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Jean Paul

A READER

Edited, with an introductory essay and commentary, by Timothy J. Casey
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from the narrator. The excerpt takes up with Fäbel’s account of their arrival in Hof, where he lectures a French republican on politics and his pupils on deportment.

**History of My Preface to the Second Edition of Quintus Fixlein**

A Switzer (as Stolberg tells us) once vaulted with all his might off the floor onto the armchair and back to the floor again—and when asked about it, declared that “he was vivifying himself.”—Norsemen like me need at least half a day’s journey to rouse themselves to the point of successfully drafting a chapter. Even Erasmus concocted In Praise of Foolishness in the saddle (on his way to Italy); and Savage, the English writer, his tragedy Overbury in the streets of London—although his life was a tragedy in itself, if not a domestic but rather an aristocratic one, as he exacted £200 from his natural mother, the Countess of Macclesfield, in return for not making a pasquinade on her, merely being one on her as a result—; likewise I am known to have done the Grand Tour a few years ago to return like a well-bred young man with the skeleton draft of Mummies; yea, and if ever I should decide on an epos like the Odyssey, the bard would, I fear, have to spend as much time on his pittoresque journey of exploration as the hero himself.

Yet on the begettal of a Preface to the Second Edition I never reckoned to spend more than a walking trip from Hof to Baireuth, a mere stone’s throw via three stages. But I find myself at a loss when I arouse the astonishment of my reading posterity and also their forebears by taking them with me over the highway to Baireuth, along which I am traveling—caged in the weaver’s loom of the Preface and shooting my shuttle—without coming up with anything decent. For I carried the open notebook before me that I might garner the preface as it would drop from me, sentence by sentence; but few authors have ever been interrupted as frequently in their prefaces. Let me tell you in detail.

Man’s moral progress matches his physical one, which is but a continuous fall.

The toll-bar in Hof, where we pay our duty and which had been low-

1. Varro arrives at a count of 30,000 heathen idols.
crackling on the roast ham, which will just as surely be served in the end, even garnished with flowers.

But now the sun rose behind me. — How pale, how dim and yellow become all those prefaces, those lobster lights of the reviewers and those phosphorescent creatures, the authors, before the enlightenment of the eternal and ever-revolving stage, with its orchestras and its galleries! — I have often attempted to think of printers’ blocks, tailpieces, flyleaves, and spacings in the face of this yearly display of paintings in Nature’s vast gallery — but in vain, except at midday perhaps, but of a morning or evening, never. For it is in the morning and in the evening, or rather in youth and old age, that man raises his earthly head, filled with dreamy and starry images, up toward the stilly sky, gazing at length, and affected with yearning; but during the stifling noon of the day, or life, he inclines his brow, bathed in sweat, toward the earth and her truffles and tuberous plants. Thus the middle layers of a playing card also consist of naught but the printers’ waste, while the outer layers are fashioned from first-class material; likewise, the rainbow rises only from morning or evening but never the south.

As the road lifted me higher and higher above the valleys I became dubious as to which I should follow — whether it should be the tree-lined hill colonnade on my left or the magical vis-à-vis with the cultured head straight in front. — I could see that on the Mount Tabor Ridge to my left the spirit would be transfigured, standing first in the rock-hewn footsteps of angels departed, whereas in the coach the descended angel herself was seated.

Preambles were out of the question. Luckily, I perceived close by Münchenberg, beside Nature’s grand structures, which prop up the soul like a vine, an added one, which flattens it to a lowly dwarf bean, to wit, the Gallows Hill, and on it a gentleman botanist. — Incidentally! the greenswards on grassy banks or on glacis or on Wouverman’s canvasses cannot hope to compete with the beautiful bowling green of a gallows hill, a harvest- and obsidional-crown (corona obsidionalis) of victorious humanity, as it were. Alas, enough scarlet clouds are gathered on high scattering sanguine rain over the earth! — Now I composed myself for my prefatory task, rebuking myself: “There is no denying the fact that thou art standing outside thy first stage, outside Münchenberg, and hast sprouted naught of the preface but the first tiny shoot: this way thou wilt pass through Gefreys, Berneck, and Bindloch not augmenting the preface a whit, especially if thou declinest to say a word but what fitteth a previous

or a later one like a wedge stone. Art thou not free to walk in the footsteps of Herrn von Moser (precursor and godfather of thy slipboxes), who did not compose a coherent page in his life, but maxims, mottos, and aphorisms, in short, no lattice at all? I had to agree with myself; and therefore continued, in the way of a good pianoforte and in thesibus magistralibus, webbingless, without any connections or hemp plants but those on the Gallows Hill with my

**PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION**

From time immemorial it has been the tiresome habit of man ever to have any scratches and pox marks left by the recently weathered centuries, any burn marks and aftereffects of former barbarities removed twice — firstly by means of Time, and then secondly (although soon afterward, often during the following century) by means of edicts, district regulations, imperial ordinances, parliamentary decrees, pragmatics sanctions, and episcopal statutes — in such a way that our confounded scurvy, rusty, moldy, and abject follies and customs resemble the royal corpses, which also are buried twice, the first time in secret when they smell, and the second time publicly in an empty double-walled show coffin, followed by doleful funeral flags, black mares, and mourning cloaks. — Preface to be continued.

While I was writing away, the botanist of the gallows flora had caught up and distracted me. I was amazed to find myself face-to-face with the Art Councillor Fraischdörffer, who was on his way from Haarbaar to Bamberg, where he hoped to observe from some mountain- or rooftop a major battle, without which, in his capacity as an inspector of so many battle pieces in galleries, and a critic of Homer’s battle to boot, he can hardly do. — Whereas my face was to him an unknown central Africa. He cannot be truly at home in the history of the world of letters who needs to be told that the Art Councillor is a collaborator not only in the new Universal German Library — but also in the Haarharan, Scheerauen, and Flachsenfingeran reviewing establishments, being one of their most accomplished assistants. Just as we lower a pumpkin into a carp pond as carp feed, he dips his nourishing head as a bouillon ball into many a famished review. And when I recalled the many broad hints of the Council-

2. As is well known, that is the name of the principality in which the story that I am about to edit under the title of Titan takes place. Whence I am familiar with the Art Councillor Fraischdörffer, although he not at all with me.
lor's, whom I had never done any harm in my life, that he planned to review me presently; I felt sick to death; for there is no greater likeness and at the same time antipathy than between an author and his reviewer, although the same is the case with the dog and the wolf. I therefore turned counterfeiter and forged my own name and introduced myself as quite a different person: "Sir," I addressed the Art Councillor, "You see here before you the well-known Egidius Zebedy Fixlein, of whose Life my esteemed cousin Jean Paul has a mind to present to the world a Second Edition — notwithstanding my daily continued existence and consequent yielding of ever new life to be written about." — Now in contrast to its engraved rendering in the orbis pictus, the Art Councillor's soul was not made of points but rather of exclamation marks; some souls consist of parentheses or quotation marks, my own soul of dashes. Taking me to be Quintus, he pumped me now as to whether my life and domesticities tallied with what was in print. I imparted many a new feature of Fixlein's, which will appear, though, in the Second Edition, as otherwise he will accuse me in future of giving a poor account of the original. He committed my perorations to parchment forthwith, as he could retain nothing; to which reason he had gathered some headstrengthening herbs on the Gallows Hill for an herb bonnet. He confessed that if his excerpt-and book-filled study should ever be set on fire, Fraischdorfer would be deprived of all his opinions and knowledge at once, as he stored both of them there; therefore, he was right obtuse and ignorant on the road, merely a feeble copy and adumbration of his own self, its dummy and curator absentis.

In fact, the German temple of fame is a beautiful copy of Minerva's temple in Athens, which included a large altar in Oblivion's honor.3 Yea, just as the Florentines never approach their Pandects except fully arrayed and carrying torches, we from the selfsame respect never handle the works of our poets but when in festivite attire and company, holding the works themselves up to candles and lighting not heads but — bright bowls of Meerschaum with them. — I have often been asked why it is that the aging world, which stores in its memory even the earliest works from thousands of book fairs, those by a Plato, a Cicero, even a Sanchunian-thon, forgets the most recent, viz, the latest romances from the last fair, those Kantian, Wolfian, and theological pamphlets, the Life of Bunkel, the foremost inaugural disputations and pièces du jour, pastoral letters, and scholarly journals, oft in the very month it first hears of them. My answer was good and it went: as there is hardly a mystical person as old as the world, which is truly one of Denner's wrinkled old heads and about to become (and what wonder) marasmically feeble and almost childish: it goes without saying that it, too, is affected by the complaints of old people who have an excellent grasp on all that they heard and read in their youth yet forget what they learn in old age in an hour. Wherefore our books resemble the rags in the paper mill whence they come, as the miller ever ferments the fresh ones before the old.

As a matter of fact, this might have stood as a separate paragraph in the Preface to the Second Edition.

The Art Councillor waxed exceedingly angry at Münchberg: either the houses on top or those at the foot of the hill ought to go; could an edifice ever be aught but an architectonical work of art, he asked me, which must be admired rather than occupied, but we used it improperly as a habitat because it was hollowed out like a flute or a cannon, just as bees would settle into the hollow tree instead of playing about its blossoms. He shewed the absurdity of our billeting ourselves in an artifact akin to using vases by Heem4 as cheese molds or penholders, or scooping Laocoon out as a case for a bass viol or the Medicean Venus for a hatbox. He wondered indeed how the King could stand villages; and frankly confessed that he as an artist could only be pleased when a whole city went up in smoke, as it kindled in him the hope for a newer and finer one.

He was not to be shaken off: now, outside Münchberg, he started assaulting myself instead of the burghers of Münchberg by flogging my opera. Alas, both the Preface to the Second Edition and the fugitive vis-à-vis left myself and my longings ever farther behind, and all that was left for the eye to behold of the lady, as of one who had passed away, was a faraway dust cloud, yet I would not have swapped it for gold dust. Now the Frais Squire and Art Councillor keelhauled and drowned Cousin Jean Paul in a sack, taking me to be Quintus, as mentioned above, and umbrage at his not spreading his biographical pap nice and smooth like the peasants, or titivating himself in front of the looking glass of critique. I espoused the wronged and absent man's cause by telling him that as far as I knew from the horse's mouth it was by means of the vaulting poles, climbing irons, and springboards of critical notices rather than the elytron of his own psyche that he elevated himself, that, indeed, he was in the process of penning critical letters, wherein he praised and practiced the art of critique at the expense of the critic — which critical manipula-

3. Plutarch Sympos. 1, 9, qu. 6.
4. The finest painter of pot pieces.
tion bloated his works to the same extent as noses are elongated and stretched by continual blowing. Verily, this is the case: it passes my understanding how a body can write an opusculum barely half an alphabet stout; what is a page at a distance needs must expand into a quire close up, and the quire turn into a ream: an opus, like a new-born cub no more than the size of a rat, when I first throw it off, I will, given time, lick into the shape of a fine brown bear. The critic, of course, sees only what the author has kept and not what was discarded; wherefore one could wish that the authors attached a complete collection of every foolish thought, ruthlessly canceled at the beginning, at the end of their works for the benefit of the reviewers, all the more since, like Voltaire for example, they really do save up and append to their final editions a ragbag of sweepings from the earlier ones, for superior readers, just as a number of Prussian regiments save up the horse dust as a proof of their grooming.

Gradually acidifying from malt- to wine-vinegar, he now told me straight out: “You are ignorant of whom you are shielding, sir: your esteemed cousin has turned your gentleman's likeness into a bam bocci ad and altogether omined those virtues of intellect which — as I now hear for myself — in fact you possess. Your Reverence did not arouse the same interest in me on the printed page as he does on the highway.” Desiring him to withdraw even that, I dropped out of my role as Fixlein on purpose and said in a pique: “If readers, above all those of the gentler sex, do not appreciate my comical or indeed any imperfect character, I can well account for it: they have no taste for writing let alone for practicing humorists; moreover, a limited imagination will find it more difficult to imagine and take an interest in an incomplete character — and finally, a reader prefers a hero similar to himself to a dissimilar one; and a similar one he ever perceives to be a magnificent specimen.” — Verily! For as Plutarch in his biographies balances and compares each great man with a second great man, the reader quietly foils up each character of a biography against a second great character (namely his own), taking notice of the result. And for this reason will maidens set such uncommon store by perfect feminine beauty and grace in a novel’s description (so greatly does the author beautify the most unfortunate), while showing little desire for it in reality’s plastic and sculpture — just as ugly things, lizards, and Furies can only be pleasingly represented in paintings, but not through the art of sculpture —; for to the maiden the novel is after all a true mirror, and she can see the heroine in it.

Outside the village, which goes by the name of The Three Sausages,
at the betrayal — or a capon, at least, who in the manner of capons, should sit on my chicks and lead them about; but I never asked for this chicken hawk, and, I allow, I became heated. He started at The Three Sausages and never ceased until we came to Gefrees — all the while calling me Eminence and Jean Paul my Esteemed Cousin — and maintained that "there is no more beautiful form than the Grecian, which is reached most easily by renouncing all matter." (Hence it is that one now moves best to Grecian choreography by abandoning the scholarly ballast of later centuries and easing oneself, so to speak.) — Form is so little concerned with cubic content that it hardly needs any at all, just as pure will had ever been form without matter (consisting in the willing of willing, so to speak, as the impure consists in the willing of not willing, so that the relationship of aesthetic and moral forms to their matters equals that of the geometrical to all given real space). — That this explained Schlegel's dictum that as there is pure thought without any matter (the like is utter nonsense) there could be exquisite poetical representations without it (which so to speak strikingly dissemble themselves). — And that in any case we had better rid form of all kernels and spelt if ever a work of art was to achieve that perfection that Schiller demanded, in order to free man and fit him equally for frolic and earnest (which lofty pinnacle, because of the disposition of human nature, could be scaled by the elevated genres of poetry, viz., the epopee, or ode, only through an insignificant vacant matter or vacant insignificant treatment of a significant one. Yet as we encounter the latter only in trivial works of art, it appears that the poor ones share with the most perfect the mark that distinguishes them from the mediocre." — Humor, above all, was as reprehensible as it was unpalatable, as it was nowhere to be met in the ancients."

Fraischdorfer shall continue forthwith, once I have noted that some day I shall skilfully set forth in a critical little opusculum how German art critics (barring the latest one) have a deplorable way of dismembering humor and also (to my surprise, as the enjoyment of beauty can only increase with one's ignorance of her anatomy) an even more deplorable way of enjoying it, although as judges in darkness they resemble the Arcopagites, who were forbidden to either laugh at a joke (Aeschin. in Tiumarch.) or to compose one (Plut. de glor. Athen.) — and furthermore that, even though the curved line of humor is not easy to rectify, it is neither unruly nor willful else it could not delight anyone but its proprietor - that it shares form and stylistic devices, although not subject matter, with the tragic — that humor (I mean aesthetic humor, which is as different and as detachable from the practical as any other representation from its portrayed or portraying sentiment) is but the fruit of a protracted culture of reason and that it must grow with the age of the world as well as the age of the individual.

Fraischdorfer carried on: "And should this touchstone be used to test the esteemed cousin's works in which such exclusive store is set by their matter, it was incomprehensible how he could have been praised by the critic for choosing such ambiguous matters as divinity, immortality of the soul, contempt of life, and so on."

With these words, we set foot in Gefrees and I saw how the semifamiliar lady once more enveloped herself in her veil like a netted melon and left which meant that if this crow of carrion of an art councillor had only dispensed with his goatish sherbet in The Three Sausages I should have gained the good fortune of catching her unawares while she was having coachman and horses looked after by Herrn Lochmiiller. Instead, I had naught. I wreaked a terrible rage in my heart and lambasted the Art Councillor thus in my mind: "O thou vile frostbitten pillar of salt! Thou hollowed-out shell auger stuffed full of hearts! O thou blown lark's egg, from which fate will never be able to hatch a throbbing, soaring, and rapturous heart! Say what thou wilt, for I shall write what's my wont. — Thou shalt divert neither my eye nor my drawing pen from eternity's glacial peaks on which play the flames of the hidden sun, or from the nebulous star of the other world, which is so far in the past and which has the parallax of but a second, and from all that soothes the hot flushes of life's flight that opens the wing enclosed in the chrysalis, and warms us and wafts us!"

While the graecisising block cutter now sang the praises of the beautiful day and the azure dome of the ethereal hemisphere and averred that here he was speaking not as a painter, who would disdain cloudless skies, but as a poet, who is after all well served in his verses by fine weather: I kept stoking my wrath, all the more as according to Platner the abdomen patently benefits from such fury — and for that reason scholars, who commonly dwell above the most wretched of bellies, ought to incite each other even more zealously in anticritical newssheets — and I activated my lips without misgiving and somewhat harshly berated him sotto voce with these frank if inward invectives: "All that this formless formator in front of me values of the whole universe is that it might sit for him — he would,
THE DEVIL TAKE IT

Out loud, however, I could not be bothered to utter much more to the Art Councillor. I hastened toward Berneck where the queen bee in flight in her vis-à-vis was sure to pull up at The Soup Bowl. I wished in my heart that a couple of carriage wheels might start fuming and for want of tar oil make her stop to collect some black slugs as a substitute for axle grease. My reviewer-to-be became markedly tired and hungry, and because lubricating rather than gastric juices were lacking, he wished to give peristaltic instead of peripatetic motion a try; but I was not to be stopped, and he followed behind with his hunger. "You should be thankful," said I, "for being fully aware of twain states, which to convey from their own experiences seems hard or impossible to painter and poet alike - viz, hunger and weariness. - Whenever I spy a peasant with his shirt in one piece (there is one toiling away over there) I am inspired. I work out how long it will take for the shirt to turn grist for the rag chopper and finally paper, on which some savant may spread his intellectual spawn." As he comprehended my satire, it did not at all concern him: for satires and intimations of death merely touch him who is conscious of neither.

My indifference to the Art Councillor allowed me to stride ahead and resume not only the journey but also the Preface to the Second Edition and set it down on my tablet forthwith.

CONTINUATION OF THE PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

And Kant does indeed enjoy the rare fortune of commanding a stage well edged and bordered by heads that reflect his noises more clearly, as with the ancients who concealed empty pots in their theaters that assisted the actors' voices with resonance. An author who has ideas of his own often adulterates someone else's, which he was meant to disseminate, and suppose that he promised on oath, as once was required of copyists, to copy fairly and squarely, he would all the same differ a lot from the empty head whose upper Torricellian vacuum is, as in physics, the best conductor of sparks. - Yet in the system itself we must obviate blanks, which contain no truths by means of their robes, those lengthy newfangled terms, just as a sensible painter will fill empty spaces with draperies.

Ethics is a horse of a different color again, where, as in medicine, the theoretician parts company with the empiricist. As on the ancient stage one actor chanted while his counterpart furnished the physical action to suit, and dramatic art prospered through this separation, in the difficult art of virtue naught will be accomplished until (as now frequently happens) practice is severed from theory, with one merely pronouncing on virtue and the other attempting the appropriate actions.

Preface to be continued.

For now we descended into the verdant Tempe of Berneck, and I put my tablet aside, although I could have write on with impunity, as addressing myself to the Art Councillor in mind was as good as addressing him in person.

The royal Elijah chariot of the Sun had come to a halt at the post inn, and my journey's directress alighted. I sprang into action - who would have thought it (myself perhaps least of all) that she was no less than a prima donna who had once before acted in one of my prefaces, who but the admirable, the sweet, the familiar Paulina, filial relict of the late Captain and general merchant Oehrmann?

I was silly for joy, as the good people of Berneck can testify. "Fancy meeting you here," Herr Jean Paul," said the miss, whose countenance in her bridal estate was of a more glowing red than formerly in the shop, the purple sash of the martial service to come, so to speak, the buttonhole and rosette on the conjugal bond.

Fraischdorfer crimsoned as well, like a boiling lobster, when he heard that I was indeed that peripatetically criticized author. He said it was fortunate that I had lied in reality only and not on the printed page, where it was of greater importance for the genuine man's reputation to gain
acceptance and endure. He might be gone in a flash like a snowflake in May. Yet he will chalk it up to me and at the very least take a few potshots at his traveling mate from the protective scrub of the Universal German Library. I therefore deemed it expedient to inform the public beforehand: each one of his crossbow's arrows now carries his name (as was mandatory with the Tartars according to Montesquieu), the name of the bow man is Fraischdörfer. He is a man of repute and a decent man on the whole, he observes the affictions of war in Bamberg and, as I could tell from his fingers, fashions the requisite clear-cut concept and a few pointed ideas to boot, and we hold each other in estimation. — Here is an example and proof positive of how gladly I scatter his laurels: "The file," said the impish Art Councillor "which the authors fail to apply to their works, is used all the more diligently by their publishers on the gold coins with which they are paid." Very pretty turned, this! —

I happily dined with the damsel, whose husband-to-be, her matrimonial pasha and bey and maitre des plaisirs is going to be none other than our old acquaintance, Judiciary Weyermann. I admit it was more a matter of seeking the bride out than of fleeing her, which he lent imperturbably to the song of the Sirens, than his companions, who plugged theirs with wax as if they were hollow molars. She was moreover the Christ Child who silvered the frightful Correggio night, painted into my heart by the Art Councillor, with a splendid reflection: ah, how good she was, how gentle, how innocent and altogether without poetic calluses of sentimentality, and the numerous keen and double-edged sufferings in the house of her father had augmented her heart rather than diminished her mind; on misfortune's sharp lathe she exhaled, like rosewood, the sweet scent of the roses themselves. She had only been granted the outer, the physical foreground refinement by her niggardly father, viz, excellent gowns instead of an excellent education and she resembled most of the maidens around, who, like Vienna, are up to date in their suburbs but confoundedly old world in their inner areas. All the same, the two of us were, like all good friends — and accreted humans, according to Haller — of one heart albeit two heads. That makes up for a lot.

11. According to Buffon, clear notions are derived from separated toes, whence the undented [sic] fish is so obscure.

12. Siebenkäs, Part I.

13. In the manner of various flowers, viz, the spiky dianthus.
never become (although this is not thy poor Weyermann's fault, who far
en derives better at the hands of the State). And thus Death will come upon
thy soul stripped by the years save for its withered buds, and transplant
it at last into a kindlier dimer."

— Why should this not distress me? Do I not see souls week in and week out being sacrificed once they inhabit a female body? And when the richest and best of souls with her heart un-
required, and her wishes denied, her talents neglected and spumed, is
being lowered into the wall-up dungeon of wedlock at the dawn of her
life—and can count herself lucky if the dungeon is not an oublie-
with a thousand spikes, or if the husband is a gentle arachnid who will
allow himself to be tamed by the captive in her Bastille—and the poor
thing will be uncommon contented: the earlier dreams and enchant-
ments will soon fade away and decay unremarked—her sun will steal un-
seen across her cloudy and subterraneous span from one degree to the
next, and through her pains and her duties the obscure creature will
reach the eventide of her lowly existence—and never will have experi-
enced all she might once have desired at the dawn of her day: except now
and again during an hour when the resurrected image of a divine heart,
adored in days past, or a melancholic music, or a book cast a little warm
sunshine on the winter sleep of the heart, she drowsily stirs and, looking
about in a daze, murmurs: "It was different once—but that must have
been a long time ago, and besides I doubt not I must have been mis-
taken." And with that she drifts quietly back to sleep....

Verily, ye parents and husbands, I have not presented this agony im-
age that it might squeeze one more tear from the stricken soul whose
likeness it is, nay, to ye I am shewing the painted wounds that ye might
bind up the true ones and throw your scourges away for good.

As I feel now, and for the same reason, so I felt in the vis-à-vis—the
westering sun and the beautiful patient figure before me, and above all
my previous discords, with which I regaled the Art Councillor, dissolved
them and me in this minor key. Shortly after the lykanthropic act, we
turn true lambs of God; having committed a sin, we are (says Lavater) at
our most pious;—wherefore those saints who aspire to pious perfection

14. This education, of which daughters of "bourgeois descent" are so harshly deprived,
and in possession of which Hermes and Campe can not see them remaining the Helots to
our Spartans, I do not conceive as a few paltry French or musical airs, but all that in natural
science, physics, philosophy, history, the fine arts and sciences, and astronomy belongs not
to the virtuous but to immortal man. You may look forward to a work from my pen on the

15. Lykanthropists are human beings who bewitch themselves into wolves.
expect a continued Preface to the Second Edition. “I am here engaged on an epitaph, my dear,” I told her. From her late father and his male cronies she was well used to being bored and neglected: and she gladly forgave me my writing; nevertheless, it was intended to move her, and I proposed to read it to her in Bindloch. And at the close of the story, the epitaph will, with some minor and suitable modifications, be addressed to the reader as well, as recompense for the preface withheld and now unachievable. I wrote on and on, and my eyes darkened, for I had the westering sun in my back and water rather than light in my eyes. Ah, dearest heart! thou knewest not why my eyes were dripping and yet thine also brimmed over! — Descending, the Hill of Bindloch spread before us, we were deprived by the dell of the joyfully dancing sun; yet with the extinguishing of the light we were, just as at an auction in Bremen or Lauenburg, awarded the entire night sky studded with silver suns at the gavel- and bell-stroke of 7 o’clock.

The world reposed — the moon sprouted from the top of the hill like the dormant bell of a lily — my draft was completed — we had swooped down the hill — and I told the bride I would alight and read to her in the open if she were willing to join me, as inside I would have to outmatch the din of the carriage.

We alighted together at the foot of the hill, close by an old pillar, which I have never passed without heaving a sigh at the crushing force with which Fate’s monstrous hands seize and transport us tender caterpillars and Gullivers; and these monstrous hands seemed to have set the pillar down here today as a herm and memento for the feeble memory of the human heart. Paulina knew nothing of it; but I led her to the modest pilaster and explained — while first shewing her — the significance of the weathered and brittle female form under the wheels of a coach so pitifully embossed on the pillar. For the neighboring villages tell of a bride who, traveling during a thunderstorm and with shying horses in her bridal coach down the then steeper Hill of Bindloch toward the arms of her bridegroom, was tossed under the wheels and, in front of his agonized eyes — her aspirations betrayed — gave up the ghost. Paulina could barely make out the weathered relief of that bygone calamity in the misty light of the rising moon. Yet her soft stricken heart poured, all the more because of her being so close to a similar situation, the evening sacrifice of a tear flowing over the unknown slain sister whose broken frame, now merely dust — perhaps from a flower’s anther — was roaming the valley, while the spirit that formerly quickened it will, should it glance back from the eternal hill path through Time, scarcely behold the eddy of dust that it once aroused and abandoned. And there, close by the triumphal column of martyrdom and under the boundless nocturnal sky, I handed Paulina the composition that I here present to the hearts of her sisters.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON

On the lily fields of the Moon dwelleth the Mother of Man, with her countless daughters in tranquil eternal love. There the blue of the sky, which only sails at such distant height over the earth, has come to rest on the snowfields of anther dust — no frosty cloud will bear a diminished evening through the pellicid ether — no hatred corrode the pacific souls — just as rainbows in a cascade, so all embraces are merged into one in Love and Tranquility — and when, during her stilly night, Earth floats, unfurled and ashimer, under the stars, the souls who felt pain and delight on her once gaze in sweet and nostalgic remembrance on the island abandoned, where loved ones still dwell and the discarded bodies repose, and later, when Earth, heavy and soporific, approaches and dazzles the drooping eye, her bygone springs pass by once again in radiant dreams, and when it awakens, the eye is bedewed with the tears of happiness.

But once the shadow reaches another century on Eternity’s dial, pain sears the breast of the Mother of Man because the beloved daughters, who have not yet abided on earth, change from the moon to their bodies as soon as the earth touches and stuns them with her earth-cold shade, and the Mother of Man weeps and watches them go, as not all of them, but only the undefiled, will return from the Earth to the immaculate Moon. Thus the impoverished Mother is robbed of her children by one century after another, and during daylight she quakes at the sight of our predatory sphere in the shape of a large solid cloud closing in on the sun.

Eternity’s needle advanced to the eighteenth century — with Earth, covered by night, drawing close to the Sun — when, burning with anguish, the Mother pressed to her heart all her daughters not yet arrayed in their bodies, imploring them tearfully: “Oh do not give in to temptation, my dearest, but stay ye pure as the angels, and return!” Now the gigantic shadow had arrived at the century and the dark earth covered the sun — a thunderclap struck the hour — the red-hot scimitar of a comet hung in the darkened sky — the Milky Way shuddered, and from its depth a voice cried: “Shew thyself, thou Tempter of Man!”

Into each century the Eternal One dispatches an evil genius to tempt it. — Far from the little eye, the starry expanse of the infinite stands in
the sky, circling around the eternities, an indissoluble nebula. At the Tempter's summons, the Mother and all her children trembled, and the tender souls burst into tears, even those who had been here below and were now transfigured. With the Earth shadow, a giant serpent now reared monstrously up from the Earth and stretched to the Moon and said: "I shall lead ye astray." This was the Evil Genius of the eighteenth century. The lilies of the Moon bowed their drooping and withering bells—the comet-scythe waved to and fro, as the executioner's sword moves of itself, signaling judgment—the serpent with glittering soul-murderous eyes, with bloodred crest, with moistened and pierced lips, and with tongue ready to strike, twisted its way into the peaceful Eden, its tail flicked malignant and hungry within a grave on the Earth, and an earthquake on our sphere hurled up the sinuous coils and the venomous juices like a fluid and iridescent thunderstorm. Ah, it was the Black Genius who had long ago tempted the wailing Mother. She could not look upon it; but the Serpent began: "Knowest thou not the Serpent, Eve?—I shall tempt thy daughters, thy snowy butterflies I shall gather on the morass. Look ye, sisters, with this I shall lure ye all."—At this, the viperine eyes mirrored male forms; and the piebald coils, wedding rings; and the yellow scales, gold pieces.) "And for that I shall take the Moon and Virtue away from ye. With silken ribbons for toils and lustrous fabrics for snares I shall catch ye; with my ruby crown I shall lure ye, and ye shall covet it; within your bosoms I shall begin speaking and singing your praises, and nestled in a male voice I shall continue and confirm them, and into your tongues I shall slip mine and make them cutting and venomous.—Only when ye have fallen on adverse times or are at Death's door shall I deliver the vain prick of conscience, piercing and hot, into your hearts.—Make thy eternal farewell, Eve; happily, they will forget that which I tell them now, even ere they are born."—

The unborn souls huddled together tremble before the cold swirling poison tree so close beside them, and the souls who had risen again from the Earth, pure as the scents of flowers, clasped one another in timorous joy, in sweet trepidation at a sunnounted past. The best-loved daughter, Maria, and the Mother of Man held each other pressed to their hearts and they knelt down in their embrace and lifted prayerful eyes, and the tears welling forth pleaded: "Oh, Ever-loving One, take them into Thy care!"—And behold, when the monster flicked its thin long tongue, forked like a lobster's claw, across the Moon and severed the lilies and, when it had made a black Moon spot, said: "I shall tempt them": behold, there rose in a flash from behind the Earth the first ray of the Sun, and the golden light shone on the brow of a sublime, beautiful youth, who had stood unseen amid the quivering souls. A lily adorned his breast, and a verdant wreath of laurel and rosebuds his brow; and blue as the sky was his garment. He gazed amidst tender tears, radiant with affection on the woebegone souls—like the sun on a rainbow—and said: "I shall guard ye." He was the genius of Religion. The swaying Serpent froze and stood petrified on the Earth and beside the Moon, an arsenal filled with silent, sable death.

And the Sun cast a greater beam on the countenance of the youth, and he lifted his gaze high to the stars and said to the Infinite One: "Father, I shall descend into Life with my sisters and guard all who will suffer me. Protect the ethereal flame with a beautiful temple: she shall not ravage or mar it. Array the beautiful soul with the foliage of Earthly charms; it shall shelter her fruit, not shadow it. Bestow on her a beautiful eye, I shall move it and moisten it; and into her breast place a tender heart: it shall not break ere it beat for Thee and for Virtue. Immaculate and unspoiled, I shall bring back from the Earth the blossom, transmuted into a fruit. For to the mountains and to the Sun and under the stars I shall soar and remind her of Thee and the universe over the stars. Into the snowy light of the Moon I shall transform the lily of my breast, and into the sunset glow of a Spring night the rosebuds in my wreath, and put her in mind of her brother—in the sounds of music I shall call her and speak to her of Thy heaven and unfold it before her harmonious heart—with the arms of her parents I shall embrace her, and in the voice of poetry I shall conceal my voice, and with the form of her beloved embellish my own. Yea, with the tempest of suffering I shall rage over her and hurl the sparkling raindrops into her eyes and lift her eyes on high to the hills and to her kin whence she cometh. Oh ye beloved, who do not cast out your brother, when, after a splendid feat, after a hard won victory a sweet yearning swelleth your hearts, when in the starry night and the evening glow your eyes melt in an ineffable bliss, and your whole beings rise and thrust upward and open their arms, loving, and tranquil, and restless, and weeping, and yearning: then shall I be in your hearts and give the sign that I embrace ye and that ye be indeed my sisters.—And then after a brief dream and slumber, I shall break the crust off the diamond and drop

16. An indissoluble nebula is a complete firmament reflected into infinite distances, where telescopes no longer reveal the suns.
it, sparkling dew, into the lilies of the Moon. — O tender Mother of Man, do not gaze with such anguish on thy beloved children but part more cheerfully, thou shalt lose but few! —

The Sun flared unocculted before the Moon, and the unborn souls made their way to the Earth, and the Genius of Virtue accompanied them — and as they were winging toward Earth, a melodious cadence spread through the cerulean blue, like swans flying across a winter night and leaving in the air not waves but sounds.

The monstrous Serpent sank back to Earth in the wide arc of an incandescent winged bomb and finally coiled to an incendiary wreath of pitch, and just as a curved whirlwind breaks over a ship, it fell over the Earth and, puckered into a thousand nooses and knots, it twisted, strangling and snaring, through all the peoples on Earth. And the executioner’s sword twitched once more, but the echo of the transversed ether lasted longer.—

When I had come to a close, Paulina dried her gentle eyes, which she unconsciously raised toward the brighter moon and her faraway scapes. I parted from her — and the wish, which is offered here to all loving sisters of the Genius of Virtue, was my last word to her: "Mayest thou never be other than happy, and may the short spring night of Life pass tranquil and bright for thee — and may the celestial Veiled One grant thee within it some stellar tableaux above thee — night-scented gillyflowers below thee — some night thoughts within thee — and no more clouds than those needed for a beautiful evening glow, and no more rain than what be required, mayhap, for a rainbow in moonlight!"

Hof in Voigtland, 22 August 1796.

Jean Paul Fr. Richter.

Life of Quintus Fixlein unto the Present Time
Extracted from Fifteen Slipboxes

Slipbox Number One.

Canicular holidays — Visitations — An indigent gentlewoman

Egidius Zebedy Fixlein had been a working Quintus for barely a week and had taught himself into a glow when Fortune regaled him with four collations and courses, drenched in flowers and sugar, to wit: the four canicular weeks. Even yet I would love to stroke the skull of that good man who invented canicular holidays; I can never go for a walk in them without thinking: now a thousand stooped scholars are raising their heads, out in the open, their heavy satchels abandoned, free at last to pursue what is dear to their hearts, butterflies — or the roots of numbers — or those of words — or herbaceous plants — or their native villages.

The latter was what our Fixlein was after. But it was only on Sunday — for one wishes also to sample vacations in town — that, accompanied by his poodle and a Quinta boy carrying his viridian housecoat, he set out through the city gate: the grass was still dewy, and by the time the trumpetlike vocal cords of the orphanage children rang out with their morning hymn, he had left the gardens behind. The name of the town was Flachsenfingen, that of the village, Hukelum, and that of the dog, Schill, and the date of the year was 1791.

"Manikin" (he addressed the Quinta boy; for, in the manner of Love, children, and Viennese citizens, he was fond of using diminutives), "Manikin, hand me the bundle until we get to the village — have a good runaround and find yourself a small bird, like yourself, to feed over the holidays." — For the manikin was his page boy — polisher-roommate — gentleman companion, and errand girl rolled into one; as the poodle was also his manikin.

He ambled along through the curly cabbage beds, hung with a host of bright beads of dew glass, watching the morning breeze disentangle the bushes, releasing a flock of diamond colibris, such was their sparkle. Now and again he would pull the bell cord — whistling lest the little one should go astray, and he reduced his one and a half hours by meting the way not according to them but to villages.

It is more agreeable to the wayfarer — although not at all to the geographer — to reckon by versts rather than miles. On his way, the Quintus committed to memory sundry fields already harvested.

But now, Fixlein, ramble more slowly still through the manor garden of Hukelum, not on account of thy coat, which might perchance brush the anther dust off the tulips, rather in order to give thy mother more time for decking her unwrinkled brow with her black taffeta cupid’s band. It annoys me when female readers think ill of the fond woman’s wishing to iron it first: they must be ignorant of her want of a maid, and her having to see to the entire master dinner today all by herself — the financial deposit for it having arrived three days in advance of the guest of honor — and without benefit of a family cook. — The Third Estate (she
was a horticulturist) does indeed, just like a partridge, carry on its rump even during matins the shells of the workaday egg from which it hatches its way.

One can imagine the doting mother all morning, looking out for her schoolman, the apple of her maternal eye, for there was no one else in the whole wide world—husband and elder son were deceased—on whom she could lavish her heart’s abundant affection, none but her Zebedy. Could she ever as much as relate aught about him, of a joyful nature I mean, without several times wiping her eyes? And did she not once dispense her one kermis cake to two mendicant scholars, as she thought Leipzig? And as the grand schoolman tenderly kissed her bare brow, while the roast sizzled away, and even said: Mama—which appellation hugged her as snugly as a pericardial cushion—she was so contented that assembling her flatiron was quite beyond her. All the windows stood open, and the garden with its perfume of flowers, the din of its birds, and its collections of butterflies invaded the room: but I might not have mentioned before as highly as if they themselves had been asked by the Senior. But wait till they return home with the Quintus to mother and table, both now bedecked in their white-checkered finery, and lay eyes on the splendid cake that Fraulein Thiennette (Stephanie) had run off her baking sheet! Although I expect they will want to know first of all who that is.

She is—for albeit (according to Lessing) because of the Iliad’s very perfection, the personal dates of its author were ever neglected: this may equally well apply to the fates of sundry other composers, for example, my own; yet the cake’s lady composer shall not be forgotten on account of her produce—Thiennette is an indigent, insolvent spinster—not possessed of much but her years, of which she has five and twenty—no longer possessed of any close relatives—has little knowledge (as she is not even acquainted with Werther from books) apart from the economical—does not read books, least of all mine—single-handed peoples, that is to say patrols, as chatelaine the thirteen desolate vacant apartments of the manor of Hukelum, which is the property of Rittmaster Aufhammer; Captain of the Dragoons, himself domiciled in the daughter parish of Schadack—commands and feeds his vassals and handmaids—and is entitled to sign herself “By the Grace of God”—which both gentility and royalty did during the thirteenth century—as she lives by human grace, at least the aristocratic one of the Rittmistress, who ever blesses the subjects cursed by her husband. But the orphaned Thiennette’s bosom harbored a sugared marzipan heart, which one could have devoured for love—her fate was harsh but her soul was gentle—she was modest, cour-

hind the steps to the pulpit the sacristy cabin, where an ecclesiastical library of importance—a schoolboy could not have carried it in his book strap—lay under a pastel Calabar of dust? And did it not even still consist of the Folio Polyglotta, which in earlier years—inspired by Pfeiffer’s critica sacra—he had perused page by page, that he might by the greatest of efforts make excerpts of the majusculas, the minusculas, the litteras inversas, etcetera. Although he would willingly have consigned, the sooner the better, this Calabar letter feed to some type box of Hebrew characters, to which the rhizophages of the Orient cling, who in any case subsist almost totally without roughage of vowels. And stood not the organ bench by his side where the schoolmaster with a nod of his head would enthrone him on the feast days of the apostles that the parish might skip down the stairs to the strains of his rippling murki?

And the readers will themselves be elated on hearing the news that the Senior, the local divine Elector, while discharging the alms bag, invited the Quintus to call on him during the afternoon, and they will rate it as highly as if they themselves had been asked by the Senior. But wait till they return home with the Quintus to mother and table, both now bedecked in their white-checkered finery, and lay eyes on the splendid cake that Fraulein Thiennette (Stephanie) had run off her baking sheet! Although I expect they will want to know first of all who that is.

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The Achilles shield of a cake with its brown sculpted scales whirled like a flywheel of hungry and grateful ideas in the Quintus's head: of that philosophy scornful of food, or the grand world that wastes it, he possessed not enough for that ingratitude of the worldly wise and men of the world, nay, he could never be done giving thanks for a platter of sausages or a portage of lentils.

In innocence and contentment the dining quartet—for we must not leave out the poodle, whose place was laid under the stove—now celebrated the Feasts of Unleavened Bread, Thanksgiving toward Thien­nette, and the Tabernacles al fresco. One might well wonder how a person could dine with any enjoyment without benefit of—as in the case of the King in France—448 human beings employed in the kitchen (not even counting the 161 garçons de la Maison bouche), of another 31 fellows in the fruiterie, or 23 ditto in the confectionary, or without a daily expenditure of 387 livres and 21 sous. Meanwhile, I rate a cooking mother as highly as any train of kitchen retainers who would feed on me rather than feed me. The delicious skimmings, which it is the prerogative of the biographer and the world to cream off such a gala occasion, is some table talk of considerable importance. The mother had much to narrate.

This evening—she informs us—Thiennette is going to don for the very first time a white muslin matutinal walking habit as well as a satin belt and steel buckle.
lishment for himself thinks highly of the incumbent. The new parsonic abode — as if it had taken wing from and the Senior its sun priest. To become an incumbent there was an idea
Hannibal's when he decided to traverse the Alps, viz, the threshold to Rome.

The host and his guest composed an excellent bureau d'esprit: holders of offices, in particular if they be similar, have more to say to each other — viz, their own stories — than those indolent June bugs and the court beatified who are only licensed to lecture on the stories of others. — The Senior ranged from his stock — in the byre — to the stock articles of his academic career, a topic as dear to such people's hearts as their child-

punged. Gentleman on his tablet without adding an Esq., followed the academic fledgling years of the older man, who had absorbed and imbibed with equal devotion in Wittenberg, and thirsted alike after Guckguck and Hippocrene. —

Jerusalem nicely remarks that the barbarity that often emerges hard by the gaudiest blossoming of the sciences is a kind of strengthening mud bath averting the overrefinement which that very blossoming might otherwise bring about. I believe that he who considers the heights reached in the sciences by a sixth former — in particular by a patrician scion from Nuremberg who had absorbed and imbibed with equal devotion in Wittenberg, and thirsted alike after Guckguck and Hippocrene. —

Kind and courteous Zebedy, who did not even enter the name of a gentleman on his tablet without adding an Esq., followed the academic fledgling years of the older man, who had absorbed and imbibed with equal devotion in Wittenberg, and thirsted alike after Guckguck and Hippocrene.

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17. A University beer.
18. I will quote but a few of this Peter's, all in force at the burgeoning of our universities: e.g., a student is entitled to compel any burgher to let house and horse to him; even his relatives are entitled to be recompensed fourfold for any damages they might have suffered; he is exempt from carrying out the Pope's written decrees; his neighbors are liable for aught stolen from him; should he and a nonstudent lead a disorderly life, only the latter could be evicted from the rented accommodation; a poor student is entitled to

be fed by a doctor; should his murderer not be detected, the nearest ten houses will remain under the interdict; his legacies shall not be curtailed by the falcidia etc.
Regality — to behold from the lecture hall's window a rent fowl, fixed in midair like St. Ignatius at prayer or Juno in punishment; he pursued the incomprehensible vertical rise of the aeronautical animal, finally spying the hoisting mechanic with his animal magnet drawing the dinner lorns from the chicken yard. . . . Contrary to expectations, he finished the henhawking sooner than his regalities lecture.

Fixlein stepped homeward, accompanied by the evening trumpet piece from the belfry, and doffing his hat politely when on his way he passed the empty manor house windows: grand houses were as grand people to him, just as the Indian pagoda means at once temple and god. He delivered invented greetings to his mother, who returned authentic ones to him, for she had been to visit the white-muslined Thiennette during the afternoon, with her historical tongue and naturalist eye. The mother had shown her each emergency groschen that the son had dropped into her ample but empty purse, getting him thus into the Frau­lein's good books: for women are even more warmly disposed toward sons who affectionately restore to their mothers some of the kindness received than to daughters who care for their fathers, for a hundred different reasons and maybe because they are more accustomed to their sons and fathers being mere five-foot-high thunderstorms, hosed waterspouts, or at least dormant hurricanes.

Oh thou blessed Quintus! on whose life blazes the merit, like the Or­der of the Black Eagle, that thou art able to tell it all to thy mother, viz, this afternoon at the seniorate. Thy happiness floweth into another's heart to return twofold into thine own. Hearts know a greater proximity, as doth sound, than the mere echo; proximity at its closest fuseth both sound and echo in resonance.

It is of historical certainty that the two of them supped together that evening and that instead of the dinner leavings, which were to make up a meal in itself on the morrow, they set only the ritual cake or matzoh on their supper table altar of burnt offerings. The mother, who willingly would have sacrificed not only herself but also the rest of mankind for her bairn, proposed to offer the quinta boy, playing outside and prov­ening a bird instead of himself, not a single crumb of the precious bak­ing, but only some of the homemade bread without crusts. But the schoolman was of Christian propensity and declared it was Sunday today and the young fellow just as fond of partaking of a delicacy as himself. Fixlein, being an Antipodean of the great and of geniuses, regaled, en­dowed, and indulged the assistant housemate in preference to one of those who pass through the gate for the first time and by the time they

arrive at the next stage have already forgotten the host and postmaster of the former. The Quintus in any case had a great sense of honor and, notwithstanding his husbandry and coin idolatry, willingly spent it in matters of honor, although unwillingly in matters of some overpowering pity swelling his pericardial sac and thereby depleting his numismatical one. — When the quinta boy had practiced the ius compascui on the matzoh and three pairs of arms rested contentedly on Thiennette's table of bounty: Fixlein read to himself and the company from the Flachsenfin­gen Directory; he could not conceive of anything nobler, except Meusel's Scholarly Germany — the calendar's courtiers and privy counselors tickled his palate, as the cake's raisins had done before, and on the affluent livings he levied the titheings by declaiming them.

He remained on purpose his own vellum edition, that is to say, he did not even divest himself of his Sunday coat for the vesper bell, for he had plans for the evening.

After supper he meant to call on the Fräulein, when he beheld her, a lily bathed in the evening's purple glow, in the manorial park, whose western boundaries were shaped by his cottage as were its southern ones by the Chinese wall of the manor house. . . . Incidentally, how I came to know this, also what slipboxes are, and whether I was present myself, etc., etc., — shall be recorded faithfully to the reader, so help me God, by and by and what is more, in this very volume. —

Fixlein skipped like a will-o'-the-wisp into the garden, whose floral perfume skirted his soup bowl's aroma. No one bowed lower before a gentleman than he, although not from the common herd's lowliness, nor a profit-seeking absen­ment, but from his conviction that "a gentleman ever remains what he is." But his reverence veered to the right (rather than straight ahead) in pursuit of his hat as it were: as he had not risked carrying a walking stick; but hat and stick represented his pressure plant and balancing pole, in short his bowing gear, without which he could not set himself into courteous motion, even were he to be called therefor to the principal pastorate of Hamburg. Thiennette's mirth quickly unfurled and attuned his contorted spirit. He saluted her with a lengthy albeit pleasant harvest thanksgiving sermon on account of the scaly cake, which she found tedious and agreeable at the same time. Maidens not of the grand world account boring pedantry merely like snuff taking — among the unavoidable attributes of the male sex; they adore us infinitely, and just as Lambert could only address the King of Prussia in darkness on account of his solar eyes, methinks they often prefer — by reason of our superior airs — to catch hold of us in the dark. — He was edified by Thien—
nette's imperial and caesarean tale of Squire Aufhammer and his gracious lady, who intends to remember him in her will; she was edified by his scholar's tale regarding himself and the Subrector, how for instance he had charge of the secunda and held sway over pupils as tall as himself there. Thus they perambulated contentedly in the garden, among scarlet runner blooms, chestnut May beetles, and the declining evening glow, turning about, smilingly, where the lady gardener's head was set into the sliding panel, which itself was framed by a larger one, like a stained glass window.

It is incomprehensible to me how he could not have fallen in love. Although I do know his reasons: in the first place, she had nought of her own; in the second, neither had he but a burden of liabilities; in the third, her family tree provided toll-bar and detention stocks; and in the fourth, his hands were tied by a nobler thought, which for very good reason will be withheld from the reader as yet. All the same - Fixlein! had I but been in thy place! I should have gazed on her and, having recalled her virtues and our schooldays, drawn forth my dissolving heart and offered it like a bill of exchange or served it like a summons. For I should have considered that she followed a nun in two matters, in the quality of her heart and her baking - that notwithstanding her association with vassals of the male sex, she had not turned into a Karl Genofeva Louise Auguste Timothee Eon de Beaumont, but a pretty, fair-haired, crested dove - that she endeavored to please her own sex rather than ours - that in her tears, which she hides rather than boasts of, she shows a soft heart, which has not been first borrowed from the book lender. - With reasons like these I would have been ready to offer my heart before we had reached the third flower bed. - Moreover, had I considered, o quintus! that I knew her as thoroughly as myself, and that (had I been thee) the same Senior would have guided our Latin hands in composing - that as innocent children we kissed in front of the looking glass, looking to see whether the mirror-children did likewise - that we oftentimes thrust our hands of both sexes into one muff and let them play hide-and-go-seek there; - and had I finally mused on the fact that we had stopped by the glasshouse, now glowing in the sunset's enamel painting, on whose frigid panes we both (she inside, myself without) had pressed our cheeks toward each other, divided by nought but the vitreous fire screen: I should have gathered the poor soul, crushed by her fate, who sees no higher acclivity sheltering her from the storm clouds than her grave, to my own and warmed her against my bosom and girded her with mine eyes....

Verily, this the Quintus himself would have done had the nobler thought of a moment ago, which I am keeping from you, forbidden it! - Tender, though ignorant of the cause - wherefore he kissed his mother -, blissful without having enjoyed a learned discussion, and dismissed with a cargo of humble regards, which he was to deliver to the Ritmistress of the Dragoons on the morrow, he arrived at the cottage and gazed for a long time from his darkened windows on the illuminated ones of the manor house. - And while the moon in her first quarter was already setting, at 12 o'clock, gently touched by a cool, fragrant, moist little breeze calling his heart by name, he once again raised eyelids already sunk in a dream.

Sleep, for thou hast not committed a wicked deed today! - While the drowsy bellflower of thy spirit has shut and rests upon thy pillow, I will keep watch in the murmuring night for thy morning footpath, leading thee through transparent groves to Schadeck to visit thy benefactress. The Ritmaster will be away by one o'clock. Thou and thy benefactress will have the day to yourselves. Mayest thou prosper in all things, thou foolish Quintus!

Outing of Headmaster Florian Fälbel and His Primaner to Mount Fichtel

On the road to Hof I bade my sixth-formers take a note to the effect that the Baireuthian Voigtland was blessed with several products, with rye, oats, potatoes, sundry fruits (fresh as well as dried), and so on; but that one could not record how much.

A bugle call greeted us from the belfry when I and my troop were seen to set foot on the cobbles of Hof. For that reason I shall never, unlike others for some affected fear of self-praise, betraying no mean degree of the same in itself; and, indeed, the motives may not necessarily have been complimentary ones - suppress the fact that on our entry every window flew open and every head behind it popped out: German primary and Latin grammar school boys followed us with their eyes, shop boys stood in their shop doors, caps in hand, and people about to enter their houses stopped dead on their doorsteps. I took pains to ask the way to a carters' inn, as that is where I, like Swift, prefer to put up. It ought to have caused me embarrassment when, on halting our cabriolet complete with its Household Guards at the door of the Saxon post office where I had a franked letter to post, which I had up to now carried myself
so as to avail of a reduced rate, when thereupon, as I was about to say, a handsome agreeable man wearing a green taffeta apron stepped among us and — regrettably taking us to be new arrivals; for the post office is housed under the same roof as the great Brandenburg Hostelry — was ready to hand down my daughter and welcome us all. But I was not greatly bothered and merely reiterated my inquiry about humbler quarters nonchalantly; and it was nice of the young man to direct us out of the gate again with a kind laugh — which we put into practice.

I had my beard removed by a sixth-former and my hair cramped by the factotum right there in the spacious taproom amidst the scrunch of carters’ crags, while our cook-inheritrix put our smoked entrails to heat by the fireside. God grant that I might soon place the diligent child with a good aristocratic family as a lady’s maid!

In the window seat a courier from a merchant firm in Pontak took it upon himself to bedevil and sacređieu the best German political papers and smit Messers S. T. Girtanner and Hofmann in particular with such foul names and verbal injuriae — which I dare not repeat apart from the lesser ones like fools, perverters of time, spiritual myrmidons — that I wished under my father it were the procurator fiscal being belabored in my barber’s chair and he could haul a scalliwag such as this over the coals. That gallic rogue went to great pains to feign incognizance of, and indifference to, myself and my traveling Philanthropinum, although even the lowliest of my flock has to know more about insubordinations and forms of government — ancient ones in particular — than this sansculotte. Sadly, my jawbones being immobilized by the rareor, I could not refute his balderdash; but once released from the blade, I politely advanced on the chap ready to show him the error of his ways and to couch his democratic cataract and enlighten him. I did not disguise from him that I had never got anywhere with the national assembly and that the concepts, which I had taught to my subjects, of the present French foregathering, were altogether different from his. “All the same I will concede” (said I, treating the wretch like a scholar against my will) “that the French mob does not deserve this designation as much as that of a formal Riot, as it did indeed rally not only the number of persons required by law to constitute a rebellion or turba, namely fifteen men (L.4.5.3. de vi bon. rapt.) but an even greater number. But then you for your part must grant me the penalty imposed on rebellions by the ancient, albeit republican, Romans, viz, crucifixion, deportation, throwing to wild beasts; and even if you as a Christian wish to show clemency and, like the Emperor Justinianus, our lawgiver, merely make use of the gallows — as you will be bound to as even the Germans who used to let robbers and murderers live did hang rioters — you only have to consult Hellfelden — you still will be less lenient than the allied forces who wanted to punish the nation, because it has turned soldatesca, merely according to martial law and only harquebusa it.” On realizing that I was overtaxing the courier: I abandoned thoroughness in favor of clarity and pointed out to him that descendants could not possibly govern, much less depose, their father (or primum, adquirentem), nor grammar school students their rector, and nor consequently subjects their sovereign. I put the question to him whether the Frenchmen’s hysteronproteron could have been possible if everyone had annotated and edited his ancient autores instead of the French philosophers; and I challenged him to spell out to me somehow why I of all people had never harbored a refractory thought toward my gracious sovereign ruler. “Because,” I countered myself, “I keep plying my classics and treat Paine and his ilk — though I have read the lot — with the contempt they deserve.” — It galls me to think that I had intended appraising the fool that even in the animal kingdom the kings, the vultures, the eagles, the lions for instance, devoured their subjects — that a monarch might not be kindly disposed to a whole people and yet look after a few individual citizens and thus was exactly the opposite of that divine providence dreamt up by the French philosophers, which facilitates only the species but never the individual — and that a loyal and patient subject could prove himself best under a tempestuous rule just as the Christian manifested himself in adversity. In short, I was going to deem the man worthy of a public journal instruction; but that hare-brained republican whistled throughout my lecture and without a prosaic word made his exit in such a way that he almost appeared to me to despise both my speech and myself. Meanwhile, I applied this disquisition to my youthful disciples to better effect, and I propose, moreover, when it is time to explore the speech against Catiline, to show them more plainly that it is the Parisians who are Catilines, Caesars, and Pisistratese thrusting their battering rams into the venerable state edifice...
the fifth assistant teacher (inclus.) in particular had ever rioted. Men will never act as or shield insurgents against patri- or matriarchs, men who without exception diligently and delicately dispense instruction in their respective classes from eight till eleven and who do indeed proclaim republics, although obviously none but the two on classical soil, and those only by virtue of Latin and Greek.

Instruction and ingestion concluded, we could easily have donned our hats and inspected Hof's public buildings: had not the responsibility for a certain primum mobile been incumbent on my shoulders - viz, gestus. I approached the landlord with a view to borrowing his room upstairs (the few minutes hardly warranting payment), because all we had to carry out there were a few gentle and elegant motions.

For quite some time now I had one of my pupils establish in a public oratorial exercise (to greater effect) that there was more to deportment than met the eye. Other people being pedal and manual, as it were, which it is not possible to work nimbly without a Bachean footing and fingering. I am the first to notice distinctly how greatly I differ in this respect from otherwise learned men who never even suggest these poetical figures of outer man, much less lighten the way with their own. Yet Seneca puts it quite well (c. 3. de tranquill.): "A good citizen's effort is never in vain; for by mere listening, looking, appearing, waving, by silent tenacity, nay by his very deportment he may yield results (prodest)." And why should something like this not rouse a schoolteacher once in a while to ever carrying head, hat, frame, and glove in such a way that his pupils will not lose out by modeling themselves on his classical style? - "To-day," I addressed my mimics in the room upstairs, "we shall have to lay eyes on men of the noblest standing, we shall betake ourselves into the school building and into the billiard hall - in fact, we shall walk the streets of a city long renowned for her exterior polish and where I would least wish you to forfeit your own - for instance: how would you smile should you be required to smile in a superior way in society? Monsieur Scion, pray smile complacently!" He did not wholly achieve it. - I therefore delineated for him on my own lips that delicate standard smile, nicely unfurled, to suit all occasions; I went on to show them the mocking laugh, firstly the perpendicular version, where the joke turns up the mouth like a plug propping up the boar's snout on the game cart, and secondly the horizon-