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Book Sixteen

It is commonly said that misfortunes never come singly, but the same is plainly true of good fortune, and also of other circumstances, which tend to group around us in a harmonious way—whether because some destiny imposes them on us or because human beings have the power of attracting what belongs together.

At any rate, for once it was my experience that everything coincided to promote my outer and inner peace. I enjoyed the former while passively awaiting the outcome of the plans being hatched for me; but the latter came only through the renewal of my studies.

I had not thought about Spinoza in a long time, and now I was driven to him by way of contradiction. I found a little book in our library whose author was vehemently opposed to that unique thinker and, to make an effective beginning, had placed Spinoza's picture opposite the title page with the inscription, *Signum reprobationis in vultu gerens*, which is to say, "His face bears the marks of rejection and confusion." Actually, one could not deny this while looking at the picture, for it was a miserably poor engraving, an absolute caricature. It made me think of how some opponents begin by misrepresenting anyone they disapprove of, after which they attack him as a monster.

However, this little book made no impression on me. I did not like controversy in any case, and always preferred discovering a person's actual thoughts to hearing from someone else what he should have thought. Yet curiosity led me to the article "Spinoza" in Bayle's dictionary,¹ a work which is as estimable and useful for its learning and sagacity as it is ridiculous and harmful for its gossip and twaddle.

The article on Spinoza aroused my displeasure and mistrust. At the very outset the man is termed an atheist and his opinions are roundly condemned; next, however, it is conceded that he was a calmly reflective and very studious man, a good citizen, a communicative person, a quiet individual not involved in public affairs. And so the Bible verse, "By their fruits ye shall know them!" seemed to have been completely forgotten. For how can pernicious principles result in a life pleasing to God and men?

I still remembered the feeling of calm and clarity that had come over me when I once had paged through the posthumous works of that remarkable man. While I could not recall individual details, the impression was still quite distinct, and therefore I hurried to reread those works to which I owed so much; and again the same peaceful breeze wafted

toward me. I devoted myself to this reading and felt, as I looked into my inner self, that I had never viewed the world so clearly.

Since this has been such a controversial subject, even in recent times, I would not wish to be misunderstood, and therefore I shall not neglect to insert a few items here about that so much feared, nay, abhorred way of looking at things.

Our physical as well as social life, our manners, habits, worldly wisdom, philosophy, religion, indeed many a chance occurrence, all proclaim to us that we must *renounce*. Many an inward, very personal quality is not destined to be developed for outward use; we are deprived of what we require from without to supplement our existence; and on the other hand, a great deal is thrust upon us that we find alien and burdensome. We are robbed of hard-won gains, of privileges graciously granted, and before we really know what is happening we find ourselves compelled to abandon our personality, at first bit by bit, and then altogether. At the same time, however, it is customary not to have regard for someone who rebels at this; instead, the bitterer the cup, the sweeter the expression one is supposed to assume, so that the tranquil spectator may not be offended by any grimace.

However, nature has equipped the human being with adequate strength, energy, and toughness to accomplish the task. He is aided especially by the indestructible light-mindedness that has been bestowed on him. Thanks to this, he is capable of renouncing an individual thing at any moment, if only at the next he may reach for something else, and so, unconsciously, we are always recreating our whole life. We replace one passion with another. Occupations, inclinations, favorite pursuits, whims, we try them all out only to exclaim at last that all is vanity. No one is horrified by this false, nay, blasphemous saying; indeed it is thought to express something wise and irrefutable. There are only a few persons who have had a premonition about this intolerable feeling, and they have avoided all these partial resignations by resigning themselves totally, once and for all.

The latter make up their minds about what is eternal, necessary, and legitimate and try to form concepts that are imperishable, and indeed are not annulled, but actually confirmed by observation of the transitory. But because there is really something superhuman about this, such persons are generally considered monsters, without respect for God or the world, and they are imagined as having all manner of horns and claws.

My confidence in Spinoza was based on the peaceful effect he had produced in me, and could only be strengthened when I heard my worthy mystics being accused of Spinozism, and when I learned that Leibnitz himself had not escaped this reproach, nay, that Boerhaave, because he was suspected of similar sentiments, had been forced to transfer from theology to medicine.

Let no one imagine, however, that I wanted to subscribe to his writings and literally profess them. For I had already seen all too clearly that no individual understands any other, that the same words have different meanings for everyone, that a conversation or a reading prompts varying trains of thought in various people. And surely we will credit the author of *Werther* and *Faust*, who had been deeply wounded by such misunderstandings, with being less conceited than to think he perfectly understood a man who was Descartes' pupil and through mathematical and rabbinical culture had attained such heights that even today they seem to surpass all other speculative efforts.

What I managed to assimilate of him could be shown quite clearly if the Wandering Jew's visit to Spinoza, which I had devised as a valuable ingredient of that poem, had survived in written form. However, the thought of it pleased me so much, and I liked so much to ponder it in private, that I did not get around to writing anything down. As a result the idea, which would not have been without merit as an incidental jest, became amplified to such a degree that it lost its charm for me and I dismissed it from my mind as burdensome. But now I shall, as succinctly as possible, reveal and describe the extent to which the chief points of my relationship to Spinoza have remained indelible in my memory; for these ideas did exercise a great influence on the further course of my life.

Nature operates according to eternal, necessary laws, which are so divine that the Divinity itself cannot alter them. Unconsciously, all human beings are in perfect agreement about this. Just consider how any natural phenomenon astounds and actually horrifies us if it hints at understanding, reason, or merely free will.

When animals evince something like reason, we cannot get over our astonishment, for as close as we are to them, they still seem to be separated from us by an infinite gulf, and to be relegated to the realm of necessity. Consequently it is little wonder that some thinkers have explained the expert but strictly limited skills of these creatures entirely in terms of mechanics.

When we turn to the plant world, we find still more striking confirmation of our assertion. Consider the sensation that comes over us when the mimosa, upon being touched, folds its pinnate leaves together pair by pair until at last the petiole clicks down as though worked by a joint. The sensation, to which I shall assign no name, is intensified when we observe the *Hedysarum gyrans*, which, without visible external stimulus, raises and lowers its minute leaves as though playing with them—and with our concepts. Let a banana tree be imagined with this talent, alternately raising and lowering its enormous flat leaves by itself, and anyone seeing it for the first time would shrink back in horror. So ingrained in us is the concept of our own superior qualities that we

are absolutely unwilling to grant the outside world any part in them, and indeed, if at all possible, we would like to depreciate them even in our own kind.

On the other hand, a similar horror comes over us when we see a man act irrationally contrary to universally acknowledged moral laws, and unwisely contrary to his own and others' best interests. To rid ourselves of this dreadful feeling we immediately transform it into rebuke and loathing and try to free ourselves from such a man either actually or in our thoughts. This point is perceived and granted by everyone, so that it is not necessary for me to labor it further here.

I applied this contrast, which Spinoza stresses so powerfully, in a very curious way to my own nature, and what has been said up to now has really only been intended to clarify what follows.

I had gotten to the point of viewing my indwelling poetic talent altogether as nature, especially since I had been directed to look upon external nature as its subject matter. Of course, a specific occasion could move me to exercise this poetic gift for a particular purpose, but it was at its most joyous and opulent when it burst forth involuntarily, nay, *against* my will.

Through field and woodland swinging,
My little song a-singing,
Is how I passed my day.

It would be the same if I awoke at night, and often I had the urge to imitate one of my predecessors² by having a leather doublet made for myself and getting accustomed to capture in the dark, through feeling, whatever had unexpectedly flashed through my mind. I was so used to reciting some little poem to myself, only to forget it again, that more than once I ran to my writing stand and, without even taking the time to straighten out a sheet of paper that was lying there crookedly, actually wrote down a poem on the diagonal from beginning to end, not budging from the spot. In like fashion I also much preferred to reach for a pencil, as the more pliant instrument; for it had been my experience several times that the scraping and spurting of the pen awoke me from my somnambulistic composing and distracted me so much that the little creation died at birth. I had a special regard for such poems because I had more or less the same relationship to them as a hen to her chicks after she has hatched them and they are all cheeping around her. My earlier desire to read these things aloud to my friends was reawakened, but the idea of exchanging them for money offended me.

In this connection I want to mention an incident that occurred somewhat later. When interest in my works kept increasing and there was even demand for a collection of them, which the aforementioned sen-

timents restrained me from preparing by myself, Himburg³ took advantage of my hesitation, and to my surprise I received several copies of my collected works in print. With great impudence this unsolicited publisher boasted to me about the great service he had done the public, and in return he offered to send me some Berlin porcelain, if I so desired. The occasion could not but remind me of the fact that Berlin Jews, when they married, had to buy a certain amount of this porcelain, to insure a market for the royal factory. My scorn for the brazen literary pirate took precedence over the chagrin I naturally felt about this robbery. I did not answer him, but while he was doubtless enjoying himself to the full on my property, I took my quiet revenge with the following verses:

Relics of my years spent sweetly dreaming,
Faded flowers, locks of hair once gleaming,
Veils, now slightly creased, discolored ribands,
Melancholy tokens kept when love ends,
To my hearthfire I had scarce consigned them,
When a saucy Sosias purloined them,
Just as though my poetry and merit
Had been willed him duly to inherit;
And the living me shall he then cozen
With his cups and saucers by the dozen?
Gone be porcelain, and pastry too!
Himburgs, I am dead for you.

However, nature, which spontaneously produced such works of greater and lesser extent, sometimes went dormant for a considerable time. There were long periods of time during which I was not able to produce anything even when I wanted to, and I was therefore very bored. In connection with this sharp contrast, the thought occurred to me that perhaps I should use whatever humanity, reason, and sense I possessed in other respects for my own profit and advantage, and that of others. Should not these interim periods be devoted to practical activities, in which I had been engaged before and which were being enjoined on me ever more vigorously, and thus none of my talents be left unemployed? I found these general conclusions to be so much in harmony with my nature and situation that I resolved to act along these lines and thus put an end to my previous wavering and hesitation. It was pleasant for me to think that my lovely natural gift, like something holy, might continue being expended disinterestedly while I was demanding real payment from people for actual services. This observation saved me from the bitterness I might have started to feel when I was forced to see how this most desired and admired talent was being treated in Germany as though it were outside the law and at anyone's mercy.

For it was not only in Berlin that pirated editions were considered permissible and, indeed, amusing. Even the revered Margrave of Baden,⁴ who received such high praise for being a virtuous ruler, and Emperor Joseph,⁵ who justified so many hopes, showed favor to a Macklot and a Chevalier von Trattner, respectively, and it was declared that both the rights and property of genius should be unconditionally surrendered to tradesmen and manufacturers. Once we complained about this to a visitor from Baden, and he told the following story: The margravine, being an active lady, had established a paper factory, but its wares turned out to be of such poor quality that no one would buy them. Thereupon the publisher Macklot had suggested raising the value of this paper a little by printing poets and prose authors on it, and he said the suggestion had been eagerly accepted.

Although we did not believe this malicious rumor, we enjoyed it to the full. Immediately the name of Macklot became a term of abuse which we invoked repeatedly whenever bad things happened. And thus, while villainy was growing rich on our talents, we light-minded youths, who sometimes even had to borrow money, felt ourselves adequately avenged by a few good sallies.

Happy children and youths wander along in a kind of intoxication, which is especially conspicuous because the dear innocents are hardly capable of noticing, much less recognizing, the nature of their immediate surroundings. They view the world as material to be formed and as a storehouse of things they are entitled to appropriate. Everything belongs to them, everything seems subject to their will, and so they are quite often led astray into a wild and dissolute life. In the better ones, however, this tendency develops into a moral enthusiasm, which occasionally can act as its own stimulus to some genuinely or apparently good action, but also frequently allows itself to be governed, led, and misled.

This was the case with the young man we are talking about, who may have made an odd impression on people but still was received gladly by quite a few of them. From the very first encounter with him one found him to be absolutely open-minded, cheerfully sincere in his conversation, and occasionally precipitous in his actions. Concerning the last, a few anecdotes:

A fierce fire had broken out in Jews' Lane with its very tightly clustered buildings. My general good will, translated into an active desire to help, made me run there just as I was, dressed in good clothes. A breakthrough had been made from All Saints' Lane, and I made use of this entry. There I found a great many persons busy carrying water, hurrying forward with full pails and back with empty ones. It did not take me long to see that it would be twice as effective if they would

form a double column along which the pails could be handed back and forth. I picked up two full pails and remained standing as I shouted to others to join me. The persons going forward were relieved of their burden and the ones returning formed a row on the other side. The arrangement was applauded, my exhortations and personal participation found favor, and soon the double file was complete and without a gap from the entry to the fiery goal. However, hardly had their cheerful compliance with my orders instilled a happy, one may say a merry, mood in this efficient living machine, when mischief also entered in and made room for malice. The miserable refugees, dragging away their pitiful possessions on their backs, no sooner met the convenient lane than they had no choice but to go through it, and not without difficulties. Mischievous adolescent boys sprinkled water on them and increased their misery with scorn and rudeness. I put an end to this outrage at once, however, both with gentle persuasion and oratorical reprimands, and no doubt by asking them to consider the clean clothes I was risking here.

Out of curiosity, some friends of mine approached to see the disaster, and they seemed amazed to see their comrade engaged in this damp business while dressed in shoes and silk stockings (for that was the fashion then). I persuaded a few to help, but the others laughed and shook their heads. For a long time we held firm to our position, since willing replacements were found for those who walked away. There was a stream of onlookers, and so my innocent but hazardous undertaking was known to many, and my odd impetuosity became the talk of the town that day.

Such frivolous behavior in response to some good-natured, cheerful whim or other resulted from a blissful self-confidence, which people are prone to criticize as vanity, and our friend attracted attention to himself through other strange instances of it, like the following:

A very severe winter had completely covered the Main with ice, transforming it into a firm floor. The busiest traffic, both of a necessary and of a merrily sociable type, moved over the ice. Limitless skating-runs and wide stretches of smooth ice swarmed with lively groups. I was also there from early morning on, and when my mother drove out later to watch the spectacle I was nearly frozen to the marrow in my light clothing. She sat in the carriage looking very stately in her cloak of fur and red velvet, fastened over her bosom with heavy gold cord and tassels. "Give me your fur, dear Mother!" I suddenly shouted, without stopping to think. "I am terribly cold." She too did not think twice. In a moment I was wearing the cloak, which reached down to my calves and, being crimson, trimmed with sable, and ornamented with gold, did not go at all badly with the brown fur cap I was wearing. In this guise I skated unconcernedly back and forth, and the throng

was so great that the strange apparition was not even specially noticed—and yet perhaps to a certain extent, for later it was listed among my anomalies, both seriously and in jest.

A witty Frenchman has said that if some good mind or other has attracted public attention with a meritorious work, everything possible will be done to prevent him from ever producing its like again.

It is so true: something or other good and ingenious is produced in one's quiet, isolated youth, applause is won, but independence is lost. People drag the talented person from concentration into distractions, in the hope of picking off and assimilating some part of his personality.

This was the reason I received many invitations, or rather, not really invitations. A friend or acquaintance would suggest, quite often more than urgently, that he could introduce me here or there. But this amounted to nothing more than satisfying the curiosity of some coterie or family.

Curiosity was aroused by the quasi-stranger, who was declared to be a bear because of his curt refusals, and then again, because of his many talents, to be Voltaire's Huron, Cumberland's West Indian,⁶ or a child of nature; and in many families appropriate negotiations were being made to see him.

Among others, a friend requested me one evening to attend a small concert with him which was being held in the house of an eminent Calvinist merchant.⁷ It was rather late, but since I liked anything spontaneous I accompanied him, dressed properly, as usual. We entered a room on the ground level, actually the family's spacious salon. The company was numerous, and a grand piano stood in the middle, at which the daughter of the house immediately sat down and began to play with notable skill and grace. I stood at the far end of the piano, so as to get a good look at her person and manner. There was something childlike about her demeanor, and the movements necessary to her playing were unforced and natural.

When her sonata was finished, she came down to the end of the piano just opposite me, and we did no more than greet each other, because a quartet had already begun. At its conclusion I approached a little closer and said a few obliging words, such as how glad I was that my first acquaintance with her had also acquainted me with her talent. She made a polite response to my remarks, and maintained her position, as I did mine. I could see that she was observing me closely and that I was really on display, but I did not mind at all, since I too had been given something very charming to behold. We continued to gaze at each other, and I shall not deny that I began to feel an attraction of the gentlest kind. However, the milling about of the company as it gave its performances prevented any further approach on this evening.

Yet I must confess it was a pleasant feeling when, at my departure, the mother indicated she hoped to see me soon again, and the daughter seemed to chime in with a certain friendliness. I did not neglect to repeat my visits at proper intervals, and we developed an ability to converse very cheerfully and sensibly; but no passionate relationship was foreshadowed.

Meanwhile the now well-established hospitality of our house caused my good parents, and my own self, many an inconvenience. My constant efforts to perceive, recognize, promote, and, where possible, creatively imitate higher things were by no means advanced by this. These people were good, so far as they were pious; but so far as they were active, they were unwise and often unskilled. The piety was of no help to me; the lack of skill confused me. I wrote a careful account of one remarkable case:

At the beginning of the year 1775, Jung, afterwards called Stilling, sent word from the lower Rhine region that he was coming to Frankfurt, having been commissioned to undertake a noteworthy eye operation there. He was welcome to me and my parents, and we offered him lodgings.

Mr. von Lersner,⁸ who was a dignified elderly man and universally esteemed because of his tutelage and guidance of young princes, and for his intelligent conduct at court and abroad, had for some time been suffering the misfortune of total blindness, but could not quite give up his longing to be helped. Now, for several years Jung, with pious self-assurance, had been boldly performing many cataract operations in the lower Rhine region, so that he had gained a wide reputation. His sincerity of soul, dependability of character, and simple piety inspired everyone with confidence, and this spread upstream by way of a complex commercial network. Mr. von Lersner and his family, on the advice of a competent physician, resolved to send for this successful eye doctor, even though a Frankfurt merchant, on whom the treatment had not worked, earnestly advised against it. But what did a single case prove against so many successful ones! Jung did come, lured by the prospect of being paid a respectable fee for once, which heretofore had not usually been his experience. He came happily and trustfully, thinking to enhance his reputation, and we looked forward to having such an honest and cheerful companion at table.

After various medical preparations, the cataracts were finally removed from both eyes, and our expectations ran high, since we heard that the patient had been able to see immediately after the operation, until daylight was withheld from him again by a bandage. But obviously Jung was downcast and in low spirits about something. Upon further questioning he admitted to me that he was worried about the outcome of the treatment. Ordinarily, as I knew from having observed it fre-

quently myself in Strassburg, it seemed the easiest thing in the world, and Stilling had succeeded hundreds of times. Once a painless incision had been made in the insensitive cornea, just the slightest pressure would make the opaque lens pop out by itself. The patient would immediately see objects but would have to tolerate having his eyes bandaged until the completion of the cure permitted him full and comfortable use of the precious organ. How many an indigent person to whom Jung had brought this good fortune had wished God's blessing and reward on his benefactor's head! And now this rich man was to make good on that.

Jung admitted that things had not proceeded so easily and fortunately this time: the lens had not popped out, and he had been compelled to go after and actually dislodge it, because it was grown tight. This had involved the use of some force. Now he reproached himself for having operated on the other eye as well. But he had made this very firm resolve to attempt both at once, not imagining such an eventuality; and when it occurred, he had not immediately recovered himself and reflected. Suffice it to say, the second lens was balky too, and only with difficulty could it be dislodged and removed.

The misery of such a good-hearted, well-intentioned, God-fearing man in a case like this admits of no description, no analysis. But perhaps this is the right place to say something in general about dispositions like his.

To work toward the development of his moral culture is the simplest and most expedient task a person can undertake. He has an innate propensity for doing so, and in civil life he is directed, nay, urged toward it by love and common sense.

Stilling was imbued with an ethical-religious feeling of love, and could not exist without communicating it, without having it kindly returned. He required reciprocal affection: where he was unacquainted, he was quiet, and where he was acquainted, but not liked, he was sad. Therefore he was most at ease among well-disposed people of the type who find that their quiet, restricted professional circle is a convenient place for their efforts at perfecting themselves.

Such persons have little trouble ridding themselves of vanity, renouncing ambition for outward honor, learning to speak discreetly, and maintaining an even, friendly behavior toward their colleagues and neighbors.

Often there is a lack of mental clarity underlying this, with modifications in different individuals. Such persons, being stimulated by chance occurrences, give great importance to their experiences in life. They see supernatural intentions in everything and are convinced that God intervenes directly.

In addition, human beings have a certain inclination to persist in their

situation, and yet to allow themselves to be pushed and led; and there is a certain irresoluteness about acting on one's own. This is aggravated if very sensible plans come to naught, or if a chance success is achieved through the fortunate coincidence of unforeseen circumstances.

Not only is such a way of life detrimental to alert, manly conduct, but the means of arriving at this condition is also hazardous.

The favorite subject of conversation among these like-minded people is the so-called "rebirth," a kind of conversion which may well have some psychological value. These rebirths are really similar to what we call "aperçus" in scientific and poetic matters, that is, the perception of some great maxim, which is always a brilliant mental feat. One comes to it not through reflection or instruction or tradition, but through intuition. Here it is perception of the moral strength that is anchored in faith and thus can feel proudly secure in the midst of vicissitudes.

Such an aperçu gives its discoverer the greatest joy because it points to the infinite in a novel way; and certainty of belief does not come gradually but arises instantaneously whole and complete. Hence the good old French proverb,

En peu d'heure
Dieu labeure.⁹

Shocking outward events often cause a violent outbreak of such conversions, and people imagine they have seen signs and wonders.

Trust and affection made cordial ties between me and Stilling, for truly I had exerted a good and happy influence on his career, and it was quite in line with his nature to store up in his sensitive, grateful heart everything that was done for him. But at that stage in my life I found his company neither pleasant nor profitable. To be sure, I gladly left it up to everyone to interpret and develop the mystery of his life as he wished; but what seemed too presumptuous to me was Jung's way of ascribing to direct divine intervention every benefit that comes to us from reason in the quixotic course of our lives. Nor could I accept his attitude toward the bad and almost inevitable results of our frivolity and egotism, of our overhastiness or neglect—that these also were divine pedagogy. Therefore I could only listen to our friend, not return him any satisfactory answer. But just as I did with many others, I was willing to let him alone, and continued to shield him from all too worldly-minded individuals who did not hesitate to wound his tender feelings. Thus I kept him from hearing about the witty remark of a waggish fellow who at one point proclaimed quite solemnly, "No! truly, if I were on as good terms with God as Jung is, I would not ask the Supreme Being for money, but for wisdom and good counsel, so that I would

not do so many silly things that cost money and bring on years of miserable debt.”

For this was certainly not the time for such jokes and mischief. Several days passed amid alternating fear and hope. The former grew, the latter faded and disappeared entirely. The good, patient man’s eyes became inflamed, and there was no longer any doubt that the cure had failed.

This put our friend into a state that beggars description. He struggled against deeply felt despair of the worst kind. For what had he not lost in this affair? To begin with, the infinite gratitude of a man with his sight restored, which is the finest reward a physician can have; the confidence of many others in need of help; and his reputation, since his failure in practicing this skill left a family in a helpless situation. Suffice it to say, we played out this Job-like drama from start to finish, with the honest man himself in the role of the scolding friends. He insisted on viewing the incident as a punishment for his previous errors, and he felt impious for having considered himself divinely called to this occupation just because he had stumbled on a method for treating eyes. He reproached himself for not having made a thorough study of this most important specialty, and for having instead handled his cures perfunctorily and at random. Things said about him by unfriendly people now came to his mind, and he began to wonder whether they might not be true. Indeed, such things hurt him all the more since he had to admit that in his life’s course he had been guilty of the light-mindedness which is such a danger to pious people, and probably also of egotism and vanity. At such moments he would fall into a reverie, and however much we might try to come to an understanding, the end result was always simply the foregone rational conclusion that God’s ways are unfathomable.

It would have been still more damaging to my buoyantly cheerful disposition had I not, in my usual fashion, subjected these mental states to a serious, benevolent examination and analyzed them in my own way. But it grieved me to see my good mother so poorly rewarded for her conscientious domestic efforts, although she remained so even-tempered in her ceaseless activity that she felt no resentment. I felt sorriest for my father. For my sake he had courteously opened a strictly closed household, and he very much enjoyed our lively, indeed paradoxical conversations, especially at table, where the presence of strangers attracted local friends and frequently also persons passing through town. My sundry dialectical polemics gave him great satisfaction and a reason to smile genially. I had the wicked habit of contesting everything that was said, but stuck to my arguments only long enough so that whoever had the last word would surely look foolish. During

the last weeks this had been out of the question, for our friend was so unhappy about his principal case that our most joyous and cheerful celebrations of some successful incidental cures could not move him, much less divert his sad mood.

An individual case that made us laugh was that of an old, blind Jewish beggar from the Isenburg estates, who had been led to Frankfurt in extreme misery, and could barely find shelter or wretched nourishment and care. But his tenacious Oriental nature stood him in such good stead that he soon, with rapture, found himself fully cured, and without the slightest difficulty. When he was asked whether the operation had been painful, he answered hyperbolically, "If I had a million eyes, I would have them all operated on in turn, for a penny apiece." As he went on his way he behaved with equal eccentricity in Passage Lane, thanking God in good Old Testament terms and praising the Lord and his envoy, the miracle man. So, going toward the bridge, he slowly walked through this long commercial street. Salesmen and their customers stepped out of the stores, startled by such rare pious enthusiasm being emotionally displayed in public. Everyone's sympathy was aroused, so much so that he, without any demanding or begging, was abundantly showered with gifts of food for his journey.

But in our circle we hardly dared mention a cheerful happening of this kind. For if one could picture that destitute man as very happy, despite his domestic poverty, in his sandy homeland across the Main, in contrast there was on this side a wealthy, worthy man who was without the priceless comfort he had at first hoped for.

Therefore it was mortifying for our good Jung to receive the one thousand gulden which had been unconditionally stipulated and were nobly paid by those generous people. On his return home, this ready money would expunge a part of the debt that weighed on his dreary, nay, wretched circumstances.

And so he parted from us disconsolately, for he foresaw his reception by an anxious wife on his return, and the changed attitude of his well-disposed parents-in-law, who had guaranteed so many debts for this overconfident man and now might think they had made the wrong choice of husband for their daughter. He could already see in advance, in this and that house, peering out of this and that window, the scorn and derision he would have to endure from those who had been hostile to him even in good times. He also needed to be extremely worried about his practice, which had suffered from his absence and was now radically threatened by this catastrophe.

So we let him leave, yet not entirely without hope on our part, for his sturdy nature, supported by his faith in supernatural assistance, could not but inspire his friends with a certain quiet confidence.