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The Works of Thomas Carlyle

VOLUME 23:
WILHELM MEISTER'S
APPRENTICESHIP AND TRAVELS I

EDITED BY HENRY DUFF TRAILL





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CENTENARY EDITION

THE WORKS OF
THOMAS CARLYLE

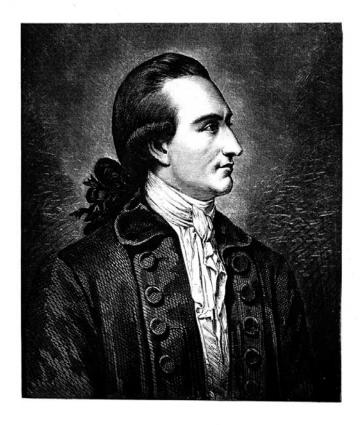
IN THIRTY VOLUMES

VOL. XXIII WILHELM MEISTER

Ι

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Goethe



THOMAS CARLYLE

WILHELM MEISTER'S

APPRENTICESHIP AND TRAVELS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

LONDON
CHAPMAN AND HALL
LIMITED
1899



Originally published 1824



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INTRODUCTION

To the translation of Wilhelm Meister belongs the distinction of being the first literary work given by Carlyle, in an independent form, to the world. He had done literary work before this, but it had not yet been independently published; he had before this independently published, but not 'literary' work. For the only two writings of his of an earlier date than that comprised in the present volumes are the Translation of Legendre's Geometry (1824), and the Life of Schiller, contributed serially (1823-24) to the London Magazine. The translation before us was commenced in September of 1823, and published in the following year.

What determined Carlyle's choice of this particular work of Goethe's is still, and after the explanations of various biographers, not quite apparent. He was discontented with his Life of Schiller, which, while still in progress, he describes as 'not in my right vein, though nearer to it than anything I have yet done. In due time I shall find what I am seeking.' He found it, Dr. Garnett thinks, in Wilhelm Meister. His translation of this work, continues that accomplished critic, 'marks the dividing-line between his intellectual boyhood and his adolescence. Another Jacob, he wrestled with Goethe, and would not let him go till he had won his blessing.' This, no doubt, was so; but the wrestling bout was a needlessly long and tough one, and Jacob might have got a better grip of the angel if he had attacked some less elusive and enigmatic work. Begun in 1778, laid aside till some years after the close of the century, and completed under an inspiration entirely different from that which had prompted its commencement, no wonder that its author himself should have

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pronounced it 'incalculable,' and have declared that he himself could 'scarcely be said to have the key to it.' Assuredly it was not, and indeed is not, generally understood, or at any rate uniformly interpreted, among his own countrymen; while no other work of Goethe's has so sharply and widely divided opinion among his admirers of all nationalities as to its intrinsic merits. One thing, however, can be unhesitatingly said of it, namely, that there is little in its apparent plan and purpose as originally conceived by Goethe, which one would have regarded as likely to attract The profound symbolism which some German commentators have found in Wilhelm Meister—as where will they not find it?—may be there; but, if so, it belongs only to the second half of the story, and arises only from its secondary and substituted If the Wanderjahre is by way of being or is in part allegorical, the Lehrjahre is quite plainly nothing of the sort It was written when Goethe was a theatrical manager, and at a time when he was absorbingly interested, not only in the art of the dramatist, but in that of the actor also. All the critic in him had been stimulated by that practical study of dramaturgy and histrionics which his then occupation had imposed upon him; while at the same time—or rather, perhaps, a little later, and, no doubt, with increasing insistency as the work proceeded-the creative artist in him was quickened by observation of the picturesque Bohemianism of the actor's life.

Hence the irritating inequalities and the general formlessness of a romance which is really only a romance in part and by after-thought, having been primarily designed for a mere peg whereon to hang the author's theories of and reflections upon art. It has been condemned as dull; it has been extolled as profound; it has been admired as poetical. As a matter of fact it is all three by turns, and occasionally two out of the three at the same time. 'If you were to read it for the story,' as Dr. Johnson said of Sir Charles Grandison, a work which he sincerely admired, 'you would hang yourself.' Considered as a Life and Adventures of Wilhelm



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Meister, it would be found tedious beyond endurance. Wilhelm himself, even before his 'Travels' began, is, in the language of the theatre, a mere 'walking gentleman,' and, what is more, a walking gentleman who makes hardly any progress. Perhaps no hero so absolutely colourless and uninteresting is to be found in the whole range of fiction. But that, of course, is because a lay figure endowed with speech would serve the part of his creator's mouthpiece just as well as a human being. In most of the disquisitions on art, it is not really Wilhelm Meister but Johann Wolfgang von Goethe who is speaking; and hence, I fear, it is the illustrious J. W. von G. who must bear the responsibility of that monumentally tiresome account of the 'marionettes,' wherewith the young man lulls his bored mistress into a slumber which most readers must have felt inclined to share.

But if the reciter of this soporific discourse is lifeless, so is not its principal auditor (till she fell asleep), Mariana, the slightly sketched yet perfect presentment of the cynically 'business-like' courtesan. So is not Mother Barbara,-that 'ancient damnation,' as Mariana, had she been as constant as Juliet, would have called her—the eternal type of the female go-between, a line which can be traced unbroken through literary history, from the 'lena' of classical comedy down to the Nurse in Romeo. And Werner and Laertes; and Serlo and Aurelia; and the Count and the Countess; and the subtly comic Jarno; and, above all, the light-headed, light-hearted, frivolous, generous, zoneless Philina, the eternal type of the butterfly of pleasure, born in the atmosphere of the coulisses, to bask and flutter for an hour or two in the warmth of the footlights ere she disappears for ever,—it is by these, and with difficulty even by these, that Wilhelm Meister lives for the reader who is not interested in the psychology of art, or in the philosophic symbolism which employs art to point the moral or solve the riddle of human life. Among such readers, however, Carlyle was certainly not to be numbered. That he was insensible to the romantic quality in Wilhelm Meister would, indeed, be too



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much to say. That power of dramatic portraiture which he was afterwards to display to such splendid purpose in his own writings was still, no doubt, undeveloped; but it is impossible to suppose that he could have traversed and surveyed this picture-gallery of Goethe's with a wholly uninterested and indifferent eye. at any rate, he-with his curiously quick perception of feminine charm, and that paternal indulgence for female frailty which makes him gentle even with the virago, Theroigne de Méricourtmust surely have appreciated and loved; nor can the fay-like grace and mysterious pathos of Mignon have failed to appeal to It is not without significance that Carlyle—to whom. though he abounded in the matter of poetry, its form was always more or less of a stumbling-block-should have been inspired. perhaps for the first and last time, as a verse translator by Mignon's famous song. For with more than one weak and metrically halting line Carlyle's version of that wild and haunting lyric fairly holds its own among innumerable others. Never, at any rate, have the opening lines of the concluding stanza-

> Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg Das Maulthier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg,

been more finely rendered than by-

Know'st thou the mountain-bridge that hangs on cloud? The mules in mist grope o'er the torrent loud,

a couplet which reveals the whole scene as by a single touch of magic to the eye and ear.

Nevertheless, it is, on the whole, to be presumed that at that particular stage of his career Carlyle was attracted rather by the didactic than the artistic element in Goethe's work. And the difficulty of disengaging this element from the artistic—or inartistic—matrix in which it lay embedded will account easily enough for the variations of the translator's mood during the progress of the work; for his despondency at the beginning and his satisfaction at the completion of his task. In September 1823 he



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'loves not Meister,' he tells us; and is sure it will never sell. 'Goethe,' he adds, 'is the greatest genius that has lived for a century, and the greatest ass that has lived for three.' In January of 1824 the impression is still unfavourable; but by April of that year we find him declaring—'I have not got as many ideas from any book for six years.' The translation, when it appeared, was received with great diversity of opinion by the critics. 'Jeffrey,' records Dr. Garnett, 'disparaged the book but commended the translation; Blackwood approved both; De Quincey neither.' But Goethe himself approved of it, acknowledging and thanking the translator for it in an autograph letter; and Carlyle felt that alone to be his sufficient, nay, his exceeding great reward.

H. D. TRAILL.

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Goethe.



PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION OF 'MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP' AND 'MEISTER'S TRAVELS'

[London, 1839]

THESE two Translations, Meister's Apprenticeship and Meister's Travels, have long been out of print, but never altogether out of demand; nay, it would seem, the originally somewhat moderate demand has gone on increasing, and continues to increase. They are therefore here republished; and the one being in some sort a sequel to the other, though in rather unexpected sort, they are now printed together. The English version of Meister's Travels has been extracted, or extricated, from a Compilation of very various quality named German Romance; and placed by the side of the Apprenticeship, its forerunner, which, in the translated as in the original state, appeared hitherto as a separate work.

In the Apprenticeship, the first of these Translations, which was executed some fifteen years ago, under questionable auspices, I have made many little changes; but could not, unfortunately, change it into a right translation: it hung, in many places, stiff and laboured, too like some unfortunate buckram cloak round the light harmonious movement of the original; and, alas, still hangs so, here and there; and may now hang. In the second Translation, Meister's Travels, two years later in date, I have changed little or nothing: I might have added much; for the Original, since that time, was as it were taken to pieces by the Author himself in his last years, and constructed anew; and in the Final Edition of his Works appears with multifarious intercalations, giving a great expansion both of



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size and of scope. Not Pedagogy only, and Husbandry and Art and Religion and Human Conduct in the Nineteenth Century, but Geology, Astronomy, Cotton-spinning, Metallurgy, Anatomical Lecturing, and much else, are typically shadowed forth in this second form of the Travels; which, however, continues a Fragment like the first, significantly pointing on all hands towards infinitude; not more complete than the first was, or indeed perhaps less so. It will well reward the trustful student of Goethe to read this new form of the Travels; and see how in that great mind, beaming in mildest mellow splendour, beaming if also trembling, like a great sun on the verge of the horizon, near now to its long farewell, all these things were illuminated and illustrated: but for the mere English reader there are probably in our prior edition of the Travels already novelties enough; for us, at all events, it seemed unadvisable to meddle with it farther at present.

Goethe's position towards the English Public is greatly altered since these Translations first made their appearance. Criticisms, near the mark, or farther from the mark, or even altogether far, and away from any mark; of these there has been enough. These pass on their road; the man and his works remain what they are and were; more and more recognisable for what they are. Few English readers can require now to be apprised that these two Books, named Novels, come not under the Minerva-Press category, nor the Ballantyne-Press category, nor any such category; that the Author is one whose secret, by no means worn upon his sleeve, will never, by any ingenuity, be got at in that way.

For a Translator, in the present case, it is enough to reflect that he who imports into his own country any true delineation, a rationally spoken word on any subject, has done well. Ours is a wide world, peaceably admitting many different modes of speech. In our wide world there is but one altogether fatal personage,—the dunce; he that speaks irrationally, that sees not, and yet thinks he sees. A genuine



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seer and speaker, under what conditions soever, shall be welcome to us: has he not seen somewhat, of great Nature our common Mother's bringing forth; seen it, loved it, laid his heart open to it, and to the Mother of it, so that he can now rationally speak it for us? He is our brother, and a good not a bad man; his words are like gold, precious, whether stamped in our mint, or in what mint soever stamped.

T. CARLYLE.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION OF 'MEISTER'S APPRENTICESHIP'

[Edinburgh, 1824]

WHETHER it be that the quantity of genius among ourselves and the French, and the number of works more lasting than brass produced by it, have of late been so considerable as to make us independent of additional supplies; or that, in our ancient aristocracy of intellect, we disdain to be assisted by the Germans, whom, by a species of second-sight, we have discovered, before knowing anything about them, to be a timid, dreaming, extravagant, insane race of mortals; certain it is, that hitherto our literary intercourse with that nation has been very slight and precarious. After a brief period of not too judicious cordiality, the acquaintance on our part was altogether dropped: nor, in the few years since we partially resumed it, have our feelings of affection or esteem been materially increased. Our translators are unfortunate in their selection or execution, or the public is tasteless and absurd in its demands; for, with scarcely more than one or two exceptions, the best works of Germany have lain neglected, or worse than neglected, and the Germans are yet utterly unknown to us. Kotzebue still lives in our minds as the representative of a nation that despises him; Schiller is chiefly known to us by the monstrous production of his



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boyhood; and Klopstock by a hacked and mangled image of his *Messias*, in which a beautiful poem is distorted into a theosophic rhapsody, and the brother of Virgil and Racine ranks little higher than the author of *Meditations among the Tombs*.

But of all these people there is none that has been more unjustly dealt with than Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. For half a century the admiration, we might almost say the idol of his countrymen, to us he is still a stranger. name, long echoed and reëchoed through Reviews and Magazines, has become familiar to our ears: but it is a sound and nothing more; it excites no definite idea in almost any mind. To such as know him by the faint and garbled version of his Werter, Goethe figures as a sort of poetic Heraclitus; some woe-begone hypochondriac, whose eyes are overflowing with perpetual tears, whose long life has been spent in melting into ecstasy at the sight of waterfalls, and clouds, and the moral sublime, or dissolving into hysterical wailings over hapless love-stories and the miseries of human life. They are not aware that Goethe smiles at this performance of his youth; or that the German Werter, with all his faults, is a very different person from his English namesake; that his Sorrows are in the original recorded in a tone of strength and sarcastic emphasis, of which the other offers no vestige, and intermingled with touches of powerful thought, glimpses of a philosophy deep as it is bitter, which our sagacious translator has seen proper wholly to omit. Others again, who have fallen-in with Retzsch's Outlines and the extracts from Faust, consider Goethe as a wild mystic. a dealer in demonology and osteology, who draws attention by the aid of skeletons and evil spirits, whose excellence it is to be extravagant, whose chief aim it is to do what no one but himself has tried. The tyro in German may tell us that the charm of Faust is altogether unconnected with its preternatural import; that the work delineates the fate of human enthusiasm struggling against doubts and errors from within,



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against scepticism, contempt and selfishness from without; and that the witchcraft and magic, intended merely as a shadowy frame for so complex and mysterious a picture of the moral world and the human soul, are introduced for the purpose not so much of being trembled at as laughed at. The voice of the tyro is not listened to; our indolence takes part with our ignorance; Faust continues to be called a monster; and Goethe is regarded as a man of "some genius," which he has perverted to produce all manner of misfashioned prodigies; things false, abortive, formless, gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire.

Now it must no doubt be granted, that so long as our invaluable constitution is preserved in its pristine purity, the British nation may exist in a state of comparative prosperity with very inadequate ideas of Goethe: but, at the same time, the present arrangement is an evil in its kind; slight, it is true, and easy to be borne, yet still more easy to be remedied, and which therefore ought to have been remedied ere now. Minds like Goethe's are the common property of all nations; and, for many reasons, all should have correct impressions of them.

It is partly with the view of doing something to supply this want that Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre is now presented to the English public. Written in its Author's forty-fifth year, embracing hints or disquisitions on almost every leading point in life and literature, it affords us a more distinct view of his matured genius, his manner of thought and favourite subjects, than any of his other works. Nor is it Goethe alone whom it portrays; the prevailing taste of Germany is likewise indicated by it. Since the year 1795, when it first appeared at Berlin, numerous editions of Meister have been printed: critics of all ranks, and some of them dissenting widely from its doctrines, have loaded it with encomiums; its songs and poems are familiar to every German ear; the people read it, and speak of it, with an admiration approaching in many cases to enthusiasm.



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That it will be equally successful in England I am far indeed from anticipating. Apart from the above considerations, from the curiosity, intelligent or idle, which it may awaken, the number of admiring, or even approving judges it will find can scarcely fail of being very limited. great mass of readers, who read to drive away the tedium of mental vacancy, employing the crude phantasmagoria of a modern novel, as their grandfathers employed tobacco and diluted brandy, Wilhelm Meister will appear beyond endurance weary, flat, stale and unprofitable. Those in particular, who take delight in "King Cambyses' vein," and open Meister with the thought of Werter in their minds, will soon pause in utter dismay, and their paroxysm of dismay will pass by degrees into unspeakable contempt. Of romance interest there is next to none in Meister; the characters are samples to judge of, rather than persons to love or hate: the incidents are contrived for other objects than moving or affrighting us; the hero is a milksop, whom, with all his gifts, it takes an effort to avoid despising. The author himself, far from "doing it in a passion," wears a face of the most still indifference throughout the whole affair; often it is even wrinkled by a slight sardonic grin. For the friends of the sublime, then, for those who cannot do without heroical sentiments, and "moving accidents by flood and field," there is nothing here that can be of any service.

Nor among readers of a far higher character can it be expected that many will take the praiseworthy pains of Germans, reverential of their favourite author, and anxious to hunt-out his most elusive charms. Few among us will disturb themselves about the allegories and typical allusions of the work; will stop to inquire whether it includes a remote emblem of human culture, or includes no such matter; whether this is a light airy sketch of the development of man in all his endowments and faculties, gradually proceeding from the first rude exhibitions of puppets and mountebanks, through the perfection of poetic and dramatic art, up to the



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unfolding of the principle of religion, and the greatest of all arts, the art of life, or is nothing more than a bungled piece of patch-work, presenting in the shape of a novel much that should have been suppressed entirely, or at least given out by way of lecture. Whether the characters do or do not represent distinct classes of men, including various stages of human nature, from the gay material vivacity of Philina to the severe moral grandeur of the Uncle and the splendid accomplishment of Lothario, will to most of us be of small importance: and the everlasting disquisitions about plays and players, and politeness and activity, and art and nature, will weary many a mind that knows not and heeds not whether they are true or false. Yet every man's judgment is, in this free country, a lamp to himself: whoever is displeased will censure; and many, it is to be feared, will insist on judging Meister by the common rule, and what is worse, condemning it, let Schlegel bawl as loudly as he pleases. "To judge," says he, "of this book,—new and peculiar as it is, and only to be understood and learned from itself, by our common notion of the novel, a notion pieced together and produced out of custom and belief, out of accidental and arbitrary requisitions,—is as if a child should grasp at the moon and stars, and insist on packing them into its toy-box." 1 Unhappily, the most of us have boxes; and some of them are very small!

Yet, independently of these its more recondite and dubious qualities, there are beauties in *Meister*, which cannot but secure it some degree of favour at the hands of many. The philosophical discussions it contains; its keen glances into life and art; the minute and skilful delineation of men; the lively genuine exhibition of the scenes they move in; the occasional touches of eloquence and tenderness, and even of poetry, the very essence of poetry; the quantity of thought and knowledge embodied in a style so rich in general felicities, of which, at least, the new and sometimes ex-

¹ Charakteristik des Meister.



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quisitely happy metaphors have been preserved,-cannot wholly escape an observing reader, even on the most cursory perusal. To those who have formed for themselves a picture of the world, who have drawn out, from the thousand variable circumstances of their being, a philosophy of life, it will be interesting and instructive to see how man and his concerns are represented in the first of European minds: to those who have penetrated to the limits of their own conceptions, and wrestled with thoughts and feelings too high for them, it will be pleasing and profitable to see the horizon of their certainties widened, or at least separated with a firmer line from the impalpable obscure which surrounds it on every Such persons I can fearlessly invite to study Meister. Across the disfigurement of a translation, they will not fail to discern indubitable traces of the greatest genius in our And the longer they study, they are likely to discern them the more distinctly. New charms will successively arise to view; and of the many apparent blemishes, while a few superficial ones may be confirmed, the greater and more important part will vanish, or even change from dark to bright. For, if I mistake not, it is with Meister as with every work of real and abiding excellence, the first glance is the least favourable. A picture of Raphael, a Greek statue, a play of Sophocles or Shakspeare, appears insignificant to the unpractised eye; and not till after long and patient and intense examination, do we begin to descry the earnest features of that beauty, which has its foundation in the deepest nature of man, and will continue to be pleasing through all ages.

If this appear excessive praise as applied in any sense to *Meister*, the curious sceptic is desired to read and weigh the whole performance, with all its references, relations, purposes; and to pronounce his verdict after he has clearly seized and appreciated them all. Or if a more faint conviction will suffice, let him turn to the picture of Wilhelm's states of mind in the end of the first Book, and the beginning



TO THE FIRST EDITION

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of the second; the eulogies of commerce and poesy, which follow; the description of Hamlet; the character of histrionic life in Serlo and Aurelia; that of sedate and lofty manhood in the Uncle and Lothario. But above all, let him turn to the history of Mignon. This mysterious child, at first neglected by the reader, gradually forced on his attention, at length overpowers him with an emotion more deep and thrilling than any poet since the days of Shakspeare has succeeded in producing. The daughter of enthusiasm, rapture, passion and despair, she is of the earth, but not When she glides before us through the light mazes of her fairy dance, or twangs her cithern to the notes of her homesick verses, or whirls her tambourine and hurries round us like an antique Mænad, we could almost fancy her a spirit; so pure is she, so full of fervour, so disengaged from the clay of this world. And when all the fearful particulars of her story are at length laid together, and we behold in connected order the image of her hapless existence, there is, in those dim recollections, those feelings so simple, so impassioned and unspeakable, consuming the closely shrouded, woe-struck, yet ethereal spirit of the poor creature, something which searches into the inmost recesses of the soul. It is not tears which her fate calls forth; but a feeling far too deep for tears. The very fire of heaven seems miserably quenched among the obstructions of this earth. Her little heart, so noble and so helpless, perishes before the smallest of its many beauties is unfolded; and all its loves and thoughts and longings do but add another pang to death, and sink to silence utter and eternal. It is as if the gloomy porch of Dis and his pale kingdoms were realised and set before us, and we heard the ineffectual wail of infants reverberating from within their prison-walls forever.

> Continuò auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens, Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo: Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes, et ab ubere raptos, Abstulit atra dies, et funere mersit acerbo.



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The history of Mignon runs like a thread of gold through the tissue of the narrative, connecting with the heart much that were else addressed only to the head. Philosophy and eloquence might have done the rest; but this is poetry in the highest meaning of the word. It must be for the power of producing such creations and emotions, that Goethe is by many of his countrymen ranked at the side of Homer and Shakspeare, as one of the only three men of genius that have ever lived.

But my business here is not to judge of *Meister* or its Author, it is only to prepare others for judging it; and for this purpose the most that I had room to say is said. All I ask in the name of this illustrious foreigner is, that the court which tries him be pure, and the jury instructed in the cause; that the work be not condemned for wanting what it was not meant to have, and by persons nowise called to pass sentence on it.

Respecting my own humble share in the adventure, it is scarcely necessary to say anything. Fidelity is all the merit I have aimed at: to convey the Author's sentiments, as he himself expressed them; to follow the original, in all the variations of its style, has been my constant endeavour. many points, both literary and moral, I could have wished devoutly that he had not written as he has done; but to alter anything was not in my commission. The literary and moral persuasions of a man like Goethe are objects of a rational curiosity; and the duty of a translator is simple and distinct. Accordingly, except a few phrases and sentences, not in all amounting to a page, which I have dropped as evidently unfit for the English taste, I have studied to present the work exactly as it stands in German. my success has been indifferent, I already know too well. In rendering the ideas of Goethe, often so subtle, so capriciously expressive, the meaning was not always easy to seize, or to convey with adequate effect. There were thin tints of style, shades of ridicule, or tenderness, or solemnity, resting



for all my labour.

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over large spaces, and so slight as almost to be evanescent: some of these I may have failed to see; to many of them I could do no justice. Nor, even in plainer matters, can I pride myself in having always imitated his colloquial familiarity without falling into sentences bald and rugged, into idioms harsh or foreign; or in having copied the flowing oratory of other passages, without at times exaggerating or defacing the swelling cadences and phrases of my original. But what work, from the translating of a German novel to the writing of an epic, was ever as the workman wished and meant it? This version of Meister, with whatever faults it may have, I honestly present to my countrymen: if, while it makes any portion of them more familiar with the richest, most gifted of living minds, it increase their knowledge, or even afford them a transient amusement, they will excuse its errors, and I shall be far more than paid

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