

Then, as the vision of her execution rises up, she says :

"The crowd does gather, in silence it rolls,  
The squares, the streets,  
Scarce hold the throng;  
The staff is broken, the death bell tolls,  
They bind and seize me, I'm hurried along,  
To the seat of blood already I'm bound,  
Quivers each neck, as the naked steel  
Quivers on mine, the blow to deal."

This draws from Faust the agonized wish that he had ne'er been born. At the sight of the impatient Mephistopheles, Margaret utters her unalterable resolution, "Judgment of God ! To thee my soul I give !" Turning to Faust with the same fear and aversion, perhaps mingled with pity, she cries: "Heinrich, I shudder now to look on thee." "She is judged," cries the fiend, as they pass away, to which a voice from above answers, "She is saved;" and Faust, as they disappear, hears her in pity calling after him from her cell. So Faust has explored the "sensual deeps," but instead of finding the wished for moment therein, he only finds disgust and utter woe.

As for the episode of Margaret, this tragedy within a tragedy, none of ancient or modern times, perhaps, better fulfills the Aristotelian requirement of tragic art, namely, that of awakening pity and terror so as thereby to purify and ennoble these affections. Dramatic retribution seems, it is true, unfairly meted out, for Faust, whose dramatic guilt is greater than that of Margaret, escapes, while she perishes. But as we have seen such a fate could not befall Faust, in accordance with the plan of the poem, and, furthermore, in his case the sentiment of poetic justice is not altogether unsatisfied, for does not his remorse make him utter the wish that he had ne'er been born? Margaret, on the contrary, could not return repentant to life, nor could she return unrepentant with Faust. Both expedients would be inartistic. She can but appease and gain Heaven by suffering on earth for her sins, which reconciles us to her fate.

Let us again take up the fortunes of our hero as he now rises from the "sensual deeps" in search of a higher ideal, as he passes from the little world to the great, in quest of the pleasure that does not vanish ere it reaches the lips.

In accordance with the legend, and perhaps in allusion to some of the experiences of Goethe's own court life, Faust, as soon as he recovers from the loss of Margaret, is led to the court of the emperor, whose dominion, because of the weakness of his character and the baseness of his councillors, is tottering to ruin. Notwithstanding, the court is the scene of festivities and masquerades, in which our travellers take part, and where Mephistopheles, moreover, is perfectly at home. He also proposes a remedy for the financial embarrassment of the country by the issue of a paper currency on an imaginary security, which ends in a crash. Faust, whose part in the court mummery is symbolic of the danger threatening from such indulgences, is then requested by the art-loving, though feeble emperor, to call up the forms of Helen and Paris, i.e., to create forms of perfect ideal beauty.

Mephistopheles, the spirit of negation, cannot produce the truly beautiful. Faust himself must descend to the "mothers" for these forms, but Mephistopheles gives him a key to guide him thither. Ideal beauty is an innate conception of the human mind reposing in its innermost depths, and the key is probably the method of evolving it therefrom. Faust, crowned with the victor's laurel, rises up preceded by the shades. The assembled courtiers pass their critical comments on these wondrous forms, the product of Faust's art, who himself suddenly becoming enamoured of his own creation, endeavors to grasp the form of Helen, which eludes him, and with a loud report vanishes from sight, as if the highest beauty or the purest pleasure could only be attained to or enjoyed by calm contemplation, and not otherwise. The ideal is shattered by the attempt to realize it.

Before Faust recovers from the shock caused by the sudden and unexpected collapse of this attempt, he is transported by his attendant spirit to the old study whence he first set out on his quest. Beyond being musty and infected by cob-webs and crickets, this place is quite unchanged. The very pen with the blood dry and rusty upon it, with which Faust signed away his life, is still in its place. While Faust is still dozing apart, Mephistopheles dons again the cap and gown in which he formerly received the freshman. He seats himself in the professor's chair, as before, and, curious coincidence, that same timid, inquiring freshman, but now a full-fledged, dashing baccalaureus storms into the room, as he finds it open, expressing his contempt for old people in general, and for old professors in particular. He recalls the time

"When the grey-beard old deceivers  
Classed me with their true believers,  
One who all their figments hollow,  
As the bread of life would swallow."

He is no longer an unsuspecting boy, whom anyone will venture to deceive. Experience, says he, is but a "foam and bubble," and its name not to be mentioned with the spirits claim. Man, after thirty years of age, is as good as dead. Things exist only in and for him. Even the Devil himself exists only by his leave. The folly of this great original, who does not know that all his ideas have been thought over and over again, will, however, Mephistopheles thinks, have time to subside.

Wagner, the former pedantic famulus, has in the meantime become distinguished. He has become creative. In the laboratory adjoining the study, he is found absorbed in the crystallization of a mannikin which he just now after long endeavor brings to a successful completion. This homunculus, forthwith endowed with the keenest perception, espying the sleeping Faust, perceives, what M. cannot, that his aspirations are after the higher forms of beauty which, in his opinion, are only to be found in classical antiquity. Accordingly, leaving the inconsolable Wagner behind, Faust and M. set out under the guidance of Homunculus, the spirit of criticism, enveloped in his glass cover, and arrive on the plain of Pharsalia in Thessaly on the anniversary of the battle of Pharsalia, when the creations of Grecian mythology were supposed to take form to witness the battle as it was fought