valentin. On peut en conclure avec certitude que Mme de Staël a rédigé ses manuscrits d'après les premières éditions de *Faust*, où la scène de Marguerite à l'église est donnée avant la mort de Valentin. Dans les premières rédactions, Goethe avait à peine esquissé le personnage de Valentin, comme on le voit dans le 'fragment' publié en 1790. C'est seulement en 1808 que Goethe se décide

published until 1897, and we can find no trace of its influence on the composition of *De l'Allemagne*.¹² We know that Madame de Staël was reading *Faust: Ein Fragment* during her 1804 visit to Weimar, but that edition was certainly not the copytext for her translation of *Faust*, which contains many additional scenes that appear only in the 1808 edition. Moreover, in a letter of June 1808, Madame de Staël reports that she has recently acquired a copy of the new edition of *Faust* and has given it to Friedrich Schlegel.¹³ Based on these facts, it seems most plausible to affirm that Madame de Staël read *Faust* (part I) in its first complete German edition soon after June 1808, and that her translation is based solely on that 1808 edition. The out-of-sequence plot elements that occur in her analysis of the drama must have resulted from the collaborative translation process described above.

A review of *De l'Allemagne* was published in the October 1813 issue of the *Edinburgh Review*.¹⁴ The author, Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832), was a leading Scottish writer and co-founder of the *Edinburgh Review*, and he was personally acquainted with Madame de Staël. He considered it to be a book

à publier son Premier Faust. Il achève alors la scène de Valentin, qu'il développe et change de place en l'insérant avant la scène de l'église où il introduit une allusion à la mort de Valentin. Mme de Staël a sans doute travaillé d'abord sur les textes du Fragment et de l'Urfaust avant d'avoir connaissance de l'édition de 1808, qu'à la date de 6 juin 1808, elle dit n'avoir pas encore lue.' ('Manuscript B inserts here the analysis of the scene of Margaret at the cathedral, which will be found later in the published text. Manuscript C is the same. Now, in the published text, this scene occurs *after* the death of Valentin. One may certainly conclude from these facts that Mme de Staël composed her manuscripts according to the early editions of *Faust*, in which the scene of Margaret at the cathedral appears *before* the death of Valentin. In those early editions, Goethe barely sketched in the character of Valentin, as may be seen in the *Fragment* published in 1790. It was only in 1808 that Goethe decided to publish his *Faust, Part 1*. In that work he completed the scene of Valentin, which he developed and moved to a new place, inserting it *before* the cathedral scene, where he introduced an allusion to the death of Valentin. Mme de Staël doubtless worked at first with the texts of the *Fragment* and the *Urfaust* before she became acquainted with the edition of 1808, which on 6 June 1808 she claimed not yet to have read'.) We do not find this argument persuasive, for reasons explained in the main text of this headnote. Moreover, the character of Valentin does not appear anywhere in Goethe's *Fragment* of 1790, so that edition could not possibly have influenced Madame de Staël's placement of the episode of Valentin's death.

¹² Götze, in 'Goethes Faust und Madame de Staël', claims that she read the unpublished *Urfaust* in a handwritten manuscript that circulated among members of the court at Weimar (p. 186). This assertion seems inherently dubious, because Madame de Staël had only a very limited knowledge of the German language during her 1804 visit to Weimar, and she had the 1790 edition of *Faust: Ein Fragment* in her possession during that visit. During her 1808 visit to Weimar, she obtained the complete 1808 edition of *Faust*. It seems unlikely that she would have consulted a manuscript version of *Faust* when she had a published edition in hand.

¹³ *De l'Allemagne* (1958), iii, 70 n. 2, citing a letter from Madame de Staël, from Dresden, dated 6 June 1808: 'Je donne à Frédéric Schlegel . . . *Faust terminé tout à l'heure par Goethe, ouvrage, dit-on, très original.*' ('I have given to Friedrich Schlegel . . . a copy of *Faust*, which was very recently finished by Goethe—a highly original work, *they say.*')

¹⁴ *Edinburgh Review*, 22 (1814), 198–233.

of exceptional importance. In his view, Madame de Staël presents an accurate account of a vital new development in Germany, 'which in the course of half a century terminated in bestowing' on that country 'a literature, perhaps the most characteristic possessed by any European nation' (p. 200). Indeed, 'poetry and eloquence may, and in some measure must be national' (p. 200). He summarizes Madame de Staël's evolutionary concept of literary history: a German national literature has been born in our own 'enlightened age', when 'the imagination and sensibility of an infant poetry were singularly blended with the refinement of philosophy' (p. 200). Macintosh praises her partial translation of *Faust*, although he finds the play morally reprehensible:

The scenes translated from the *Faust* of Goethe well represent the terrible energy of that most odious of the works of genius, in which the whole power of imagination is employed to dispel the charms which poetry bestows upon human life;—where the punishment of vice proceeds from cruelty without justice, and 'where the remorse seems as infernal as the guilt.' (p. 216, paraphrasing *De l'Allemagne*, below, p. 137)

Macintosh regards Madame de Staël as an author of rare intuitive power, 'capable at once of observing and painting manners,—of estimating and expounding philosophical systems,—of feeling the beauties of the most dissimilar forms of literature,—of tracing the peculiarities of usages, arts, and even speculations, to their common principle in national character' (p. 204). Clearly, Madame de Staël had found a sympathetic audience for her book in Britain. By providing a persuasive rationale for the new 'romantic' idea of a national literature, Madame de Staël succeeded in kindling a strong interest in German literature among British readers.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge became personally acquainted with Madame de Staël during her visit to England in 1813–14. He first met her in London on 2 September 1813, and during the next year he occasionally encountered her in the intellectual circles that included Byron and Murray.¹⁵ Evidently Coleridge was on fairly familiar terms with Madame de Staël; in 1828, Julian Charles Young reported that Coleridge 'told me that he was one day sitting *tête à tête* with Madame de Staël, in London, when her manservant entered the room and asked if she would receive Lady Davey'.¹⁶ Certainly Coleridge and Madame de Staël had a lot to discuss with regard to German literature, philosophy, and religious ideas! However, we do not know precisely what they discussed, and in later years each was dismissive of the other's talents, suggesting that, at least in retrospect, they felt rivalry rather than intellectual kinship. On the occasion just cited, Coleridge claimed that Madame de Staël

¹⁵ Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Table Talk*, ed. Carl Woodring (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1990), p. xxx.

¹⁶ *Ibid.* 422.

exemplified 'the unreality and immorality of the French character'.¹⁷ In her turn, Madame de Staël offered a memorable critique of Coleridge's manner of speaking in social gatherings:

'Your uncle,' said Mme de Staël to one of Coleridge's nephews at Coppet, 'Your uncle is excellent at monologue, but he does not understand *le dialogue*'. Madame said this with an emphasis, the meaning of which was that upon one unhappy occasion in London, Coleridge being in company with the great lady, conceived the malicious intention of talking her down, and setting to work with a stout heart and a gracious craft, he magnetized the rest of the hearers into a circle around him.¹⁸

Madame de Staël's comment, and its reported context, indicates that she and Coleridge regarded each other as competitors, rather than companions, in the task of promulgating German literature, philosophy, and culture in Britain.

In broader historical perspective, however, both Coleridge and Madame de Staël were of seminal importance in communicating the new German 'romantic' idea of culture to British readers. Goethe himself was an admirer of Madame de Staël's work, which helped to promulgate broader knowledge and appreciation of German literature throughout Britain and Europe. After the publication of *De l'Allemagne*, Goethe wrote:

We must realize that she was a woman of tremendous influence. She drove a breach in the Chinese wall of prejudices that separated us from France, so that we grew to be appreciated not only across the Rhine, but across the [English] Channel.¹⁹

With regard to Goethe's *Faust*, Madame de Staël's analysis and partial translation whetted the appetite of British readers, and thereby created an insatiable demand for all subsequent English translations of *Faust*.

¹⁷ Ibid.

¹⁸ Ibid. 243 n. 1, citing a manuscript version of Henry Nelson Coleridge's review of S. T. Coleridge, *Poetical Works* (1834) for the *Quarterly Review*.

¹⁹ Posgate, *Madame de Staël*, 19 and 101, citing Mme la Comtesse de Pange, *Madame de Staël et la découverte de l'Allemagne* (1929), 47–8.

OF THE DRAMAS OF GOETHE

CHAPTER 23

Faustus

Among the pieces written for the performance of puppets, there is one entitled 'Dr. Faustus, or Fatal Science,' which has always had great success in Germany. Lessing took up this subject before Goëthe.¹ This wonderful history is a tradition very generally known. Several English authors have written the life of this same Dr. Faustus, and some of them have even attributed to him the art of printing,—his profound knowledge did not preserve him from being weary of life, and in order to escape from it, he tried to enter into a compact with the devil, who concludes the whole by carrying him off. From these slender materials Goëthe has furnished the astonishing work, of which I will now try to give some idea.

Certainly, we must not expect to find in it either taste, or measure, or the art that selects and terminates; but if the imagination could figure to itself an intellectual chaos, such as the material chaos has often been painted the 'Faustus' of Goëthe should have been composed at that epoch. It cannot be exceeded in boldness of conception, and the recollection of this production is always attended with a sensation of giddiness. The Devil is the hero of the piece; the author has not conceived him like a hideous phantom, such as he is usually represented to children; he has made him, if we may so express ourselves, the evil Being *par excellence*, before whom all others, that of Gresset particularly, are only novices, scarcely worthy to be the servants of Mephistopheles (this is the name of the daemon who has made himself the friend of Faustus). Goëthe wished to display in this character, at once real and fanciful, the bitterest pleasantry that contempt can inspire, and at the same time an audacious gaiety that amuses. There is an infernal irony in the discourses of Mephistopheles, which extends itself to the whole creation, and criticizes the universe like a bad book of which the Devil has made himself the censor.

Mephistopheles makes sport with genius itself, as with the most ridiculous of all absurdities, when it leads men to take a serious interest in any thing that exists in the world, and above all when it gives them confidence in their own individual strength. It is singular that supreme wickedness and divine wisdom coincide in this respect; that they equally recognize the vanity and weakness of all earthly things: but the one proclaims this truth only to disgust men with what is good, the other only to elevate them above what is evil.

If the play of 'Faustus' contained only a lively and philosophical pleasantry, an analogous spirit may be found in many of Voltaire's writings: but we perceive in this

piece an imagination of a very different nature. It is not only that it displays to us the moral world, such as it is, annihilated, but that Hell itself is substituted in the room of it. There is a potency of sorcery, a poetry belonging to the principle of evil, a delirium of wickedness, a distraction of thought, which make us shudder, laugh, and cry, in a breath. It seems as if the government of the world were, for a moment, entrusted to the hands of the Daemon. You tremble because he is pitiless, you laugh because he humbles the satisfaction of self-love, you weep, because human nature, thus contemplated from the depths of hell, inspires a painful compassion.

Milton has drawn his Satan larger than man; Michael Angelo and Dante have given him the hideous figure of the brute combined with the human shape. The Mephistopheles of Goëthe is a civilized Devil. He handles with dexterity that ridicule, so trifling in appearance, which is nevertheless of ten found to consist with a profundity of malice: he treats all sensibility as silliness or affectation; his figure is ugly, low, and crooked; he is awkward without timidity, disdainful without pride; he affects something of tenderness with the women, because it is only in their company that he needs to deceive, in order to seduce; and what he understands by seduction, is to minister to the passions of others; for he cannot even imitate love. This is the only dissimulation that is impossible to him.

The character of Mephistopheles supposes an inexhaustible knowledge of social life, of nature, and of the marvellous. This play of 'Faustus' is the night-mare of the imagination, but it is a night-mare that redoubles its strength. It discovers the diabolical revelation of incredulity,—of that incredulity which attaches itself to every thing that can ever exist of good in this world; and perhaps this might be a dangerous revelation, if the circumstances produced by the perfidious intentions of Mephistopheles did not inspire a horror of his arrogant language, and make known the wickedness which it covers.

In the character of Faustus, all the weaknesses of humanity are concentrated: desire of knowledge, and fatigue of labour; wish of success and satiety of pleasure. It presents a perfect model of the changeful and versatile being whose sentiments are yet more ephemeral than the short existence of which he complains. Faustus has more ambition than strength; and this inward agitation produces his revolt against nature, and makes him have recourse to all manner of sorceries, in order to escape from the hard but necessary conditions imposed upon mortality. He is discovered, in the first scene, surrounded by his books, and by an infinite number of mathematical instruments and chemical phials. His father had also devoted himself to science, and transmitted to him the same taste and habits. A solitary lamp enlightens this gloomy retreat, and Faustus pursues without intermission his studies of nature, and particularly of magic, many secrets of which are already in his possession.

He invokes one of the creating Genii of the second order; the spirit appears, and counsels him not to elevate himself above the sphere of the human understanding.—'It is for us,' he says, 'it is for us to plunge into the tumult of exertion, into those eternal billows of life, which are made to swell and sink, are impelled and recalled, by man's nativity and dissolution: we are created to labour in the work which God has ordained us, and of which time completes the web. But thou, who canst conceive nothing beyond thine own being, thou, who tremblest to sound thine own destiny,

and whom a breath of mine makes shudder, leave me! Recall me no more!' (501-513) When the Genius has disappeared, a deep despair seizes on Faustus, and he forms the design of poisoning himself.

'And I,' he says, 'the image of the Deity, I, who believed myself on the point of tasting eternal truth in all the splendour of celestial light! I, who was no longer a son of the earth, who felt myself equal to the cherubim, who, creators in their turn, are susceptible of the enjoyments of God himself! Ah! how much do I need to expiate my presumptuous anticipations! One word of thunder has dissipated them forever. Divine spirit! I had power to attract, but none to retain thee. During the happy instant, while I beheld thee, I felt myself at once so great and so little! But thou hast driven me back, with violence, to the uncertain lot of humanity!

'Who now will instruct me? What ought I to avoid? Ought I to yield to the impulse which presses upon me? Our actions, as our sufferings, arrest the advance of thought. Low inclinations oppose themselves to the most magnificent conceptions of the soul. When we attain a certain degree of sublunary happiness, we treat as illusion and falsehood whatever is more valuable than this happiness; and the sublime sentiments with which we were gifted by the Creator, lose themselves in earthly interests. At first, imagination, with its daring wings, aspires to eternity; soon a little space is enough for the ruins of our broken hopes. Anxiety takes possession of our heart. She engenders secret griefs within it, and robs it of pleasure and repose. She presents herself to us in a thousand shapes; now under the aspect of fortune, then as a wife or children, in the likeness of the dagger, of poison, of flames, or of the ocean, she pursues and harasses us. Man trembles in the contemplation of what never will happen, and mourns incessantly for what he has never lost.

'No, I did not compare myself to the Deity; no, I feel my misery: it is the insect that I resemble;—the insect, that agitates the dust on which it exists, and is crushed by the foot of the passerger.

'And what, but dust, are all these books by which I am surrounded? Am I not shut up in the prison of science? These walls, these windows which environ me, do they suffer even the light of the sun to reach me without altering its rays? What am I to do with these numberless volumes, with these endless nothings that crowd my brain? Shall I find among them what I want? If I cast my eye over these pages, what shall I read in them? That men every where torment themselves about their fate; that from time to time a single happy man has existed, and that he has made all the other inhabitants of the earth despair.' (*A death's head is on the table.*) 'And thou, who seemest to address me with that horrible grin, was not the mind that once inhabited thy brain guilty of error like my own? Did it not search for light, and did it not sink under weight of darkness? These instruments of every description, that my father collected to assist him in his vain labours; these wheels, and cylinders, and levers, will they reveal to me the secret of nature? no, she is involved in mystery, for all that she pretends to display herself to the light; and, what she chooses to conceal, not all the efforts of science will ever tear from her bosom.

'My eyes turn themselves, then, to thee, thou poisoned beverage! Thou, who bestowest death, I salute thee like a pale ray of light in the gloomy forest. In thee, I honour science and reverence the human understanding. Thou art the sweetest

essence of all sleeping juices. In thee are concentrated all the powers of death. Come to my relief! I feel my troubled spirit already grow calm; I am about to launch upon the open sea. The limpid waves glitter like a mirror under my feet. A new day invites me to the opposite shore. A chariot of fire already hovers overhead; I am about to ascend it; soon shall I wander among the aetherial spheres, and taste the delights of the heavenly regions.

'But how deserve them in this state of my debasement? Yes, I may deserve them if I dare, if I courageously burst those gates of death before which no man can pass without shuddering. It is time to display the dignity of man. I must no longer shiver on the brink of this abyss, where the imagination condemns itself to its own torments, and the flames of hell seem to prohibit our approach. Into this cup of pure crystal will I pour the mortal juice. Alas! it once served for another use: it circulated from hand to hand in the joyous festivals of our fathers, and the guest, as it passed to him, celebrated its beauty in a song. Thou gilded cup! Thou bringest to my remembrance the jovial nights of my youth. No more shall I pass thee to my neighbour; no more shall I extol the artist that fashioned and embellished thee. Thou art now filled with a dismal beverage—it was prepared by me, it is chosen by me. Ah! be it for me the solemn libation which I consecrate to the morning of a new existence!' (614–736)

At the moment he is about to swallow the poison, Faustus hears the town bells ringing in honour of Easter day, and the choirs of the neighbouring church celebrating that holy feast.

THE CHOIR: 'Christ is risen. Let degenerate, weak, and trembling mortals be glad thereof!'

FAUSTUS: 'With what imposing solemnity does this brazen sound shake my soul to its very foundations! What pure voices are those that make the poisoned cup fall out of my hand? Do ye announce, resounding bells, the first hour of the sacred sabbath of Easter? Ye, oh choir, do ye already celebrate those strains of consolation, those strains, which, in the night of the grave, were sung by angels descending from heaven to commence the new covenant?'

The choir repeats, 'Christ is risen,' &c.

FAUSTUS: 'Celestial strains! potent and gentle, wherefore do ye seek me, humbled in the dust? Go! make yourselves heard by those who are capable of deriving comfort from you! I hear the message you convey to me, but I want faith to believe it. Miracle is the cherished offspring of faith. I cannot spring upwards to the sphere from which your glorious tidings descended: and yet, accustomed from childhood to these songs, they recal me to life. Once, a ray of divine light used to fall on me during the peaceful solemnity of the Sabbath. The drowsy hum of the bells used to fill my soul with the presentiment of futurity, and prayer was an ardent enjoyment to my heart. Those same bells also announced the games of youth, and the festival of spring. The memory of them rekindles those feelings of childhood which remove us from the contemplation of death. Oh! sound again, celestial strains! Earth has regained possession of me.' (737–784)

This momentary enthusiasm does not continue: Faustus is an inconsistent character, the passions of the world recover their hold upon him. He seeks to satisfy them, he wishes to abandon himself to them; and the devil, under the name of Mephistopheles, comes and promises to put him in possession of all the pleasures of the earth, being at the same time able to render him disgusted with them for all; for real wickedness so entirely dries up the soul, that it ends by inspiring a profound indifference for pleasures as well as for virtues.

Mephistopheles conducts Faustus to a witch, who keeps under her orders a number of animals, half monkeys and half cats. (*Meerkatzen*.) This scene may, in some respects, be considered as a parody of that of the witches in Macbeth. The witches in Macbeth sing mysterious words, of which the extraordinary sounds produce at once the effect of magic; Goëthe's witches also pronounce strange syllables, of which the rhymes are curiously multiplied; these syllables excite the imagination to gaiety, by the very singularity of their construction, and the dialogue of this scene, which would be merely burlesque in prose, receives a more elevated character from the charm of poetry. (2337–2604; **out of sequence**)²

In listening to the comical language of these cat-monkeys, we think we discover what would be the ideas of animals if they were able to express them, what a coarse and ridiculous image they would represent to themselves, of nature, and of mankind.

The French stage has scarcely any specimens of these pleasantries founded on the marvellous, on prodigies, witchcrafts, transformations, &c.: this is to make sport with nature, as in comedies we make sport with men. But, to derive pleasure from this sort of comedy, reason must be set aside, and the pleasures of the imagination must be considered as a licensed game, without any object. Yet is this game is not the more easy on that account, for restrictions are of ten supports; and when, in the career of literature, men give scope to boundless invention, nothing but the excess, the very extravagance, of genius, can confer any merit on these productions; the union of wildness with mediocrity would be intolerable.

Mephistopheles conducts Faustus into the company of young persons of all classes, and subdues, by different means, the different minds with which he engages. He effects his conquests over them, not by admiration, but by astonishment. He always captivates by something unexpected and contemptuous in his words and actions; for vulgar spirits, for the most part, take so much more account of a superior intellect, as that intellect appears to be indifferent about them. A secret instinct tells them that he who despises them sees justly.

A Leipsic student, who has just left his mother's house, as simple as one can be at that age in the good country of Germany, comes to consult Faustus about his studies; Faustus begs Mephistopheles to take on himself the charge of answering him. He puts on a doctor's gown, and while waiting for the scholar, expresses in a soliloquy, his contempt for Faustus. 'This man,' says he, 'will never be more than half wicked, and it is in vain that he flatters himself with the hope of becoming completely so' (1860–1867). It is so in fact; whenever people naturally well principled turn aside from the plain road, they find themselves shackled by a sort of awkwardness that proceeds from uncontrollable remorse, while men who are radically bad make a mock of

those candidates for vice who, with the best intention to do evil, are without talent to accomplish it.

At last the scholar presents himself, and nothing can be more *naïf* than the awkward and yet presumptuous eagerness of this young German, on his entrance for the first time in his life into a great city, disposed to all things, knowing nothing, afraid of every thing he sees, yet impatient to possess it, desirous of information, eagerly wishing for amusement, and advancing with an artless smile towards Mephistopheles, who receives him with a cold and contemptuous air; the contrast between the unaffected good humour of the one, and the disdainful insolence of the other, is admirably lively.

There is not a single branch of knowledge but the scholar desires to become acquainted with: and what he desires to learn, he says, is science and nature (1898–1901). Mephistopheles congratulates him on the precision with which he has marked out his plan of study. He amuses himself by describing the four faculties, law, medicine, philosophy, and theology, in such a manner, as to confound the poor scholar's head for ever. Mephistopheles makes a thousand different arguments for him, all which the scholar approves one after the other, but the conclusion of which astonishes him, because he looks for serious discourse while the devil is only laughing at every subject. The scholar comes prepared for general admiration, and the result of all he hears is only universal contempt. Mephistopheles agrees with him that doubt proceeds from hell, and that the devils are *those who deny*; but he expresses doubt itself with a tone of decision, which, mixing arrogance of character with uncertainty of reasoning, leaves no consistence in any thing but evil inclinations. No belief, no opinion, remains fixed in the head after having listened to Mephistopheles; and we feel disposed to examine ourselves in order to know whether there is any truth in the world, or whether we think only to make a mock of those who fancy that they think.

'Must not every word have an idea annexed to it?' says the scholar. 'Yes, if it can,' replies Mephistopheles, 'but we need not trouble ourselves too much about that, for where ideas are wanting, words come on purpose to supply the place of them.' (1993–1996)

Sometimes the scholar cannot comprehend Mephistopheles, but he has only so much the more respect for his genius. Before he takes leave of him, he begs him to inscribe a few lines in his album, the book in which, according to the good natured customs of Germany, every one makes his friends furnish him with a mark of their remembrance. Mephistopheles writes the words that Satan spoke to Eve, to induce her to eat the fruit of the tree of life. '*Thou shalt be as God, knowing good and evil.*' 'I may well,' says he to himself, 'borrow this ancient sentence of my cousin the serpent, they have long made use of it in my family' (2044–2050). The scholar takes back his book, and goes away perfectly satisfied.

Faustus grows tired, and Mephistopheles advises him to fall in love. He becomes actually so with a young girl of the lower class, extremely innocent and simple, who lives in poverty with her aged mother. Mephistopheles, for the purpose of introducing Faustus to her, takes it into his head to form an acquaintance with one of her

neighbours, named Martha, whom the young Margaret sometimes goes to visit. This woman's husband is abroad, and she is distracted at receiving no news of him; she would be greatly afflicted at his death, yet at least she would wish not to be left in doubt of it; and Mephistopheles greatly softens her grief, by promising her an obituary account of her husband, in regular form, for her to publish in the gazette according to custom (3011–3017).

Poor Margaret is delivered up to the power of evil, the infernal spirit lets loose all his malice upon her, and renders her culpable, without depriving her of that rectitude of heart which can find repose only in virtue. A dexterous villain takes care not wholly to pervert those honest people whom he designs to govern: for his ascendancy over them depends upon the alternate agitations of crime and remorse. Faustus, by the assistance of Mephistopheles, seduces this young girl, who is remarkably simple both in mind and soul. She is pious, though culpable; and when alone with Faustus, asks him whether he has any religion. 'My child', says he, 'you know I love you. I would give my blood, and my life for you; I would disturb the faith of no one. Is not this all that you can desire?'

MARGARET: 'No, it is necessary to believe.'

FAUSTUS: 'Is it necessary?'

MARGARET: 'Ah! that I had any influence over you! you do not sufficiently reverence the holy sacraments.'

FAUSTUS: 'I do reverence them.'

MARGARET: 'But without ever drawing near them; it is long since you have confessed yourself, long since you have been at mass: do you believe in God?'

FAUSTUS: 'My dear friend, who dares to say, I believe in God? If you propose this question to priests and sages, they will answer as if they intended to mock him who questioned them.'

MARGARET: 'So, then, you believe nothing.'

FAUSTUS: 'Do not construe my words so ill, charming creature! Who can name the Deity and say, I comprehend him? Who can feel, and not believe in him? Does not that which supports the universe embrace thee, me, and universal nature? Does not Heaven descend to form a canopy over our heads? Is not the earth immovable under our feet? Do not the eternal stars, from their spheres on high, look down upon us with love? Are not thine eyes reflected in mine, melting with tenderness? Does not an eternal mystery, visible and invisible, attract my heart to thine? Let thy soul be filled with this mystery, and when you experience the supreme happiness of feeling, call that happiness thy heart, love, God, it is all the same. Feeling is all in all, names are but an empty sound, a vain smoke, that darkens the splendour of Heaven.' (3414–3458; **out of sequence**)³

This morsel of inspired eloquence would not suit the character of Faustus, if at this moment he were not better, because he loves; and if the intention of the author had not doubtless been to shew the necessity of a firm and positive belief, since even those whom Nature has created good and kind, are not the less capable of the most fatal aberrations when this support is wanting to them.

Faustus grows tired of the love of Margaret, as of all the enjoyments of life: nothing is finer in the original, than the verses in which he expresses at once the enthusiasm of science and the satiety of happiness.

FAUSTUS: 'Sublime spirit! Thou hast granted me all that I have asked of thee. It is not in vain that thou hast turned towards me thy countenance encircled with flames; thou hast given me magical nature for my empire; thou hast given me strength to feel and enjoy it. Thou hast given me not coldly to admire, but inwardly to be acquainted with it; thou hast given me to penetrate into the bosom of the universe as into that of a friend; thou hast brought me before the varied assembly of living things, and hast taught me to know my brethren in the inhabitants of the woods, the air, and the waters. When the tempest howls in the forest, when it uproots and subverts the gigantic pines, and makes the mountain re-echo to their fall, thou guidest me into a safe asylum, and thou revealest to me the secret wonders of my own heart. When the calm moon silently ascends the sky, the silvered shades of ancient times glide before my eyes over the rocks and in the woods, and seem to soften for me the severe pleasure of meditation.

'But, alas! I feel it, man can attain perfection in nothing; by the side of those delights which bring me near the gods, I am doomed to support that cold, that indifferent, that haughty companion, who humbles me in my own eyes, and by a word reduces to nothing, all the gifts that thou hast bestowed upon me. He kindles in my bosom an untameable fire that urges me to the pursuit of beauty; I pass, in delirium, from desire to enjoyment; but in the very bosom of happiness a vague sensation of satiety causes me to regret the restlessness of desire.' (3217-3250)⁴

The history of Margaret is oppressively painful to the heart. Her low condition, her confined intellect, all that renders her subject to misfortune, without giving her the power of resisting it, inspires us with the greater compassion for her. Goëthe, in his novels and in his plays, has scarcely ever bestowed any superior excellence upon his female personages, but he describes with wonderful exactness that character of weakness which renders protection so necessary to them. Margaret is about to receive Faustus in her house without her mother's knowledge, and gives this poor woman, by the advice of Mephistopheles, a sleeping draught which she is unable to support, and which causes her death. The guilty Margaret becomes pregnant, her shame is made public, all her neighbours point the finger at her. Disgrace seems to have a greater hold upon persons of an elevated rank, and yet it is perhaps more formidable among the lower class. Every thing is so plain, so positive, so irreparable, among men who never upon any occasion make use of shades of expression. Goëthe admirably catches those manners, at once so near and so distant from us, he possesses in a supreme degree the art of being perfectly natural in a thousand different natures.

Valentine, a soldier, the brother of Margaret, returns from the wars to visit her, and when he learns of her shame, the suffering which he feels, and for which he blushes, betrays itself in language at once harsh and pathetic. A man severe in appearance, yet inwardly endowed with sensibility, causes an unexpected and poignant emotion.

Goëthe has painted with admirable truth the courage with which a soldier is capable of exerting against moral pain, that new enemy that he perceives within himself, and which he cannot combat with his usual weapons. At last, the necessity of revenge takes possession of him, and brings into action all the feelings by which he was inwardly devoured. He meets Mephistopheles and Faustus at the moment when they are going to give a serenade under his sister's window. Valentine provokes Faustus, fights with him, and receives a mortal wound. His adversaries fly to avoid the fury of the populace. (3620–3715; **out of sequence**)

Margaret arrives, and asks who lies bleeding upon the earth. The people answer *the son of thy mother*. And her brother dying addresses to her reproaches more terrible, and more harrowing, than more polished language could ever make use of (3716–3775). The dignity of tragedy could never permit us to dig so deeply into the human heart for the characters of nature.

Mephistopheles obliges Faustus to leave the town, and the despair excited in him by the fate of Margaret, creates a new interest in his favour.

'Alas!' he exclaims, 'she might so easily have been made happy! a simple cabin in an alpine valley, a few domestic employments, would have been enough to satisfy her limited wishes, and fill up her gentle existence; but I, the enemy of God, could not rest till I had broken her heart, and triumphed in the ruin of her humble destiny. Through me, will peace be for ever ravished from her. She must become the victim of hell. Well! Daemon, cut short my anguish, let what must come, come quickly! Be the fate of this unhappy creature fulfilled, and cast me headlong, together with her, into the abyss.' (3345–3365; **out of sequence**)⁵

The bitterness and sang-froid of the answer of Mephistopheles are truly diabolical. 'How you enflame yourself,' he says to him, 'how you boil! I know not how to console thee, and upon my honour I would now give myself to the Devil if I were not the Devil myself; but thinkest thou, then, madman, that because thy weak brain can find no issue, there is none in reality? Long live he who knows how to support all things with courage! I have rendered thee not unlike myself, and reflect, I beseech thee, that there is nothing in the world more disgusting, than a devil who despairs.' (3366–3373; **out of sequence**)

Margaret goes alone to church, the only asylum that remains to her: an immense crowd fills the aisles, and the burial service is being performed in this solemn place. Margaret is covered with a veil; she prays fervently; and when she begins to flatter herself with the hopes of divine mercy, the evil spirit speaks to her in a low voice, saying,

'Dost thou remember, Margaret, the time when thou camest hither to prostrate thyself before the altar? Then wert thou full of innocence, and while thy timid voice lisped the psalms, God reigned in thy heart. Margaret, what hast thou since done? What crimes hast thou committed? Dost thou come to pray for the soul of thy mother, whose death hangs heavily on thy head! Dost thou see what blood is that which defiles thy threshold? It is thy brother's blood. And dost thou not feel stirring in thy womb an unfortunate creature that already forewarns thee of new sufferings.'

MARGARET: 'Woe! woe! How can I escape from the thoughts that spring up in my soul and rise in rebellion against me?'

THE CHOIR, (*chanting in the church.*): *Dies iræ, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favillâ.**

THE EVIL SPIRIT: 'The anger of Heaven threatens thee, Margaret! The trumpets of the resurrection are sounded; the tombs are shaken, and thy heart is about to awake to eternal flames.'

MARGARET: 'Ah, that I could fly hence! The sounds of that organ prevent me from breathing, and the chants of the priests penetrate my soul with an emotion that rends it.'

THE CHOIR: *Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit;
Nil inultum remanebit.†*

MARGARET: 'It seems as if the walls were closing together to stifle me; the vaulted roof of the church oppresses me. Air! air!'

THE EVIL SPIRIT: 'Hide thyself! Guilt and shame pursue thee. Thou callest for air and for light; miserable wretch! what hast thou to hope from them?'

THE CHOIR: *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogatarus?
Cum vix justus sit securus?‡*

THE EVIL SPIRIT: 'The saints turn away their faces from thy presence; they would blush to stretch forth their pure hands to thee.'

THE CHOIR: *Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?*

Margaret at this discourse, utters a shriek and faints away (3776–3834).

What a scene! This unfortunate creature who, in the asylum of consolation finds despair; this assembled multitude praying to God with confidence, while the unhappy woman, in the very temple of the Lord, meets the spirit of hell. The severe expressions of the sacred hymn are interpreted by the inflexible malice of the evil genius. What distraction in the heart! what ills accumulated on one poor feeble head! And what a talent his, who knew how to represent to the imagination those moments in which life is lighted up within us like a funeral fire, and throws over our fleeting days the terrible reflection of an eternity of torments!

Mephistopheles conceives the idea of transporting Faustus to the Sabbath of Witches in order to dissipate his melancholy, and this leads us to a scene of which it is impossible to give the idea, though it contains many thoughts which we shall endeavour to recollect: this festival of the Sabbath represents truly the saturnalia of genius. The progress of the piece is suspended by its introduction, and the stronger the situation, the greater we find the difficulty of submitting even to the inventions of

*[Staël footnote:] The day of wrath will come, and the universe will be reduced to ashes.

†[Staël footnote:] When the supreme judge appears, he will discover all that is hidden, and nothing shall remain unpunished.

‡[Staël footnote:] Miserable wretch! what then shall I say? to what protector shall I address myself, when even the just can scarcely believe themselves saved?

genius when they so effectually disturb the interest. Amidst the whirlwind of all that can be thought or said, when images and ideas rush headlong, confound themselves, and seem to fall back into the abysses from which reason called them, there comes a scene which reunites us to the circumstances of the performance in a terrible manner. The conjurations of magic cause several different pictures to appear, and all at once Faustus approaches Mephistopheles and says to him; 'Dost thou not see, there below, a young girl, pale, though beautiful, who stands alone in the distance? She advances slowly, her feet seem to be knit together; do you not perceive her resemblance to Margaret?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'It is an effect of magic, only illusion. It is not good to dwell upon the sight. Those fixed eyes freeze the blood of men. It was thus that Medusa's head, of old, turned all who gazed upon it to stone.'

FAUSTUS: 'It is true that the eyes of that image are open, like those of a corpse which have not been closed by a friendly hand. There is the bosom on which I rested my head; there are the charms which my heart called its own.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Madman! all this is but witchcraft; every one thinks he beholds the beloved of his soul in this phantom.'

FAUSTUS: 'What madness! what torment! I cannot fly from that look; but what means that red collar that encircles her beautiful neck, no broader than the edge of a knife?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Tis true: but what would you do? do not lose thyself thus in thought; ascend this mountain; they are preparing a feast for you on the summit. Come!' (4183-4211)

Faustus learns that Margaret has murdered the child, to which she had given birth, hoping thus to avoid shame. Her crime has been discovered; she has been thrown into prison, and is doomed to perish the next morning on the scaffold. Faustus curses Mephistopheles in the bitterness of rage; Mephistopheles reproaches Faustus in cold blood, and proves to him that it is himself who has desired evil, and that he has assisted him only because called upon by himself to do so. Sentence of death is pronounced against Faustus for having slain Margaret's brother. He nevertheless enters the city in secret, obtains from Mephistopheles the means of delivering Margaret, and penetrates at night into her dungeon, of which he has stolen the keys.

He hears afar off the imperfect notes of a song which sufficiently proves the derangement of her mind; the words of this song are very coarse, and Margaret was naturally pure and delicate. Mad women are generally painted as if madness accommodated itself to the rules of propriety, and only gave the right of breaking off sentences abruptly, and interrupting at convenient times the chain of ideas; but it is not so: real disorder of the mind almost always displays itself in shapes foreign even to the cause of the disorder, and the gaiety of its unhappy victims is more harrowing to the soul than even their misery.

Faustus enters the prison: Margaret believes that they are come to lead her to death.

MARGARET, (*rising from her bed of straw, exclaims*): 'They come! they come! Oh! how bitter is death!'

FAUSTUS, *in a low voice*: 'Softly, softly, I come to deliver thee.' (*He draws near her, to break her fetters.*)

MARGARET: 'If thou art human, my despair will touch thee.'

FAUSTUS: 'Softer, softer! Thou wilt awake the guard by thy cries.'

MARGARET: (*throwing herself on her knees.*) 'Who hath given thee, barbarian, this power over me? it is only midnight: why dost thou come back for me so soon? have pity on my tears, let me live a little longer: to-morrow morning, is it not time enough?⁶ (*She rises again.*)—And then, I am so young—so young! and must I then die already? I was once handsome too: that was my ruin. Then my friend was near to me; but now he is a great way off. The flowers of my garland are scattered. Do not grasp my hand with such violence! be tender with me! let me not weep in vain! never, to this day, have I seen thee before.'

FAUSTUS: 'How can I support her agony?'

MARGARET: 'I am altogether in thy power. Only let me suckle my child; I have pressed it to my heart all night long. They have taken it from me to distress me. Don't they say that I killed it? Never shall I be again what I once was. Did they not sing songs against me, those wicked people? what would they say then?'

FAUSTUS, (*casting himself at her feet.*): 'Thy lover is at thy feet, he comes to throw open the gates of this horrible prison.'

MARGARET: 'Yes, let us fall on our knees; let us call the saints to our assistance. The cries of hell are heard, and the evil genii wait for us on the threshold of my dungeon.'

FAUSTUS: 'Margaret! Margaret!'

MARGARET, (*listening eagerly.*): 'It was the voice of my love.' (*She springs towards Faustus, and her irons fall off.*) 'Where is he? I heard him call me. I am free. Nobody can keep me any longer in prison. I will support myself on his arm, I will rest on his bosom. He calls Margaret; he is there, before the door. Amidst the howlings of pitiless death I hear the soft and touching harmony of his voice.'

FAUSTUS: 'Yes, Margaret, it is I.'

MARGARET: 'It is thou: repeat that once again.' (*She presses him to her bosom.*) 'Tis he! 'tis he! What is become of the anguish of my chains and of the scaffold? It is thou! I am saved! I see before me the road in which I first beheld thee, the smiling garden where Martha and I used to wait for you.'

FAUSTUS: 'Come, come.'

MARGARET: 'It is so sweet to me to stay with thee! Ah! do not leave me!'

FAUSTUS: 'Haste! we may pay dearly for the least delay.'

MARGARET: 'What! thou answerest not to my embraces? My love, it is so short a time since we parted? Hast thou already forgotten to press me to thy heart? There was a time when thy words and looks called down all Heaven upon me! Embrace me! for mercy's sake, embrace me! Thy heart then is cold and dumb. What is become of thy love? who has robbed me of it?'

FAUSTUS: 'Come, follow me, my dearest love: take courage: I love thee with rapture; but follow me, it is my only prayer.'

MARGARET: 'But art thou indeed Faustus? Art thou thyself?'

FAUSTUS: 'Yes, certainly; yes, come along!'

MARGARET: 'Thou deliverest me from my chains, thou takest me again to thine arms. How is it that thou art not afraid of Margaret? Dost thou well know whom thou deliverest?'

FAUSTUS: 'Come, come; the night already begins to fade away.'

MARGARET: 'My mother! it was I who killed her. My child! it was I who drowned it. Was it not thine as well as mine? Is it true then that I behold thee, Faustus? Is it not a dream? Give me thy hand, thy beloved hand! Oh Heaven! it is moist. Wipe it. I think there is blood upon it. Hide thy sword from me! Where is my brother? I beseech you, hide it from me?'

FAUSTUS: 'Oh, bury the irreparable past in oblivion! you make me die.'

MARGARET: 'No, thou must remain behind. I will describe to thee what manner of tombs thou must prepare to-morrow. The best place must be given to my mother; my brother must be laid next to her. As for me, you must place me farther off; yet not too far neither; and my child, right upon my bosom: but nobody must lie by my side. I could have wished that thou mightest be near me; but that was a sweet and pure happiness, and belongs to me no more. I feel myself dragged towards thee, and it seems to me that thou violently drivest me back: yet are thy looks full of tenderness and goodness.'

FAUSTUS: 'Ah! if you know me, come!'

MARGARET: 'Where shall I go then?'

FAUSTUS: 'Thou shalt be free.'

MARGARET: 'The tomb is without those gates. Death watches my footsteps. Come; but lead me to my everlasting dwelling-place: I can go no where but there. Wilt thou leave me? Oh! my love, if I could—'

FAUSTUS: 'Thou canst, if thou wilt; the gates are open.'

MARGARET: 'I dare not go out; no hope remains for me. For what purpose should I fly? My persecutors are waiting for me. To beg is so miserable! And, above all, with a bad conscience! It is dismal also to wander about in a foreign land; and, besides, wherever I go, they will lay hold on me.'

FAUSTUS: 'I will remain near thee.'

MARGARET: 'Quick, quick, save thy poor child! Go, follow the road by the side of the rivulet, cross the path that leads to the wood; on the left hand, near the sluice, in the fishpond, catch it instantly: it will stretch out its hands to heaven; it is seized with convulsions.—Save it! save it!'

FAUSTUS: 'Recover thy senses; one step more, and thou hast nothing to fear.'

MARGARET: 'Had we but passed the mountain!—The air is so cold by the side of the spring. There is my mother, sitting on a rock, and her aged head is shaking. She does not call me; she makes no sign to me to approach: only her eyes are heavy; oh! she will never wake more! We used to be so glad when she slept.—Ah! what a recollection!'

FAUSTUS: 'Since thou wilt not listen to my entreaties, I must drag thee along in spite of thyself.'

MARGARET: 'Leave me! No, I will not endure violence; seize me not thus with that murderous strength. Ah! I have only too much done as you would have me!'

FAUSTUS: 'The day breaks, my dear love! my dearest love!'

MARGARET: 'Yes, it will soon be day; my last day dawns upon this dungeon; it comes to celebrate my eternal spousals: tell nobody that you have seen Margaret to-night. Alas! my poor garland! It is withered: we shall meet again, but not on holidays. The crowd is gathering together, oh what a confusion of sounds we shall hear? The streets, the market-place, will hardly be large enough for the multitude. The bell tolls, the signal is given. They are going to tie my hands, to bind my eyes; I shall ascend the bloody scaffold, and the axe's edge will fall on my neck—Ah! the world is already silent as the grave.'

FAUSTUS: 'Heavens! why was I born?'

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appearing at the door.*): 'Haste, or you are lost; your delays, your uncertainties, are fatal to you; my horses—'

MARGARET: 'Who is it that rises out of the earth? It is he, it is he; send him away. What should he have to do in the holy place? He means to carry me off with him.'

FAUSTUS: 'You must live!'

MARGARET: 'Tribunal of God! I abandon myself to thee.'

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to Faustus.*): 'Come, come away! Or I will leave thee to die together with her.'

MARGARET: 'Heavenly Father! I am thine; and ye angels, save me! Holy legions, encompass me about, defend me! Faustus, it is thy fate that afflicts me—'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'She is judged.' (*Voices from Heaven are heard to cry 'She is saved!'*)

(*Mephistopheles disappears with Faustus: the voice of Margaret is still heard from the bottom of the dungeon, recalling her love in vain, 'Faustus! Faustus!'*) (4223–4612)

After these words the piece is broken off. The intention of the author doubtless is that Margaret should perish, and that God should pardon her; that the life of Faustus should be preserved, but that his soul should be lost.

The imagination must supply the charm which a most exquisite poetry adds to the scenes I have attempted to translate; in the art of versification there is a peculiar merit acknowledged by all the world, and yet independent of the subject to which it is applied. In the play of Faustus, the rhythm changes with the situation, and the brilliant variety that results from the change is admirable. The German language presents a greater number of combinations than our's, and Goëthe seems to have employed them all to express, by sound as well as images, the singular elevation of irony and enthusiasm, of sadness and mirth, which impelled him to the composition of this work. It would indeed be too childish to suppose that such a man was not perfectly aware of all the defects of taste with which his piece was liable to be reproached; but it is curious to know the motives that determined him to leave those defects, or rather intentionally to insert them.

Goëthe has submitted himself to rules of no description whatsoever in this composition: it is neither tragedy nor romance. Its author abjured every sober method of thinking and writing; one might find in it some analogies with Aristophanes, if the

traits of Shakespeare's pathos were not mingled with the beauties of a very different nature. Faustus astonishes, moves, and melts us; but it does not leave a tender impression on the soul. Though presumption and vice are cruelly punished, the hand of beneficence is not perceived in the administration of punishment; it would rather be said that the evil principle directed the thunderbolt of vengeance against crimes of which it had itself occasioned the commission; and remorse, such as it is painted in this drama, seems to proceed from hell, in company with guilt.

The belief in evil is to be met with in many pieces of German poetry; the nature of the north agrees very well with this description of terror; it is therefore much less ridiculous in Germany, than it would be in France, to make use of the Devil in works of fiction. To consider all these ideas only in a literary point of view, it is certain that our imagination figures to itself something that answers to the conception of an evil genius, whether in the human heart, or in the dispensations of nature: man sometimes does evil, as we may say, in a disinterested manner, without end, and even against his end, merely to satisfy a certain inward asperity that urges him to do hurt to others. The deities of paganism were accompanied by a different sort of divinities of the race of Titans, who represented the revolted forces of nature; and, in Christianity, the evil inclinations of the soul may be said to be personified under the figure of Devils.

It is impossible to read Faustus without being excited to reflexion in a thousand different manners: We quarrel with the author, we condemn him; we justify him; but he obliges us to think upon every thing, and, to borrow the language of a simple sage of former times, *upon something more than every thing*. (De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.) The criticisms to which such a production is obnoxious may easily be foreseen, or rather it is the very nature of the work that provokes censure still more than the manner in which it was treated; for such a composition ought to be judged like a dream; and if good taste were always watching at the ivory gate, to oblige our visions to take the regulated form, they would seldom strike the imagination.

Nevertheless, the drama of Faustus is certainly not composed upon a good model. Whether it be considered as an offspring of the delirium of the mind, or of the satiety of reason, it is to be wished that such productions may not be multiplied: but when such a genius as that of Goëthe sets itself free from all restrictions, the crowd of thoughts is so great, that on every side they break through and trample down the barriers of art.

NOTES

¹ The spelling 'Goëthe' is incorrect; the correct German spelling is Goethe or Göthe. Such an obvious and oft-repeated error (which does not occur in the French-language edition of the text) suggests that no German speaker was involved in the publication of this English translation. As a corollary, it seems unlikely that Madame de Staël was involved in proof-reading or copy-editing this English translation of her work.

² The *Hexenküche* (Witch's Kitchen) scene occurs out of sequence; it should appear after the *Schüler* (Scholar) episode. As discussed in the headnote (above), such out-of-sequence elements may provide some insight into de Staël's cut-and-paste method of composition, but do not otherwise seem particularly significant.

³ This passage from *Marthens Garten* (Martha's Garden) occurs out of sequence.

⁴ At this point in the text, the *Dom* (Cathedral) scene (lines 3776–834) is inserted in manuscript versions B and C. (Noted by Pange and Balayé, *De l'Allemagne* (1958), iii. 105 n. 1.) The Cathedral scene occurs later (in correct sequence) in the final published version of 1813. Manuscripts A, B, and C, in the Coppet manuscript collection, are described by Pange and Balayé, *De l'Allemagne*, i. 11–12. Manuscripts A and B are in de Staël's handwriting; manuscript C is in the handwriting of her English secretary Fanny Randall, with extensive editing by de Staël. Manuscript C served as copytext for the first (banned) edition of *De l'Allemagne* (1810).

⁵ This passage from *Wald und Höhle* (Wood and Cave) occurs out of sequence. De Staël gives this passage as if it occurred after the death of Valentin, when Mephistopheles persuades Faust to leave the city; actually it occurs earlier, when Mephistopheles persuades Faust to give up his isolated stay in the woods. Alfred Götze, in 'Goethes Faust und Madame de Staël', *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprache*, 204 (1967), 188, notes that *Wald und Höhle* also occurs out of sequence (following *Am Brunnen*) in *Faust: Ein Fragment* (1790), which de Staël was reading in 1804. This is the only plausible instance in which the 1790 edition of *Faust* may have influenced the order of scenes in Madame de Staël's translation.

⁶ Redundant 'time time' (in 1813 edition) corrected.

George Soane (trans.),
*Extracts from Göthe's Tragedy
of Faustus, Explanatory
of the Plates by Retsch*

INTRODUCTION

Sir John Soane (1753–1837), the artist and architect who succeeded George Dance as Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy, left a lasting legacy as founder of the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. Sir John's fortune was considerably augmented by his marriage in 1784 to Elizabeth Smith, niece to George Wyatt and heiress to the fortune he had amassed as a builder. Sir John's philanthropy did not include his two sons. After the death of his elder son John at the age of 36 in 1823, Sir John refused a baronetcy to prevent his younger son George from any claim of inheritance. George Soane (1790–1860) received his BA at Pembroke College, Cambridge, in 1811. His father's ire may have been roused by his choice of career as playwright, or by his marrying in 1820 without his father's consent.

In spite of the difficulties in his private life, George Soane led an active and productive career, with thirty-seven published works to his credit. With proficiency in French, Italian, and especially in German, Soane gained credit as a capable translator. He had already had two of his plays printed, *The Peasant of Lucerne* (1815) and *The Bohemian* (1817), when he achieved his first stage success with *The Innkeeper's Daughter* (1817), based on Robert Southey's poem 'Mary, the Maid of the Inn'. It opened at Drury Lane on 7 April 1817 and was acted thirty-one times. *The Falls of Clyde* (1817) was also performed at Drury Lane, opening in October 1817. For both these productions he turned to Thomas Simpson Cooke for the musical arrangements. The following year, his stage adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy* was performed at Drury Lane (24 March 1818). Also in 1818, he published his adaptation of Friedrich de La Motte Fouqué's *Undine*, subsequently performed at Covent Garden (23 April 1821). *The Dwarf of Naples* was first performed at Drury Lane on 13 March 1819. With music by G. W. Reeve, the melodrama *Self-Sacrifice; or, The Maid of the Cottage* appeared at the English Opera House (7 July 1819). Adapted from Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Soane's *The Hebrew* opened at Drury Lane on 2 March 1820.

When Johann Heinrich Bohte, the German bookseller, conceived the idea of preparing an issue of the *Faust* illustrations for English readers, he turned

George Soane (trans.), *Extracts from Göthe's Tragedy of Faustus, Explanatory of the Plates by Retsch* (London: Bohte, 1820).

to Soane as a playwright and translator of established reputation. As translator, Soane is given prominence on the title page, where he is named as author of several plays, and in the preface, where the reader is told that ‘The Translator neither seeks nor deserves credit’ and that ‘his task has been a simple one’. The task was indeed simple, for it involved no more than twenty-six captions accompanied by thirty lines of text. Although these ‘Extracts’ were emphasized in the title, the main attraction was the plates engraved by Moritz Retzsch. These had been published by Cotta in 1816.¹ When Cotta reissued this work in 1820, Bohte arranged to bring 500 sets of the prints to London, some to be sold separately, others to be bound with an English version. In spite of the competition from a rival publishing house, Thomas Boosey and Sons, who had copies made of Retzsch’s plates and produced a more ample translation,² Bohte’s undertaking was far more successful than he had anticipated, and his edition sold out within six months. He thus made plans for a second edition, again securing sets of the quarto plates from Germany, and arranging for Soane to provide a full translation, imitating Goethe’s verse.

Soane apparently agreed in good faith to follow through with the translation for the second edition. Bohte, in the meantime, was aware that his rivalry with Boosey was not over. Having also met with success, Boosey, too, was planning a second and more elaborate edition. As an aggressive entrepreneur, Bohte planned to gain an advantage by printing up the lines as Soane completed them and having them reviewed before the actual publication. Too, he would present Goethe with the advance sheets of Soane’s translation and perhaps gain an endorsement from the author himself. Boosey’s second edition was already in print by September, 1821.³ Bohte was able to submit the advance sheets to the *London Magazine*, so that Soane’s translation could also be reviewed in the December issue.⁴ Thus the two translations were reviewed together. In the meantime, the reviewer for the *European Magazine* had reported the rumour from a ‘worthy authority’ that Coleridge was the anonymous translator of the Boosey edition and was to be succeeded by George Soane.⁵

¹ [26] *Umriss zu Goethe’s Faust, gezeichnet von Retzsch* (Stuttgart: J. Cotta’schen Buchhandlung, 1816), in oblong-quarto, with 12 pages of text, including quotations from *Faust*.

² *Retzsch’s Series of Twenty-Six Outlines, Illustrative of Goethe’s Tragedy of Faust, Engraved from the Originals by Henry Moses, and an Analysis of the Tragedy* (London: Printed for Boosey and Sons, Broad-Street, Exchange, and Rodwell and Martin, New Bond Street, 1820. W. Wilson, Printer, Greville-Street, Hatton Garden, London).

³ *Faustus: From the German of Goethe* [trans. STC] (London: Boosey and Sons, 4 Broad-Street, Exchange, and Rodwell & Martin, New Bond-Street, 1821).

⁴ ‘C. Van Vinkbooms, his Dogma for Dilettanti’, *London Magazine* (December 1821), 657–8.

⁵ ‘R.’, ‘Faustus, from the German of Goethe’, *European Magazine*, 80 (October 1821), 362–9.

After printing up the advance sheets in November 1821, Bohte waited in vain for a second instalment of Soane's translation. When he visited Goethe's house in Weimar in June 1822, he could present him with no more than the same thirty-two pages of advance sheets. Soane had progressed consecutively through the opening sections of the work (*Zueignung, Vorspiel auf dem Theater, Prolog im Himmel, Nacht*), and had completed, in 546 lines, the first 576 lines of Goethe's tragedy. There is no clear explanation of why Soane stalled at this point. Years later, on the occasion of a review of Abraham Hayward's prose translation of *Faust* in 1833, Daniel Boileau recollected Soane's efforts:

Mr. George Soane had been induced by the late German bookseller Bohte to attempt a poetical translation of Goethe's *Faust*, the first sheets of which were sent to Goethe, who greatly approved the translation, and Mr. Soane had done nearly one-third of the work, when the death of the bookseller Bohte, and unpleasant family affairs which deprived Mr. Soane of the serenity of mind necessary for such a task, made him relinquish an undertaking which would have exhibited alike his poetical powers and his perfect knowledge of the language of Germany. I particularly remember his translating this passage [Hayward 1833, 99] thus:

Down with it,
Down with it quickly; quaff, friend, quaff,
'Twill make the heart within thee laugh;
Art thou a devil's friend, yet fear
To share the devil's fiery cheer?⁶ (2583–6)

Boileau's information makes the problem even more perplexing. Bohte died, suddenly and unexpectedly, on 2 September 1824, three years after Soane began his translation.⁷ Bohte's death could only have been a contributing factor if delaying the project had already been agreed upon. The illness and death of Soane's brother the year before might well have been a cause, but even that came later than the publication in 1822 that Bohte had originally planned. The 'unpleasant family affairs' would seem to implicate difficulties imposed by Sir John Soane and the continuing hostility between father and son. After several years as a prolific playwright, there is an inexplicable hiatus in Soane's productivity. Following *The Hebrew* in March 1820, four years pass until the publication of Soane's *Pride Shall Have a Fall*. *A*

⁶ Daniel Boileau, *A Few Remarks on Mr. Hayward's English Prose Translation of Goethe's Faust: With Additional Observations on the Difficulty of Translating German Works in General*. (London: Treuttel, Würtz, and Richter; and J. Wacey, 1834).

⁷ Johann Heinrich Bohte died on 2 September 1824; the bookshop was then run by his widow, Sarah Lloyd Bohte, who also attended to the posthumous publication of Bohte's *Handbibliothek zu Deutschen Litteratur mit einer Vorrede von A. W. Schlegel*. (London: G. Schulze, 1825).

Comedy (1824). His career then continues with the same remarkable tempo of his earlier years, with his translation of *Der Freischütz* (opening at Drury Lane, 9 November 1824; published 1825), his original play *Faustus: A Romantic Drama* (opening at Drury Lane, 16 May 1825; published 1825), his *Masaniello; or, The Fisherman of Naples* (1825), his three volumes of *Specimens of German Romance* (1826), his *Aladdin, a Fairy Opera in three Acts* (1826). Whether the consequence of his father's opposition to his marriage in 1820 or other personal difficulties, Soane was effectively silenced as a playwright from 1820 to 1824. Family affairs must have worsened with the death of his brother in 1823. If he was still struggling with the translation at the time of Murray's publication of the Gower-Levenson translation in 1823, Soane must have recognized that it posed no serious competition. By the time of Bohte's death in September 1824, Soane had already regained his stride.

Boileau has not solved the puzzle of the four empty years; instead, he has added another puzzle: He attributes to Soane lines from 'The Witch's Kitchen' that are not in Bohte's advance sheets—or in any other identified source.⁸ He claims that Soane had translated 'nearly one-third' of *Faust*—that would be close to 1,530 lines—considerably more than the 546 lines that survive. It might be said that Boileau, writing in 1834, over ten years after Soane's involvement in the project, has misremembered the extent of Soane's contribution. Yet he nevertheless manages to quote the lines from 'The Witch's Kitchen'.

⁸ In the Extracts, at Plate 7, Soane had translated these lines quite differently: 'Down with it! It will gladden your heart, Are you the devil's friend and shrink from fire.' (2583–6).

EXTRACTS FROM GÖTHER'S TRAGEDY OF FAUSTUS

Preface.

Göthe's Tragedy of Faustus is the most singular, and perhaps the most original, production of modern genius. It is true the fable had already been used for the Drama by our nervous Marlowe, but the poets differ widely in their manner of developing it. The originality of Göthe is more particularly evident in his Demon. From Marlowe down to the time of Milton, the fiend was clothed in attributes of disgust and horror; with Milton he was a fallen angel: darkness hovered round his head, but the principle of light remained unquenched within him. Göthe gives to him the external attributes of man: the demon is shown only in his mind;—doubt is the very essence of his being.

It is not the purpose here to enter into an analysis of this extraordinary work; for the occasion it is sufficient to state, that, in his native land, Göthe is considered next to Homer and the more immortal Shakspeare. The Germans affirm, and perhaps truly, that there are only three creative poets; amongst which Göthe, though last, is not the least.

The plates, intended to illustrate Faustus, have been highly praised by men, themselves the subjects of the highest praise: '*Laudari a laudato viro,*' is the greatest of human honours. The praise of *Fuseli* would alone put the stamp of fame upon this work.

The Translator neither seeks nor deserves credit; his task has been a simple one: that of selecting from the Tragedy the passages most appropriate to the Plates, and adding to them so much of the Story as would render the whole intelligible. He has differed from the German analyst in the choice of his quotations, and has preferred selecting for himself from the Play, to translating extracts that were sometimes too brief, and sometimes too long, for the purpose. The additional explanation in italics, unnecessary perhaps to the German reader, is of no little importance to those unacquainted with German literature.

Extracts.*Plate I.*

The Lord, the Heavenly Host, and Mephistopheles.

The Lord.—Dost thou always come to accuse?—Will Earth never please thee?

Mephistopheles.—No, Lord. 'Tis now as it always was there—wretched—nothing but wretchedness. I pity Man in the days of his sorrow, and could almost cease to plague him. 294–8

Plate II.

Faustus and his Scholar, Wagner, walking abroad in the Evening.

Wagner.—What is it, in the twilight, that so much takes your attention?

Faustus.—Do you see the black hound running amongst the stubble? 1146–7

Plate III.

Faustus takes the black Dog home with him: it assumes, successively, various terrific shapes; till at last—subdued by his incantations—Mephistopheles appears as a travelling Student.

Mephistopheles.—Why is this tumult? What wants my master? 1322

Plate IV.

Mephistopheles binds himself to serve Faustus on Earth, on condition that Faustus makes over to him his soul: Faustus agrees, but Mephistopheles requires it under his hand.

Faustus.—Is it not enough that my given word disposes of my eternal life?

1718–19

Plate V.

Faustus and Mephistopheles join a drinking Party at a tavern. Mephistopheles causes the table to produce several sorts of wine, which afterwards turn to flames.

Mephistopheles.—The vine bears grapes—the goat, horns; the wine is juice—the vine, wood: the wooden table also can yield wine. 2284–7

Plate VI.

Mephistopheles conducts Faustus to a Witch's cave, inhabited by strange Animals (half cat, half monkey), her servants. Mephistopheles seats himself, while Faustus is occupied in looking into a magic-mirror. The Monkey-cats bring a crown to Mephistopheles.

Mephistopheles.—Here sit I like a king upon his throne, and only want the crown. 2448-9

Plate VII.

The Witch brings to Faustus a magic draught, intended to renew his youth. When Faustus puts the glass to his lips, the liquor turns to flame.

Mephistopheles.—Down with it! It will gladden your heart. Are you the Devil's friend, and shrink from fire? 2583-6

Plate VIII.

Faustus, for the first time, sees Margaret.

Faustus.—Fair one, will you accept me for your companion? 2605-6

Plate IX.

Margaret, in her own chamber, binding up her hair.

Margaret.—I should like to know my companion of the morning. 2678-9

Plate X.

Faustus in Margaret's chamber, introduced there by Mephistopheles. He seats himself by her bed, in an old arm-chair, which he apostrophises.

Faustus.—Receive me, thou, who, in grief and joy, hast received, with open arms, the ancestors of my Margaret. 2695-6

Plate XI.

Mephistopheles, to corrupt Margaret's innocence, (that she may more easily fall a prey to the lust of Faustus), leaves rich ornaments in her chamber. She is decorating herself with them.

Margaret.—Oh that the earrings were mine! 2796

*Plate XII.**Margaret shows her new-found treasures to her old companion Martha.***Martha.**—Thou lucky Girl!

2882

*Plate XIII.**Mephistopheles brings to Martha the news of her Husband's death.***Mephistopheles.**—Pardon my freedom; I see she has company, and will return in the afternoon.

2902-4

*Plate XIV.**Margaret plucks a flower, and tears off the leaves.****Margaret.**—He loves me—Oh no! he loves me not.—Yes! he loves me.

3182-3

*Plate XV.**Margaret meets Faustus in a summer-house, and returns his kiss.***Margaret.**—I love thee—dearly love thee!

3206

*Plate XVI.**Margaret alone, at her spinning-wheel.***Margaret.**—My peace is gone; my heart is heavy.

3374-5

*Plate XVII.**A Chapel: in a niche in the wall is an image of the Mater Dolorosa; before it are flower-baskets, which Margaret fills with fresh flowers.***Margaret.**—Look down, O Holy One, upon my need.

3587-90

*Plate XVIII.**Margaret in prayer before the altar, during mass. The Evil Spirit is invisible at her elbow, and whispers to her, Despair.***Evil Spirit.**—The Holy Ones turn from thee.

3828-9

[*She faints*]

* [Soane footnote:] A mode of fortune-telling equivalent to the trick of our gypsies with the grouts of tea.

Plate XIX.

Valentine, the brother of Margaret, fights with Faustus. Mephistopheles, unseen, parries the blows aimed at Faustus, and Valentine is mortally wounded.

Valentine.—I think the Devil fights. How's this?—my hand is lamed.

Mephistopheles (*to Faustus*) Now, strike. 3709–10

Plate XX.

Valentine, dying, reproaches Margaret, who, hearing the noise, has come down into the street with a light.

Valentine.—Leave weeping: when you lost your honour, you gave my heart the deepest wound. I go through the sleep of death to God—a soldier and a brave one. 3771–5

Plate XXI.

The Hartz Mountains at night; Faustus and Mephistopheles pass on, guided by an Ignis Fatuus.

Faustus.—We seem to have entered the world of dreams and witchery. 3871–2

Plate XXII.

An ideal Hell; Faustus and Mephistopheles.

Faustus.—See you that pale, beautiful creature, standing alone, in the distance?—'tis like Margaret! 4184–5, 4188

Plate XXIII.

Faustus hearing that Margaret is in prison, condemned to death for the murder of her Child, reproaches Mephistopheles.

Faustus.—Hound—detested hound! Change him, thou Eternal Spirit—change again the worm to his form of hound.

[unnumbered prose passage]

Plate XXIV.

Night. An open plain; in the back a gallows, round which ravens and strange figures are playing in the air; Faustus and Mephistopheles rush by, on black horses.

Faustus.—What things are those flitting about yon gallows?

Mephistopheles.—I know not them nor their work—on—on.

4399–400, 4404

Plate XXV.

Margaret in prison. Faustus, with a lamp and a large bunch of keys, enters.

Faustus.—She suspects not that her beloved listens to the clank of her chains and the rustling of her straw.

4421–2

Plate XXVI.

Margaret refuses to leave the prison; and imagines she sees a fiend rising from the earth.

Margaret.—What monster rises from the earth?—What will he, in the holy place? He comes for me.

Faustus.—Come to life.

Margaret.—God! to thee I give myself.

Mephistopheles.—Come; or I leave thee to thy fate.

4601–6

[*The Demon carries off Faustus.*]

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Dedication.

Ye wav'ring images, are near again,
As once ye visited my gloomy mind!
And may I hold you? Is my heart as then
To Fancy's high imaginings inclin'd?
Ye crowd around me! Well then, as ye wind
From clouds and darkness be your power seen;
My bosom swells with youthful fire, refin'd
By the sweet breath that, where your train has been,
Still leaves a magic odour fresh o'er all the scene.
With you arise the joys of time gone bye,
And many a lovely shadow flits along;
First-love and friendship in dim forms are nigh
Like some half-living half-forgotten song;
The sorrows of my youth around me throng,
Grief treads again life's labyrinthine ways,
And tells me of the friends whom Fortune's wrong
Has robb'd of many, many happy days,
And torn from me to plunge into the night's dark maze.
They hear me not, those kindred souls, for whom
In youth I sang; burst is that circle gay
Which round me once in friendship us'd to bloom,
The echo of those times has died away;
And now to stronger ears is pour'd my lay,
To those whose praises, when they loudest sound.
But make me sad; the partners of my May,
Who in their old friend's verse had pleasure found,
Live not, or live dispersed upon some far-off ground.
The aspiration for the world of shades
Revives within me, and my strain
Now swells to joy, now into sadness fades,
Like Aeol's harp—I shudder! and again

10

20

Tears coursing tears adown my old cheeks rain;
 My heart relents with feelings long unknown! 30
 The present is to me, unreal, vain,
 Distant is all that now I call my own;
 The past again is real, and the past alone.

**Induction
 on the Stage
 The Manager, the Poet of the Theatre, and the Fool.**

MANAGER: Now tell me, friends, who have so oft stood by me
 In need and trouble, tell me what you hope
 From this our enterprize in German land:
 I wish to please the crowd, and most because
 It lives and lets live. See, the posts are fix'd,
 The stage is laid, and all expect a treat. 40
 Already they sit there with lifted brows
 Yet patiently, and fain would stare at something.
 I know the means to captivate the many,
 But never was I in such straits as now.
 'Tis true they're not accustom'd to the best,
 But then, my friends, they've read prodigiously.
 How shall we fashion it that all be new
 And with instruction pleasing? For, in troth,
 I like to see the thronging, when the tide
 Swells to our booth; and when, with wavy motion, 50
 All struggle through the narrow doors of grace
 By the broad daylight, ere the clock strikes four,
 Fighting their way with elbows to the pay-place,
 Breaking their necks almost to gain a ticket,
 Like hungry swarms around a baker's shop
 In times of famine. 'Tis the poet only
 Can work this wonder on the various many;
 Work it to-day, my friend, I do beseech you.

POET: Oh tell me not of this dull motley crew,
 At whose sight fancy flies; hide from me throngs 60
 That 'gainst our will suck all into the whirlpool.
 Oh lead me forth to silence 'neath the skies
 Where only to the poet blossoms joy,
 Where love and friendship with the hand of Gods,
 Create and nourish hearted happiness.
 What then arises in the bosom's depth,
 What then is stammer'd by the trembling lips,
 Now failing, now perchance succeeding, all
 Is swallow'd by the wilder moment's power. 70

When first the thought has work'd its way through years,
 It bursts upon us in its perfect form.
 What glitters is born only for the moment,
 The solid lives to all posterity.

FOOL: I would that I might never hear again
 Of this posterity. Suppose that I now
 Should chuse to speak of it, who then would jest
 To please our times, for jest they must and will have?
 The presence of mettled lad, I think,
 Is always something. He, who can impart
 Himself to others, and agreeably,
 Will scarce feel angry with the people's humour.
 He wishes for himself a larger circle,
 To shake it with the greater certainty.
 Via, my friend, and shew yourself a master;
 Let fantasy with all her choir be heard,
 Your reason, understanding, pathos, passion,
 And,—mark me well now,—not without your folly.

80

MANAGER: But, above all, let there be plot enough.
 They come to stare; 'tis what they most prefer;
 And if enough is acted to the sight
 So that the multitude may gape and wonder, are the gen'ral idol.
 'Tis by mass only you can sway the mass;
 For each at least seeks something for himself;
 He, who brings much, must something bring to many,
 And thus all go contented from the house.
 Wouldst give a piece? why give it then in pieces;
 Such a ragout must answer: then it is
 As easily served up as 'twas invented.
 What boots it that you bring a perfect whole?
 The public's sure to pull it into pieces.

90

100

POET: You do not feel how wretched such a trade is!
 How little it becomes the real artist!
 The bungling of your coxcombs is, I see,
 Your gospel now.

MANAGER: Such taunts leave me untouch'd.
 The man who looks to do his business well,
 Must use the fittest tools. Consider now,
 You've got soft wood to split, and only see
 For whom you write. If ennui brings us one,
 Another creeps here from too rich a banquet;
 And,—which, by Heavens! is the worst of all,—
 Great numbers flock from reading the Reviews.
 All come to us, as to a masquerade,
 With jaded fancies, and each step is wing'd

110

By curiosity, and that alone.

The women come, themselves to be a show,

With all their finery, and play besides

Their parts for nothing. What then skill your dreams

130

On your poetic heights? or why should you

Delight in crowded houses? Only view

Our friends more closely; half are cold, half rude.

This, when the play is over, looks for cards;

This for a night of riot on the breast

Of some young strumpet. Why should you, poor fools,

For such an object plague the lovely Muses?

I tell you, give them more—still more—and more,

And you'll not fail your purpose. Only seek

To puzzle men; to satisfy them's hard.

What ails you? Is it transport now or pain?

POET: Begone, and seek yourself another slave.

What! shall the poet jest away for you

The highest rights that Nature has allow'd him,

The rights of man? How does he move all hearts?

How conquer ev'ry element? Is't not

By that fine harmony, which from his breast

140

Expands to all, reflecting on his heart

The outward world? When Nature dully works

The thread's eternal length upon the spindle,

When the discordant heaps of all creation

Amongst each other ring vexatiously,

Who then divides the overflowing parts,

That they may move in harmony together?

Who summons individuality

Unto the consecration of the whole,

When it may beat in beautiful accords?

Who makes the tempest of the passions rage?

150

The red of eve to glow with deeper meaning?

Who scatters on the path of those lov'd

Spring's sweetest flow'rs? Who twines the idle leaves

To wreaths of honour for desert of all kinds,

Secures Olympus, and unites the gods?

The power of man revealed in the poet!

FOOL: Employ it then, the lovely power you talk of,

And handle me your high poetic work,

As love-adventures commonly are handled.

160

Your parties meet by chance; they feel; they pause;

And by degrees are lovingly entangled.

First Fortune waxes, then it is attack'd;

Now there is transport, now comes pain; and thus

Before you thought of it, you have a novel.
 Such let our play be. Only thrust your hand
 Into the heart of human life—for all
 Do live that life, though few can comprehend it;
 Seize where you will, there must be interest.

In motley images a little clearness, 170

Much error mingled with a spark of truth,
 So is the best draught brew'd, that will refresh
 And edify mankind. 'Tis then the flow'r
 Of loveliest youth comes flocking to your play
 And watches its revealings; From your work
 Each tender soul sucks food for melancholy;
 Now this, now that emotion is excited,
 And each sees imag'd what his own heart feels.

They yet are apt alike to tears and laughter, 180

They love the flights of fancy, joy in show:
 Nought pleases him whose character is fix'd;
 The unform'd mind still thanks you for your pains.

POET: Recal me then those times when I was young,
 When flow'd the fountain of thick-coming song
 Without cessation; when clouds veil'd the world,
 And each bud promis'd wonders, as I pull'd
 The thousand flow'rs that spread o'er every dale. 190

'Twas then that I had nothing, yet enough,
 The thirst for truth, the joying in illusion.
 Oh! give me back those impulses uncurb'd;
 Oh! give rue back that anguish'd deep delight,
 The energy of hate, the might of love;
 Give me my youth again.

FOOL: You do, indeed,

Want youth when press'd upon by foes in battle,
 Or when a lovely girl, with playful force
 Is clinging to your neck; or when the palm 200
 Of the quick course is beckoning from a goal
 Hard to be reach'd; or when, the hot waltz o'er
 You'd drink away the night. But oh! to wake
 The music of the harp with fire and sweetness,
 To sweep with lovely wildness to an end,
 Yourself have chosen,—that's your work, old sirs, 210

Nor shall we honour you the less for that.
 Age makes us children as the proverb says,
 But in good truth it only finds us such.

MANAGER: Enough of words, now let us see your deeds;
 While you change flatt'ries something might be done.
 What skills it, sir, to talk of disposition?

That never comes to tardiness; and if
 You call yourself a poet, then command 220
 The presence of the Muses; What we need
 Is not unknown to you: We'd drink strong drink,
 And therefore brew it me without more talking.
 What's left today will not be done to-morrow.
 Man ought not to procrastinate away
 A single hour; Resolve should boldly seize,
 And by the forelock, Possibility;
 Once caught he will not let him go again,
 But works, and onward works, because he must. 230
 Upon our German stage, you know, each tries
 Whate'er his fancy dictates. Spare not then
 For scen'ry or machinery to-day.
 Make use of Heaven's great and lesser light;
 Be lavish of the stars; of water, fire,
 Rocks, beasts, and birds, there is no scarcity,
 Thus bring into our narrow house of wood 240
 Creation's circle, and with cautious speed
 Travel from Heaven through the earth to hell.

Prologue in Heaven.

**The Lord, the Heavenly Host, and, afterwards, Mephistopheles.
 The Three Archangels come forward.**

RAPHAEL: In rival music with the spheres,
 The sun, as from the first of years
 Moves on, and ends its course of wonder
 With the deaf'ning crash of thunder.
 Angels draw vigour from its sight,
 Though none can read its mystic light:
 The high unfathom'd works of Pow'r
 Are bright as in Creation's hour. 250

GABRIEL: Quick past comprehension hurl'd.
 Rolls the glory of the world;
 And the brightness of the sky
 Sways with night alternately;
 Foams the sea in restless motion
 O'er the burial rocks of ocean;
 Yet rocks and seas roll on through years,
 In the quick course of the spheres.

MICHAEL: From sea to land, from land to sea,
 Tempests howl in rivalry, 260
 Working wildest changes round;

Under and above the ground:
 Glitt'ring beams of ruin blaze,
 Heralding the thunder's ways;
 Yet thy servants homage pay,
 To the mild course of thy day.

THE THREE: Angels draw vigour from the sight,
 Though none can comprehend thy might;
 The high unfathom'd works of Pow'r
 Are bright as in Creation's hour.

270

MEPHISTOPHELES: Since you again approach us, Lord; and ask
 How all goes on with us, and ever lik'd
 To see me here, you find me 'mongst the rest.
 Your pardon, for I cannot make fine speeches,
 Though the whole circle mock me; You would laugh
 Should I be sentimental, if indeed
 You'd not forsworn the habit. I can't talk
 Of suns and worlds; I only see how man
 Torments himself; the little god of earth
 Keeps his old nature, and is as fanciful
 As at the first. He'd live a little better
 Had you not given him a glimpse of light,
 Which he calls reason; but he uses it
 Only to be more brutal than the brutes.
 He seems to me, with pardon of your grace,
 Like one of your long-legged grasshoppers,
 That jumps and jumps, and sings his old song still,
 E'en in the grass. Would he were still left there!
 He pokes his nose now into ev'ry mire.

280

290

THE LORD: Have you then nothing more to say to me?
 Do you come always only to complain?
 Will you be never pleas'd with earth?

MEPHISTOPHELES: No, Lord;
 I find it there, as it has always been,
 Heartily bad. I even pity man
 In his long days of sorrow, and almost
 Have lost the wish to plague him.

THE LORD: Dost thou know
 Faustus?

MEPHISTOPHELES: The Doctor, is it not?

THE LORD: My servant.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Truly he serves you in a wond'rous fashion!
 Not earthly is the ideot's drink or food;
 The ferment drives him into worlds beyond him,
 And yet the fool's half conscious of his madness.

300

From Heav'n he asks the brightest of its stars;
 From earth he asks the essence of its joys;
 Yet all that's near, and all that's in the distance,
 Cannot content the swellings of his heart.

THE LORD: Although he serve me now perplexedly,
 Yet soon my hand shall lead him into light;
 The gard'ner knows when first the young tree buds.
 That bloom and fruit will deck its after years.

310

MEPHISTOPHELES: What will you lay that you don't lose him yet?
 Let me but lead him quietly my way.

THE LORD: While yet he lives on earth that's not forbidden;
 Man errs while he aspires.

MEPHISTOPHELES: My thanks for that;
 For with the dead I do not like to meddle.
 Your plump cheeks, please me best; to corpses, troth,
 I'm not at home; I'm like your cats with mice.

320

THE LORD: Well, then, 'tis granted you; seduce this soul
 From its creator; if that thou canst seize it,
 Then lead it with thyself thy downward path,
 But stand asham'd when thou art forc'd to own,
 A good man even in his darkling efforts,
 Has yet the consciousness of what is right.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Tis very good, but then it lasts not long;
 I fear not for my wager; if I gain
 My purpos'd end, you'll let me freely triumph.
 Dust shall he eat, and with good pleasure too,
 As once my cousin, the renowned serpent.

330

THE LORD: E'en then it is allowed thee to appear;
 The Lord hath never hated such as thou;
 Of all the spirits that deny, the mocker
 Offends me least; the energy of man
 Is all too lightly slacken'd, and too soon
 He longs for unconditional repose.

340

Therefore I choose to give him a companion
 Who stimulates, and works, and as a devil
 Must still be busy. Ye, Heav'ns purer sons,
 Rejoice ye in the rich and living beauty;
 The ever-growing, that still lives and works,
 Embrace you in the gracious lists of love;
 And fix ye in imperishable thought
 That which is floating in uncertain vision.

(The Heaven's close; the Archangels separate.)

MEPHISTOPHELES [*'alone' omitted*]: From time to time I like to see the
 old one;

350

I take care not to break with him; in troth
 'Tis very handsome in a noble lord
 To talk so kindly with the devil himself.

The Tragedy.
First Part.
NIGHT.

Faustus sitting disquietly at his desk, in a high-arched, narrow gothic chamber.

FAUSTUS: I've studied now with ardent zeal

All that your divines reveal;
 All the mysteries that lie
 In physic, law, philosophy;
 And here I am at last, poor man,
 As wise as when I first began.
 These dub me master; doctor, those;

360

And for the tenth year now I lead
 All my pupils by the nose
 Up and down with puzzling creed;
 And see that we can nothing know;
 It burns my heart that it is so.
 'Tis true I'm wiser than those fools
 The priests and doctors of the schools;
 No doubts within my breast rebel,
 I neither fear the devil nor hell:
 Joy, therefore, has from me departed;
 I cannot fancy I know ought,
 Or ought, that being to man imparted
 Could e'er extend the world of thought.

370

I've neither lands, nor gold, nor birth,
 Nor any other goods of earth;—
 No dog would lead this life an hour!
 'Tis therefore, magic, that to thee
 I dedicate myself; to see
 Whether from spirits' lips and pow'r
 I may not many mysteries gain,
 That I no more with toil and pain
 May need to talk of what, poor elf,
 I do not understand myself;
 That I may see that power reveal'd
 Which holds earth firm, in earth concealed
 Look on the secret springs of motion,
 Not trade in words with blind devotion:
 Oh thou full moon, whose waxing light

380

I oft have watch'd in middle night!
 Oh! that thy beams were shining now
 The last time on my troubled brow!
 Then, mournful friend, thy round full-grown,
 Upon my books and papers shone. 390

Ah! could I on the mountain height
 But wander in thy lovely light,
 In mountain caves with spirits creep,
 O'er meadows in thy twilight sweep,
 And, free from learning's sickly pain
 Bathe in thy dews to health again!
 Still am I in this den confin'd?

In this damp, cursed dungeon pin'd?
 Where scarcely pours the light of day 400
 Through painted glass a sadden'd ray;
 Hemm'd in by books which, heap'd in piles,
 The book-worm gnaws, the dust defiles,
 Which, by the high arch only bounded,
 By smoky paper are surrounded;
 About me boxes without number,
 Stuff'd full with instruments and lumber,
 Where too the moths consuming breed;
 This is thy world!—A world indeed!

And can you ask then, in the breast 410
 Why now the trembling heart is prest?
 Or why strange feelings, undefin'd,
 All life's springs within thee bind?
 Instead of those bright fields of morn,
 Those into which man first was born,
 Encircled here by dead men's bones
 And the brute world's skeletons.

Fly! up into that far-off land!
 And this book full of mystery,
 Inscrib'd by Nostradam's own hand 420
 Is it not guide enough to thee?

Then wilt thou read the starry course;
 While nature doth herself reveal
 Thy soul's strength will, expanding, feel
 How spirits with the spirits discourse.
 In vain! this meditation's vain
 The holy symbols to explain.
 Spirits! ye are floating near me!
 Spirits! answer, if ye hear me.

(He opens the book, and perceives the sign of Macrocosmus.)

Gushes at once what sweet delight
 Through all my senses at the sight!
 I feel life's young and holy glow
 Through nerve and vein reviving flow.
 And did a God these symbols write?
 Which all my inward, tumult still,
 The wretched heart with rapture fill
 And with strange impulse o'er the will
 Around me nature's powers unroll.
 Am I a God? Within is light!
 I see now in these symbols bright
 Creative nature lie before my soul. 440
 Now first I feel what the wise one said;
 'The world of the spirits to all is open;
 'Tis thy mind is clos'd, 'tis thy heart is dead;
 'But up, scholar, bathe with a zeal unbroken
 'Thy earthly breast in the morning red.'

(He considers the sign)

Into a whole how all parts blend!
 Each in the other doth work and live;
 Up and down the heavenly powers wend;
 And the golden pails to each other give. 450
 In flight, that scatters blessing around,
 From Heaven they pierce through the earth profound,
 And all through all harmoniously sound.
 Ha! what a sight!—but only a sight!
 Where to grasp thee, nature, so infinite?
 Or, ye breasts, where? Ye, life's endless spring,
 To which the earth and the heavens cling!
 To which the withering heart would strain,
 Ye flow, quench thirst,—and I long in vain!

*(He turns over the leaves of the book discontentedly,
 and perceives the sign of the Earth Spirit.)*

How diff'rently works this sign within!
 Thou, Spirit of Earth, art more akin; 460
 Already I feel my powers higher,
 Already, as with new wine, on fire;
 Into the world I now could dare,
 The ills and the good of earth could bear,
 And sweep myself with the tempest round,
 Nor tremble in shipwreck's crashing sound.
 Clouds o'er me spread—
 The moon conceals her ray—
 Dwindles the lamp away— 470

It smokes! above my head
 The quivering flames are red!
 Waves down a shuddering dread
 From yon arch'd ceiling,
 And grasps me here!
 Spirit of my spells, I feel thee, floating near!
 Unveil thyself!—appear!
 Ah! how it rages in my heart!
 To new-born feeling
 My senses are stirr'd up in ev'ry part.
 I feel my soul quite given up to thee! 480
 Thou must—thou must—though life itself the price should be.
 (*He grasps the book, and utters mysteriously the sign of the Spirit
 a red flame quivers: the Spirit appears in the flame.*)

SPIRIT: Who calls on me?

FAUSTUS (*Averting his face.*): Ha! sight of fear!

SPIRIT: You've summon'd me by a charm of might,
 Have long been sucking at my sphere,
 And now—

FAUSTUS: I can not bear thy sight!

SPIRIT: You've pray'd, and prayed breathlessly,
 My voice to list and my brow to see;
 That pray'r of thy soul hath moved me;
 I'm here!—What terrors upon thee fall,
 Thou more than man! where now is the call 490
 Thy soul did utter? Where is the breast
 That a world within itself compress'd?
 That, trembling with transport, swell'd and beat
 With us, the spirits, itself to mete.
 Where art thou Faustus, whose voice at length
 Burst on mine ear? who with all thy strength
 Press'd thyself on me?—Art thou he? thou?
 Who by my breath overclouded now
 Dost shake in the depths where life has birth,
 A fearful, a shrunk-up worm of earth.

FAUSTUS: Image of fire, and shall I yield to you?

I'm he—I'm Faustus—am your equal too. 500

SPIRIT: In life's flowing tide,
 In action's strife,
 Up and down I glide,
 Here and there I wave,
 A birth and a grave,
 An endless ocean,
 A weaving motion,

- A glowing life;
 So work I at the rustling loom of time
 And weave the living garment of the God Sublime.
- FAUSTUS: Thou, who around the world dost wend, 510
 Thou active spirit! I feel to thee so nigh!—
- SPIRIT: You're like the spirit, whom you comprehend,
 Not me!
- FAUSTUS (*Overwhelmed*): Not thee?
 Whom then? I, image of the Godhead, I!
 And yet not equal thee!
- A knocking.*
- It's death!—I know it—'tis my pupil knocks.
 My loveliest hope is gone!—That this dry creeper 520
 Must needs disturb the fullness of my vision.
- (Wagner enters in his dressing-gown and night-cap,
 a lamp in his hand. Faustus turns away discontentedly.)*
- WAGNER: Your pardon, but I heard you now declaiming;
 Reading no doubt a Grecian tragedy?
 I should much like to profit in this art;
 It now a-days works much; I've heard it boasted
 An actor might give lessons to a parson.
- FAUSTUS: Yes, when your parson is himself an actor,
 As it indeed will sometimes come to pass.
- WAGNER: Oh, if one thus is banish'd to one's study, 530
 And scarce upon a feast-day sees the world,
 Scarce through a telescope, but from a distance,
 How shall one lead by eloquence mankind?
- FAUSTUS: If you don't feel it, 'tis not to be forc'd;
 If from the soul it does not freely burst,
 And with original delight compel
 All hearers' hearts,—brood on for ever—patch—
 Cook a ragout from others' broken orts,
 And blow the scanty flame from heaps of ashes, 540
 To children and to ideots a wonder,—
 If 'tis for that your mouth is watering,—
 Yet never will you mingle heart with heart
 Unless the language wellet from the heart.
- WAGNER: But skilful utt'rance makes the speaker's fortune;
 I know it well, I yet am far behind.
- FAUSTUS: Seek honest gain, and be no tinkling fool:
 Reason and sense with little art are utter'd. 550
 When earnest in your speaking, do you need
 To hunt for words? Your speeches, that so sparkle,
 In which you cut humanity to fritters,

Are unrefreshing as the foggy wind
That sighs in autumn through the wither'd leaves.

WAGNER: Oh! art is long! and life alas is short!

Often in these, so critical endeavours
I need must tremble for my head and heart.
How hard of acquisition are the means
By which one mounts up to the springs of knowledge,
And then, before one reaches half the way,
Poor devil! one may die.

FAUSTUS: Is parchment then
The holy fount whose draught for aye still, thirst?
Oh never hast thou yet refreshment gain'd
Unless it welled from thine inward soul.

WAGNER: Your pardon: 'tis delightful to transfuse
One's self into the Spirit of the times,—
To see, before us, how a wise man thought,
And then how far at last ourselves have brought it.

FAUSTUS: Yes, far as to the stars! To us, my friend,
The past is as a book with seven seals;

NOTES

SD = Stage Direction.

1-353 Madame de Staël, John Anster, and STC began their translations at line 354 with *Nacht*. Before Gower, Soane was the only contemporary translator to begin with the *Zueignung*, *Vorspiel*, and *Prolog*, but Soane completed only 200 lines of *Nacht*, breaking off at line 577. Except for the bracketed notes by the editor of this volume, the following notes to these lines of *Faust* are from the edition by R. M. S. Heffner, Helmut Rehder, and W. F. Twaddell (Boston: Health, 1950).

Dedication (*Zueignung* 1-32)

1-32 [Ed. Soane converts the four ottava rima stanzas of the dedicatory poem into Spenserian stanzas.] These four elegiac stanzas were first written in the summer of 1797, probably on June 24, seven years after the publication of *Faust: ein Fragment*, when Goethe resumed work on this drama. The dedication is not an integral part of the Faust play, but belongs to it as a mood-setting preliminary chord belongs to a pianist's performance of a masterpiece. The title, 'Dedication,' can only be considered a reflection of the mood of the author, since the poem is not explicitly dedicated to any person or persons. Indeed, one may almost say that this dedication is the dedication of the poet to his theme.

1 *schwankende Gestalten* The 'figures' of the play—Faust, Gretchen, Mephistopheles, and the rest—not clearly seen in the poet's imagination, but uncertainly 'wavering,' as they return after years in which he has been otherwise occupied. The poet had once before seen them in his youthful (*früh*) and less lucid imagination. This reference to the *trüben Blick* (line 2) is the poet's criticism of his conception of these figures in his earlier work. Goethe's first interest in the Faust materials appears to have been aroused in 1769 (cf. the letter to Zelter, June 1, 1831).

4 *Wahn* 'fanciful idea': his youthful project of putting the figures of the Faust legend into a great drama, of catching these creatures of his imagination and giving them artistic form (*festzuhalten*).

5 *mögt ihr walten* The figures of this tale crowd upon the poet's mind, and he resolves to let them hold sway in his imagination rather than to try to put them away.

6 *Dunst und Nebel* Equivalent to *Nebeldunst*, 'misty haze.' The two nouns connected by the conjunction *und* are used instead of a compound or a modified noun in the figure of speech called hendiadys. This reference to *Dunst und Nebel* (also in a letter to Schiller, June 22, 1797), as the medium from which the figures of his play arise before his mind's eye, seems to imply not merely the dimness with which the persons of the tale are seen, but also the obscurity of the age to which they belong, when alchemy and sorcery flourished, as compared with the clarity and serenity of classic antiquity, as this is conventionally depicted.

8 *unwittert* A magic emanation seems to envelop the moving procession of these figures from the old story.

10 *Schatten* The shades of youthful friends, now dead or departed from the poet's life, the memories of youthful love and first friends, whose passing once caused him great pain.

13 *Klage* His present lament, as it recalls to his mind the names of these departed friends, causes him to retrace in memory the tortuous, labyrinth-like path of his early life.

15 *um schöne Stunden getäuscht* 'deprived of happy hours' (by a trick of fortune).

16 *hinweggeschwunden* Here, as very frequently, the auxiliary of tense must be supplied from the context. In this case it would be *sind*, to make the present perfect tense '(they) have vanished away.'

17 *Gesänge* 'cantos.' The poet refers to his work as if to an epic poem in the traditional form of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or Dante's *Divina Commedia*. This is a metaphor, since none of Goethe's *Faust* has the form of epic poetry.

18 *die Seelen* Those friends and acquaintances in Frankfurt and in Weimar to whom Goethe had read his first *Faust* scenes.

19 *Gedränge* The friendly crowd of enthusiastic young people, with whom Goethe associated in Frankfurt, Strassburg, and Wetzlar, and in whose response to his poetic creations his own feelings found an echo.

21 *Leid* The poem is thought of as the expression of the poet's deepest passion, his sufferings. In his youth he had read some *Faust* scenes to friends who understood him; now, when his poem, with this dedication, is printed and published, it will be open for all to read and to hear. The use of *Leid* here is analogous to that in the distich, written but never published by Goethe, concerning his novel, *Die Lieden des jungen Werthers*:

*Ach, wie hab' ich so oft die törichten Blätter erwünscht,
die mein jugendlich Leid unter die Menschen gebracht.*

First version of the second *Römische Elegie*, Jubiläums-Ausgabe, I:51. [*Ed.*: Soane ignores the implication of *Leid*, and translates *Lied* as 'lay'; inexplicably *unbekannte Menge* ('unknown masses') is translated as 'stronger ears'.]

22 *Beifall* The approval of the unknown multitude disturbs the poet. He fears that general public approval of his poem may indicate that it is less worthy than he had hoped, see lines 59–62. The phrase, *vielen gefallen ist schlimm*, reflects Goethe's aristocratically aloof attitude toward the literary taste of his time.

23 *was* Refers (like *es*, line 24) to anyone who may have enjoyed the early *Faust* scenes, 'whoever . . . he.'

25 *längst entwöhntes Sehnen* The poet's youth lies far behind him (Goethe was now forty-eight years old). For years he has not allowed himself to indulge in reminiscent longing for those very happy early days, see lines 184–197. Now he longs again to be with the kindred souls, the *freundliche Gedränge* (19), who are but spirits ill the silent realm of ghosts (26). As the dim figures of the past crowd upon his imagination, the poet's emotions are aroused and he feels himself transported far from present realities back into this remembered past.

28 *lispelnd* In poetry, the attributive adjective after an *ein*-word in the nominative or accusative neuter singular is quite frequently without the expected ending-*es*.—*Lied* This dedication, as the poet sings it, seems to him to fade away, to become faint like the whispering, uncertain sounds of the Aeolian harp, while the vanished past assumes for him increasing reality.

1. **Prelude in the Theatre** (*Vorspiel auf dem Theater* 33–242)

The underlying fiction of this scene is that these three persons, the theater director, the poet, and the clown, are about to undertake the production of a play, the *Faust*, which is to follow. Goethe uses the scene to exhibit three attitudes toward dramatic poetry, that of (1) the director, who wishes action with variety, in order to bring crowds to his theater, (2) the comedian, who wants a romantic piece with shifting emotions and a direct bond with contemporary life, and (3) the poet, who wishes not to be constrained to write for the uses of the vulgar crowd, but rather in composure to form his work for posterity. The director prevails, and, so to speak, drives the poor poet to his task.

SD 33 *Direktor, Theaterdichter, Lustige Person*. The manager, the poet, and the comedian. The better theater companies employed a writer, whose job it was to prepare the scripts for the various plays presented, to compose occasional prologues and epilogues and, incidentally, a number of original plays each year. The comedian represents the performers of these plays, particularly the player of comic parts, such as the roles of the Fool in Shakespeare's plays.

35 *in deutschen Landen* The implication here is that this is one of those international traveling companies, notably groups of English, Dutch, or German players, who, toward the end of the sixteenth century, performed in the cities and at the courts of princes throughout Europe. This one appears to be uncertain about German conditions and the ensuing dialogue considers the problems posed by German audiences; yet the reference to *unsern deutschen Bühnen*, in line 231, appears to identify this company as a German troupe of the late eighteenth century.

39 Where no theater building existed, these troupes set up their own stages wherever they could—often in a barn, a warehouse, in the town hall, or in a temporary wooden structure (*Bude*, line 50), which they erected on the market place.

41 *Augenbraunen* Another form of *Augenbrauen*, used here for the rime.

46 This audience expects to be astonished (42), and this is the more difficult as its reading is extensive. It will not be easy to find something new for these people.

51 *Wehen* The throes of struggling in the crowd. [*Ed.*: Soane has misunderstood *Wehen*, no plural meaning 'pangs' or 'pains', as *wehen*, the verb meaning 'blow' or 'waves', as in *wissen woher der Wind weht*, 'know which way the wind blows'.]

52 *Gnadenpforte* The entrance to the theater, which is compared by this allusion to the 'gate . . . which leadeth unto life,' Matthew 7:14.

53 *vor Vieren* Dative plural of *vier*, now no longer usual. The performances in Weimar usually began at half-past five or six o'clock. This crowd has gathered well in advance: indeed, the play for the evening has not yet been put together.

54 [*Ed.*: 'Fighting their way with allows to the pay-place'; 'allow' a typesetting error for 'elbows'.]

55 This line, like 104, 117, 119, 126 and a number of others is an Alexandrine: that is, it has six beats, with a caesura (a slight pause) after the third beat (*Hungersnot*). Goethe wrote two youthful plays in this French verse form. The effect of the line in the present context is something like that of the ornamentation of rococo architecture.

59 This may be the same poet who spoke the dedication. At any rate he uses the same stanza form. He says that he cannot compose if he thinks of the motley crowd for whom his work will be performed.

62 *Strudel* 'whirlpool,' the symbol of distraction.

63 *Himmelsenge* A place of retreat, which will be like Heaven to the poet.

64 *wo nur* 'where alone.'

66 *Götterhand* The plural form Götter, 'of the gods,' is reminiscent of the usage of the Greek and Latin poets. It usually means simply 'divine,' with no direct reference to the Christian God.

67–69 The inspirations of the poet's heart, shyly and tentatively murmured, sometimes fail, sometimes succeed in achieving poetic form.

70 *verschlingt* The subject is *Gewalt*, the object is those thoughts (67–69) to which the poet has tried to give poetic form.

71 *durchgedrungen* Supply *ist*; see note to line 16.

71–74 The poetic product is valued in accordance with the conditions of the moment when it appears. Often a work which is not highly esteemed when first brought forth is found by later audiences to have high excellence. Here and now, brilliance may have a momentary effect; genuine artistry will be recognized even by a remote posterity, however blind the contemporary audience may be to its merits.

79 *Gegenwart* The future, or posterity, may have its values. But the present is worth something too, particularly the present of the fine young fellows whose patronage largely supports these actors.

82 The momentary whim of the public will not embitter the artist who knows how to say his say easily. The larger and less intimate his audience, the more certainly will such an artist find a ready response.

85 The comedian urges the poet to be a good fellow and give them an exemplary play for the evening.

86–88 It has been suggested that there is in these lines an allusion to allegorical figures such as appeared in the baroque plays of Daniel Caspar von Lohenstein, and in the plays of Andreas Gryphius. This does not appear to be altogether likely, since it is evident that no such allegorical figures do appear in our play. It seems rather that the poet is being urged to summon his own powers, his imagination, his reason, his common sense, his emotions, and his passions for this task, and admonished not to omit the comic element. One may compare here Goethe's *Maxime*: 'Ein dramatisches Werk zu verfassen, dazugehört Genie. Am Ende soll die Empfindung in der Mitte die Vernunft, am Anfang der Verstand vorwalten und alles gleichmäßig durch eine lebhaft-klare Einbildungskraft vorge-tragen werden.'

93 *in der Breite* 'among the masses.'

99 *Stück: Stücken* A pun. When you give a 'play,' give it right off 'in pieces,' never mind about unity (*ein Ganzes*, 'an artistic whole').—This is a satirical reference to the then prevalent custom of European theaters of giving performances in which only a series of effective excerpts from a play, or even from several plays, was presented. Goethe quips at this frailty again at lines 4215–4216. He deals with the matter more fully in *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, vol. 4.

103 *zerpflücken* 'pick apart' into those portions which it (*das Publikum*) likes best. The director does not credit the general public with any sense for the unity of the play, even if there may be unity in it.

104 *sei* Like *zieme* (105), subjunctive in a subordinate clause of implied indirect discourse, introduced by *ihr fühlt nicht*. This use of the subjunctive after an introductory verb in the present tense has become comparatively unusual in present-day German, but it is very frequently found in Goethe's works. This subjunctive may be said of ten to have little distinctive meaning and the forms may be translated as if they were indicative forms.

106 *saubern* 'nice.' Used sarcastically to mean something quite different. There were a number of such play-smiths active in Germany in Goethe's day, and he was pretty vigorous in his contempt for them.

111 The poet's task, as described by the Director, is to present some-thing fresh and new, something that will please the audience, while it also gives them something to think about (47–48). That task is here compared to the splitting of wood, and in this case, of soft wood. The people of his audience are without powers of concentration. Some come because of boredom; others come loaded

down with overeating; still others come from the distraction of magazine reading. None of them are in any condition to appreciate a work of real artistic merit. They do not wish to be edified: they wish to be still further distracted. That, says the realistic Director, is easy, if only enough is made to happen on the stage.

117 *Maskenfesten* 'carnivals': the great masquerade parties, particularly at Shrovetide, just before Lent. These were especially gay in Cologne, Paris, and Rome. The spirit of such celebrations is well reflected in Berlioz' *Roman Carnival Overture*.

119 The ladies in their finery become an important part of the attraction which brings the audience to the theater, although they are not paid for thus contributing to the success of the evening.

121 *was* = *weshalb*, *warum*, as frequently; see 122, 127.

127 *ihr armen Toren* This poet and others like him, who think of their plays as works of high art, are thus classed by the realistic actor.

132 The dashes indicate interruption due to a gesture by the poet, perhaps a despairing glance toward Heaven.

135 *sollte* Expresses an intention or an expectation of someone else with respect to its subject: 'You expect the poet, I suppose, to ...,' or 'The poet is expected, I suppose, to ...'.

136 *Menschenrecht* 'Man's right' to perceive and describe the relationship between individual phenomena as these present themselves to his mind and the totality of the world as an entity: the right to philosophize, the right to think.

139 Element of nature.

140 *Einklang* That overpowering 'harmony' which springs from the poet's bosom and, encompassing the world's multiplicity of often unrelated events, sweeps these back into the poet's heart as a harmonious whole.

142 *Fadens* Nature is thought of as spinning a thread out of the events of life, eternally spinning, twisting this thread indifferently, and winding it on a spindle. All of these events involve beings which make sounds, and these sounds are unrelated and discordant, therefore vexing to the ear. The process seems endless and meaningless until the poet, perceiving the basic 'harmony' of life, organizes the form of these sounds, arranges the symbols of these events, so that a rhythm results. In this way the poet infuses life, interest, or reason into the dissonant jangle produced by nature.

148 *Weihe* The individual thing or happening has artistic importance only as it is a part of a whole. Only the universal element in the individual event consecrates it, relates it harmoniously to other events. Poetic art, if it is to be significant, must present an individual event in such a way that the universal truth which makes that event important can be perceived intuitively. This done, the individual event does indeed 'strike splendid chords' (149) in the hearts of discerning listeners.

150 *zu* 'as accompaniment to.'

154 *Blätter* The leaves of laurel are insignificant in themselves. But made into a wreath of honor and accompanied by a proper dedicatory or commemorative poem, they become a fit reward for any merit.

156 *Olymp* The seat of the Greek gods a symbol for the highest aspirations of men, some kind of heaven. The force which creates this heaven, or which sustains and consolidates it, is the peculiarly human power of insight, revealed in the poet.

158-183 The comedian, urging the poet to action, to put together a piece for the evening, suggests that he start with anything that comes to mind (*zufällig* 161), and then let his emotions direct the further course of events. Take any subject from real life (167), he says, and your fine poetic insight will give you power to make your play a revelation to everyone, and then it will be interesting. Of course, you have to work through symbols (*Bildern* 170), and these need to be lively and somewhat perplexing, or at any rate not too clear: you need a lot of human error and a bit of truth to

make a brew that will be at once refreshing and edifying. Go about it this way; then the young, the tender of heart, will find in your play the things they themselves have most in their own hearts. Don't try to write for the people who have ceased to grow; no one can please them.

181 *Schwung* The grand gesture, the soaring flight of the imagination, characteristic of the heroic drama of the seventeenth century. Examples abound in the plays of Gryphius and of Lohenstein.

182 *wer fertig ist* The antithesis of *ein Werdender*. People who have ceased to learn have ceased to grow, are 'finished.' They will not feel any attraction to such a play, but that can't be helped: they don't approve of anything. Hence, write for the young, disregard the perfect, or those who think they are perfect.

184–197 These lines will find an echo in the heart of any man near or past fifty, as Goethe was when he wrote them. They belong intimately by mood to the dedication, and they say that to write for the young the poet needs to be young. This the comedian at once denies.

186 *gedrängter* 'crowding close, one upon the other.'

193 *Wahrheit . . . Trug* Neither of these words is easily defined, as Pilate discovered (John 18:8). Life is full of both things. Truth, however, is something apprehended by the mind, by the human intelligence; *Trug*, be it illusion or delusion, is something apprehended by the senses. The world of truth is a world of abstractions; the world of phenomena, from which these abstractions stem, is perhaps the world of delusion to which this poet refers. Because it appears in this context, this line also has a meaning more closely associated with the world of the theater. Hence *Wahrheit* can be taken to mean 'fidelity to nature,' and *Trug* to mean the 'sham of the stage.' The two ideas of *Drang* and *Lust* are overtones of the contrast between *Wahrheit* and *Trug*, and suggest the conflict between the activating force of inner drive and the opiate of enjoyment which leads to passivity. This conflict is found in the lives of all and is especially exemplified in the story of Faust.

202 *Kranz* It was customary to hang the wreath intended for the winner of the race upon the goal, where approaching runners could see it.

204 *Wirbeltanz* The violent folk dances, which are physically exhausting, by contrast with the sedate minuet of the princely court.

206 The writing of poetry or of a play is compared to the playing of a lyre or harp, to the accompaniment of which ancient poetry was recited.

209 *mit holdem Irren* The comedian suggests that the poet may wend his way, unmethodically and leisurely, toward his self-set goal, and that the audience will find his meandering pleasant.

212 This *Vorspiel* was probably written in 1797, when Goethe was 48 years old. If there is any personal reference behind these lines, coupled with those of the poet at 184–197, it is to a Goethe who was mature and who needed a bit of urging to take up the task of completing his *Faust*. He is an *alter Herr* (210) in the sense that he is a senior, not a junior, writer, but not in the sense that he is an old man.

218 *Stimmung* No one has mentioned 'mood' up to this point. But it is evidently expected that the poet will remonstrate and say that he has to find the right mood before he can compose his play. In his conversations with Eckermann (March 11, 1828) Goethe described two kinds of aesthetic productivity: one, the highest attainable, is beyond any poet's control. '*Jede Produktivität höchster Art, jedes bedeutende Aperçu, jede Erfindung, jeder große Gedanke, der Frucht bringt und Folge hat, steht in niemands Gewalt und ist über aller irdischen Macht erhaben. Dergleichen hat der Menschen als unverhoffte Geschenke von oben . . .*' The other kind of productivity is more subject to the will of the poet. '*In diese Region zähle ich alles zur Ausführung einer Planes Gehörige, alle Mittelglieder einer Gedankenkette, deren eines Endpunkte bereits leuchtend dastehen; ich zähle dahin alles dasjenige, was den sichtbaren Leib und Körper eines Kunstwerkes ausmacht.*' This is the kind of productivity the director understands and urges his poet to undertake.

224 *braut . . . dran* 'set about brewing.'

228 *beim Schopfe fassen* *Lysippos*, a Greek sculptor (about 330 B.C.) made a statue of Kairos (Opportunity), in which Opportunity is depicted as having a lock of hair in front and as completely bald on the back of the head. Hence Opportunity must be grasped by the forelock or not at all.

232 *Maschinen* The effects of theater illusion on the German stage, in contrast to the classic economy of the French of Corneille and Racine, encouraged by the ebullient zeal of producers to try every device to surprise and overawe an audience.

235 *das groß' und kleine Himmelslicht*, represent the sun and the moon, respectively.

238 *Tier und Vögeln* The plural inflection *-en* on *Tieren* is omitted; cf. *das groß' und kleine Himmelslicht* 235, *von Sonn' und Welten* 279.

240–242 This need not be taken literally as itinerary. It is a list of the stopping places in the *Kreis* traverse.

2. Prologue in Heaven (*Prolog im Himmel* 243–353)

The issue is whether or not Mephistopheles can lead Faust away from the service of the Lord. The Lord appears to be in an indulgent mood, in that he permits Mephistopheles to attempt to lead Faust astray. The analogy of this scene to the Biblical story of Job is evident. There the Lord points to his servant Job as an 'upright man' and Satan proposes to destroy Job's character. The God of the Old Testament gives his approval to Satan's undertaking. In *FAUST* Mephistopheles proposes to win Faust away from God, not by persecution, but *sacht* (314) by easy allurements and by pleasures. By locating this scene in Heaven and using God, Mephistopheles, and the Archangels as speaking characters Goethe achieves something of the atmosphere of the Mystery plays of the Middle Ages.

SD 243 *Der Herr* As this is usually produced on the stage, the Lord does not appear where the audience can see Him, but converses with the others through an opening into an inner court of Heaven. Conventionally this opening is overhead, and a great shaft of light falls from above while the Lord is present. It is cut off when the inner court is closed, line 349.—*Die himmlischen Heerscharen* are the Heavenly Hosts of Luke 2:13.—*Die drei Erzengel*. We may assume that there are numerous archangels in Heaven, of whom these three step forward. The Bible mentions only Michael as an archangel. The name of Raphael occurs in the apocryphal Book of Tobit (12:15). Gabriel is mentioned in Daniel (8: 16) and in Luke (1: 19, 26). Neither Gabriel nor Raphael is called an archangel in the Bible.

243 *die Sonne tönt* Aristotle says that some Pythagorean philosophers believed that the heavenly bodies produced musical notes as they moved along their courses. Those which moved slowly produced a low note, those which moved more rapidly produced a high note; so that there was a chance for harmony, if the relative speeds of the stars on their courses were integrally related. This idea has frequently been used by poets and musicians.

244 *Brudersphären Wettgesang* The mention of 'spheres' seems to indicate that Goethe was making poetic use of the ancient Ptolemaic cosmography as the basis for the relationships here presupposed. This doctrine envisaged the earth as a stationary sphere located at the center of the finite universe. This universe was viewed as a structure of hollow, concentric, transparent spheres around the earth: the closest easy analogy to this structure is that of a large onion. The sphere nearest the earth is that of the moon. Within each of the six spheres next outside the moon one of the planets moved on its own (epicyclic) course. Nearest the realm of the moon was the sphere of Mercury, then came the spheres of Venus, the sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, in that order. Beyond the sphere of Saturn was the sphere of the fixed stars. It is probably the spheres of the planets which are here thought of as 'brother spheres' to the sun. Each sphere as it revolves makes a sound and the whole is viewed as a friendly rivalry. In this Ptolemaic system, God resided outside the finite universe, beyond the Primum Mobile, in the Empyrean, the 'tenth heaven' of Dante, 'the abode of the blessed.'

246 *vollendet* The sun cannot be said ever to complete its journey, in the sense that it arrives and ceases to travel. However, it does rotate on its axis and presumably travels around an orbit. It appears

that at line 243 the sun was remote enough for its movement to sound a musical note (*tönt*), whereas at line 246 it has come close enough to the observer to produce a thunderous roar, rather than a musical tone.

248 *wenn = obwohl*, or perhaps *während*.—*sie = die Sonne*.—*mag = kann*.

248 *Werke* The works of Creation, described in the first chapter of Genesis, and referred to in Genesis 2: 2.

251 *schnell, schnelle* The adverbial form is *schnelle*; *schnell* is the adjectival form, used as an adverb, as almost any adjective may be used.—A point at the surface of the earth's equator is moving around the earth's axis at a speed of approximately 1000 miles per hour.

252 *dreht* The earth is seen to revolve, and rapidly. This means that the observer is not too remote, and that he is watching a point on the earth's surface move through space. It is apparent that the Ptolemaic cosmography, which viewed the earth as motionless, is not the basis of the conception here represented. It is not known how fully Goethe understood the true relationships of the sun to the other components of its galaxy, but it may be observed that what he here says can be understood to apply to the universe as we know it with less contradiction than it can be applied to the Ptolemaic system.

253 *Paradieseshelle* Daylight is apparently the norm in Paradise; see line 1782.

255 The sea is seen to strike violently in broad currents against a rocky coast, and then the whole—the sea and the coast—is whirled from the view of the archangels as the earth revolves.

261–262 *Kette der . . . Wirkung* The storms of the earth are seen as a series of events which are linked together by a causal connection, one event being in part at least the effect of those which have preceded it and the cause of those which follow.

263–264 *flammt . . . vor* The flashing devastation of lightning goes flaming before the path of the thunder.

265 *doch* Although the tremendous power of these natural forces is impressive, still the angels (*Boten*) are more deeply moved by the even, gentle movement of God's day. What is really impressive in the universe is its relative immutability, the regularity of the laws of nature amidst all movement and change.

267–270 angels derived strength from the sight of God's works, in particular the sun, although they were unable to understand them completely. Here the angels are strengthened by the sight of the gentle progress of God's day, because they know they cannot comprehend God directly.

SD 271 The name Mephistopheles, in one form or another (Mephistopheles, Mephistophilis, Mephistophiel), belongs to the Faust legend. Goethe's form is that of the *Faustbuch des christlich Meinenden* (ca. 1725).

271 *wieder nahst* The assumption appears to be that God is making one of His periodic tours of inspection in Heaven, and that Mephistopheles, whose normal field of operations is not in Heaven, has come there expressly to see the Lord. However, he appears to identify himself (*bei uns*) with the angels of this particular region of Heaven, and to have his place among them as one of the Lord's servants (*Gesinde*).

273 *sonst* Although Mephistopheles is engaged in the business of seducing souls from God's ways, he has in the past usually been well treated by God upon the occasion of such visits as this. He therefore makes bold to appear now. See lines 337–343.

277 *Pathos* Any attempt on the part of Mephistopheles to exhibit deep feelings (*hohe Worte*) of the sort shown by the archangels.

279 *Sonn' und Welten* See note to line 238.

281 *der kleine Gott* Man was created in God's image, but on a much smaller scale.

282 *wunderlich* In line 250 it was *herrlich*. One has to expect satire from the *Schalk* (339) Mephistopheles.

285 *Vernunft* This was the watchword, the new divinity, of the men of the French Revolution of 1789; and the two lines 285–286 may be taken as an allusion to this Revolution.

287 *Euer Gnaden* A fixed phrase used to address persons of high degree, ‘Your Grace.’

288–292 Mephistopheles compares man’s use of his intellectual powers in the effort to understand the workings of the universe with the vain leapings of the grasshopper, who, no matter how often or how high he leaps, lands once more in the grass from which he sprang. So man, despite his efforts, remains no better than before. But then, to be sure, man is so constituted that even if he stopped his leaping and lay always ‘in the grass’—say Mephistopheles with disgust—he would still ‘stick his nose’ into everything, because of this peculiarly human inquisitive drive to understand.

294 *nur* There is a certain impatience with Mephistopheles in these lines. ‘Do you always come here solely to complain, don’t you ever find any thing right on earth?’ The earth is one of God’s pet projects; He made it and, after making, He peopled it with human beings.

297 *dauern* This is a bit of cynical, scornful irony.

298 *selbst* ‘myself.’

299 The parallel here to the Book of Job is evident. ‘There also when the sons of God came to present themselves before Jehovah,’ Satan came along. Satan had been ‘down’ on earth, ‘walking to and fro in it.’ Job 18: ‘And Jehovah said unto Satan. Hast thou considered my servant Job? for there is none like him in the earth a perfect and upright man, one that feareth God and turneth away from evil.’ Satan replied that this fear of God was due to the special care God bestowed upon Job, and that if this were taken away, Job would renounce God openly. Jehovah then granted Satan permission to take away all Job’s material wealth, saying (Job 1: 12): ‘All that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thy hand.’ The rest of the book tells of Satan’s efforts and Job’s sufferings, and his final victory, when God ‘blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning,’ and permitted him long life (Job 42: 16): ‘And after this Job lived a hundred and forty years, and saw his sons, and his sons’ sons, even four generations. So Job died, being old and full of days.’

300 *Euch* The shift from *du* to *Ihr* (*Euch*) reflects a change in the attitude of Mephistopheles toward God. This is not a change from lesser to greater respect, but from sympathy to antipathy,—from the feeling that there was some bond between them to the awareness of the irreconcilable difference which sets Mephistopheles apart from the others.

301 *irdisch* ‘of the earth, earthy,’—perhaps with some reminiscence of 1 Corinthians 15: 47: ‘The first man is of the earth earthy: the second man is of Heaven.’ This Faust is not the ‘natural man’, but is driven by a great ferment in his soul to seek the remote, the ultimate. Mephistopheles views this as a mad quest and reports that Faust is at least partially aware of the madness of his strivings. Goethe’s problem here was to make Faust a very special case without thereby making him non-human, to make him exceptional but not atypical.

306 ‘And all things near and all things remote’ which Faust is able to acquire or to achieve.

308 *Wenn . . . auch* = *obwohl*, ‘even though.’

309 *bald* Just how ‘soon’ is not clear. Neither is quite clear what *in die Klarheit führen* means, for it is reasonable to believe that this contrasts with *verworfen*., and that both describe conditions under which Faust serves or is to serve the Lord. From lines 315–318 it would appear that clarity cannot be a state of human life on earth but must be a condition attainable only after death. Yet how Faust is to serve the Lord in Heaven is neither clear nor aesthetically important. The solution of the problem raised here might give important information concerning the state of Goethe’s plans for Faust at the time he wrote these lines.

310 Supply the subject and read: *Es weißt doch der Gärtner*.

314 *meine Straße* Probably the ‘broad way that leadeth to destruction.’ (Matthew 7: 13).

317 *strebt* Man’s striving is the positive drive which leads him to seek his own highest development. The guiding force in this striving is reason, the goal of which is truth. The negation of this drive, the acceptance of any state as satisfactory, is the most irrational of all errors; and the man who falls into it is in the gravest danger of losing his essential human attributes.

318 Mephistopheles evidently has to deal with numerous dead, presumably those whom he has succeeded in leading along his way (314); but he doesn't enjoy that, any more than a cat enjoys a dead mouse. He now has definite permission to attempt to win Faust over to his way, but no wager has been agreed to by the Lord.

320 *mir* The dative of the personal pronoun is frequently used to refer to its antecedent as the person particularly interested in the action, either in his mind or emotions (the 'ethical dative,' as here), or in a practical way (the dative of interest or of advantage). The ethical dative is frequently best omitted from an English translation.

324 *Urquell* God.

326 *herab* 'down' (to perdition).

328 *ein guter Mensch* The attribute *guter* is positive, not negative. A good man is a man who strives toward truth and self-perfection.—*in seinem dunklen Drange* 'in the confusedly (308) directed drive' which carries such a man through the errors to which all are subject (317). Such a man may go astray, but he will discover that, he has done so, and he will also know when he is on the right track. So long as he continues to fight the good fight he remains *ein guter Mensch*, and he may expect to come out all right in the end.

330 *nur* Mephistopheles concedes that this good man (Faust) knows the right way; only, he says, it won't take long to lead him away from it.

335 *Muhme* The serpent of Genesis 3, whom Mephistopheles claims as a relative. The degree of relationship intended by *Muhme* is not clear; it may mean 'aunt,' 'first cousin,' or some more remote (female) relative. Mephistopheles also calls the *Trödelhexe* (4110) '*Frau Muhme*.'—The punishment meted out to the serpent of Genesis 3 was that it should go upon its belly and eat dust all the days of its life.

336 *auch da* With respect to the celebration of this predicted victory.—The interpretation of this line depends on how one takes *nur*. Some take it to qualify *frei* and to mean 'not otherwise than free, quite freely.' Others take it to qualify *erscheinen* and to mean 'only appear to be free.' If one reads *nur* with *frei*, then *erscheinen* means 'to appear,' presumably before God as Mephistopheles is appearing at the moment. God gives permission to Mephistopheles to triumph or to appear to triumph freely in the event that Faust should succumb to his wiles. God knows Mephistopheles will fail (325–327), but Mephistopheles does not accept this as inevitable.

339 *Schalk* The crafty, ironical knave who irritates and confuses the good man by impugning the validity of his reason. There are other forces of evil which the Lord finds it more difficult to condone, but we are not told what these are.

343 *als Teufel schaffen* Probably the same idea, basically, as at 1336, where Mephistopheles himself admits that, although he always wishes to bring about evil, he always does bring about good. The present line justifies God's permitting this spirit of negation to try to entrap his servant Faust. Even with devilish intent, Mephistopheles will be obliged to produce good, because, in the sight of God, the only unforgivable sin of man is the lapsing into a state of unconditional repose (340–341).

344 *ihr* God turns from Mephistopheles to the archangels who surround His throne and calls them 'true, genuine' (*echt*), to distinguish them from Mephistopheles, who is one of the fallen angels and no longer deserves this approval.

345 *Schöne* An old form of the abstract noun, like *Lange*, *Breite*, *Tiefe*. *Schönheit* is now the usual form.

347 *umfass'* Optative, 'may the world of becoming (*das Werdende*) encompass you with the gentle bonds of love.'

349 *befestiget* Imperative verb; the archangels give permanence to the unsteady world of phenomena by fixing it in lasting thoughts. They are to observe the things and events of the universe. From these, by means of their 'pure' reason, they are to abstract the enduring part—the 'ideas' (noumena), the principles, laws, relationships.

349 *Der Himmel* The inner sanctum, where God has been. See note to **SD 243**.

353 *menschlich* 'humanely, like a human being, man to man.'—*mit dem Teufel*. The notion that Mephistopheles is the Devil is not consistently adhered to throughout the play. At times he is a devil, merely one of many evil spirits.

Night (*Nacht* 354–577)

386 [*Ed.* colon after 'devotion' added with a pen.]

503 [*Ed.* Soane apparently misread *webe* as *wehe*, thus mistranslated not as 'weave' but as 'weve'.]

539 *von anderer Schmaus* [*Ed.* Soane aptly translates as 'from others' broken orts'; 'orts' = the scraps or refuse from a feast or banquet.]

Daniel Boileau, *Retsch's Series of
Twenty-Six Outlines, Illustrative of
Goethe's Tragedy of Faust*

INTRODUCTION

Following very quickly in the footsteps of J. H. Bohte's 1820 edition, Thomas Boosey and Sons published a competing edition of Retzsch's engravings, accompanied by an 'analysis' consisting of an introduction, plot summary, and prose translation of selected scenes from the play. For this edition, published in June 1820, Retzsch's images were re-engraved in octavo format by Henry Moses, a format that would enable Boosey to produce the edition in a short time and at reasonable cost, since the plates could be produced in London and would not have to be imported from Germany. Although Boosey's 1820 edition is attractively designed, and the engravings are crisply printed, the text was evidently prepared in haste. This edition seems clearly intended to gratify a sudden increase in public demand for the text and images of Goethe's *Faust*.

Shortly after the volume appeared, Goethe wrote to Boosey to enquire about the translation; Boosey replied to Goethe that it was the work of 'a German in humble circumstances, a man of no little ability, and possessing a very considerable knowledge of the English language'.¹ The anonymous translator was Daniel Boileau. At the time that he was preparing to publish *Retzsch's Series of Twenty-Six Outlines*, Boosey had just published Boileau's *The Nature and Genius of the German Language*.² Boileau had previously translated works of Friedrich Schiller and Germaine de Staël,³ and he was

Daniel Boileau (trans.), *Retzsch's Series of Twenty-Six Outlines Illustrative of Goethe's Tragedy of Faust* (London: Boosey, 1820), with Boileau's notes to Abraham Hayward's prose translation.

¹ Letter from Thomas Boosey to Goethe, quoted in Carl F. Schreiber, 'Coleridge to Boosey—Boosey to Coleridge', *Yale University Library Gazette*, 20 (1947), 8–10.

² Daniel Boileau, *The Nature and Genius of the German Language: Displayed in a More Extended Review of its Grammatical Forms than is to be Found in any Grammar Extant, and Elucidated by Quotations from the Best Writers* (London: Printed for T. Boosey and Sons, 1820). In subsequent editions of this work, Boileau did not alter his selection of 'quotations from the best writers'. The favoured authors were Klopstock, Wieland, Lessing, Voss, Bürger, Hölty, Goethe, and Schiller. As late as 1843 (London: D. Nutt), he still cited *Faust*, just as he had in 1820: 'Goethe, in a passage of his Doctor Faustus, alluded to by the late Baroness de Stael Holstein, in her celebrated work Germany' (quoting lines 1851–67).

³ Friedrich Schiller, *The Ghost-Seer: or, Apparitionist; An Interesting Fragment, Found among the Papers of Count O******, trans. D. (Daniel) Boileau (London: Printed for Vernor and Hood, 1795). Madame de Staël-Holstein, *The Influence of Literature upon Society, to which is Prefixed, a Memoir*

later to write a commentary on Abraham Hayward's prose translation of *Faust*, in which he revealed an intimate knowledge of the publication projects of both Boosey and Bohte in 1820 and 1821.⁴ Because his livelihood in London depended on his work as translator and tutor of French and German, Boileau readily declared his qualifications in both languages: his family had been among the many who fled persecution in France and settled in Berlin.⁵ He was educated at the Joachimsthaler Gymnasium in Berlin, then at the University of Halle. He acquired his facility in English through 'a long experience of private teaching in London'.⁶

In a brief introduction, the volume editor (possibly Boosey himself) seeks to explain the uneven quality of the translation: 'as the chief object of the Translator has been to preserve unimpaired, and to render as faithfully as possible the conceptions of the Author, it is hoped that any little inaccuracies of style will meet with the reader's kind indulgence' (p. 182 below). The tone of this passage is unmistakably apologetic, and indeed the main virtue of the translation lies in its close fidelity to the German original, rather than any elegance of style. In defiance of conventional prudery, this edition presents the first English translation of several highly controversial passages in *Faust*, most notably a synopsis of the Prologue in Heaven, a scene dismissed as irreverent by other translators.

The 1820 Boosey edition offers an extensive literal translation of *Faust*, but without much success in rendering the densely metaphorical and allusive qualities of Goethe's dramatic verse. Although there are few grammatical errors, the translation manifests awkward grammatical phrasing typical of second-language speakers of English. For example, Faust clumsily exclaims,

of the Life and Writings of the Author [= De la littérature considérée dans ses rapports avec les institutions sociales] (London: Printed for H. Colburn, 1812).

⁴ Daniel Boileau, *A Few Remarks on Mr. Hayward's English Prose Translation of Goethe's Faust: With Additional Observations on the Difficulty of Translating German Works in General* (London: Treuttel, Würtz, and Richter; and J. Wacey, 1834). Before his death on 2 September 1824, Johann Heinrich Bohte had been associated with the publishing enterprise of Treuttel and Würtz, and had assisted them in obtaining engraved prints from German publishers for reissue in England. An example may be seen in the elegant edition of Joannes Georg Christianus Lehmann, *Monographia Generis Potentillarum* (Hamburg Hoffman & Campe, Treuttel & Würtz, J. H. Bohte, 1820). An entry in the *Dresdener Anzeige*, 29 May 1827, announcing the arrival of 'Hr. Hofbuchhändler Richter aus London', indicates that Bohte's office as 'Hofbuchhändler' had been transferred to Richter, who also succeeded Bohte as partner to Treuttel and Würtz as London publishers of German works.

⁵ Werner Gahrig, *Unterwegs zu den Hugenotten in Berlin* (Berlin: Das neue Berlin, 2000), 8–16: beginning in 1685, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, thousands of French Huguenots fled persecution and settled in Protestant Berlin. The Potsdam Edict issued by Friedrich Wilhelm, Elector of Brandenburg, provided for their asylum. Within the next century, the Huguenot population in Berlin grew from 10,000 to 150,000.

⁶ Boileau, *The Nature and Genius of the German Language* (1820), pp. xv–xvi.

'Cursed be the high opinion of conceit in which the mind inwraps itself!—a much-too-literal rendering of the sentence, '*Verflucht voraus die hohe Meinung, Womit der Geist sich selbst umfängt!*' (1591–2). Elsewhere, Mephistopheles refers to Margaret as a 'grass-ape', a literal but nonsensical translation of the word '*Grasaff*' (3520). In spite of Boileau's linguistic competency, these features reveal that as translator he sometimes struggled to express complex ideas and subtle metaphors in English. Some further examples of second-language artefacts and excessive literalism are provided in the explanatory notes, which also provide Boileau's own attention to the aporia of translating *Faust*.

The fact that the volume editor merely apologized for such 'inaccuracies of style', rather than making an effort to correct them, suggests that this edition was produced in haste to address rapidly changing market conditions. And despite its evident flaws, this edition sold out within just a few months, presumably because it was the most extensive translation of *Faust* to be published in England by 1820. The quick sale of this edition proved the market for Boosey's second edition of 1821, which would feature a verse translation by a far more competent translator.

AN ANALYSIS OF GOETHE'S TRAGEDY OF FAUST

INTRODUCTION.

The *Faust* of Goethe is perhaps the most original work of German poesy, and one for which his contemporaries are greatly indebted to him. Would you warn the young man who enters upon society, freed from the controul of the school or the superintendance of the tutor—would you point out to him all the dangers to which he will be exposed in the world—you need only give him *Goethe's Faust*, and desire him to read and reflect. The aged, grown grey in years, instead of detailing the results of their experience, will point to the book and say, it comprises all these things. It displays the whole store, discovers the whole abyss of the human heart: it unfolds its most secret recesses—its enjoyments—its cloyed surfeits—and its frivolous wiles, with their direful consequences. As a moral instructor, it ranks with the *Cyropaedia* of Xenophon, and the *Telemachus* of Fenelon.

Faust does not represent man as at the time of the Persian prince; not man, as the poet's fancy formed him, for the instruction of a King of the Bourbon race, nor yet the crafty courtier, or worldling, taught by Lord Chesterfield's Letters, deliberately to weigh all his actions between pleasure in one scale, and punishment in the other. *Faust* represents man as he is, in every age, clime, and country; the creature which is a riddle to itself, an enigma, the solution of which has baffled alike the ingenuity of ancient and modern philosophers. This creature 'MAN,' youth may learn justly to appreciate from *Goethe's* work, and to separate with just discrimination those parts of his exuberant substance, by the nice line which divides good and evil; and thus form within his breast a Temple of the Deity.

Let youth detect the Demon within himself, in order to yield to GOD the sway over his heart, for it appears to us, that the easiest clue to the moral part of this didactic fiction is, to consider Faust and Mephistopheles as one person, represented symbolically, only in a two-fold shape.

With respect to the Plates, the artist appears to have acted the part of an ingenious translator, so as it were to renew the work itself, by most

intimately adapting his Plates to the very genius of the author. Truth is conspicuous throughout, under all possible forms of beauty, and though fancy may play (in some Plates) in extravagant variety, correctness and propriety are preserved. The scenes are so well selected, that the Plates will afford a connected view of the whole drama. The exact repetition of the same details of costume in every identical spot, for instance in Faust's study, and in Martha, and Margaret's chambers, makes us feel at home with them, and traces a sort of biography of the inmates; an effect similar to that which we find (even in our days) in the sitting-rooms of honest citizens in small towns of the German empire where the people are Roman Catholics. At Mother Martha's you see old-fashioned rubbish; in Margaret's chamber, cleanliness and female neatness are conspicuous in flower-pots and the spinning-wheel. Forty years ago, a doctor or chemist's study at Isny, Überkingen, or some other towns in that neighbourhood, very much resembled Faust's chamber; even Kästner's study was like it. The witch's kitchen and the scenery and figures of the Blocksberg, astonish us by their variety. In their monstrous extravagancies they will only excite a pleasant smile, not disgust. The simple means by which the most marked effect is produced, exhibits a striking coincidence of imagination with the poet and artist. Perhaps our fancy outstrips the artist's intention, when we conceive, for instance, the rock in Plate 21, on the left hand, to resemble a veiled woman.

The figures are drawn with similar propriety and expression. Margaret passes through the different gradations of reserve, maiden coyness, fondness, perplexity, yielding, ominous grief, wild repentance and utter despair. Faust changes from a monastic doctor to a gay knight; and his looks, gradually strained by the passions to the tension of despair, are conspicuous in the last Plate. Mephistopheles never appears as a bugbear, yet so much of a devil that we can always see how much the mask of decency struggles to fall off. The lappels of his cap are continually striving to change into horns; his goatish physiognomy would fain assume the features of a demon, but is never suffered: this character, however, gradually develops itself in his looks, as the scenes become more horrible. The true nature of the disgusting creature appears more and more as the scene maddens. At length, in the last Plate, his malice bursts forth and marks the furious destroyer.

We shall now proceed to the Analysis of the Book itself, without which the Plates would only stimulate without gratifying the appetite, and as the chief object of the Translator has been to preserve unimpaired, and to render as faithfully as possible the conceptions of the Author, it is hoped that any little inaccuracies of style will meet with the reader's kind indulgence.

A Prelude On The Stage.

Enter.—*The Manager, the Dramatic Poet, and the Clown.* 33–242

The manager desires the poet to give him a medley full of action, with which the poet reluctantly complies, having more serious views; but the clown convinces him at last that all, even life itself, is a continual medley of vanity and folly. The manager requests the poet not to spare his scenery and machines, of which he has great store.

Prologue. *The Scene is in Heaven.* 243–353

Mephistopheles appears before the Deity, who is surrounded by angels and archangels praising his works—he complains that men torment themselves, and that they only use their reason to degrade themselves lower than the brute. He is asked whether he has nothing further to say? if he always comes to accuse? and if nothing can please him on earth? he answers, that he finds things are there, as ever, very wretched; he even pities man in his days of sorrow, and would fain desist from plaguing the wretched creature.—(Plate I. refers to this point.)

Mephistopheles then asks permission to tempt Faust whilst he lives on earth, which the Deity permits him to do, with this remark,—though he now serves me with distraction, I shall soon lead him to clearness: the gardener knows that when the young tree shoots, blossoms and fruit will sprout from it in a few years.

THE TRAGEDY. FIRST PART.

**The Scene—Night. FAUST is discovered in a narrow, gothic,
high-vaulted chamber, restless in his arm-chair, at a desk.**

354–429

Faust laments that he has studied philosophy, law, medicine, and theology, with eager application; and observes, that though they call him Doctor he is now but as wise as before; that he has been leading his disciples astray these ten years, and is now convinced that all human knowledge is vain. Though he is beyond all scruples and doubts, and fears neither hell nor the devil, he has lost all enjoyment, and is left in extreme penury. In this state of mind he devotes himself to magic, desirous to converse with spirits, that he may learn what holds the universe together, and pry into the inmost energies of nature. He wishes he could walk on the tops of the highest mountains in the light of the full moon, and hover in the company of spirits, round rocks and in caverns. He loathes his gloomy chamber, which is dimly lighted through stained glass, encumbered with books, a prey to dust and worms, and crowded with glasses, vials, boxes, instruments, and old-fashioned furniture. Instead of living

nature, in which God created man, he is surrounded with smoke and dust, with skeletons and dead bones. He resolves to go into the open field with magical works, in the hand-writing of Nostradamus, there to trace the course of the stars, and to discover how one spirit converses with another. In vain does dry meditation expound the sacred characters; he is convinced that spirits are near him; he calls upon them to answer him, if they hear.

430-46

On opening the book, he views the character of the macrocosm with delight, desirous of unfolding the powers of nature, whose effects he beholds in those characters. He reads: 'The world of spirits is not closed, thy own senses are closed, thy heart is dead. Go, disciple, bathe your earthy breast in the redness of the morning!'

447-81

Turning over a leaf he beholds the character of the spirit of the earth, and continues his soliloquy: 'How very differently I feel affected by this character. Thou, spirit of the earth, art most closely allied to me; I feel my powers raised; I glow as with fresh wine; I feel courage to venture into the world, to bear the woes, the fortunes of the earth, to be tossed in the storm, yet not to tremble in the wreck. A cloud collects above me—the moon hides her light—the lamp grows dim!—the smoke ascends!—red rays of light flash about my head—a breath of air waves down from the arched vault and seizes me with tremor! I feel thou dost hover about me, desired spirit. Show thyself! Ah! how my heart beats! How all my senses ferment with sensations quite new! I feel all my heart yielded up to thee! Thou must! thou must! and though it should cost me my life!' (He seizes the book, and mysteriously pronounces the character of the spirit. A red flame ascends; the spirit appears in the flame.)

SPIRIT: Who calls me?

482

FAUST (*turning away his face*): Terrible vision!

The Spirit reproves *Faust* for feeling so suddenly dismayed, after having powerfully attracted him, and goes on to tell *Faust*, that he is a spirit ever active, in life, in actions, in birth, in death; a sea continually agitated by successive motion, a glow of life; thus he works the rustling loom of time, and weaves the living garment of the Deity.

509

Faust now feels himself nearly related to *the Spirit*, who retorts, 'Thou resemblest the spirit whom thou dost comprehend, but not to me!' and disappears.

FAUST (*with a sudden shivering*): 'Not to thee? To whom then? I, the image of the Deity! and not even resemble thee!'

517

His *Famulus*, or Attendant, knocks. *Faust* laments that he comes to interrupt his sublime visions.

Enter *Wagner* in a night-gown, and night-cap, bearing a lamp. *Faust* turns away his face in disgust.

WAGNER: 'Excuse me. I heard you declaiming; probably you were reading some Greek tragedy? I should like to learn something of this art, which is so effectual

now-a-days. I have frequently been told in commendation of it, that an actor from the stage might teach a parson.' 527

FAUST: 'Yes, if the parson be a stage-actor, as it will happen at times.'

WAGNER: 'Pinned up in our study, and scarcely seeing the world on a holiday, and then as through a perspective glass, and at a distance, how can we lead it by persuasive eloquence?' 533

FAUST: 'If you do not feel it you will never attain it, except it spring from your own soul, and with original energy draw the hearts of all your hearers; but you will never create a heart to join your's unless it proceeds from your own. Seek only honest gain. Be not a fool, attracting notice with the bells. Reason, like common sense, propounds itself without art. Pompous words, curled with the flourishes of human oratory, are unrefreshing, like foggy winds rustling through the dry leaves in autumn.' 557

WAGNER: 'Art is long, and our life is short! How difficult is it to attain the means, by which we may ascend to the sources! And before we get half way, poor creatures! we may die.'

FAUST: 'And is parchment the holy well, one draught of which quenches thirst for ever? You gain no refreshment, unless it springs from your own soul.' 569

WAGNER: 'But it is very pleasing to seize the spirit of the times, to see how wise men thought before us, and how gloriously far we have got.'

FAUST: 'O, yes; as far as the stars! What you call the spirit of the times, is in fact men's own spirit, in which the times are reflected as in a mirror. A wretched sight—a tub of sweepings and a lumber-room, and at most some grand action of state, with excellent pragmatistical maxims, fit for the mouth of puppets at a fair. But the night is far spent, we must break off our discourse.' 595

Wagner departs reluctantly, after he has requested *Faust* to allow him some further conversation on the morrow (Easter Sunday).

Faust (*alone*) proceeds in his former strain of discontent, till he espies a vial of poison, which he takes down from the shelf, and hails it as the means to raise him to the ethereal regions, to a new life of pure activity and to higher spheres as a man, no longer a worm confined to the earth.—*He puts the vial to his lips.* 736

Ringing of bells and singing in chorus, behind the scenes.

Chorus of Angels.

'Christ is risen!
Joy to mortals
Who were laden
With destructive and
Hereditary faults.'

741

FAUST: 'What deep sounds, what clear notes, wrest the vial from my lips? Do ye, tinkling bells, already announce the first hour of the celebration of Easter? Does the choir sing that consoling hymn; that hymn which once resounded from the lips of angels at the dark grave, the pledge of a new covenant?' 748

Chorus of Women.

With spices the richest
We come to embalm him,

We his tried friends
 In fine linen had wrapt him,
 And here laid him low. Alas! he is gone,
 Christ is not here! 756

Chorus of Angels. 'Christ is risen!
 Bless'd be his friends,
 Who have now stood the test,
 The heart-rending, but
 Wholesome and practical
 Trial of faith.' 761

FAUST: 'I hear the message, but I want the faith! I dare not soar to those spheres
 whence the cheering tidings come. And yet, used from my childhood to this
 sound, it calls me back to life. Remembrance withholds me from the last, serious
 step. O! continue your sweet heavenly hymns! The tear starts; earth has me again!' 784

A Chorus of Disciples, and afterwards of Angels. Scene, the Country about the Gates of the Town.

Several Mechanics walking and conversing on Easter Sunday. 808
Two Servant Maids walking together and talking of their lovers. 833
Two Students following them.
A Citizen's Daughter regrets that fine young men, who might frequent the best
 company, should run after those girls.
A Citizen complains of the new mayor, and grumbles. 846
A Beggar, singing, addresses the men and women passing, and begs alms.
Two other Citizens, talking of the war in Turkey. 860-7
An Old Woman speaks to the citizen's daughters, admiring their dress, and tells them,
 she could procure what they desire.
A Citizen's Daughter says to another, 'Agatha, let us go! I take care not to walk with
 such witches; though she has shewn me my future lover on St. Andrew's eve.'
The other replies, 'that she was shewn her's in a chrystal, like a soldier, accompanied
 by several others, but has never yet been able to meet with him.'
Soldiers talking of sieges and women. 883-902

Enter *Faust* and *Wagner*.

Countrymen under a tree, singing and dancing.

An old Countryman addresses *Faust*, commending the learned doctor for deigning
 to come amongst them, drinks to him, and offers the can to *Faust*, who accepts it and
 drinks to the health of the company, who draw round him, and drink to the health of
 the doctor, who visited and cured the sick along with his late father. 990

Faust walks on with *Wagner*, to a stone, where they intend to rest themselves. 'On
 this stone,' says *Faust*, 'I used frequently to sit thoughtful and alone, rich in hope,

firm in faith, praying and fasting. Now the applause of the crowd sounds to me like scorn. Neither myself nor my father deserve their praise. He was an honest man, an alchemist, and prepared medicines, the patients died, and nobody inquired who recovered.

1055

'Happy is the man who has a ray of hope left, to emerge from this ocean of error! What we know not, is the very thing we need, and what we know, we cannot use. But let us not waste this hour in melancholy! See, how the evening-sun gilds the cottages, surrounded with verdure. It hastens away and promotes new life. Oh! had I wings to follow him and view the world beneath my feet!—'But, alas! corporeal wings cannot join those of the spirit.'

1099

Wagner prefers books and study.

1100-9

FAUST: 'You are conscious of one instinct only. Oh! may you never be sensible of the other! In my breast, alas! reside two souls. The one attaches itself to the world with riveting organs; the other forcibly raises itself from the dust to higher regions. Oh! if there be spirits in the air, which hover through the space, and rule between earth and heaven, descend and bear me away to a new varied life! Oh, had I but a magic mantle to carry me to distant countries, I would not exchange it for the royal purple!'

1125

WAGNER: 'Do not call down that host of spirits, who fill the atmosphere like a stream, and prepare a thousand dangers for man, from all quarters. From the North they advance with tongues pointed like a dart; from the East they come drying-up, and feed on your lungs: when the South sends them from the desert, heat and fire crowd on your head: the West brings a swarm, which first refreshes, and then drowns you and the field with a flood. They are ready to hear and to obey; their pleasure is to deceive and hurt us.—Let us go home; the dusk of the evening advances. Why do you stand and look astonished? What ails you? (Plate II)

1146

FAUST: 'See you yon black dog scouring over sowed fields and stubble?'

WAGNER: 'I saw him long since; it appeared of no consequence.'

FAUST: 'Consider him well! What do you take him for?'

WAGNER: 'For a poodle, who in his own way endeavours to trace his master.'

FAUST: 'Do you mind how he hunts about us, approaching in a spiral line, and if I mistake not, fiery currents issue from his paws like trains.'

1155

WAGNER: 'I see nothing but a black poodle-dog; your eyes may deceive you.'

FAUST: 'To me it appears that he draws magic snares round our feet. The circle grows narrow; he is near.'

WAGNER: 'You see it is a dog, and no spectre. He snarls and doubts, wags his tail, just as other dogs do.'

FAUST: 'Join our company! Come hither!'

1166

WAGNER: 'A singular animal. When you stand still, he attends you; if you lose any thing, he will fetch it, and jump in the water after your stick.'

FAUST: 'You are right; I see no symptoms of a spirit, it is all the effects of teaching.'

WAGNER: 'He deserves your favour.'

1176

They enter the gate of the town.

Scene the Study.

Enter FAUST with the Dog.

FAUST: 'Dark night awakens our better soul. The ferocious and wild passions rest in sleep. Charity and the love of God are now stirring.' 1185

'Lay down, dog! Do not run to and fro! Why do you snuffle at the threshold? Lay down behind the stove; here is my best cushion. Be a welcome and a quiet guest.'

'When the friendly lamp burns in our narrow cell, our bosom clears up, if the heart knows itself. Reason speaks again, and hope buds afresh; we long for the rivulets, for the springs of life.' 1201

'Dog, snarl not!—We are used that men scoff at things which they do not comprehend, that they grumble at good things which frequently are troublesome to them: would a dog snarl, thereat, as they do?' 1209

Faust feels restless again; he turns to the Greek New Testament, and attempts to translate the beginning of St. John's Gospel. 1210–37

'Dog, cease your howling and barking, or begone; the door is open.—What do I see?—My dog swells immensely!—Now he is like an hippopotamus, with sparkling eyes and terrific face.—Oh, I have you safe. Solomon's key will do for such brood of hell.' 1258

(*Spirits in the passage.*) 'A captive is within. Follow him not.—Can you help him? abandon him not, for he has done us many favours.' 1270

(FAUST *tries the magic spells of the spirits of the four elements against the beast, but to no purpose.*) 'Art thou a fugitive from hell? Then behold this character, which the black host must respect. (See Plate III) It swells now with bristles, banished behind the stove; it dissolves into a mist. Do not ascend to the ceiling! Lay down at your master's feet. Await not the strongest charm of my art.' 1321

MEPHISTOPHELES, *whilst the mist descends, advances from behind the stove, dressed as a travelling student.* 'Why this stir? What do you want, Sir?' 1321

FAUST: 'So this was the dog's kernel! A travelling student? A laughable case.'

Mephistopheles acknowledges that *Faust* has made him tremble. 1326

Faust asks his name.

Mephistopheles ridicules so futile a question from a philosopher who covets the essence of things.

FAUST: 'With such folks as you, the essence generally is known by the name, being plain enough, when we call you Beelzebub, Destroyer, Liar. Well, then, who art thou?' 1334

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'A part of that power which always wills evil, yet ever produces good. I am the spirit who always denies; and that justly; for whatever is made, deserves to perish; therefore, it were better if nothing were made. Accordingly all which you call sin, destruction, or in one word, evil, is my proper element.'

FAUST: 'You call yourself a part, yet stand before me whole?' 1345

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I speak modest truth; whilst man, that little world of folly, commonly conceits himself to be a whole. I am a part of that darkness which engendered light; proud light which flows from matter, and is intercepted by bodies: thus, I hope, it will not exist long, but will perish with materiality.' 1358

FAUST: 'Now I comprehend your noble functions. You can annihilate nothing en masse; you, therefore, attempt to do it in detail. To the ever-active, salutary, creative power, you oppose the clenched hand of a devil, which spitefully closes itself in vain! Commence better trade, thou whimsical son of Chaos.' 1384

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'We'll really consider of it more another time. May I go now?'

FAUST: 'Why do you ask permission? Now, that I have made your acquaintance, visit me in any way you like. Here is the window, there the door; or the chimney is likewise at your service.' 1392

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I confess a trifling obstacle prevents my exit, the pentagon on your threshold.'

FAUST: 'How did you get in then?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Examine it closely. It is not correctly drawn. One angle, that which faces the outside, has a little gap.—The dog did not perceive it, when he leaped in; but now the thing wears a different aspect; the *devil* cannot get out.'

FAUST: 'But why do you not go out at the window?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'It is a law with devils and spectres, "the way by which they enter, by that they must go out." The former is optional, the latter is imperative on us.'

FAUST: 'Even hell has its laws! I like the thing: then I suppose a covenant may be made with such gentry as you, and that safely?' 1415

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'What we promise, you shall have, without any stinting deduction. But this is not to be done in a moment. I beg you to dismiss me for the present, I pray you.'

FAUST: 'I have laid no trap for you. You fell into the snare of your own accord. When we have caught the devil, we should hold him fast; he is not easily caught a second time.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'If you wish it, I am ready to remain; but on condition that I may shew you my art, to pass the time away.'

FAUST: 'With all my heart; you may do so; but let it be a pleasing art.' 1435

Mephistopheles desires the spirits to sing, and promises to gratify his sight, his smell, his taste and feeling.

Spirits sing and produce various sights, till *Faust* falls asleep. 1447–505

Mephistopheles thanks them, and says that *Faust* is not knowing enough to detain the devil. He desires the spirits to keep him asleep by pleasant dreams. Then in his capacity as lord of rats and mice, fleas, frogs, bugs, lice, &c. he calls a rat, and commands it to gnaw off the fatal angle of the pentagon, which he sprinkles with oil. This is done, and he is off. 1525

Faust awakes, and finds that he is cheated; fancies the devil had appeared to him in a dream, and that the dog has run away. 1529

Scene, the Study.

FAUST: 'Some one knocks. Come in!'

Mephistopheles enters dressed as a noble squire, in a red suit, embroidered with a silk mantle, in his hat a cock's feather, a long, narrow sword by his side. He advises *Faust* to dress himself like him, in order to be disengaged and free, and to enjoy life. 1543

FAUST: 'In any garb I shall feel the torments of this confined life on earth. I am too old merely to play, too young to be without desires. What gratification can the world afford me? Existence is a burden to me, my life is hateful.' 1571

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'And yet death is never a welcome guest.'

FAUST: 'O! blessed is the man, around whose temple death winds the blood-stained wreath of laurel in the glory of victory; the man, whom Death finds after a merry dance in the arms of his beloved. Oh! had I but dropt down unsouled, in raptures before the energies of the supreme spirit!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'And yet I know a certain person who would not drink a brown mixture the other night.' 1580

FAUST: 'It seems you are fond of watching our actions.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I am not omniscient; but I know many things.'

FAUST: 'Though a sweet and well-known tune snatched me from the dreadful conflict of thoughts, and by the recollection of blissful days deceived the remnant of youthful sensations; I now curse whatever captivates the soul with lures and juggling, and binds it in this den of grief by delusive, false, and flattering spells! Cursed be the high opinion of conceit in which the mind inwraps itself! Cursed be the delusion of the phenomena, which attach themselves to our senses! Cursed be our hypocritical dreams of fame, the deception of our lasting name! Cursed whatever flatters us under the specious denomination of possessions, such as a wife and child, a servant and a plough! Cursed be Mammon, when he excites us to bold actions by treasure, when he lays us a pillow for idle enjoyment! Cursed be the balmy virtue of the grape! A curse to the greatest kindness of love! A curse to hope! A curse to faith! and above all things, a curse to Patience!' 1606

Chorus of invisible Spirits. Woe! woe!

Thou hast destroy'd it,
That charming world;
At thy potent stroke,
It falls in pieces!
A demi-god has destroy'd it!
We shall carry
The fragments off to naught,
And bewail
The loss of that beauty.
Powerful
Son of the earth, oh!

Build it again,
 In your own bosom rear it up!
 Commence thou
 A new course of life
 With clear sensations,
 And then new hymns will
 Anon resound!

1626

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'These are the little ones of my own crew. Hear what sage advice they give for enjoyment and action. They want to entice you to quit your solitude, in which the senses and juices are stagnated.

'Cease to indulge your grief, which preys upon your life like a vulture. The worst company will make you sensible that you are a man amongst men. If you will go through life in my company, I will submit to be yours directly. I am your companion, and if it suits you, I am your servant, your slave!'

FAUST: 'And what shall I perform for you in return?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'You have a long time granted for that.' 1650

FAUST: 'No, no! The devil is selfish, and does not grant favours for nothing. Speak out, and state your terms distinctly; such a servant is dangerous.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I will engage to serve you here; I will neither flinch from, nor be idle in your service: when we meet again yonder, you shall do the like for me.'

FAUST: 'I care little for yonder world. When you have first dashed this world to atoms, the other may arise afterwards. My joys spring from this earth, and it is this sun which shines on my sufferings: when I can separate from them, then let happen what will and may. Whether they hate and love in the future state, and whether there be something above and below in yonder spheres, of such things I will not hear another word.'

1670

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Being in this mind, you may venture. Engage yourself; and you shall see my arts and rejoice; I'll give you what no man ever saw.'

FAUST: 'Poor devil! what can you give? Was ever the spirit of a man in his aspiring tension, comprehended by any such as you? But you have got food which does not satisfy hunger; you have got yellow gold, which never enduring, separates in your hand like quicksilver; a game, at which we never win; a girl, who, reclining in my bosom, engages with a neighbour by ogling; the godlike enjoyment of honour, which vanishes like a meteor. Shew me the fruit which rots ere it be pluck'd, and trees which daily sprout fresh verdure!'

1687

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Such orders do not frighten me; I can procure you such treasures. But, my friend, the time approaches when we wish to enjoy good fare in quiet ease.'

FAUST: 'If ever I lie down satisfied on a bed of sloth, then may it be my ruin! If by flattery you can ever deceive me, so that I should be pleased with myself; if you can cheat me with enjoyment, let that be my last day! This will I wager!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Done!'

FAUST: 'And done! If I should ever say to the fleeting moment, pray, tarry! thou art charming! then may you lock me in fetters; then am I willing to perish; then the knell of death may toll; then shall you be free from your service; the clock may stand, its hand may drop; time shall be over with respect to me!' 1706

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Consider it well, we shall not forget it.'

FAUST: 'And you are fully entitled; I have not ventured rashly. As I go on, I am a slave: whether yours, or whose, I care not.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I shall perform my duty forthwith, this very day, at the doctor's feast. Only this!—As life and death are uncertain, I request a few lines.' (See Plate IV.)

FAUST: 'You want a written Voucher, fool. Did you never know a man, and the word of a man? Is it not enough, that my given word shall decide my fate for ever? Does not the world rave madly on like a rushing torrent, and shall I be bound by a promise? But this persuasion is rooted in our heart. Happy is the man who carries faith in his pure bosom; he will regret no sacrifice! But a piece of parchment with hand and seal is a bugbear which all men shun. The word dies away in the pen, the wax and skin alone retain the bond. What dost thou want of me, Evil Spirit? Brass, marble, parchment, or paper? Shall I write with a graver, a chisel, or a pen? I give you the choice.' 1733

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'How you inflate your oratory in the heat of temper! Any slip of paper will do. Sign your name with a little drop of blood.'

FAUST: 'If this fully satisfies you, I'll comply with the silly whim.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Blood is a very peculiar juice.'

FAUST: 'Fear not that I should break this covenant! To aspire with all my energy is exactly what I promise. I was inflated with too much vanity; I belong only to thy rank of beings. The great spirit has slighted me; nature locks herself up from me. The thread of meditation is broken; I have nauseated all knowledge long since. Let us assuage the glowing passions in the depths of sensuality! Let every wonder be instantly ready, enveloped in impenetrable magic! Let us plunge into the rustling stream of Time, into the rolling course of events! There let pain and enjoyment, let success and mortification, alternately succeed as they can. A man acts restlessly.' 1759

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'No measure or term is placed to you. Boldly lay hold of pleasure, and be not bashful.'

FAUST: 'Pleasure is not what I want. I devote myself to folly—to painful enjoyment—to hatred in love—to gratifying vexation. My bosom, cured of all thirst after knowledge, shall henceforth be open to all grief; and that, which is allotted to the whole human race I wish to taste in my inmost self, to heap its weal and its woe upon my breast, and thus expand my own self into its whole essence, and, like the human race, at length go to wreck myself.' 1775

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'O, believe me, who many thousand years have chewed this hard food, from the cradle to the bier no man digests the old leaven! Believe me, the universe was only made for a God! He dwells in eternal splendour; us has he sent into darkness; and for you day and night are the only things suitable.'

FAUST: 'But I will!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Well, then, only one thing I fear; time is short, art is long. Let me instruct you. Associate with some poet; let him rove with his fancy, and heap all noble qualities upon your honoured front, the lion's courage, the stag's swiftness, the Italian's fiery blood, the long life of the Norwegian; let him find out for you the secret of combining generosity with craft, and of falling in love with the ardour of youth upon fixed rules. I should like to know such a person myself, and would call him Mr. Microcosm.'

1802

FAUST: 'But what am I? If it be impossible to obtain the crown of human nature, for which all sensations strive.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'You are, after all—what you really are. Though you should wear a wig with a million of curls, and raise your feet on buskins a yard high, you will always remain what you are.'

FAUST: 'I feel it; in vain have I scraped together all the treasures of the human intellect; yet when I sit down after all, no new energy stirs within me; I am not a hair's-breadth higher, not nearer to the infinite.'

1815

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'We must be wiser before the joys of life flee from us. Surely hands, feet, head, and every other part are yours; but because I enjoy every new thing, is it less mine on that account? When I can keep six steeds, is not their strength mine? I run as if I had twentyfour legs. Courage, then! leave off thinking, and fly forward through the world with me! I tell you, a speculative fellow is like a beast led about by an evil spirit in a circle on a barren heath, surrounded by the finest and most verdant pastures.'

1833

FAUST: 'How shall we set about it?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'We'll go out. Let your neighbour Paunch tire himself and the boys. Why would you be plagued to thrash straw? The best of what you know, you dare not tell the lads. There, I hear some one coming in the passage.'

FAUST: 'It is impossible for me to see him now.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'The poor lad has been waiting a long while; he must not go unrelieved. Come, lend me your gown and cap; the masquerade will make me look nobly.'

(He changes his dress.)

'Now leave it to my wit. I want only a quarter of an hour. In the meanwhile prepare yourself for the delightful journey.'

1850

[Exit FAUST.]

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in Faust's long-gown*): 'Now, then, despise reason and science, the sublimest energies of man: may the lying spirit confirm you in delusion, and in the practice of magic, and I have you unconditionally! Fate has given him a mind which with unbridled ardour ever presses forward, and whose over-eager effort overleaps the pleasures of the world. I'll drag him through a roving life of tame insignificance; I'll make him sprawl, stare, stick fast, and his insatiate appetite shall be ministered to with meat and drink; he will long in vain for refreshment, and though he had not sold himself to the devil, still must he go to ruin!'

1867

A Disciple enters, who requests the sham doctor to instruct him, as he is desirous of becoming a great scholar.

Mephistopheles advises him to improve his time by a regular method; first to frequent the lectures on logic, where his mind will be well drilled, and laced up in Spanish boots, in order to creep on at a fair rate, and not to flit, like a 'will-o'-the-wisp,' backwards and forwards. Afterwards he should learn metaphysics, taking lessons five hours every day; and writing down what he learns. After a witty review of the learned faculties (or professions of law, divinity, and physic), the *Disciple* presents his album to *Mephistopheles*, and desires him to write a line in it for a keepsake.

Mephistopheles writes, and the *Disciple* reads as follows:

'*Eritis sicut deus, scientes bonum et malum.*' The *Disciple* puts up the book very respectfully and retires.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Only follow the old adage and my aunt, the serpent, and you will surely one day rue your likeness to the gods!' 2050

FAUST *entering*. 'Whither shall we go now?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Where you please. We'll see the lesser, next the greater world.'

FAUST: 'I never could conform myself to the world with my long beard, and shall always be at a loss.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Pooh! You will soon learn the way. The moment you assume an air of self-confidence you possess manners.'

FAUST: 'How shall we travel? Where are your horses, carriage, and coachmen?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'We need only spread your mantle; it will carry us through the air. Only take no large bundle with you. A little gas, which I shall prepare, will lift us up from the earth, and if we are light, we shall ascend quickly. I congratulate you on your new course of life.' 2072

Scene, Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig. Merry fellows drinking.

Frosch, Brander, Siebel, and Altmayer conversing, drinking and singing alternately. They pass some low jokes, and, amongst other things, talk of ejecting a Pope, who must possess a decisive quality, to exalt the man.—(A chaste allusion to the *sella stercoraria*.) 2073–157

Enter FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I must first introduce you to merry company, that you may see how easy it is to live. These good people enjoy a feast every day. With little wit and much self-complacency each of them turns in a narrow circle, like kittens hunting their own tail. As long as they do not complain of the head-ache, and the host gives them credit, they are happy and free from care.' 2167

BRANDER: 'They are travellers; I can see it by their odd manners.'

SIEBEL: 'For what do you take the strangers?'

FROSCH: 'Let me alone! I'll manage them with a full glass. They seem to be noble-
men; they look proud and discontented.'

BRANDER: 'I'll lay a wager they are mountebanks.'

ALTMAYER: 'Perhaps so.'

FROSCH: 'Mind how I shall quiz them.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: to *Faust*. 'These fellows would never smell the devil, were he
even to seize them by the collar.' 2182

Faust compliments them.

Siebel returns the compliment, and casting a side glance at *Mephistopheles*, says
(*aside*), 'Does that fellow halt with one leg?'

FROSCH. 'I dare say you set off late from Rippach? Did you sup first with Jack
Ketch?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'We quitted him to-day. We had some conversation with him
lately. He talked much of his cousins, and begged to be remembered to every one
of them.'—(He bows to *Frosch*.)

ALTMAYER (*aside*): 'There's for you! He is the sort.'

SIEBEL: 'A sly chap!' 2195

After some further conversation (in which *Faust* bears no part) and a song by
Mephistopheles, the latter says that he would be glad to drink to the success of reform,
if their wine were better. He offers to give them some from his cellar, if the host
would not be angry. 2250

Siebel takes upon him to answer for the host, and desires to have some
of it.

Mephistopheles takes a gimblet out of a basket of tools belonging to the house, and
asks each person what wine he desires to have.

They each of them choose, apparently much surprised.

Mephistopheles bores a hole in the edge of the table where *Frosch* sits, and asks for a
bit of bees'-wax to use for corks, which is produced and made into stoppers by one of
the company, whilst *Mephistopheles* bores holes towards each person of the company.
They think he is jeering them, or playing juggler's tricks, but he assures them to the
contrary.

When all the holes are bored and stopped up,

MEPHISTOPHELES: (*with strange gestures*),

'The vine bears grapes!

The goat has horns;

Wine is juice, but the vine is wood,

The table of wood, can also yield wine.

Here see deeper into nature!

This is a miracle, only believe it:

Now quickly draw your corks and drink!' 2290

(See Plate V.) they draw the corks: the wine which each had chosen runs immediately
into their glasses.

Scene, a Witch's Kitchen.

On a low hearth a large caldron stands over the fire. Various figures appear in the steam which ascends from it. A FEMALE MONKEY sits by the caldron, and skims it, taking care that it does not boil over. THE MALE MONKEY and the young ones sit by the fire, warming themselves. The strange and fantastic furniture of a witch ornament the sides and roof.

Enter FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST: 'I am sick of these mad tricks of magic. Do you promise me I shall recover from this farrago of madness? Am I now to ask advice of an old woman? And will that filthy mess make me thirty years younger? Woe is me, if you know nothing better. My hope is gone already. Has nature, and has a noble spirit discovered nothing better?' 2346

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'My friend, now you talk wisely again. Yet there is also a natural means to make you young; but it is written in a different book, and is a strange chapter.'

FAUST: 'I must know it.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Well! A means, to be had without money, without physician and witchcraft. Go to the field; set about hoeing and digging; feed on simple fare; live with cattle like a beast; and manure the soil which you reap yourself. This is the best means, I assure you, to make you young for eighty years to come.'

FAUST: 'I am not used to that; I cannot submit to take a spade in my hand; I do not like to lead a confined life.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Then we must apply to the witch.' 2365

FAUST: 'What, to the old woman? Can you not brew the beverage yourself?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'A pretty pastime for me, forsooth! I could build a thousand bridges in the time required for such a tedious work. It takes many years to ferment well, and the ingredients are very strange. Though the devil has taught her, yet the devil cannot make it.'

To the Animals.

'It seems your mistress is not at home.'

THE ANIMALS. 'At a feast; from home; gone up the chimney.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'What are you stewing?'

ANIMALS. 'Beggars' broth.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Then you have a numerous public.' 2393

THE MALE MONKEY *approaches Mephistopheles fawning*. 'O throw the dice and make me rich, and let me win! I am badly off, but had I money, I should be in my senses.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'How happy would the monkey be, could he put in the lottery!'

In the meanwhile the young monkeys play with a large earthenware globe, and roll it about.

THE MALE MONKEY: 'That is the world; it rises and falls, and rolls continually; it rings like glass, and how brittle it is! 'Tis hollow, within. Take this fire-screen, and sit down in the arm-chair!' 2428

FAUST: *Standing before a mirror, alternately approaching and receding from it.* 'What do I see? What a heavenly figure appears in this magic mirror! O Love! lend me your swiftest wings and bear me to her! Ah, when I venture to go near, I can only see her as in a mist.—There is nothing to equal her on earth.' 2440

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I know where to find such a one for you. For the present, look your fill.'

Faust continues to look in the glass. Mephistopheles stretching his limbs in the arm-chair, and playing with the screen, proceeds:

'Here I sit like a king on his throne. I hold the sceptre, but not the crown.' (See Plate VI.)

The Animals having made many odd gestures, bring a crown to Mephistopheles with great shouts. They handle it awkwardly, it falls, and breaks into two pieces, with which they dance about.

FAUST: (*facing the mirror*). 'Alas! I am almost distracted.' 2456

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to the animals*): 'My head is almost ready to turn.'

The cauldron being neglected by the female monkey, boils over; a great flame ascends the chimney. *The witch* descends through the flame, with dreadful screams. *Mephistopheles* makes himself known to her; she wonders he has not a cloven foot; but he tells her, that refinement has extended even to the devil, who no longer displays his horns, tail, and claws; and as to that foot, which is indispensable, as it would prejudice people against him, he, like many young men, wears false calves to his legs.

THE WITCH: *dancing*.—'I almost lose my senses at seeing Squire Satan once more with me!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'That name, woman, I hate!' 2505

WITCH: 'Why so? What harm did it do you?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'It is set down in the book of fables long since; but men do not fare a whit the better on that account; they have got rid of *the evil one; the evil one* continue amongst them. Now give us a glass of that well-known liquor! But of the oldest, for age doubles its strength.'

WITCH: 'With all my heart. Here is a bottle of which I sometimes drink myself, and which does not stink at all; I'll give you a glass of it with pleasure. (*Aside to Mephistopheles.*) But if that gentleman drinks it unprepared, you know he cannot live an hour.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'He is a good friend, to whom it will be of service. Draw your circle, and give him a cup full.' 2531

The witch, with strange gestures, describes a circle, and places a number of whimsical things in it: the glasses begin to ring, the cauldrons to resound, making music. At

length she fetches a large book, and places the monkeys in the circle, who serve her for a desk, and to bear the torch. She beckons *Faust* to step to her; *Mephistopheles* invites *Faust* to walk into the circle. The *witch* reads and emphatically declaims some nonsensical stuff from the book, and thereupon, with many ceremonies, pours the draught into a cup. As *Faust* is putting it to his lips, a slight flame issues from it. (See Plate VII.)

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Drink it up boldly! Courage! Thou intimate with the devil, and wouldst shrink from a flame!' 2586

Faust steps out of the circle, and the witch destroys it.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Now let us walk! You must not stand still. You must absolutely perspire.'

FAUST: 'Let me look in the mirror once more!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'No! No! You shall soon see the paragon of all women actually before you. (*aside.*) With this draught in your body, you will see a Helen in every woman.' 2604

Scene. A Street. (See Plate VIII.)

FAUST.—MARGARET passing by.

FAUST: 'My fair lady, may I venture to offer you my arm and company?'

MARGARET: 'I am neither a lady nor fair; I can walk home by myself.' *She disengages herself and walks off.*

FAUST: 'By heavens, this girl is beautiful! I never saw her equal. She is so modest and virtuous, though at the same time a little pert. Her red lips, her blooming cheeks, I shall never forget them! How she casts down her eyes! it is deeply imprinted in my heart: and how quick she was with a smart answer: why, this is quite delightful!' 2618

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST: 'Hear me, you must get me that girl!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Which?'

FAUST: 'She who passed by just now.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'What, her? She came from her priest, who has absolved her from all her sins: she is quite an innocent creature, who went to confess what she had never committed. I have no power over her!' 2626

FAUST: 'But she is past fourteen. And if she rest not in my arms this night, you and I shall part at midnight.'

Mephistopheles tells him that it will take at least fourteen days merely to find an opportunity.

FAUST: 'Had I but seven hours leisure, I should not want the devil's assistance to seduce that innocent creature.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'We cannot take her by force; we must use cunning.'

FAUST: 'Get me something from that angel! Take me to her bedchamber! Get me a handkerchief from her breast! Any thing belonging to her!' 2662

Mephistopheles promises to take him to her chamber that very day.

FAUST: 'Procure me a present for her.' [Exit. 2665]

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'To make a present directly? That is well done! Now he will succeed! I know many places and many buried treasures; I must look round a little.' 2677

[Exit. 2680]

Evening.

A small neat chamber.

MARGARET *plating and tying up her hair*. (See Plate IX.) 'I would give any money to know who that gentleman was whom I saw to-day. He certainly looked very handsome. I could read in his looks that he is of noble family, or he would not have been so presuming.' [Exit. 2685]

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES *and* FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Come in softly, come in!'

FAUST (*after a short pause*): 'Pray leave me alone.' 2685

MEPHISTOPHELES (*prying about*): 'Not many girls are so neat.' [Exit. 2690]

FAUST (*looking round him*): 'Hail, thou sweet twilight which prevailest in this sanctuary. Seize my heart, thou sweet pang of love, which longing, livest on the dew of hope. How all around breathes an air of repose, of order, of content! what riches in this poverty! In this prison what happiness!'

He throws himself down in the leathern arm-chair by the bedside. (See Plate X.)

'Receive me! thou, who in joy and grief hast received her ancestors with open arms! How many children have often clung around this paternal throne! Here, perhaps, my lovely girl, with the plump cheeks of childhood, grateful for a Christmas gift, has piously kissed the withered hand of her grandfather. I feel, dear girl! thy spirit of competence and order breathe around me!—And here—(*He raises one of the bed-curtains*)—What a fluttering of joy seizes me! Here I could tarry for hours. Nature! here in light dreams thou didst perfect the inborn angel.'

'And thou! what brought thee here?—Why does thy heart feel oppressed? Faust, pitiful wretch! I no longer know thee. I feel melting in a dream of love! Are we the sport of every pressure of the air?—And should she enter this moment, how should I be punished for my presumption! The great man, ah how little! would fall enraptured at her feet.' 2728

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Be quick! I see her coming below.'

FAUST: 'Begone! I will never leave!'

Mephistopheles shews him a little box of presents, which he places in a cupboard, and closes the lock again, advising *Faust* to go. They depart.

MARGARET *enters, carrying a lamp*. 'It is so close here.' *She opens the window*. 'And yet it is not warm without. I feel, I know not how—I wish my mother had come home.—A shivering runs all over my body—What a foolish, fearful girl I am!' 2758

She sings a ballad, whilst she undresses herself. She opens the cupboard to put in her cloaths, and finds the casket of jewellery.

'How did this pretty box come here? I am sure I locked the cupboard. 'Tis very strange! What can it be? Perhaps some person left it as a pledge, and my mother has lent money on it. There is a small key tied to it; I think I will open it. What is that? I never saw any thing like it! Jewellery! A noble lady might wear these things on the greatest holiday. How will this chain fit me? To whom can these precious things belong?' 2795

She decorates herself with them, and steps before the looking-glass. (See Plate XI.)

'I wish these ear-rings only were mine! I look much better with them on. What avails beauty, young girls? It is very well, but that is all. They praise you with a mixture of pity. Every person longs for gold; every thing depends upon it. Alas, we poor creatures!' 2804

A Public Walk.

Faust walking up and down, thoughtful.

MEPHISTOPHELES *advancing to him*. 'By all slighted love! by the hellish element! I wish I knew something worse for a curse.'

FAUST: 'What ails you?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I would this instant send myself to the devil, if I were not a devil myself!'

FAUST: 'Is your head turned? How it becomes you to rave like a madman!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Only think; the ornaments provided for Margaret, are seized by a Friar!—The mother got sight of the articles; she immediately began to be alarmed; for that woman's scent is very keen in distinguishing whether a thing be holy or profane. "My child," said she, "ill-gotten wealth entraps the soul, and preys upon the vitals. We will devote it to the Mother of God." Margaret made a wry face. The mother sent for a friar, who coveting the jewels, said, you are in the right way: he who conquers is the gainer. The Pope's church has a good stomach, has swallowed whole countries, and yet never was surfeited. The church alone, my good women, can digest ill-gotten wealth.'

FAUST: 'That is a general practice; a Jew and an Emperor can do as much.' 2842

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Thereupon he pocketed the clasps, chains and rings, like so many mushrooms; returned no more thanks than for a basket of nuts, promised every heavenly reward, and left them much edified.'

FAUST: 'And Margaret?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Is now sitting full of uneasiness, knowing neither what she wants, nor what she should want, and thinking night and day of the trinkets, but more of him who brought them for her.'

FAUST: 'Get her some other jewels immediately! The first were not of much consequence. And get acquainted with her neighbour.' 2860

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Yes, my Lord, with all my heart.' [*Exit* FAUST.]

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'A fool, when in love, would destroy the sun, the moon, and all the stars in heaven, by way of pastime for his mistress.' [*Exit*.]

The Neighbour's House.

MARTHA (*alone*): 'God forgive my dear husband; he did not use me well, to go into the wide world, and leave me alone. I am sure I never vexed him; I loved him from my heart. (*She weeps.*) Perhaps he is dead! Oh dear! if I had but a certificate of his death!' 2872

Margaret enters, and shews her a casket much more valuable than the first.

MARTHA: 'You must not tell your mother of it; she would take it again to her confessor.'

MARGARET: 'Only see! Only look here!'

MARTHA (*putting them on*): (See Plate XII)—'Oh, thou lucky creature!'

MARGARET: 'Alas I dare neither shew myself with them in the street, nor at church.'

MARTHA: 'Come to me frequently, and put them on privately; walk up and down for an hour before the looking-glass; we will enjoy it; and then some opportunity will present itself; some festival will happen, at which we may shew them to the people by degrees. Perhaps your mother may not notice it, or we may tell her a story.' (*A knock.*)

MARGARET: 'Oh dear! Perhaps it is my mother.' 2895

MARTHA peeps through the curtain.—'It is a strange gentleman. Walk in!'

Mephistopheles enters, begs pardon, and asks for Mrs. Martha Swertlein. See Plate XIII.

MARTHA: 'I am she. What is your pleasure, Sir?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: (*aside to Martha.*) 'I know you now, that is enough for me; you have a noble visitor there; excuse my freedom; I will return in the afternoon.' 2904

MARTHA: 'Only think, child, the gentleman takes you for a noble lady.'

MARGARET: 'I am a poor young girl; you are too polite, Sir; the jewels are not mine.'

Mephistopheles tells *Martha* that her husband is dead, and that he desired to be remembered to her.

Martha weeps, and is almost dying.

MARGARET: 'Therefore I never wish to love; I should die with grief for such a loss.'

Mephistopheles tells *Martha* that her husband lies buried at Padua with St. Anthony, in consecrated ground; and to her question, whether he sends her any thing, answers—'Yes, a request of great importance: to cause three hundred masses to be said for him. For the rest, my pockets are empty.' 2932

MARTHA: 'What! Not a keepsake? No jewels?'

Mephistopheles proceeds in his story, that her husband did not waste his money, and that he repented of his faults; the bed on which he died was rather better than a dunghill, being straw half-rotten; his last wish was, that his wife might forgive him for having forsaken her.

MARTHA (*sobbing*): 'Oh, the good man! I have forgiven him long since.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'But, said he, she was more in fault than I.'

2960

MARTHA: 'What a liar! To lie so on the verge of the grave, shocking!'

Mephistopheles continues telling her, that her husband, when he sailed from Malta, prayed for his wife and children; that his vessel then took a Turkish vessel with treasure for the Grand Signior, and he got a good share of the prize-money.

MARTHA: 'What! Pray where is it? Did he bury it?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'It is all gone. A fair lady took care of him at Naples, and shewed him much kindness, of which he felt the effects to his blessed end.' 2984

MARTHA: 'Oh, the villain! the thief to his children! And all his poverty, all his indigence, could not alter his shameful course of life.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'You see, he has paid for it with his life. In your place, I would mourn for him a year, and then look out for another husband.'

MARTHA: 'Ah! I shall not easily find another like him. He was a good-natured fool: only he liked to rove, and was too fond of foreign women, foreign wine, and the cursed dice.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Well, well! there is no harm, if he connived at you for about as much. I swear, on this condition, I would change rings with you.' 3002

MARTHA: 'O, Sir, you are joking!'

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*): 'Now it is time to be off. She would tie the devil himself to his word. Farewell, ladies!'

Martha wishes to have some proof of her husband's death.

Mephistopheles promises to bring a friend to certify it; and assures *Margaret*, that his friend is very polite to ladies, and has travelled much.

MARGARET: 'I should blush before the gentleman.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Before no king on earth.'

MARTHA: 'We'll expect the two gentlemen this evening in my garden behind the house.'

3024

A Street.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles informs *Faust* that he shall see *Margaret* this evening at *Martha's*, who is just the thing for a bawd and a gypsey; but that they must certify her husband's burial at Padua.

FAUST: 'Very wisely! We must make the journey first.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: '*Sancta Simplicitas!* There is no need of that; only give your evidence without knowing any thing about it.' 3038

Faust refuses to do so.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'O, holy man! Would it be the first time that you bore false witness? Did you not boldly give definitions of God, the world, motion, man, and the soul? And, if you rightly consider, did you know more about these things than about Mr. Swertlein's death?'

FAUST: 'You are, and always will be a liar and a sophist.' 3050

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Yes, if I did not know better. For to-morrow you will not delude poor *Margaret*. You will then in vain swear the love of your soul to her.'

FAUST: 'But really from my very heart.'

A Garden.

MARGARET on FAUST's Arm.—

MARTHA with MEPHISTOPHELES, walking up and down.

After some indifferent conversation between the two couple as they pass by,—

FAUST: 'Simplicity, Innocence never knows herself and her sacred value. Humility, meekness, the greatest gifts of kind, bountiful Nature.' 3105

MARGARET: 'Think of me only for a moment; I shall have time enough to think of you.'

FAUST: 'Are you frequently alone?'

MARGARET: 'Yes, our family is but small, yet it must be attended to. We keep no servant; I am obliged to cook, sweep, knit, and sew, and run about both early and late. And my mother is so particular. Not that she need be so very sparing; for my father has left some property, a small house, and a little garden out of town. My brother is a soldier; my little sister is dead. I had much trouble with that child, but would gladly go through it again, so much I loved her.'

FAUST: 'An angel, if she resembled you.' 3124

The conversation goes on between them, and when they pass on, *Mephistopheles* and *Martha* walk by, conversing, and pass on. 3162

FAUST: 'You knew me again, you little angel, the moment I entered the garden!'

MARGARET: 'Did you not see? I cast down my eyes.'

FAUST: 'And you forgive the liberty I took—my insolent boldness when you came from church the other day?'

MARGARET: 'I was surprized, I had never been served so; no person could speak ill of me. Oh! thought I, did he see in my behaviour any thing forward or improper? He seemed all at once to take it into his head to make up to me. Shall I own it? I could not tell what stirred here immediately in your favour; but, indeed, I was very angry with myself, for not finding it in my heart to be more angry with you.'

3178

FAUST: 'My sweet love!'

MARGARET: 'Stop a moment.' *She plucks a corn-flower, and pulls off the leaves one after the other.*

FAUST: 'What does this mean? A nosegay?'

MARGARET: 'No, it only means play.'

FAUST: 'How so?'

MARGARET: 'Done! You'll laugh at me.'

She pulls off the leaves, and mutters half aloud.—(See Plate XIV.)—'He loves me—loves me not—loves me—not—loves me—not.' Tearing off the last leaf with great delight—'He loves me!'

FAUST: 'Yes, love! Let this decision of the flower be to thee a sentence of the gods.

He loves thee! Do you comprehend what that means? He loves thee!—(*He grasps both her hands.*)

3186

MARGARET: 'I tremble!'

FAUST: 'Oh, tremble not! Let this look, this pressure of your hands, tell you what is beyond expression: To yield ourselves up completely and to feel delight, which must be everlasting! For ever! Its end would be despair! No, without end! without end!'

Margaret presses his hands, disengages herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, then follows her.

Martha coming in. 'Night approaches.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Yes, and we will go.'

3195

MARTHA: 'I would beg you to stay longer, but this is a very censorious town. The neighbours, are as if they had nothing else to do, than to watch one's steps and actions; and we should be slandered, were we ever so careful. And our young couple?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Have flown up that walk, like sportive butterflies.'

MARTHA: 'He seems to be fond of her.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'And she of him. That is the way of the world.'

3204

A summer-house.

Margaret runs in, conceals herself behind the door, places her fingers' ends to her lips, and peeps through the chink. 'He is coming!'

FAUST: enters. 'Ah you little rogue, thus you trick me! Did I catch you!'
(*He kisses her.*)

MARGARET: (*embracing him and returning the kiss.*) (See Plate XV.) 'Dearest man!

I love thee from my heart!

Mephistopheles knocks.

FAUST (*stamping with his foot.*): 'Who's there?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'A friend!'

FAUST: 'A beast.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I think it is time to go.'

MARTHA (*arrives.*): 'Yes, Sir, it is late.'

FAUST: 'May I see you home?'

MARGARET: 'My mother would—Farewell!'

FAUST: 'And must I go? Farewell!'

MARTHA: 'Adieu!'

MARGARET: 'Soon to meet again.'

3210

[*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.]

MARGARET: 'Dear me! How many things such a man can think. I stand before him ashamed, and say yes to every thing. What a poor ignorant thing I am. I cannot conceive what he can find in me.'

[*Exit.* 3216]

A Forest and a Cavern.

FAUST solus.

'Supreme spirit, thou gavest me all for which I prayed thee. Thou hast not in vain turned thy face towards me in the fire. Thou gavest me glorious nature for a kingdom, and the faculty to feel, to enjoy her. Not merely a chilly gazing visit dost thou permit me; thou grantest me to penetrate into the breast of nature, as into the bosom of a friend. Thou ledest the series of living creatures before me, and teachest me to know my brethren in the silent bush, in the air and water. When the storm howls and cracks in the forest, tears down the gigantic pine, crushing the neighbouring branches and trunks, and when the hill resounds with hollow thunder from its fall, then dost thou lead me to the secure cavern, shewest me myself, and barest the deep and secret wounds of my own breast. And before my view the pale clear moon ascends to the zenith; while from the walls of the rock, arise the silver forms of former ages, issuing from the damp bush, which waving before me, moderates the stern delight of contemplation.'

3239

'Oh! Now I feel that perfection is not allotted to man. To this delight,
Which draws me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou gavest me, in addition, that companion
Whom I can no longer do without;
Though, cold and insolent, he doth debase
Me to myself, and into naught doth turn,
With the mere breath of words, thy fairest gift.
He fans within my breast a madd'ning fire,
Officious, prompts me to that fairest form.

Thus from desire I to enjoyment reel,
And in enjoyment for desire I pant.'

3250

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Have you now led this kind of life long enough? How can you find pleasure in it long? It will do to taste it once; but then to something fresh!'

FAUST: 'I wish you had something else to do than to plague me on a good day.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Well! I'll let you alone, you need hardly desire me in earnest. Surely a fellow so unkind, tart and mad, as you are, is no great loss. All day long I have full employment! I can never trace in your looks, Sir, what you like, and what I am not to do.'

FAUST: 'That is just the right tune! You require thanks for being tiresome to me.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Poor son of the earth, how could you lead your life without me?'

FAUST: 'If you could conceive what new energy of life this living in the wilderness gives me, you would be devil enough to envy me my happiness.'

3281

After some further conversation in the same strain, *Mephistopheles* tells *Faust*, that his beloved girl sits fretting and moping, and cannot forget him for a moment. At one time she weeps, at another appears composed, but is always in love.

FAUST: 'Thou serpent!'

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*): 'I lay, I'll catch you!'

3325

FAUST: 'Cursed villain! Get thee gone, and name not that fair girl. Do not make my half-maddened senses desire her again!

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'She thinks you have forsaken her, and so you have almost.'

FAUST: 'I am near her, were I ever so far off, I can never forget, never lose her.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I must laugh. What a pity! You shall go into your fair one's chamber, not to death.'

FAUST: 'What heavenly joy is in her arms! Though I should recline upon her bosom, yet I should always feel her woe. Am I not the fugitive, the houseless wanderer, the barbarian without an object, and without repose, who, like a water-fall, rushes from rock to rock with eager fury. And she, with childlike quiescent passions in the cottage, and all her homely occupations embraced in that little world. And I, hated of God, was not satisfied to seize the rocks and beat them into fragments. Herself, her peace of mind I have undermined! Thou, O hell; didst demand this sacrifice! Help me, devil, to curtail the time of anguish! May the wreck of her fate fall upon me, and may she sink with me.'

3365

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'How you boil and glow again! Go in, you fool, and console her! Where your headstrong little brain discerns no alternative, it fancies directly that the end is come. Long live the brave! In other respects you are pretty well demonized. I know nothing more silly in the world, than a devil who despairs.'

3373

Margaret's Chamber.

MARGARET at the spinning-wheel, alone. (See Plate XVI.)

MARGARET: 'My peace of mind is gone, my heart is heavy; I never find repose, ah, never! Where I have him not, there is my grave, all the world is the bitterness of gall to me. My poor head is turned, my poor senses are bewildered.' 3374-413

Martha's Garden.

MARGARET, FAUST.

MARGARET: 'Promise me, Henry!'

FAUST: 'Whatever I am able.'

MARGARET: 'Now tell me, how do you stand with religion? You are a very good man! but I think, you make very light of religion.'

FAUST: 'Let that alone, my dear child! you feel that I wish you well; I would lay down my life for my beloved friends. I will rob no person of his faith and church.'

MARGARET: 'That is not right, you must believe in it!'

FAUST: 'Must I?'

MARGARET: 'Ah! If I could prevail on you! And you do not venerate the holy sacraments.'

FAUST: 'I do revere them.'

MARGARET: 'But without desire. You have not been to mass, to confession, this long while. Do you believe in God?' 3426

FAUST: 'My dear love, who can say, I believe in God? Ask the priest, or the philosopher, and their answer is only a scoff at the inquirer.'

MARGARET: 'So you do not believe?'

FAUST: 'Do not misinterpret me, sweet face! Who can name him? And who can confess, "I believe in him." Who can feel him, and venture to say, "I do not believe in him?" The Being which embraces all, preserves all. Does he not embrace and preserve thee, myself,—nay, his own self? Behold the arched vault of heaven above, the firm earth below, the long enduring stars ascending with friendly ray. I see you eye to eye, and within you every sensation crowds to the head and the heart, and he moves near you invisibly, perceptible in eternal mystery. Replenish your heart therewith, great as it is, and when you feel happy in this sensation, call it bliss, heart, love, God. I have no name for it. Perception is all; nature is but an empty sound, a smoke which obscures the ardent glow of heaven.' 3458

MARGARET: 'All this is very fair and good. The parson says nearly the same thing, only in different words.'

FAUST: 'Every where, all hearts say the same thing, each in its own dialect; why should not I, in mine?'

MARGARET: 'To hear you, it would appear passable, still it is not right; for you have no Christianity. I have felt very sorry this long time, to see you in such company. The man, whom you have for a companion, is hateful to me, from my inmost soul. Never did any thing give so deadly a stab to my heart as that man's offensive features.'

FAUST: 'Dear child, fear him not.'

MARGARET: 'His presence agitates my blood. I am well-disposed towards all other men; but much as I long to see you, I have a latent horror of that man; and, moreover, I take him for a villain! God forgive me, if I wrong him!' 3482

FAUST: 'There must be such fellows.'

MARGARET: 'I would not live with any like him. Whenever he comes in, he looks so sneering, and rancorous; it is plain he feels no interest in any thing; it is written on his forehead, that he can love no person. I feel so happy in your arms, so free, so resignedly warm, but his presence stifles my heart.'

FAUST: 'You foreboding angel!'

MARGARET: 'It overpowers me so, that when he comes near us, I even fancy I love you no longer; and when he is here, I could never say my prayers, and that corrodes my heart. You, Henry, must feel the same.' 3500

FAUST: 'You have an antipathy.'

MARGARET: 'Now I must go.'

FAUST: 'Ah! can I never cling to your bosom for a single hour, press you to my bosom and thus unite our souls?'

MARGARET: 'If I did but sleep alone! I would leave the bolt open for you this night, but my mother does not sleep soundly, and if she should catch us, she would kill me directly.'

FAUST: 'My angel, there is no fear of that. Here is a vial! only three drops poured in her drink, will kindly envelop nature in deep slumber.'

MARGARET: 'What would I not do for your sake? I hope it will do her no harm?' 3515

FAUST: 'Would I recommend it to you, if it would, my love?'

MARGARET: 'When I do but look at you, dear love, I do not know what prompts me to your will; I have done so much for you already, that there is hardly any thing left.'

[*Exit.*]

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'The grass-ape! Is she gone?'

FAUST: 'Have you been listening again?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I have fully heard how the doctor was catechized; much good may it do you.'

FAUST: 'Thou monstrous villain! dost not see, how this faithful, loving soul, full of her faith, (the only saving one as she fancies,) holily torments herself with the thought that the man she most loves should perish.' 3533

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'And she understands physiognomy like a master. In my presence she feels uncomfortable, my mask hides a lurking fiend, perhaps, even the devil. Well, to-night?—'

FAUST: 'What is that to you?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I shall laugh in my sleeve.' 3543

At a Pump.

MARGARET and BETSY with pitchers.

Betsy tells *Margaret* that Barbara, being pregnant, is to do penance at church.

Margaret pities her, and walking home by herself, reflects upon her own strict censoriousness formerly, whilst she now is fallen in sin herself.

3544-86

The Faussebraye.

**In the niche of the wall is an image of the *Mater dolorosa*,
before it are some flower pots. (See Plate XVII.)**

MARGARET, (*puts fresh flowers in the pot.*): 'O thou full of sorrow, graciously incline thy face to my woe!

'A sword pierces thy heart, thou lookest up with a thousand pangs, to see thy dying son.

'My heart will break.

'I bedewed with my tears, the potsherds in my window, when, early in the morn, I culled thee these flowers.'

3588-619

Night.

The street near Margaret's door.

Valentine, a soldier, *Margaret's* brother. This brave and honest soldier relates what a paragon of virtue and beauty his sister was, and how he always used to praise her before all men. But now every villain jeers, sneers at, and insults him. He must sit at his liquor as mute as a bad debtor, and though he were to knock them down, he cannot call them liars. 'Who comes there sneaking? If I see right, there be two of them. If it be he, I'll be at him, he shall not escape alive!'

3620-49

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles plays the guitar, and sings a serenade.

Valentine advances, 'Whom dost thou allure here, thou cursed rat-catcher! I will first send thy instrument to the devil, and then the singer after it!'

3701

He breaks the guitar, and fights with *Faust*.

Mephistopheles parries the blows.

VALENTINE: 'Parry this!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Why not?'

VALENTINE: 'And this?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Certainly!'

VALENTINE: 'I think the devil fights! How is this? My hand feels lamed.'

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to Faust.*): 'Now strike.' (See Plate XIX.)

VALENTINE: *drops down.* 'Oh heavens!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Now the looby is tamed. We must be off, and disappear, for a murderous hue and cry is set up. I can manage the police surprisingly, but never the criminal law.'

MARTHA, *at her window:* 'Come out! Come out!'

MARGARET, *at her own window:* 'Bring a light.'

PEOPLE: 'There lies a dead man!'

MARTHA, *coming out:* 'Are the murderers fled?'

MARGARET, *coming out:* 'Who is lying there?'

PEOPLE: 'Your mother's son.' (See Plate XX.)

3720

VALENTINE: 'I die! That is soon said, and sooner done. Women, why do you stand wailing and lamenting? Come near, and hear me. (*All the people flock round him.*)

'My Margaret, see! you are young, you are yet very foolish, and your conduct is much to blame. I only tell you in confidence, that after all, you are now ruined past recovery.'

MARGARET: 'My brother! Oh God! What do you mean?'

VALENTINE: 'Do not profane the name of God: what is done cannot be recalled, and things will take their course. You commenced with one in private; soon will others be at you; and when you have had a dozen, the whole town has got you.

'When Infamy is born, she is brought into the world privately, and the veil of night is pulled over her head and ears; nay, you would wish to kill her: but when she grows up, she walks about barefaced, even by day, and yet is not grown more comely. The more ugly her face grows, the more she seeks the day-light. And though God may forgive thee, thou wilt be cursed on earth.'

3763

MARTHA: 'Recommend your soul to the mercy of God! Would you heap scandal upon you?'

VALENTINE: 'Oh, if I could but reach your withered carcase, you infamous procuress, then should I hope to obtain full forgiveness for all my sins!'

MARGARET: 'My brother! What torment!'

VALENTINE: 'Leave off crying. You then gave my heart the deepest wound, when you abandoned your honour. I go, through the sleep of death, to God, like a soldier and a brave man.'—(*Dies.*)

3775

The Cathedral Church.

Mass, Organ, and Singing.

MARGARET amongst a numerous congregation.

The EVIL SPIRIT behind MARGARET.

EVIL SPIRIT: 'How very differently did you feel, Margaret, when you approached the altar, full of innocence; when you stammered out your prayers from the worn-out book, your heart half occupied with children's play, half with God. How

stands thy head? In thy heart, what misdeeds! Dost thou pray for thy mother's soul, who, through thee, slumbered on to long, long torment?—whose blood was spilt on thy threshold?

MARGARET: 'Woe! Woe! Could I but get rid of the thoughts which perplex and accuse me!' 3797

Chorus.

*'Dies irae, dies illa
Solvat saeculum in favilla.'*

A sound of the organ.

EVIL SPIRIT: 'Wrath seizes thee! The trumpet sounds! The graves shake! And thy spirit, created afresh from mouldering ashes, ascends with trembling!'

Chorus.

*'Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.'*

MARGARET: 'I feel so oppressed! The wall-pillars inclose me! The vault weighs down upon me! Oh, for breath!' 3820

EVIL SPIRIT: 'Hide thyself! Sin and infamy cannot be hid. Breath! Light! Woe to thee!'

Chorus.

*'Quid sum miser tunc dicturus
Quem patronum rogaturus?
Cum vix justus sit securus.'*

EVIL SPIRIT: 'The glorified blessed souls turn their face away from thee: the pure souls shudder to give thee their hand. Woe!' (See Plate XVIII.)

Chorus.

'Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?'

MARGARET: 'Neighbour! Your smelling-bottle.' (*She faints.*) 3834

**Walpurgis Night.
The Hartz Mountains.
The Region of the Schirke and Elend.
FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.**

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Do you not want a broomstick? I should like to ride on a goat. In this way we make but a slow progress.'

Faust prefers walking with his knotty stick, and clambering over the rocks.

Mephistopheles asks an *Ignis Fatuus* to skip before them, lighting the way. (See Plate XXI.) 3859

The *Ignis Fatuus* skips before them in a zig-zag direction, just as men do, never straight forward.

Faust, Mephistopheles, Ignis Fatuus, singing a trio.

'It seems we have entered into the spheres of dreams and witches. Conduct us well!'

Mephistopheles shews *Faust* a treasure glowing in a deep cleft of the mountain.

A chorus of *witches* riding to the Brocken through the air, on goats, on sows, broomsticks, pitchforks, in baking-troughs, &c.

Mephistopheles is quite in his own element, and on this gala (as men shew their stars and badges) will not remain incognito, but exhibits his foot. 4065

Faust compares the revels to a fair. *Mephistopheles* points out to him *Lilith*, Adam's first wife. 4123

Faust dances with a young witch, and talks of the apples in Paradise (meaning the forbidden fruit, which the ignorant imagine to have been an apple; but it is not likely that the same fruit, (for the literal text is true,) should be now found out of Paradise upon earth.) 4135

Mephistopheles dances with an old witch.

A Proctophantasmist, or one of the Illuminati, is much vexed that he cannot make the witches and ghosts disappear. He cannot bear the despotism of spirits, and hopes yet to conquer devils and poets.

Mephistopheles says that the *Proctophantasmist* will sit down in a quagmire, which is his usual way of solacing himself; and when the leeches feast on him, will be cured of spirits and conceit. 4175

Faust quits his fair dancer, because a red mouse leaped out of her mouth, and then says to *Mephistopheles*:—(See Plate XXII)

'Mephisto, do you see yonder that pale, beautiful girl, standing alone, and at a distance? She drags herself slowly on, and seems to walk with fettered legs. I must own that I think she resembles my kind Margaret.'

Mephistopheles tells him it is a mere lifeless, magical apparition, which it is not proper to accost—as it would chill the blood, and that to every man she appears like his own love. That, like Medusa, she will turn men into stone, and can carry her head under her arm, since Perseus has cut it off. 4194

Faust cannot take off his eyes, and with melancholy feelings remembers his own Margaret—he sees a narrow red string round her neck. They proceed to a stage, where a play, by some Dilettanti, is announced.

Mephistopheles greatly approves to find the actors on the Blocksberg, that being the proper place to which they belong. 4222

Dream of the Walpurgis-night, or Oberon's and Titania's Golden Wedding.

An Interlude.

(This sprightly Interlude, replete with wit and satire, has no connection with the Tragedy, and is therefore omitted here.) 4223-398

**A Gloomy Day.
The Country.
FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.**

FAUST: 'In wretchedness! despairing! for a long time miserably weltering on the ground, and now in a prison! That gentle unhappy creature, like a malefactor confined in prison, and reserved for dreadful torments! To this pitch! this extremity!—Traitor, vile spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me! Thou mayest stand furiously rolling about thy diabolical eyes! Stand, bidding me defiance with thy unbearable presence!—Imprisoned! In irrecoverable misery! Delivered up to evil spirits, and to vindictive, unfeeling judges! And all the whilst thou lulledst me with the most insipid diversions, concealing from me her increasing misery, and leaving her to perish unrelieved!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'She is not the first.' (See Plate XXIII.)

FAUST: 'Thou dog! Abominable monster! Transform him, oh infinite spirit! Again transform the reptile into his canine form, in which he frequently took pleasure in trotting on before me—in rolling before the feet of the harmless pedestrian, and clinging to his shoulders when falling. Transform him again into his favourite form, that he may crawl on his belly in the dust, and that I may tread him under my feet, the vile reprobate! Not the first! A woeful pity! Too much for any human soul to conceive, that more than one creature should be sunk into this depth of misery; that the first in her writhing agonies should not suffice in the eyes of the forgiving eternal spirit to atone for the guilt of all the rest. The sufferings of this one person harrow up my soul, and thou sneerest coolly at the fate of thousands.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Now we are again at our wit's end, where you, human beings, overstrain your senses. Why do you engage with us in a compact, if you cannot go through with it? You want to fly, and are not proof against giddiness. Did we officiously intrude upon you, or you upon us?'

FAUST: 'Do not shew me your voracious teeth! I detest you! Supreme glorious spirit, who hast deigned to reveal thyself to me, thou who knowest my heart and my very soul, why tie me with chains to this shameful villain—this miscreant, who seeks his delight in mischief, his enjoyment in destruction?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Have you done?'

FAUST: 'Preserve her! or woe be to you! The most horrid curse upon you for many thousand years!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I cannot loosen the bonds of the avenger, nor open his bolts—Preserve her! Who was it that plunged her into destruction—I, or you?'

Faust looks about him wildly.

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Are you going to grasp the thunder? It is well that it was not given to you, miserable mortals!'

FAUST: 'Take me to her, she shall be free!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'And the danger to which you expose yourself. Know that the guilt of blood from your hand still remains upon the town. Over the grave of the slain hover the avenging spirits, and watch for the murderer's return.'

FAUST: 'This also from thee? The murder and death of a world be upon thee, thou miscreant! Take me to her, I say, and deliver her!'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I'll conduct you, and what I can do, you shall hear. Have I all power in heaven and on earth? The jailor's senses I will intoxicate; you seize the keys, and lead her out by the hand of a man. I will await you. The magic horses stand ready; I will carry you off: This is what I am able to perform.'

FAUST: 'Quick let us be off then!'

Night. The open Country.

FAUST—MEPHISTOPHELES—rushing by on black horses.

(See Plate XXIV.)

FAUST: 'What are those creatures doing that hover about yon place of execution?'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'I know not what they are boiling and preparing.'

FAUST: 'They hover up and down, and stoop and bow.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'A company of witches.'

FAUST: 'They strew and consecrate.'

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'On! on!'

4404

A Prison.

**FAUST, with a bunch of keys and a lamp at an iron door.—
He seizes the lock and opens it. (See Plate XXV.)**

FAUST: 'She suspects not that her beloved listens, that he hears the jingling of the chains, the rustling of the straw.' (*He enters.*)

4422

Margaret tries to conceal herself on the couch of straw. 'Woe! Woe! They are coming. Bitter death!'

FAUST, *so ffly*: 'Hush! hush! I come to release you.'

MARGARET (*throwing herself before him.*): 'If you are a human creature have pity on my distress!'

FAUST: 'You will awake the keepers by your screams.' (*He lays hold of the chains to unlock them.*)

MARGARET, (*on her knees.*): 'Who gave thee, hangman, this authority over me? You come already to fetch me away at midnight: Have mercy on me, and let me live a little longer! Is it not time enough to-morrow morning? (*She stands up.*) I am so young, so young! And must die already! I was beautiful too, and that was my ruin. My friend was near, now he is far off; the garland lies torn; the flowers are scattered. Do not seize me so forcibly! Spare me! What have I done to you? Let me not supplicate in vain, for I never saw you in my life.'

4440

FAUST: 'Can I survive this agony?'

MARGARET: 'I am now entirely in your power. Only let me first suckle the infant. I kissed it all night; they have taken it away to distract me, and now they say that I

killed it. I shall never know joy again. They sing ballads of me! It is wicked of the people! An old tale ends so: who told them to apply it?’

FAUST (*down on his knees.*): ‘A lover lies at your feet to unlock the bondage of woe.’

MARGARET (*kneels down by him.*): ‘Oh, let us kneel to invoke the saints! Behold! Under these steps, under the threshold, boils hell! The evil spirit roars with horrid wrath.’

FAUST (*aloud.*): ‘Margaret! Margaret!’

MARGARET: (*listening*) ‘That was the voice of my friend! (*she jumps up. The chains drop off.*) Where is he? I heard him call. I am free! None shall prevent me. I will fly to his neck, lie on his bosom! He called Margaret! He stood on the threshold.

Through the midst of the howlings and din of hell, through the grim, diabolical jeering scoffs, I recognized the sweet, the fond voice.’ 4468

FAUST: ‘Tis I!’

MARGARET: ‘Tis you! O say it once more! (*taking hold of him.*) It is he! What is become of pain? What is become of the anguish of the jail? Of the chains? It is then you? Do you come to save me? I am preserved!—There is the street where I saw you for the first time, and the peaceful garden where I and Martha expected you.’

FAUST (*striving to get her away.*): ‘Come along with me! Come along!’

MARGARET: ‘Oh, tarry! Now I so fondly tarry where you are.’ (*in an endearing manner.*)

FAUST: ‘Hasten! If you do not make haste, you will suffer for it severely.’

MARGARET: ‘What! You cannot kiss any more? My friend, so short a time away from me, and you have forgot kissing? What makes me so fearful on your neck, when formerly your words, your looks, were like heaven to me, and you kissed me as if you would smother me. Kiss me, or else I shall kiss you! (*she embraces him.*) Alas! Your lips are chilly, they are mute. What is become of your love? Who robbed me of it?’ (*she turns away from him.*)

FAUST: ‘Come! Follow me! My love, take courage! I’ll kiss you with ardour a thousand-fold; but follow me!—I pray you do!’ 4500

MARGARET (*turning to him.*): ‘And is it you? Is it you indeed?’

FAUST: ‘It is I! Come along!’

MARGARET: ‘You loosen the fetters, you take me again on your lap. How comes it you do not shun me?—And do you know, my friend, whom you liberate?’

FAUST: ‘Come! Come! Night passes away.’

MARGARET: ‘I have killed my mother, I have drowned my infant. Was it not given to you and to me? Yes, to you likewise.—It is you! I can hardly believe it. Give me your hand! It is no dream! Your dear hand!—But it feels moist! Wipe it off! I think there is some blood on it. Ah God! What have you done! Sheathe your sword, I pray you!’

FAUST: ‘Let the past be forgotten: you kill me.’

MARGARET: ‘No, you must remain alive! I will describe the tombs to you. You must look after them to-morrow without fail; give the best place to my mother, my brother’s next to her, mine a little aside, but not too far distant, and the infant must lay on my right breast; else none would lie near me!—To cling to your side used to be a sweet, a delightful happiness! But I am not able now; it seems to me as if I

approached you reluctantly, as if you pushed me back; and yet it is you, and you look so good, so virtuous.'

4535

FAUST: 'If you feel it is I, come!'

MARGARET: 'Whither?'

FAUST: 'To liberty.'

MARGARET: 'If the grave is without, if death lies in wait; come! From hence to the everlasting bed of rest, and not one step further.—Are you going now? O Henry, I wish I could go with you!'

FAUST: 'You can! Only will it! The door stands open.'

MARGARET: 'I dare not go; there is no hope for me. What avails flight? They lie in wait for me. It is so miserable to be obliged to go begging alms, and above all with a guilty conscience. It is so miserable to wander about in a foreign land; and they will seize me after all.'

FAUST: 'I will stay with you.'

4550

MARGARET: 'Quick! Quick! Preserve your poor infant. On! That way up the brook, into the forest, over the stile, to the left where that plank is in the pond. Catch it immediately! It wants to rise, it struggles still! Save it! Save it!'

FAUST: 'Recollect yourself! Only one step and you are free.'

MARGARET: 'If we were but—past that mountain! There sits my mother on a stone and shakes her head; she beckons not, she does not nod, her head feels heavy; she slept so long; she wakes no more: she slept that we should enjoy pleasure. Those were happy times!'

FAUST: 'The day dawns! My love! My dear!'

MARGARET: 'The day! Yes, the day dawns; the last day comes: it was to have been my wedding-day! Tell nobody you were with Margaret. We shall meet again, but not at the dance. The crowd presses; she is not heard. The square, the streets cannot hold them. The bell tolls, the judge's wand is broken. How they seize and tie me! I am taken to the block. Now the sword is wielded to behead me. The world lies mute as the grave!'

4595

FAUST: 'Oh, I wish I had never been born!'

MEPHISTOPHELES *is seen without*: 'Come! or you are lost. (See Plate XXVI.) Useless trembling, delaying; and my horses are shivering; the morning dawns.'

MARGARET: 'What is that ascending from the earth?—He! he! Send him away! What does he want in this holy place? He comes for me!'

FAUST: 'You shall live.'

MARGARET: 'Judgment of God! To thy tribunal I surrender myself!'

MEPHISTOPHELES *to Faust*: 'Come! Come! I shall leave you in the lurch with her.'

MARGARET: 'Oh father, I am thine! Save me! Ye angels! Ye sainted hosts, pitch your camp around me, to protect me! Henry! I fear you.'

4610

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'She has been judged!'

A voice from above. 'She is preserved!'

MEPHISTOPHELES *to Faust*. 'Come to me!' (*disappears with Faust*.)

A voice from within, gradually abating. 'Henry! Henry!'

4612

NOTES

In *A few remarks on Mr. Hayward's English prose translation of Goethe's Faust: with additional observations on the difficulty of translating German works in general* (London: Treuttel, Würtz, and Richter; and J. Wacey, 1834), Daniel Boileau presented extensive notes on problems of translation. Where relevant, Boileau's corrections to Hayward's translation are inserted in brackets in these notes to his own translation. A few of his corrections to Hayward also correct his own earlier translation; other corrections, however, cite verbatim his own earlier translation.

364–71 'now convinced that all human knowledge is vain.' 364 *Und sehe, daß wir nichts wissen können*, [Boileau's note: 371 *Bilde mir nicht ein was rechts zu wissen = 'I do not fancy I know much, I am not conceited enough to think I am very learned.'* We say *etwas rechtes lernen*, 'to learn much.' *Wir haben was rechtes gelacht*, 'we laughed a good deal, we laughed heartily;' and there is an ironical German expression: *Das ist was rechtes!* 'that is a great thing, forsooth!']

440 'in those characters' [Boileau's note: *in diesen reinen Zügen* is not 'in these pure features,' but 'in these pure characters,' alluding to the engravings at which FAUST is looking in the book of NOSTRADAMUS.]

509 'the living garment of the Deity' [Boileau's note: *der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid* is not the 'visible,' but 'the living garment of the Deity.']

548 'Seek only honest gain' [Boileau's note: *Such' Er den redlichen Gewinn* is not 'keep the true object steadily in view,' but 'seek, or endeavour to be honestly useful;' the remainder of the passage shows that this is the meaning, in opposition to being 'a tinkling fool, who preaches to be admired.']

1066 'What we know not, is the very thing we need, and what we know, we cannot use.' [Boileau's note: *Was man nicht weiß, das eben brauchte man, Und was man weiß, kann man nicht brauchen.* 'Man desires what he knows not, and cannot employ what he knows.' But the more literal and correct meaning is: 'What we do not know is the very thing we want, and what we do know we cannot turn to any use.' GOETHE, by a poetical license, employs here the verb *brauchen* first in the sense of 'to be in need of, to have occasion for, to need, to want,' and then instead of *gebrauchen*, which signifies 'to use, to make use of.']

1115 'with riveting organs' [Boileau's note: *Mit klammernden Organen*: 'With organs like cramps of steel,' why not simply, 'with grappling organs?']

1117 'to higher regions' [Boileau's note: *zu den Gefilden hoher Ahnen*, 'to the realms of an exalted ancestor,' but he observes in a note, page 225: 'It was the suggestion of an able critic, though, that *Ahnen* might be the verb substantived, in which case it would mean, "of high aspirings or presentiments."' Alas this able critic knows less of the German language than Mr. H. The German verb, which means 'to forebode,' is certainly *Ahnen*, but the able critic ought to have recollected that, though the infinitives of German verbs may be substantived, as it is here called, they never can be employed in the plural number. We may say *das Ahnen*, 'the act of foreboding, a misgiving of what is to happen,' instead of *die Ahnung*, 'the presentiment;' but to construe it with the genitive plural *hoher*, is impossible. GOETHE has elsewhere *Ahndevoll*. He too does not make the proper distinction, which is at present generally attended to, between *Ahnen* to forebode, and *Ahnden* to resent, to punish.]

1205–6 'We are used that men scoff at things which they do not understand.' Translating: *Wir sind gewohnt, daß die Menschen verhöhnen, Was sie nicht verstehn*. By following the exact German word order, the translator has created an awkward English syntax.

1330 'the essence of things' [Boileau's note: *Der—nur in der Wesen Tiefe trachtet*, 'who—deals only with the essences of things,' should rather be 'who—aspire only to dive into the depth of things.']

1509 '*Mephistopheles* thanks them, and says that Faust is not knowing enough to detain the devil.' Paraphrasing: 'Du bist noch nicht der Mann, den Teufel festzuhalten!' The phrase 'is not

knowing enough' is a second-language artefact; a native English speaker would more likely say 'does not know enough.'

1591-2 'Cursed be the high opinion of conceit in which the mind inwraps itself' Translating: *Verflucht voraus die hohe Meinung, Womit der Geist sich selbst umfängt!* The awkward phrase 'high opinion of conceit' translates *hohe Meinung*, which might more accurately be rendered as 'pride' or 'self-esteem'. The redundant phrase 'in which the mind inwraps itself' is a second-language artefact; a native English speaker might say instead 'with which the mind surrounds/encloses itself'.

1646-8 'I am your companion, and if it suits you, I am your servant, your slave!' [Boileau's note: *Ich bin dein Geselle Und mach' ich dir's recht, Bin ich dein Diener, bin dein Knecht*, 'I am your companion, or if it suits you, your servant, your slave.' But what MEPHISTOPHELES says is this: 'I am your companion, and if you are satisfied with my attendance, I will be your servant, your slave.' *Es einem recht machen* is to give satisfaction in the discharge of any, even a familiar, office.]

1652 'does not grant favours for nothing' [Boileau's note: *Und thut nicht leicht*, 'and does not do indifferently,' should be, 'and does not do readily.']

1676-7 'Was ever the spirit of a man in his aspiring tension, comprehended by any such as you?' Translating: *Ward eines Menschen Geist in seinem hohen Streben Von deinesgleichen je gefaßt?* The word 'tension' is unidiomatic; *Streben* in this context means striving, perseverance.

1678-87 [Boileau's note: Page 57. *Doch hast du Speise die nicht sättigt, hast du rothes Gold, &c.* 'But if thou hast food which never satisfies, ruddy gold,' &c. The whole passage ought unquestionably to be construed affirmatively, as is observed in the note, page 233. The second *du* is no obstacle to this construction, it is an elegant iteration conformable to the *Doch*, which, standing as an adverbial expression at the head of the sentence, throws the nominative of the verb behind. The whole passage would then read thus:

'It is true, thou hast food which never satisfies; thou hast ruddy gold, which, volatile like quicksilver, melts away in the hand; a game at which one never wins; a maiden who on my breast is already ogling my neighbour; the bright godlike joy of fame which vanishes like a meteor: (it is true thou hast all this) but show me the fruit which rots before it is plucked, and trees which every day grow green anew.']

cf. Boileau (1820):

But you have got food which does not satisfy hunger; you have got yellow gold, which never enduring, separates in your hand like quicksilver; a game, at which we never win; a girl, who, reclining in my bosom, engages with a neighbour by ogling; the godlike enjoyment of honour, which vanishes like a meteor. Shew me the fruit which rots ere it be pluck'd, and trees which daily sprout fresh verdure!

1692 'If ever I lie down satisfied on a bed of sloth' [Boileau's note: *Werd' ich beruhigt je mich auf ein Faulbett legen*: 'If ever I lie down calm and composed upon a couch.' I think the word 'idling,' or some analogous expression might have been inserted to render the *Faulbett* 'the bed of idleness.']

1698 'MEPHISTOPHELES: Done! FAUST: And done!' [Boileau's note: *und Schlag auf Schlag* is by no means 'and my hand upon it!' but 'instantly, without any delay, in quick succession,' meaning: let my death be instant! The German *Schlag*, a blow, a stroke, has perhaps a still greater latitude of signification than the French *un coup* with which it agrees here; the French also say *coup sur coup* in the same sense.]

1788 'Let me instruct you' [Boileau's note: *Ich dacht' ihr liesset euch belehren* is not 'I should suppose you would suffer yourself to be persuaded,' but 'I think you should let yourself be advised.']

1797-1800 'let him find out for you the secret of combining generosity with craft, and of falling in love with the ardour of youth upon fixed rules.' [Boileau's note: *Laßt ihn Euch das Geheimnis finden, Großmuth und Arglist zu verbinden, Und Euch mit warmen Jugendtrieben, Nach*

einem Plane zu verlieben. 'Make him find out the secret of combining magnanimity with cunning, and of being systematically in love with the burning desires of youth.' This reads as if FAUST were to be in love with the desires, although 'with' here refers to 'the combining' in the preceding line. The exact meaning is 'let him find for you the secret of uniting magnanimity with craft, and with loving systematically with the warm impulses of youth.' *Sich verlieben*, owing to the inseparable particle *ver*, always denotes 'falling in love foolishly, inconsiderately;' and to do this upon a previously arranged plan offers indeed a strong contrast with the burning desires of youth, as strong, indeed, as in the preceding line between *Großmuth und Arglist*, 'magnanimity and craft.' There is the same difference between *lieben* and *sich verlieben* as between *trinken* and *sich betrinken*, to drink moderately and to drink immoderately, so as to deprive one's self of reason.']

1845 'he must not go unrelieved' [Boileau's note: *Der darf nicht ungetröstet gehn.* 'He must not be sent away disconsolate.' Would not 'disappointed' have been the better expression? Disconsolate is in German *trostlos*.]

1851-67: 'I'll make him sprawl, stare, stick fast, and his insatiate appetite shall be ministered to with meat and drink; he will long in vain for refreshment, and though he had not sold himself to the devil, still must he go to ruin!' [Boileau, in *The Nature and Genius of the German Language* (1820): *Er soll mir zappeln, starren, kleben, Und seiner Unersättlichkeit/ Soll Speis' und Trank vor gier'gen Lippen schweben und hätt' er sich auch nicht dem Teufel übergeben, Er müßte doch zugrunde gehn!* 'I'll make him sprawl, stare, stick fast, and his insatiate appetite shall be ministered to with meat and drink; . . . and though he had not sold himself to the devil, still must he go to ruin!']

1913 'Spanish boots' [Boileau's note: an instrument of torture, the same as the Scottish boot, mentioned by SIR WALTER SCOTT in *Old Mortality*, one of the *Tales of my Landlord*.]

2049: 'Only follow the old adage and my aunt, the serpent . . .' Translating 'Folg nur dem alten Spruch und meiner Muhme, der Schlange!' Excessive literalism; 'my aunt' is an exact translation of 'meiner Muhme,' a figurative expression meaning 'my old relative' or 'my former companion'. The German word 'Schlange' offers a phallic double entendre, and perhaps for this reason this speech is excised from other English translations of the 1820s. (Not in Anster 1820, Bohte 1821, Boosey 1821, or Soane 1825.)

2162 'With little wit and much self-complacency' [Boileau's note: *Mit wenig Witz und viel Behagen.* 'with little wit and much pleasure;' rather 'with much complacency.']

2189-90 'I dare say you set off late from Rippach? Did you sup first with Jack Ketch?' [Boileau's note: *Ihr seyd wohl spät von Rippach aufgebrochen? Habt ihr mit Herren Hans noch erst zu Nacht gespeist?* 'I dare say you are lately from Rippach? Did you sup with Mr. Hans before you left?' should have been rendered by: 'I dare say it was late when you left Rippach? You probably supped with Mr. Hans?' . . . Mr. Hans . . . means simply a fool, an idiot. We call in Germany a fool *ein Hansnarr, ein dummer Hans*; hence the name of Hans (Jack), used alone, has often this accessory or collateral signification. It may have been an old joke amongst the students of Leipzig, to inquire about Hans von Rippach.]

2195 'He is the sort' [Boileau's note: *Der versteht's . . .* ought to have been translated: 'he is up to it,' and not 'he knows a thing or two.']

2583-86 'Drink it up boldly! Courage! Thou intimate with the devil, and wouldst shrink from a flame!' [Boileau's note: *Nur frisch hinunter! Immer zu! Es wird dir gleich das Herz erfreuen. Bist mit dem Teufel du und du, Und willst dich vor der Flamme scheuen?* 'Down with it at once, do not stand hesitating; it will soon warm your heart; are you hail fellow well met with the devil, and afraid of fire?' *Du und du mit jemand seyn* is 'to be on terms of confidential intimacy, so as to address one another by thou.' Mr. GEORGE SOANE had been induced by the late German bookseller BOHTE to attempt a poetical translation of GOETHE'S FAUST, the first sheets of which were sent to GOETHE, who greatly approved of the translation, and Mr. SOANE had done nearly one-third of the work, when the death of the bookseller BOHTE, and unpleasant family affairs which deprived Mr. SOANE

of the serenity of mind necessary for such a task, made him relinquish an undertaking which would have exhibited alike his poetical powers and his perfect knowledge of the language of Germany. I particularly remember his translating this passage thus:

'Down with it,
Down with it quickly; quaff, friend, quaff,
'Twill make the heart within thee laugh;
Art thou the devil's friend, yet fear
To share the devil's fiery cheer?']

At the very time that Boileau was translating Faust for Boosey, Soane was at work with his translation for Bohte's second edition. Beyond the first 576 lines of *Faust*, from which Bohte prepared the proof sheets sent to Goethe in 1822, there is nothing known of any subsequent lines that Soane may have translated. For Bohte's first edition, the *Extracts*, Soane had translated these lines to accompany Plate VII: 'Down with it! I will gladden your heart, Are you the devil's friend and shrink from fire.' Boileau must have derived from a personal source Soane's translation of lines 2583–86.

2850 'knowing neither what she wants, nor what she should want' [Boileau's note: *Weiß weder, was sie will noch soll*, 'wishing she knows not what,' more exactly 'knows neither what she will, nor what she ought.']

3047 'And, if you rightly consider' [Boileau's note: *Und wollt Ihr recht in's Innre gehen*: 'and looking fairly at the real nature of things.' This is again lending to the author a deeper meaning than he intended. He merely says 'if you closely search your interior, if you examine your conscience, descend into yourself, *recht in's Innre* rightly into the interior.']

3227, 3237 'my brethren in the silent bush . . . issuing from the damp bush. . . .' Translating 'meine Brüder Im stillen Busch . . . aus dem feuchten Busch.' In English *bush* may refer invidually to a shrub, or collectively to a thicket, or to a straggly growth of uncleared woodlands. The German 'Busch' means 'forest' or 'wilderness' in this context.

3461 'only in different words' [Boileau's note: *Nur mit ein Bißchen andern Worten*: 'with only a slight difference in the words.' I am afraid the 'only' thus placed destroys the meaning of the proposition, which is 'only with a little different words'; or better still 'only with rather different words.']

3465 'why should not I, in mine?' [Boileau's note: *Warum nicht ich in der meinen?* 'Why not in mine?' But this would imply, 'Why do not all hearts say it in my language?' whilst the correct meaning is, 'Why should not I say it in mine?']

3520 'grass-ape': a literal but nonsensical translation of the German *Grasaff[e]*.

3530–2 'full of her faith, (the only saving one as she fancies,)' [Boileau's note: *Von ihrem Glauben voll, Der ganz allein Ihr seligmachend ist*, ought unquestionably to have been translated 'full of her faith, which is all-sufficient for her salvation,' and not 'for her happiness.']

3698 'Whom dost thou allure here' [Boileau's note: *Wen lockst du hier?* is not 'who art thou luring here?' but 'whom art thou luring here?' It is probably a misprint, which ought to have been noticed in the list of Errata.]

3752 'What do you mean?' [Boileau's note: *Was soll mir das?* is not 'what do you mean?' but 'why speak thus to me?']

3776–82 'How very differently did you feel, Margaret, when you approached the altar, full of innocence; when you stammered out your prayers from the worn-out book, your heart half occupied with children's play, half with God.' [Boileau's note: *Aus dem vergriffnen Büchelchen*, 'out of the well-worn little book;' perhaps better still 'out of the well-thumbed little book.' But the whole passage: *Wie anders, Gretchen, war dir's, als du noch voll Unschuld, hier zum Altar tratst; aus dem vergriffnen Buchelchen Gebete lalltest, halb Kinderspiele, halb Gott im Herzen!* is uncommonly well translated by Mr. H. thus: 'How different was it with thee, Margaret, when, still full of innocence, thou earnest to the altar here, out of the well-worn little book lispedst prayers, half child-sport, (should it not be 'childish sports?') half God in the heart.']

4119 *'Lilith, Adam's first wife'* [Boileau's note: To the learned account of LILITH or LILIS, which Mr. H. gives afterwards . . . , he might have added, that as this female spectre was reported to kill, or at least to carry off, the young children of the Hebrews on the eighth day after their birth, when they were to be circumcised, the Jews to prevent the loss of their offspring, formerly wrote against the wall of the room in which the mother had been brought to bed these four Hebrew words: *Adam Chava Chutz Lilis*, viz. ADAM and EVE, away with LILIS; and in one of the German Dramatical Mysteries of the year 1480, there are not only eight devils, in imitation of the old French *grandes diableries*, but also the devil's mother LILLIS.]

TT 26, 32 *'Take me to her . . . Take me to her'* [Boileau's note: *Führe mich hin* (TT 32), is not 'conduct me hence,' but 'lead or take me thither.' The mistake is so much the more extraordinary as Mr. H. correctly translates six lines before *Bringe mich hin* (TT 26), 'bring me thither,' or rather, 'take me thither,' and as he had animadverted in his Preface upon LORD F. LEVISON GOWER, mistaking *hin* for *her*. The two particles *hin* and *her* show the direction in which the action of the verb is performed, and consequently are of the utmost importance. *Hin* is 'thither,' away from the speaker or agent, or the *terminus ad quem*. *Her* is 'hither,' towards the speaker or agent, or the *terminus a quo*. *Wo gehen sie hin?* 'Where are you going to?' *Wo kommen sie her?* 'Where are you coming from?']

4531 *'To cling to your side used to be a sweet, a delightful happiness!'* [Boileau's note: *das war ein süßes Glück*, . . . ought not to have been translated as a contingency, 'that were a sweet delight;' but positively, 'to nestle by thy side, that was a sweet, a dear delight: but I no longer can do so.'

4532 *'But I am not able now'* [Boileau's note: *Aber es will mir nicht mehrgelingen*: 'but nothing will ever go right with me again.' This is absolutely incorrect. . . . The translation here should have been: 'but I can no longer accomplish it,' 'I no longer can nestle by thy side.'

4533 *'seems to me as if I approached you reluctantly'* [Boileau's note: *Mir ist's als müßt ich mich zu dir zwingen*, is not, 'I feel as if I were irresistibly drawn to you;' it is quite the reverse, 'I feel as if I were obliged to do violence to myself to get up to you.']

4592 *'to the block'* [Boileau's note: *Zum Blutstuhl*, 'to the blood seat,' alludes to the German custom of tying the unfortunate female that is to be beheaded on a wooden chair. Males, on such melancholy occasions, are kneeling on a little heap of sand.]

John Anster (trans.)
'The Faustus of Goethe'

INTRODUCTION

Born in Charville, County Cork, John Anster was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1815, he published *Ode to Fancy*, which included the title poem, several sonnets, and two poems in imitation of Coleridge ('A Poet's Haunt' and 'Solitude: An Ode'). In 1819, he won a prize at Trinity for his 'Lines on the Death of Princess Charlotte', which was then published in his second poetic venture, *Poems: With Some Translations from the German* (Edinburgh: Blackwoods, 1819). This volume, too, had a poem imitating Coleridge, 'The Times: A Reverie' (modeled after 'France: An Ode' and 'Reflections on Having Left a Place of Retirement'). Anster also tried his hand at an oriental tale in the Byronic manner, 'Zamri: A Fragment'. The volume also included his translation of Goethe's 'Bride of Corinth'.

In his essay on *Faust* in *Blackwood's* for June 1820, Anster wrote a commentary on *Faust* and translated some 1,600 lines, closely imitating Goethe's varied verse forms. In English poetry, Anster argued, a similarity to Goethe was nowhere more evident than in 'a few of the most inspired passages of Coleridge', especially 'Kubla Khan' and *Christabel*. As translator, Anster regretted 'that we could not have the enjoyment of reading the passages which we most admired in the German tragedy, shadowed out in the rich mystical numbers of our own great poet, which often affect the heart and ear like a spell'.¹

As it turned out, Anster had the opportunity of meeting regularly with Coleridge during the very period in which Coleridge was preparing his translation of *Faustus* for Thomas Boosey. Anster was a visitor to Highgate from April/May² to August 1821. In September 1821, Coleridge's translation of *Faustus* was completed and published. Among the evidence of Coleridge's relationship with Anster during these months is the copy of the *Lay Sermons* (1817) which he gave to Anster in July 1821, and a second gift of *The Statesman's Manual* (1816) in August 1821. These presentation copies are of

John Anster (trans.), 'The Faustus of Goethe', *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, vii. 39 (June 1820), 235–58.

¹ Ibid. 236.

² CN 4465. This entry records the London address: 'Mr. John Anster 30 Thornhaught St. Bedford Square.' Conjecturally dated 1818, the entry could belong to a later date, in April 1821, when Anster called upon Coleridge at Highgate.

special interest because they also contain Coleridge's pencilled marginalia to his own text.³

Anster had in turn given Coleridge a volume of his *Poems* (1819), in which Coleridge had entered his own stylistic alterations to Anster's sometimes clumsy phrasing.⁴ Anster's endeavour in translating *Faust* drew them together through the summer months of 1821, and there are passages in Coleridge's translation that show that he had his eye on Anster's version. After *Faustus* was published in September 1821, Anster tried to persuade Coleridge to visit him in Dublin and deliver there a course of lectures.

In 1824, Anster was called to the Irish bar; in the year following he completed his degree as doctor of laws. Anster continued to visit Highgate during his trips from Dublin to London. In July 1829, Coleridge was compelled to advise Anster against pursuing an attachment with Susan Steele. A daughter of Coleridge's friend from Christ's Hospital, living as a ward of the Gillmans, Susan had already formed an attachment with a 'young Oxonian', Dr. Gillman's son, James Gillman, Jr.⁵ Anster found a suitable bride in Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Blacker Bennett of Castle Crea, County Limerick. They were married in 1832 and raised two sons and three daughters.

The year after Coleridge's death, Anster brought out his complete translation, *Faustus: A Dramatic Mystery; The Bride of Corinth; The First Walpurgis Night* (London: Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, & Longman, 1835). Anster's third collection of poems, *Xenolia* (Dublin: Milliken & Son, 1837), included many of the poems from his earlier collections. The revisions show that Anster had responded to Coleridge's attention to his style and diction in the annotated copy of *Poems* (1819). *Xenolia* also contained translations of 'Ranz des vaches', from Friedrich Schiller's *William Tell*, scenes from Friedrich de La Motte Fouqué's *The Pilgrimage*, S. E. W. von Sassen's 'Memory', Dallwitz's *The Five Oaks*, and Karl Theodor Körner's *Gipsy Song*. During the latter half of his career Anster became a regular contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine* and, after 1847, to the *North British Review*, writing on Shelley, Southey, Leigh Hunt, Campbell, a series on the Italian poets, and an essay on Dante.

In 1850, Anster was elected Regius Professor of Civil Law at the University of Dublin, a post that he held until his death. Anster's final literary accomplishment was his translation of Goethe's second part, *Faustus: The Second Part. From the German of Goethe* (London: Longman, Green, Longman, Roberts, & Green. 1864).

³ M. J. Ryan, 'Coleridge and Anster. Marginalia to the "Lay Sermons";' *Dublin Magazine*, 2 (1927), 39-44.

⁴ *MI* i. 100-3.

⁵ *CL* vi. 794.

THE FAUSTUS OF GOETHE.*

The Drama, of which we are about to give some account, defies the critic more than any work we have ever met, and yet, few things that we have read have produced on us an impression more immediate or more likely to be permanent. The mysterious relation between our world and that of spirits has afforded in all ages a foundation for works of the highest poetical interest; no other works of fiction, indeed, have a firmer basis of reality in the depths of the human mind. They bring back to it its obscure longings—they give a form to its most inward hopes and apprehensions—to the thoughts, which we scarcely dare to shape into words—and they connect the terrors and eagerness of believing childhood with the wildest and most daring speculations into which we can venture, concerning our nature and our destiny.

The subject of the drama before us is the old story of Faustus. Convinced of the vanity of study—of the impossibility of attaining precise knowledge on any subject of human inquiry—he applies himself to magic—commands the presence of different orders of spirits—sells his soul to the devil—abandons himself to the indulgence of his passions—and remains still distracted by the same restlessness of mind that first led him to forbidden studies—still dissatisfied while he attains the object of every new desire. Even while he is rejoicing in his new knowledge—even while he endeavours to justify to himself his apostacy from Heaven—he is felt to be the slave of a mean degraded being, whom he despises—of a heartless cunning and deriding devil.

To express our feeling of some of the peculiar merits of this drama, would be in some degree to invite from our readers some charge of presumption against our translation. Though we admit the objection, yet it is scarce possible to avoid saying a few words on the subject. Goethe seems to us to have conveyed the most lofty conceptions of the nature of man, and those beings with whom we are connected for good or evil, in language rich yet simple, dignified yet familiar, and in parts of the work, we almost believe, while we

* We think it proper to mention, that the translations in this number of the *Horae Germanicae* are not executed by Mr Gillies, but by another friend, whose contributions in verse and in prose, serious and comic, have already very frequently honoured our pages.

are listening, in the magical effects attributed to sound. Nothing that we know in our language can give any idea of the charm we allude to, but a few of the most inspired passages of Coleridge; often, while engaged in our present task, have we thought of *Kubla Khan* and *Christabel*, and felt an idle regret that we could not have the enjoyment of reading the passages which we most admired in the German tragedy, shadowed out in the rich mystical numbers of our own great poet, which often affect the heart and ear like a spell.*

[* For instance :

‘—In her arms the maid she took,
 Ah well-a-day!
 And with low voice and doleful look
 These words did say:
 In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
 Which is lord of thy utterance, *Christabel*!
 Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know tomorrow,
 This mark of thy shame, this seal of my sorrow;
 But vainly thou warrest,
 For this is alone in
 Thy power to declare,
 That in the dim forest
 Thou heardest a low moaning,
 And found'st a bright lady surpassingly fair;
 And did'st bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
 To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.’

Christabel, part 1st

‘A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw:
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she played,
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
 That with music loud and long,
 I could build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
 And all who heard should see them there,
 And all should cry beware! beware!
 His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread;
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drank the milk of paradise.’

Kubla Khan.

Can any thing be more divine than the musical versification of these passages? And surely it is most appropriate. We could easily multiply such passages from Coleridge's works. See the incantation in the 'REMORSE.']

The volume opens with some beautiful and very affecting stanzas. Few men, even in early life, have not to think of disappointed hopes, and to lament the removal of the friends whom they were most anxious to please. Who is there who has not, in the course of his toils, been interrupted, and paused to ask himself, 'for what am I labouring now?'

'Where are the smiles we longed to gain,
The pledge of labour not in vain?'

The following are Goethe's introductory stanzas:

Again, fair images, ye flutter near,
As erst ye shone to cheer the mourner's eye,
And may I hope that ye will linger here?
Will my heart leap as in the days gone by?
Ye throng before my view, divinely clear,
Like sun-beams conquering a cloudy sky!
Beneath your lightning-glance my spirit burns,
Magic is breathing-youth and joy returns!
What forms rise beautiful of happy years?
What lovely shadows float before me fast?
Like an old song still tingling in the ears,
I hear the voice of loves and friendships past;
Renewed each sorrow and each joy appears
That marked life's changing labyrinthine waste;
The friends return, who past in youth away,
Cheated, alas! of half life's little day!
But ah! they cannot hear my closing song,
Those hearts, for whom my earliest lays were tried;
Departed is, alas! the friendly throng,
And dumb the echoing spirits that replied.
If some still live this stranger world among,
Fortune hath scattered them at distance wide,
To men unknown my griefs must I impart,
Whose very praise is sorrow to the heart!
Again it comes! a long unwonted feeling,
A wish for that calm solemn phantom-land.
My song is swelling now, now lowly stealing,
Like Aeol's harp, by varying breezes fanned,
Tears follow tears, my weaknesses revealing,
And silent shudders shew a heart un-manned,
Dull forms of daily life before me flee,
The PAST—the PAST alone, seems true to me!

I-32

There are two preludes to the main work; one, a dialogue between the poet and the stage-manager, in which some of the difficulties of a writer for the theatre are pointed out in a lively and pleasing manner; and the other, entitled, 'Prologue in Heaven,' which is founded on the passage in Job, where Satan is introduced as coming with the Sons of God to present himself before the Lord. This contains a great deal that is written in a light and irreverent tone, and possesses, we think, very little merit of any kind.

The play itself opens like 'Marlowe's *Tragicall Historie of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus*,' with an exhibition of Faustus in his study, complaining of the vanity of the different sciences. In the play before us there is not the scholastic pedantry with which Marlowe's scenes are filled; but, perhaps, the weariness and dissatisfaction arising from the waste of talent in unprofitable, perplexing, and visionary inquiries, is more forcibly impressed upon us in the hard rough lines of our own old poet, than in Goethe's more refined language. In the two plays, there is scarcely any other resemblance than what occurs in the opening scene of each; and though both poets are said to be indebted to an old German play which we have not seen, yet their dissimilarity to each other is such, as enables us to decide, that they can have derived but little from a common source.

We give the opening scene of Goethe's tragedy:

TIME, Night.

SCENE.—A high-arched narrow Gothic chamber—.

FAUSTUS at his desk, appears restless.

FAUSTUS: Alas! I have explored
 Philosophy, and law, and medicine,
 And over deep divinity have pored,
 Studying with ardent and laborious zeal
 And here I am at last, a very foal,
 With useless learning cursed,
 No wiser than at first!
 They call me doctor—and I lead
 These ten years past my pupils' creed,
 Winding, by dext'rous words, with ease,
 Their opinions as I please!
 And now to feel that nothing can be known!
 This is a thought that burns into my heart;
 I have been more acute than all those triflers;
 Doctors and authors, priests, philosophers;
 I solved each doubt; paused at no difficulty;
 And would not yield a point to Hell or Devil!

354-517

And now to feel that nothing can be known;
 This drives all comfort from my mind—
 Whate'er I knew, or thought I knew,
 Seems now unmeaning or untrue!
 Unhappy, ignorant, and blind,
 I cannot hope to teach mankind!
 Thus robbed of learning's only pleasure,
 Without dominion, rank, or treasure,
 Without one joy that earth can give;
 What dog such life would deign to live?
 Therefore with patient toil severe
 To magic have I long applied,
 In hope from spirits' lips to hear
 Some certain clue my thoughts to guide,
 Some truth to others unrevealed,
 Some mystery from mankind sealed:
 —And cease to teach, with shame of heart,
 Things of which I know no part;
 And see the secrets of the earth,
 The seeds of beings ere their birth—
 Thus end at once this vexing fever
 Of words, mere words, repeated ever.
 Beautiful Moon!—Ah! would that now
 For the last time thy lovely beams
 Shone on my troubled brow!
 Oft from this desk, at middle night
 I have sate gazing on thy light!
 Wearied with search, thro' volumes endless
 I sate 'mong papers—crowded books,
 Alone—when thou, friend of the friendless,
 Camest smiling in with soothing looks—
 Oh! that upon yon headland height,
 I now was wandering in thy light,
 Floating with spirits, like a shadow
 Round mountain cave—o'er twilight meadow—
 Or, bathing in thy dew, could find
 Repose from toil—and health of mind!
 Alas, and am I in the gloom
 Still of this cursed dungeon room?
 Where even Heaven's light so beautiful
 Thro' the stained glass comes thick and dull—
 'Mong volumes heaped from floor to ceiling,
 Thro' whose pages worms are stealing—
 Dreary walls—where dusty paper

375

400

Bears deep stains of smoky vapour—
 Glasses—instruments—all lumber
 Of this kind the place encumber—
 All a man of learning gathers—
 All bequeathed me by my fathers—
 Are in strange confusion hurled!
 Here, Faustus, is thy world—a world!
 And dost thou ask, why in thy breast
 The fearful heart is not at rest!
 Why painful feelings, undefined,
 With icy pressure load thy mind!
 From living nature thou hast fled
 To dwell 'mong fragments of the dead;
 And for the lovely scenes which Heaven
 To man hath in its bounty given,
 Hast chosen to pore o'er mouldering bones
 Of brute and human skeletons!
 Away—away—and far away
 This book, where secret spells are scanned,
 Traced by Nostradam's own hand,
 Will be thy strength and stay!
 The courses of the stars to thee
 No longer are a mystery!
 The thoughts of nature thou canst seek
 As spirits with their brothers speak—
 To strive by learning to explain
 These symbols, were but labour vain—
 Then, ye whom I feel floating near me,
 Spirits, answer me, ye who hear me!

425

(He opens the book, and glances over the sign of Macrocosmus.)

Ha! what new life divine, intense,
 Floods in a moment every sense;
 I feel the dawn of youth again,
 Visiting each glowing vein!
 Was it a God, who wrote this sign?
 The tumults of my soul are stilled,
 My withered heart with rapture filled!
 In virtue of the spell divine,
 The secret powers, that nature mould,
 Their essence and their acts unfold—
 The wise man's words at length are plain,
 Whose sense I sought so long in vain!
 'The world of spirits no clouds conceal,
 'Man's eye is dim, and it cannot see,

'Man's heart is dead and it cannot feel,
 'But thou, who would'st know the things that be,
 'Bathe thy heart in the sunrise red,
 'Till its stains of earthly dross are fled.'

(He looks over the sign attentively.)

Oh! how the spell before my sight—
 Brings nature's hidden acts to light—
 See! all things with each other blending—
 Each to all its being lending—
 All on each in turn depending—
 Heavenly ministers descending—
 And again to Heaven up-tending—
 Breathing blessings see them bending—
 Balanced Worlds from change defending,
 Thro' all diffusing harmony unending!
 Oh, what a vision, but a vision only,
 For how can man, imperfect abject creature,
 Embrace thy charms, illimitable nature!
 Waters of life, all heavens and earth that cheer
 In vain man's spirit sighs to feel ye near,
 Onward ye haste, we sigh to taste,
 Lingering in mute despair, complaining, lonely!

450

*(He turns over the book sorrowfully,
 and glances over the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.)*

How differently this sign affects my frame!
 Spirit of Earth, my nature is the same,
 Or near a-kin to thine;
 How fearlessly I read this sign,
 And feel, even now, new powers are mine,
 While my brain burns, as though with wine!
 I feel within my soul the birth
 Of strength, enabling me to bear,
 And thoughts impelling me to share
 The fortunes good or evil of the earth!
 To travel in the tempest's breath,
 Or plunge where shipwreck grinds his teeth!
 All around grows cold and cloudy,
 The moon withdraws her ray—
 The lamp's thin flame is shivering—
 It fades—it dies away!
 Ha!—round my brow what sparkles ruddy
 In trembling light are quivering
 From the roof with breath congealing,
 Comes a strange and icy feeling—

'Tis thou, I feel thee, spirit, near,
 Whom I summoned to appear!
 —Spirit to my sight be present—
 How my heart is torn in sunder,
 All my thoughts convulsed with wonder!
 Senses—harrowed up to bear
 Wild emotions—feelings rare—
 Spirit—my heart, my heart is given to thee!
 Though death may be the price, I cannot chuse but see!

475

(He clasps the book, and pronounces the sign of the spirit mysteriously—a red flame, and in the flame the Spirit.)

SPIRIT: Who hath called me?

FAUSTUS (*averting his face.*): Fearful sight!

SPIRIT: Hither from my distant sphere

Thou hast compelled me to appear,
 And now—

FAUSTUS: Alas! I shudder in affright!

SPIRIT: With what anxiety of mind

Didst thou demand to gaze on me,
 My voice to hear, my form to see?
 Thy longings, earnest and intense,
 Have reached my sphere, and brought me, thence!
 And now—what pitiful despair
 Hath seized thee? thee, thou more than man—
 Where is the courage, that could dare
 To call on fleshless spirits! where
 The soul, that would conceive the plan
 Of worlds, that in its venturous pride,
 The bounds, which limit man, defied—
 Heaved with high sense of inborn powers
 Nor feared to mete its strength with ours?
 Where art thou, Faustus! thou whose voice I heard,
 Whose mighty spirit pressed itself to mine!
 Art thou the same? whose senses thus are shattered,
 Whose very being in my breath is scattered,
 Whose soul into itself retreating,
 Vain worm can scarce endure the fearful meeting!

FAUSTUS: Creature of flame, shall I grow pale before thee?

'Twas I that called thee—Faustus—I, thy equal!

SPIRIT: In the currents of life, in tempests of motion,

Hither and thither,
 Over and under,
 Wend I and wander—
 Birth and the grave—
 A limitless ocean,

500

Where the restless wave
 Undulates ever—
 Under and over,
 Their toiling strife,
 I mingle and hover,
 The spirit of life;
 Hear the murmuring wheel of time, awed,
 As I weave the living mantle of God!

FAUSTUS: Spirit, whose presence circles wide earth,
 How near akin to thine I feel my nature.

SPIRIT: Man, thou art like those which thy mind
 Can image, not like me!

(*Vanishes*)

FAUSTUS (*overpowered with confusion.*): Not like thee!
 Formed in the image of the Deity,
 And yet unmeet to be compared with thee.

517

We have been induced to transcribe this entire scene, partly because the dialogue, being less broken into short sentences, is more easily separable from the piece, but chiefly because it seems the part of Goethe's tragedy which bears the greatest resemblance to Manfred. We cannot indeed avoid assenting to Goethe's supposition, that Faustus suggested Lord Byron's wonderful drama. Manfred, however, like the rest of Lord Byron's poems, soon becomes a personification of the author's own feelings, and he forgets Faustus, and Goethe, and every thing but himself, long before the dark termination of the story. In the play before us, on the contrary, it is easy to see the author's perfect dominion over his subject; that 'he possesses, (to use Coleridge's language on a different occasion) and is not possessed by his genius;' that the successive scenes are brought forward to our view by the author, as a sympathizing witness, not as one of the sufferers or agents—he allows us to feel for the distress occasioned by the hero of his tale, and does not concentrate the entire interest on the workings of a single bosom—on the alternation of feverish excitement and indolent despair—of passion and apathy—of adoration towards nature's beauties and sublimities, followed and contrasted by blasphemies against the author of nature. Lord Byron is too fond of bringing before us the infidelity of a strong mind. It is a dangerous contemplation, for we endeavour instinctively to find a justification for the errors of an intellect we admire. We suffer—it is well if we do not half approve the evil for the sake of the good with which it is associated. The early works of Goethe, in common with much of the German literature, were subject to this charge, but we think this drama quite free from the offence. Faustus is represented as being 'unstable as water,' with an active impatient imaginative mind, with a kindly and affectionate heart. We feel that he loves the poor girl whom he destroys—we transfer his guilt to the Satanic being by whom he is attended—we pity and forgive him. The moral sense is not wounded by an endeavour to justify his crimes, for we regard him not as a culprit, but as a sufferer under the influence of an evil demon.

A few sentences from a work of Goethe's, which we have not yet seen, have been translated in Baldwin's London Magazine for last month. They are curious, as

shewing his opinion of Lord Byron's obligations to Faustus, which, however, are not as great as he imagines—and still more curious, as shewing how strongly Lord Byron is identified by his readers with his heroes, when such a man as Goethe could believe and publish such ridiculous scandal as the personal adventure which he attributes to his Lordship.

'The tragedy of Manfred, by Lord Byron, is a most singular performance, and one which concerns me nearly. This wonderful and ingenious poet has taken possession of my Faust, and hypochondriacally drawn from it the most singular nutriment. He has employed the means in it which suit his object in his particular manner, so that no one thing remains the same; and on this account I cannot sufficiently admire his ability. The recast is so peculiar, that a highly interesting lecture might be given on its resemblance, and want of resemblance, to its model—though I cannot deny, that the gloomy fervour of a rich and endless despair becomes at last wearisome to us. However, the displeasure which we feel is always connected with admiration and esteem.

'The very quintessence of the sentiments and passions, which assist in constituting the most singular talent for self-commentary ever known, is contained in this tragedy. The life and poetical character of Lord Byron can hardly be fairly estimated. Yet he has often enough avowed the source of his torments; he has repeatedly portrayed it; but hardly any one sympathizes with the insupportable pain with which he is incessantly struggling.

'Properly speaking, he is continually pursued by the ghosts of two females, who play great parts in the above-named tragedy, the one under the name of Astarte, the other, without figure or visibility, merely a voice.

'The following account is given of the horrible adventure which he had with the former:

"When a young, bold, and highly attractive personage, he gained the favour of a Florentine lady; the husband discovered this, and murdered his wife; but the *murderer was found dead in the street the same night*, under circumstances which did not admit of attaching suspicion to any one."

'Lord B. fled from Florence, and seems to drag spectres after him ever afterwards!

'This strange incident receives a high degree of probability from innumerable allusions in his poems; as for instance, in his application of the story of Pausanias to himself.

'What a wounded heart must the poet have, who selects from antiquity such an event, applies it to himself, and loads his tragic resemblance with it!

This is a long digression; but we could not resist the temptation of laying before our readers so singular a passage. We will not delay them, however, by any remarks of our own on the justice of Goethe's criticism, but hasten to continue our sketch of his tragedy.

Faustus is interrupted in his reflections on the interview with the Spirit of the Earth, by a visit from his pupil, Wagner, which we agree with him in feeling disposed to resent as an untimely intrusion. Wagner appears to us to be a very commonplace sort of person—a man of some common sense, but no imagination—devoted steadily

and industriously to literary pursuits—learning from the critics the beauties of the poets—a good impersonation of the combined qualities of a private tutor and a reviewer—Mr Cobbett writing on grammar or lecturing on taste. Nothing, however, can be farther from the poet's mind than the idea of speaking irreverently of so important a personage.

Enter Wagner, in his dressing-gown and night-cap—a lamp in his hand. Faustus turns round displeas'd.

WAGNER: Forgive me, but I thought you were declaiming.

522–601

You have been reciting some Greek play, no doubt;
I wish to improve myself in this same art;
'Tis a most useful one. I've heard it said,
An actor might give lessons to a parson.

FAUSTUS: Yes! when your parson is himself an actor;

A circumstance which very often happens!

WAGNER: Oh! if a man shuts himself up for ever

In his dull study; if he sees the world
Never, unless on some chance-holiday
Look'd at from a distance, thro' a telescope,
How can he learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence? to rule them or persuade?

FAUSTUS: If feeling does not prompt, in vain you strive;

If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers with communicated power,
In vain you strive—in vain you study earnestly.
Toil on for ever; piece together fragments;
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with pulling breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors,
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children!
But never hope to stir the hearts of men,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words, which come not native from the heart!

WAGNER: EXPRESSION, graceful utterance, is the first

And best acquirement of the orator.

This do I feel, and feel my want of it!

FAUSTUS: Dost thou seek genuine and worthy fame?

Not as our town-declaimers use, delighted,
Like a brute beast, with chimes of jingling bells.
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance—no toil of elocution;

And when you speak in earnest, do you need
 A search for words? Oh! those fine holiday phrases,
 In which you robe your worn-out common places,
 Are lifeless, unproductive, as the wind
 That sighs in autumn 'mong the withered leaves!

WAGNER: The search of knowledge is a weary one,
 And life, alas! is short!—

How often have the heart and brain, o'ertasked,
 Shrunk back despairing from inquiries vain!
 Oh! with what difficulty are the means
 Acquired, that lead us to the springs of knowledge!
 And when the path is found, ere we have trod
 Half the long way—poor wretches! we must die!

FAUSTUS: Are mouldy records, then, the holy springs,
 Whose healing waters still the thirst within?

Oh! never yet hath mortal drunk
 A draught restorative,

That welled not from the depths of his own soul!

WAGNER: Pardon me—but you will at least confess

That 'tis delightful to transfuse yourself
 Into the spirit of the ages past;

To see how wise men thought in olden time,
 And how far we outstep their march in knowledge.

FAUSTUS: Oh yes! as far as from the earth to heaven!

To us, my friend, the times that are gone by
 Are a mysterious book, sealed with seven seals:
 That which you call the spirit of ages past
 Is but in truth the spirit of some few men,
 In which those ages are beheld reflected.

Oh! often, what a toilsome thing it is
 This study of thine, at the first glance we fly it.
 A mass of things confusedly heaped together,
 A lumber-room of dusty documents,
 Furnished with all approved court-precedents,
 And old traditional maxims! Oh, how well
 Your great ones play the puppets of mankind!

WAGNER: But knowledge of the world—man's heart and mind—
 Of these, at least, we all should learn a little.

FAUSTUS: Yes, learn! men call it learning, who may dare
 To name things by their real names! The few
 Who did know something, and were weak enough
 To expose their hearts unguarded—to expose
 Their views and feelings to the eyes of men,
 They have been nailed to crosses—thrown to flames—

Pardon me; but—'tis very late, my friend;
Too late, to hold this conversation longer.

WAGNER: How willingly would I sit up for ever,
Gathering instruction from your learned words!
To-morrow, as a boon on Easter-day,
You must permit me a few questions more;
I have applied with diligence to study—
The more I know, the more I long for knowledge.

601

(Exit.)

We have spoken, perhaps, too disrespectfully of Wagner, but he never appears except to interrupt something more interesting than any lecture on oratory which we could receive. After the sublime pursuits in which we find Faustus engaged, it is impossible to conceive him descending to mere common conversation—we cannot forgive the mortal foot that breaks the spell—we feel ourselves defrauded of the presence of the spirits, with whom we had hoped to find Faustus conversing. We know, that thus disturbed, they will not again return. And when Wagner has left Faustus's study, we are obliged to listen to the voice of human complaint, and human sorrow. Faustus's dissatisfaction is expressed in tones of deeper dejection—'divine astrology' has lost its charm; and, though he resolves on suicide, it is more from despair than the philosophical curiosity, to which, by a natural self-deception, he endeavours to attribute it.

(Wagner exit. Faustus alone.)

How hope abandons not the humblest mind!
Some idle wish the loneliest bosom forms,
We delve with eagerness for gold, and find
Worms—dust—and then attach ourselves to dust!

602

And worms!

And did human accents dare
To disturb the midnight air,
With their mean and worthless sound,
Here where spirits breathed around?
Yet, dull intruder, must my heart
Thank thee, wretched as thou art,
When my senses sank beneath
Despair, and sought relief in death;
When life within me dying shivered,
Thy presence from the trance delivered.
Oh! while I stood before that giant stature,
How dwarfed I felt beneath its nobler nature!
Image of God, I thought that I had been
Sublimed from earth, no more a child of clay!
That, shining gloriously with Heaven's own day,
I had beheld Truth's countenance serene!

Greater than cherubs, who have strength to see
 Through Nature, who in actions of their own
 Exert, enjoy a sense of Deity,
 Greater than theirs I deemed my dignity,
 Doomed for such dreams presumptuous to atone,
 All by one word of thunder overthrown!
 Spirit, I may not mete myself with thee?
 True, I compelled thee to appear,
 But had no power to hold thee here!
 Oh! at that glorious moment how I felt—
 How little and how great!
 Thy presence flung me shuddering back
 Into man's abject state;
 That inexplicable trance
 Of utter hopeless ignorance!
 Who now shall teach me ? what is it I fear?
 This impulse of my soul shall I obey?
 By act, as well as suffering we may stay
 The stream of life!

625

Whate'er of noblest thought

The human soul can reach is clogged and pressed
 By low considerations that adhere,
 Inseparably. Oh! when we obtain
 The goods of this world, soon do we restrain
 Our loftier aspirations, and we call
 Man's better riches a delusion vain;
 The mockery of an idle vision all!
 The lordly feelings given us at our birth,
 Are numbed, and die 'mong the low caves of earth!
 How boldly, in the days of youthful Hope,
 Imagination spreads her wing unchecked,
 Deeming all things within her ample scope;
 And oh, how small a space suffices her,
 When Fortune flees away, vain flatterer,
 And all we loved in life's strange whirl is wrecked!
 Deep in the breast, Care builds her nest,
 And ever-torturing scares all rest!
 Each day assumes some new disguise,
 With some new art the temper tries,
 Fretting the mind with household cares,
 Suggesting doubts of wife or heirs!
 Hinting dark fancies to the soul,
 Of fire and flood—of dirk and bowl.
 Man trembles thus each hour at fancied crosses,

650

And weeps for ever at ideal losses.

Am not I like the gods?—Alas! I tremble,
Feeling, imprest upon my soul, the thought
Of the mean worm, whose nature I resemble.
'Tis dust, and lives in dust, and the chance tread
Crushes the wretched reptile into nought!

655

Shall I find here the object of my search?

660

Turn o'er, perhaps, a thousand books, to read
How men have every where complained of fortune,
How here and there some one man has been happy!

(Looking at a skull on the table.)

What means thy grinning smile, thou empty skull?
Means it to say, thy brain, like mine bewildered
In anxious search for truth, once sought the beam
Of cloudless day; and in the mists of twilight,
Long wandering perplexed, sunk down despairing!
And ye, vain instruments, oh! how ye mock me,
Wheels, pulleys, rings, and lathes and cylinders,
At Nature's door I stand, you should be keys;
But weak are all your wards, the strong bolts move not!
Unsearchable in day's abundant light
Is Nature. Man may not remove her veil
Mysterious,—what she wills to be concealed,
In vain with levers and with screws you strive
Idly to wring from her reluctant bosom!

676

But wherefore is my eye thus riveted
In one direction?—why does yonder flask
Attract my glance, as though it was a magnet?
What brightness, lavish, lovely shines around me!
As when the moonlight cheers a midnight grove?
I give thee thanks,—I greet thee as a friend,
The best of friends; and with religious feeling,
I take thee down, and reverence in thee
The power and knowledge of the mind of men,
Extract of herbs, that minister kind slumbers
Essence of all the subtlest powers of death,
Now bless me with thy favourable aid!
I see thee, and my pangs are less and less.
I clasp thee, and my anguish dies away;
My agitated heart at length grows calm!
Oh! I am plunging into a wide ocean,
That, like a mirror, sparkles at my feet;

686

Strange light to shores unknown allures me onward! 700
 A car of fire with easy motion glides
 Hither; my heart seeks eagerly to press
 Thro' air, by paths unknown, to climes unknown;
 And worlds unstained by Man's infirmity! 707

Let me then welcome thee, clear crystal cup, 720
 Come from thy dark recess,
 Where for long years unheeded thou hast lain.
 Oh, at my father's banquets thou wert bright,
 Cheering the guest, or holding his eye fixt,
 In admiration of the graver's skill,
 As each to each passed on the cup with praise!
 Its massy pride, and figures high embossed,
 The merry task of each, who in his turn,
 Ere yet he raised it to his lips, should sing
 Some rude rhyme in its praise, and at one draught,
 Drain the deep beverage;—all bring back to me
 The many thoughtless joyous nights of boyhood!
 Oh, never more to neighbours shall I reach thee,
 And never more frame verses in thy praise,
 This is a draught, that soon intoxicates,
 And dark and turbid trembles its brown flood,—
 But 'tis my choice—I mixed it—and will drink!—
 Oh, may it be my last drink upon earth!
 An offering, sacred to the higher joy,
 That ere the morning light will bless my soul! 736

As he is raising the cup to his mouth, he is attracted by the sound of bells from without, and the song of the choir, who are commencing already in the early twilight, according to the national custom, to commemorate on Easter morn the resurrection of our Lord.

(EASTER HYMN—CHOIR OF THE ANGELS.)

'Christ is from the grave arisen! 737
 Joy to mortals, weak and weary,
 Held by earth in thralldom dreary!
 He hath burst the grave's stern portals;
 He is risen, joy to mortals!'

FAUSTUS: Oh, those deep sounds, those voices rich and heavenly!
 How powerfully they sway the soul, and force
 The cup uplifted from the eager lips.
 Proud bells, and do your peals already ring
 To greet the joyous dawn of Easter-morn?
 And ye, rejoicing choristers, already

Flows forth your solemn song of consolation?
 That song, which once from angel lips resounding
 Around the midnight of the grave, was heard
 The pledge and proof of a new covenant!

HYMN CONTINUED—SONG OF THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

We laid him for burial
 'Mong aloes and myrrh;
 His children and friends
 Laid their dead master here!
 All wrapt in his grave-dress,
 We left him in fear
 Ah! where shall we seek him?
 The Lord is not here!

750

SONG OF THE ANGELS.

The Lord hath arisen,
 Sorrow no longer;
 Temptation hath tried him,
 But he was the stronger.
 The grave is no prison,
 The Lord hath arisen!

FAUSTUS: Soft sounds, that breathe of Heaven, most wild, most powerful,

What seek ye here?—Why will ye come to me
 In dusty gloom immersed?—Oh rather speak
 To hearts of soft and penetrable mould!
 I bear your message, but I have not faith—
 And Miracle is Faith's beloved offspring!
 I cannot force myself into those spheres,
 Where these good tidings of great joy are heard;
 And yet, from youth familiar with these sounds,
 Even now they call me back again to life—
 Oh once, in boyhood's time, the love of Heaven
 Came down upon me—with mysterious kiss
 Hallowing the stillness of the Sabbath-day!
 Then were the voices of those bells melodious,
 Mingling with hopes and feelings mystical,
 And prayer was then indeed a burning joy!
 Feelings resistless, incommunicable,
 Drove me, a wanderer through fields and woods,
 Then tears rushed hot and fast—I felt within
 That my soul hungered for a better world—
 These bells announced the merry sports of youth—
 These songs did welcome in the happy spring!
 I feel as if once more a little child,
 And old Remembrance, twining round my heart,

775

Forbids this act, and checks my daring steps—
 Then sing ye forth—sweet songs that breathe of heaven,
 Tears come! and Earth hath won her child again!

HYMN CONTINUED—SONG OF YOUTHS.

He who was buried,
 Hath risen from the grave,
 The Lord is in glory
 Is mighty to save!
 Enthroned in brightness,
 His labours are over,
 On earth do his children
 Still linger and suffer!
 His own—his disciples
 He leaves in their anguish,
 Master, forget not
 Thy servants, who languish!

THE SONG OF ANGELS.

Christ is arisen—
 The Lord hath ascended,
 The dominion of Death
 And Corruption is ended. 800
 Your work of obedience
 Haste to begin,
 Break from the bondage
 Of Satan and sin.
 In your lives his laws obey—
 Let Love your governed bosoms sway—
 Blessings to the poor convey—
 To GOD with humble spirit pray—
 To MAN his benefits display—
 Act thus—and He—your master dear,
 Though unseen, is ever near! 807

In the next division of the play, the scene changes to the fields outside the town, which are seen crowded with confused groupes of citizens of all classes. Without transcribing the entire, we could not convey an idea of this lively and hurried scene. The following song, sung by a party of soldiers as they pass on, is all we have room for.

Cities, with high walls and fences— 884
 Maidens, with their haughty glances—
 These the soldier seeks with ardour,
 Say, to conquer which is harder.
Danger is the soldier's duty,
But his prize is fame and beauty.

Rush we at the trumpet-measure,
 With blythe hearts, to death and pleasure—
 How the soldier's blood is warming,
 When we think of cities storming—
 Fortress strong, and maiden tender,
 Must alike to us surrender!
Danger is the soldier's duty,
But his prize is fame and beauty.

902

Faustus and Wagner witness this scene of general gaiety with different feelings.—
 We give part of their dialogue.

FAUSTUS: River and rivulet are freed from ice

903

In Spring's affectionate inspiring smile—
 Green are the woods with promise—far away
 To the rough hills old Winter hath withdrawn
 Strengthless—but still at intervals will send
 Light feeble frosts, with drops of diamond white,
 Varying the green bloom of the springing flower!
 But the sun suffers not the lingering snow—
 Everywhere life—everywhere vegetation—
 All nature animate with glowing hues—
 Or, if one spot be touched not by the spirit
 Of the sweet season, there, in colours rich
 As trees or flowers, are sparkling many dresses!
 The town, from its black dungeon gates forth pours,
 In thousand parties the gay multitude,
 All happy, all indulging in the sunshine!
 Servants, delighting in their master's absence,
 Enjoy themselves abroad—from chambers damp
 Of poor mean houses—from consuming toil
 Laborious—from the work-yard and the shop—
 From the imprisonment of walls and roofs,
 And the oppression of confining streets,
 And from the solemn twilight of dim churches,
 All are abroad—all happy in the sun;
 Look, only look, with gaiety how active,
 Thro' fields and gardens they disperse themselves!
 How the wide water, far as we can see,
 Is joyous with innumerable boats!
 See there, one almost sinking with its load,
 Parts from the shore; yonder the hill-top paths
 Are sparkling in the distance with gay dresses!
 Are not those sounds of joy from the far village?
 Oh happiness like this is real heaven!

925

The high, the low, in pleasure all uniting
Here may I feel that I too am a man!

WAGNER: Doctor, to walk with you is honourable
And most instructive, else I would not now
Consent to loiter my time thus away,
As I approve not of these coarse amusements;
Fiddles, and clamorous throats, and kettledrums
Are to my mind things quite intolerable;
Men rave, as if possessed by evil spirits,
And call their madness joy and harmony!

949

(Peasants dancing and singing.)

SONG:

The Shepherd for the dance was drest,
With ribbands, cap, and Sunday vest,
All were dancing full of glee
Underneath the linden-tree!
'Tis merry, and merry—heigh-ho, heigh-ho!
Blythe goes the fiddle-bow !
Soon he runs to join the rest—
Up to a pretty girl he prest,
With elbow raised, and pointed toe,
Bent to her with his best bow—
Squeezed her hand;—with feigned surprise
Up she raised her timid eyes!
'Tis strange that you should use me so,
So: so—heigh-ho,—
'Tis rude of you to use me so.'
All into the set advance,
Right they dance, and left they dance—
Gowns and ribbands, how they fling,
Flying with the flying ring:
They grew red, and faint, and warm,
And rested, sinking, arm in arm,
Slow, slow—heigh-ho!
Tired in elbow, foot, and toe!
'And do not make so free,' she said,
'I fear that you may never wed;—
'Men are cruel!'—and he prest
The maiden to his beating breast.
Hark again the sounds of glee
Swelling from the linden-tree—
'Tis merry—'tis merry—heigh-ho—heigh-ho:—
Blythe goes the fiddle-bow!

950

980

Faustus is recognised by some of the peasants, who revere his learning, and who now form a circle round him, to return thanks for his condescension in coming to witness

their happiness,—and for his exertions in opposing, on a former occasion, a destructive plague. Faustus retires from them, to escape these praises, which he feels he has not merited—and Wagner to moralize on the respect in which learning is held by the ignorant. Wagner tries to relieve Faustus's depression of spirits, by the consideration that his studies and experiments have furnished a valuable addition to science,—to this Faustus replies:

Oh he indeed is happy, who still feels 1064

And cherishes within his heart, the hope
To lift himself above the sea of error!
Of things we know not, each day do we find
The want of knowledge—all we know is useless:
But 'tis not wise to sadden with such thoughts

This hour of beauty and benignity;
Look yonder with delightful heart and eye,
On those low cottages, that shine so bright;
Robed in the glory of the setting sun!
But he is parting—fading—day is o'er;—
Yonder he hastens to dispense new life.

Oh for a wing to raise me up from earth,
Nearer and yet more near to the bright orb, 1075

Erst have I seen by Evening's heavenly light,
The world that sleeps so stilly at my feet,
These hills now kindling in the light—this stream,
Whose breast now shines like silver—this soft vale,
(How calm it is), all seemed as 'twere to flow
In floods of gold, beyond expression bright—
Nothing to stop or stay the god-like motion
Of the wild hill, and all its vales—the sea,
With its warm bays, to the astonished eyes
Opened its bosom—but at length the sun
Seemed just prepared to sink—a power unknown,
An impulse indescribable succeeded—
Onward in thought I haste to drink the beams
Of the eternal light—before me day
And night left far behind—and overhead
Wide Heaven—and under me the spreading sea;
A glorious vision,—ere it past away,
The sun had sunk.—Oh, to the spirit's flight,
How faint and feeble are material wings!
Yet such our nature is, that when the lark,
High over us, unseen, in the blue sky
Thrills his heart-piercing song, we feel ourselves
Press up from earth as 'twere in rivalry,—
And when above the savage hill of pines

The eagle sweeps with outspread wings—and when
The crane pursues, high off, his homeward path,
Flying o'er watery moors and wide lakes lonely!

WAGNER: I too have had, my hours of reverie,

1100

But impulse, such as this, I never felt.
Of wood and field the eye will soon grow weary ;
I'd never envy the wild birds their wings;
How different are the pleasures of the mind,
Leading from book to book, from leaf to leaf,
They make the nights of winter bright and cheerful ;
They spread a sense of pleasure thro' the frame,—
And ah! when you behold some valued parchments
All heaven descends to your delighted senses!

FAUSTUS: Thy heart, my friend, now knows but one desire,

Oh never learn another!—in my breast
Alas two souls have taken their abode,
And each is struggling there for mastery!
One to the world, and the world's sensual pleasures,
Clings closely with scarce separable organs,
The other from the dimness of the earth,
Rises in power to loftier purer pleasures.—
Bright Spirits—ye, who even in the air,
Move with your lordly wings 'tween earth and heaven,
Come from your golden, 'incense-breathing' clouds,
Bear me away to new and varied life!
Oh were that magic mantle mine, which bore
The wearer at his will to distant lands,
How little would I prize the lordly robes
Of princes, and the purple pomp of kings!

1125

WAGNER: Oh venture not to invoke the well-known host,

Who spread, a living stream, thro' the vast air,
Who, watch industriously man's thousand motions,
For ever active in the work of evil.
From all sides pour they on us, from the North,
With shrilling hiss they drive their arrowy tongues,
And speeding from the parching East, they feed
On the dry lungs, and drink the breath of life,
And the South sends them forth, at middle day
To heap fresh fire upon the burning brain!
Ready for evil, with delight they hear,
Obey Man's bidding to deceive his soul.
Like angel-ministers of Heaven they seem,
And utter falsehoods with an angel's voice.
But let's away—the sky is gray already,

The air grows chill—the clouds are falling heavy
 At evening *Home*'s the best place for a man!
 What ails thee? why with such astonished eyes,
 Dost thou sit, staring into the dusk twilight?
 What sees't thou there that can affect thee thus?—

FAUSTUS: Do you see that black dog, where thro' the green corn-blades

He runs, just glancing by them for a moment,

WAGNER: I've seen him this while past, but thought not of him,
 As anyway strange!

FAUSTUS: Look at him carefully,
 What do you take him now to be?

WAGNER: Why, nothing,
 But a rough water-dog, who, in the way
 Of dogs, is searching for his master's footsteps.

1150

FAUSTUS: Do you observe how in wide serpent circles,
 He courses round us? nearer and yet nearer
 Each turn,—and if my eyes do not deceive me,
 Sparkles of fire whirl where his foot hath touched!

WAGNER: I can see nothing more than a black dog,
 It must be some deception of your eyes.

FAUSTUS: Methinks he draws light magic threads around us,
 Hereafter to intangle and insnare!

WAGNER: In doubt and fear, (I think) he's leaping round us,
 Seeing two strangers in his master's stead.

FAUSTUS: The circle, see, how much more narrow 'tis,—
 He's very near us!

WAGNER: 'Tis a dog, you see,
 And not a spectre, see, he snarls at strangers,
 Barks, lies upon his belly, wags his tail,
 As all dogs do.

FAUSTUS: We'll bring him home with us,
 Come pretty fellow—

WAGNER: He's a comical dog,
 If you stand still, he stands and waits for you,
 Speak to him, and he strait leaps up on you,—
 Leave something after you, no doubt he'll bring it,
 Or plunge into the water for your stick.

FAUSTUS: You're right—I can see nothing of the spectre,
 In him, it can be nothing more than training.

WAGNER: 'Tis wonderful the knowledge of brute beasts,
 A dog well-trained will know a wise man's walk,
 Soon will this most intelligent of students,
 Win wholly to himself his master's favour!

1175

(*Exeunt, going in thro' the town-gates.*)

Scene.—Faustus's Study.
Enter Faustus, with the dog.

FAUSTUS: O'er silent field, and lonely lawn, 1179
 Her dusky mantle Night hath drawn;
 At twilight's holy heartfelt hour,
 In Man his better soul hath power,
 The passions are at peace within,
 And still each stormy thought of Sin—
 The yielding bosom overawed,
 Breathes love to Man, and love to God!—
 When in our narrow cell each night,
 The lone lamp sheds its friendly light,
 When from the bosom, doubt and fear
 Pass off like clouds, and leave it clear
 Then Reason re-assumes her reign,
 And Hope begins to bloom again,
 And the heart seeks with longing strife, 1200
 In vain to feel the streams of life!
 Cease, dog, to growl, thy beastly howl
 Ill suits the holy tone of feeling,
 Whose influence o'er my soul is stealing—
 With men 'tis common to contemn,
 Whatever is too good, too fair,
 Too high to be conceived by them,
 And is't that like those wretched carles,
 This dog, at what he knows not, snarls!
 But ah, already, from my heart,
 The streams of heavenly thought depart!
 How oft have I experienced change like this,
 Yet is it not unblest in the event,
 For seeking to supply the natural dearth,
 We learn to prize things loftier than the earth.
 And shall we find a better offering
 Or seek for comfort from a purer spring
 Than that, which flows in the NEW TESTAMENT?
 Strong impulse sways me to translate the text,
 Of that most holy book, with honest feeling,
 In the loved language of my native land;
 The heavenly mysteries of truth revealing!

(He opens a volume, and prepares to commence his translation.)

'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD,'—alas,
 The first line stops me—how shall I proceed?
 'The word' cannot express the meaning here—
 I must translate the passage differently,

If by its spirit I am rightly guided!—
 Once more—'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE THOUGHT,'
 Consider the first line attentively,
 Lest hurrying on too fast you lose the meaning
 Was it then *Thought* that has created all things,
 Can Thought make Matter! let us try the line
 Once more,—'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE POWER,'
 This will not do—even while I write the phrase
 I feel its faults—oh help me holy Spirit,
 I'll weigh the passage once again, and write
 Boldly, 'IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE ACT.'
 Cease teasing dog, this angry howl,
 These moans dissatisfied and dull,—
 Down, dog, or I must be rougher,
 Noise like this I cannot suffer,—
 One of us must leave the closet, if
 You still keep growling—that is positive
 To use a guest so, is not pleasant,
 But none could bear this whine incessant!
 The door you see is open yonder,
 And let me hint; you're free to wander—
 But can what I see be real,
 Or is all some trick ideal?
 'Tis surely something more than nature,
 Form is changed, and size, and stature,
 Larger, loftier, erecter,
 This seeming dog must be a spectre,
 With fiery eyes, jaws grinding thus,
 Like an hippopotamus,
 And here to bring this whelp of hell,
 Oh, at last, I know thee well,
 For such half-devilish, hellish spawn,
 Nought's like the lock of Solomon,

1251

SPIRITS *without*:

One is in prison!
 Listen to reason,
 Venture not on!
 Where he hath gone
 Follow him none!
 Stay we without,
 Sweep we about,
 Backward and forward,
 Southward and northward,
 Our colleague assisting,
 His fetters untwisting,

Lightening their pressure
 By mystical measure,
 At our motions and voices,
 Our brother rejoices,
 For us hath he offered,
 His safety, and suffered,
 We are his debtors,
 Let's loosen his fetters!

FAUSTUS: To conquer him must I rehearse,
 First that deep mysterious verse,
 Which each elemental spirit,
 Of the orders four, who hear it,
 Trembling, will confess and fear it!

Scorching SALAMANDER burn,
 NYMPH OF WATER, twist and turn,
 Vanish SYLPH to thy far home,
 Labour vex thee, drudging GNOME!

1275

He is but a sorry scholar,
 To whom each elemental ruler,
 Their acts and attributes essential,
 And their influence potential,
 And their sympathies auxiliary
 Are not matters quite familiar,
 Little knows he, little merits
 A dominion over spirits.

Salamander, fire-wrapt wither,
 Crush, *Nymph*, thy murmuring waves together—
 Vanish, *Sylph*, with pinions fleeter
 And more bright than midnight meteor.
 Hither, *Incubus*, flee, flee
 To domestic drudgery—
Incubus, I name thee guard,
 O'er the beast keep watch and ward!
 By spirits of a different kind
 Is the brute possessed I find,
 Grinning he lies, and mocks the charm
 That has no power to work him harm.
 Spectre! by a stronger spell
 Thy obedience I compel—
 If thou be a serf of Satan,
 A follower of the fallen great one—
 Deserter from hell—
 I conjure and charm thee,
 By the voice of the spell
 To which bows the black army!—

1302

Faustus' charms are at last successful. The dog, who has been hiding behind the stove, swells to the size of an elephant—at last bursts asunder—the chamber is filled with clouds of smoke, which, as they slowly disperse, leave exposed to view Mephistopheles, arrayed in the dress of a travelling student. After some expressions of complaint on the part of Mephistopheles, and surprise on that of Faustus, the latter inquires who his visitor is, and is answered,

A member of that power, which evermore
Acting with evil will works only good.

1335

FAUSTUS: What may this riddle mean?

MEPHISTOPHELES: I am the spirit

That evermore am busy in destruction—

My righteous task—for all, whatever is,

Is worthy of destruction. Therefore, better

Were it that nothing should remain. What you

Call falsely sin and ruin, and, in short,

All man deems evil, is my proper province!

FAUSTUS: Thou callest thyself a member of a body,

And yet thou stand'st a perfect form before me.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I speak the language of deliberate truth.

Tho' Man, mean man, proud of that little fool-world,

His individual bosom, boasts himself

A being whole and perfect, yet am I

Part of a part, which part at first was all,—

A part of Darkness who gave birth to Light,

Proud Light, who each day is diminishing

Her mother's rank, confines each day her range,

Yet conquers not, for in the constant strife

Light still must cling to *body* for existence;

From *body* streams she, she makes *body* bright,

Body opposes and arrests her beams;

And so, I trust, when body is no more

Light too will share th' inevitable doom.

1350

FAUSTUS: At length, I know thy worthy occupations,

All impotent to do extensive evil;

On lesser trifles dost thou try thy hand?

MEPHISTOPHELES: And even in this way little can be done,

Some power still stops the progress of destruction.

This something, or this nothing, of a world,

This mass of strange confusion, why should I

Approach it ever? Far as I can see,

For all its tempests, floods, volcanoes, earthquakes,

It still remains, the self same sea and land.

Even o'er the death-doomed race of men and beasts

How little is the conquest I have gained!

How many generations have I seen

Laid in their graves, and still the young fresh blood
 Will circulate, and still the spirit of life
 Decays not. 'Tis enough to drive me mad.
 In air, in water, and in earth, up-spring
 A thousand bursting germs. In dry and damp,
 In warm and cold, all things are full of life!

1376

After some mutual recrimination, Mephistopheles begs permission to depart, being detained still by the powerful effects of a goblin-foot, which Faustus had traced in the threshold. Faustus, after observing that it is not every day that a man has the opportunity of catching the devil, argues that it is therefore prudent to keep him when we have him caught. They become better friends; and Mephistopheles proposes to give the Doctor a proof of his powers of amusing the time agreeably.

The songs soft spirits sing to thee,
 The images they bring to thee,
 Are not in empty exhibition
 Of the skill of a magician;
 Pictures fair and music's tone
 Speak to eye and ear alone,
 But odours sweet around thee sporting,
 Lingering tastes thy palate courting,
 Feelings gratified, enraptured,
 All thy senses shall be captured.
 —Preparation need not be—
 Spirits, begin your melody.

1439

SPIRITS SING.

Vanish dark arches,
 That over us bend,
 Let the blue sky in beauty
 Look in like a friend.
 Oh! that the black clouds
 Asunder were riven,
 That the small stars were brightening
 All thro' the wide heaven!
 And look at them smiling
 In beautiful splendour,
 Suns, but with glory
 More placid and tender!
 Children of Heaven,
 In spiritual beauty,
 Descending, and bending
 With billowy motion,
 And others, your brothers,
 In fervent devotion
 Follow behind—

1447

O'er field and o'er flower,
 On bank and in bower
 Ribbands are fluttering,
 Graceful they move,
 When lovers are uttering
 Feelings of love.
 Clustering grapes,
 The vine's purple treasure,
 Have fallen in the wine-vat,
 And bleed in its pressure—
 Foaming and steaming, the new wine is streaming,
 Over bright precious stones
 It rolls on from its fountain,
 Leaving behind it
 Meadow and mountain,
 It lingers in wide lakes more leisurely flowing,
 Where the hills to behold it with pleasure are glowing!
 And the winged throng,
 Fly rejoicing along,
 Onward and onward,
 With wings steering sun-ward,
 To where the bright islands, with magical motion,
 Stir with the waves of the stirring ocean!
 Where we hear 'em shout in chorus,
 Or see 'em dance on lawns before us,
 As over land or over waters
 Chance the idle parties scatters;
 Some upon the far hills gleaming,
 Some along the bright lakes streaming,
 Some their forms in air suspending,
 Float in circles never-ending;
 All their feeling and employment
 Is the spirit of enjoyment,
 While the gracious stars above them
 Smile to say how much they love them!

1505

This extraordinary song produces the effect which our readers, we suppose, anticipated—Faustus is, before it is concluded, fast asleep—Mephistopheles, in a charm more intelligible, commands a rat to appear before him, and orders him to gnaw away the goblin-foot from the threshold, and thus he effects his escape. Mephistopheles, however, soon repeats his visit. Faustus is sitting alone in his study when he hears him at the door.

FAUSTUS: A knock. Come in. Who's now come to torment me!

1530

MEPHISTOPHELES: 'Tis I.

FAUSTUS: Come in.
 MEPHISTOPHELES: You must command me thrice.
 FAUSTUS: Come in, then.
 MEPHISTOPHELES: That will do. I'm satisfied.
 We soon shall be the best friends in the world!

(*Enters.*)

From your mind to scatter wholly
 The mists of peevish melancholy,
 Hither come I now, and bear
 Of a young lord the noble air,
 And mask me in his character;
 My dress is splendid, you behold,
 Blazing with the ruddy gold,
 With my stiff silken mantle's pride,
 And the long sword hanging by my side,
 And o'er my cap the cock's proud feather—
 I'm a fine fellow altogether.
 And now, my friend, without delay,
 Equip yourself in like array,
 That, light and free, you thus may see
 Life's many pleasures what they be!

FAUSTUS: Oh! I would feel in such a dress more bitterly
 The narrow cramping limits of man's nature!
 I am too old to yield myself to pleasure,
 Too young to have the appetite departed.
 What can earth give me now? 'Refrain, refrain!'
 This is the everlasting song—the chime 1550
 Perpetually jingling in the ears,
 And with hoarse accents every hour repeats it.
 Each morn, with a dull sense of something dreadful,
 I wake, and from my bitter heart could weep
 To see another day, which, in its course
 Will not fulfill one wish of mine—not one! 1557

.

 And, when the night is come, with heavy heart 1564
 Must I lie down upon my bed, where rest
 Is never granted me, where wild dreams come,
 Hideous and scaring. The indwelling spirit,
 Whose temple is my heart, who rules its powers,
 Can stir the bosom to its lowest depths,
 But has no power to move external nature;
 And therefore is existence burthensome,
 And death desirable, and life detested.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Yet death's a guest not altogether welcome.

FAUSTUS: Oh happy he for whom, in victory's hour
 Of splendour, death around his temples binds
 The laurel dyed with blood, and happy he
 Whom, in his true love's arms, he finds reposing—
 Oh that before that mighty spirit's power
 My individual being was dissolved,
 My life absorbed, my soul unchained from earth!

1576

MEPHISTOPHELES: And yet to-night I've seen a certain man
 Forbear to taste a certain dark brown liquid!

FAUSTUS: 'Tis then, I see, your gentlemanly practice
 To amuse yourself in playing the spy's part.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I know not ALL, but I know many things.

FAUSTUS: From harrowing thoughts, a well-known winning lay
 Sweet music—long-remembered awaked me.
 All that remained of my boy's heart was captive
 To the dear echo of more happy days.
 This makes me curse all these unholy things,
 This magic jugglery, that fools the soul
 These obscure powers that cloud and flatter it,
 And bind it in this dungeon of despair!
 Oh cursed first of all be the high thoughts
 That man conceives of his own attributes!
 And cursed be the shadowy appearances,
 The false delusive images of things
 That slave and mock the sense! cursed be
 The hypocrite dreams that sooth us when we think
 Of fame—of deathless and enduring names!
 Cursed be all that, in self-flattery,
 We call our own, wife, child, or slave, or plough;
 Curse upon Mammon, when with luring gold
 He stirs our souls to hardy deeds, or when
 He spreads the couch of indolent repose;
 And cursed be that highest joy of life,
 The sweet grape's balmy and luxurious juice;
 And cursed be all hope and all belief;
 And cursed more than all, man's tame endurance.

1600

SONG OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS. Wo! wo! thou hast destroyed it,
 The beautiful world
 Into darkness is hurled!
 A demi-god cursed it;
 Horror and ruin
 Now are ensuing:
 Its fragments we sweep
 With old Chaos to darkle;

Over brightness we weep
 That has now ceased to sparkle!
 Son of earth,
 To second birth,
 Call again its glories splendid;
 Oh restore what thou hast rended;
 Build it in thy secret heart,
 Be no more the thing thou art.
 Re-commence, with clearer sense,
 The better paths of life preferred,
 And far around, let the blythe sound
 Of joy unheard before, be heard!

MEPHISTOPHELES: Listen to the witching lay, 1627

The lowest of my spirits they !
 How they advise to joys of sense,
 With voice of old experience;
 Inviting thee 'mong men to dwell
 Far away from this dull cell—
 Where passions and young blood together
 In solitude grow dry and wither,
 Oh listen, and let charms like these
 Thy feelings and thy fancy seize!
 Cease to indulge this misanthropic humour,
 Which like a vulture preys upon your life,
 The worst society will make thee feel
 That thou too art a man and among men!

1638

Mephistopheles proposes to show the world and its pleasures to Faustus, on the usual conditions in such cases.

MEPHISTOPHELES: I bind myself to be thy servant *here*, 1656

To run and rest not at thy beck and bidding,
 And when we meet again in yonder place,
There, in like manner, thou shalt be my servant.

FAUSTUS: THAT YONDER PLACE gives me but small concern;

When thou hast first scattered this world to atoms,
 There may be *others* then, for aught I care.
 All joys, that I can feel, from this earth flow,
 And this sun shines upon my miseries!
 And were I once divorced from them I care not
 What may hereafter happen—of these things
 I'll hear no more—I do not seek to know
 If man, in future life, still hates and loves;
 If in these spheres there be, as well as here,
 Like differences of suffering and enjoyment,
 Debasement and superiority!

MEPHISTOPHELES: With feelings, such as these, you well may venture. 1671

I'll give thee things that man hath never seen! 1674

FAUSTUS: What can'st thou give, poor miserable devil.

Thinkest thou that man's proud soul—his struggling thoughts
And high desires—have ever been conceived
By such as thou art? wretch, what canst thou give?
But thou hast food which satisfieth not,
And thou hast the red gold, that restlessly
Like quicksilver glides from the grasping hand
And Play; at which none ever yet hath won,
And Beauty, a fair form, that while she leans
Upon my trusting heart with winning eyes
Will woo another; and thou canst display
High honours, objects of divine ambition,
That, like the meteor, vanish into nothing!
Shew me this fruit, that perishes untasted;
The trees, that every day grow green again!

MEPHISTOPHELES: I do not shrink from thy demand—with gifts
And treasures such as these will I supply thee;
But the time comes, my friend, when we shall feast
Untroubled, and enjoy things truly good!

FAUSTUS: Oh could I once lie down with heart untroubled,

Even for one moment feel my heart at rest,
I care not if the next behold my ruin;
Canst thou by falsehood or by flattery
Delude me to one feeling of delight;
One breathing of enjoyment! let that day
Be my last day of life; be this our bargain.

If ever I, at any moment, say,
'Fair visions linger;'—'Oh how beautiful;' 1700

Or words like these, then throw me into fetters,
Then willingly do I consent to perish;
Then may the death-bell peal its heavy sounds;
Then is thy service at an end, and then
The clock may cease to strike—the hand to move;
For me be time then past away for ever! 1706

The bond is duly executed with the usual formalities. Goethe, however, does not follow the good example of old Christopher Marlowe in giving us a copy of it. When it is delivered into the hands of Mephistopheles, Faustus exclaims:

Fear not that I will break this covenant, 1741
The only impulse now that sways my powers,
My sole desire in life, is what I've promised!
I've been puffed up with fancies too aspiring,

My rank is not more high than thine; I am
 Degraded and despised by the great spirit;
 Nature is sealed from me! the web of thought
 Is shattered; burst into a thousand threads;
 I loathe, and sicken at the name of knowledge!
 Now in the depths of sensuality
 To still these burning passions; to be wrapped
 In the impenetrable cloak of magic,
 With things miraculous to feast the senses!
 Let us fling ourselves into the stream of time,
 Into the tumbling waves of accident,
 Let pain and pleasure, loathing and enjoyment,
 Mingle and alternate, as it may be;
 Restlessness is man's best activity.

MEPHISTOPHELES: If your desires be thus impetuous,
 Measureless, universal, objectless,
 Catching each moment, while upon the wing
 In random motion, all that wins your eye;
 If any thing will do that is amusing,
 Cling close to me; come on, and tremble not!—

FAUSTUS: Harken; I have not said one word of bliss!
 Henceforth be tumult holy unto me,
 Painful enjoyment, idolizing hatred,
 Cheering vexation! and my breast, serened,
 And separated from the toil of knowledge,
 Shall never shut itself against the wounds
 Of Pain; whate'er is portioned 'mong mankind,
 In my own intimate self shall I enjoy,
 With my soul grasp all thoughts most high or deep,
 Heap on my heart all human joys and woes,
 Expand myself, until mankind become
 A part, as 'twere, of my identity;
 And they and I at last together perish!

MEPHISTOPHELES: Believe me, who for many thousand years
 Have fed on this hard food unwillingly.
 Man from the cradle to the grave, in youth
 Or age, is still unable to digest
 The ancient leaven of grief, that spreads through all.
 Oh well may'st thou give faith to one of us,
 Who tells thee that this universal life
 Is suited to the Deity alone;
Himself he dwells in brightness everlasting;
 Us he hath driven into eternal darkness;
 For day and night your nature is adapted!

FAUSTUS: This daunts not me!

- MEPHISTOPHELES: Well, please yourself with words,
 To me there seems to be one obstacle;
 Man's time is short; the paths of knowledge long;
 Call to your aid some builder up of verses,
 Let his mind wander in the fields of thought,
 Imagining high attributes to heap
 On you—the lion's magnanimity
 The fleetness of the stag—the fiery blood
 That dances in the hearts of Italy—
 The constancy and firmness of the North—
 Let his invention gift you with the secret,
 With lofty thoughts low cunning to combine—
 To love with all a young heart's ardent impulses,
 Yet following closely some cold plan of reason—
 Oh, if I chanced to meet a man, who thus
 Could reconcile all contrarities,
 In truth I know no other name that I
 Could give him justly, than '*Sir Microcosm.*'
- FAUSTUS: What am I then? if it be thus impossible
 For man, however he may strive, to win
 The crown for which his every feeling longs?
- MEPHISTOPHELES: Thou art at last, that which thou wert at first
 Fix to thy head ten thousand lying curls,
 Or place thy feet on stilts a cubit high,
 Still wilt thou end in being, what thou art.
- FAUSTUS: I feel, that 'tis in vain I would assume
 The universal feelings of mankind
 Their soul and being, I must end at last,
 Feeling within myself no added powers,
 Not by one hair's breadth higher than before,
 —As far as ever from the eternal nature!
- MEPHISTOPHELES: You view the thing, good sir, as men view things—
 This must be made more clear, or we will lose
 Life's pleasures—what, the vengeance—hands and feet,
 And head and heart, are thine, confessedly.
 But are the things which I command, enjoy,
 And use at will, the less to be called mine?
 When I behold six horses at my service,
 Is not their strength, and speed, and vigour, mine?
 I move as rapidly, and feel, in truth,
 As if their four and twenty limbs were mine!
 But come, let us haste into society,—
 Away into the world, and yield ourselves
 Up to the pleasures, which the senses give—
 I tell thee, that a calculating wretch

1785

1800

1825

Your moralist—your deep philosopher—
 Is like a beast upon a withered heath,
 By a bad spirit carried round and round,
 In the same grassless circle—while, on all sides,
 Unseen by him, the bright green pastures shine.

FAUSTUS: But how, begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES: First, must we fly from hence—
 What place of martyrdom is this? what life
 Is this to lead! or can you call it life,
 Wearying yourself and pupils thus for ever?
 Afraid, even in a hint, to intimate
 Your best acquirements to the boys who crowd
 Your lecture-room; even now upon the stairs
 I hear the foot of one.

FAUSTUS: Impossible; I cannot see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES: The poor lad has been waiting a long while;
 We should not let him go without some notice;
 Come now, let me put on your cap and gown,
 This masquerade dress becomes me charmingly,
 In a few minutes I'll have done with him;
 Meanwhile, go you, get ready for our journey!

1850

[FAUSTUS *exit*.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in Faustus's long gown.*):

Aye, thus continue to contemn
 Reason and learning, man's best powers;
 And every hope he can inherit,
 Still speak despisingly of them,
 Heart-hardened by an evil spirit;
 Soul and senses in confusion,
 Mocked by magical delusion;
 Still indulge thy vain derision!
 Mine thou art, without condition!
 His is an eager restless mind,
 That presses forward unconfined;
 And, in the anticipation
 Of a brisk imagination;
 Ever active, still outmeasures
 The slow steps of earthly pleasures.
 Him, thro' the world's wild vanity,
 Its wearisome inanity
 Now, I mean to bring with me;
 In these new scenes he will resemble
 A child; will totter, stop, and tremble,
 And for support will cling to me!
 Meats and wines, unsatisfying,

Shall before his lips be flying;
 He seeks repose, in vain, in vain,
 Repose he never shall obtain;
 And though he had not sold it to the devil,
 A soul, like his, could not escape from evil.

1867

The student enters, but after a little conversation with the supposed Faustus, on the subject of his future studies, he feels dispirited, and when Mephistopheles congratulates him on the opportunities before him of pursuing knowledge, he says, with a natural sigh—

And yet, if I the truth may say,
 I would I were again away;
 Walls like these, and halls like these,
 Will, I fear, in no wise please!
 The narrow gloom of this cold room,
 Where nothing green is ever seen;
 No lawn—no tree—no floweret's bloom
 'Mong benches, books, my heart is sinking,
 And my wasted senses shrinking.
 I mourn the hour that I came hither,
 Ear, and eye, and heart will die,
 Thought, and the power of thought will wither.

1881

MEPHISTOPHELES: This is all custom, as at first,
 Unwillingly the young child sips
 The breast; but soon, with eager thirst,
 And pressure of delighted lips,
 Clings to the mother's heart, that gives
 The living food, on which he lives;
 Thus thou, each day more deeply blest,
 Will drink from wisdom's nursing breast;

1893

But let me beg, that you will mention,
 What line of life is your intention.

1896

STUDENT: Oh, I long ardently to know,
 Whatever man may learn below,
 All that we contemplate on earth,
 And all that in the heaven hath birth,
 To roam thro' learning's wondrous maze,
 And comprehend all nature's ways.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Right; but by prudence still be guided,
 Guard most, that mind and thought be not
 Much dissipated and divided.

STUDENT: With soul and strength will I apply,
 But now and then could seize with pleasure

A few short hours of idle leisure,
 A little thoughtless liberty ;
 A pleasant summer holiday,
 When skies are bright, and fields are gay.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Use TIME with wisdom—fast flies time from thee,

But by strict order thou may'st conquer him!
 For this to Logic first, my friend,
 Would I advise thee to attend;
 Thus will your mind, well-trained, and high,
 In Spanish boots stalk pompously!
 With solemn look, and sober pace,
 The beaten road of thought will trace;
 Nor here and there, thro' paths oblique,
 In devious wanderings idly strike;
 Then in long lessons are you taught,
 That in the processes of thought,
 Which hitherto unmarked had gone,
 Like eating, and like drinking, on;
 One, Two, and Three, the guide must be
 In things which were till now so free.
 But, as the weaver's work is wrought,
 Even so is formed the web of thought;
 One movement leads a thousand threads;
 Unseen they move, as now above
 The shuttle darts, and now darts under;
 And, with one blow, at once will go
 A thousand binding ties asunder.
 And thus with your philosopher
 Who teaches wisely to infer—
The first was so—the second so—
Then must the third and fourth be so—
And if the premises be hollow
That the conclusion will not follow.
 Such things charm students every where,
 But none is a philosopher—
 For he, who seeks to learn, or gives
 Descriptions of a thing, that lives,
 Begins with 'murdering, to dissect,'
 The lifeless parts he may inspect—
 The limbs are there beneath his knife,
 And all—but that, which gave them life!
 Alas! the spirit hath withdrawn,
 That, which informed them all is gone—
 And yet your wise men will call this
 Experiment—Analysis—

Names all of mockery—yet each fool
Sees not the self-given ridicule!

STUDENT: I cannot wholly comprehend your meaning.

MEPHISTOPHELES: No matter—next time you'll get better on—
When you have learned to arrange, and classify,
And body all you hear in syllogisms.

STUDENT: My brain is stupified—I feel
As if, within my head, a wheel
Was whirling round with ceaseless reel.

1947

This confusion of the student is not lessened in the course of the conversation—Mephistopheles speaks in the same confident, assuming, and perplexing style, of *metaphysics* and *divinity*—affecting to point out their advantages, while he is suggesting by his sarcastic manner more than doubts of their utility, into the mind of the wondering student. Our lecturer, however, gets tired of the serious tone, and when he comes to speak of *medicine*, he treats it, or rather its professors, with more malicious and devilish ridicule, than the other studies of which he has been speaking—we are sorry we have not left ourselves room for this part of his lecture. The student is lost in admiration of his learning, but as might be expected, quite confused after this lesson, of which he does not know what to make. The interview closes by the student's requesting him to write a sentence in his Album. (*Stammbuch*). Mephistopheles complies, and writes—'Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.'

The student retires—Faustus enters, drest for his journey—inquires how they are to travel, and is informed, that by the assistance of Mephistopheles's mantle, and some preparation of fire which he has ready for the purpose, they will be enabled to move easily through the air.—They first go to Leipsic, and witness the drinking and singing of a dissipated party in a tavern—Mephistopheles becomes quite gay—sings for them, and at last proposes to supply them with better wine than what they are engaged in discussing. While, however, they are enjoying the various wines which he astonishes them by producing, one unluckily spills his glass, and the liquor, as it falls to the ground, is observed to sparkle like fire—the character of the new guest is now suspected, but he, who derives much amusement from their confusion, recites a charm, on which they lose altogether the faculties which even before this juggling were pretty well clouded. They imagine themselves in a vineyard, each mistakes his neighbour's nose for a cluster of grapes, and has a knife raised, about to cut it off, when Mephistopheles removes the delusion, and lets them see their danger. This story, which we do not much admire here, is told with amusing gravity by Camerarius, in his historical meditations, and the reader is solemnly warned against the danger of keeping company with the devil.

The next scene is a witch's kitchen.—

[On a low hearth a large cauldron is seen on the fire—in the thick smoke are discovered several strange figures—A FEMALE CAT-APE is sitting beside the cauldron, to skim it, and take care it does not boil over. An OLD MALE

CAT-APE, *with his children, sits near, warming himself—strange articles of furniture, suitable to the place, seen hanging from the walls, &c.*]

FAUSTUS AND MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS: This senseless witchcraft sickens and disgusts me, 2337

And say'st thou that I shall recruit life's powers,
Here in this loathsome den of filthy madness?
Shall I petition an old hag for counsel?
And can the nauseous puddle of that pot
Give thirty years of life?—alas, it seems
There's little hope if thou hast nothing better—
My expectation is already gone!
Is there in Nature no restorative
But this? has Spirit never yet devised
Means different to prolong man's time of life?

MEPHISTOPHELES: Now do I recognize my friend's good sense—

Yes! there are also natural means by which
Life's bloom and vigour may be long preserved,
But in a different book this lesson lies,
And it forms a strange chapter. 2350

FAUSTUS: I will learn it—

MEPHISTOPHELES: There is a means, and it requires not gold,

Magic or medicine;—away with you
Into the fields—begin to hew and delve—
Confine yourself, and limit every wish
Within a narrow circle—feed upon
Meats, simple, undisguised—and live, in short,
Beast-like, 'mong beasts—deem it no degradation,
Thyself to spread the dung upon the field,
The growth of which thou art to reap—this is
Indeed the best way to prolong your life,
And wear at eighty a hale countenance.

FAUSTUS: This cannot be—I am not used to it

Nor can I learn to take up now the spade—
Such narrow life would never do for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES: We must recur then to the witch.

FAUSTUS: Why so?—What's the particular use of an old hag

In the matter? can't you cook the draught yourself?

MEPHISTOPHELES: That were a pretty waste of Time—why, man,

A thousand bridges might be built, before
'Tis done—it asks not skill and science only,
But patience must brood over it—the spirit
In silence must remain for years fermenting;
Time, and Time only, clears and strengthens it—
All things belonging to it are mysterious—

Its powers, and its ingredients wonderful—
 True—'twas the devil that first invented it,
 But yet the devil can't make it—look—look, yonder—
 What a handsome crew they are—both maid and man.

2379

Mephistopheles enters into a conversation with the cat-apes—their answers to the different questions he proposes are delivered in uncouth rhymes—and the whimsical absurdity of all that they say, seems, as if the author intended, that their minds should be supposed to bear the same disagreeable resemblance to that of man, as their monkey shapes to the human body. It is impossible—as Madame de Stael has observed—to read the scene without thinking of the witches in Macbeth—but these are loathsome, squalid, hateful creatures—burlesquing humanity, and below the brute creation. Though they are the creation of a powerful imagination, yet the entire scene is so repulsive to us, that we are glad there is but little of them in the play—we will give just a sentence of one of their speeches.

MEPHISTOPHELES: What thinkest thou of these lovely creatures!

2386

FAUSTUS: All sickens me—voice—form—and features!

[*While the young cat-apes are playing and rolling round a large bowl, the old gentleman says*]

Such is the world!
 So is it twirled,
 Now rolling onward,
 Now rolling downward,
 Ceaselessly, restlessly,
 Still does it spin ;
 Like glass it is brittle
 And broken by little,
 And hollow within!
 Now doth it glimmer,
 Now is it dimmer,
 Living am I—
 Stop, my dear son,
 Thy sporting have done,
 Think thou must die!
 All is clay,
 And must crumble away!

2402

2415

Faustus, meanwhile, looks into a glass, in which he sees the image of a beautiful female, who at once takes possession of his imagination—Mephistopheles, for the purpose of allowing the charm to produce its full effect, leaves Faustus to the uninterrupted contemplation of this attractive object, and continues his conversation with the cat-apes. They neglect the cauldron, which boils over; a bright flame fills the place, and the witch appears. After scolding her slaves, she addresses the

strangers in a tone of very witch-like anger; however, Mephistopheles makes himself soon known, and the witch makes many apologies for her rudeness—she could never have recognised her old friend in this new dress—where are the ravens that used to attend him, what is become of his tail and horns, and above all, his horses foot?—He admits this as a sufficient excuse—speaks of the general improvement that is pervading the world, and says, that it has produced some effects on him—that he is no longer the same hideous phantom that in old times had terrified the imaginations of the Northerners—he had long laid aside horns, and claws, and tail—and that, though he could not so easily manage the foot, yet, he was enabled almost wholly to disguise the peculiarity of its shape, and nothing more was observable to common eyes, than a slight limp, which was rather fashionable. Peace being thus made, he obtains from the old lady a glass of the elixir for Faustus—when he is about to drink it, sparkles of fire rise to the brim of the glass, but this has no power to daunt a man now so familiar with the devil. The next scene is *the street*.

FAUSTUS (*Margaret passing on.*): Fair lady, may I offer you my arm, 2605
 And will you suffer me to see you home?

MARGARET: I am no lady, and I am not fair,
 I want no guide to shew me the way home.

(Disengages herself, and exit.)

FAUSTUS: By heaven, she is a lovely child,
 A fairer never met my eye,
 Modest she seems, and good and mild,
 Though something pert was her reply—
 The red lips bright—the cheek's soft light—
 My youth hath not departed quite!
 She past, her timid eyes declining,
 Deep in my heart they still are shining
 The beauty of her neat array
 Hath stolen me from myself away!

2618

Mephistopheles enters, and is informed of Faustus's new passion. He endeavours, or affects to dissuade him from pursuing the adventure farther: he tells him of Margaret's extreme youth—almost childhood,—of her innocence and piety. She has just, he says, returned from confession; and he who had stood unseen near the priest says, that she has gone from feelings of devotion, not from the necessity of obtaining absolution for past sins. Faustus, however, persists, and he gives directions to Mephistopheles to procure some costly ornaments for her. These are easily got, and Faustus is introduced into Margaret's chamber by his friend. It is a small room of a poor dwelling; but the extreme neatness with which its little furniture and few ornaments are arranged, makes Faustus reflect on the misery he is about to create, and he almost repents. He dwells on the piety of this happy child, and fears to introduce into this humble abode the passions and vices which are distracting his own bosom. His companion now laughs at his inconsistency, and Faustus leaves in her room the ornaments—They depart on seeing her approach. Her thoughts are still engaged with the

gay nobleman who had taken such notice of her in the morning. To while away her melancholy, she begins singing an old ballad, when the casket which Faustus left attracts her eye.

How came this brilliant casket here?— 2783
 I locked the box, I'd almost swear.
 The cover's beautiful—I wonder
 What it may be that lies under?
 I should conjecture it to be
 A pledge and a security,
 Left by somebody or other
 For money, borrowed from my mother.
 I think I'll open it,—and, see!
 Attached to it, and tempting me,
 A ribbon with a little key.
 Good heaven! how beautiful it is!
 I've never seen the like of this!
 Jewels and pearls!—At mask or ball
 'T would grace the proudest dame of all,
 Who glitter at high festival.
 I wonder how 't would look on me?
 Whose can the glorious splendour be?
 (*She puts them on, and stands before the glass.*)
 Oh! if I had these ear-rings only!—
 Drest thus, I seem a different creature!
 What good are charms of form and feature?
 Tho' poor maids are both mild and fair,
 The world for ever leaves them lonely—
 Man may praise,
 Yet half he says,
 Seems less like kindness than compassion—
 For gold he strives,
 For gold he drives—
 Alas! the *poor* are not in fashion! 2804

In the next scene, Faustus is interrupted by the sudden entrance of Mephistopheles.

MEPHISTOPHELES: By love, which I contemn, and hell's 2805
 Essence of fire, things can't be worse:
 Oh! that I could be something else
 Than what I am, that I might curse!
 FAUSTUS: What ails thee now? What pinches thee so sore?
 A face like that I never saw before!
 MEPHISTOPHELES: I'd damn myself to everlasting evil,
 But that I am myself the devil! 2810

Think, only think, that splendid set
 Of pearls, procured for Margaret
 With so much toil, a priest has got 'em,
 Away in eager haste he brought 'em:
 The mother, soon as she detected
 The treasure, something wrong suspected—
 The old hag o'er her book of prayer
 Sits moping, mumbling, snuffling there,
 Or, as she has so good a nose,
 Exploring through the house she goes,
 And, by the smell can ascertain
 What is holy, what profane.
 Curse her! she smelt no good event
 From Margaret's rich ornament:
 'My child,' she said, 'things thus unholy
 Are suited not for one so lowly,
 Will seize and fasten on the heart,
 And hold it till health, peace, depart.
 With pious feeling be it given
 To Mary, maiden queen of Heaven;
 The offering will she requite
 With manna, to our heart's delight.

2813

2826

Faustus, however, has the satisfaction of learning, that the purpose for which the present was made has been, in some degree, effected. Margaret, already captivated by the splendour of the ornaments, complains bitterly (he is told) of her mother's cruelty, and cannot think otherwise than favourably of the unknown admirer to whom she is indebted for the gift; for there can be no longer any doubt for whom the casket was intended. Faustus orders another casket of more brilliant ornaments, and the heart of the poor girl is seduced by the vanity of dress, which she is afraid to exhibit before any one but an old woman, (Martha) whose folly and cunning render her a willing and useful assistant in Margaret's ruin. We have dwelt so long on the earlier parts of this tragedy, as to render it impossible to quote much from the affecting scenes in which this story of overpowering distress is told; but it is the less necessary, as many of these scenes have been rendered familiar by Madame de Stael's most beautiful translation. There is one story in our own language—a tale of deeper distress, and told, perhaps, more affectingly—for the author was enabled, by the different form of his work, to express the feelings which Goethe could only suggest—we mean the story of Rosamund Gray, by Charles Lamb. We were so strongly reminded of it by the passages before us, that we could not forgive ourselves for not mentioning it, though we have only time for a passing sentence. After some scenes of courtship between Faustus and his mistress, and also between Martha and Mephistopheles, whose heart she endeavours to win, having first procured from him a certificate of her husband's death abroad, we find Faustus alone in the depths of a wood. We transcribe his soliloquy:

Yes! lofty spirit, thou hast given me all,
 All that I asked of thee; and not in vain
 Thy fiery countenance hast turned on me!
 —Hast given me empire o'er majestic nature,
 Power to enjoy and feel. 'Twas not alone
 The stranger's short permitted privilege
 Of momentary wonder, that thou gavest;
 No; thou hast given me into her deep breast
 As into a friend's secret heart to look;
 Hast brought to me the tribes of living things;
 Thus teaching me to recognise and love
 My brothers in still grove, or air, or stream.
 And when in the wide wood the tempest raves,
 And shrieks, and rends the giant pines, uproots,
 Disbranches, and, with maddening grasp uplifting,
 Flings them to earth, and from the hollow hill
 Dull moaning thunders echo their descent;
 Then dost thou lead me to the safe retreat
 Of some low cavern, there exhibiting
 To my awed soul its own mysterious nature!
 Of my own heart the depths miraculous,
 Its secret inward being all exposed!
 And when before my eye the pure moon walks
 High over-head, diffusing a soft light,
 Then from the rocks, and over the damp wood,
 The pale bright shadows of the ancient times
 Before me seem to move, and mitigate
 The too severe delight of earnest thought!
 Alas! even now I feel Man's joys must be
 Imperfect ever,—with these rapturous thoughts,
 That raise me near and nearer to the gods,
 Was linked this insupportable companion.
 Cold, insolent, malicious, he contrives
 To make me to myself contemptible;
 And with a breath will scatter into nothing
 All these high gifts; with what officious zeal
 He fans my breast into a raging flame
 Of passion, to possess each form of beauty
 That wins my eye. Thus, from desire I pass
 On to enjoyment, and, uneasy still,
 Even in enjoyment languish for desire!

His tormentor does not leave him long to himself; and when he sneers, in his usual tone, at Faustus's indulgence of solitary thought, he provokes his anger. Mephistopheles replies to the accusation of embittering Faustus's life by his constant interruptions and perpetual sarcasms:—

Poor child of earth! and couldst thou then have borne 3266
 Thy life till now without my aid? 'Twas I
 That saved thee from imaginations idle!
 I guarded thee with long and anxious care,
 And, but for me, even now thou wouldst have been
 Idling in other worlds! Why sittest thou there,
 Lingerin in hollow cave, or rifted rock,
 Dull as the moping owl? Why, like the toad,
 Dost thou support a useless life, deriving
 Subsistence from damp moss and dripping stone?
 Sweet pastime this! most charming occupation!
 I fear you've not forgotten your old trade!

FAUSTUS: Couldst thou conceive what added life is given
 In hours like this, passed in the wilderness,
 And couldst thou feel it—still thou wouldst remain
 The devil thou art—still hate and poison it! 3281

MEPHISTOPHELES: To me 'twould seem a more becoming thing, 3311
 Instead of reigning here, among the woods,
 On your imaginary throne, that you
 Should visit this poor broken-hearted girl,
 Who else will die for love. To her the time
 Seems miserably long. She lingers at
 The window; gazes on the clouds that pass
 Slow o'er the old town-walls. 'Oh! that I were
 A little bird!' she cries. This is her song
 All the day long, and half the heavy night!
 One moment seems she mirthful, when she grieves
 Most; then she weeps, till she can weep no more;
 Then, as 'twould seem, she is at rest again.
 But grief or mirth, whatever the mood be,
 This all is love—deep, tender, passionate love. 3323

The contest between Faustus's conscience and passions continues—he treats Mephistopheles with contempt, but remains his victim. The next scene shews Margaret in her chamber, at her spinning-wheel, singing,

My peace is gone, 3374
 And my heart is sore,
 I have lost him, and lost him,
 For evermore!
 The place where he is not,
 To me is the tomb,
 The world is sadness,

And sorrow, and gloom !

My poor sick brain
Is crazed with pain,
And my poor sick heart
Is torn in twain!

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore,
For lost is my love,
For evermore!

From the window for him
My heavy eyes roam;
To seek him, all lonely
I wander from home.

His noble form,
His step so high,
The smiles of his lip,
And the power of his eye;

And the magic tone
Of that voice of his,
His hands' soft pressure,
—And oh! his kiss!

My peace is gone,
And my heart is sore;
I have lost him, and lost him,
For evermore!

Far wanders my heart
To feel him near,
Oh! could I clasp him,
And hold him here!

Hold him and kiss him,
Oh! I could die!
To feed on his kisses,
How willingly!

3413

We are almost insensibly adding to our extracts, already too long. Margaret, that she may receive Faustus's visits without the knowledge of her mother, administers to her a sleeping draught. The potion is given in too large a quantity, or it was poison, and the mother dies in consequence. Margaret's brother returns from the army to hear his sister's disgrace, and die by the hand of Faustus, in the attempt to avenge her. This unfortunate girl, who is represented through the entire work as of a religious disposition, now in her distress, when she is exposed to the mockery and insults of the world—when all means of human consolation are removed from her—ventures

into the church—an evil spirit stands behind her—whispers to her how different was her state a few months before, then an innocent child, and now—

'Why dost thou come hither? 3785
 —prayest thou for thy mother's soul?
 She whom thy poison-draught
 Murdered! Oh, she is doomed to long, long pain—
 The everlasting sufferings of the damned!
 Her blood is on thy soul!
 And in thy bosom is there not
 A life that tortures thee?
 And pangs, that, with thy present grief,
 Connect the fears of future days?'

MARGARET: Alas! alas!

Oh! that I could escape
 Those thoughts, that chase each other thro' my mind,
 And all accuse me!

CHOIR.

*Dies irae, dies illa
 Solvet saeculum in favilla.*

3799

The agony of her own thoughts, the voice of the evil spirit in her ears, and this hymn, that seems to express the sentence of Heaven against her crimes, is too much for Margaret to bear, and she falls down insensible.

Mephistopheles removes Faustus to the Hartz-mountains; all is haunted ground here, and it being the famous night of the first of May, the sabbath of witches, demons, &c. is held, but we dare not attempt a translation of this wonderful scene—'this whirlwind,' as it has been called, 'of all that can be thought and said.' On his return, Faustus finds that Margaret is imprisoned and sentenced to death; with the assistance of Mephistopheles, who, however, ridicules the idea of taking any trouble on the subject, Faustus obtains the keys of the prison. As he is opening the door of her cell, he hears her singing, but from the coarse and vulgar words of the song, it is apparent that her reason is overthrown; when Faustus enters, she does not know him, and at first she mistakes him for the executioner.

MARGARET (*endeavouring to conceal herself.*):

4423

Woe! woe! they come! they come—death, bitter death!

FAUSTUS (*in a low voice.*): Hush! hush! 'tis

I who come to rescue thee!

MARGARET (*throwing herself on her knees to him.*):

Savage, who gave this cruel power to thee?

It is not more than midnight now—have mercy!

Is it too long a time to wait till morn?

And I am still so young—so very young—

And must I die so soon!

Oh! if my love were here—but he is gone,

Torn is my garland—scattered all its flowers—

Oh! do not grasp me with such violence—
 Ah, spare me! sure I have not injured thee;
 Let me not weep, and pray to thee in vain!
 Spare me—I never saw thy face before.

FAUSTUS: How can I bear to see these sufferings?

MARGARET: I know that I am wholly in thy power—
 Only permit me this once to give my breast
 To this poor child of mine! all the long night
 It lay upon my heart, they took it from me;
 They took away my child to torture me,
 And now they say that I have murdered it,
 And never more will I be gay and happy.

4447

FAUSTUS: Thy lover, Margaret, kneels at thy feet,
 He comes to open these sad prison gates.

4451

MARGARET: Let us kneel down, and call upon the saints
 See! See! beneath us Hell boils up—the Devil
 Is raving there below in hideous rage!

FAUSTUS (*in a low tone of voice.*): Margaret—Margaret.

MARGARET (*with eager attention.*):
 That is my love's voice, (*stands up—her irons fall off.*)
 Where is he! where! I heard my own love's voice!
 Now am I free, none, none shall keep me here.
 I'll clasp his neck, will lean upon his bosom;
 I heard him call, he's standing on the threshold;
 I heard him call the name of Margaret—
 Amid the noises and the howls of Hell,
 And threats, and taunts, and laughs of devilish scorn,
 I recognised the sweet soft voice of love!

FAUSTUS: 'Tis I.

MARGARET: 'Tis thou—oh! tell me so once more!

(*presses him to her bosom.*)

'Tis he, 'tis he—my pangs, where are they now?
 Dungeon and chains, and scaffold, where are they?
 'Tis thou, and thou hast come to rescue me!
 I am already free—look—there's the street
 Where we first met—where first I saw my love—
 And yonder is the cheerful garden smiling,
 Where I and Margaret used to wait for thee!

4475

FAUSTUS: Come! come!

MARGARET: Oh stay a little while,
 Some moments more—I love to stay with thee!

FAUSTUS: Hast! hast! ah! linger not,
 One moment more—a moment's lingering now
 Will cost—we cannot tell how much.

MARGARET: How! what!

And hast thou then forgot that kiss of thine,
My love?—so short a time away, and yet
To have forgotten all those signs of love!
Why must I fear to hang upon thy neck?
Oh! there was once a time, when all thy words,
And every glance of thine seemed heaven to me!
And warmly didst thou press me to thy heart!
Oh, let me feel once more that loved embrace!
Alas! thy lips are cold and dumb—ah! where,
Where is thy love? Who robbed me of thy love?

FAUSTUS: Come, come—take courage, follow me, my love.

I love thee with unutterable ardour;

But follow me—grant,—grant this one request.

4500

MARGARET: And is it then, and art thou surely Faustus?

FAUSTUS: I am. But come!

MARGARET: And thou wilt break my chains;

And thou wilt take me to thy arms again!

How is it, thou dost not shudder at my sight?

And knowest thou whom thou art delivering?

FAUSTUS: Come! come!—the darkness of the night is fading!

MARGARET: My mother, I have murdered her—my child,

I drowned my child! and was it not thy child

As much as mine? yes, thine! and thou art here,

I scarcely can believe it is thyself.

Give me thy hand—it is not then a dream;

Thine own dear hand. Oh, God! his hand is moist—

Wipe, wipe it off; methought it felt like blood!

What hast thou done? Ah, sheathe thy bloody sword;

Ah, hide it from me!

FAUSTUS: Think not of the past ;

That which is done, is done. Come, this delay

Is death to us!

MARGARET: No; thou must yet remain,

'Till I describe to thee the graves, which thou

To-morrow must see made; the best place give

To my poor mother; near her lay my brother

And by their side, a little space away,

Place me; and lay my child on my right breast;

No other will lie with me in that bed!

Oh, could I lie down softly at thy side,

That would have been a sweet and happy thing;

A happiness that never more can be.

I feel as if I forced myself on thee,

And that thou wert repelling my embrace;

4525

And yet thou art the same—and yet thy looks
Are good and kind, as they have ever been.

FAUSTUS: Oh, if thou feelest who I am! Come, come.

MARGARET: Come! Whither?

FAUSTUS: From this prison to thy freedom.

MARGARET: Aye, to the grave! Death lays his snares for me!

Come to the bed of everlasting rest!

No other journey can I make from this;

And wilt thou go? Oh, could I go with thee!

FAUSTUS: Thou canst; the gates are open, only come.

MARGARET: I dare not go; there is no help for me!

What good is it to fly? My steps are watched.

It is a hard thing to be forced to beg,

And harder, harassed by an evil conscience.

'Tis hard to wander in a foreign land,

And then whate'er I do, at last they'll seize me!

FAUSTUS: I will be with thee!

4550

MARGARET (*wildly*): Fly, fly,

Save thy poor child;

Away to the road,

By the side of the stream,

And across the path

That leads to the wood;

Then turn to the left,

He lies in the pond.

Loiter not—linger not,

Still does he stir

With the motion of life.

His little hands struggle

More faintly and faintly,

Rescue him!—rescue him!

FAUSTUS: Recall thy wandering mind—thy life's at stake!

One step, and thou art free.

MARGARET: Oh, that we once had left yon hill behind!

See there, my mother sitting on a stone—

How cold the wind blows on us from that spring—

My mother there is sitting on a stone,

And her grey head is trembling, and her eyes

Close, and she now has ceased to nod; her head

Looks heavy, and she sleeps to wake no more!

Oh, when she sunk to sleep how blest we were,

It was a happy time!

FAUSTUS: She listens not,

Words have no weight with her; there is no way,

But forcibly to bear her hence.

4575

MARGARET: Touch me not; no, I will not suffer violence:

Seize me not with that murderer's grasp; whate'er

I did, was done for thee, my love.

FAUSTUS: Day dawns—oh hasten hence, my love! my love!

MARGARET: Day; yes, 'tis day, the last, the judgment-day;

My bridal-day it should have been: tell none

That thou hast been with poor weak Margaret.

Alas, my garland is already withered;

We'll meet again, but not at dances, love:

The crowd is gathering tumultuously,

The square and street are thronged with crushing thousands.

The bell hath sounded; the death-wand is broken;

They bind and blindfold me, and force me on:

On to the scaffold they have hurried me;

And now, through every neck of all that multitude

Is felt the bitter wound that severs mine.

The world is not as silent as the grave!

FAUSTUS: Oh, that I never had been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*Appears at the door.*): Away, or you are lost;

This trembling, and delay, and idle chattering,

Will be your ruin; hence, or you are lost;

My horses shiver in the chilling breeze

Of the gray morning.

4600

MARGARET: What shape is that which rises from the earth?

'Tis he, 'tis he, oh send him from this place;

What wants he here? Oh, what can bring him here?

Why does he tread on consecrated ground? He comes for me.

FAUSTUS: Oh, thou shalt live, my love.

MARGARET: Upon the judgment-throne of God, I call;

On God I call in humble supplication.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*To Faustus.*): Come, or I leave thee here to share her fate.

MARGARET: Father of heaven, have mercy on thy child!

The angels, holy hosts, keep watch around me.

Faustus, I grieve to think upon thy doom!

MEPHISTOPHELES: Come, she is judged:

(*A voice from above.*) She is saved!

4612

Faustus disappears, together with Mephistopheles—Margaret's voice is still heard from the prison, calling him back.—The curtain falls—Thus ends this extraordinary drama.

Francis Leveson-Gower (trans.),
Faust: A Drama by Goethe

INTRODUCTION

British politician, author, and philanthropist, Francis Leveson-Gower changed his name to Egerton on inheriting (1833) the estates of his great-uncle, Francis Egerton, 3rd Duke of Bridgewater. Leveson-Gower was educated at Eton (1811–14) and at Christ Church, Oxford (1814–18). During the following year he advanced from Lieutenant to Captain of the Staffordshire Regiment of Yeomanry. As Member of Parliament (1822–46) he supported the liberal Tory policies, becoming an advocate of free trade, endowment for Catholic clergy, and the development of London University. He served as secretary for Ireland (1828–30) and secretary for war (1830). He supported many intellectual societies, and he enlarged the Bridgewater Collection of paintings and opened it to the public. In 1841, he was appointed rector of Aberdeen University. He was created Earl of Ellesmere in 1846.

George Croom Robertson (1842–1892), Professor of Philosophy at University College, London, who had earlier studied at Heidelberg and Göttingen, wrote with some restraint in relating that Leveson-Gower ‘at an early age . . . attempted literature, and . . . brought out a poor translation of “Faust, a drama, by Goethe, and Schiller’s song of the Bell”.’¹ Henry Crabb Robinson was less kind, but more accurate, when he informed Goethe that Leveson-Gower’s translation of *Faust* was a ‘disgrace’.² His poetic ability and his comprehension of German were far too limited for such an undertaking. John Murray may have been worried by the bad reviews (for example, in *The Album*), but he nevertheless produced a second edition in 1825. In the meantime, Leveson-Gower’s *Translations from the German and Original Poems* (1824) had already appeared.

A commentary on the translation of *Faust* is given in John Galt’s *The Bachelor’s Wife* (1824). Benedict (the Bachelor) is visited—and educated—by a Nymph. In a chapter entitled ‘German Genius’ the Nymph reads to Benedict a selection from Leveson-Gower’s translation. Recalling that Benedict

Lord Francis Leveson-Gower (trans.), *Faust: A Drama by Goethe; and Schiller’s Song of the Bell* (London: John Murray, 1823). Corresponding text only.

¹ ‘Egerton, Francis, First Earl of Ellesmere (1800–1857)’, *Dictionary of National Biography*.

² Crabb Robinson to Goethe (January 1829), *Briefe an Goethe*, ed. Karl Robert Mandelkow, 2 vol. (Hamburg: Christian Wegner Verlag, 1969), ii. 496.

denounced the work as ‘Coleridgian ravings’, the Nymph declares that ‘the noble translator has done a great service to the literature and to the genius of his country, in presenting us with so clever, and upon the whole, so tasteful a translation’. She compares Goethe’s work to Marlowe’s *Doctor Faustus* and Byron’s *Manfred*. She considers *Manfred* the superior work but grants that ‘there are passages, in the Doctor Faustus, more impassioned, and passages also, even like his Lordship’s peculiar style, more effective than any thing in *Manfred*’. After listening to the Nymph read twenty-eight pages of ‘his Lordship’s peculiar style’, Benedict is not convinced that this is the work of genius: ‘the whole drama is a very ill constructed piece of work, and has faults that would have sunk it in England at the launching, and covered its author with irredeemable ridicule’, and even the Nymph must concede that ‘that the same things which please the Germans, and obtain honours, and patronage among them, would be consigned to laughter among us’.³

Leveson-Gower was deliberately working in Coleridgean territory in preparing his translation of *Wallenstein’s Camp* (1830), the one part of Schiller’s *Wallenstein* trilogy which Coleridge had not translated.⁴ Changing the title of Alexandre Dumas’s (1802–70) *Henri III et sa cour* (1829) to *Catherine of Cleves*, Leveson-Gower had his version performed on the London stage, and subsequently published, together with his translation of Victor Hugo’s *Hernani* (1830).⁵ The humorist Richard Harris Barham described the performance of *Catherine of Cleves* in a burlesque poem entitled ‘The Tragedy’. Here are the final lines and the ‘Moral’:

Catherine of Cleves
Roar’d ‘Murder!’ and ‘Thieves!’
From the window above
While they murder’d her love;
Till, finding the rogues had accomplish’d his slaughter,
She drank Prussic acid without any water,
And died like a Duke and a Duchess’s daughter!

³ *The Bachelor’s Wife, A Selection of Curious and Interesting Extracts, with Cursory, Observations* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd, 1824), pt. II, ch. 31, pp. 221–85.

⁴ John Hookham Frere, ‘Conversation with Coleridge’ (December 1830), in *Table Talk* (= *TT*), ed. Carl Woodring, 2 vols., *The Collected Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, xiv. (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1990), 1.573: ‘I have been asked why I did not translate the camp scenes in “Wallenstein”. The truth is that the labour would have been immense, and besides it would not have been borne in English, to say nothing of the fact that Mrs. Barbauld reviewed my translation of the rest of the play and abused it through thick and thin, so that it sold for wastepaper.’

⁵ *Catherine of Cleves and Hernani, Tragedies Translated from the French* (London: J. Andrews, 1832).

Moral

Take warning, ye Fair, from this tale of the Bard's,
And don't go where fortunes are told on the cards!
But steer clear of Conjurors,—never put query
To 'Wise Mrs. Williams,' or folks like Ruggieri.
When alone in your room shut the door close, and lock it;
Above all,—keep your handkerchief safe in your pocket!
Lest you too should stumble, and Lord Leveson Gower, he
Be call'd on,—sad poet!—to tell your sad story!⁶ (140-54)

After visiting the Mediterranean and the Holy Land in 1839, Leveson-Gower recorded his impressions in *Mediterranean Sketches* (1843), and in notes to a poem entitled *The Pilgrimage*. A series of papers contributed to Murray's *Quarterly Review* were collected together posthumously as *Essays on History, Biography, Geography, Engineering, &c.* (London: John Murray, 1858).

⁶ Thomas Ingoldsby, *The Ingoldsby Legends, or, Mirth and Marvels* (London: Richard Bentley, 1837-45), 283-8.

FAUST: A DRAMA BY GOETHE

Prologue in Heaven

Song of the Three Archangels.

RAPHAEL: ‘The sun his ancient hymn of wonder
 Is pouring out to kindred spheres,
And still pursues, with march of thunder,
 His preappointed course of years.
 Thy visage gives thy angels power,
Though none its dazzling rays withstand,
 And bright, as in their natal hour,
Creation’s dazzling realms expand.

GABRIEL: ‘And still the earth’s enduring motion
 Revolves with computed speed,
And o’er the chequer’d earth and ocean
 Darkness and light by turns succeed.
 The billowy waste of seas is boiling
From deep primeval rocks below.
 Yet on their destined march are toiling
The rocks that stand, the waves that flow.

MICHAEL: ‘The whirlwind and the storms are raging
 From sea to land, from land to main;
And adverse elements engaging,
 The trembling universe enchain.
 The lightnings of the dread destroyer
Precede his thunders through the air;
 Yet, at the nod of their employer,
The servants of his wrath forbear.

CHORUS: ‘Thy visage gives thy angels power,
Though none its dazzling rays withstand,
And bright, as in their natal hour,
Creation’s dazzling realms expand.’

243

270

MIDNIGHT.

Midnight vaulted Gothic chamber.

FAUST, in his arm-chair, restless and disturbed.

With medicine and philosophy 354
 I have no more to do;
 And all thy maze, theology,
 At length have waded through
 And stand a scientific fool,
 As wise as when I went to school.
 'Tis true, with years of science ten,
 A teacher of my fellow men,
 Above, below, and round about,
 I draw my scholars by the snout,
 Myself consuming with the glow
 Of all I vainly wish to know,
 True, I am first of Learning's tribes,
 Its doctors, masters, priests, and scribes
 And, unrestrain'd by fear or doubt,
 I dare the devil and his rout.
 And yet the fruit of Learning's tree
 Has nought but bitterness for me;
 Despairing, in my wintry mind,
 To better or instruct mankind.
 Then have I neither gold nor treasures,
 The world's advancements, goods, nor pleasures.
 No dog might such a life endure. 375
 In magic then I seek my cure;
 And every mental power I turn
 The secrets of the world to learn,
 That I may need dispense no more
 The solemn nothings of my store;
 But, dealing less in words than deeds.
 Explore the globe's primeval seeds.
 Thou silver moon, whose friendly light
 Has shed, through many a wintry night,
 Unwonted rays on learning's scrolls,
 Her massy volumes, dusty rolls.
 Would that beneath those rays my brow
 Throbb'd with its last pulsation now;
 And yet I feel the wild desire
 To mount me on thy rolling fire,
 With daemons of the misty air
 To wander in thy azure glare, 395

And bathe me in thy dewy deeps,
 Where pain is hush'd and conscience sleeps
 I rave! Within this dungeon's gloom
 Still must my spirit pant for room,
 Where scarce the light of upper day
 Through storied windows finds its way.
 Hemm'd round with learning's musty scrolls,
 Her ponderous volumes, dusty rolls,
 Which to the ceiling's vault arise,
 Above the reach of studious eyes,
 Where revelling worms peruse the store
 Of wisdom's antiquated lore,
 With glasses, tools of alchemy,
 Cases and bottles, whole and crack'd,
 Hereditary lumber, pack'd.
 This is the world, the world, for me!
 And ask I why my heaving heart
 Is beating in its sullen madness?
 And ask I why the secret smart
 Has dried the spring of life and gladness?
 'Tis that instead of air and skies,
 Of nature's animated plan,
 Round me, in grinning ranks, arise
 The bony forms of beast and man,
 Wake then, my soul, thy wings expand:
 This book by Nostradamus' hand,
 Sigil and sign shall make thee fly
 Uncheck'd, unwearied, through the sky.
 Wake then, my soul! the signs of power
 Point to the destined tide and hour.
 Spirits, ye that hover near,
 Speak and answer, if ye hear!

410

[He looks at the microcosm.

430

Ha! what rapture from the sight
 Fills my veins with wild delight!
 Sure some God the sign has traced.
 In these features, plain and true,
 Nature's secrets greet my view.
 Working up the wondrous whole,
 How they mingle, twine, and roll!
 How their million arms they ply!
 Busy Nature's secret forces,
 Running all their destined courses,
 Ending all in harmony.

A wond'rous show, and yet 'tis nothing more
 Where can I journey to your secret springs,
 Eternal Nature? onward still I press,
 Follow thy windings still, yet sigh for more.

455

*[He shuts the volume unwillingly, and inspects
 the sign of the Spirit of the Earth.]*

The signs are at their work again, and now
 The Spirit of the Earth is hovering nearer
 Clouds are gathering round my sight,
 And the pale moon hides her light,
 And the lamp its blaze.
 Now I tremble, faint, and glow,
 But the frenzy may not last.
 Ere the maddening hour be past,
 Spirit, thou thy form must show.

SPIRIT: Who calls me?

FAUST: Vision of affright!

SPIRIT: With a spell of might and fear
 Thou hast drawn me from my sphere,
 And now—

FAUST: Away! I loath the sight.

485

SPIRIT: Yet 'tis the sight thou hast panted to see,
 My visage to scan, and my accents to hear;
 Thy spell was too strong, it availed not to flee;
 I come, and you shun me, and tremble with fear!
 O where is the manly might of soul,
 That could the aerial world control
 Art thou the man, thou trembling thing,
 That call'd me on my weary wing,
 Yet shuns my form to see?

FAUST: Yes, I am Faust, a powerful name,
 Thy more than equal, child of flame.

500

SPIRIT: I wander and range
 Through existence's change,
 Above and below,
 Through the tide and the flow,
 I shoot and I sparkle, and never am still.

FAUST: Say, thou ever-roving spirit,
 What relation can I bear to thee?

SPIRIT: To some other form, in another station,
 Thou mayest bear relation:
 Not to me.

[Vanishes.]

FAUST: Not to thee! To whom then?
 I, the image of my Maker,

Not to thee!

[*A knock at the door.*

FAUST: Alas! I know the knock; my secretary.

Just when my art had reach'd its wish'd—for crisis,
Now to destroy it. Blunderer!

520

WAGNER (*in a night-gown, with a lamp in his hand*): Excuse me, sir.

I heard your voice declaim,
And thought you read some Grecian tragedy.
I wish'd to hear and profit by the same,
For I have heard such talent rated high
Have often heard it said, at least,
A player may instruct a priest.

FAUST: Yes, when the priest, as often is the case,
Is but an actor in a holier place.

WAGNER: Ah! when, with scarce a holiday to cheer,
One quits one's dull museum once a year;
When the world's distant view eludes the sense,
Say, can we hope conviction to dispense?
Or gain the victories of eloquence?

FAUST: Vain, till your heart is warm'd, the task to steal
The fire from other bosoms; you must feel:
Sit at your desk, and cull the cold remains
Of other feasts, pick other authors' brains:
With foreign feathers dress your dawlike fame,
And puff your smouldering ashes into flame.
From such employments spring the deeds and lays
Which monkeys imitate and children praise.
The chord that wakes in kindred hearts a tone
Must first be tuned and vibrate in your own.

540

WAGNER: And yet the speaker, by arrangement's art,
To me unknown, commands the listener's heart.

FAUST: If he be honest man and true,
No murderer of a martyr'd theme,
His rules are short, his arts are few,
What the truth is to make it seem
And must we, when we yearn to speak,
Consider how 'twould sound in Greek?
Your grand oration, neat and fit,
Smooth'd on the hone of human wit—
Your paragraph, the sophist vamps,
Are cheerless as the evening damps,
And chillier than the winds that sigh
Through swirling leaves when autumn's nigh.

WAGNER: Yes, art is wond'rous long,

And life is but a span;
 And when I criticise its plan,
 The sense of sorrow rises strong.
 How hard from learning's grasp to wring
 The means by which we reach the spring!
 To-morrow, and we get half way.
 Yes, but perhaps we die to-day.

560

FAUST: And must it flow from page and scroll
 The stream that cheers your thirsty soul;
 While in itself the barren mind
 Food and refreshment fails to find?

WAGNER: Excuse me, 'tis a joy sublime
 To dive into forgotten time,
 To see how wise men thought of yore,
 And trace the limits of their lore.

FAUST: Oh! yes, beyond the realms of light,
 My friend, the times which age has wrapp'd in night,
 Are but the book with seven seals;
 The fancied spirit of the age
 Is merely what the author feels,
 The spirit of a scribbler's page.
 Read but a paragraph, and you shall find
 The litter and the lumber of the mind,
 The deeds of states and individual fools,
 Maxims pragmatICAL, and themes for schools:
 The puppets mouth them as the author rules.

575

WAGNER: And yet 'tis surely neither shame nor sin
 To learn the world and those that dwell therein.

FAUST: Yes, call it learning if you will.
 Thus you may give each dog you meet a name;
 'Tis hard to make him answer to the same.
 Those in such studies who have shown their skill,
 Liberal of truth, the open-hearted few,
 Who bared their feelings to the public view,
 Still by ungrateful man were bid to feel,
 Test of their faith, the faggot or the wheel.
 Excuse me now, our converse here must close,
 The night is wasting, and I need repose.

595

WAGNER: A longer vigil I could well have borne,
 To talk with one like you on themes so high.
 Allow me on to-morrow's Easter morn
 Your patience on some other points to try.
 Much have I learnt, my knowledge is not small,
 Yet am I not content with less than all.

FAUST (*alone*): Strange that when reason totters hope is firm.

Each slight encouragement renews our toil,

We grub for treasures in the mouldy soil,

And bless our fortune when we find a worm.

Was this the place for such a voice to sound,

When the dark powers of nature swarm'd around?

And yet for once poor wretch, whom nature ranks

Meanest of all her children, take my thanks.

Despair had seized me,—you have burst the chain,

And given my dazzled sense its power again.

The vision seem'd of such gigantic guise,

My frame was lessen'd to a pigmy's size.

I image of the Godhead, who but now

Almost had bask'd in truth's eternal sun,

For whom the reign of light had just begun,

While mortal mists were clearing from my brow;

Already borne beyond the cherub's flight,

Piercing the dark, undazzled by the bright,

A word of thunder, shrinking up my soul,

Has hurl'd it backward as it near'd the goal.

Likeness to thee my clay may not inherit;

I could attract thee hither, haughty spirit;

And yet to hold thee here had not the power.

That instant that you own'd my call,

I felt so little, yet so great,

Your hurl'd me back, you bade me fall,

Plumb down to man's uncertain state.

Who tells me what I should eschew?

What impulse I may best obey?

Whether we suffer, or we do,

We clog existence on its way.

What though when fancy's daring wing was young,

Forth into boundless space at once it sprung;

A shorter course 'tis now content to run,

When its wreck'd joys have perish'd one by one.

Care in the deep heart builds its nest,

And coils him there a rankling pest:

With joy assumes his torturing task,

Like other stabbers, not without a mask,

As wife or child, or other kindred blood,

Poison or steel, he shows, or fire or flood.

We weep for what we never lost,

And fly imagined ill, as though our path it cross'd.

I am not like the gods. Know that I must,

610

630

650

Most like the worm, slow wallowing through the dust,
 Whom man's destroying foot, if there it strays,
 Slays as he feasts, and buries while it slays.
 Are they not dust, the cases there?
 The shelves, and all the volumed pile they bear?
 There I may read, in many a page,
 That man, in every clime and age,
 Has rack'd his heart and brain:

That here and there a luckier wight was seen,
 Seldom or never to be seen again.
 Skull of the nameless dead, why grinn'st thou, say?

Except to tell me that the brain within
 Was mad, like mine, for what it fail'd to win,
 Truths never-dawning, still-expected day.
 Ye, too, have mocked me, instruments of art,
 Pulleys and rules, and wheels of toothed brass:
 At learning's door ye play the porter's part,
 But would not lift the latch to let me pass.

670

For Nature yields not to corporeal force,
 Nor suffers man by aid like yours to find
 What she refuses to the powers of mind,
 And deep reflection's flow, and study's tranquil course.

I have no portion in thee, useless heap
 Of lumber, aiding once my father's toil:
 Parchments and rolls continue still your sleep,
 Grimed by yon cresset's ever-fuming oil.
 Better to waste the substance of my sire,
 Than thus encircled by it to expire.

All we possess, and use not on the road,
 Adds to the burden we must bear,
 Enjoyment alleviates our share,
 And, by consuming, lightens still the load.

685

But why is yonder speck of glassy light
 A sudden magnet to my roving eye?
 Why spreads new radiance all around so bright,
 Like moonlight bursting through a stormy sky?
 Thou lonely flask, with reverential awe,
 Forth from thy shelf thy brittle frame I draw:
 In thee I venerate the art of man.
 Essence of painless rest, untortured death,
 Extract of powers that check the human breath,
 Now show your healing influence, for you can.
 I view ye, and the sight relieves my pain;
 I hold you, and my frenzy cools again.
 Here, where it mixes with unbounded seas,

The stream of life runs calmer by degrees;
Smooth at my feet blue ocean sleeps in light,
And the broad sun's last rays to distant shores invite.

700

Down swooping to my wish a car appears,
A fiery chariot. My glad soul prepare
To pierce the unattempted realms of air,
Systems unknown, and more harmonious spheres
Such proud existence, joys of heavenly birth!
Worm as thou art, what claim hast thou to share?
And yet to quit the sun that lights thy earth,
Thy proper orb is all thou hast to dare.
'Tis but to dash the portals to the ground
Through which the many slink as best they can,
To reassert, by more than empty sound,
E'en against heaven, the dignity of man.
To view the dark abyss, and not to quake,
Where fancy dooms us to eternal woes,
Through the dim gate our venturous way to take,
Around whose narrow mouth hell's furnace glows,
On such a venture gaily to advance,
And leap—to nothingness, if such our chance.

Come from the shelf, where thou hast lain secure,
Thou ancient goblet, form'd of crystal pure;
I have not thought on thee this many a year,
Of t at my father's feasts the rosy wine
In thy transparent brightness learnt to shine,
And add a lustre to the good man's cheer.

720

Well I remember the accustom'd rite,
When the blithe comrades pledged thee through the night,
And, as the spirit mounted while they quaff'd,
The jovial task to clear thee at a draught,
While thy rich carvings of the olden time
Form'd the quaint subject of the drinker's rhyme.
In thee I ne'er shall pledge my friend again,
Or for such rhyme the quick invention strain.
This juice of fatal strength and browner hue
Would make the unfinish'd verses' feet too few:
In thee the troubles of my soul I cast,
Hail the blest drops, and drain them to the last.

735

[Sets the cup to his lips. Church bells and anthem in the distance.]

CHORUS OF THE ANGELS: Christ is arisen!

Hail the glad day,
Ye children of clay,
Who are but the prey
Of weakness and sorrow.

FAUST: What thrilling sounds, what music's choral swell

Arrests the hand which death but now defied!

Dost thou proclaim, thou ever pealing bell,

The solemn hour of Easter's holy tide?

745

Say, do you wake for him who came to save

The strain which angels pour'd around his grave,

When the new covenant was ratified?

CHORUS OF WOMEN:

In unguents we bathed,

And in linen array'd him,

And, folded and swathed,

In the sepulchre laid him.

We folded in sorrow

His corpse on its bier,

And ah! on the morrow,

Christ is not here.

755

CHORUS OF ANGELS: Christ is arisen!

Hail the glad day

Ye children of clay,

Who, through grief and dismay,

Have stood and not fallen!

FAUST: Why seek ye here, ye tones of Heaven,

A thing like me, of mortal leaven?

On softer hearts your soothing influence try;

I hear your tidings, would that I believed!

765

I could be happy, though deceived.

I dare not lift my thoughts towards the spheres,

From whence that heavenly sound salutes my ears;

And yet that anthem's long-remember'd strain

Revives the scenes of sinless youth again,

When, on the stillness of the sabbath-day,

Heaven in that peal seem'd pouring from above,

And I look'd upward for its kiss of love,

While saints might wish with joy like mine to pray.

An undefined inspiration

Impell'd me from the haunts of man;

I form'd myself a new creation,

While tears of Christian fervour ran.

This very song proclaim'd to childhood's ear

The solemn tide for joys for ever past,

And memory, waking while the song I hear,

Arrests my strides, and checks me at the last.

Sound on, blest strain, your task almost is done;

Tears force their way, and earth regains her son.

784

Before the Gate of the City

FAUST: A little onward—far as yonder stone—

1022

I have a reason good to rest me there;
For often there I sat, and mused alone,
And mortified myself with fast and prayer.
There, firm in faith, I oft have striven,
With tears, and sighs, and prayers as vague,
To calm the wrath of angry Heaven,
And stay the ravage of the plague.

That voice of praise to me is scorn,
Too just, too bitter to be borne.
Hear how the father and the son
Deserve the gratitude they won.
That father was a dark adept,
Who nature's mystic ring o'erleapt,
And made her secret works his care,
With arts his own, but not unfair.

With some, like him initiate,
He sat before his furnace grate,
And, after many a crabb'd receipt,
He wielded there the powers of heat,
Made opposites together run,
And mingled contraries in one.

1040

There was a lion red, a friar bold,
Who married lilies in their bath of gold,
With fire then vex'd them from one bridal bed
Into another, thus he made them wed.
Upon her throne of glass was seen,
Of varied hues, the youthful queen.

This was the scene from whence our skill
Display'd so far its power to kill;
Our mixtures did their work more sure
Than all the plagues we came to cure.
Myself have given the poison draught,
And seen them perish as they quaff'd,
And live to hear their kindred shed
Their blessings on the murderer's head.

1055

FAUST: Happy in error's sea who finds the land,

1064

Or o'er delusion's waves his limbs can buoy;
We use the arts we cannot understand—
And what we know, we know not to employ.
But let us not, in fancy's moody play,
The moment's present raptures waste away.
See how, from tufted trees, in evening's glow,

Ere daylight sets, the cottage casements glow,

It sinks, the sun has lived another day,

And yields to death but to recruit his fires;

Alas! no wing may bear me on my way,

To track the monarch, as his orb retires.

1075

I watch'd him, as he sought the west;

Beneath his feet creation slept,

Each summit blood-red bright, each vale at rest,

The waveless streams like golden serpents crept.

In vain yon mountain's arrowy pinnacle

To the mind's flight opposed its precipice.

Ocean himself retired, his billows fell,

And for my path disclosed his huge abyss.

The vision ceased, the sun's glad reign was o'er,

Yet the wish died not with returning night.

Darkness behind me, and the day before,

On rush'd my soul to drink the eternal light.

Seas roll'd beneath, and skies above me rose.

Blest dream! it vanish'd in its loveliest prime.

Alas! no mortal wings may succour those

Which lift the mind upon its flight sublime.

1090

Yet nourish'd in the bosom's core

The impulse dwells which bids us onward press.

When the lark mounts till it can mount no more,

To wake its thrilling song of happiness,

When o'er the pines the eagle soaring

On posing wings appeared to rest,

When marshy wastes and seas exploring,

The crane speeds to his native nest.

WAGNER: I have had fancies, but for such as these

1100

They never troubled me, as I remember;

I soon have gazed my fill at fields and trees,

Envyng no bird his wings, or any member.

A different joy the learned finds at home,

From page to page, from book to book to roam.

Life from such task runs warm through every limb,

And winter's blasts are gales of spring to him.

And when some parchment is unroll'd by you,

Heaven, like the prophet's scroll, seems open'd too.

FAUST: One impulse you have left alone.

1110

Oh! let the other rest unknown.

Alas! in me two souls at variance dwell,—

Could they but separate, for both 'twere well.

One, ever wedded to the grosser earth,

Clings to the soulless clay that gave it birth;

The other feels that somewhere lie
 Glad realms, to which it fain would fly;
 Spirits (if such unearthly forms there be)
 To whom the reign of middle air is given,
 From clouds of downy gold descend, to free
 A soul that pines for your transparent heaven.

Oh, were a magic mantle mine,
 O'er foreign climes at will to range,
 No emperor's robe, of sables fine,

Should attempt my avarice to exchange!

1125

WAGNER: For mercy's sake, invoke no more
 The troop whose being is known too well!
 Too near at hand those viewless agents soar,
 Too ready to obey the spell.

When the north blows, I know whose frosty fang
 Vexes, who fret me with their arrowy tongues,
 While others ride the arid east, and hang
 Upon the panting chest, and husky lungs.

When mid-day from the desert has despatch'd
 The swarm that cauterize the maddening brain,

Far in the west their opposites are hatch'd,
 Who calm the fever and refresh the plain;
 Prompt listeners to what heard shall make us grieve—
 Prompt slaves to serve their masters, and deceive.

1140

FAUST'S Study.

FAUST: While gloomy night o'erspreads the plain,
 I leave the shadowy waste behind,
 Where darkness rouses not in vain
 The better genius of the mind;
 Each impulse wild its rest is taking,
 Each passion slumbers in its den,
 Nought but the love of God is waking,
 And love as pure for fellow-men.

1178

Rest thee, poodle. Why runnest thou so,
 On the threshold wandering to and fro?
 Lay thee down the stove beneath,
 Stop thy whining, and still thy breath.
 Poor dog, thou hast merrily cheer'd my way
 With thy wanton springs and thy frolicsome play:
 But welcome then here as an innocent guest,
 Still thy whining, and take thy rest.

1190

Ah! When again within our cell
 We bid the lamp of midnight glow,
 The inward light is trimm'd as well
 In hearts that learn themselves to know:
 While reason's voice adorns its theme,
 And hope blooms brighter than at first,
 The soul springs onward to the stream
 Which flows to quench our mortal thirst.

How! not, poodle! thy fiendish cries
 Disturb the bosom's celestial tone,
 Which accords but ill with thy yelling moan.
 But aught that is hid from human eyes,
 Human folly will oft condemn,
 They will murmur at all that is fair and good,
 If its fairness be hard to be understood.
 Would the critical hound but imitate them?

1205

But already, will I what I may,
 Joy's brief star has quench'd its fickle ray.
 Why must the stream so soon be dried,
 Ere my thirst be satisfied?

How oft such fortune has been mine:
 And yet by each blessing the world denies
 We are taught the things of heaven to prize,
 And for revelation's light to pine.
 And nowhere brighter it was sent
 Than in our Saviour's Testament.
 Great is my wish to labour o'er
 My version of its holy lore;
 And, with a Christian's good design,
 To make it German line by line.

1215

In the beginning was the Word, I write,
 And straight erase what fails to satisfy;
 I cannot rate the Word sufficient quite;
 A worthier version I must try.

1225

Will not the spirit guide me such to find?
 I write, in the beginning was the Mind.
 But let me, ere the opening line be done,
 Consider if the pen the sense outrun.
 Did Mind work all things in creation's hour?
 No, thus: in the beginning was the power.
 Yet, while I write it down, a warning voice
 Still makes me discontented with my choice.
 'Tis done! the spirit helps me at my need,

And writes, in the beginning was the Deed.

In my chamber would you rest,
Be silent, poodle—you had best.

Cease to bellow!

1240

For with such a clamorous fellow,

Truly, I could well dispense:

One incontinent must hence.

Though patient, I can bear no more,

Though to a guest I ope the door.

But, what wonders do I see!

Natural sight it cannot be!

Long and broad my poodle grows,

And a wondrous shape he shows,

Such the limbs and such the force

Of the Delta's river-horse;

Half-begotten rood of hell,

Solomon's key shall fit him well.

1258

Less than five, and more than three,

1271

Fit the best whate'er he be.

Salamanders, burn and glow;

Water-spirits, twine and flow;

Up, ye sylphs, in æther blue;

Earthly goblins, down with you.

He who could not win consent

From each subject element,

Could not govern at his will

Spirits, be they good or ill.

Salamanders, mix in flame;

In your waters, sprites, the same;

1285

Sylphs, shine out in meteor beauty;

Goblins, help to do your duty.

Incubus, Incubus,

Make the spell complete for us.

None of the four

Stand in the door.

He lies and he grins at me calmly still:

And yet I have not work'd him ill;

But the spell he shall hear

Shall shake him with fear.

Art thou, tell,

An exile of hell?

Then look at this sign,

1300

At the sight of which all

The fallen must fall.

His form swells out and bristles his hair.
 Son of a fallen line,
 Say, canst thou read the sign?
 Swelling like an elephant,
 He will make the chamber scant.
 Rise not to the ceiling's crown:
 At my bidding lay thee down.
 You see that I threaten never in vain;
 Be still ere I vex thee with fiery pain.
 Wait not till the fiery light
 From its third eclipse be bright:
 Wait not the force of the deadliest flame,
 And the terrible sound of the Holiest name.

1321

[Mephistopheles *appears from behind the stove,
 dressed as a travelling Student.*

**Auerbach's Cellar, in Leipzig.
 MEPHISTOPHELES Sings**

Upon a time there lived a king, 2211

This king he had a flea

So much he loved the little thing,

That like his son was he.

His tailor he beseeches,

The tailor to him goes,

Now measure my flea for breeches,

And measure him for hose.

In satin and in laces, 2222

Straitway this flea was drest;

He had buckles to his braces,

And a cross upon his breast.

He govern'd then the nation

With a star his coat to grace,

And he gave each poor relation

A pension or a place.

He set the ladies scoffing,

The lords were sore distress'd;

The queen too, and the dauphin,

Could neither eat nor rest;

And yet they dared not stifle,

And crush the flea outright;

We reckon it but a trifle

To crush one if he bite.

CHORUS: We reckon it but a trifle
 To crush one if he bite. 2240
 Very good song, very well sung,
 Jolly companions every one! 2242

The WITCHES' Kitchen.

A great caldron is boiling on a fire, which is seen blazing on a low hearth. In the smoke that rises from it various figures are ascending. A meerkatze (an animal between a cat and a monkey) sits by the caldron, skimming it so that it may not boil over. The male, with his family, is warming himself. The walls and roof are hung round with all the strange and fantastic apparatus of witchcraft.

A Mountain Forest—Rocks and Caves.

FAUST: Spirit of Power! thou gavest me, gavest me all 3217
 My wishes ask'd:—not vainly hast thou turn'd
 Thy awful countenance in fire towards me!
 Thou gavest me Nature's realms for my dominion,
 And power to feel and to enjoy the gift.
 Not with mere wonder's glance my eye was cheated;
 Deep into nature's breast at once I dived,
 And soon scann'd it like the bosom of a friend.
 Thou bad'st, in dark array, her living forms
 Glide by: thou teachest me to know my brethren
 In air, in quiet wood, or glassy stream;
 And when the storm is howling through the forest,
 The storm that strikes the giant pine to earth;
 While many a branchy neighbour shares the ruin, 3230
 And rocks give back the rebound;
 Then, led by thee to some wild cave remote,
 My task I ply—the study of myself.
 Or, should the silver moon look kindly down,
 The vision'd forms of ages long gone by
 Gleam out from piled rock, or dewy bush—
 Mellow to kinder light the blaze of thought,
 And soothe the maddening mind to softer joy!
 Alas! that man must ever seek in vain, 3240
 As I have sought, perfection! To the gift
 Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,
 Thou gavest one dark companion. One with whom
 I may not part, howe'er his cold disdain
 Is ever humbling me before myself,

And, with the reckless breath of his contempt,
 He withers all thy gifts. In vain my soul
 Still grasps at phantoms of its own creation,
 Wanders uncheck'd from craving to enjoyment,
 And, in enjoyment, pants for fresh desire.

3250

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES: Has not your hermitship bemused your fill?

How can the lonely freak so long endure?
 Give it a decent trial if you will—
 By this time something new might well allure.

FAUST: I wish you some more laudable employment,
 Than to disturb my instants of enjoyment.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Oh! I shall leave your hermitship alone,
 Yet think you well might take a lighter tone;
 There is not much to lose in such a mate,
 So unpolite and so disconsolate.

3260

'Tis hard to reckon when to interpose—
 The devil cannot read it in your nose.

FAUST: Oh! that is just his way: he first annoys,
 Then would be thank'd for blasting all my joys.

MEPHISTOPHELES: Poor son of earth! and were I not so kind,
 How would your sad existence be endured?

3277

Why thus, where nature's features scowl,
 Dispute his mansion with the owl?
 Why, like the crawling worm, or beetle, live
 On what the dripping rock or moss can give?
 A pleasant way the time to kill:
 The doctor hangs about you still.

3272

FAUST: Couldst thou conceive, when thy inventions fail,
 What health from such wild wanderings I inhale;
 Couldst thou but feel it—in such hour as this
 Thou wert not fiend enough to grudge my bliss!

3280

MEPHISTOPHELES: A more than earthly bliss, 'tis true,
 To sit on stones, in darkness and in dew!
 Till, with your fancies quite imbued,
 You swell with heavenly beatitude
 To gaze on many a mighty apparition!
 And all this lofty intuition

[*Bowing low.*

In what I may not say to end.
 Enough of this; within your fair abides,
 Her soul halfstifled with its love for you;
 Deep in her breast your image still resides:
 Few maids' affections are so strong and true.
 Your love was like the mountain-streamlet's tide,

3292

3303

When vernal snows had melted from its side.
 When August's sun inflames the sky,
 How fares the stream?—the stream is dry.
 Might I but counsel one so great,
 It would become her bosom's lord,
 Instead of sitting here in state,
 Such pure affection to reward.
 How slow for her the steps of time must fall!
 She looks through the casement's chequer'd glass;
 The clouds drive by, and she watches them pass
 Over the city wall.
 'Were I a bird, to flee away,
 'Soon would I spread my wings'—
 Through half the night, and all the day,
 Such is the song she sings.
 She has sparkles of joy which soon subside,
 Then she weeps till her soul is satisfied,
 And then is tranquil, or seems to be so,
 But ever in love, if she seem it or no.

FAUST: Venom'd snake!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*apart*): Good!—if my venom take.

3225

FAUST: Cursed of God and man—retire!

Breathe not her name, but get thee hence!

Wake not the bosom's slumbering fire,

Where madness half had dull'd its sense.

MEPHISTOPHELES: How now?—she thinks herself deserted quite—

Nor am I sure she is not in the right.

FAUST: 'Tis false! we are not parted. Were we so,

I could not still forget her, nor forego.

I envy all on which her glance but strays,

The beads she counts, the shrine at which she prays.

Pander, avaunt!

MEPHISTOPHELES: Excuse me, if I smile.

You rave, and in reproaches waste your breath;

And this the grievance all the while,

Because, in duty bound, I recommend

A lovely woman's chamber to my friend—

Sleep in her arms, in preference to death!

FAUST: What are the joys her love can give?

Do I not still remain the same?

The houseless wretch, the fugitive,

Without repose, without an aim?

My course has been like cataracts that leap,

All maddening, till in some dark gulf they sleep.

3350

Upon a terraced cliff, impending o'er
 The rush of waters, and the torrent's roar,
 She dwelt, the mistress of her little world,
 Nor fear'd the frenzied stream's descent,
 And I, accursed of Heaven! was not content.
 By me the stedfast rock was rent,
 And into ruin hurl'd!

She and her joys were swept away.
 Hell! 'twas thy bidding—take thy prey.
 For my own doom, exact it fast—
 Do now what must be done at last;
 For, e'en if she my fate must share,
 Suspense more tortures than despair!

3565

MEPHISTOPHELES: Why how it sparkles, cracks, and flies!

Console her—tell her things may mend.
 Thus, where a man no exit spies,
 He rushes madly to the end.
 I like a devil of obdurate leaven;
 In other points you suit your station well,
 Hope, in an angel of the highest heaven,
 Is not more foolish than despair in hell!

3373

Margaret's Chamber.

MARGARET (at her wheel, alone).

My peace is vanish'd,
 My heart is sore:
 I shall find it never,
 And never more!
 Where he is not,
 I find my tomb;
 And the sunniest spot
 Is turn'd to gloom.
 My aching head
 Will burst with pain—
 And the sense has fled
 My wilder'd brain.
 I look through the glass
 'Till my eyes are dim;
 The threshold I pass
 Alone for him.
 His lofty step,
 And his forehead high,
 His winning smile,

3374

And his beaming eye!
 His fond caress,
 So rich in bliss!
 His hand to press— 3400
 And ah! his kiss!
 My peace is vanish'd—
 Could I but find him,
 My grief were past!
 These arms should bind him,
 And hold him fast.
 Could I kiss him and cherish,
 As I could kiss!
 But thus—and perish
 In doing this! 3413

Martha's Garden.

MARGARET: The man who still your steps attends, 3471
 That man, my deepest, inmost soul offends.
 I never knew a feeling dart
 So like a dagger through my heart,
 As when his evil features cross my sight,
 FAUST: My foolish Margaret, why this causeless fright?
 MARGARET: His presence chills my blood through every vein;
 Ill-will to man I never entertain,
 But, howsoe'er on you I love to gaze,
 Still on that man my eye with horror stays;
 To a bad race I hold him to belong.
 May God forgive me, if I do him wrong!
 FAUST: He is not lovely, but such men must be.
 MARGARET: Heaven keep me far from such a mate as he!
 If at our door he chance to knock, 3485
 His very lip seems curl'd to mock,
 Yet furious in his very sneers.
 He takes no part in aught he sees or hears.
 Written it stands his brow above—
 No thing that lives that man may love.
 Abandon'd to your circling arm,
 I feel so blest, so free from harm—
 And he must poison joys so pure and mild.
 FAUST: Thou loveliest, best, but most suspecting child.
 MARGARET: My nerves so strongly it comes o'er,
 I feel, whene'er he joins us on our way,
 As if I did not love you as before;

As if I could not raise my voice to pray.
 That fancy makes me tremble through my frame;
 Say what you will, yourself must feel the same.

3500

Night.

Street, before MARGARET'S Door.

VALENTINE: When in some camp I joined the crowd,

3620

Where jests went round, and boasting loud,
 And many a clamorous voice proclaim'd
 The charms and worth of maids they named,
 And pledged, in mantling cups, the toast,
 With elbows squared, I kept my post;
 Let all their tongues at freedom run,
 Nor utter'd, till the tale was done.
 Then 'twas my turn my beard to stroke—
 I fill'd my glass, and smiled, and spoke.
 Each to his mind—I gainsay none—
 But this I say, there is not one
 Like my poor Margaret, or who
 Is fit to tie my sister's shoe!
 The merry glasses clang'd consent;
 They clapp'd, they shouted—round it went—
 'She is the queen of all her race!
 The praise of others died apace,
 And now!—my best resource remains,
 Against the wall to dash my brains.
 For I am one each knave who meets
 May curl his nose at in the streets.
 Nail'd like a felon by the ear,
 Sweating each scurril jest to hear;
 And though I smash'd them, low and high,
 And gave the fiend their souls to fry,
 I could not give one wretch the lie!
 Who slinks this way?—who passes there?
 Now, by my sister's shame I swear,
 Should it be he whose blood I crave,
 The miscreant treads upon his grave!

3649

Dungeon

FAUST, with a Bundle of Keys, and a Lamp, before a low iron Door

FAUST: Strength to my limbs my fainting soul denies,
 Sick with the sense of man's collected wo;

4405

Behind this dungeon's dripping wall she lies,
 Frenzy the crime for which her blood must flow,
 Traitor, thou dar'st not enter in
 To face the witness of thy sin.
 Forward, by cowardice draws down the blow.

MARGARET (*within*) *sings*: Now shame on my mother
 Who brought me to light,
 And foul fall my father
 Who nursed me in spite.

FAUST (*unlocking the door*): She dreams not that her lover hears the strain,
 The straw's sad rustling, and the clinking chain.

MARGARET (*hiding herself in the straw on which she lies*):
 Wo, wo! they wake me! bitter fate!

FAUST: Hush, hush! I come to give thee means to fly.

MARGARET: Art thou a man? then be compassionate.

4425

FAUST: Soft! thou wilt wake thy jailers with that cry.

[*He seizes the chains to unlock them.*]

MARGARET (*on her knees*): Who gave the hangman power

So soon to wake and slay?

Why callest thou me at midnight's hour?—

Oh! let me live till day!

Is it not time when morn has sprung

[*She stands up*]

And I am yet so young—so young!

And yet so soon to perish by your laws.

Once I was fair too—that is just the cause.

One friend was near me then; he too is fled.

My flowers are wither'd, and my garland dead.

Seize me not thus! it gives me pain.

Have I e'er wrong'd thee? why then bind me so?

Let not my woman's voice implore in vain—

Can I have hurt one whom I do not know?

FAUST: Can I outlive this hour of wo!

MARGARET: Ah! I am now within thy power;

Yet let me clasp my only joy,

My child! I nursed it many an hour,

But then they took it from me to annoy,

And now they say the mother kill'd her boy.

'And she shall ne'er be happy more.'—

That is the song they sing to give me pain;

It is the end of an old strain,

But never meant me before.

4450

FAUST: He whom you deem'd so far, before you lies,
 To burst your chains, and give the life you prize.

MARGARET: Oh! raise we to the saints our prayer!

For see, beneath the stair,
Beneath the door-stone swell
The penal flames of hell.
The evil one,
In pitiless wrath,
Roars for his prey.

FAUST (*aloud*): Margaret! Margaret!

MARGARET (*starting*): That was *his* voice!

[*She springs up; her chains fall off.*]

Where is he? for I know 'twas he.
None, none shall stay me; I am free!
'Tis to his bosom I will fly,
In his embraces I will lie.
His Margaret he calls, on the threshold he stands,
'Mid the laughter and howls of the fiendish bands;
Through the shouts of their malice, their hissings of scorn,
How sweetly his voice of affection was borne!

FAUST: 'Tis I.

MARGARET: Oh, say it, say it, once again.

My friend, my lover! Where is now my pain?
Where is my chain, my dungeon, and my grave?
He comes himself to comfort and to save.
I see the church's aisle, the street,
Where first we dared to gaze, to meet:
The garden blooms before me now,
Where first we shared the kiss, the vow.

4475

FAUST: Away! away!

MARGARET: Oh, not so fast!

Time is with you so sweetly past.

FAUST: Haste, Margaret, haste!

For if thou lingerest here,
We both shall pay it dear.

MARGARET: What, thou canst kiss no more!

Away so short a time as this,
And hast so soon forgot to kiss!

Why are my joys less ardent than they were?

Once in those folding arms I loved to lie,
Clung to that breast, and deem'd my heaven was there,
Till, scarce alive, I almost long'd to die!

Those lips are cold, and do not move,
Alas! unkind, unkind!

Hast thou left all thy love,
Thy former love, behind?

FAUST: Follow me! follow, Margaret! be not slow:

With twice its former heat my love shall glow.

Margaret, this instant come, 'tis all I pray.

4500

MARGARET: And art thou, art thou, he for certain, say?

FAUST: I am; come with me.

MARGARET: Thou shalt burst my chain,

And lay me in thy folding arms again.

How comes it, tell me, thou canst bear my sight?

Know'st thou to whom thou bring'st the means of flight?

FAUST: Come, come!—I feel the morning breeze's breath.

MARGARET: This hand was guilty of a mother's death!

I drown'd my child! and thou canst tell

If it was mine, 'twas thine as well.

I scarce believe, though so it seem—

Give me thy hand—I do not dream—

That dear, dear hand. Alas, that spot!

Wipe it away, the purple clot!

What has thou done? Put up thy sword:

It was thy Margaret's voice implored.

FAUST: Oh Margaret! let the past be past:

Forget it, or I breathe my last.

MARGARET: No; you must live till I shall trace

For each their separate burial place.

You must prepare betimes to-morrow

Our home of sorrow.

For my poor mother keep the best;

My brother next to her shall rest.

Me, Margaret, you must lay aside.

Some space between, but not too wide.

On the right breast my boy shall be;

Let no one else lie there but he.

'Twere bliss with him in death to lie,

Which, on this earth, my foes deny.

'Tis all in vain—you will not mind,

And yet you look so good, so kind.

FAUST: Then be persuaded—come with me.

MARGARET: To wander with you?

FAUST: To be free.

MARGARET: To death: I know it—I prepare

I come: the grave is yawning there!

The grave, no farther—'tis our journey's end.

You part. Oh! could I but your steps attend.

FAUST: You can! But wish it, and the deed is done.

MARGARET: I may not with you: hope for me is none!

How can I fly? They glare upon me still!

It is so sad to beg the wide world through,

And with an evil conscience too!
 It is so sad to roam through stranger lands,
 And they will seize me with their iron hands!

FAUST: I will be with you.

4550

MARGARET: Quick! fly!
 Save it, or the child will die!
 Through the wild wood,
 To the pond!
 It lifts its head!
 The bubbles rise!
 It breathes!
 Oh save it, save it!

FAUST: Reflect, reflect!

One step, and thou art free!

MARGARET: Had we but pass'd the hillside lone—

My mother there sits on a stone.
 Long she has sat there, cold and dead,
 Yet nodding with her weary head.

Yet winks not, nor signs, other motion is o'er;
 She slept for so long, that she wakes no more.

FAUST: Since words are vain to rouse thy sleeping sense,

I venture, and with force I bear thee hence.

4575

MARGARET: Unhand me! leave me! I will not consent!

Too much I yielded once! too much repent!

FAUST: Day! Margaret, day! your hour will soon be past.

MARGARET: True, 'tis the day; the last—the last!

My bridal day!—'twill soon appear.

Tell it to none thou has been here.

We shall see one another, and soon shall see—

But not at the dance will our meeting be.

We two shall meet

In the crowded street:

The citizens throng—the press is hot,

They talk together—I hear them not:

The bell has toll'd—the wand they break—

My arms they pinion till they ache!

They force me down upon the chair!

The neck of each spectator there

Thrills, as though itself would feel

The headsman's stroke—the sweeping steel!

And all are dumb, with speechless pain,

As if they never would speak again!

FAUST: Oh, had I never lived!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears in the door-way*): Off! or your life will be but short :

My coursers paw the ground, and snort!

The sun will rise, and off they bound.

4600

MARGARET: Who is it rises from the ground?

'Tis he!—the evil one of hell!

What would he where the holy dwell?

'Tis me he seeks!

FAUST: To bid thee live.

MARGARET: Justice of Heaven! to thee my soul I give!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*): Come! come! or tarry else with her to die.

MARGARET: Heaven I am thine! to thy embrace I fly!

Hover around, ye angel bands

Save me! defy him where he stands.

Henry, I shudder! 'tis for thee.

4610

MEPHISTOPHELES: She is condemn'd!

VOICES FROM ABOVE: Is pardon'd!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*): Hence, and flee!

[*Vanishes with FAUST.*

MARGARET (*from within*): Henry! Henry!

4612

STYLOMETRIC ANALYSIS OF THE *FAUST* TRANSLATIONS

This Appendix offers a statistical analysis of the *Faust* translations presented in this volume. For this textual analysis, McKusick used the *Signature* software system designed at the University of Leeds to facilitate the stylometric analysis and comparison of texts, with a particular emphasis on author identification. Drawing upon the statistical techniques developed by Frederick Mosteller and David L. Wallace in their landmark study *Inference and Disputed Authorship: The Federalist* (1964), McKusick examined the relative frequency of word-lengths and of functional keywords. Results of this statistical analysis showed a strong stylistic correlation between the anonymous 1821 translation of *Faustus* and Coleridge's *Remorse*. McKusick also compared the 1821 *Faustus* text with other contemporary translations of Goethe's *Faust*. In spite of the fact that all were translations of the same text, none showed a significant stylistic correlation with the 1821 *Faustus*. These findings suggest a strong likelihood that Coleridge was the author of the 1821 *Faustus*.

STYLOMETRIC APPROACHES TO AUTHOR ATTRIBUTION

The statistical analysis of style has been employed for over a century as a means to determine the authorship of anonymous texts, although the early methods appear rather crude and unreliable to modern practitioners. The word 'stylometric' was coined (circa 1935, according to *OED*) to refer to the investigation of style by means of numerical analysis. Virtually any feature of a text that can be counted can also be analysed statistically, and current computer software has made possible rapid counts of letters, words, sentences, punctuation, and virtually any other textual feature. The difficult part of stylometric analysis is not making the actual count, but rather determining precisely which features of the text are significant in the attribution of authorship.

An 1887 article by T. C. Mendenhall offered one of the first attempts to determine authorship on the basis of a statistical approach. Mendenhall prepared graphs showing the relative frequency of word lengths, from one to sixteen letters, in Shakespeare and various of his contemporaries. Although

Mendenhall's approach is no longer considered particularly useful or reliable, his explanation of the assumptions underlying this method is still worthy of consideration. Mendenhall argued that if a sufficient quantity of a writer's work were so plotted, the resulting graph, which he called a 'word-spectrum' or 'characteristic curve of composition', could form a test of authorship. In his 1887 article, Mendenhall explains the two premisses that underlie his approach:

1. 'Every writer makes use of a vocabulary which is peculiar to himself,' and
2. 'Personal peculiarities in the construction of sentences will, *in the long run*, recur with such regularity that short words, long words and words of medium length, will recur with definite relative frequencies.'¹

Although the specific method of word-length analysis developed by Mendenhall has not subsequently proven reliable as a general test of authorship, his underlying assumptions nevertheless still represent an essential foundation for virtually all stylometric analysis, even today. Expressed more generally, these fundamental premisses may be stated as follows:

1. Every writer makes use of a characteristic vocabulary, and
2. The characteristic features of a writer's vocabulary tend to recur with consistent relative frequencies.

During the century that has followed the publication of Mendenhall's prescient article, many investigators have endeavoured to develop reliable statistical methods for the attribution of authorship. Stylometric analysis generally differs from the more traditional methods of stylistics in that it examines the most common and ubiquitous features of a text, rather than the rare and recondite features, the *hapax legomena* and 'dictionary words' that have traditionally been regarded as the hallmarks of an individual writer's style. Whether or not the textual features measured by statistical means are a conscious or intentional feature of a writer's style, they have proven in many cases to be reliable means of distinguishing one writer's work from another.

The growing power of computers and software in the decades since 1960 has greatly increased the ability of stylometrists to carry out the statistical analysis of textual features. In 1964, the statisticians Frederick Mosteller and David L. Wallace published their landmark study *Inference and Disputed Authorship: The Federalist*. This computer-based study was the first to

¹ T. C. Mendenhall, 'The Characteristic Curves of Composition', *Science-Supplement*, 9/214 [11 March 1887], 237-49. Cited by M. W. A. Smith, 'Critical Reflections on the Determination of Authorship by Statistics: Word-Length and the Shakespearean Authorship Controversy,' *Shakespeare Newsletter*, 35 (1985), 40.

provide a convincing attribution of authorship on the basis of the relative frequency of 'function words', the most common words in English-language texts whose occurrence is largely independent of context. Mosteller and Wallace used this approach to analyse the *Federalist Papers*, a series of eighty-five essays that were published anonymously in 1787 and 1788 to advocate the ratification of the Constitution of the United States. Scholars had previously identified Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay as the authors of these essays, but the authorship of twelve of the papers could not be determined with certainty from external evidence and had been disputed for the better part of two centuries by historians.

Mosteller and Wallace began their analysis by assuming that for each of these twelve papers, there was an equal probability that Hamilton or Madison was the author. In order to determine authorship, Mosteller and Wallace devised a list of twenty-eight functional keywords that occur with differential frequency in the essays known to be written by Hamilton and Madison.² They then examined the frequency of these twenty-eight keywords in each of the disputed papers, using each keyword in turn to improve the probability estimate for the attribution of each paper. In the end, all of the twelve disputed papers were assigned to Madison, a finding that is consistent with the prevailing view of historians, and is now generally accepted as proven on the basis of this statistical analysis.

The statistical methodology of Mosteller and Wallace has proven widely influential in the subsequent development of stylometry, and the *Federalist Papers* have emerged as a favourite proving-ground for new methods of authorship attribution. Subsequent investigations have developed ever more sophisticated methods of statistical analysis, while also relying ever more heavily upon the use of computers and electronic archives of literary texts to carry out the research. During the 1980s, a statistical technique known as principal-components analysis (PCA) was developed by John Burrows for the purpose of author attribution, and his recent work has extended this technique into several different kinds of authorship questions, including the attribution of seventeenth-century texts for which there is no shortlist of authorship candidates.³ Another stylometric approach devised in

² Frederick Mosteller and David L. Wallace, *Inference and Disputed Authorship: The Federalist* (Reading, Mass.: Addison-Wesley, 1964), 40. These twenty-eight distinctive function words are listed in table 2.5–4. Here is the final list: (Hamilton markers:) *enough, while, destruction, offensive, affect[ed], commonly, vigor[ous], city[ies], contribute, defensive, direction, disgracing, rapid, considerable[ly]*; (Madison markers:) *whilst, consequently, although, violate[s/d/ing], pass[es/ed/ing], voice, throughout, language, fortune[s], join[ed], violence, again, function[s], innovation[s]*. Note that this final list contains semantically colourful verbs, nouns, and adjectives, as well as prepositions.

³ For an explanation of principal-component analysis (PCA) and other recent developments in stylometric analysis, see John F. Burrows, 'Computers and the Study of Literature', in Christopher

the 1990s by David Holmes and Richard Forsyth uses artificial intelligence techniques to devise effective algorithms for the attribution of authorship.⁴

In 2003 the University of Leeds published the *Signature* software system designed to facilitate the stylometric analysis and comparison of texts, with a particular emphasis on author identification. The present stylometric analysis of the *Faust* translations was carried out by means of the *Signature* software (version 1.0) which enables the user to compute the frequency of many different textual elements and run a chi-square test of statistical significance upon the results. This software was chosen because it is freeware in the public domain, which will enable any other scholar to replicate and critically examine our results. Indeed, we would certainly encourage further study of the attribution questions raised by the *Faust* translations, using more advanced stylometric methods. However, we have found the *Signature* software tools (despite a few minor programming bugs in the existing 'development' version 1.0) entirely sufficient to make persuasive findings concerning the authorship of the 1821 *Faustus*.

EDITORIAL PREPARATION OF SOURCE TEXTS

As raw material for stylometric analysis, it was necessary to prepare source texts for all of the *Faust* translations. For each translation, we have used the final edited version, as presented in this book, as the source text. For Coleridge source texts, we have used the version published in the 1912 edition of his *Poetical Works* and available in electronic form through the *Literature Online* database published by Chadwyk and Healey. Because the *Signature* software (version 1.0) recognizes only plain ASCII characters, we have converted all of these source texts to plain ASCII text files, and stripped them of all page and line numbers, editorial notes, and apparatus. Diacritical marks have been removed (for example, from German proper nouns). We have retained everything that was present in the original published texts, including poetry, prose, authorial footnotes, and the designation of speakers' names in dramatic scenes. Lexical forms have not been normalized, so all of the data compiled here will reflect the original spelling (including non-standard spellings and contractions). We are aware that there is a more recent Bollingen edition of Coleridge's poetic and dramatic works, but very

S. Butler (ed.), *Computers and Written Texts* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1992), 167–204, and John Burrows, "'Delta': A Measure of Stylistic Difference and a Guide to Likely Authorship", *Literary and Linguistic Computing: Journal of the Association for Literary and Linguistic Computing*, 17 (2002), 267–87.

⁴ For discussion of the neural network and artificial intelligence approaches to stylometry, see David I. Holmes, 'The Evolution of Stylometry in Humanities Scholarship', *Literary and Linguistic Computing: Journal of the Association for Literary and Linguistic Computing*, 13 (1998), 111–7.

few substantive changes have been made to his plays in that edition, since (like those in the 1912 edition) the copytexts are drawn from the first published editions of each play. We have chosen to use the most readily accessible electronic version of these texts so that our results can be replicated and critically examined by other scholars.

STYLOMETRIC ANALYSIS OF WORD LENGTH

As discussed above, the analysis of relative frequency of word length was first employed as a means of author attribution by T. C. Mendenhall (1887). Although this kind of analysis is no longer considered definitive or even particularly reliable by stylometrists, it is nevertheless possible to gain interesting and suggestive results by looking at this kind of data. One advantage of word-length distribution analysis is that the findings are entirely independent of any intervention by the investigator, so there is no possibility of observational bias in the experimental results. Quite simply, the computer examines each word and tallies the results by the number of letters in each word. The findings are then presented in a chart that shows the ‘characteristic curve of composition’ (in Mendenhall’s felicitous phrase) for each text under analysis.

We have plotted the word-length frequency curve for each of the *Faust* translations presented in this book. In addition, we have plotted the word-length frequency for each of Coleridge’s four published plays: *The Death of Wallenstein* (1800), *The Piccolomini* (1800), *Remorse* (1813), and *Zapolya* (1817). Finally, we have run a chi-square test to determine whether there is a statistically significant difference in the word-length distribution between all possible pairs of these texts. By default, the *Signature* software carries out this chi-square analysis of word-length frequency on columns 2 to 8, that is, on words of two to eight letters. Columns having small numerical values are excluded because chi-square analysis is only valid for those columns having large numerical values.⁵ Intuitively, we believe it makes sense to regard words of two to eight letters as the ‘core vocabulary’ for a given author, because these words may be less liable to context-dependent variation.

The results are quite clear, and intuitively apparent to anyone looking at the graphs shown below. There is a very close resemblance in word-

⁵ The existing documentation for the *Signature* software (by Peter Millican, 2003, available at www.etext.leeds.ac.uk/signature) does not explain the rationale for setting the default columns for chi-square analysis of word-length frequency at 2 to 8 (that is, to include only words of two to eight letters). However, this default setting appears well justified on statistical grounds, because chi-square analysis is only valid for those columns having large numerical values. In addition, as discussed in the main text of this chapter, words of two to eight letters may reasonably be regarded as constituting an author’s ‘core vocabulary’. Accordingly, we have used this default setting consistently for all chi-square analysis of word-length frequency.

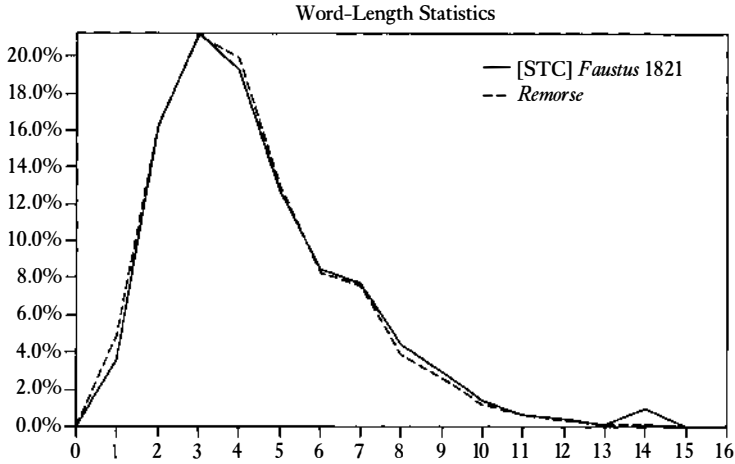


Fig. 1

Word-Length Statistics

Text Name	Total	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	16859	3.6%	16%	21%	19%	13%	8.5%	7.7%	4.5%	2.9%	1.4%
<i>Remorse</i>	13048	4.8%	16%	21%	20%	13%	8.3%	7.6%	3.9%	2.6%	1.2%

Chi-Square significance test (columns 2–8): Chi-Square value = 7.824 Chi-Square 20% value = 8.56
 p-value = 0.2512 In this case the difference is *not* significant even at the 20% level.

length distribution between the anonymous 1821 *Faustus* translation and Coleridge’s *Remorse*, as shown in fig. 1. By way of explanation, the chi-square test results in a ‘p-value’, which gives the probability that mere random variation between two samples (in this case, the anonymous 1821 *Faustus* and Coleridge’s *Remorse*) would give rise to a difference measure of at least the calculated magnitude. In this case, the p-value is 0.2512, which indicates that there is not a significant difference (even at the 20 percent level) between the two samples along the parameters in question.⁶ (Generally, in scientific enquiries, a difference must be significant at the 5 percent level or below to

⁶ Here are some further details about the statistical methodology employed in this study. All chi-square analysis in this study is carried out by including the ‘sample’ text in the ‘reference’ text (which is the standard default procedure incorporated in the *Signature* software package). This procedure may seem counterintuitive, since it might appear that the ‘sample’ could thereby contaminate the ‘reference’ text. However, as long as this procedure is followed consistently, it cannot possibly skew the analysis in favour of one potential author over another; it offers a level playing field to all contenders. The underlying rationale for this procedure is fully explained in the documentation that accompanies the *Signature* software: ‘We have so far taken the “reference” and “sample” texts to be quite distinct, but if both are quite short, it can be best to include the “sample” within the “reference.” Applying the [chi-square] test is then like asking: “Suppose we have an author whose style is typified by the combination of the sample and reference texts, R and S. Then what is the probability that such an author, writing a text of the same length as S, would purely by chance . . .”’—The principle here is simply that statistical results are more reliable when they’re based on more data’ (from *Signature* software documentation by Peter Millican, 2003, available at www.etext.leeds.ac.uk/signature).

be regarded as worthy of note.) Accordingly, if we compare the 'core vocabulary' of words that are two to eight letters in length, we can conclude that there is no statistically significant difference between these two texts in their word-length frequencies. Of course, this does not 'prove' that Coleridge wrote both texts; but it does show that this is a plausible hypothesis on the basis of the current data.

There is a statistically significant difference between the word-length frequencies of the 1821 *Faustus* and those of every other *Faust* translation of the period. There is also a statistically significant difference between the 1821 *Faustus* and each of the other three Coleridge plays (*Wallenstein*, *Piccolomini*, and *Zapolya*). Figures 2 to 7 show the significant differences in word-length distribution between the 1821 *Faustus* and each of the other contemporary *Faust* translations.

Although these are not definitive results, they are indeed suggestive. These findings suggest that there is a general similarity in vocabulary, as reflected in word-length distribution, between *Remorse* and the 1821 *Faustus*. There is no such resemblance between the 1821 *Faustus* and any one of the other contemporary translations of *Faust*. This finding is consistent with our hypothesis that Coleridge is the author of the 1821 *Faustus*, and our findings also suggest that, of all of Coleridge's dramatic works, *Remorse* is the one that most closely resembles the 1821 *Faustus* in its vocabulary. We will

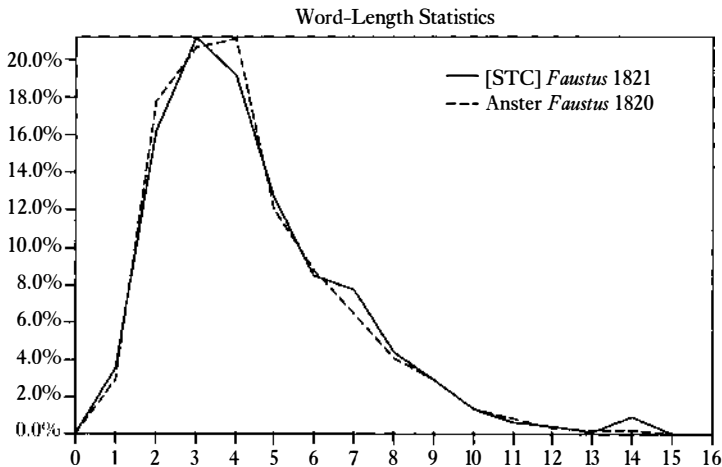


Fig. 2

Word-Length Statistics

Text Name	Total	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	16859	3.6%	16%	21%	19%	13%	8.5%	7.7%	4.5%	2.9%	1.4%
Anster <i>Faustus</i> 1820	16053	3%	18%	21%	21%	12%	8.8%	6.5%	4.2%	3%	1.4%

Chi-Square significance test (columns 2-8): Chi-Square value = 51.127 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 22.46
 p-value < .0001 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

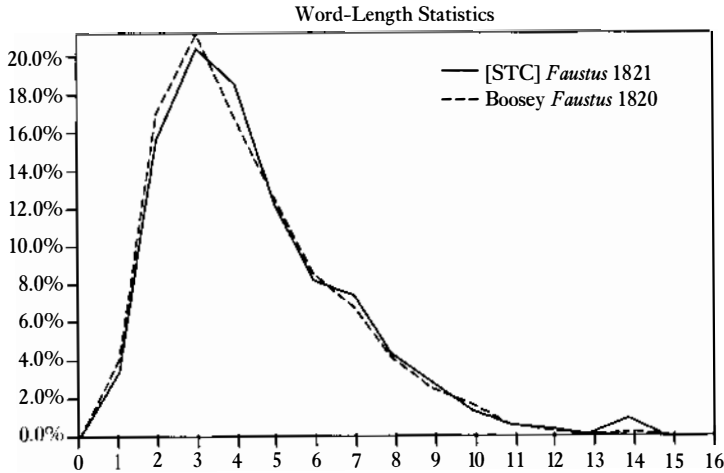


Fig. 3

Word-Length Statistics

Text Name	Total	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
[STC] <i>Faustus 1821</i>	16859	3.6%	16%	21%	19%	13%	8.5%	7.7%	4.5%	2.9%	1.4%
Boosey <i>Faustus 1820</i>	6045	4.3%	18%	22%	17%	13%	8.8%	7%	4.3%	2.6%	1.8%

Chi-Square significance test (columns 2-8): Chi-Square value = 18.628 Chi-Square 1% value = 16.81
 p-value = 0.0048 In this case the difference is highly significant, at the 1% level.

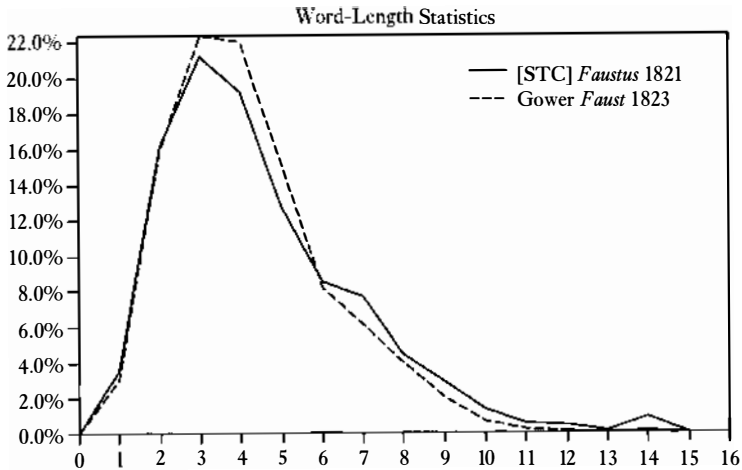


Fig. 4

Word-Length Statistics

Text Name	Total	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
[STC] <i>Faustus 1821</i>	16859	3.6%	16%	21%	19%	13%	8.5%	7.7%	4.5%	2.9%	1.4%
Gower <i>Faust 1823</i>	3384	3%	16%	22%	22%	15%	8.2%	6.2%	4%	2%	0.65%

Chi-Square significance test (columns 2-8): Chi-Square value = 31.586 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 22.46
 p-value < .0001 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

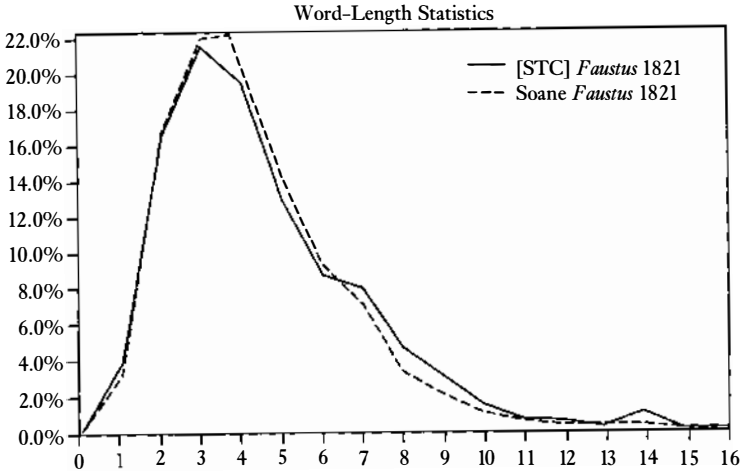


Fig. 5

Word-Length Statistics

Text Name	Total	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	16859	3.6%	16%	21%	19%	13%	8.5%	7.7%	4.5%	2.9%	1.4%
Soane <i>Faustus</i> 1821	4260	3%	16%	22%	22%	14%	9%	6.8%	3.1%	1.9%	0.85%

Chi-Square significance test (columns 2-8): Chi-Square value = 35.497 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 22.46
 p-value < .0001 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

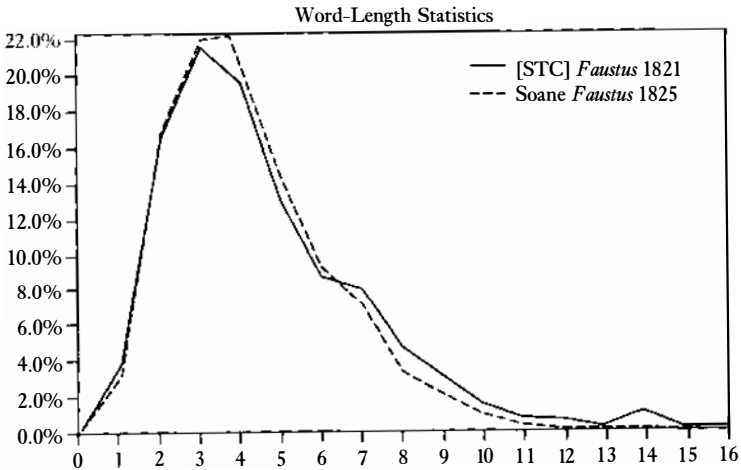


Fig. 6

Word-Length Statistics

Text Name	Total	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	16859	3.6%	16%	21%	19%	13%	8.5%	7.7%	4.5%	2.9%	1.4%
Soane <i>Faustus</i> 1825	9768	5.1%	16%	23%	24%	12%	7.5%	6%	3%	1.3%	0.79%

Chi-Square significance test (columns 2-8): Chi-Square value = 147.293 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 22.46
 p-value < .0001 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

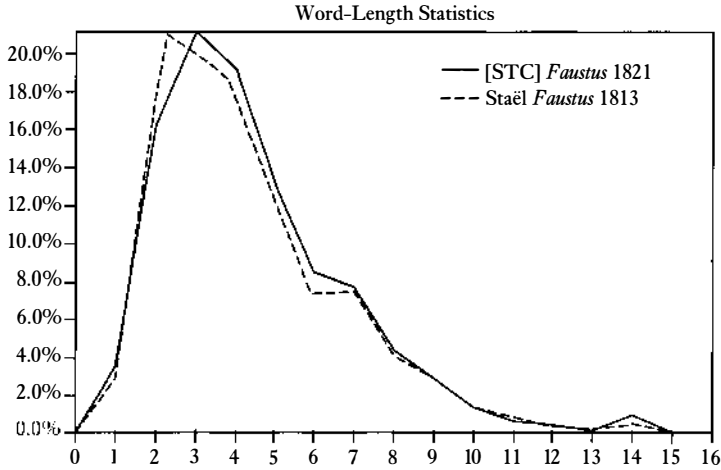


Fig. 7

Word-Length Statistics

Text Name	Total	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	16859	3.6%	16%	21%	19%	13%	8.5%	7.7%	4.5%	2.9%	1.4%
Staël <i>Faustus</i> 1813	8198	2.9%	21%	20%	17%	11%	7.6%	8.1%	4.9%	3.5%	2%

Chi-Square significance test (columns 2–8): Chi-Square value = 117.476 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 22.46 p-value <.0001 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

test this finding in our analysis of functional keywords (see next section). Such a finding is certainly not implausible, since *Remorse* (published in 1813) is reasonably close to the 1821 *Faustus* in its date of composition, and it is also the closest of all Coleridge’s plays to Goethe’s *Faust* in its genre (verse melodrama) and its general themes (including such themes as temptation, suffering, and remorse).

STYLOMETRIC ANALYSIS OF FUNCTIONAL KEYWORDS

A more reliable way of determining authorship is to examine the relative frequency of functional keywords; this is the stylometric method that was pioneered by Mosteller and Wallace in their 1964 study of the *Federalist Papers* (as discussed above). In order to carry out this sort of analysis, one must first choose a set of keywords that occur with differential frequency in texts of known authorship; then these keywords are examined in text(s) of unknown authorship.

In the present case, we are seeking to identify the author of the anonymous 1821 translation of *Faustus*. At the outset, we will assume (for the sake of experiment) that there is an equal probability that the author was Coleridge or any of the other English translators of *Faust* during that period. There is also the logical possibility that the translator of the 1821 *Faustus* was ‘none of

the above', that is, another translator whose identity is unknown to us. Based on this set of assumptions, we need to derive a set of functional keywords that will serve to discriminate between Coleridge and all of the other known contemporary English translators of *Faust*. It will be especially useful to find keywords that discriminate between Coleridge and Soane, since the 1821 *Faustus* was formerly attributed to Soane, and he may be regarded as a leading candidate for the attribution of its authorship.

This is a somewhat more complex problem than the one examined by Mosteller and Wallace in their study of the *Federalist Papers*, since in that case there were only two leading contenders for the authorship attribution. However, in the present case, it is possible to winnow the list of keywords in a manner similar to the one that they followed, by looking (in the first instance) at Coleridge and Soane as candidates for the attribution. Once a set of keywords is derived for that two-person set, additional keywords can also be examined in texts by other candidate authors. Working forward incrementally with each pair of authors, a common set of keywords can be derived that distinguishes Coleridge's usage from all of the other candidates.

The derivation of keywords was a highly laborious process for Mosteller and Wallace, but certain software features of the *Signature* system make it quite simple and straightforward to derive distinctive keywords through an objective comparison of word frequencies in any given pair of reference texts. As an example, *Signature*'s keywords tool can be used to compare word frequencies in those *Federalist Papers* known to be authored by Hamilton and Madison. Once these reference texts are loaded, the user can select 'Key words' from the Wordlists menu in *Signature*. A table will be generated showing the top fifty 'keywords' that tell in favour of Hamilton (+ values), followed by the top fifty that tell in favor of Madison (- values). From this dataset of 100 words, the user can select those words that are both distinctive (having large + or - values) and of frequent occurrence (because a frequently occurring word will have greater statistical significance). In this way, a set of distinctive keywords is derived that can then be used to compare texts of uncertain authorship (the disputed papers) with reference texts of known authorship.

In the selection of keywords, Wallace and Mosteller were initially drawn to such colourless 'function words' as prepositions, conjunctions, pronouns, and articles, on the presumption that these parts of speech were highly independent of context. But their final list of twenty-eight keywords includes a high proportion of words with colourful semantic content, including nouns, verbs, and adjectives (see above, n. 2). Ultimately, it seems, their method will work best if we refrain from prejudging what parts of speech will make the best discriminators, and just pick the keywords that stand out on the basis

of being both distinctive and of frequent occurrence. Obviously, however, in the case of the *Faust* translations, we should avoid proper nouns, since those are closely linked to one specific set of dramatic characters and do not transfer to other contexts.

Let us now proceed to derive some keywords that will effectively discriminate between texts known to be authored by Coleridge and Soane. We begin by entering the following reference texts: Coleridge's *Remorse* and a textual corpus consisting of Soane's 1821 and 1825 adaptations of *Faust*. (By combining both of Soane's adaptations of *Faust* into a single corpus, we derive a large representative sample of his writing.) Eliminating proper nouns (and obvious theme words such as 'devil') from consideration, we find the following set of 'most distinctive' keywords (having a Kness discrimination index value greater than 10): *his, had, o, him, he, was, even, eye, made, saw, way, is, come, all, oh, love, you, your, be, do*. (A high + or - value for the Kness discrimination index indicates a strongly differential rate of usage for a given keyword between the two texts under comparison.) Figure 8 shows that these keywords do effectively discriminate between *Remorse* and the Soane textual corpus:

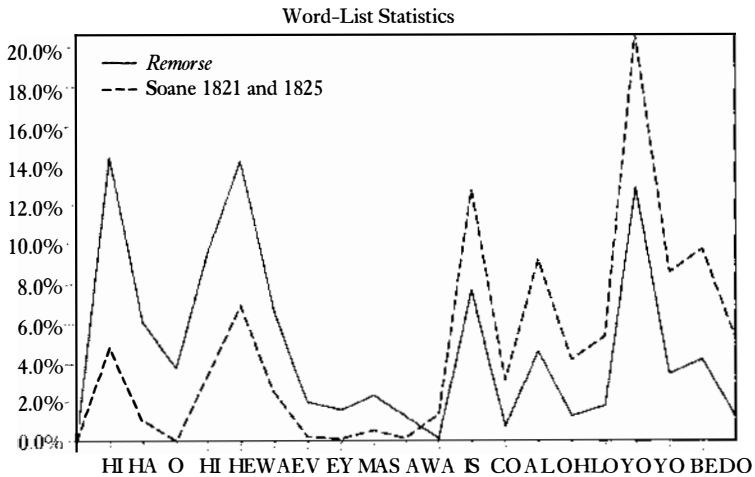


Fig. 8
Word-List Statistics

Text Name	Total	HIS	HAD	O	HIM	HE	WAS	EVEN	EYE	MADE	SAW
		WAY	IS	COME	ALL	OH	LOVE	YOU	YOUR	BE	DO
<i>Remorse</i>	1017	14%	6.1%	3.8%	9.4%	14%	6.8%	2%	1.6%	2.4%	1.3%
		0.098%	7.7%	0.79%	4.6%	1.3%	1.8%	13%	3.4%	4.2%	1.2%
Soane 1821 & 1825	1090	4.9%	1.1%	0%	3.4%	7%	2.6%	0.18%	0.092%	0.55%	0.092%
		1.4%	13%	3.2%	9.2%	4.2%	5.3%	21%	8.5%	9.7%	5.2%

Chi-Square significance test: Chi-Square value = 441.115 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 43.82
p-value < .0001 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

Remorse is not the only text by Coleridge that we want to reflect in the final keyword set. We want a set of keywords that consistently reflects Coleridge's vocabulary in all of his verse dramas. From the above list of 'most distinctive' candidates, and from similar lists derived from the other contenders for authorship (including Anster, Gower, and the anonymous translators of Boosey's 1820 *Faust* and Madame de Staël's *Germany*) we can then select only those words that Coleridge uses in a consistent manner from his earlier verse plays (*Wallenstein* and *Piccolomini*) all the way through his later plays (*Remorse* and *Zapolya*). Through this winnowing process, we arrive at a set of ten keywords that Coleridge consistently uses at essentially the same relative frequencies in his earlier and later dramatic works: *he, in, now, of, shall, then, this, to, which, your*. Table 1 shows the textual provenance of each of these keywords, along with the Kness discrimination index value for each keyword:

Table 1

Keyword	Reference text	Kness discrimination index value for keyword in reference text, in comparison to <i>Remorse</i>
he	Soane corpus 1821 and 1825	26.86
in	Boosey <i>Faust</i> 1820	-11.38
now	Soane <i>Faustus</i> 1821	-16.80
of	Anster <i>Faustus</i> 1820	-20.88
shall	Gower <i>Faust</i> 1823	-13.59
then	Madame de Staël <i>Faust</i> 1813	11.56
this	Gower <i>Faust</i> 1823	5.32
to	Madame de Staël <i>Faust</i> 1813	-25.06
which	Boosey <i>Faust</i> 1820	-9.50
your	Soane corpus 1821 and 1825	-22.28

There is nothing magical about these particular ten keywords; another set of keywords might have been chosen with similar results. However, these ten keywords best fulfil the two selection criteria outlined above: (1) high Kness discrimination index value (either + or -), and (2) consistent relative frequency of usage in Coleridge's verse dramas (as shown in fig. 9).

Figure 9 shows that there is no significant difference in the relative frequency of these words between Coleridge's earlier and later dramas. This graph compares a textual corpus composed of Coleridge's two earlier plays (*Wallenstein* and *Piccolomini*) with a textual corpus composed of his two later plays (*Remorse* and *Zapolya*). Here we have a set of keywords that Coleridge uses consistently (in his verse dramas) at the same relative frequencies, and that are designed to distinguish his own work from that of other contemporary authors known to be active as German translators. Let us examine

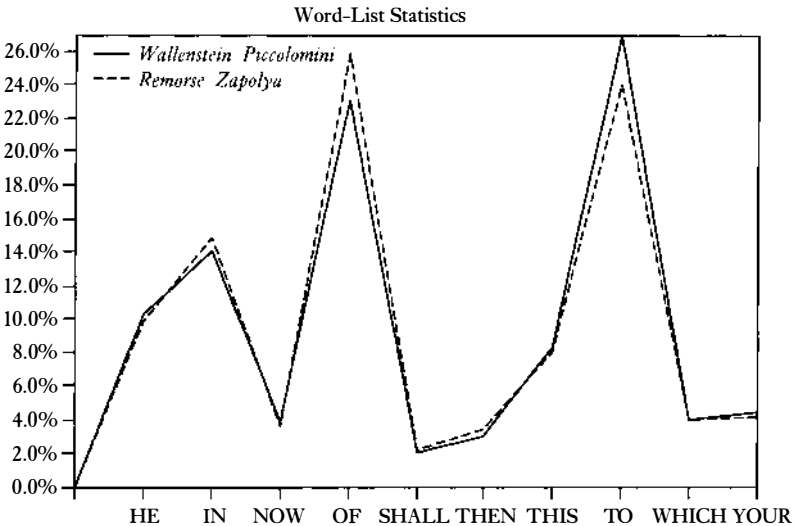


Fig. 9

Word-List Statistics

Text Name	Total	HE	IN	NOW	OF	SHALL	THEN	THIS	TO	WHICH	YOUR
Wallenstein-Piccolomini	5626	10%	14%	3.9%	23%	2%	3%	8.2%	27%	4%	4.4%
Remorse-Zapolya	2119	9.9%	15%	3.5%	26%	2.2%	3.5%	8%	24%	4%	4.2%

Chi-Square significance test: Chi-Square value = 12.15 Chi-Square 20% value = 12.24.
 p-value = 0.2049 In this case the difference is NOT significant even at the 20% level.

whether these keywords can help us determine the authorship of the 1821 *Faustus*.

To begin, let us compare the relative frequency of these ten keywords in the anonymous 1821 *Faustus* and in Coleridge's play *Remorse* (see fig. 10). This graph indicates that there is no significant difference in the relative frequency of these keywords in the 1821 *Faustus* and Coleridge's *Remorse*. Once again, this finding does not 'prove' that Coleridge was the author of the 1821 *Faustus*, but this finding is fully consistent with that hypothesis, and (in the absence of other strong contenders) it does indicate a strong likelihood that Coleridge was the author.

What is the likelihood that another contemporary translator was in fact the author of the 1821 *Faustus*? Let us begin with Soane, since the 1821 *Faustus* was formerly attributed to him, and he may be regarded as a leading candidate for the attribution of its authorship. Figure 11 indicates that there is a highly significant difference between Soane's 1821 translation of *Faust* and the 1821 *Faustus* in the relative distribution of these ten keywords. Figure 12 indicates that there is a highly significant difference between Soane's 1825 translation of *Faust* and the 1821 *Faustus* in the relative distribution of these

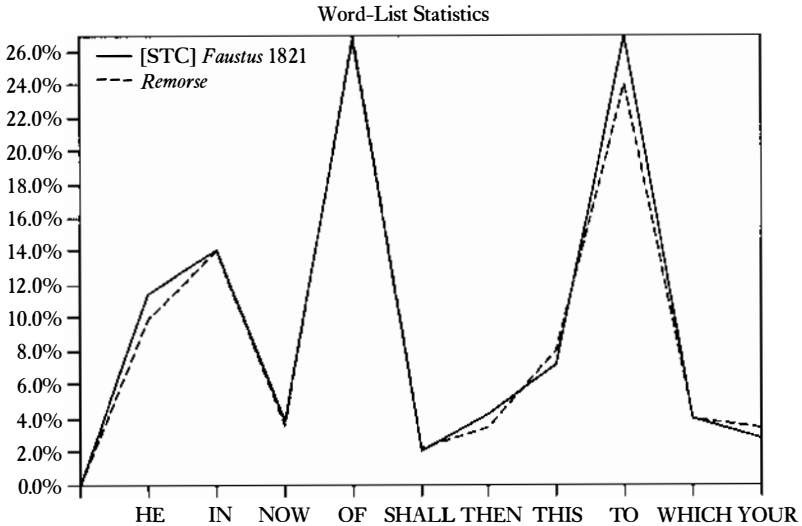


Fig. 10

Word-List Statistics

Text Name	Total	HE	IN	NOW	OF	SHALL	THEN	THIS	TO	WHICH	YOUR
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	1655	11%	14%	3.6%	25%	1.7%	4.3%	6%	26%	5%	2.2%
<i>Remorse</i>	1137	13%	15%	3.3%	25%	1.3%	3%	7.2%	25%	4.7%	3.1%

Chi-Square significance test: Chi-Square value = 7.285. Chi-Square 20% value = 12.24.
 p-value = 0.427 In this case the difference is NOT significant even at the 20% level.

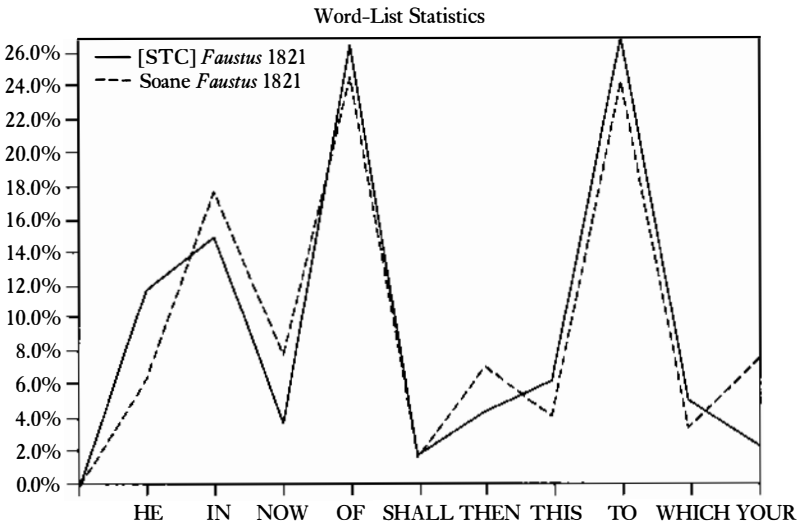


Fig. 11

Word-List Statistics

Text Name	Total	HE	IN	NOW	OF	SHALL	THEN	THIS	TO	WHICH	YOUR
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	1655	11%	14%	3.6%	25%	1.7%	4.3%	6%	26%	5%	2.2%
<i>Soane Faustus</i> 1821	430	6%	17%	7.4%	23%	1.6%	6.7%	4%	23%	3.3%	7.2%

Chi-Square significance test: Chi-Square value = 58.701 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 27.88
 p-value < .0001 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

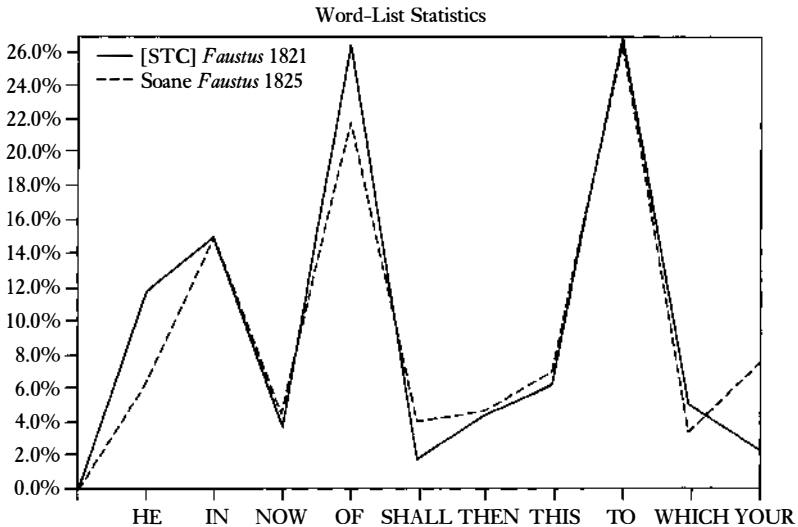


Fig. 12
Word-List Statistics

Text Name	Total	HE	IN	NOW	OF	SHALL	THEN	THIS	TO	WHICH	YOUR
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	1655	11%	14%	3.6%	25%	1.7%	4.3%	6%	26%	5%	2.2%
Soane <i>Faustus</i> 1825	717	7%	15%	4.9%	19%	4.7%	4.9%	7.3%	26%	2.2%	8.6%

Chi-Square significance test: Chi-Square value = 97.254 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 27.88
p-value < .0001 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

ten keywords. On the basis of these findings, it is highly unlikely that Soane is author of the 1821 *Faustus*.

Let us also look at the other contemporary translations of Faust, to see if any of the other translators is a likely candidate for authorship of the 1821 *Faustus*. Figures 13–16 show the relative distribution of the same ten keywords in *Faust* translations by Anster, Gower, and the anonymous translators of Boosey’s 1820 *Faust* and Madame de Staël’s *Germany*, in comparison to their distribution in the 1821 *Faustus*. These findings indicate that, on the basis of the relative frequency of these ten keywords, none of the other contemporary translators is a likely candidate for authorship of the 1821 *Faustus*. Once again, this finding does not ‘prove’ that Coleridge was the author of the 1821 *Faustus*, but is fully consistent with that hypothesis, and (in the absence of other strong contenders) it does suggest a strong likelihood that Coleridge was the translator of the 1821 *Faustus*.

Stylometry deals in probability, not certainty. A different set of keywords, or a different statistical methodology, can lead to different results. However, the stylometric analysis presented here is entirely transparent and fully replicable, so other investigators can critically examine our findings and pursue further analysis.

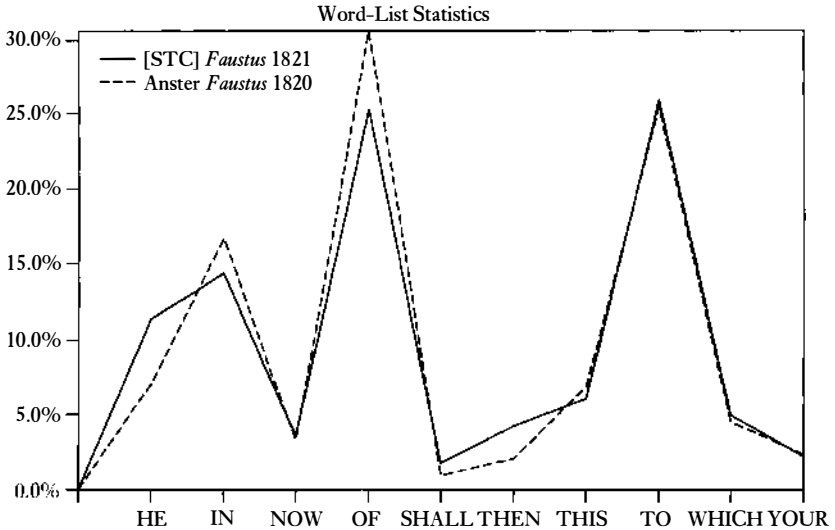


Fig. 13

Word-List Statistics

Text Name	Total	HE	IN	NOW	OF	SHALL	THEN	THIS	TO	WHICH	YOUR
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	1655	11%	14%	3.6%	25%	1.7%	4.3%	6%	26%	5%	2.2%
Anster <i>Faustus</i> 1820	1595	7%	17%	3.3%	31%	1%	2%	6.8%	25%	4.5%	2.4%

Chi-Square significance test: Chi-Square value = 45.448 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 27.88
 p-value < .0001 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

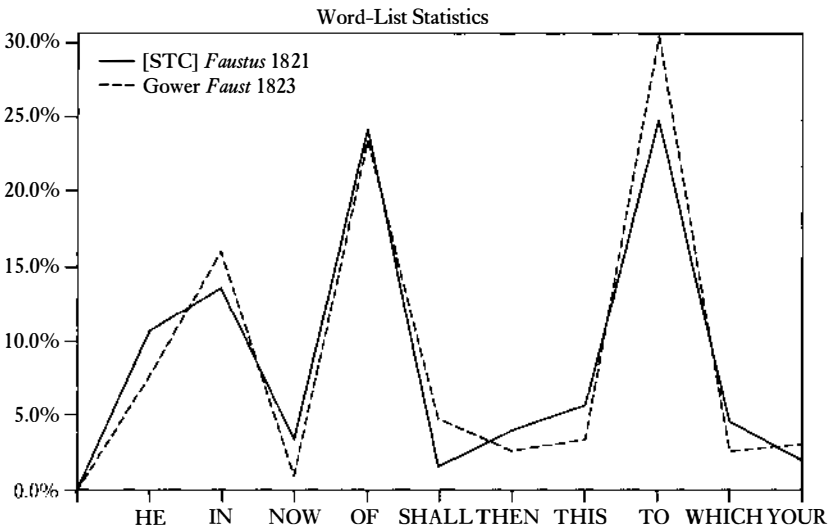


Fig. 14

Word-List Statistics

Text Name	Total	HE	IN	NOW	OF	SHALL	THEN	THIS	TO	WHICH	YOUR
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	1655	11%	14%	3.6%	25%	1.7%	4.3%	6%	26%	5%	2.2%
Gower <i>Faust</i> 1823	272	8.1%	17%	1.1%	25%	5.1%	2.9%	3.7%	31%	2.9%	3.3%

Chi-Square significance test: Chi-Square value = 29.551 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 27.88
 p-value = 0.0005 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

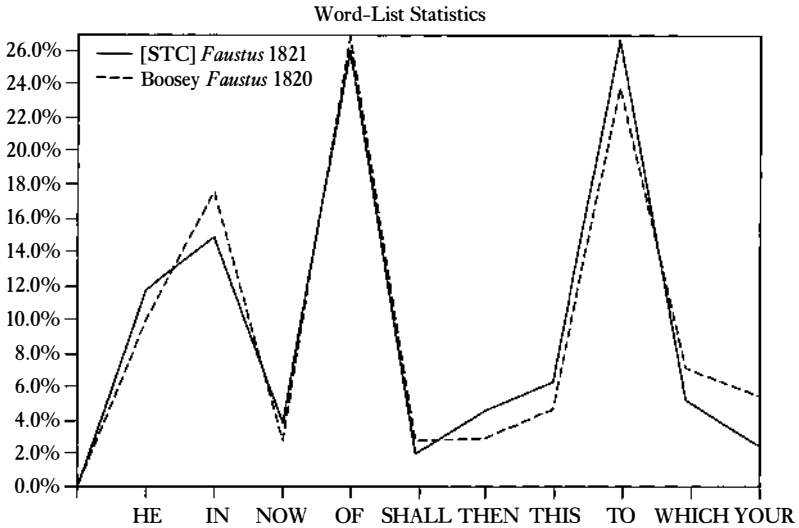


Fig. 15

Word-List Statistics

Text Name	Total	HE	IN	NOW	OF	SHALL	THEN	THIS	TO	WHICH	YOUR
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	1655	11%	14%	3.6%	25%	1.7%	4.3%	6%	26%	5%	2.2%
Boosey <i>Faustus</i> 1820	680	9.6%	17%	2.5%	26%	2.5%	2.6%	4.4%	23%	6.8%	5.1%

Chi-Square significance test: Chi-Square value = 30.677 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 27.88
 p-value = 0.0003 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 1% level.

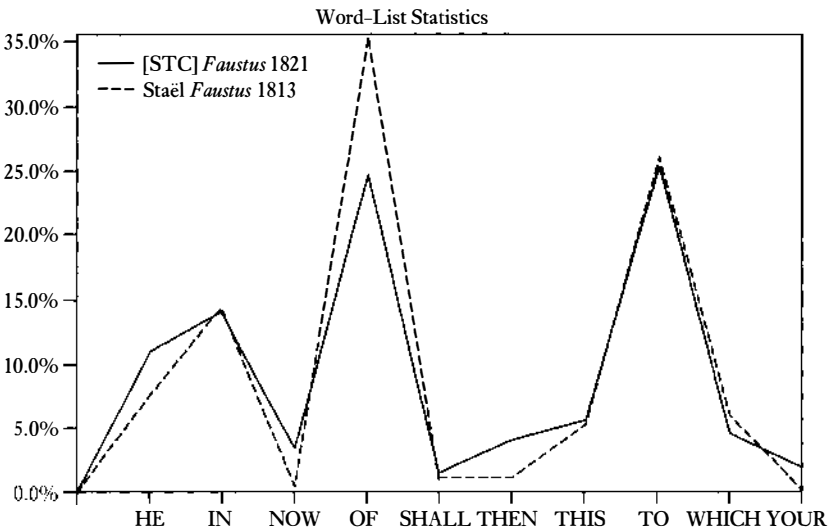


Fig. 16

Word-List Statistics

Text Name	Total	HE	IN	NOW	OF	SHALL	THEN	THIS	TO	WHICH	YOUR
[STC] <i>Faustus</i> 1821	1655	11%	14%	3.6%	25%	1.7%	4.3%	6%	26%	5%	2.2%
Staël <i>Faustus</i> 1813	1016	7.9%	15%	0.59%	35%	1.1%	1.2%	5.6%	27%	6.3%	0.3%

Chi-Square significance test: Chi-Square value = 92.402 Chi-Square 0.1% value = 27.88
 p-value < .0001 In this case the difference is very highly significant, at the 0.1% level.

DID COLERIDGE COLLABORATE ON THE TRANSLATION OF *FAUST*?

One might speculate that Coleridge collaborated with other writer(s) on the 1821 *Faustus* translation. The stylometric methodology presented here does not enable a persuasive answer, partly because the sample size is fairly small, and also because no one knows where to draw the boundaries between 'Coleridge' and his ostensible 'collaborator' in the 1821 *Faustus*. Recent stylometric approaches to Shakespeare studies indicate no consensus on collaborative authorship questions, and no standard stylometric method for approaching such questions has yet been established, although several intriguing and suggestive studies have been done. Paul Zall discerned the hand of a collaborator in certain of the prose passages of the 1821 *Faustus*; but the results reported here are entirely consistent with Coleridge being the sole author of the 1821 *Faustus* translation. Indeed, with the exception of his occasional collaborations on poetry and verse drama with Southey and Wordsworth, Coleridge is not known to have collaborated with other writers; and especially in the years subsequent to his break-up with Wordsworth (circa 1810), virtually all of Coleridge's works were sole authored (though some were dictated, rather than written by Coleridge). Future researchers may wish to examine the question of joint authorship in more detail; at present there is simply no evidence that the 1821 *Faustus* translation had more than one author.

FUTURE DIRECTIONS FOR STYLOMETRIC RESEARCH

Stylometry is a rapidly emerging field. Certain advanced methods of stylometric analysis, such as principal-component analysis (PCA), artificial intelligence (AI), and John Burrows's 'Delta' method (see nn. 3 and 4 above), have been implemented by means of proprietary software that offers highly sophisticated and increasingly reliable approaches to authorship attribution. Just as the *Federalist Papers* have inspired many different statistical approaches, so too we would be gratified for other stylometrists to examine these texts from different methodological perspectives and critically examine the hypothesis advanced here.

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Some errata

Line 3321 “eves” should read “eyes” (“tears fill her eyes”)

Line 3325 - missing the word "Aye"