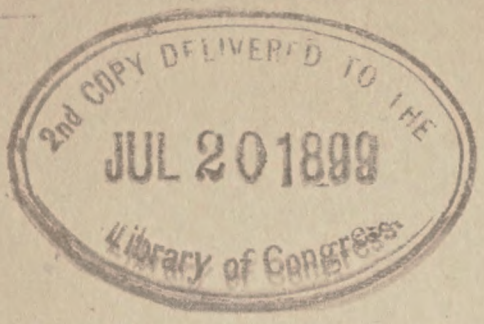
PETER SCHLEMIHL

ALGER

GINN & COMPANY



THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF PETER SCHLEMIHL

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS SHADOW

BY

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EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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INTRODUCTION.

It is over three-quarters of a century since Chamisso published his romantic and symbolic story of Peter Schlemihl, the man who lost his shadow. It was received with a general favor that gave it immediate celebrity. It has been translated into almost every modern language, and has passed through so many editions that it is now fully established as one of the little classics of the world. It is so widely known, there are in current literature so many allusions to it, and it is freighted with so much interest and instruction, that it has a good claim to be read by every educated person.

The realistic power with which the tale is constructed, the stereoscopic distinctness of the characters, the naturalness and consistency of the incidents, the wit and humor with which the pages abound, give the work an attractive charm amply sufficient of itself to carry the reader delightedly along from the beginning to the end.

In addition to this there is a bewitching mystery in the fundamental idea of the story. The narrative is a

series of latent riddles loaded with enigmatical morals. Just what those morals are it is somewhat difficult to explain. Perhaps the author intended to leave this aspect of his artistic creation wrapt in indefiniteness on purpose to provoke the mental activity of his readers, that each one might get at the significance of the work for himself.

It is well known that Goethe was in the habit of saying, when asked what he meant to teach by a particular poem or tale, that it had no definite didactic purpose. He declared that he wished to convey in it all that his readers could discover, either in the words or between the lines, and that he expected the result to be as varied as the talents and acquirements brought to the task of interpretation.

No doubt, however, there will be many readers of the strange adventures of Peter Schlemihl who will be glad to receive a little help in understanding the real meaning of the chief incident in the experience of the central personage; namely, the loss of his shadow. The critical reader will find that this artistic and weird narrative is at once a romantic idyl, an ethical apologue, a witty satire, and a philosophical parable. These points shall now be briefly shown, and, later on, further elucidated in notes.

In the outset it is quite obvious that the thought of the writer is not confined to the literal shadow itself.

Deeper than this, and far more important, there is hidden a parallel spiritual significance. What is, then, the metaphorical moral correspondence of the physical shadow thrown by a human body when it intercepts the light?

The *reputation* of a man among those familiar with him is the shadow cast by his character. This is the idea they entertain of him. When he goes to a foreign place, where he is a stranger, he carries no reputation. He has lost his moral shadow. The impervious ignorance prevalent concerning him there prevents the appearance of any adumbration of what he is. For where there is no light to be intercepted, no shadow can be thrown. Shadows are alike impossible in complete darkness and in universal radiance. It is because when a man is with his acquaintances his character is partly known and partly unknown, has one aspect illuminated and one darkened, that he flings a shadow. This shadow is his social repute. But when he appears in a new place, where he is a total stranger, he no longer possesses this. And to be wholly without repute is to be unlike those around you. And to be unlike your fellows is to be cut off from sympathetic union with them, and to be regarded askance with suspicion and with fear. Hence the distress of Peter Schlemihl.

A more profound thought connected with the subject is that he who casts no shadow thereby proves that he

is himself no substance. He who fronts the light with a background behind him and yet remains shadowless is transparent to the day. The day shines through him. He, therefore, cannot belong to the order of living men, but must be some kind of supernatural or preternatural being. Accordingly he is isolated from the wholesome class of normal creatures, who shrink from the uncanny phenomenon with terror. Hence, again, the suffering and grief occasioned to Peter Schlemihl by the loss of his shadow, which, although in itself it seems to be nothing, is still a sign indicative of much to those who can interpret it.

But, after all, the principal lesson of the narrative is the lesson of the comparative value of things. As between spirit and matter, which is the enduring reality, and which the elusive phantom? As between outward show and inward worth, which is the shadow and which the substance? In one passage of his work Chamisso represents Peter as being much displeased with a company of persons who "spoke seriously of trifles and triflingly of serious things." This is the keynote. Things are to be esteemed according to their genuine values, not according to their mere appearance. Peter himself practiced the inverse of this when he sold the companionable index of his personality for a copious supply of gold. And bitterly did he rue his folly. For he soon learned that peace of mind and friendly com-

munion with his fellow-men on equal terms were the incomparable good of life, the veritable substance, whereof money was merely a hollow symbol.

On the whole, then, the supreme lesson inculcated by the experience of Peter Schlemihl is this: What a man is, creates his reputation. His reputation is what other people think of him. That they should think well of him is one of the most important elements of his happiness. His social shadow is the projection of his personal character. This index may be mistaken, or changed, or taken away; but his genuine character is incommunicably his own property. Character cannot, like money, be indiscriminately exchanged among men. However its outward indications may be confused, however its conventional accompaniments may be altered or forfeited, it is itself the intrinsic reality, the invaluable solid. Therefore it must never be subordinated to anything else, nor its appropriate signal be bartered away for any seductive counterfeit.

In most cases man is not what he thinks he is. In many cases he is not what others think him. In every case he is what God thinks him. The true desideratum is that he shall himself know just what he is, and aspire to become what God would have him be.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF PETER SCHLEMIHL.

CHAPTER I.

After a fortunate, but for me very troublesome voyage, we finally reached the port. The instant that I touched land in the boat I loaded myself with my few effects, and, passing through the swarming people, I entered the first and least house before which I saw a sign hang. I requested a room; the servant measured me with a look and conducted me into the garret. I caused fresh water to be brought and made him exactly describe to me where I should find Mr. Thomas John.

"Before the north-gate; the first country-house on the right hand; a large new house of red and white marble, with many columns."

"Good." It was still early in the day. I

opened at once my bundle; took thence my new black cloth coat; clad myself cleanly in my best apparel; put my letter of introduction into my pocket, and set out on the way to the man who was to promote my modest expectations.

When I had ascended the long North Street and reached the gate, I soon saw the pillars glimmer through the foliage. "Here it is then," thought I. I wiped the dust from my feet with my pocket-handkerchief, put my neckcloth in order, and rang the bell.

The door flew open. In the hall I had an examination to undergo; the porter, however, permitted me to be announced, and I had the honor to be called into the park, where Mr. John was walking with a select party. I recognized the man at once by the lustre of his corpulent self-complacency. He received me very well, — as a rich man receives a poor fellow, — even turned towards me, without turning from the rest of the company, and took the offered letter from my hand. "So, so, from my brother. I have heard nothing from him for a long time. But he is well? There," continued he, addressing the

company, without waiting for an answer,[1] and pointing with the letter to a hill, "there I am going to erect the new building." He broke the seal without breaking off the conversation, which turned upon riches.

"He that is not master of a million, at least," he observed, "is — pardon me the word — a wretch!"

"Oh! how true!" I exclaimed with a rush of overflowing feeling.

That pleased him. He smiled at me and said: "Stay here, my good friend; in a while I shall perhaps have time to tell you what I think about this." He pointed to the letter, which he then thrust into his pocket, and turned again to the

[1] Here, and in what follows through the opening chapter, the author indicates with a satirical subtlety the contrast in the manners of the rich toward the poor and those of the poor toward the rich, the antithesis of insolence and obsequiousness. He thus prepares the way for his central theme, namely, the inverted relation in human life of worth and esteem, truth and seeming.

Milton noticed the fact that the self-sufficiency bred by the habit of looking down upon inferiors often leads to a neglect of thoughtful and sympathetic attentions. He says:

> Courtesy is sooner found in lowly sheds
> With smoky rafters than in tapestry halls
> And courts of princes, where it first was named.

company. He offered his arm to a young lady; the other gentlemen addressed themselves to other fair ones; each found what suited him, and all proceeded towards the rose-blossomed mount.

I slid into the rear without troubling any one, for no one troubled himself any further about me. The company was excessively lively; there was dalliance and playfulness; trifles were sometimes discussed with an important tone, but oftener important matters with levity; and especially pleasantly flowed the wit over absent friends and their circumstances. I was too strange to understand much of all this; too anxious and introverted to take an interest in such riddles.

We had reached the rosary. The lovely Fanny, the belle of the day, as it appeared, would, out of obstinacy, herself break off a blooming bough. She wounded herself on a thorn, and as if from the dark roses, flowed the purple on her tender hand. This circumstance put the whole party into a flutter. English plaster was sought for. A still, thin, lanky, longish, oldish man who stood near, and whom I had not hitherto remarked, put

his hand instantly into the close-lying breast-pocket of his old French gray taffety coat, produced thence a little pocketbook, opened it, and presented to the lady, with a profound obeisance, the required article. She took it without noticing the giver and without thanks;[1] the wound was bound up, and we went forward over the hill, from whose back the company could enjoy the wide prospect over the green labyrinth of the park to the boundless ocean.

The view was in reality vast and splendid. A light point appeared on the horizon between the dark flood and the blue of the heaven. "A telescope here!" cried John; and already before the servants who appeared at the call were in motion the gray man, modestly bowing, had thrust his hand into his coat pocket and drawn thence a beautiful Dollond and handed it to Mr. John. Bringing it immediately to his eye, he informed the company that it was the ship which went out yesterday and was detained in view of port by contrary winds. The telescope passed from hand

[1] An example of the impoliteness often practiced in polite society.

to hand, but not again into that of its owner. I, however, gazed in wonder at the man and could not conceive how the great machine had come out of the narrow pocket; but this seemed to have struck no one else, and nobody troubled himself any further about the gray man than about myself.

Refreshments were handed round; the choicest fruits of every zone in the costliest vessels. Mr. John did the honors with an easy grace and a second time addressed a word to me. "Help yourself; you have not had the like at sea." I bowed, but he saw it not; he was already speaking with some one else.

The company would fain have reclined upon the sward on the slope of the hill opposite to the outstretched landscape had they not feared the dampness of the earth. "It were divine," observed one of the party, "had we but a Turkey carpet to spread here." The wish was scarcely expressed when the man in the gray coat had his hand in his pocket and was busied in drawing thence, with a modest and even humble deportment, a rich Turkey carpet interwoven with

gold. The servants received it as a matter of course and opened it on the required spot. The company without ceremony took their places upon it: for myself, I looked again in amazement on the man; at the carpet, which measured above twenty paces long and ten in breadth; and rubbed my eyes, not knowing what to think of it, especially as nobody saw anything extraordinary in it.

I would fain have had some explanation regarding the man and have asked who he was, but I knew not to whom to address myself, for I was almost more afraid of the gentlemen's servants than of the served gentlemen. At length I took courage and stepped up to a young man who appeared to me to be of less consideration than the rest and who had often stood alone. I begged him softly to tell me who the agreeable man in the gray coat there was.

"He there, who looks like an end of thread that has escaped out of a tailor's needle?"[1]

"Yes, he who stands alone."

[1] A wit quite like that embodied by Shakespeare in the speeches of Falstaff.

"I don't know him," he replied; and as it seemed, in order to avoid a longer conversation with me, he turned away and spoke of indifferent matters to another.

The sun began now to shine more powerfully and to inconvenience the ladies. The lovely Fanny addressed carelessly to the gray man — whom, as far as I am aware, no one had yet spoken to — the trifling question, "Whether he had not, perchance, also a tent by him?" He answered her by an obeisance most profound, as if an unmerited honor were done him, and had already his hand in his pocket, out of which I saw come canvas, poles, cordage, iron-work, in short, everything which belongs to the most splendid pleasure tent. The young gentlemen helped to expand it, and it covered the whole extent of the carpet and nobody found anything remarkable in it.

I was already become uneasy, nay, horrified at heart, but how completely so, as, at the very next wish expressed, I saw him yet pull out of his pocket three roadsters. I tell thee, three beautiful great black horses, with saddle and caparison.

Bethink thee! three saddled horses, still out of the same pocket out of which already a pocket-book, a telescope, an embroidered carpet twenty paces long and ten broad, a pleasure tent of equal dimensions, and all the requisite poles and irons had come forth! If I did not protest to thee that I saw it myself with my own eyes, thou couldst not possibly believe it.

Embarrassed and obsequious as the man himself appeared to be, little as was the attention which had been bestowed upon him, yet to me his grisly aspect, from which I could not turn my eyes, became so fearful that I could bear it no longer.

I resolved to steal away from the company, which, from the insignificant part I played in it, seemed to me an easy affair. I proposed to myself to return to the city, to try my luck again on the morrow with Mr. John, and, if I could muster the necessary courage, to question him about the singular gray man. Had I only had the good fortune to escape so well!

I had already actually succeeded in stealing through the rosary, and in descending the hill

found myself on a piece of lawn, when, fearing to be encountered in crossing the grass out of the path, I cast an inquiring glance round me. What was my terror to behold the man in the gray coat behind me and making towards me! In the next moment he took off his hat before me and bowed so low as no one had ever yet done to me. There was no doubt but that he wished to address me, and, without being rude, I could not prevent it. I also took off my hat, bowed also, and stood there in the sun with bare head as if rooted to the ground. I stared at him full of terror and was like a bird which a serpent has fascinated. He himself appeared very much embarrassed. He raised not his eyes, again bowed repeatedly, drew nearer, and addressed me with a soft, tremulous voice, almost in a tone of supplication.

"May I hope, sir, that you will pardon my boldness in venturing in so unusual a manner to approach you? But I would ask a favor. Permit me most condescendingly"—

"But, alas!" exclaimed I in my trepidation, "what can I do for a man who"— We both started, and, as I believe, reddened.

After a moment's silence he again resumed: "During the short time that I had the happiness to find myself near you, I have, sir, many times — allow me to say it to you — really contemplated with inexpressible admiration the beautiful, beautiful shadow which, as it were, with a certain noble disdain, and without yourself remarking it, you cast from you in the sunshine, — the noble shadow at your feet there. Pardon me the bold supposition, but possibly you might not be indisposed to make this shadow over to me."

I was silent, and a mill-wheel seemed to whirl round in my head. What was I to make of this singular proposition to sell my own shadow? He must be mad, thought I, and with an altered tone, which was more assimilated to that of his own humility, I answered thus: —

"Ha! ha! good friend, have not you then enough of your own shadow? I take this for a business of a very singular sort" —

He hastily interrupted me: "I have many things in my pocket which, sir, might not appear worthless to you, and for this inestimable shadow I hold the very highest price too small."

It struck cold through me again as I was reminded of the pocket. I knew not how I could have called him good friend. I resumed the conversation and sought, if possible, to set all right again by excessive politeness.

"But, sir, pardon your most humble servant; I do not understand your meaning. How indeed could my shadow"— He interrupted me:—

"I beg your permission only here on the spot to be allowed to take up this noble shadow and put it in my pocket; how I shall do that be my care. On the other hand, as a testimony of my grateful acknowledgment to you, I give you the choice of all the treasures which I carry in my pocket — the genuine Spring-root,[1] the Mandrake-root, the Change-penny, the Rob-dollar, the napkin of Roland's page, a mandrake-man, at your own price. But these probably don't interest

[1] These are references to facts in the popular tales of Germany: as, for instance, the Spring-Wurzel, or spring-root, is found in the story of Rübezahl; and the Galgen-Männlein, or gallows-men, were little figures cut out of a root, said by the dealers in such things in the Middle Ages to be actual mandrake-roots growing in that shape at the foot of a gallows.

you; rather Fortunatus's Wishing-cap, newly and stoutly repaired, and a lucky-bag such as he had!"

"The Luck-purse of Fortunatus!" I exclaimed, interrupting him; and great as my anxiety was, with that one word he had taken my whole mind captive. A dizziness seized me, and double ducats seemed to glitter before my eyes.

"Honored sir, will you do me the favor to view and to make trial of this purse?" He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a tolerably large, well-sewed purse of stout Corduan leather with two strong strings, and handed it to me. I plunged my hand into it and drew out ten gold pieces, and again ten, and again ten, and again ten. I extended him eagerly my hand. "Agreed! the business is done; for the purse you have my shadow!"

He closed with me; kneeled instantly down before me, and I beheld him with an admirable dexterity gently loosen my shadow from top to toe from the grass, lift it up, roll it together, fold it, and finally pocket it. He arose, made me another obeisance, and retreated towards the

rosary. I fancied that I heard him there softly laughing to himself; but I held the purse fast by the strings; all round me lay the clear sunshine, and within me was yet no power of reflection.

CHAPTER II.

At length I came to myself and hastened to quit the place where I had nothing more to expect. In the first place I filled my pockets with gold; then I secured the strings of the purse fast round my neck and concealed the purse itself in my bosom. I passed unobserved out of the park, reached the highway, and took the road to the city. As, sunk in thought, I approached the gate I heard a cry behind me.

"Young gentleman! eh! young gentleman! hear you!"

I looked round. An old woman called after me:—

"Do take care, sir, you have lost your shadow!"

"Thank you, good mother!" I threw her a gold piece for her well-meant intelligence and stopped under the trees.

At the city gate I was compelled to hear again from the sentinel, "Where has the gentleman left

his shadow?" And immediately again from some women, "Alas! the poor fellow has no shadow!" That began to irritate me, and I became especially careful not to walk in the sun. This could not, however, be accomplished everywhere; for instance, over the broad street which I next must approach actually, as mischief would have it, at the very moment that the boys came out of school. A little rogue, I see him yet, spied out instantly that I had no shadow. He proclaimed the fact with a loud outcry to the whole assembled literary street youth of the suburb, who began forthwith to criticise me and to pelt me with mud. "Decent people are accustomed to take their shadow with them when they go into the sunshine."

To defend myself from them I threw whole handfuls of gold amongst them and sprang into a hackney coach which some compassionate soul procured for me.

As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling carriage I began to weep bitterly. The presentiment must already have arisen in me that far as gold on earth transcends in estimation merit and

virtue, so much higher than gold itself is the shadow valued; and as I had earlier sacrificed wealth to conscience, I had now thrown away the shadow for mere gold. What in the world could and would become of me!

I was again greatly annoyed as the carriage stopped before my old inn. I was horrified at the bare idea of entering that wretched loft. I ordered my things to be brought down, received my miserable bundle with contempt, threw down some gold pieces, and ordered the coachman to drive to the most fashionable hotel. The house faced the north and I had not the sun to fear. I dismissed the driver with gold, caused the best front rooms to be assigned me, and shut myself up in them as quickly as I could!

What thinkest thou I now began? Oh, my dear Chamisso, to confess it even to thee makes me blush. I drew the unlucky purse from my bosom, and with a kind of desperation which, like a rushing conflagration, grew in me with self-increasing growth, I extracted gold, and gold, and gold, and ever more gold, and strewed it on the floor, and strode amongst it, and made it ring

again, and, feeding my poor heart on the splendor and the sound, flung continually more metal to metal, till in my weariness I sank down on the rich heap, and rioting thereon rolled and reveled amongst it. So passed the day, the evening. I opened not my door; night and day found me lying on my gold, and then sleep overcame me.

I dreamed of thee. I seemed to stand behind the glass door of thy little room and to see thee sitting there at thy work-table between a skeleton and a bundle of dried plants. Before thee lay open Haller, Humboldt, and Linnæus; on thy sofa a volume of Goethe and "The Magic Ring."[1] I regarded thee long, and everything in thy room, and then thee again. Thou didst not move; thou drewest no breath; thou wert dead!

I awoke. It appeared still to be very early. My watch had stopped. I was sore all over; thirsty and hungry too; I had taken nothing since the evening before. I pushed from me with loathing and indignation the gold on which I had before sated my foolish heart. In my vexation I knew

[1] A novel by Baron de La Motte Fouqué.

not what I should do with it. It must not lie there. I tried whether the purse would swallow it again — but no! None of my windows opened upon the sea. I found myself compelled laboriously to drag it to a great cupboard which stood in a cabinet and there to pile it. I left only some handfuls of it lying. When I had finished the work I threw myself exhausted into an easy-chair and waited for the stirring of the people in the house. As soon as possible I ordered food to be brought and the landlord to come to me.

I fixed in consultation with this man the future arrangements of my house. He recommended for the services about my person a certain Bendel, whose honest and intelligent physiognomy immediately captivated me. He it was whose attachment has since accompanied me consolingly through the wretchedness of life and has helped me to support my gloomy lot. I spent the whole day in my room among masterless servants, shoemakers, tailors, and tradespeople. I fitted myself out, and purchased besides a great many jewels and valuables for the sake of getting rid of some of the vast heap of hoarded

up gold; but it seemed to me as if it were impossible to diminish it.

In the mean time I brooded over my situation in the most agonizing despair. I dared not venture a step out of my doors, and at evening I caused forty waxlights to be lit in my room before I issued from the shade. I thought with horror on the terrible scene with the schoolboys; yet I resolved, much courage as it demanded, once more to make a trial of public opinion. The nights were then moonlight. Late in the evening I threw on a wide cloak, pressed my hat over my eyes, and stole, trembling like a criminal, out of the house. I stepped first out of the shade in whose protection I had arrived there, in a remote square, into the full moonlight, determined to learn my fate out of the mouths of the passers-by.

Spare me, dear friend, the painful repetition of all that I had to endure. The women often testified the deepest compassion with which I inspired them, declarations which no less transpierced me than the mockery of the youth and the proud contempt of the men, especially of

those fat, well-fed fellows who themselves cast a broad shadow. A lovely and sweet girl, who, as it seemed, accompanied her parents, while these suspiciously only looked before their feet, turned by chance her flashing eyes upon me. She was obviously terrified; she observed my want of a shadow, let fall her veil over her beautiful countenance, and, dropping her head, passed in silence.

I could bear it no longer. Briny streams started from my eyes, and, cut to the heart, I staggered back into the shade. I was obliged to support myself against the houses to steady my steps, and wearily and late reached my dwelling.

I spent a sleepless night. The next morning it was my first care to have the man in the gray coat everywhere sought after. Possibly I might succeed in finding him again, and how joyful if he repented of the foolish bargain as heartily as I did. I ordered Bendel to come to me; he appeared to possess address and tact; I described to him exactly the man in whose possession lay a treasure without which my life was only a misery. I told him the time, the place in which I had seen him; I described to him all who had been present, and

added, moreover, this token: he should particularly inquire after a Dollond's telescope; after a gold interwoven Turkish carpet; after a splendid pleasure tent; and finally after the black chargers, whose story, we knew not how, was connected with that of the mysterious man who seemed of no consideration amongst them, and whose appearance had destroyed the quiet and happiness of my life.

When I had done speaking I fetched out gold, such a load that I was scarcely able to carry it, and laid upon it precious stones and jewels of a far greater value. "Bendel," said I, "these level many ways and make easy many things which appeared quite impossible; don't be stingy with it, as I am not, but go and rejoice thy master with the intelligence on which his only hope depends."

He went. He returned late and sorrowful. None of the people of Mr. John, none of his guests, and he had spoken with all, were able in the remotest degree to recollect the man in the gray coat. The new telescope was there, and no one knew whence it had come; the carpet, the

tent were still there, spread and pitched on the selfsame hill; the servants boasted of the affluence of their master, and no one knew whence these same valuables had come to him. He himself took his pleasure in them and did not trouble himself because he did not know whence he had them. The young gentlemen had the horses which they had ridden in their stables, and they praised the liberality of Mr. John, who on that day made them a present of them. Thus much was clear from the circumstantial relation of Bendel, whose active zeal and able proceeding, although with such fruitless result, received from me their merited commendation. I gloomily motioned him to leave me alone.

"I have," began he again, "given my master an account of the matter which was most important to him. I have yet a message to deliver which a person gave me whom I met at the door as I went out on the business in which I have been so unfortunate. The very words of the man were these: 'Tell Mr. Peter Schlemihl he will not see me here again, as I am going over-sea, and a favorable wind calls me at this moment

to the harbor. But in a year and a day I will have the honor to seek him myself, and then to propose to him another and probably to him more agreeable transaction. Present my most humble compliments to him and assure him of my thanks.' I asked him who he was, but he replied your honor knew him already."

"What was the man's appearance?" cried I, filled with foreboding; and Bendel sketched me the man in the gray coat, trait by trait, word for word, as he had accurately described in his former relation the man after whom he had inquired.

"Unhappy one!" I exclaimed, wringing my hands, "that was the very man!" and there fell, as it were, scales from his eyes.

"Yes! it was he; it was, positively!" cried he in horror; "and I, blind and imbecile wretch, have not recognized him, have not recognized him, and have betrayed my master!"

He broke out into violent weeping; heaped the bitterest reproaches on himself, and the despair in which he was, inspired even me with compassion. I spoke comfort to him, assured him repeatedly that I entertained not the slightest

doubt of his fidelity, and sent him instantly to the port, if possible to follow the traces of this singular man. But in the morning a great number of ships which the contrary winds had detained in the harbor had run out, bound to different climes and different shores, and the gray man had vanished as tracelessly as a dream.

CHAPTER III.

Of what avail are wings to him who is fast bound in iron fetters? He is compelled only the more fearfully to despair. I lay, like Faffner by his treasure, far from every consolation, suffering much in the midst of my gold. But my heart was not in it; on the contrary, I cursed it, because I saw myself through it cut off from all life. Brooding over my gloomy secret alone, I trembled before the meanest of my servants, whom at the same time I was forced to envy, for he had a shadow; he might show himself in the sun. I wore away days and nights in solitary sorrow in my chamber, and anguish gnawed at my heart.

There was another who pined away before my eyes; my faithful Bendel never ceased to torture himself with silent reproaches that he had betrayed the trust reposed in him by his master, and had not recognized him after whom he was

despatched, and with whom he must believe that my sorrowful fate was intimately interwoven. I could not lay the fault to his charge; I recognized in the event the mysterious nature of the Unknown.

That I might leave nothing untried I one time sent Bendel with a valuable brilliant ring to the most celebrated painter of the city and begged that he would pay me a visit. He came. I ordered my people to retire, closed the door, seated myself by the man, and after I had praised his art I came with a heavy heart to the business, causing him before that to promise the strictest secrecy.

"Mr. Professor," said I, "could not you, think you, paint a false shadow for one who, by the most unlucky chance in the world, has become deprived of his own?"

"You mean a personal shadow?"

"That is precisely my meaning."

"But," continued he, "through what awkwardness, through what negligence could he then lose his proper shadow?"

"How it happened," replied I, "is now of very

little consequence, but thus far I may say," added I, lying shamelessly to him, "in Russia, whither he made a journey last winter, in an extraordinary cold his shadow froze so fast to the ground that he could by no means loose it again."

"The false shadow that I could paint him," replied the professor, "would only be such a one as by the slightest agitation he might lose again, especially a person who, as appears by your relation, has so little adhesion to his own native shadow. He who has no shadow, let him keep out of the sunshine; that is the safest and most sensible thing for him." He arose and withdrew, casting at me a transpiercing glance which mine could not support. I sank back in my seat and covered my face with my hands.

Thus Bendel found me as he at length entered. He saw the grief of his master and was desirous silently and reverently to withdraw. I looked up; I lay under the burden of my trouble; I must communicate it.

"Bendel!" cried I, "Bendel, thou only one who seest my affliction and respectest it, seekest not to pry into it, but appearest silently and kindly to

sympathize, come to me, Bendel, and be the nearest to my heart; I have not locked from thee the treasure of my gold, neither will I lock from thee the treasure of my grief. Bendel, forsake me not. Bendel, thou beholdest me rich, liberal, kind. Thou imaginest that the world ought to honor me, and thou seest me fly the world and hide myself from it. Bendel, the world has passed judgment and cast me from it, and perhaps thou too wilt turn from me when thou knowest my fearful secret. Bendel, I am rich, liberal, kind, but — alas! — I have no shadow!"

"No shadow!" cried the good youth with horror, and the bright tears gushed from his eyes. "Woe is me, that I was born to serve a shadowless master!" He was silent, and I held my face buried in my hands.

"Bendel," added I at length, tremblingly, "now hast thou my confidence, and now canst thou betray it; go forth and testify against me." He appeared to be in a heavy conflict with himself; at length he flung himself before me and seized my hand, which he bathed with his tears.

"No!" exclaimed he; "think the world as it

will, I cannot and will not on account of a shadow abandon my kind master; I will act justly and not with policy. I will continue with you, lend you my shadow, help you when I can, and when I cannot, weep with you."

I fell on his neck, astonished at such unusual sentiment, for I was convinced that he did it not for gold.

From that time my fate and my mode of life were in some degree changed. It is indescribable how much Bendel continued to conceal my defect. He was everywhere before me and with me; foreseeing everything, hitting on contrivances, and where danger threatened covering me quickly with his shadow, since he was taller and bulkier than I. Thus I ventured myself again among men and began to play a part in the world. I was obliged, it is true, to assume many peculiarities and humors; but such became the rich, and so long as the truth continued to be concealed I enjoyed all the honor and respect which were paid to my wealth. I looked calmly forward to the promised visit of the mysterious Unknown at the end of the year and the day.

I felt, indeed, that I must not remain longer in a place where I had once been seen without a shadow, and where I might easily be betrayed. Perhaps I yet thought too much of the manner in which I had introduced myself to Thomas John, and it was a mortifying recollection. I would therefore here merely make an experiment, to present myself with more ease and confidence elsewhere. But that now occurred which held me a long time riveted to my vanity; for there it is in the man that the anchor bites the firmest ground.

Even the lovely Fanny, whom I in this place again encountered, honored me with some notice without recollecting ever to have seen me before; for I now had wit and sense. As I spoke, people listened, and I could not for the life of me comprehend myself how I had arrived at the art of maintaining and engrossing so easily the conversation.

* * * *

But why relate to thee the whole long ordinary story? Thou thyself hast often related it to me of other honorable people. To the old, well-

known play in which I good-naturedly undertook a worn-out part, there came in truth to her and me and everybody unexpectedly a most peculiar and poetic catastrophe.

As, according to my wont, I had assembled on a beautiful evening a party in a garden, I wandered with the lady arm in arm at some distance from the other guests and exerted myself to strike out pretty speeches for her. She modestly cast down her eyes and gently returned the pressure of my hand, when suddenly the moon broke through the clouds behind me and — she saw only her own shadow thrown forward before her! She started and glanced wildly at me, then again on the earth, seeking my shadow with her eyes; and what passed within her painted itself so singularly on her countenance that I should have burst into a loud laugh if it had not itself run ice-cold over my back.

I let her fall from my arms in a swoon, shot like an arrow through the terrified guests, reached the door, flung myself into the first chaise which I saw on the stand and drove back to the city, where this time, to my cost, I had left the cir-

cumspect Bendel. He was terrified as he saw me; one word revealed to him all. Post horses were immediately fetched. I took only one of my people with me, an arrant knave called Rascal, who had contrived to make himself necessary to me by his cleverness, and who could suspect nothing of the present occurrence. That night I left upwards of a hundred miles behind me. Bendel remained behind me to discharge my establishment, to pay money, and to bring me what I most required. When he overtook me next day I threw myself into his arms and swore to him never again to run into the like folly, but in future to be more cautious. We continued our journey without pause over the frontiers and the mountains, and it was not till we began to descend and had placed those lofty bulwarks between us and our former unlucky abode that I allowed myself to be persuaded to rest from the fatigues I had undergone, in a neighboring and little frequented bathing place.

CHAPTER IV.[1]

I MUST pass in my relation hastily over a time in which how gladly would I linger could I but conjure up the living spirit of it with the recollection. But the color which vivified it, and which only can vivify it again, is extinguished in me; and when I seek in my bosom what then so mightily animated it, the grief and the joy, the innocent illusion,—then do I vainly smite a rock in which no living spring now dwells; for the god is departed from me. How changed does this past time now appear to me! I would act in the watering place an heroic character, ill-studied, and myself a novice on the boards, and

[1] This chapter presents a vivid illustration of the histrionic deceits with which human life abounds. It shows how often, amidst the obscurity and delusive complications of this world, men, both voluntarily and involuntarily, play parts which do not belong to them. Continually persons are not seen to be what they are, but are believed to be what they are not. Meanwhile the supreme victory and blessedness of man are really to be what he ought to be, seem to others to be what he is, and be treated accordingly by all.

my gaze lured from my part by a pair of blue eyes. The parents, deluded by the play, offer everything only to make the business quickly secure; and the poor farce closes in mockery. And that is all, all! That presents itself now to me so absurd and commonplace, although it is terrible that that can thus appear to me which then so richly, so luxuriantly, swelled my bosom. Mina! as I wept at losing thee, so weep I still to have lost thee also in myself. Am I then become so old? Oh, melancholy reason! Oh, but for one pulsation of that time! one moment of that illusion! But no! alone on the high waste sea of thy bitter flood! and long out of the last cup of wine the elfin has vanished!

I had sent forward Bendel with some purses of gold to procure for me a dwelling adapted to my needs. He had there scattered about much money and expressed himself somewhat indefinitely respecting the distinguished stranger whom he served, for I would not be named, and that filled the good people with extraordinary fancies. As soon as my house was ready Bendel returned to conduct me thither. We set out.

About three miles from the place, on a sunny plain, our progress was obstructed by a gay festal throng. The carriage stopped. Music, sound of bells, discharge of cannon were heard; a loud *vivat!* rent the air; before the door of the carriage appeared, clad in white, a troop of damsels of extraordinary beauty, but who were eclipsed by one in particular as the stars of night by the sun. She stepped forth from the midst of her sisters; the tall and delicate figure kneeled blushing before me and presented to me on a silken cushion a garland woven of laurel, olive branches, and roses, while she uttered some words about majesty, veneration, and love, which I did not understand, but whose bewitching silver tone intoxicated my ear and heart. It seemed as if the heavenly apparition had some time already passed before me. The chorus struck in and sung the praises of a good king and the happiness of his people.

And this scene, my dear friend, in the face of the sun! She kneeled still only two paces from me, and I without a shadow could not spring over the gulf, could not also fall on the knee before the angel! Oh! what would I then have given

for a shadow! I was compelled to hide my shame, my anguish, my despair, deep in the bottom of my carriage. At length Bendel recollected himself on my behalf. He leaped out of the carriage on the other side. I called him back and gave him out of my jewel case, which lay at hand, a splendid diamond crown which had been made to adorn the brows of the lovely Fanny! He stepped forward and spoke in the name of his master, who could not and would not receive such tokens of homage; there must be some mistake; and the good people of the city were thanked for their good will. As he said this, he took up the proffered wreath and laid the brilliant coronet in its place. He then extended respectfully his hand to the lovely maiden, that she might arise, and dismissed with a sign clergy, magistrates, and all the deputations. No one else was allowed to approach. He ordered the throng to divide and make way for the horses, sprang again into the carriage, and on we went at full gallop through a festive archway of foliage and flowers, towards the city. The discharges of cannon continued. The carriage stopped before my house. I sprang hastily in at the door,

dividing the crowd which the desire to see me had collected. The mob hurrahed under my window, and I let double ducats rain out of it. In the evening the city was voluntarily illuminated.

And yet I did not at all know what all this could mean, and who I was supposed to be. I sent out Rascal to make inquiry. He brought word to this effect: that the people had received certain intelligence that the good king of Prussia traveled through the country under the name of a Graf; that my adjutant had been recognized; and, finally, how great the joy was as they became certain that they really had me in the place. They now saw clearly that I evidently desired to maintain the strictest incognito, and how very wrong it had been to attempt so importunately to lift the veil. But I had resented it so graciously, so kindly, — I should certainly pardon their good-heartedness.

The thing appeared so amusing to the rogue that he did his best, by reproving words, the more to strengthen the good folk in their belief. He made a very comical recital of all this, and

as he found that it diverted me, he made a joke to me of his own additional wickedness. Shall I confess it? It flattered me, even by such means, to be taken for that honored head.

I commanded a feast to be prepared for the evening of the next day, beneath the trees which overshadowed the open space before my house, and the whole city to be invited to it. The mysterious power of my purse, the exertions of Bendel, and the active invention of Rascal succeeded in triumphing over time itself. It is really astonishing how richly and beautifully everything was arranged in those few hours. The splendor and abundance which exhibited themselves, and the ingenious lighting up, so admirably contrived that I felt myself quite secure, left me nothing to desire. I could not but praise my servants.

The evening grew dark; the guests appeared and were presented to me. Nothing more was said about Majesty; I was styled, with deep reverence and obeisance, Herr Graf. What was to be done? I allowed the Herr Graf to please, and remained from that hour the Graf Peter. In the midst of festive multitudes my soul yearned

alone after one. She entered late — she was and wore the crown. She followed modestly her parents, and seemed not to know that she was the loveliest of all. They were presented to me as Mr. Forest-master, his lady, and their daughter. I found many agreeable and obliging things to say to the old people; before the daughter I stood like a rebuked boy and could not bring out one word. I begged her at length, with a faltering tone, to honor this feast by assuming the office whose insignia she graced. She entreated with blushes and a moving look to be excused; but, blushing still more than herself in her presence, I paid her as her first subject my homage with a most profound respect, and the hint of the Graf became to all the guests a command which every one with emulous joy hastened to obey. Majesty, innocence, and grace presided in alliance with beauty over a rapturous feast. Mina's happy parents believed their child only thus exalted in honor of them. I myself was in an indescribable intoxication. I caused all the jewels which yet remained of those which I had formerly purchased in order to get rid of bur-

densome gold — all the pearls, all the precious stones — to be laid in two covered dishes, and at the table, in the name of the queen, to be distributed round to her companions and to all the ladies. Gold, in the mean time, was incessantly strewn over the enclosing lists among the exulting people.

Bendel the next morning revealed to me in confidence that the suspicion which he had long entertained of Rascal's honesty was now become certainty; that he had yesterday embezzled whole purses of gold. "Let us permit," replied I, "the poor scoundrel to enjoy the petty plunder. I spend willingly on everybody; why not on him? Yesterday he and all the fresh people you have brought me served me honestly; they helped me joyfully to celebrate a joyful feast."

There was no further mention of it. Rascal remained the first of my servants, but Bendel was my friend and my confidant. The latter was accustomed to regard my wealth as inexhaustible, and he pried not after its sources; entering into my humor, he assisted me rather to discover opportunities to exercise it and to spend my

gold. Of that unknown one, that pale sneak, he knew only this: that I could alone through him be absolved from the curse which weighed on me, and that I feared him on whom my sole hope reposed. That, for the rest, I was convinced that he could discover me anywhere; I him nowhere; and that, therefore, awaiting the promised day, I abandoned every vain inquiry.

The magnificence of my feast and my behavior at it held at first the credulous inhabitants of the city firmly to their preconceived opinion. True, it was soon stated in the newspapers that the whole story of the journey of the king of Prussia had been a mere groundless rumor; but a king I now was, and must spite of everything a king remain, and truly one of the most rich and royal who had ever existed; only people did not rightly know what king. The world has never had reason to complain of the scarcity of monarchs, at least in our time. The good people, who had never seen any of them, pitched with equal correctness first on one and then on another; Graf Peter still remained who he was.

At one time appeared amongst the guests at

the Bath a tradesman who had made himself bankrupt in order to enrich himself, and who enjoyed universal esteem, and had a broad though somewhat pale shadow. The property which he had scraped together he resolved to lay out in ostentation, and it even occurred to him to enter into rivalry with me. I had recourse to my purse, and soon brought the poor fellow to such a pass that in order to save his credit he was obliged to become bankrupt a second time and hasten over the frontier. Thus I got rid of him. In this neighborhood I made many idlers and good-for-nothing fellows.

With all the royal splendor and expenditure by which I made all succumb to me, I still in my own house lived very simply and retired. I had established the strictest circumspection as a rule. No one except Bendel, under any pretense whatever, was allowed to enter the rooms which I inhabited. So long as the sun shone I kept myself shut up there, and it was said the Graf is employed in his cabinet. With this employment numerous couriers stood in connection whom I for every trifle sent out and received. I received

company only under my trees, or in my hall arranged and lighted according to Bendel's plan. When I went out, on which occasions it was necessary that I should be constantly watched by the Argus eyes of Bendel, it was only to the forester's garden, for the sake of one alone; for my love was the innermost heart of my life.

Oh, my good Chamisso! I will hope that thou hast not yet forgotten what love is! Mina was really an amiable, kind, good child. I had taken her whole imagination captive. She could not, in her humility, conceive how she could be worthy that I should have fixed my regard on her alone; and she returned my love with all the youthful power of an innocent heart. She loved like a woman, offering herself wholly up; self-forgetting; living wholly and solely for him who was her life.

But I — oh, what terrible hours — terrible and yet worthy that I should wish them back again — have I often wept on Bendel's bosom, when, after the first unconscious intoxication, I recollected myself; looked sharply into myself! — I, without a shadow, with knavish selfishness destroying this angel, this pure soul. Then did I

resolve to reveal myself to her; then did I swear to tear myself from her and to fly; then did I burst out into tears and concert with Bendel how in the evening I should visit her in the forester's garden.

At other times I flattered myself with great expectations from the rapidly approaching visit from the gray man, and wept again when I had in vain tried to believe in it. I had calculated the day on which I expected again to see the fearful one; for he had said in a year and a day, and I believed his word.

The parents, good, honorable old people, who loved their only child extremely, were amazed, and knew not what to do. Earlier they could not have believed that the Graf Peter could think only of their child; but now he really loved her and was beloved again. The mother was probably vain enough to believe in the probability of a marriage and to seek for it; the sound masculine understanding of the father did not give way to such overstretched imaginations. Both were persuaded of the purity of my love! they could do nothing more than pray for their child.

I have laid my hand on a letter from Mina of this date which I still retain. Yes, this is her own writing. I transcribe it for thee.

* * * *

Thou canst imagine how the words must cut through my heart. I explained to her that I was not what people believed me; that I was only a rich but infinitely miserable man. That a curse rested on me, which must be the only secret between us, since I was not yet without hope that it should be loosed. That this was the poison of my days; that I might drag her down with me into the gulf—she who was the sole light, the sole happiness, the sole heart of my life. Then wept she again because I was unhappy. Ah, she was so loving, so kind! To spare me but one tear, she, and with what transport, would have sacrificed herself without reserve.

In the mean time she was far from rightly comprehending my words; she conceived in me some prince on whom had fallen a heavy ban, some high and honored head, and her imagination amidst heroic pictures limned forth her lover gloriously.

Once I said to her: "Mina, the last day in the next month may change my fate and decide it; if not, I must die, for I will not make thee unhappy." Weeping, she hid her head in my bosom. "If thy fortune changes, let me know that thou art happy. I have no claim on thee. Art thou wretched? bind me to thy wretchedness, that I may help thee to bear it."

"Maiden! maiden! take it back, that word, that foolish word which escaped thy lips. And knowest thou this wretchedness? Knowest thou this curse? Knowest who thy love, — what he? Seest thou not that I convulsively shrink together, and have a secret from thee?" She fell sobbing to my feet and repeated with tears her entreaty.

I announced to the Forest-master, who entered, that it was my intention on the first approaching of the month to solicit the hand of his daughter. I fixed precisely this time because in the interim many things might occur which might influence my fortunes; that I was unchangeable in my love to his daughter.

The good man was quite startled as he heard such words out of the mouth of Graf Peter. He

fell on my neck and again became quite ashamed to have thus forgotten himself. Then he began to doubt, to weigh, and to inquire. He spoke of dowry, security, and the fortune for his beloved child. I thanked him for reminding me of these things. I told him that I desired to settle myself in this country, where I seemed to be beloved, and to lead a care-free life. I begged him to purchase the finest estate that the country had to offer in the name of his daughter, and to charge the cost to me. A father could, in such matter, best serve a lover. It gave him enough to do, for everywhere a stranger was before him, and he could only purchase for about a million.

My thus employing him was, at the bottom, an innocent scheme to remove him to a distance, and I had employed him similarly before. For I must confess that he was rather wearisome. The good mother was, on the contrary, somewhat deaf, and not, like him, jealous of the honor of entertaining the Graf.

The mother joined us. The happy people pressed me to stay longer with them that evening. I dared not remain another minute. I saw

already the rising moon glimmer on the horizon; my time was up.

The next evening I went again to the forester's garden. I had thrown my cloak over my shoulders and pulled my hat over my eyes. I advanced to Mina. As she looked up and beheld me, she gave an involuntary start, and there stood again clear before my soul the apparition of that terrible night when I showed myself in the moonlight without a shadow. It was actually she! But had she also recognized me? She was silent and thoughtful; on my bosom lay a hundredweight pressure. I arose from my seat. She threw herself silently weeping on my bosom. I went.

I now found her often in tears. It grew darker and darker in my soul; the parents meanwhile swam in supreme felicity; the eventful day passed on sad and sullen as a thundercloud. The eve of the day was come. I could scarcely breathe. I had in precaution filled several chests with gold. I watched the midnight hour approach. It struck.

I now sat, my eye fixed on the fingers of the clock, counting the minutes, the seconds, like dagger-strokes. At every noise which arose I

started up; the day broke. The leaden hours crowded upon each other. It was noon — evening — night; as the clock fingers sped on, hope withered; it struck eleven and nothing appeared; the last minutes of the last hour fell, and nothing appeared. It struck the first stroke — the last stroke of the twelfth hour, and I sank hopeless and in boundless tears upon my bed. On the morrow I should, forever shadowless, solicit the hand of my beloved. Towards morning an anxious sleep pressed down my eyelids.

CHAPTER V.[1]

It was still early morning when voices, which were raised in my antechamber in violent dispute, awoke me. I listened. Bendel forbade entrance; Rascal swore high and hotly that he would receive no commands from his fellow, and insisted in forcing his way into my room. The good Bendel warned him that such words, came they to my ear, would turn him out of his most

[1] This chapter, with the three succeeding ones, is occupied in working out in a strikingly original way the mythical doctrine, so common in the folk-lore of the Middle Age, of the sale of the soul to the devil in return for riches and pleasure. It is a new variation of the Faust legend. The mysterious man in the gray coat is a companion character to the Mephistopheles of Goethe. And the victim, after the disastrous failure of his experiment and his desperate repudiation of the compact, becomes a powerfully reminiscent *fantasia* of the Wandering Jew.

The shadow of Schlemihl is the symbol of his immortal soul, according to the immemorial beliefs of the early world, as evidenced in language by the *eidolon* of the Greeks, and the *umbra* of the Romans, and the synonyms *shade* and *ghost* in English. In his development of the story Chamisso treats these notions with an exquisite combination of wit and humor, dialectic skill and literary felicity, which the reader will do well to study carefully.

advantageous service. Rascal threatened to lay hands on him if he any longer obstructed his entrance.

I had half dressed myself. I flung the door wrathfully open and advanced to Rascal: "What wantest thou, villain?" He stepped two strides backwards and replied quite coolly: "To request you most humbly, Herr Graf, just to allow me to see your shadow; the sun shines at this moment so beautifully in the court."

I was struck as with thunder. It was some time before I could recover my speech. "How can a servant towards his master"— He interrupted very calmly my speech:—

"A servant may be a very honorable man, and not be willing to serve a shadowless master. I demand my discharge."

It was necessary to try other chords. "But, honest, dear Rascal, who has put the unlucky idea into your head? How canst thou believe"—

He proceeded in the same tone: "People will assert that you have no shadow; and, in short, you show me your shadow, or give me my discharge."

Bendel, pale and trembling, but more discreet than I, gave me a sign. I sought refuge in the all-silencing gold, and that had lost its power. He threw it at my feet. "From a shadowless man I accept nothing!" He turned his back upon me and went most deliberately out of the room, with his hat upon his head and whistling a tune. I stood there with Bendel as one turned to stone, thoughtless, motionless, gazing after him.

Heavily sighing, and with death in my heart, I prepared myself to redeem my promise, and, like a criminal before his judge, to appear in the Forest-master's garden. I alighted in the dark arbor, which was named after me, and where they would be sure also at this time to await me. The mother met me, care-free and joyous. Mina sat there, pale and lovely as the first snow which often in the autumn kisses the last flowers and then instantly dissolves into bitter water. The Forest-master went agitatedly to and fro, a written paper in his hand, and appeared to force down many things in himself which painted themselves with rapidly alternating flushes and paleness on his otherwise immovable countenance. He came

up to me as I entered, and with frequently choked words begged to speak with me alone. The path in which he invited me to follow him conducted towards an open, sunny part of the garden. I sank speechless on a seat, and then followed a long silence, which even the good mother dared not interrupt.

The Forest-master raged continually with unequal steps to and fro in the arbor, and, suddenly halting before me, glanced on the paper which he held and demanded of me with a searching look: —

"May not, Herr Graf, a certain Peter Schlemihl be not quite unknown to you?" I was silent. "A man of superior character and singular attainments" — He paused for an answer.

"And suppose I were the same man?"

"Who," added he vehemently, "has by some means lost his shadow!"

"Oh, my foreboding, my foreboding!" exclaimed Mina. "Yes, I have long known it, — he has no shadow"; and she flung herself into the arms of her mother, who, terrified, clasped her convulsively, and upbraided her that to her own hurt

she had kept to herself such a secret. But she, like Arethusa, was changed into a fountain of tears, which at the sound of my voice flowed still more copiously, and at my approach burst forth in torrents.

"And you," again grimly began the Forest-master, "and you, with unparalleled impudence, have made no scruple to deceive these and myself, and you give out that you love her whom you have so deeply humbled. See there, how she weeps and writhes! Oh, horrible! horrible!"

I had to such a degree lost all reflection that, talking like one crazed, I began: "And, after all, a shadow is nothing but a shadow; one can do very well without that, and it is not worth while to make such a riot about it." But I felt so sharply the baselessness of what I was saying that I stopped of myself, without his deigning me an answer, and I then added: "What one has lost at one time may be found again at another!"

He rushed fiercely towards me. "Confess to me, sir! confess to me, how became you deprived of your shadow?"

I was compelled again to lie. "A rude fellow one day trod so heavily on my shadow that he rent a great hole in it. I have only sent it to be mended, for money can do much, and I was to have received it back yesterday."

"Good, sir; very good!" replied the Forest-master. "You solicit my daughter's hand; others do the same. I have, as her father, to care for her. I give you three days in which you may see after a shadow. If you appear before me within these three days with a good, well-fitting shadow, you shall be welcome to me; but on the fourth day — I tell you plainly — my daughter is the wife of another."

I would yet attempt to speak a word to Mina, but she clung, sobbing violently, only closer to her mother's breast, who motioned me to be silent and to withdraw. I reeled away, and the world seemed to close itself behind me.

Escaped from Bendel's affectionate oversight, I traversed in erring course woods and fields. The perspiration of my agony dropped from my brow; a hollow groaning convulsed my bosom; madness raged within me.

I know not how long this had continued, when, on a sunny heath, I felt myself plucked by the sleeve. I stood still and looked round; it was the man in the gray coat, who seemed to have run himself quite out of breath in pursuit of me. He immediately began:—

"I had announced myself for to-day, but you could not wait the time. There is nothing amiss, however, yet. You consider the matter, receive your shadow again in exchange, which is at your service, and turn immediately back. You shall be welcome in the Forest-master's garden; the whole has been only a joke. Rascal, who has betrayed you, and who seeks the hand of your bride, I will take charge of; the fellow is ripe."

I stood there as still asleep. "Announced for to-day?" I counted over again the time; he was right. I had constantly miscalculated a day. I sought with the right hand in my bosom for my purse; he guessed my meaning and stepped two paces backwards.

"No, Herr Graf, that is in too good hands; keep you that." I stared at him with eyes of inquiring wonder, and he proceeded: "I request

only a trifle as memento. You be so good as to set your name to this paper." On the parchment stood the words:—

"By virtue of this my signature, I make over my soul to the holder of this, after its natural separation from the body."

I gazed with speechless amazement alternately at the writing and the gray Unknown. Meanwhile with a new-made pen he had taken up a drop of blood which flowed from a fresh thorn-scratch on my hand, and presented it to me.

"Who are you, then?" at length I asked him.

"What signifies it?" he replied. "And is not that plain enough to be seen in me? A poor devil, a sort of learned man and doctor, who in return for precious arts receives from his friends poor thanks, and, for himself, has no other amusement on earth but to make his little experiments. But, however, sign. To the right there: PETER SCHLEMIHL."

I shook my head and said: "Pardon me, sir; I do not sign that."

"Not?" replied he in amaze; "and why not?"

"It seems to me to a certain degree serious to stake my soul on a shadow."

"So, so," repeated he, "serious!" and he laughed almost in my face. "And if I might venture to ask, what sort of a thing is that soul of yours? Have you ever seen it? And what do you think of doing with it when you are dead? Be glad that you have found an amateur who in your lifetime is willing to pay you for the bequest of this *x*, of this galvanic power, or polarized activity, or whatever this silly thing may be, with something actual; that is to say, with your real shadow, through which you may arrive at the hand of your beloved and at the accomplishment of all your desires. Will you rather push forth and deliver up that poor young creature to that low-bred scoundrel Rascal? No; you must witness that with your own eyes. Here, I lend you the Tarncap" (the cap of invisibility),—he drew it from his pocket,—"and we will proceed unseen to the forester's garden."

I must confess that I was excessively ashamed of being ridiculed by this man. I detested him from the bottom of my heart; and I believe

that this personal antipathy withheld me, more than principle or prejudice, from purchasing my shadow, essential as it was, by the required signature. The thought also was intolerable to me of making the excursion which he proposed in his company. To see this abhorred sneak, this mocking kobold, step between me and my beloved, two torn and bleeding hearts, revolted my innermost feeling. I regarded what was past as predestined, and my wretchedness as unchangeable, and, turning to the man, I said to him:—

"Sir, I have sold you my shadow for this in itself most excellent purse, and I have sufficiently repented of it. Let the bargain be at an end, in God's name!" He shook his head and made a very gloomy face. I continued: "I will then sell you nothing further of mine, even for this offered price of my shadow; and, therefore, I shall sign nothing. From this you may understand that the cap-wearing to which you invite me must be much more amusing for you than for me. Excuse me, therefore; and as it cannot now be otherwise, let us part."

"It grieves me, Herr Schlemihl, that you obstinately decline the business which I propose to you. Perhaps another time I may be more fortunate. Till our speedy meeting again!— *Apropos:* Permit me yet to show you that the things which I purchase I by no means suffer to grow mouldy, but honorably preserve, and that they are well used by me."

With that he drew my shadow out of his pocket, and with a dexterous throw, unfolding it on the heath, spread it out on the sunny side of his feet, so that he walked between two attendant shadows, —his own and mine,—for mine must equally obey him, and accommodate itself to and follow all his movements.

When I once saw my poor shadow again, after so long an absence, and beheld it degraded to so vile a service, whilst I on its account was in such unspeakable trouble, my heart broke, and I began bitterly to weep. The detested wretch swaggered with the plunder snatched from me and impudently renewed his proposal:—

"You can yet have it. A stroke of the pen, and you snatch therewith the poor, unhappy Mina

from the claws of the villain into the arms of the most honored Herr Graf; as observed, only a stroke of the pen."

My tears burst forth with fresh impetuosity, but I turned away and motioned to him to withdraw himself. Bendel, who, filled with anxiety, had traced me to this spot, at this moment arrived. When the kind, good soul found me weeping and saw my shadow, which could not be mistaken, in the power of the mysterious gray man, he immediately resolved, were it even by force, to restore to me the possession of my property; and, as he did not understand going much about with tender phrases, he immediately assaulted the man with words, and, without much asking, ordered him bluntly to allow that which was my own instantly to follow me. Instead of answer, he turned his back and went. But Bendel up with his buckthorn cudgel which he carried, and, following on his heels, without mercy and with reiterated commands to give up the shadow, made him feel the full force of his vigorous arm. He, as accustomed to such handling, ducked his head, set up his shoulders, and with silent and deliberate steps

pursued his way over the heath, at once going off with my shadow and my faithful servant. I long heard the heavy sounds roll over the waste, till they were finally lost in the distance. I was alone, as before, with my misery.

CHAPTER VI.

LEFT alone on the wild heath, I gave free current to my countless tears, relieving my heart from an ineffably weary weight. But I saw no bound, no outlet, no end to my intolerable misery; and I drank besides with savage thirst of the fresh poison which the Unknown had poured into my wounds. When I called the image of Mina before my soul, and the dear, sweet form appeared pale and in tears, as I saw her last in my shame, then stepped the shadow of the impudent and mocking Rascal between her and me; I covered my face and fled through the wild. But the hideous apparition left me not, but pursued me in my flight till I sank breathless on the ground and moistened it with a fresh torrent of tears.

And all for a shadow! And this shadow a pen-stroke had obtained for me. I thought on the strange proposition and my refusal. All was

chaos in me. I had no longer either judgment or mastership of thought.

The day went over. I stilled my hunger with wild fruits, my thirst in the nearest mountain stream. The night fell; I lay down beneath a tree. The damp morning awoke me out of a heavy sleep in which I heard myself rattle in the throat as in death. Bendel must have lost all trace of me, and it rejoiced me to think so. I would not return again amongst men before whom I fled in terror like the timid game of the mountains. Thus I lived through three weary days.

On the fourth morning I found myself on a sandy plain bright with the sun, and sate on the fragment of a rock in its beams, for I loved now to enjoy its long-withheld countenance. I still fed my heart with its despair. A light rustle startled me. Ready for flight, I threw round me a hurried glance; I saw no one, but in the sunny sand there glided past me a human shadow, not unlike my own, which, wandering there alone,[1] seemed to have got away from

[1] The notion of a human shadow escaping from its possessor and independently wandering about by itself on the sunny sand is

its possessor. There awoke in me a mighty yearning. "Shadow," said I, "dost thou seek thy master? I will be he." And I sprang for-

a delightful absurdity of the most willful sort, reminding us of the laughable extravagancies of Munchausen. It is a satire on that empirical philosophy which holds that the material order is the elusive reality, the ideal order an empty delusion. Those who think thus reach only vacant and *quasi* universals, mere collections by abstractive generalizations from physical phenomena, instead of rising to the creative archetypes in the exemplar mind of the First Principle from whose eternal substance all else is derivative shadows and reflections. They entirely overlook the necessary presuppositions without whose conditioning coöperation no physical objects could possibly exist. Number, force, space, time, motion, are not material phenomena, but are the logical conditions requisite for the emergence of any such show. Now, logical conditions imply the Logos, as every thinking carries a thinker. Hence material phenomena themselves prove and reveal the existence of spirit, purpose, self-determined expression. And these concepts, so far from being vacuous abstracts, are the primordial concretes, the ideal realities which yield to our intuitive contemplation God, freedom, and immortality. No abstraction whatever can exist save as the act of an abstractor. Every abstraction is, self-evidently, the result of an abstracting act performed upon a preëxistent concreteness. All the contents of these freighted propositions are obviously involved in the unquestionable fact that no shadow can possibly appear in the order of sense except as the direct consequence of causes previously existent and operative in the ideal order. A shadow is the unsubstantial form thrown on some supporting ground by an object whose opaque matter obstructs the light and excludes it from the outlined area behind. It is not an entity at all. It is absolutely incapable of independence. It is, in its ultimate definition, purely a *phenomenal modi-*

ward to seize it. I thought that if I succeeded in treading on it so that its feet touched mine, it probably would remain hanging there and in time accommodate itself to me.

The shadow, on my moving, fled before me, and I was compelled to begin a strenuous chase of the light fugitive, for which only the thought of rescuing myself from my fearful condition could have endowed me with the requisite vigor. It flew towards a wood at a great distance, in which I must of necessity have lost it. I perceived this; a horror convulsed my heart, inflamed my desire, added wings to my speed; I gained evidently on the shadow, I came continually nearer, I must certainly reach it. Suddenly it stopped and turned towards me. Like

fication resultant from the interaction of other phenomena. But all phenomena are revelatory manifestations of their hidden causes. Every phenomenon is the apparitional unveiling of its noumenon. Furthermore, all phenomena and all noumena are interrelated in one continuous system of reality, each part of which is pervaded and unified by the indivisible whole. We can no more account for our human experience without the causative ideas of God — purposiveness, liberty, infinity — than we can understand the production of an abstract shadow without presupposing the concrete reality of a ground, a light, and an intervening body.

a lion on its prey, I shot with a mighty spring forward to make seizure of it, and dashed unexpectedly against a hard object. Invisibly I received the most terrible blows on the ribs that mortal man ever felt.

The effect of the terror in me was convulsively to close my arms and firmly to enclose that which stood unseen before me. In the rapid transaction I plunged forward to the ground, but behind and under me was a man whom I had embraced and who now first became visible.

The whole occurrence became now very naturally explicable to me. The man must have carried the invisible bird's nest which renders him who holds it, but not his shadow, imperceptible, and had now cast it away. I glanced round, soon discovered the shadow of the invisible nest itself, leaped up and towards it, and did not miss the precious prize. Invisible and shadowless, I held the nest in my hand.

The man swiftly springing up, gazing round instantly after his fortunate conqueror, descried on the wide sunny plain neither him nor his shadow, for which he sought with especial avidity.

For that I was myself entirely shadowless he had no leisure to remark, nor could he imagine such a thing. Having convinced himself that every trace had vanished, he turned his hand against himself and tore his hair. To me, however, the acquired treasure had given the power and desire to mix again amongst men. I did not want for self-satisfying palliatives for my base robbery, or, rather, I had no need of them; and to escape from every thought of the kind, I hastened away, not even looking round at the unhappy one, whose deploring voice I long heard resounding behind me. Thus, at least, appeared to me the circumstances at the time.

I was on fire to proceed to the forester's garden and there myself to discern the truth of what the Detested One had told me. I knew not, however, where I was. I climbed the next hill in order to look round over the country, and perceived from its summit the near city and the forester's garden lying at my feet. My heart beat violently and tears of another kind than what I had till now shed rushed into my eyes. I should see her again! Anxious desire hastened

my steps down the most direct path. I passed unseen some peasants who came out of the city. They were talking of me, of Rascal, and the Forest-master; I would hear nothing; I hurried past.

I entered the garden, all the tremor of expectation in my bosom. I seemed to hear laughter near me. I shuddered, threw a rapid glance round me, but could discover nobody. I advanced farther. I seemed to perceive a sound as of man's steps at hand, but there was nothing to be seen. I believed myself deceived by my ear. It was yet early, no one in Graf Peter's arbor, the garden still empty. I traversed the well-known paths. I penetrated to the very front of the dwelling. The same noise more distinctly followed me. I seated myself with an agonized heart on a bench which stood in the sunny space before the house door. It seemed as if I had heard the unseen kobold, laughing in mockery, seat himself near me. The key turned in the door, it opened, and the Forest-master issued forth with papers in his hand. A mist seemed to envelop my head. I looked up and — horror!

the man in the gray coat sate by me, gazing on me with a satanic leer. He had drawn his Tarn-cap at once over his head and mine; at his feet lay his and my shadow peaceably by each other. He played negligently with the well-known paper which he held in his hand, and as the Forest-master, busied with his documents, went to and fro in the shadow of the arbor, he stooped familiarly to my ear and whispered in it these words: "So, then, you have notwithstanding accepted my invitation, and here sit we for once two heads under one cap. All right! all right! But now give me my bird's nest again; you have no further occasion for it and are too honorable a man to wish to withhold it from me. But there needs no thanks; I assure you that I have lent it you with the most hearty good will." He took it unceremoniously out of my hand, put it in his pocket, and laughed at me, and that so loud that the Forest-master himself looked round at the noise. I sate there as if changed to stone.

"But you must allow," continued he, "that such a cap is much more convenient. It covers not only your person, but your shadow at the same

time, and as many others as you have a mind to take with you. See you, to-day again, I conduct two of them" — he laughed again. "Mark this, Schlemihl, what we at first won't do with a good will, that will we in the end be compelled to. I still fancy you will buy that thing from me, take back the bride (for it is yet time), and we leave Rascal dangling on the gallows, an easy thing for us so long as rope is to be had. Hear you — I will give you also my cap into the bargain."

The mother came forth and the conversation began. "How goes it with Mina?"

"She weeps."

"Silly child! it cannot be altered!"

"Certainly not; but to give her to another so soon. Oh, man! thou art cruel to thy own child."

"No, mother, that thou quite mistakest. When she, even before she has wept out her childish tears, finds herself the wife of a very rich and honorable man, she will awake comforted out of her trouble as out of a dream, and thank God and us. That wilt thou see!"

"God grant it!"

"She possesses now, indeed, a very respectable property; but after the stir that this unlucky affair with the adventurer has made, canst thou believe that a partner so suitable as Mr. Rascal could be readily found for her? Dost thou know what a fortune Mr. Rascal possesses? He has paid six millions for estates here in the country free from all debits. I have had the title deeds in my own hands! He it was who everywhere had the start of me; and, besides this, has in his possession bills on Thomas John for about five and a half millions."

"He must have stolen enormously."

"What talk is that again! He has wisely saved what would otherwise have been lavished away."

"A man that has worn livery"—

"Stupid stuff! he has, however, an unblemished shadow."

"Thou art right, but"—

The man in the gray coat laughed and looked at me. The door opened and Mina came forth. She supported herself on the arm of a chamber-maid; silent tears rolled down her lovely pale

cheeks. She seated herself on a stool which was placed for her under the lime trees, and her father took a chair by her. He tenderly took her hand and addressed her with tender words, while she began violently to weep.

"Thou art my good, dear child, and thou wilt be reasonable, wilt not wish to distress thy old father, who seeks only thy happiness. I can well conceive it, dear heart, that it has sadly shaken thee. Thou art wonderfully escaped from thy misfortunes! Before we discovered the scandalous imposition, thou hadst loved this unworthy one greatly; see, Mina, I know it, and upbraid thee not for it. I myself, dear child, also loved him so long as I looked upon him as a great gentleman. But now thou seest how different all has turned out. What! every poodle has his own shadow! and should my dear child have a husband — no! thou thinkest, indeed, no more about him. Listen, Mina. Now, a man solicits thy hand who does not shun the sunshine; an honorable man, who, truly, is no prince, but who possesses ten millions — ten times more than thou; a man who will make my dear child

happy. Answer me not, make no opposition, be my good, dutiful daughter; let thy loving father care for thee and dry thy tears. Promise me to give thy hand to Mr. Rascal. Say, wilt thou promise me this?"

She answered with a faint voice: "I have no will, no wish further upon earth. Happen with me what my father will."

At this moment Mr. Rascal was announced and stepped impudently into the circle. Mina lay in a swoon. My detested companion glanced archly at me and whispered in hurried words: "And that can you endure? What, then, flows instead of blood in your veins?" He scratched with a hasty movement a slight wound in my hand; blood flowed, and he continued: "Actually red blood! So sign, then!" I had the parchment and the pen in my hand.

CHAPTER VII.

My wish, dear Chamisso, is merely to submit myself to thy judgment, not to endeavor to bias it. I have long passed the severest sentence on myself, for I have nourished the tormenting worm in my heart. It hovered during this solemn moment of my life incessantly before my soul, and I could only lift my eyes to it with a despairing glance, with humility and contrition. Dear friend, he who in levity only sets his foot out of the right road is unawares conducted into other paths which draw him downwards and ever downwards. He then sees in vain the guiding stars glitter in heaven; there remains to him no choice; he must descend unpausingly the declivity and become a voluntary sacrifice to Nemesis. After the false step which had laid the curse upon me, I had, sinning through love, forced myself into the fortunes of another being; and what remained for me but that where I had sowed de-

struction, where speedy salvation was demanded of me, I should blindly rush forward to the rescue? For the last hour struck! Think not so meanly of me, my Adelbert, as to imagine that I should have regarded any price that was demanded as too high; that I should have begrudged anything that was mine even more than my gold. No, Adelbert! But my soul was possessed with the most unconquerable hatred of this mysterious sneaker along crooked paths. I might do him injustice, but every degree of association with him maddened me. And here stepped forth, as so frequently in my life, — and as especially often in the history of the world, — an event instead of an action. Since then I have achieved reconciliation with myself. I have learned, in the first place, to reverence Necessity; and, what is more than the action performed, the event accomplished — her property. Then I have learned to venerate this Necessity as a wise Providence which lives through that great collective Machine in which we officiate simply as coöperating, impelling, and impelled wheels. What shall be, must be; what should be, happened, and not with-

out that Providence which I ultimately learned to reverence in my own fate and in the fate of her on whom mine thus impinged.

I know not whether I shall ascribe it to the excitement of my soul under the impulse of such mighty sensations, or to the exhaustion of my physical strength, which during the last days such unwonted privations had enfeebled; or whether, finally, to the desolating commotion which the presence of this gray fiend excited in my whole nature: be that as it may, as I was on the point of signing, I fell into a deep swoon, and lay a long time as in the arms of death.

Stamping of feet and curses were the first sounds which struck my ear as I returned to consciousness. I opened my eyes: it was dark; my detested attendant was busy scolding about me. "Is not that to behave like an old woman? Up with you, man, and complete offhand what you have resolved on, if you have not taken another thought, and had rather blubber!" I raised myself with difficulty from the ground and gazed in silence around. It was late in the evening; festive music resounded from the

brightly illuminated forester's house; various groups of people wandered through the garden walks. One couple came near in conversation and seated themselves on the bench which I had just quitted. They talked of the union this morning solemnized between Mr. Rascal and the daughter of the house. So, then, it had taken place!

I tore the Tarn-cap of the already vanished Unknown from my head and hastened in brooding silence towards the garden gate, plunging myself into the deepest night of the thicket and striking along the path past Graf Peter's arbor. But invisibly my tormenting spirit accompanied me, pursuing me with keenest reproaches. "These, then, are one's thanks for the pains which one has taken to support you, who have weak nerves, through the long precious day. And one shall act the fool in the play. Good Mr. Wronghead, fly you from me if you please, but we are, nevertheless, inseparable. You have my gold and I your shadow, and this will allow us no repose. Did anybody ever hear of a shadow forsaking its master? Yours draws me

after you till you take it again into favor, and I get rid of it. What you have hesitated to do out of fresh pleasure, will you, only too late, be compelled to seek through new weariness and disgust. One cannot escape one's fate." He continued speaking in the same tone. I fled in vain; he relaxed not, but, ever present, insultingly talked of gold and shadow. I could come to no single thought of my own.

I struck through unfrequented ways towards my house. When I stood before it and gazed at it, I could scarcely recognize it. No light shone through the dashed-in windows; the doors were closed; no throng of servants was moving therein. There was a laugh near me. "Ha! ha! so goes it! But you'll probably find your Bendel at home, for he was the other day purposely sent back so weary that he has most likely kept his bed since." He laughed again. "He will have a story to tell! Well, then, for the present, good night! We meet speedily again!"

I had rung repeatedly; light appeared. Bendel demanded from within who rung. When

the good man recognized my voice, he could scarcely restrain his joy. The door flew open, and we stood weeping in each other's arms. I found him greatly changed, weak and ill; but for me — my hair had become quite gray!

He conducted me through the desolated rooms to an inner apartment which had been spared. He brought food and wine, and we seated ourselves, and he again began to weep. He related to me that he, the other day, had cudgeled the gray-clad man whom he had encountered with my shadow, so long and so far that he had lost all trace of me and had sunk to the earth in utter fatigue. That after this, as he could not find me, he returned home, whither presently the mob, at Rascal's instigation, came rushing in fury, dashed in the windows, and gave full play to their lust of demolition. Thus did they to their benefactor. The servants had fled various ways. The police had ordered me, as a suspicious person, to quit the city, and had allowed only four-and-twenty hours in which to get out of their jurisdiction. To that which I already knew of Rascal's affluence and marriage

he had yet much to add. This scoundrel, from whom all had proceeded that had been done against me, must, from the beginning, have been in possession of my secret. It appeared that, attracted by gold, he had contrived to thrust himself upon me, and at the very first had procured a key to the gold cupboard, where he had laid the foundation of that fortune whose augmentation he could now afford to despise.

All this Bendel narrated to me with abundant tears, and then wept for joy that he again beheld me, again had me, and that, after he had long doubted whither his misfortune might have led me, he saw me bear it so calmly and collectedly; for such an aspect had despair now assumed in me. I beheld my misery unchangeably before me; I had wept out to it my last tear; not another cry could be extorted from my heart; I presented to it my bare head with chill indifference.

"Bendel," I said, "thou knowest my lot. Not without earlier blame has my heavy punishment befallen me. Thou, innocent man, shalt no longer bind thy destiny to mine. I do not desire it. I ride to-night still forward: saddle

me a horse; I ride alone. Thou remainest; it is my will. Here still must remain some chests of gold: that retain thou; but I will, alone, wander incessantly through the world; but if ever a happier hour should smile upon me, and fortune look on me with reconciled eyes, then will I remember thee, for I have wept upon thy firmly faithful bosom in heavy and agonizing hours."

With a broken heart was this honest man compelled to obey this last command of his master, at which his soul shrunk with terror. I was deaf to his prayers, to his representations, blind to his tears. He brought me out my steed. Once more I pressed the weeping man to my bosom, sprang into the saddle, and under the shroud of night hastened from the grave of my existence, regardless which way my horse conducted me, since I had longer on the earth no aim, no wish, no hope.

CHAPTER VIII.

A PEDESTRIAN soon joined me, who begged, after he had walked for some time by the side of my horse, that, as we went the same way, he might be allowed to lay a cloak, which he carried, on the steed behind me. I permitted it in silence. He thanked me with easy politeness for the trifling service, praised my horse, and thence took occasion to extol the happiness and power of the rich, and let himself, I know not how, fall into a kind of monologue, in which he had me now merely for a listener.

He unfolded his views of life and of the world, and came very soon upon metaphysics, in which the ultimate pretension extended to the discovery of the word that should solve all mysteries. He stated his premises with great clearness and proceeded to the proofs.

Thou knowest, my friend, that I have clearly discovered, since I have run through the schools

of the philosophers, that I have by no means a turn for philosophical speculations, and that I have totally renounced for myself this field. Since then I have left many things to themselves; abandoned the desire to know and to comprehend many things; and, as thou thyself didst advise me, have, trusting to my common sense, followed as far as I was able the voice within me on the direct course. Now this rhetorician seemed to me to raise, with great talent, a firmly put together fabric, which was at once self-based and self-supported, and stood as by an innate necessity. I missed, however, in it completely what most of all I was desirous to find, and so it became for me merely a work of art, whose ornamental compactness and completeness served only to charm the eye; nevertheless, I listened willingly to the eloquent man who drew my attention from my grief to him; and I would have gladly yielded myself wholly up to him, had he captivated my heart as well as my understanding.

Meanwhile the time had passed, and, unobserved, the dawn had already enlightened the

heaven. I was horrified as I looked suddenly up and saw the pomp of colors unfold itself in the east, which announced the approach of the sun; while at this hour, in which the shadows ostentatiously display themselves in their greatest extent, there was no protection from it, no refuge in the open country to be descried. And I was not alone! I cast a glance at my companion, and was again terror-struck. It was no other than the man in the gray coat!

He smiled at my alarm, and went on without allowing me to get in a word. "Let, however, as is the way of the world, our mutual advantage for a while unite us. It is all in good time for separating. The road here along the mountain range, though you have not yet thought of it, is, nevertheless, the only one into which you could prudently have struck. Down into the valley you may not venture, and still less will you desire to return again over the heights whence you are come; and this is also exactly my way. I see that you already turn pale before the rising sun. I will, for the time we keep company, lend you your shadow, and you, on

that account, tolerate me in your society. You have no longer your Bendel with you; I will do you good service. You do not like me, and I am sorry for it; but, notwithstanding, you can make use of me. The devil is not so black as he is painted. Yesterday you vexed me, it is true: I will not upbraid you with it to-day; and I have already shortened the way hither for you, — that you must allow. Only just take your shadow again awhile on trial."

The sun had ascended; people appeared on the road; I accepted, though with internal repugnance, the proposal. Smiling, he let my shadow glide to the ground, which immediately took its place on that of the horse, and trotted gaily by my side. I was in the strangest state of mind. I rode past a group of country people, who made way for a man of consequence reverently and with bared heads. I rode on, and gazed with greedy eyes and a palpitating heart on this my quondam shadow, which I had now borrowed from a stranger, yes, — from an enemy.

The man went carelessly near me, and even whistled a tune, — he on foot, I on horseback.

A dizziness seized me; the temptation was too great; I suddenly turned the reins, clapped spurs to the horse, and struck at full speed into a side path. But I carried not off the shadow, which at the turning glided from the horse and awaited its lawful possessor on the highroad. I was compelled with shame to turn back. The man in the gray coat, when he had calmly finished his tune, laughed at me, set the shadow right again for me, and informed me that it would then only hang fast and remain with me when I was disposed to become the rightful proprietor. "I hold you," continued he, "fast by the shadow, and you cannot escape me. A rich man like you needs shadow,—it cannot be otherwise,—and you only are to blame that you did not perceive that sooner."

I continued my journey on the same road; the comforts and the splendor of life again surrounded me; I could move about freely and conveniently, since I possessed a shadow, although only a borrowed one; and I everywhere inspired the respect which riches command. But I carried death in my heart. My strange companion,

who gave himself out as the unworthy servant of the richest man in the world, possessed an extraordinary professional readiness, prompt and clever beyond comparison, the very model of a valet for a rich man, but he stirred not from my side, perpetually directing the conversation towards me, and continually blabbing out the most confidential matters; so that at length, were it only to be rid of him, I resolved to settle the affair of the shadow. He was become as burdensome to me as he was hateful. I was even in fear of him. He had made me dependent on him. He held me, after he had conducted me back into the glory of the world which I had fled from. I was obliged to tolerate his eloquence upon myself, and felt, in fact, that he was in the right. A rich man in the world must have a shadow, and so soon as I desired to command the rank which he had contrived again to make necessary to me, I saw but one issue. By this, however, I stood fast;—after having sacrificed my love, after my life had been blighted, I would never sign away my soul to this creature for all the shadows in the world. I knew not how it would end.

We sat one day before a cave which the strangers who frequent these mountains are accustomed to visit. We heard there the rush of subterranean streams roaring up from immeasurable depths, and the stone cast in seemed, in its resounding fall, to find no bottom. He painted to me, as he often did, with a vivid power of imagination and in the lustrous charms of the most brilliant colors, the most carefully finished pictures of what I might achieve in the world by virtue of my purse, if I had but once my shadow in my possession. With my elbows rested on my knees, I kept my face concealed in my hands and listened to the false one, my heart divided between the seduction and my own strong will. In such an inward conflict I could no longer contain myself, and the deciding strife began.

"You appear, sir, to forget that I have indeed allowed you, upon certain conditions, to remain in my company, but that I have reserved my perfect freedom."

"If you command it, I pack up."

He was accustomed to menace. I was silent. He began immediately to roll up my shadow.

I turned pale, but I let him proceed. There followed a long pause; he first broke it.

"You cannot bear me, sir. You hate me; I know it; yet why do you hate me? Is it because you attacked me on the highway and sought to deprive me by violence of my bird's nest? Or is it because you have endeavored in a thievish manner to cheat me out of my property, the shadow, which was intrusted to you entirely on your honor? I, for my part, do not, therefore, hate you. I find it quite natural that you should seek to avail yourself of all your advantages, cunning, and power. For the rest, that you have the very strictest principles, that you have a taste which you think is like honor itself, —against this I have nothing to say. In fact, I think not so strictly as you; I merely act as you think. Or have I at any time pressed my finger on your throat in order to bring to me your most precious soul, for which I have a fancy? Have I, on account of my bartered purse, let a servant loose on you? Have I sought thus to swindle you out of it?" I had nothing to oppose to this, and he proceeded:

"Very good, sir! very good! you cannot endure me; I know that very well, and am by no means angry with you for it. We must part, that is clear; and in fact, you begin to be very wearisome to me. In order, then, to rid you of my further shame-inspiring presence, I once more counsel you to purchase this thing from me." I extended to him the purse: "At that price?"—"No!"

I sighed deeply and added: "Be it so, then. I insist, sir, that we part, and that you no longer obstruct my path in a world which it is to be hoped has room enough in it for us both." He smiled and replied: "I go, sir; but first let me instruct you how you may ring for me when you desire to see again your most devoted servant. You have only to shake your purse, so that the eternal gold pieces therein jingle, and the sound will instantly attract me. Every one thinks of his own advantage in this world. You see that I at the same time am thoughtful of yours, since I reveal to you a new power. Oh! this purse! —had the moths already devoured your shadow, that would still constitute a strong bond between

us. Enough, you have me in my gold. Should you have any commands, even when far off, for your servant, you know that I can show myself very active in the service of my friends, and the rich stand particularly well with me. You have seen it yourself. Only your shadow, sir, — allow me to tell you that, — never again, except on one sole condition, is it yours."

Forms of the past time swept before my soul. I demanded hastily, "Had you a signature from Mr. John?" He smiled. "With so good a friend it was by no means necessary." "Where is he? I will know it!" He plunged hesitatingly his hand into his pocket, and, dragged thence by the hair, appeared Thomas John's ghastly, disfigured form, and the blue death-lips moved themselves with heavy words, — "*Justo judicio Dei judicatus sum; justo judicio Dei condemnatus sum.*" I cried out with horror, dashing the purse into the abyss, "I adjure thee, in the name of Heaven, take thyself hence, and never again show thyself in my sight!"

He arose gloomily, and instantly vanished behind the masses of rock.

CHAPTER IX.

I SAT there without shadow and without money, but a heavy weight was taken from my bosom. I was calm. Had I lost my love, or had I in that loss felt myself free from blame, I believe that I should have been happy; but I knew not, however, what I should do. I examined my pockets; I found yet several gold pieces there; I counted them, and laughed. I had my horses below at the inn. I was ashamed of returning thither, — I must, at least, wait till the sun was gone down; it stood yet high in the heaven. I laid myself down in the shade of the nearest trees and fell calmly asleep.

Lovely shapes blended themselves before me in charming dance into a pleasing dream. Mina with a flower wreath in her hair floated by me and smiled kindly upon me. The noble Bendel also was crowned with flowers and went past with a friendly greeting. I saw many besides,

and I believe thee too, Chamisso, in the distant throng. A bright light appeared, but no one had a shadow, and what was stranger it had by no means a bad effect. Flowers and songs, love and joy, under groves of palm! I could neither hold fast nor single out the moving, lightly floating, lovable forms; but I knew that I dreamed such a dream with joy, and was careful to avoid waking. I was already awake, but still kept my eyes closed in order to retain the fading apparition longer before my soul.

I finally opened my eyes; the sun stood still high in the heaven, but in the east; I had slept through the night. I took it for a sign that I should not return to the inn. I gave up readily as lost what I yet possessed there, and determined to strike on foot into a neighboring path, which led along the wood-grown foot of the mountains, leaving it to fate to fulfill what it had yet in store for me. I looked not behind me, and thought not even of applying to Bendel, whom I left rich behind me, and which I could readily have done. I considered the new character which I should support in the world. My

dress was very modest. I had on an old black garment, which I had already worn in Berlin, and which, I know not how, had first come again into my hands for this journey. I had also a traveling cap on my head, a pair of old boots on my feet. I arose and cut me on the spot a knotty stick as a memorial, and advanced at once on my wandering.

I met in the wood an old peasant who greeted me in a friendly manner, and with whom I entered into conversation. I inquired, like an inquisitive traveler, first the way, then about the country and its inhabitants, the productions of the mountains, and many such things. He answered my questions sensibly and loquaciously. We came to the bed of a mountain torrent, which had spread its devastations over a wide tract of the forest. I shuddered involuntarily at the sun-bright space, and allowed the countryman to go first; but in the midst of this dangerous spot he stood still and turned to relate to me the history of this desolation. He saw immediately my defect, and paused in the midst of his discourse.

"But how does that happen? the gentleman has actually no shadow!"

"Alas! alas!" replied I, sighing, "during a long and severe illness my hair, nails, and shadow fell off. See, father, at my age, my hair, which is renewed again, is quite white, the nails very short, and the shadow — that will never grow again."

"Ay! ay!" responded the old man, shaking his head; "no shadow? that is bad! That was a bad illness that the gentleman had." But he continued not his narrative, and at the next crossway which presented itself he left me without saying a word. Bitter tears trembled anew upon my cheeks, and my cheerfulness was gone.

I pursued my way with a sorrowful heart, and sought no further the society of men. I kept myself in the darkest wood, and was many a time compelled, in order to pass over a space where the sun shone, to wait for whole hours, lest some human eye should forbid me the transit. In the evening I sought for a small inn in the villages. I went particularly in quest of a mine in the mountains where I hoped to get work under the oath; since, besides that my present

situation made it imperative that I should provide for my support, I had discovered that the most active labor alone could protect me from my own annihilating thoughts.

A few rainy days advanced me well on the way, but at the expense of my boots, whose soles had been calculated for the Graf Peter and not for the pedestrian laborer. I was already barefoot; I must procure a pair of new boots. The next morning I transacted this business with much gravity in a village where was held a wake, and where in a booth old and new boots stood for sale. I selected and bargained long. I was forced to deny myself a new pair which I would gladly have had, but the extravagant demand frightened me. I therefore contented myself with an old pair which were yet good and strong, and which the handsome, blond-haired boy who kept the stall, for present cash payment handed to me with a friendly smile, and wished me good luck on my journey. I put them on at once, and left the place by the northern gate.

I was sunk very deep in my thoughts and

scarcely saw where I set my feet, for I was pondering on the mine which I hoped to reach by evening, and where I hardly knew how I should propose myself. I had not advanced two hundred strides when I observed that I had got out of the way. I therefore looked round me, and found myself in a wild and ancient forest where the axe appeared never to have been wielded. I pressed forward still a few steps, and beheld myself in the midst of desert rocks which were overgrown only with moss and lichens, and between which lay fields of snow and ice. The air was intensely cold; I looked round — the wood had vanished behind me. I took a few strides more — and around me reigned the silence of death: the ice on which I stood extended itself boundlessly, and a thick, heavy fog rested on it. The sun stood blood-red on the edge of the horizon. The cold was insupportable.

I knew not what had happened to me; the benumbing frost compelled me to hasten my steps; I heard alone the roar of distant waters; a step and I was on the ice margin of an ocean.

Innumerable herds of seals plunged rushing before me in the flood. I pursued this shore. I saw naked rocks, land, birch and pine forests. I now advanced for a few minutes right onwards. It was stifling hot. I looked around — I stood amongst beautifully cultivated rice-fields, and beneath mulberry trees. I seated myself in their shade. I looked at my watch; I had left the market town only a quarter of an hour before. I fancied that I dreamed; I bit my tongue to awake myself. I closed my eyes in order to collect my thoughts. I heard before me singular accents pronounced through the nose. I looked up.

Two Chinese, unmistakable from their Asiatic form of countenance, if, indeed, I would have given no credit to their costume, addressed me in their speech with the accustomed salutations of their country. I arose and stepped two paces backward; I saw them no more. The landscape was totally changed, trees and forests instead of rice-fields. I contemplated these trees, and the plants which bloomed around me, which I recognized as the growth of southeastern Asia.

I wished to approach one of these trees, — one step, and again all was changed. I marched now like a recruit who is drilled, and strode slowly, and with measured steps. Wonderfully diversified lands, rivers, meadows, mountain chains, steppes, deserts of sand, unrolled themselves before my astonished eyes. There was no doubt of it, — I had seven-leagued boots on my feet.

CHAPTER X.

I FELL in speechless adoration on my knees and shed tears of thankfulness, for suddenly stood my fortune clear before my soul. For early offence thrust out from the society of men, I was cast for compensation upon Nature, which I ever loved; the earth was given me as a rich garden, study for the object and strength of my life, and science for its goal. It was no resolution which I adopted. I have since then, with severe, unremitted diligence, striven faithfully to represent what then stood clear and perfect before my eye, and my satisfaction has depended on the agreement of the demonstration with the original.

I prepared without hesitation, with a hasty survey, to take possession of the field which I should hereafter reap. I stood on the heights of Thibet, and the sun, which had risen upon me only a few hours before, now already stooped

to the evening sky. I wandered over Asia from east to west, overtaking him in his course, and entered Africa. I gazed about me with eager curiosity, as I repeatedly traversed it in all directions. As I surveyed the ancient pyramids and temples in passing through Egypt, I descried in the desert, not far from hundred-gated Thebes, the caves where the Christian anchorites once dwelt. It was suddenly firm and clear in me, — here is thy home! I selected one of the most concealed, which was at the same time spacious, convenient, and inaccessible to the jackals, for my future abode, and again went forward.

I passed at the pillars of Hercules over to Europe, and when I had reviewed the southern and northern provinces I crossed from northern Asia over the polar glaciers to Greenland and America; traversed both parts of that continent, and the winter which already reigned in the south drove me speedily back northwards from Cape Horn.

I tarried awhile till it was day in eastern Asia, and after some repose continued my wandering. I traced through both Americas the mountain

chain which comprehends the highest known inequalities on our globe. I stalked slowly and cautiously from summit to summit, now over flaming volcanoes, now snow-crowned peaks, often breathing with difficulty; when reaching Mount Elias, I sprang across Behring Strait to Asia. I followed the western shores in their manifold windings, and examined with especial care which of the islands there located were accessible to me. From the peninsula of Malacca my boots carried me to Sumatra, Java, Bali, and Lamboc. I attempted, often with danger and always in vain, a northwest passage over the lesser islets and rocks with which this sea is studded to Borneo and the other islands of this archipelago. I was compelled to abandon the hope. At length I seated myself on the extremest part of Lamboc, and, gazing towards the south and east, wept as at the fast-closed grating of my prison, that I had so soon discovered my limits. New Holland, so extraordinary, and so essentially necessary to the comprehension of the earth and its sun-woven garment, of the vegetable and the animal world, with the South Sea and its zoöphyte islands,

was interdicted to me; and thus, at the very outset, all that I should gather and build up was destined to remain a mere fragment! Oh, my Adelbert! what, after all, are the endeavors of men!

Often did I, in the severest winter of the southern hemisphere, endeavor, passing the polar glaciers westward, to leave behind me those two hundred strides out from Cape Horn, which sundered me probably from Van Diemen's Land and New Holland, regardless of my return, or whether this dismal region should close upon me as my coffin-lid, making desperate leaps from ice-drift to ice-drift, and bidding defiance to the cold and the sea. In vain, — I never reached New Holland, but every time I came back to Lamboc, seated myself on its extremest peak, and wept again with my face turned towards the south and east, as at the fast-closed bars of my prison.

I tore myself at length from this spot, and returned with a sorrowful heart into inner Asia. I traversed that farther, pursuing the morning dawn westward, and came yet in the night to

my proposed home in the Thebais, which I had touched upon in the afternoon of the day before.

As soon as I was somewhat rested, and when it was day again in Europe, I made it my first care to procure everything which I wanted. First of all stop-shoes; for I had experienced how inconvenient it was, when I wished to examine near objects, not to be able to slacken my stride except by pulling off my boots. A pair of slippers drawn over them had completely the effect which I anticipated, and later I always carried two pairs, since I sometimes threw them from my feet without having time to pick them up again, when lions, men, or hyenas startled me from my botanizing. My very excellent watch was, for the short duration of my passage, a capital chronometer. Besides this I needed a sextant, some scientific instruments and books.

To procure all this, I made several anxious journeys to London and Paris, which, auspiciously for me, a mist just then overshadowed. As the remains of my enchanted gold was now exhausted, I easily accomplished the payment by gathering African ivory, in which, however,

I was obliged to select only the smallest tusks, as not too heavy for me. I was soon furnished and equipped with all these, and commenced immediately, as private philosopher, my new course of life.

I roamed about the earth, now determining the altitudes of mountains, now the temperature of its springs and the air; now contemplating the animal, now inquiring into the vegetable tribes. I hastened from the equator to the pole, from one world to the other, comparing facts with facts. The eggs of the African ostrich or the northern sea-fowl, and fruits, especially of the tropical palms and bananas, were even my ordinary food. In lieu of happiness I had tobacco, and of human society and the ties of love, one faithful poodle, which guarded my cave in the Thebais and, when I returned home with fresh treasures, sprang joyfully towards me, and gave me still a human feeling that I was not alone on the earth. An adventure was yet destined to conduct me back amongst mankind.

CHAPTER XI.

As I once wore my boots on the shores of the north, and gathered lichens and sea-weed, an ice-bear came unawares upon me round the corner of a rock. Flinging off my slippers, I would step over to an opposite island, to which a naked crag which protruded midway from the waves offered me a passage. I stepped with one foot firmly on the rock, and plunged over on the other side into the sea, one of my slippers having unobserved remained fast on the foot.

The excessive cold seized on me. I with difficulty rescued my life from this danger, and the moment I reached land I ran with the utmost speed to the Libyan deserts, in order to dry myself in the sun; but as I was here exposed, it burned me so furiously on the head that I staggered back again very ill towards the north. I sought to relieve myself by rapid motion, and ran with swift, uncertain steps, from west to

east, from east to west. I found myself now in the day, now in the night; now in summer, now in the winter's cold.

I know not how long I thus reeled about on the earth. A burning fever glowed in my veins; with deepest distress I felt my senses forsaking me. As mischief would have it, in my incautious career I now trod on some one's foot. I must have hurt him; I received a heavy blow, and fell to the ground.

When I again returned to consciousness, I lay comfortably in a good bed, which stood amongst many other beds in a handsome hall. Some one sat at my head; people went through the hall from one bed to another. They came to mine, and spake together about me. They styled me *Number Twelve;* and on the wall at my feet stood — yes, certainly it was no delusion — I could distinctly read on a black tablet of marble in great golden letters, quite correctly written, my name, —

PETER SCHLEMIHL.

On the tablet beneath my name were two other

rows of letters, but I was too weak to put them together. I again closed my eyes.

I heard something, of which the subject was Peter Schlemihl, read aloud, and articulately, but I could not collect the sense. I saw a friendly man, and a very lovely woman in black dress, appear at my bedside. The forms were not strange to me, and yet I could not recognize them.

Some time went over, and I recovered my strength. I was called *Number Twelve*, and *Number Twelve* on account of his long beard passed for a Jew; on which account, however, he was not at all the less carefully treated. That he had no shadow appeared to have been unobserved. My boots, as I was assured, were, with all that I had brought hither, in good keeping, in order to be restored to me on my recovery. The place in which I lay was called the Schlemihlium. What was daily read aloud concerning Peter Schlemihl was an exhortation to pray for him as the founder and benefactor of this institution. The friendly man whom I had seen by my bed was Bendel; the lovely woman was Mina.

I recovered unrecognized in the Schlemihlium, and learned yet farther that I was in Bendel's native city, where, with the remains of my otherwise unblessed gold, he had in my name founded this hospital, where the unhappy blessed me, and himself maintained its superintendence. Mina was a widow. An unhappy criminal process had cost Mr. Rascal his life, and her the greater part of her property. Her parents were no more. She lived here as a pious widow, and practiced works of mercy.

Once she conversed with Mr. Bendel at the bedside of *Number Twelve.* "Why, noble lady, will you so often expose yourself to the bad atmosphere which prevails here? Does fate, then, deal so hardly with you that you wish to die?"

"No, Mr. Bendel, since I have dreamed out my long dream, and have awakened in myself, all is well with me; since then, I crave not, and fear not, death. Since then, I reflect calmly on the past and the future. Is it not also with a still and inward happiness that you now, in so devout a manner, serve your master and friend?"

"Thank God, yes, noble lady. But we have

seen wonderful things; we have unwarily drunk much good, and bitter woes, out of the full cup. Now it is empty, and we may believe that the whole has been only a trial; and, armed with wise discernment, await the real beginning. The real beginning is of another fashion; and we wish not back the first jugglery, and are on the whole glad, such as it was, to have lived through it. I feel also within me a confidence that it must now be better than formerly with our old friend."

"In me, too," replied the lovely widow, and then passed on.

The conversation left a deep impression upon me, but I was undecided in myself whether I should make myself known, or depart hence unrecognized. I took my resolve. I requested paper and pencil, and wrote these words: "It is indeed better with your old friend now than formerly, and if he does penance it is the penance of reconciliation."

Hereupon I desired to dress myself, as I found myself stronger. The key of the small wardrobe which stood near my bed was brought,

and I found therein all that belonged to me. I put on my clothes, suspended my botanical case — in which I rejoiced still to find my northern lichens — round my black garment, drew on my boots, laid the written paper on my bed, and as the door opened I was already far on the way to the Thebais.

As I took the way along the Syrian coast, on which I for the last time had wandered from home, I perceived my poor Figaro coming towards me. This excellent poodle, who had long expected his master at home, seemed to desire to trace him out. I stood still and called to him. He sprang barking towards me, with a thousand moving assurances of his inmost and most extravagant joy. I took him up under my arm, for in truth he could not follow me, and brought him with me home again.

I found all in its old order, and returned gradually, as my strength was recruited, to my former employment and mode of life, except that I kept myself for a whole year out of the, to me, wholly insupportable polar cold. And thus, my dear Chamisso, I live to this day. My

boots are no worse for the wear, as that very learned work of the celebrated Tieckius, De Rebus Gestis Polticelli, at first led me to fear. Their force remains unimpaired, — my strength only decays; yet I have the comfort to have exerted it in a continuous and not fruitless pursuit of one object. I have, so far as my boots could carry me, become more fundamentally acquainted than any man before me with the earth, its shape, its elevations, its temperatures, the changes of its atmosphere, the exhibitions of its magnetic power, and the life upon it, especially in the vegetable world. The facts I have recorded with the greatest possible exactness, and in perspicuous order, in several works, and stated my deductions and views briefly in several treatises. I have settled the geography of the interior of Africa, and of the northern polar regions; of the interior of Asia, and its eastern shores. My Historia Stirpium Plantarum Utriusque Orbis stands as a grand fragment of the Flora Universalis Terræ, and as a branch of my Systema Naturæ. I believe that I have therein not merely augmented, at a moder-

ate calculation, the amount of known species more than one third, but have done something for the Natural System and for the Geography of Plants. I shall labor diligently at my Fauna. I shall take care that, before my death, my works shall be deposited in the Berlin University.

And thee, my dear Chamisso, have I selected as the preserver of my singular history, which, perhaps, when I have vanished from the earth, may afford valuable instruction to many of its inhabitants. But thou, my friend, if thou wilt live among men, learn before all things to reverence the shadow, and then the gold. Wishest thou to live only for thyself and for thy better self — oh, then! — thou needest no counsel.

Thoughtful readers of this remarkable story will be pleased, no doubt, to have the hidden significance of it, its latent lessons, set before them in statements more explicit and distinct than have yet been made. The whole meaning of the narrative is summed up by its author in the sly and semi-satirical exhortation with which he closes: "My friend, while you live among

mankind, learn, above all things, *first to reverence your shadow*, and next *your money!*" To elucidate the full force of this somewhat obscure and metaphorical sentence, and raise into clear relief the genuine moral teachings of the narrative, we shall have to subdivide our explanation and present its contents under three heads.

First, which is more important to the prosperity and happiness of a man, the real *character* he is, or the *reputation* he bears? the *substance* of his personal being, or the *shadow* he casts in society? There are two answers. In the intrinsic world of God, consciousness and destiny, the former is incomparably the more momentous; but in the conventional world of civilization the latter is often considered, and thus apparently made, the essential thing.

Second, in the influence exerted on our experience respectively by money and by the goods that money represents, which is superior? Which of these should hold the primary, which the secondary, rank in our esteem? Here likewise there are two opposed answers. True insight unhesitatingly affirms that money is merely a symbol, while the goods of life — food, clothing, shelter, education, social intercourse — are the reality it symbolizes. Given a full supply of the goods of life, and money is needless. On the contrary, no amount of money would be worth anything if unrelated with

the goods of life, without which we cannot get along at all. Therefore what immediately supports life is the real substance, and its emblematic token is only a shadow. This is the first answer to our question. But a quite different answer passes current in the ordinary course of the world. For under the present system of civilization money *commands*, purchases, and distributes, the goods of life. In this way it becomes the imperious lord of the supplies for our wants, and, consequently, outranks them all in importance. In fashionable circles a man gifted with magnificent genius and nobility, but destitute of money, passes for nothing; while a commonplace lubber, with a million guineas in the bank, is a king. The costly substance of the former is neglected because he has no pecuniary shadow; the rich pecuniary shadow of the latter is worshipped, notwithstanding his unsubstantial worthlessness. The meaning of the sign has disappeared in the formal hollowness of the signal. The substance and the shadow have changed places.

Third, the last and deepest lesson tacitly taught by the mysterious adventures of Peter Schlemihl is the delightful absurdity, the ridiculous logical incoherence, involved in the supposition that a negative abstraction can exist by itself and operate independently of everything else. There are very few things in literature more delicious in their ironical wit and humor than the coolness with which the author assumes that the shadow

of a man is something quite free of any dependence on him who throws it; the perfect innocence with which poor Peter describes his shadow as a material object which could be picked up and folded together and put in the pocket, or which could be frozen to the ground and left there while its owner walked away! It is a cutting satire on that agnostic philosophy which personifies mental abstractions and then substitutes them for the causal personality from which alone mental abstractions can be derived. In this manner personality is pulverized into a series of states of consciousness, with no permanent identity threading them. So in the Darwinian theory of the Origin of Species an arbitrary personification of the verbal phrase, Natural Selection, is made to work as an intelligent cause, to produce all the phenomena of evolution, and to supersede God by doing his work in his place! Natural Selection is not a causative entity. It is the abstract expression for a process which is the resultant of the various coöperative factors involved in the whole Systematic Relationship of Being. Philosophy can no more solve the problem of evolution without the three concepts, Creator, Creation, Creatures, than one can account for the appearance of a human shadow without presupposing the three facts, a man, a light, and an interception of the light by the body of the man. The shadow of nature implies the light of God.

W. R. ALGER.