TO ARNOLD RUGE
IN DRESDEN

c/o engineer Krämer
Bonn, April 27 [1842]

Dear [...] a

You must not become impatient if my contributions are delayed for a few days more— but only for a few days. Bauer will probably inform you orally that this month, owing to all kinds of external muddles, it has been almost impossible for me to work.


You will receive the article on religious art as a duodecimo extract, for the work has steadily grown into almost book dimensions, and I have been drawn into all kinds of investigations which will still take a rather long time.

I have abandoned my plan to settle in Cologne, since life there is too noisy for me, and an abundance of good friends does not lead to better philosophy.

I have sent the Rheinische Zeitung a long article on our last Rhine Province Assembly with a light introduction about the Preussische Staats-Zeitung. c In connection with the debates on the press I have returned again to the question of censorship and freedom of the press, examining it from other viewpoints.

Thus, Bonn remains my residence for the time being; after all, it would be a pity if no one remained here for the holy men to get angry with.

Yesterday Hasse came from Greifswald, in regard to whom the only thing I have admired is his enormous top-boots, like those of a village priest. He spoke, too, just like the top-boot of a village

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a In the original the name has been made illegible by someone unknown.— Ed.
b See this volume, pp. 203-10.— Ed.
c Ibid., pp. 132-81.— Ed.
priest, he knew nothing about anything, is preparing to publish a book in several volumes about the boring Anselm of Canterbury, on which he has been working for ten years. He thinks that the present critical trend is a moment which must be overcome. He speaks of religiosity as a product of life experience, by which he probably means his successful rearing of children and his fat belly, for fat bellies undergo all sorts of experiences and, as Kant says: if it goes behind it becomes an F., if it goes upwards it becomes religious inspiration. What a man this pious Hasse is with his religious constipation!

We were very much amused with what you wrote in your letters about Vatke's lack of a "full heart". This super-clever, diplomatic Vatke, who would so much like to be the greatest critic and the greatest believer, who always knows everything better than anyone else, this Vatke has for one party no heart, and for the other no head. Hic jacet Vatke—a notable example of what the passion for cards and religious music leads to.

Fichte, who has wrapped himself in the mantle of his unpopularity, has spread the half-ambiguous rumour that he has been invited to Tübingen. The faculty is not meeting his wish to be held fast by an increase in salary.

Sack has made a trip to Berlin with the most pious intentions to speculate on the insanity of his brother and to get himself appointed in his place.

Nothing but wars and debauchery, says Thersites, and if the university here cannot be reproached with wars, at least there is no lack of debauchery.

Do you not want to carry out your plan of a trip to the Rhine?

Yours,

Marx

First published in the journal Documente des Socialismus, Bd. 1, 1902

Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

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a Here lies.— Ed.
b Homer, Iliad.— Ed.
TO ARNOLD RUGE
IN DRESDEN

Trier, July 9 [1842]

Dear Friend,

If events had not apologised for me, I would have abandoned any attempt at an excuse. It stands to reason that I regard it as an honour to contribute to the *Anekdota* and only unpleasant extraneous circumstances prevented me from sending you my articles.

From April to the present day I have been able to work for a total of perhaps only four weeks at most, and that not without interruption. I had to spend six weeks in Trier in connection with another death. The rest of the time was split up and poisoned by the most unpleasant family controversies. My family laid obstacles in my way, which, despite the prosperity of the family, put me for the moment in very serious straits. I cannot possibly burden you with the story of these private scandals; it is truly fortunate that scandals of a public nature make it impossible for a man of character to be irritated over private ones. During this time I was writing for the *Rheinische Zeitung*, to which I should long ago have sent my articles, etc., etc. I would have informed you long before about these intermezzos, had I not hoped from day to day to be able to complete my work. In a few day’s time I am going to Bonn and shall not touch a thing until I have finished the contributions for the *Anekdota*. Of course, in this state of affairs I was not able to elaborate in particular the article “On Art and Religion” as thoroughly as the subject requires.

Incidentally, do not imagine that we on the Rhine live in a political Eldorado. The most unwavering persistence is required to push through a newspaper like the *Rheinische Zeitung*. My second article on the Provincial Assembly, dealing with the question of clerical discord, was deleted by the censor. I showed in this article how the defenders of the state adopted a clerical standpoint, and the defenders of the church a state standpoint. This incident is all the more unpleasant for the *Rheinische Zeitung* because the stupid Cologne Catholics fell into the trap, and defence of the Archbishop* would have attracted subscribers. Incidentally, you can hardly imagine how contemptible are oppres-

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* Von Droste-Vischering.— *Ed.*
sors and at the same time how stupidly they dealt with the orthodox blockhead. But the matter has had a successful ending: before the entire world, Prussia has kissed the Pope's mule, and our government automatons walk the streets without blushing. The Rheinische Zeitung has now put in an appeal about the article. In general, the fight for the Rheinische Zeitung is beginning. In the Kölnische Zeitung, the author of the leading articles, Hermes, ex-editor of the former political Hannoverzeitung, has taken the side of Christianity against the philosophical newspapers in Königsberg and Cologne. If the censor does not again play some trick, a reply from me will be published in the next Supplement. The religious party is the most dangerous in the Rhine area. The opposition has of late become too accustomed to opposing within the church.

Do you know any details about the so-called “Free”? The article in the Königsberger Zeitung was, to say the least, undiplomatic. It is one thing to declare for emancipation—that is honest; it is another thing to start off by shouting it out as propaganda; that sounds like bragging and irritates the philistine. And then, reflect on who are these “Free”, a man like Meyen, etc. But, at any rate, if there is a suitable city for such ventures, it is Berlin.

I shall probably be drawn into a prolonged polemic with the Cologne Hermes. No matter how ignorant, shallow and trivial the man is, thanks precisely to these qualities he is the mouthpiece of philistinism and I intend not to let him go on chattering. Mediocrity should no longer enjoy the privilege of immunity. Hermes will also try to saddle me with “The Free”, about whom, unfortunately, I do not know the slightest thing for sure. It is fortunate that Bauer is in Berlin. He, at least, will not allow any “stupidities” to be committed, and the only thing that disquiets me in this affair (if it is true and not merely a deliberate newspaper fabrication), is the probability that the insipidity of the Berliners will make their good cause ridiculous and that in a serious matter they will not be able to avoid various “stupidities”. Anyone who has spent as much time among these people as I have will find that this anxiety is not without foundation.

How are you getting on with your Jahrbücher? As you are at the centre of philosophical and theological news, I should like nothing better than to learn something from you about

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a Frederick William III.—Ed.
b Gregory XVI.—Ed.
c See this volume, pp. 184-202.—Ed.
d Deutsche Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Kunst.—Ed.
the present situation. True, the movement of the hour-hand is visible here, but not that of the minute-hand.

Old Marheineke seems to have considered it necessary to provide the whole world with documentary proof of the complete impotence of the old Hegelianism. His vote is a disgraceful vote.

Will the Saxons in this Assembly not denounce the censorship? Fine constitutionalism!

Hoping to hear from you soon,

Yours,

Marx

Rutenberg is a weight on my conscience. I brought him on to the editorial board of the *Rheinische Zeitung*, but he is absolutely incapable. Sooner or later he will be shown the door.

What do you advise if the article on the Archbishop is not stamped for publication by the high police censorship? It must appear in print because of 1) our Provincial Assembly, 2) the government, 3) the Christian state. Should I, perhaps, send it to Hoffmann and Campe? It does not seem to me suitable for the *Anekdoten*.

First published in the journal *Documente des Socialismus*, Bd. I, 1902

Printed according to the original

Published in English for the first time

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TO DAGOBERT OPPENHEIM

IN COLOGNE

[Bon, approximately August 25, 1842].

Dear Oppenheim,

I enclose a manuscript from Ruge. No. 1 is not usable, but No. 2, on the state of affairs in Saxony, you will probably be able to use.\(^{164}\)

Send me Mayer's article in the *Rheinische Zeitung* on the system of local government and, if possible, all Hermes' articles against the Jews.\(^{165}\) I will then send you as soon as possible an article which,

\(^{a}\) Ph. Marheineke, *Einleitung in die öffentlichen Vorlesungen über die Bedeutung der Hegelschen Philosophie in der christlichen Theologie.*—Ed.
even if it does not finally settle the latter question, will nevertheless make it take another course.

Will the article on Hanover go through? At least try to make a small start with it soon. It is not so much a matter of this article itself as of a series of useful articles from that quarter which I can then promise you. The author of the article wrote to me yesterday:

"I do not think my attacks on the opposition will do harm to sales of the newspaper in Hanover; on the contrary, people there are fairly generally so far advanced that the views I put forward will be accepted as correct."

If it is in accord with your views on the subject, send me also the Juste-Milieu article for criticism. The subject must be discussed dispassionately. In the first place, quite general theoretical arguments about the state political system are more suitable for purely scientific organs than for newspapers. The correct theory must be made clear and developed within the concrete conditions and on the basis of the existing state of things.

However, since it has now happened, two things should be borne in mind. Every time we come into conflict with other newspapers, the matter can, sooner or later, be used against us. Such a clear demonstration against the foundations of the present state system can result in an intensification of the censorship and even the suppression of the newspaper. It was in this way that the South-German Tribüne came to an end. But in any case we arouse the resentment of many, indeed the majority, of the free-thinking practical people who have undertaken the laborious task of winning freedom step by step, within the constitutional framework, while we, from our comfortable arm-chair of abstractions, show them their contradictions. True, the author of the Juste-Milieu article invites criticism; but 1) we all know how governments respond to such challenges; 2) it is not enough for someone to express readiness to hear criticism, for which in any case his permission will not be asked; the question is whether he has selected the appropriate arena. Newspapers only begin to be the appropriate arena for such questions when these have become questions of the real state, practical questions.

I consider it essential that the Rheinische Zeitung should not be guided by its contributors, but that, on the contrary, it should guide them. Articles of the kind mentioned afford the best opportunity for indicating a definite plan of operations to the contributors. A single author cannot have a view of the whole in the way the newspaper can.
If my views do not coincide with yours, I would—if you do not find it inappropriate—give this criticism to the Anekdoten, as a supplement to my article against Hegel's theory of constitutional monarchy. But I think it is better when the newspaper is its own doctor.

Hoping for an early reply from you,

Yours,

Marx

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Printed according to the original

Published in English for the first time

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TO ARNOLD RUGE
IN DRESDEN

Cologne, November 30 [1842]

Dear Friend,

My letter today will be confined to the "confusion" with "The Free".

As you already know, every day the censorship mutilates us mercilessly, so that frequently the newspaper is hardly able to appear. Because of this, a mass of articles by "The Free" have perished. But I have allowed myself to throw out as many articles as the censor, for Meyen and Co. sent us heaps of scribblings, pregnant with revolutionising the world and empty of ideas, written in a slovenly style and seasoned with a little atheism and communism (which these gentlemen have never studied). Because of Rutenberg's complete lack of critical sense, independence and ability, Meyen and Co. had become accustomed to regard the Rheinische Zeitung as their own, docile organ, but I believed I could not any longer permit this watery torrent of words in the old manner. This loss of a few worthless creations of "freedom", a freedom which strives primarily "to be free from all thought", was therefore the first reason for a darkening of the Berlin sky.

Rutenberg, who had already been removed from the German department (where his work consisted mainly in inserting punctua-

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a See this volume, pp. 382-83.—Ed.
tion marks) and to whom, only on my application, the French department was provisionally transferred—Rutenberg, thanks to the monstrous stupidity of our state providence, has had the luck to be regarded as dangerous, although he was not a danger to anyone but the Rheinische Zeitung and himself. A categorical demand was made for the removal of Rutenberg. Prussian providence, this despotisme prussien, le plus hypocrite, le plus fourbe, a spared the manager an unpleasant step, and the new martyr, who has already learned to display consciousness of martyrdom in facial expression, behaviour and speech with some virtuosity, is exploiting this turn of events. He writes to all the corners of the earth, he writes to Berlin that he is the banished principle of the Rheinische Zeitung, which is adopting a different position in relation to the government. It goes without saying that this also evoked demonstrations from the heroes of freedom on the banks of the Spree, "whose muddy water washes souls and dilutes tea".

Finally, on top of this came your and Herwegh's attitude to "The Free" to cause the cup of the angry Olympians to overflow.

A few days ago I received a letter from little Meyen, whose favourite category is, most appropriately, what ought to be. In this letter I am taken to task over my attitude 1) to you and Herwegh, 2) to "The Free", 3) to the new editorial principle and the position in relation to the government. I replied at once and frankly expressed my opinion about the defects of their writings, which find freedom in a licentious, sansculotte-like, and at the same time convenient, form, rather than in a free, i.e., independent and profound, content. I demanded of them less vague reasoning, magniloquent phrases and self-satisfied self-adoration, and more definiteness, more attention to the actual state of affairs, more expert knowledge. I stated that I regard it as inappropriate, indeed even immoral, to smuggle communist and socialist doctrines, hence a new world outlook, into incidental theatrical criticisms, etc., and that I demand a quite different and more thorough discussion of communism, if it should be discussed at all. I requested further that religion should be criticised in the framework of criticism of political conditions rather than that political conditions should be criticised in the framework of religion, since this is more in accord with the nature of a newspaper and the educational level of the reading public; for

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a Prussian despotism, the most hypocritical, the most deceitful.—Ed.
b Paraphrase of a line from Heine's "Frieden" (Die Nordsee, 1. Zyklus).—Ed.
c See this volume, p. 287.—Ed.
religion in itself is without content, it owes its being not to heaven but to the earth, and with the abolition of distorted reality, of which it is the theory, it will collapse of itself. Finally, I desired that, if there is to be talk about philosophy, there should be less trifling with the label “atheism” (which reminds one of children, assuring everyone who is ready to listen to them that they are not afraid of the bogey man), and that instead the content of philosophy should be brought to the people. Voilà tout.

Yesterday I received an insolent letter from Meyen, who had not yet received this work and who now questions me on every possible thing: 1) I should state on whose side I am in their quarrel with Bauer, about which I know absolutely nothing; 2) why did I not allow this and that to go through; I am threatened with being accused of conservatism; 3) the newspaper should not temporise, it must act in the most extreme fashion, i.e., it should calmly yield to the police and the censorship instead of holding on to its positions in a struggle, imperceptible to the public but nevertheless stubborn and in accordance with its duty. Finally, an infamous report is given of Herwegh’s betrothal, etc., etc.

All this is evidence of a terrible dose of the vanity which does not understand how, in order to save a political organ, one can sacrifice a few Berlin windbags, and thinks of nothing at all except the affairs of its clique. Moreover, this little man strutted like a peacock, solemnly laid his hand on his breast and on his dagger, let fall something about “his” party, threatened me with his displeasure, declaimed à la Marquis Posa, only somewhat worse, etc.

Since we now have to put up from morning to night with the most horrible torments of the censorship, ministerial communications, complaints of the Oberpräsident, accusations in the Provincial Assembly, howls from shareholders, etc., etc., and I remain at my post only because I consider it my duty to prevent, to the best of my ability, those in power from carrying out their plans, you can imagine that I am somewhat irritated and that I replied rather sharply to Meyen. It is possible, therefore, that “The Free” will withdraw for a while. Therefore I earnestly beg that you yourself help us by contributing articles, and also ask your friends to do the same.

Yours,

Marx
Dear [...] \(^b\)

You probably already know that the *Rheinische Zeitung* has been banned, suspended, and is under sentence of death.\(^{170}\) The termination of its life has been fixed for the end of March. During this period of grace before execution, the newspaper is being subjected to a double censorship. Our censor,\(^c\) a decent fellow, is under the censorship of von Gerlach, Regierungspräsident here, a passively obedient blockhead. When ready, our newspaper has to be presented to the police to be sniffed at, and if the police nose smells anything un-Christian or un-Prussian, the newspaper is not allowed to appear.

The ban resulted from the coincidence of several special causes: its wide circulation; *my own* "Justification of the Correspondent from the Mosel",\(^d\) in which very highly placed statesmen were thoroughly exposed; our stubborn refusal to name the person who sent us the text of the law on marriage\(^{171}\); the convocation of the provincial estates, which we could influence by our agitation; finally, our criticism of the ban on the *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung*,\(^e\) and on the *Deutsche Jahrbücher*.

The ministerial rescript, which will appear in the newspapers in a day or so, is if possible more feeble than the previous ones. The following are given as motives:

1) The *lie* that we had *no* permission, as though in Prussia,

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\(^{a}\) In the original by mistake: December.—*Ed.*

\(^{b}\) In the original the name has been made illegible by someone unknown.—*Ed.*

\(^{c}\) Wiethaus.—*Ed.*

\(^{d}\) See this volume, pp. 332-58.—*Ed.*

\(^{e}\) Ibid., pp. 311-30.—*Ed.*
where not even a dog can exist without its police number, the
*Rheinische Zeitung* could have appeared even a single day without
fulfilling the official conditions for existence.

2) The censorship instruction of December 24\textsuperscript{172} aimed at
establishing a censorship of *tendency*. By tendency it meant the
*illusion*, the romantic belief in possessing a freedom which one
would not allow oneself to possess realiter.\textsuperscript{a} Whereas the rationalist
Jesuitism which prevailed under the former government had a
stern, rational physiognomy, this romantic Jesuitism demands
*imagination* as its main requisite. The censored press should learn
to live under the illusion of freedom, and of that magnificent
man\textsuperscript{b} who majestically permitted this illusion. But whereas the
censorship instruction wanted censorship of tendency, now the
ministerial rescript explains that in Frankfurt a *ban, suppression*,
has been invented for a thoroughly bad tendency. It states that the
censorship exists only in order to censor eccentricities of a good
tendency, although the instruction said precisely the oppo-
site—namely, that eccentricities of a good tendency are to be
permitted.

3) The old balderdash about a bad frame of mind, empty
theory, hey-diddle-diddle, etc.

Nothing has surprised me. You know what my opinion of the
censorship instruction has been from the outset. I see here only a
consequence; in the suppression of the *Rheinische Zeitung* I see a
definite *advance* of political consciousness, and for that reason I
am resigning.\textsuperscript{175} Moreover, I had begun to be stifled in that
atmosphere. It is a bad thing to have to perform menial duties
even for the sake of freedom; to fight with pinpricks, instead of
with clubs. I have become tired of hypocrisy, stupidity, gross
arbitrariness, and of our bowing and scraping, dodging, and
hair-splitting over words. Consequently, the government has given
me back my freedom.

As I wrote to you once before, I have fallen out with my family\textsuperscript{c}
and, as long as my mother is alive, I have no right to my property.
Moreover, I am engaged to be married and I cannot, must not,
and will not, leave Germany without my fiancée.\textsuperscript{d} If, therefore, the
possibility arose that I could edit the *Deutscher Bote*\textsuperscript{174} with
Herwegh in Zurich, I should like to do so. I can do nothing more

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\textsuperscript{a} In reality.—\textit{Ed.}
\textsuperscript{b} Frederick William IV.—\textit{Ed.}
\textsuperscript{c} See this volume, p. 389.—\textit{Ed.}
\textsuperscript{d} Jenny von Westphalen.—\textit{Ed.}
in Germany. Here one makes a counterfeit of oneself. If, therefore, you will give me advice and information on this matter, I shall be very grateful.

I am working on several things, which here in Germany will find neither censor nor bookseller, nor, in general, any possible existence. I await an early reply from you.

Yours,

Marx

First published in the journal *Documente des Socialismus*, Bd. I, 1902
Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

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TO ARNOLD RUGE

IN DRESDEN

Cologne, March 13 [1843]

Dear Friend,

As soon as it is at all possible I shall set my course straight for Leipzig. I have just had a talk with Stucke, who seems to have been greatly impressed by most of the statesmen in Berlin. This Dr. Stucke is an extremely good-natured man.

As for our plan, as a preliminary I will tell you of my own conviction. When Paris was taken, some people proposed Napoleon's son with a regency, others Bernadotte, while yet others suggested that Louis Philippe should rule. But Talleyrand replied: "Louis XVIII or Napoleon. That is a principle, anything else is intrigue."

In the same way I could call almost anything else, other than Strasbourg (or at any rate Switzerland), not a principle, but an intrigue. Books of more than 20 printed sheets are not books for the people. The most that one can venture on there are monthly issues.

Even if the publication of the *Deutsche Jahrbücher* were again permitted, at the very best we could achieve a poor copy of the deceased publication, and nowadays that is no longer enough. On the other hand, *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*—that would be a

a The duke of Reichstadt.—*Ed.*
principle, an event of consequence, an undertaking over which
one can be enthusiastic. It goes without saying that I am only
expressing my own unauthoritative opinion, and for the rest
submit myself to the eternal powers of fate.

Finally—newspaper affairs compel me to close—let me tell you
also about my personal plans. As soon as we had concluded the
contract, I would travel to Kreuznach, marry and spend a month
or more there at the home of my wife’s mother,a so that before
starting work we should have at any rate a few articles ready. The
more so since I could, if necessary, spend a few weeks in Dresden,
for all the preliminaries, the announcement of the marriage, etc.,
take considerable time.

I can assure you, without the slightest romanticism, that I am
head over heels in love, and indeed in the most serious way. I
have been engaged for more than seven years, and for my sake
my fiancée has fought the most violent battles, which almost
undermined her health, partly against her pietistic aristocratic
relatives, for whom “the Lord in heaven” and the “lord in Berlin”
are equally objects of religious cult, and partly against my own
family, in which some priests and other enemies of mine have
ensconced themselves. For years, therefore, my fiancée and I have
been engaged in more unnecessary and exhausting conflicts than
many who are three times our age and continually talk of their
“life experience” (the favourite phrase of our Juste-Milieu b).

Apropos, we have received an anonymous reply to Prutz’s
report against the new Tübingen Jahrbücher.176 I recognised
Schwegler by the handwriting. You are described as an over-excited
agitator, Feuerbach as a frivolous mocker, and Bauer c as a man of
wholly uncritical mind! The Swabians! The Swabians! That will be
a fine concoction!

On the subject of your very fine, truly popular written com-
plaint, we have inserted a superficial article by Pfützner—half of
which, moreover, I have deleted—for lack of a better criticism
and of time.177 P. P. does not go sufficiently deep into the matter
and the little capers he cuts tend to turn him into a laughing-stock
instead of making his enemy ridiculous.

Yours,

Marx

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a Caroline von Westphalen.—Ed.
b Nickname of Edgar Bauer.—Ed.
c Bruno Bauer.—Ed.
I have arranged for the books for Fleischer. Your correspondence published at the beginning is interesting.\textsuperscript{178} Bauer on Ammon is delightful.\textsuperscript{a} The "Sorrows and Joys of the Theological Mind"\textsuperscript{b} seems to me a not very successful rendering of the section of the Phenomenology: "The Unfortunate Consciousness".\textsuperscript{c} Feuerbach's aphorisms\textsuperscript{d} seem to me incorrect only in one respect, that he refers too much to nature and too little to politics. That, however, is the only alliance by which present-day philosophy can become truth. But things will probably go as they did in the sixteenth century, when the nature enthusiasts were accompanied by a corresponding number of state enthusiasts. I was most of all pleased by the criticism of the good Literarische Zeitung.\textsuperscript{e}

You have probably already read Bauer's self-defence.\textsuperscript{f} In my opinion, he has never before written so well.

As far as the Rheinische Zeitung is concerned I would not remain under any conditions; it is impossible for me to write under Prussian censorship or to live in the Prussian atmosphere.

I have just been visited by the chief of the Jewish community here, who has asked me for a petition for the Jews to the Provincial Assembly, and I am willing to do it. However much I dislike the Jewish faith, Bauer's view seems to me too abstract. The thing is to make as many breaches as possible in the Christian state and to smuggle in as much as we can of what is rational. At least, it must be attempted—and the embitterment grows with every petition that is rejected with protestations.

First published in the journal Documente des Socialismus, Bd. I, 1902

Printed according to the original

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\textsuperscript{a} B. Bauer's review on the book: Ammon, Die Geschichte des Lebens Jesu, Anekdota, Bd. II.—Ed.
\textsuperscript{b} By B. Bauer.—Ed.
\textsuperscript{c} G. W. F. Hegel, Phänomenologie des Geistes, Ch. IV.—Ed.
\textsuperscript{d} L. Feuerbach, "Vorläufige Thesen zur Reformation der Philosophie", Anekdota, Bd. II.—Ed.
\textsuperscript{e} A. Ruge, "Das 'christlich-germanische' Justemilieu. Die Berliner Literarische Zeitung", Anekdota, Bd. II.—Ed.
\textsuperscript{f} B. Bauer, Die gute Sache der Freiheit und meine eigene Angelegenheit.—Ed.
FROM THE PREPARATORY MATERIALS
NOTEBOOKS
ON EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY
Written in 1839

First published in part in: Marx/Engels, Gesamtausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 1, 1927

First published in full in Russian in the book: K. Marx and F. Engels, From Early Writings, Moscow, 1956
Signed: Karl Heinrich Marx

Printed according to the manuscript

Translated from the German, Greek and Latin

Published in English for the first time
I. DIOGENES LAERTIUS, BOOK TEN

EXCERPTS FROM BOOK TEN OF DIOGENES LAERTIUS
CONTAINED IN P. GASSENDI:
NOTES ON BOOK TEN OF DIOGENES LAERTIUS,
LYONS, 1649, VOL. I

I. DIOGENES LAERTIUS, BOOK TEN

Epicurus


[4] (Posidonius the Stoic and Nicolaus and Sotion in the twelfth book of the work entitled Dioclean Refutations allege) a "... that he put forward as his own the doctrines of Democritus about atoms and of Aristippus about pleasure." p. 11.


[12] "Among the early philosophers ... his favourite was Anaxagoras, although he occasionally disagreed with him..." p. 16.

[29] "It [Epicurean philosophy] is divided into three parts—The Canon, Physics, Ethics" [p. 25.]

I. The Canon

[31] "Now in The Canon Epicurus affirms that our sensations and preconceptions (prolepsis) and our feelings are the standards of truth; the Epicureans generally make perceptions of mental presentations to be also standards." pp. 25-26. "His own statements are also to be found ... in the Principal Doctrines." p. 26.

I. "...the sensations are true. Every sensation ... is devoid of reason and incapable of memory; for neither is it self-caused nor, regarded as having an external cause, can it add anything thereto or take anything therefrom, neither judge nor deceive."

[31-32] "Nor is there anything which can refute sensations: one sensation cannot convict another and kindred sensation, for they are equally valid (aequipollentiam); nor can one sensation refute another which is not kindred, for the objects which the two judge are not the same; nor can one sensation refute another, since we pay equal heed to all; nor again can reason refute them, for reason is dependent on sensation.

a Written in Latin in the manuscript.—Ed.
"And the reality of ... perceptions guarantees the truth of our senses. But seeing and hearing are just as real as feeling pain. Between being true and being a reality, there is no difference." p. 26.

"Hence it is from phenomena that we must seek to obtain information about the unknown. For all our notions are derived from perceptions, either by actual contact or by analogy, or resemblance, or composition, with some slight aid from reasoning." [p]p. 26-27.

"And the objects presented to madmen as well as presentations in dreams are true, for they ... produce movements, which that which does not exist never does." p. 27.

II. [33] "By preconception they [the Epicureans] mean a sort of apprehension or a right opinion or notion or universal idea stored in the mind; that is, a recollection of an external object often presented, e.g., such and such a thing is a man; for no sooner is the word man uttered than we think of his shape by an act of preconception in which the senses take the lead. Thus the object primarily denoted by every term is then evident. And we could not seek what we do seek, unless we knew it before. ... we could not name anything at all, if we did not previously know its form by way of preconception. It follows, then, that preconceptions are evident. Mere opinion also depends on a previous evident presentation, by reference to which we form a judgment [...]. Opinion they also call ... assumption. They say it is sometimes true, sometimes false by something being added to it or taken away from it, or by its being confirmed or contradicted as being evident or not. For if it is confirmed or not contradicted, it is true, and if it is not confirmed or is contradicted, it is false. Hence the introduction of 'that which awaits', for example, when one waits and then approaches the tower and establishes whether it looks from close quarters as it does from afar." [p]p. 27-28.

"They affirm that there are two feelings: pleasure and pain. The first is favourable to nature, the second hostile; according to these is determined what we must strive after and what we must avoid." [p]p. 28-29.

"There are two kinds of inquiry, the one concerned with things, the other with the mere word." p. 29.

Epicurus to Menoeceus

[123] "First believe that God is a ... being indestructible and blessed according to the universal notion of God, and do not ascribe to him anything which is incompatible with his immortality, or that agrees not with his blessedness...." p. 82.

"For gods verily there are. For the notion of them is evident" (cf. "the universal notion of God", consensus omnium, c [onsensus] gentium"), "but they are not such as the multitude believe, seeing that men do not steadfastly maintain the notions they form respecting them.

"Not the man who denies the gods worshipped by the multitude, but he who affirms of the gods what the multitude believe about them is truly impious. [124] For the utterances of the multitude about the gods are not true preconceptions, but false assumptions; hence the multitude believe that the greatest evils happen to the wicked and the greatest blessings happen to the good from the hand of the gods. For being entirely prejudiced in favour of their own virtues, they grant their favour to those who are like themselves and consider as alien whatever is not so." p. 83.

"Accustom thyself to believe that death is nothing to us, for all that is good or bad is based on sentience, and death is the loss of sentience.

a The censensus of all, the consensus of the peoples.— Ed.
"Therefore a right understanding that death is nothing to us makes transient life worth living, not by adding indefinite time to life, but by putting an end to the yearning after immortality. [125] For life has no terrors for him who has thoroughly apprehended that ceasing to live has no terrors. Foolish, therefore, is the man who says that he fears death not because it causes suffering when it comes, but because it causes suffering when it is yet to come. For that which causes no annoyance when it is present causes only imaginary suffering when it is expected. Death, which is indeed the most terrifying of all evils, is nothing to us since, as long as we are, death is not come, and as soon as death is come, we are no more. It is nothing then, either to the living or to the dead, since for the former it is not, and the latter are no longer." pp. 83-84.

[126] "He who admonishes the young to live honourably and the old to die honourably, is foolish, not merely because of the desirableness of life, but also because the striving to live honourably and the striving to die honourably are one and the same thing." p. 84.

[127] "We must however remember that the future neither depends on us nor is altogether independent of us, so that we must not expect it as something which will certainly be nor give up hope of it as of something which will certainly not be." p. 85. 

"...some desires are natural, others are vain, and among the natural ones some are necessary, others natural only. And among the necessary ones some are necessary for happiness (as the desire to free the body of uneasiness), others for very life." p. 85.

[128] "An error-free consideration of these things can lead ... to health of body and ataraxy of soul, for these are the aim of a blessed life. For the end of all our actions is to be free from pain and not to live in confusion. And when once we have attained this, every tempest of the soul is laid, for man no longer needs to seek for something which he still lacks or for anything else through which the welfare of the soul and the body will be complete. For we need pleasure when the lack of pleasure causes us pain, but when we feel no pain, we no longer need pleasure." p. 85.

"Wherefore we say that pleasure is the beginning and the end of the blessed life. [129] We apprehend pleasure as the first and innate good and we proceed from it in all that we do or refrain from doing and to it we come back, inasmuch as this feeling serves us as the guide-line by which we judge of everything good." [pp. 85]-86.

"And since pleasure is our first and innate good for that reason we do not choose every pleasure....

"All pleasure therefore, because it is suited to us by nature, is a good, yet not every pleasure is choiceworthy; just as all pain is an evil and yet not all pain is to be avoided under all circumstances. [130] All these matters must rather be decided by weighing one against another and from the standpoint of advantage and disadvantage, for what is good proves at certain times to be an evil for us, and conversely what is evil proves to be a good." p. 86.

"Again we regard independence of outward things as a great good, not so as to be satisfied in every case with little, but in order to be contented with little when abundance is lacking, being honestly convinced that those who least need luxury enjoy it most and that everything which is natural is easy to obtain, while that which is vain and worthless is hard to procure." p. 86.

[131] "[...] By pleasure we mean the absence of pain in the body and of trouble in the soul..." p. 87.

[132] "Of all this the beginning and the supreme good is reasonableness, and hence it is more precious even than philosophy, from which all other virtues spring, and they teach us that one cannot live pleasantly unless one lives reasonably, honourably [and justly], [and that one cannot live reasonably, honourably] and justly without living pleasantly. For the virtues are closely connected with pleasant living, and pleasant living is inseparable from them." p. 88.
[133] "Who, then, in your opinion, is superior to him who thinks piously of the gods and is quite fearless of death, who has reflected on the purpose of nature and understands that the greatest good is easy to reach and to attain whereas the worst of evils lasts only a short time or causes short pains? Necessity, which has been introduced by some as the ruler over all things, is not the ruler, he maintains, over that some of which depends on chance and some on our arbitrary will. Necessity is not subject to persuasion; chance, on the other hand, is inconstant. But our will is free; it can entail blame and also the opposite." p. 88.

[134] "It would be better to accept the myth about the gods than to bow beneath the yoke of fate imposed by the Physicists, for the former holds out hope of obtaining mercy by honouring the gods, and the latter, inexorable necessity. [135] But he [the wise man] must accept chance, not god as the multitude do ... and not an uncertain cause.... He considers it better to be unhappy but reasonable than to be happy but unreasonable. It is, of course, better when in actions a good decision attains a good issue also through the favour of circumstances." [pp. 88-89.

"[...] you will never be disturbed, but will live as a god among men. For a man who lives in the midst of transient blessings is not like a mortal being." p. 89.

"Elsewhere he [Epicurus] rejects the whole of divination.... There is no divination, and even if there is, what happens does not rest with us...." [p. 89]

[136] "He differs from the Cyrenaics in his teaching on pleasure. They do not recognise pleasure in a state of rest, but only pleasure in motion. But Epicurus admits both, the pleasure of the mind as well as the pleasure of the body ... for one can conceive pleasure in a state of rest as well as in motion. But Epicurus says ... the following: 'Ataraxy and freedom from pain are sensations of pleasure in a state of rest, joy and delight are seen to be effective only in motion.'" p. 90.

[137] "He further differs from the Cyrenaics in this: they hold that bodily pains are worse than mental pains ... whereas he holds mental pains to be worse, since the flesh is tormentcd only by that which is present, the mind by that which is past as well as by that which is present and that which is coming. So also are the pleasures of the mind greater." p. 90.

"And as proof that pleasure is the end he addsuce the fact that living beings, as soon as they are born, naturally and unaccountably to themselves find satisfaction in pleasure but reject pain. Instinctively, then, we shun pain...." [pp. 90-91.]

[138] "And the virtues too are chosen on account of pleasure and not for themselves ... he says also that only virtue is inseparable from pleasure, all the rest is separable, for instance human things." p. 91.

[Principal Doctrines]

[139] "A blessed and immortal being has no trouble himself nor brings it on anybody else; hence he knows no anger or partiality, for the like exists only in the weak."

"Elsewhere he says that the gods are discernible by reason alone, not, indeed, being numerically distinct, yet through resemblance (as a result of the continuous influx of similar images made pricisely for this purpose) human in appearance." pp. 91-92.

"The highest peak of pleasure is the exclusion of all pain. For wherever pleasure reigns, as long as it continues, there is no pain or grief, nor both together." p. 92.

[140] "It is impossible to live pleasantly without living reasonably, honourably and justly, and it is impossible to live reasonably, honourably and justly without living pleasantly." p. 92.

[141] "No pleasure is in itself an evil, but that which produces certain pleasures causes manifold disturbances of pleasure." p. 93.
“If all pleasure were accumulated and with time had become compact, this concentrate would be just as [perfect] as principal parts of nature, and the sensations of pleasure would never differ one from another.” p. 93.

“It is impossible to banish fear over matters of the greatest importance if one does not know the essence of the universe but is apprehensive on account of what the myths tell us. Hence without the study of nature one cannot attain pure pleasure.” p[. 93]-94.

“If we were not alarmed by the meteors and by death, as to how it might in some way or other affect us, and if we were moreover able to comprehend the limits of pain and desire, we should need no study of nature.” p. 93.

“It is useless to provide security against men so long as we are alarmed by things up above and things under the earth and in general things in the boundless universe. For security against men exists only for a definite time.” p. 94.

“The same security which we attain by quiet and withdrawal from the multitude arises through the possibility of banishing [by moderation those desires which are not necessary] and through the very simple [and very easy] attainment of [the necessary things].” p. 94.

“The peak of thought (as far as joy is concerned) in fathoming precisely those questions (and those related to them) which most alarm the mind.” p. 94.

“Unlimited time contains the same pleasure as the limited if its limits are measured with the necessary discernment.” p. 95.

“Limits of pleasure are prescribed to the flesh, but the yearning for unlimited time has made them recede to infinity; but the mind, which has made clear to itself the aim and the limits of the flesh and has extinguished desires concerning eternity, has made a complete life possible for us and we no longer need infinite time. And it does not shun pleasure, even when circumstances cause a parting from life, accepting the end of the best life as a consummation.” p. 95.

“We must always have before our mind’s eye the set aim to which we refer all our judgments; if not, everything will be full of disorder and unrest.” p. 95.

“If you fight against all sensations, you will have nothing by which to be guided in judging those which you declare to be false.” p. 95.

“Unless on every occasion you refer all your actions to the end prescribed by nature, but swerve and (whether in shunning or in striving after something) turn to something else, your actions will not be in harmony with your words.” p. 96.

“Some desires are natural and necessary, others natural [but] not necessary, and others again neither natural nor necessary, but the offspring of vain fancy.” p. 96.

“The same knowledge which fills us with assurance that terrors are neither eternal nor of long duration enables us to see that in our limited lifetime the security of friendship is the most reliable.” p. 97.

The following passages represent Epicurus’ views on spiritual nature, the state. The contract (συμφέρων) he considers as the basis, and accordingly, only utility (συμφέρων) as the end.

“Natural right is a mutual agreement, contracted for the purpose of utility, not to harm or allow to be harmed.” p. 97.
"For all living beings which could not enter into mutual contracts not to harm each other or allow each other to be harmed, there is neither justice nor injustice. It is the same, too, with peoples who have been either unable or unwilling to enter into contracts not to harm each other or allow each other to be harmed." p. 98.

"Justice is not something existing in itself; it exists in mutual relations, wherever and whenever an agreement is concluded not to harm each other or allow each other to be harmed." p. 98.

[151] "Injustice is not in itself an evil, but the evil lies in the fearful anxiety over its remaining concealed from the guardians of the law appointed to deal with it.... For whether he [the transgressor of the law] will remain undiscovered until death, is uncertain." p. 98.

"In general, the same justice is valid for all (for it is something useful in mutual intercourse); but the special conditions of the country and the totality of other possible grounds bring it about that the same justice is not valid for all." p. 98.

[152] "That which proves to be useful for the needs of mutual intercourse, that which is considered just, has the essence of right when the same is valid for everyone. If, however, somebody stipulates this, but it does not turn out to be to the advantage of mutual intercourse, then it no longer has the essence of justice.” p. 99.

"And when the usefulness which is contained in right has ceased to exist but for a certain time continues to correspond to the conception of right, then it has nevertheless during that time remained right for those who do not let themselves be deluded by empty talk, but take many things into account.” p. 99.

[153] "Where, without any new circumstances having arisen, that which is considered as right proves in practice not to correspond to the conception of right, then it is not right; but where, new circumstances having arisen, the same valid right is no longer useful, it was indeed formerly right, when it was useful for the mutual intercourse of citizens, but later when it was no longer useful, it was no longer right." p. 99.

[154] "He who knew how best to gain self-assurance from the external circumstances procured for himself that which was possible, as something not alien to himself, and considered that which was not possible as alien to himself." p. 99

End of the tenth book of Diogenes Laertius

Epicurus to Herodotus

[37] "In the first place ... we must understand what it is that words denote, so that we have something to which we can refer opinions or inquiries or doubts, and by which we can test them, and so that everything does not slip from us into infinity without our having a judgment on it and that we are not left with mere empty words. [38] For it is necessary that the original meaning of every word should be perceived and need no proof, if we want to have something to which we can refer inquiries or doubts or opinions." pp. 30-31.

It is significant that Aristotle, in his Metaphysics, makes the same remark on the relation of language to philosophising. Since the ancient philosophers, not excluding the Sceptics, all begin by presupposing consciousness, a firm foothold is necessary. This is provided by the concepts presented in knowledge in general. Epicurus, being the philosopher of the concept, is most exact in

a In the manuscript this phrase is in Latin.—Ed.
this and therefore defines these fundamental conditions in greater
detail. He is also the most consistent and, like the Sceptics, he
completes ancient philosophy, but from the other side.

[38] “Further we must observe everything both on the basis of sensations and
also simply of present impressions, whether of the mind or of any criterion
whatever, and equally on the basis of actual feelings, so that we have something by
which we can characterise what is to be expected and what is unknown. Once this is
done, one must begin reflections on the unknown.” p. 51.

[...] the common opinion of the physicists that nothing comes into being
from not-being [...].” Aristotle, Physics, Book I, Chap. 4, Commentary of Coimbra

[...] In one sense things come-to-be out of that which has no ‘being’ ... yet in
another sense they come-to-be always out of ‘what is’. For coming-to-be necessarily
implies the pre-existence of something which potentially ‘is’, but actually ‘is not’;
and this something is spoken of both as ‘being’ and as ‘not-being’.” Aristotle, De

[Diogenes Laertius, X, 39] “[...] the universe was always such as it is now, and
such it will ever remain.” p. 31.

[...] the universe consists of bodies and space.” [p. 32.]

[40] “[...] bodies some are composite, others the elements of which these
composite bodies are made.” p. 32.

[41] “These [elements] are indivisible and unchangeable ... if things are not all to
be destroyed and pass into non-existence [...].” [pp.] [32-33]. “[...] the universe is
infinite. For what is finite has an extremity [...]” p. 33. “[...] the universe is
unlimited by reason of the multitude of bodies and the extent of the void.” p. 33.
(“[...] the infinite body will obviously prevail over and annihilate the finite body....”
Aristotle, Physics, Book III. Chap. 5, Commentary of Coimbra College, p. 487.)

[Diogenes Laertius, X, 42] “[...] they [the atoms] ... vary indefinitely in their
shapes”. [p[p. 33]-34].

[43] “The atoms are in continual motion through all eternity.” p. 34.

[44] “Of all this there is no beginning, since both atoms and void exist from all
eternity.” p. 35.

[...] atoms have no quality at all except shape, size and weight [...]” p. 35. “... they are not of any and every size; at any rate no atom has ever been seen by our
senses.” p. 35. [45] “[...] there is an infinite number of worlds [...]” p. 35. [46]
“Again there are impressions which are of the same shape as the solid bodies but
far thinner than what we can perceive.” p. 36. “These impressions we call images.”
p. 36. [48] “Besides this, ... the production of the images is as quick as thought. For
the continual streaming off from the surface of the bodies is evidenced by no visible
sign....” p. 37.

“And there are other modes in which these natural phenomena may be formed. For
there is nothing in them which contradicts the sensations if we in some way take into account
what is evident in order to refer the impressions produced on us from outside.” p. 38.

[49] “But it must also be assumed that when anything streams in from outside, we see
and apprehend the shapes.” p. 38.

[50] “Every presentation received either by the mind or through sensation, but
not judged (non judicata), is true. The illusion and error, whether it is not confirmed or
is even refuted, always lies in what is added by thought, following a motion in ourselves
which, though connected with a certain effort of presentation, has its own perception, through
which the error arises.” p. 39.
[51] "For there would be no error if we did not experience also a certain other motion in ourselves which is connected [with the effort of presentation], but has its own perception." p. 39. "It is through this [inner movement which is connected with] the effort of presentation, but has its own perception, that, if it is not confirmed or is refuted, illusion arises; but if it is confirmed or not refuted, truth results." [p.] [39-40].

[52] "Again, hearing takes place when a current passes from the object which emits sounds, etc." p. 40.

[53] "Also concerning smell we must assume (as I have said about hearing) ...." p. 41.

[54] "Every quality which is inherent in and proper to them (the atoms), meaning those named above (magnitùdo, figura, pondus*), is unchangeable just as the atoms also do not change." p. 41.

[55] "Again one should not suppose that there are atoms of every size, lest this be contradicted by phenomena; but some changes in size must be admitted. For if this is so, the processes in feelings and sensations will be more easily explained." [p.] [42-43].

[56] "Besides, one must not suppose that in a limited body there is an infinite number of atoms, and of every size [....]" p. 43.

[60] "[...] one motion must be assumed which must be thought of as directed upwards to infinity, and one directed downwards [....]" p. 45.

See end of page 44 and beginning of page 45, where, strictly speaking, the atomistic principle is violated, and an internal necessity is attributed to the atoms themselves. Since they have a certain size, there must be something smaller than they are. Such are the parts of which they are composed. But these are necessarily to be considered together as a κατα τάς ἐν πάροικος. Thus ideality is transferred to the atoms themselves. The smallest thing in them is not the smallest imaginable, but is likened to it without anything definite being thought of. The necessity and ideality attributed to them is itself merely fictitious, accidental, external to them. The principle of Epicurean atomistics is not expressed until the ideal and necessary is made to have being only in an imaginary form external to itself, the form of the atom. Such is the extent of Epicurus' consistency.

[61] "When they are travelling through the void and meet with no resistance, the atoms must move with equal speed." p. 46.

Just as we have seen that necessity, connection, differentiation, within itself, is transferred to or rather expressed in the atom, that ideality is present here only in this form external to itself, so it is with motion too, the question of which necessarily arises once the motion of the atoms is compared with the motion of the κατά τάς

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*a Size, shape, weight.—Ed.
*b Permanent community.—Ed.
bodies, that is, of the concrete. In comparison with this motion, the motion of the atoms is in principle absolute, that is, all empirical conditions in it are disregarded, it is ideal. In general, in expounding Epicurean philosophy and its immanent dialectics, one has to bear in mind that, while the principle is an imagined one, assuming the form of being in relation to the concrete world, the dialectics, the inner essence of these ontological determinations, as a form, in itself void, of the absolute, can show itself only in such a way that they, being immediate, enter into a necessary confrontation with the concrete world and reveal, in their specific relation to it, that they are only the imagined form of its ideality, external to itself, and not as presupposed, but rather only as ideality of the concrete. Thus its determinations are in themselves untrue and self-negating. The only conception of the world that is expressed is that its basis is that which has no presuppositions, which is nothing. Epicurean philosophy is important because of the naiverness with which conclusions are expressed without the prejudice of our day.

[62] “And not even when it is a question of composite bodies can one be said to be faster than the other, etc.” p. 46. “[...] it can only be said that they often rebound until the continuity of their movement becomes perceptible to the senses. For what we conjecture of the invisible, namely, that periods of time contemplated through speculation may also contain continuity of movement, is not true for things of this kind, since only all that which is really perceived or is comprehended from an impression by thinking is true.” p. 47.

The question must be considered, why the principle of the reliability of the senses is disregarded and what abstracting conception is set up as a criterion of truth.

[63] “[...] the soul is a corporeal thing, composed of fine particles, which is spread (diffusum) over the whole of the body (corpus) [...].” p. 47.

Interesting here again is the specific difference between fire and air, on the one hand, and the soul, on the other, showing that the soul is adequate to the body, analogy being used and nevertheless discarded, which is in general the method of imaginative consciousness; thus all concrete determinations collapse and a mere monotonous echo takes the place of development.

[63] “Further we must keep in mind that the soul is the chief cause of sensation.[64] It would not be, if it were not in a manner of speaking enveloped by the rest of the mass of the body. The remaining mass of the body, which makes it possible for the soul to be this cause, itself shares through the soul in this quality (yet not in all of what the soul possesses). That is why it has no longer any sentience when the soul has departed. For it did not have this ability in itself, but served as an intermediary for it to another

[64] Composite.—Ed.
being which emerged simultaneously with it and which, owing to the ability it had achieved to produce immediately a sensation corresponding to the specific stimulation, imparted sentence both to itself and to the remaining mass of the body by reason of neighbourhood (vicinia) and sympathy.” p. 48.

We have seen that the atoms, taken abstractly among themselves, are nothing but entities, imagined in general, and that only in confrontation with the concrete do they develop their ideality, which is imagined and therefore entangled in contradictions. They also show, by becoming one side of the relation, that is, when it comes to dealing with objects which carry in themselves the principle and its concrete world (the living, the animate, the organic), that the realm of imagination is thought of now as free, now as the manifestation of something ideal. This freedom of the imagination is therefore but an assumed, immediate, imagined one, which in its true form is the atomistic. Either of the determinations can therefore be taken for the other, each considered in itself is the same as the other, but in respect of each other too the same determinations must be ascribed to them, from whichever viewpoint they are considered; the solution is therefore the return to the simplest, first determination, where the realm of the imagination is assumed as free. As this return takes place in regard to a totality, to what is imagined, which really has the ideal in itself, and is the ideal itself in its being, so here the atom is posited as it really is, in the totality of its contradictions; at the same time, the basis of these contradictions emerges, the desire to apprehend the thing imagined as the free ideal thing as well, while only imagining it. The principle of absolute arbitrariness appears here, therefore, with all its consequences. In its lowest form, this is already essentially the case with the atom. As there are many atoms, each one contains in itself a difference in respect of the many, and hence it is in itself many. But that is already contained in the definition of the atom, so that the plurality in it is necessarily and immanently a oneness; it is so because it is. But it still remains to be explained, with regard to the world, why it develops freely from a single principle into a plurality. Therefore what is to be proved is assumed, the atom itself is what is to be explained. Then the difference of the ideality could be introduced only by comparison; in themselves both sides come under the same definition, and ideality itself is again posited by the external combination of these many atoms, by their being the principles of these compositions. The principle of this composition is therefore that which initially was composite in itself without any cause, that is, what is explained is itself the explanation, and it is thrust into
the nebulous space of imaginative abstraction. As already said, this emerges in its totality only when the organic is considered.

It must be noted that the fact that the soul, etc., perishes, that it owes its existence only to an accidental mixture, expresses in general the accidental nature of all these notions, e. g., soul, etc., which, not being necessary in ordinary consciousness, are accounted for by Epicurus as accidental conditions, which are seen as something given, the necessity of which, the necessity of the existence of which, is not only not proved, but is even admitted to be not provable, only possible. What persists, on the other hand, is the free being of the imagination, which is firstly the free which itself exists in general, and secondly, as the thought of the freedom of what is imagined, a lie and a fiction, and hence in itself an inconsistency, an illusion, an imposture. It expresses rather the demand for a concrete definition of the soul, etc., as immanent thought. What is lasting and great in Epicurus is that he gives no preference to conditions over notions, and tries just as little to save them. For Epicurus the task of philosophy is to prove that the world and thought are thinkable and possible. His proof and the principle by which it proceeds and to which it is referred is again possibility existing for itself, whose natural expression is the atom and whose intellectual expression is chance and arbitrariness. Closer investigation is needed of how all determinations may be exchanged between soul and body and how either of them is the same as the other in the bad sense that neither one nor the other is at all conceptually defined. See end of page 48 and beginning of page 49: Epicurus stands higher than the Sceptics in that not only are conditions and presentations reduced to nothing, but their perception, the thinking of them and the reasoning about their existence, proceeding from something solid, is likewise only a possibility.

[67] “It is impossible to conceive anything that is incorporeal as self-existent, except empty space. (The incorporeal is not thought by the imagination, it pictures it as the void and as empty.) And empty space can neither act nor be acted upon, but by virtue of its existence makes motion possible for the bodies.” p. 49. “Hence those who say the soul is incorporeal talk nonsense.” [plp. 49-50.

It is necessary to study the passage on page 50 and the beginning of page 51, where Epicurus speaks of the determinations of concrete bodies and seems to refute the atomistic principle by saying:

[69] “... that the whole body in general receives its specific being out of all that; not as though it were a composite of it, as, for instance, when out of conglomera-

a This sentence is in German in the manuscript.—Ed.
tions of atoms themselves a larger formation is made up ... but only that, as stated, it receives its specific being out of all that. And all these things demand specific consideration and judgment, in which the whole must constantly be considered and not in any way be separated, but, apprehended as a whole, receives the designation of body.” pp. 50 and 51.

[70] “Again, the bodies often encounter non-specific accidentals, some of which, of course, are invisible and incorporeal. Thus, by using this word in the manner in which it is most frequently used, we make it clear that the accidentals neither possess the nature of the whole to which, as the composite whole, we give the name of body, nor that [of the] specific qualities without which a body is unthinkable.” p. 51.

[71] “[...] we must regard them as that which they appear to be, namely, as accidental attributes of the body which, however, neither are in themselves concomitants of the body nor possess the function of an independent being; we see them such as sensation itself makes their individuality appear.” p. 52.

It is a matter of certainty for Epicurus that repulsion is posited with the law of the atom, the declination from the straight line. That this is not to be taken in the superficial sense, as though the atoms in their movement could meet only in this way, is expressed at any rate by Lucretius. Soon after saying in the above-quoted passage:

Without this clinamen atomi there would be neither “offensus natus, nec plag$ creata$ II, 223], he says:

“Again, if all movement is always interconnected, the new arising from the old in a determinate order—if the atoms never swerve so as to originate some new movement that will snap the bonds of fate, the everlasting sequence of cause and effect—what is the source of the free [will]...” (On the Nature of Things, Book II, 251 ff.)

Here another motion by which the atoms can meet is posited, distinct from that caused by the clinamen. Further it is defined as absolutely deterministic, hence negation of self, so that every determination finds its being in its immediate being-otherwise, in the being-negated, which in respect of the atom is the straight line. Only from the clinamen does the individual motion emerge, the relation which has its determination as the determination of its self and no other.

Lucretius may or may not have derived this idea from Epicurus. That is immaterial. The conclusion from the consideration of repulsion, that the atom as the immediate form of the concept is objectified only in immediate absence of concept, this same is true also of the philosophical consciousness of which this principle is the essence.

This serves me at the same time as justification for giving a quite different account of the matter from that of Epicurus.

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*a Declination of the atom.— Ed.

*b “Meeting nor collision possible.”— Ed.
EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY

Second Notebook

I. DIOGENES LAERTIUS, BOOK TEN
II. Sextus Empiricus
III. Plutarch, THAT EPICURUS ACTUALLY MAKES A PLEASANT LIFE IMPOSSIBLE

I. DIOGENES LAERTIUS, BOOK TEN, COMMENTARY BY GASSENDI

Epicurus to Herodotus. Continued

[72] “We must not investigate time as we do the other accidents which we investigate in a subject, namely, by referring them to the preconceptions envisaged in our minds; but we must take into account the plain fact itself, in virtue of which we speak of time as long or short.... We must not adopt any new terms as preferable, but should employ the already existing ones; nor must we predicate anything else of time, as if this something had the same essence as the proper meaning of the word; ... but we must chiefly reflect upon how we associate and measure what is peculiar to it.” [73] “For this also requires no proof, but only reflection that we associate it with days and nights and their parts and likewise also with feelings and absence of feeling, with movement and rest, conceiving a peculiar attribute of these to be precisely that which we call time.” pp. 52-53

"[...] and all things are again dissolved [...]” p. 53.

“It is clear, then, that he [Epicurus] also makes the words perishable, since their parts are subject to change. He says this also elsewhere.” p. 53.

[74] “And further, we must not suppose that the worlds have necessarily one and the same shape, but that they differ from one another.” p. 53.

“For neither are living things necessarily separated from the infinite, nor have they fallen from heaven. [75] ... we must grasp that nature too in many and very different respects follows the instruction and pressure of things, and thinking gives greater precision to that which it receives from nature and adds new discoveries, in some cases more quickly and in others more slowly, requiring for this sometimes more and sometimes less time”.

[plp. 53-]54.

See end of page 54 and beginning of page 55, where the ἄργατος ὑψώτων a is discussed.

[76] “As for the meteors, we must believe that their motion, position, eclipse, [rising and] setting and the like do not take place because someone governs and orders or has ordered them, who at the same time enjoys perfect bliss”

(we must compare with this what Simplicius attributes to Anaxagoras about the νους b which orders the world)

a Origin of designations.— Ed.
b Mind.— Ed.
... along with immortality [77] (for actions and anxieties, anger and favour do not accord with bliss, but result from weakness, fear and need, with which they are most related). Nor must we believe that the being which has acquired bliss willingly submits to these movements, for this is an annoyance and contradictory [to bliss], but we must rather maintain all its sublimity by using expressions which lead to such notions as do not give rise to any opinions contradictory to sublimity. If we do not agree with this, this contradiction will itself produce the greatest mental confusion. Hence we must assume that, with the appearance of the world, both the original interception of these conglomerations and the obligatory character and periodicity of these movements appeared." pp. 55 and 56.

Here we must observe the principle of the thinkable in order, on the one hand, to maintain the freedom of self-consciousness, and, on the other hand, to attribute to God freedom from any determination.

[78] "[...] that what makes one blissful in the knowledge of the meteors ... [lies] in particular in accurate study of what those natural phenomena are which are observed in our meteors and what is in some way kindred to them in principle: [Here we have that which can be 'in a plurality of ways'] that which can possibly be and that which is in some other way*: but it is rather an absolute rule that nothing which threatens danger, which can disturb ataraxy, can ever happen to an indestructible and blissful nature. Consciousness must apprehend that this is an absolute law." p. 56.

Further, on pages 56 and 57, Epicurus denounces the senseless mere wondering contemplation of the celestial bodies as stultifying and fear-inspiring; he asserts the absolute freedom of mind.

[80] "... We must beware of the prejudice that the study of those objects is not thorough or subtle enough because it is aimed only at our ataraxy and bliss. Hence we must investigate the meteors and all that is unknown, observing how often the same thing occurs within our experience." p. 57.

[81] "Besides all this we must understand that the greatest confusion in men's minds arises through the belief that there are beings which are blissful and indestructible and that at the same time have desires, actions and feelings which conflict with these attributes and that men somehow foresee eternal suffering and entertain suspicions of the kind fostered by the myths (and because in death there is no sensation they also fear to be at some time deprived of sensation) and that they are not guided by the correct notions ... so that, unless they set limits to their fears, they experience equal or still greater anxiety than they would were their imaginings true." [82] "But ataraxy means to have freed oneself from all that...." [p]p. [57-]58.

"Therefore we must pay attention to all things that are present to us and to the sensations, to general ones in relation to what is general, to particular ones in relation to what is particular, and to all the evidence available for every single criterion." p. 58.

Epicurus to Pythocles

Epicurus repeats at the beginning of his discussion on the meteors that the aim of this is γνώσεως ... ἀταραξία and πίστες

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\[ a \] In the manuscript here, after the semicolon, follows Gassendi's Latin translation of the preceding Greek phrase: (esse [...] id, quod pluribus modis fieri dicitur, et non uno modo necesse contingere; et posse alio quoque modo se habere).—Ed.
But the study of these celestial bodies also differs substantially from the rest of science:

[86] "...nor must we apply to everything the same theory as in Ethics or in clarifying the other problems of Physics, for example that the universe consists of bodies and the incorporeal" (quam vel xevov) "or that there are indivisible elements and the like, where only a single explanation corresponds to the phenomena. For this is not the case with the meteors. These have no simple cause of their coming into being and have more than one essential category corresponding to the sensations." pp. 60 and 61.

It is important in the whole of Epicurus' view of things that the celestial bodies, as something beyond the senses, cannot command the same degree of evidence as the rest of the moral and sensuous world. To them Epicurus' theory of disjunctio\(^d\) applies in practice, viz.: that there is no aut aut,\(^e\) and hence that internal determinateness is denied and that the principle of the thinkable, the imaginable, of accident, of abstract identity and freedom manifests itself as what it is, as the indeterminate, which precisely for that reason is determined by a reflection external to it. It is seen here that the method of consciousness which imagines and represents, fights only its own shadow; what the shadow is depends on how it is seen, how that which reflects is reflected out of it back into itself. As in the case of the organic in itself, when it is substantialised, the contradiction of the atomistic outlook is revealed, so now, when the object itself assumes the form of sensuous certainty and of imagining reason, philosophising consciousness admits what it is doing. As there the imagined principle and its application are found objectified as one, and the contradictions are thereby called to arms as the antithesis of the concretised presentations themselves, so here, where the object hangs, as it were, over the heads of men, where through the self-sufficiency, through the sensuous independence and the mysterious remoteness of its existence, the object challenges consciousness, so here consciousness comes to acknowledge its own activity, it contemplates what it does, so as to make the presentations which pre-exist in it intelligible and to vindicate them as its own: just as the whole activity of consciousness is only struggle with remoteness, which, like a curse, shackles the whole of

\(^a\) Knowledge ... ataraxy and firm conviction as is also the case with everything else.— Ed.

\(^b\) That is, void (note by Marx).— Ed.

\(^c\) In the manuscript here follows in brackets the last phrase in Gassendi's Latin translation: (quaecumque uno tantum modo rebus apparentibus congruunt).— Ed.

\(^d\) Disjunction.— Ed.

\(^e\) Either — or.— Ed.
antiquity, just as it has only possibility, chance, as its principle, and seeks in some way to establish identity between itself and its object, so does it admit this, as soon as this remoteness confronts it in objective independence as heavenly bodies. Consciousness is indifferent as to just what explanation is offered: it affirms that there is not one explanation, but many, that is, that any explanation will suffice; thus it acknowledges that its activity is active fiction. For this reason, in antiquity in general, in whose philosophy premises are not lacking, the meteors and the doctrine concerning them are the image in which, even in the person of Aristotle, it contemplates its own defects. Epicurus expressed this, and this is the service he rendered, the iron logic of his views and conclusions. The meteors challenge sensuous understanding, but it overcomes their resistance and will listen to nothing but its own ideas of them.

[86] "For nature must be studied not according to empty axioms and laws, but as required by the phenomena.... [87] (life [requires]) us to live without confusion.” p. 61.

Here, where the premise itself confronts actual consciousness, arousing fear in it, there is no longer any need for any principles or premises. The imagination is extinguished in fear.

Epicurus therefore again formulates the following proposition, as though finding himself in it:

[87] “Everything therefore happens, once it is explained consistently in various ways, in conformity with the phenomena, if that which has been credibly established in respect of them is maintained. But if we maintain one thing as valid and reject another, although it equally conforms to the phenomena, then we are openly overstepping the bounds of the study of nature and launching into the realm of myth.” p. 61.

The question now is how the explanation is to be arranged:

[87] “Certain signs of the processes of the meteors can be taken from the processes going on in our experience which can be observed or are present in the same way as the phenomena of the meteors. For these can occur in a plurality of ways. [88] But one must observe the appearance of every single thing and also explain whatever is connected with it. This will not be inconsistent with the fact that it can take place in various ways, as happens in our experience.” p. 61.

For Epicurus the sound of his own voice drowns the thunder and blots out the lightning of the heavens of his conception. We can gather from the monotonous repetition how important Epicurus considers his new method of explanation, how intent he is to eliminate the miraculous, how he always insists on applying
not one, but several explanations, giving us very frivolous examples of this in respect of everything, how he says almost outright that while he leaves nature free, he is concerned only with freedom of consciousness. The only proof required of an explanation is that it should not be ἀντιμαρτυρεῖσθαι by the evidence of the senses and experience, by the phenomena, the appearance, for what matters is only how nature appears. These propositions are reiterated.

On the origin of the sun and the moon:

[90] "For this also is suggested in this way by sensation." p. 63.

On the size of the sun and the constellations:

[91] "[...] the phenomena here [on the earth] we see ... as we perceive them by the senses." p. 63.

On the rising and setting of the constellations:

[92] "For no phenomenon testifies against this." p. 64.

On the turnings of the sun and the moon:

[93] "For all that and what is connected with it does not contradict any of the evident phenomena if in separate explanations we always hold fast to what is possible and can bring each of them into conformity with the phenomena, without fear of the slavish artifices of the astrologers." [p]p. [64]-65.

On the waning and waxing of the moon:

[94] "[...] and in any of the ways by which also the phenomena within our experience suggest an explanation of this problem, unless, being in love with some one means of explanation, we lightly reject the others or are unable to see what it is possible for a man to know and therefore seek to know what is impossible." p. 65.

On the species vultus in the moon:

[95] "[...] in general in any way considered as being in conformity with the phenomena." [96] "For, it must be added, this way must be used in respect of all the meteors. For if you fight against what is evident, you will never be able to enjoy genuine ataraxy," p. 66.

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a Disproved.— Ed.
b Face.— Ed.
Note particularly the exclusion of all divine, teleological influence in the passage on the *ordo periodicus,* where it is clearly seen that the explanation is only a matter of consciousness listening to itself and the objective is a delusion simulated:

[97] "... must be seen as something ordinary which also occurs within our own experience; the divinity must not on any account be adduced for this, but must be kept free from all tasks and in perfect bliss. For unless this be done, the whole theory of origins of the meteors will be rendered senseless, as has already been the case with some theoreticians who did not apply any possible explanation, but indulged in idle attempts at explanations, believing that it happens only in one way and excluding all other possible explanations, and thus arrived at things which are impossible, and were unable to understand the phenomena as signs, which one must do, and were not disposed to rejoice with God." p. 67.

The same arguments are often repeated almost word for word:

[98] On the varying lengths of nights and days: on the μῆνις νυκτῶν καὶ ἡμερῶν παραλλάσσοντα, p. 67.

[99] On the origin of the νέφελα, p. 68.

[100-101] of the βρονταὶ, of the ἀστράπαι, p. 69; [103] thus he says of the ξεραινώς:

[104] "And there are several other ways in which thunderbolts may occur. Exclusion of myth is the sole condition necessary; and it will be excluded if one properly attends to the phenomena and hence draws inferences concerning what is invisible." p. 70.

(After adducing many explanations of σεισμοὶ, terrae motus, he adds as usual: [106] "But there are also several other ways", etc., p. 71.)

On the comets:

[112] "... there are many other ways by which this might be brought about if one is capable of finding out what accords with the phenomena." p. 75.

*De stellis fixis et errantibus*:

[113] "To assign a single cause for these effects when the phenomena suggest several causes is madness and an enormity of those who are obsessed by senseless
astrology and assign at random causes for certain phenomena when they by no means free the divinity from burdensome tasks.” p. 76.

He even accuses those who simpliciter, ἀπλῶς a discuss such things,

[114] portentosum quidpiam coram multitudine ostentare affectare = “that applies to those who wish to do something to impress the crowd”. p. 76.

He says in connection with ἐπισημασία, b the anticipation of tempestas c in animals, which some connected with God:

[116] “For such folly as this would not possess the most ordinary being if ever so little enlightened, much less one who enjoys perfect felicity.” p. 77.

From this we can see among other things how Pierre Gassendi, who wants to rescue divine intervention, assert the immortality of the soul, etc., and still be an Epicurean (see, for example, esse animos immortales, contra Epicurum, Pet. Gassendi animadvers. in 1. dec. Diog. Laert., pp. 549-602, or, esse deum authorem mundi, contra Epicurum, pp. 706-725, gerere deum hominum curam, contra Epicurum, pp. 738-751, etc. Compare: Feuerbach, geschichte der neuern Philosophie, “Pierre Gassendi”, pp. 127-150), does not understand Epicurus at all and still less can teach us anything about him. Gassendi tries rather to teach us from Epicurus than to teach us about him. Where he violates Epicurus' iron logic, it is in order not to quarrel with his own religious premises. This struggle is significant in Gassendi, as is in general the fact that modern philosophy arises where the old finds its downfall: on the one hand from Descartes' universal doubt, whereas the Sceptics sounded the knell of Greek philosophy; on the other hand from the rational consideration of nature, whereas ancient philosophy is overcome in Epicurus even more thoroughly than in the Sceptics. Antiquity was rooted in nature, in materiality. Its degradation and profanation means in the main the defeat of materiality, of solid life; the modern world is rooted in the spirit and it can be free, can release the other, nature, out of itself. But equally, by contrast, what with the ancients was profanation of nature is with the moderns salvation from the shackles of servile faith, and the modern rational outlook on nature must first raise itself to the point from which the ancient Ionian philosophy, in principle at

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a Simply, absolutely.— Ed.
b Weather signs.— Ed.
c Tempest.— Ed.
least, begins—the point of seeing the divine, the Idea, embodied in nature.

Who will not recall here the enthusiastic passage in Aristotle, the acme of ancient philosophy, in his treatise περὶ τῆς φύσεως ζωίκης, which sounds quite a different note from the dispassionate monotony of Epicurus.  

Characteristic of the method of the Epicurean outlook is the way it deals with the creation of the world, a topic in the treatment of which the standpoint of a philosophy will always be ascertainable, since it reveals how, according to this philosophy, the spirit creates the world, the attitude of a philosophy to the world, the creative power, the spirit of a philosophy.

Epicurus says (pp. 61 and 62):

[88] “The world is a celestial complex (περιοχὴ τῆς οὐρανοῦ), which comprises stars and earth and all phenomena containing a cut-out segment (ἀποτομὴν) of the infinite, and terminating in a boundary which may be either ethereal or solid (a boundary whose dissolution will bring about the wreck of all within it), which may be at rest, and may be round, triangular or of any other shape. All these alternatives are possible since none of them is contradicted by the phenomena. Where the world ends cannot be discerned. That there is an infinite number of such worlds is evident....”  

Anybody will at once be struck by the poverty of this world construction. That the world is a complex of the earth, stars, etc., means nothing, since the origin of the moon, etc., occurs and is explained only later.

In general every concrete body is a complex, or more precisely, according to Epicurus, a complex of atoms. The definition of a complex, its specific distinction, lies in its boundary, and for that reason, once the world is defined as having been cut out from the infinite, it is superfluous to add the boundary as a closer definition, for something which is cut out is separated from the remainder and is a concrete, distinct thing, and therefore bounded in regard to the remainder. But the boundary is what must be defined, since a bounded complex in general is not yet a world. Further on it is said that the boundary can be defined in any way one likes, πανταχως, and finally it is admitted that it is impossible to define its specific difference, but that it is conceivable that one exists.

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* On the Nature of Animals.— Ed.

* In the manuscript this quotation and the next one on p. 426 are written in German.— Ed.
Hence all that is said is that the notion of the return of a totality of differences to an indefinite unity, i.e., the notion of a "world", exists in consciousness, is present in everyday thinking. The boundary, the specific difference, and hence the immanence and necessity of this notion is declared to be not conceivable; that the notion exists can be conceived, tautologically, because it is there; so that what is to be explained, the creation, the origin and internal production of a world by thought, is declared inconceivable, and the existence of this notion in consciousness is passed off as the explanation.

It is the same as if one were to say that it can be proved that there is a God, but his differentia specifica, quid sit, the what of this determination, cannot be investigated.

When Epicurus further says that the boundary can be conceived as of any kind, i.e., every determination which in general we distinguish in a spatial boundary can be applied to it, then the notion of the world is nothing but the return to sensuously-perceptible unity, which is indefinite and therefore may be defined in any way one likes, or more generally, since the world is an indefinite notion of half sensuous, half reflecting consciousness, the world is present in this consciousness together with all other sensuous notions and bounded by them; its definition and boundary is therefore as multiple as these sensuous notions surrounding it, each of them can be regarded as its boundary and hence as its closer definition and explanation. That is the essence of all Epicurean explanations, and it is all the more important because it is the essence of all the explanations of reflecting consciousness which is the prisoner of preconceptions.

So it is also with the moderns in regard to God, when goodness, wisdom, etc., are ascribed to Him. Any one of these notions, which are definite, can be considered as the boundary of the indefinite notion of God which lies between them.

The substance of this kind of explanation is therefore that a notion which is to be explained is found in consciousness. The explanation or closer definition is then that notions in the same sphere and accepted as known stand in relation to it; hence that in general it lies in consciousness, in a definite sphere. Here Epicurus admits the weakness of his own and of all ancient philosophy, namely, that it knows that notions are in consciousness, but that it does not know their boundary, their principle, their necessity.

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a Specific distinction, what he is.—Ed.
However, Epicurus is not satisfied with having worked out his conception of the creation; he performs the drama himself, objectifies for himself what he has just done, and only then does his creation proper begin. For he says further:

[89] "Such a world may arise ... in one of the intermundia (by which term we mean the spaces between worlds), in a vast empty space ... in a great transparent void ... when certain suitable seeds rush in from a world or an intermundium or from several worlds, and gradually form compounds or divisions, or, as may happen, undergo changes of place, and receive into themselves waterings from without as far as the foundations laid can hold the compound. [90] For if a world arises in the void, it is not enough that there should be an aggregation or vortex or a multitude and that it should meet with another, as one of the physicists says. For this is in conflict with the phenomena." [p. 62.]

Here, first, worlds are presupposed for the creation of the world, and the place where this occurs is the void. Hence what was foreshadowed to begin with in the concept of creation, viz. that what was to be created is presupposed, is substantiated here. The notion without its closer definition and relation to the others, that is to say, as it is provisionally presupposed, is empty or disembodied, a an intermundium, an empty space. How this notion gets its determination is presented as follows: seeds appropriate for the creation of a world combine in the way necessary for the creation of a world, that is, no determination, no difference is given. In other words, we have nothing but the atom and the xenón, b despite Epicurus himself striving against this, etc. Aristotle has already in a profound manner criticised the superficiality of the method which proceeds from an abstract principle without allowing this principle to negate itself in higher forms. After praising the Pythagoreans because they were the first to free the categories from their substrate, and did not consider them as attributes of the things of which they are predicated, but as the very substance itself:

"They [the Pythagoreans] thought that the finitude and infinity [...] were not attributes of certain other things, e.g. of fire or earth, etc., but were the substance of the things of which they are predicated",

he reproaches them because

"they thought that the first subject of which a given definition was predicabla was the substance of the thing [...]". [Aristotle,] Metaphysics, Book 1, Chap. V.

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a There must have been a slip of the pen here, for the manuscript has verkörper (embodied) instead of entkörpert (disembodied).— Ed.
b Void.— Ed.
II. SEXTUS EMPIRICUS

We now go on to the attitude of the Epicurean philosophy to Scepticism, insofar as it can be gathered from Sextus Empiricus.

But first a basic definition given by Epicurus himself must be cited from Book Ten of Diogenes Laertius contained in the description of the wise man:

[121] "[the wise man] will be a dogmatist but not a mere sceptic." p. 81.

What Epicurus says about his principle of thinkability, and about language and the origin of concepts, makes up an important part of his exposition of his system as a whole, defining its essential attitude towards ancient philosophy and containing *implicite* his position in relation to the Sceptics. It is interesting to see what Sextus Empiricus says about why Epicurus took to philosophy.

[IX, 18] "If anybody asks ... out of what chaos originated, he will have nothing to answer. And according to some, this was precisely the reason why Epicurus plunged into philosophising. [19] For when he was a boy he asked his teacher, who was reading to him: [...] out of what chaos arose if it arose first. When the teacher said it was not his business to teach that, but the business of those who were called philosophers, Epicurus said: 'I must go to them if they know the truth of things,'" Sext. Empiricus, Against the Professors, Geneva, 1621, p. 383.

[II, 23] "For Democritus says that 'Man is that which we all know', etc. [24] For this thinker proceeds to say that only the atoms and the void truly exist, and these, he says, form the substrate not only of living beings, but of all compound bodies, so that, as far as these are concerned, we shall not form a concept of the particular essence of Man, seeing that they are common to all things. But besides these there is no existing substrate; so that we shall possess no means whereby we shall be able to distinguish Man from the other living beings and form a clear conception of him. [25] Again, Epicurus says that Man is such and such a shape combined with a soul. According to him, then, since Man is shown by pointing out, he that is not pointed out is not a man, and, if anyone points out a female, the male will not be Man, while if the female points out a male, she will not be Man." Outlines of Pyrrhonism, p. 56.

[VIII, 64] "And Epicurus, according to some, concede the essence of God as far as the multitude is concerned, but by no means as concerns the nature of things." Against the Professors, p. 320.

[VIII, 71] "For it cannot be assumed that the souls are carried down below.... [72] They are not dissolved, when separated from the bodies, as Epicurus used to say, like smoke. For before also it was not the body which held them fast, but they themselves were for the body the reason why it held together, but still more for themselves." Against the Professors, p. 321.

[VIII, 58] "And Epicurus, according to some, concedes the essence of God as far as the multitude is concerned, but by no means as concerns the nature of things." Against the Professors, p. 319.

*Implicitly.— Ed.*
[VII, 267] "The Epicureans [...] did not know that if that which is pointed out is Man, that which is not pointed out is not Man. And further such pointing out takes place either in respect of a man ... flat-nosed or aquiline-nosed, long-haired or curly-haired, or in respect of other distinctive features." Against the Professors, p. 187. [I, 49] "... amongst them we must place Epicurus, although he seems to be hostile to the professors of science." Against the Professors, p. 11. [I, 57] "Since, according to the sage Epicurus, it is not possible either to inquire or to doubt without a preconception, it will be well first of all to consider what 'grammar' ... is...." Against the Professors, p. 12. [I, 272] "... but we shall find even the accusers of grammar, Pyrrho and Epicurus, acknowledging its necessity. [...] [273] Epicurus has been detected as guilty of having filched the best of his dogmas from the poets. For he has been shown to have taken his proposition that the intensity of pleasure is 'the removal of everything painful'—from this one verse:

"When they had now put aside all longing for drinking and eating.'

"And as to death, that 'it is nothing to us', Epicharmus had pointed this out to him when he said:

"'To die or to be dead concerns me not.'

"So too, he stole the notion that dead bodies have no feeling from Homer, where he writes:

"'Tis dumb clay that he beats with abuse in his violent fury.'" Against the Professors, p. 54. [VII, 14] "Side by side with him,"

(Archelaus of Athens, who divides philosophy into τὸ φυσικὸν καὶ ἡθικὸν διατάσσει

"they place Epicurus as one who also rejects logical consideration. [15] But there were others who said that he did not reject logic in general, but only that of the Stoics." Against the Professors, p. 140. [22] "But the Epicureans proceed from logic: for they investigate first the Canonics and create for themselves the doctrine of the visible and the concealed and the appearances which accompany them." Against the Professors, p. 142. [I, 1] "Opposition to the representatives of science seems to be common to the Epicureans and the followers of Pyrrho, though not from the same standpoint; the Epicureans hold that the sciences contribute nothing to the perfecting of wisdom,"

(this means that the Epicureans consider the knowledge of things, as another form of existence of the spirit, to be powerless in raising the reality of the spirit; the Pyrrhonists consider the powerlessness of the spirit to comprehend things as its essential aspect, its real activity. There is a similar relation between the dogmatists and the Kantians in their attitude to philosophy, although both sides appear degenerate and deprived of the freshness of ancient philosophy. The former renounce knowledge out of godliness, that is, they believe with the Epicureans that the divine in man is ignorance, that this divine, which is laziness, is disturbed by understanding. The Kantians, on the contrary, are as

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* Physics and ethics.— Ed.
it were the appointed priests of ignorance, their daily business is to

tell their beads over their own powerlessness and the power of

things. The Epicureans are more consistent: if ignorance is

inherent in the spirit, then knowledge is no enhancement of the

spiritual nature, but something indifferent to the spirit, and for an

ignorant man the divine is not the motion of knowledge, but

laziness);

[1-2] "Or, as some conjecture, because they see in this a way of covering up

their ignorance. For in many matters Epicurus stands convicted of ignorance, and

even in ordinary converse his speech was not always correct." Against the Professors,

p. 1.

After quoting some more gossip which clearly proves his

confusion, Sextus Empiricus defines the difference between

the Sceptics' attitude to science and that of the Epicureans as follows:

[5] "The followers of Pyrrho [opposed the sciences] neither because they did not

contribute anything to wisdom, for that assertion would be dogmatic, nor because they

were uneducated.... [6] They had the same attitude to the sciences as to the whole of

philosophy."

(From this it is evident that one must distinguish between

μαθήματα a and φιλοσοφία b and that Epicurus' contempt for

μαθήματα extends to what we call knowledge, and how exactly this

assertion suo systemati omni consentit.)

"For just as they approached philosophy with the desire of attaining truth,

but, when faced with an anomaly of things resembling contradiction, suspended judgment,

so also, when they set about mastering the sciences and tried also to attain the truth

contained in them, they found equal difficulties, which they did not conceal." p. 6

[Against the Professors, Book 1].

In the Outlines of Pyrrhonism, Book I, Chap. XVII, the aetiology

which Epicurus in particular applied is aptly refuted, in such a

way, however, that the Sceptics' own impotence is revealed.

[I, 185] "Possibly, too, the Five Modes of suspension of judgment may suffice as

against the aetiologies. For either a person will suggest a cause which accords with

all the trends of philosophy and of scepticism and with the phenomena, or he will

not. And perhaps it is impossible to assign a cause which accords with all these."

(Of course, to assign such a cause which is nothing else at all but

a phenomenon, is impossible because the cause is the ideality of

the phenomenon, the transcended phenomenon. Just as little can

[the assignment of] a cause accord with Scepticism, because Scepticism is professional opposition to all thought, the negation of

a Science.—Ed.

b Philosophy.—Ed.

c Corresponds to his whole system.—Ed.
determination itself. It is naive to confine scepticism to \( \varphi τ \alpha νο\'\varepsilon\varphi \) \(^a\), for the phenomenon is the being-lost, the not-being of thought: scepticism is the same not-being of thought as reflected in itself, but the phenomenon has in itself disappeared, it is only a semblance; scepticism is the speaking phenomenon and disappears as the phenomenon disappears, it is also only a phenomenon.)

[185-186] “For all things, whether apparent or non-evident, are matters of controversy. But if there is controversy, the cause of this cause will also be asked for”

(that is, the Sceptic wants a cause which itself is only a semblance and therefore no cause).

“And if he assumes an apparent cause for an apparent, and a non-evident for a non-evident, he will be lost in the regress ad infinitum” [Outlines of Pyrrhonism, Book I].

(that is, because the Sceptic refuses to get away from the semblance and wants to hold on to it as such, he cannot get away from the semblance and this manoeuvre can be carried on into infinity; it is true that Epicurus wishes to go on from the atom to further determinations, but as he will not allow the atom as such to be dissolved, he cannot go beyond atomistics, determinations external to themselves and arbitrary; the Sceptic, on the other hand, accepts all determinations, but in the determinateness of semblance; his activity is therefore just as arbitrary and displays everywhere the same inadequacy. He swims, to be sure, in the whole wealth of the world, but remains in the same poverty and is himself an embodiment of the powerlessness which he sees in things; Epicurus makes the world empty from the start and so he ends up with the completely indeterminate, the void resting in itself, the otiose god).

[186] “And if at any point he makes a stand, either he will state that the cause is valid in respect of the previous admission, introducing the relating-to-something while he negates the relating-to-nature,”

(it is precisely in the semblance, in the appearance, that the \( \pi ρος \tau \iota \) \(^b\) is the \( \pi ρος \tau\iota \nu \phiι\sigmaι\nu \);)

“or if he accepts something out of a presupposition, he will be stopped.” p. 36 [Outlines of Pyrrhonism].

As the meteors, the visible heaven, are for the ancient philosophers the symbol and the visible confirmation of their pre-

\(^a\) Phenomena.— Ed.
\(^b\) Relating-to-something.— Ed.
\(^c\) Relating-to-nature.— Ed.
judice for the substantial, so that even Aristotle takes the stars for
gods, or at least brings them into direct connection with the
highest energy, so the written heaven, the sealed word of the god
who has been revealed to himself in the course of world history, is
the battle-cry of Christian philosophy. The premise of the ancients
is the act of nature, that of the moderns the act of the spirit. The
struggle of the ancients could only end by the visible heaven, the
substantial nexus of life, the force of gravity of political and
religious life being shattered, for nature must be split in two for
the spirit to be one in itself. The Greeks broke it up with the
Hephaestan hammer of art, broke it up in their statues; the
Roman plunged his sword into its heart and the peoples died, but
modern philosophy unseals the word, lets it pass away in smoke in
the holy fire of the spirit, and as fighter of the spirit fighting the
spirit, not as a solitary apostate fallen from the gravity of Nature,
it is universally active and melts the forms which prevent the
universal from breaking forth.

III. PLUTARCH, PUBLISHED BY C. XYLANDER,

THAT EPICURUS ACTUALLY MAKES
A PLEASANT LIFE IMPOSSIBLE

It goes without saying that very little of this treatise by Plutarch
is of any use. One need only read the introduction with its clumsy
boastfulness and its crude interpretation of the Epicurean
philosophy in order no longer to entertain any doubt about
Plutarch's utter incompetence in philosophical criticism.
Although he may agree with the view of Metrodorus:

[III, 2] "They [the Epicureans] believe that the supreme good is found in the
belly and all other passages of the flesh through which pleasure and non-pain
make their entrance, and that all the notable and brilliant inventions of civilisation
were devised for this belly-centred pleasure and for the good expectation of this
pleasure [.....]" p. 1087.

This is minime Epicurus' teaching. Even Sextus Empiricus sees the
difference between Epicurus and the Cyrenaic school in that he
asserts that voluptas is voluptas animi.

[III, 9-10] "Epicurus asserts that in illness the sage often actually laughs at the
paroxysms of the disease. Then how can men for whom the pains of the body are
so slight and easy to bear find anything appreciable in its pleasures?" p. 1088.

a Least of all.— Ed.
b Pleasure.— Ed.
c Pleasure of the soul.— Ed.
It is clear that Plutarch does not understand Epicurus’ consistency. For Epicurus the highest pleasure is freedom from pain, from diversity, the absence of any dependence; the body which depends on no other for its sensation, which does not feel this diversity, is healthy, positive. This position, which achieves its highest form in Epicurus’ otiose god, is of itself like a chronic sickness in which the disease, because of its duration, ceases to be a condition, becomes, as it were, familiar and normal. We have seen in Epicurus’ philosophy of nature that he strives after this absence of dependence, this removal of diversity in theory as well as in practice. The greatest good for Epicurus is ἁταραξία, a since the spirit, which is the thing in question, is empirically unique. Plutarch revels in commonplaces, he argues like an apprentice.

Incidentally we can speak of the conception of the σοφός, who is a preoccupation equally of the Epicurean, Stoic and Sceptic philosophies. If we study him we shall find that he belongs most logically to the atomistic philosophy of Epicurus and that, viewed from this standpoint too, the downfall of ancient philosophy is presented in complete objectiveness in Epicurus.

Ancient philosophy seeks to comprehend the wise man, ὁ σοφός, in two ways, but both of them have the same root.

What appears theoretically in the account given of matter, appears practically in the definition of the σοφός. Greek philosophy begins with seven wise men, among whom is the Ionian philosopher of nature Thales, and it ends with the attempt to portray the wise man conceptually. The beginning and the end, but no less the centre, the middle, is one σοφός, namely Socrates. It is no more an accident that philosophy gravitates round these substantial individuals, than that the political downfall of Greece takes place at the time when Alexander loses his wisdom in Babylon.

Since the soul of Greek life and the Greek mind is substance, which first appears in them as free substance, the knowledge of this substance occurs in independent beings, individuals, who, being notable, on the one hand, each has his being in external contrast to the others, and whose knowledge, on the other hand, is the inward life of substance and thus something internal to the conditions of the reality surrounding them. The Greek philosopher is a demiurge, his world is a different one from that which flowers in the natural sun of the substantial.

\[\text{Ataraxy.— } \text{Ed.}\]
\[\text{Wise man.— } \text{Ed.}\]
The first wise men are only the vessels, the Pythia, from which the substance resounds in general, simple precepts; their language is as yet only that of the substance become vocal, the simple forces of moral life which are revealed. Hence they are in part also active leaders in political life, lawgivers.

The Ionian philosophers of nature are just as much isolated phenomena as the forms of the natural element appear under which they seek to apprehend the universe. The Pythagoreans organise an inner life for themselves within the state; the form in which they realise their knowledge of substance is halfway between a completely conscious isolation not observed among the Ionians, whose isolation is rather the undeliberate, naive isolation of elementary existences, and the trustful carrying on of life within a moral order. The form of their life is itself substantial, political, but maintained abstract, reduced to a minimum in extent and natural fundamentals, just as their principle, number, stands midway between colourful sensuousness and the ideal. The Eleatics, as the first discoverers of the ideal forms of substance, who themselves still apprehend the inwardness of substance in a purely internal and abstract, intensive manner, are the passionately enthusiastic prophetic heralds of the breaking dawn. Bathed in simple light, they turn away indignantly from the people and from the gods of antiquity. But in the case of Anaxagoras the people themselves turn to the gods of antiquity in opposition to the isolated wise man and declare him to be such, expelling him from their midst. In modern times (cf., for example, Ritter, Geschichte der alten Philosophie, Bd. I [1829, pp. 300 ff.]) Anaxagoras has been accused of dualism. Aristotle says in the first book of the Metaphysics that he uses the υός as a machine and only resorts to it when he runs out of natural explanations. But this apparent dualism is on the one hand that very same dualistic element which begins to split the heart of the state in the time of Anaxagoras, and on the other hand it must be understood more profoundly. The υός is active and is resorted to where there is no natural determination. It is itself the non ens of the natural, the ideality. And then the activity of this ideality intervenes only when physical sight fails the philosopher, that is, the υός is the philosopher's own υός, and is resorted to when he is no longer able to objectify his activity. Thus the subjective υός appeared as the essence of

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*a* Reason.— *Ed.*

*b* Not-being.— *Ed.*
the wandering scholar, and, in its power as ideality of real
determination, it appears on the one hand in the Sophists and on
the other in Socrates.

If the first Greek wise men are the real spirit, the embodied
knowledge of substance, if their utterances preserve just as much
genuine intensity as substance itself, if, as substance is increasingly
idealised, the bearers of its progress assert an ideal life in their
particular reality in opposition to the reality of manifested sub-
stance, of the real life of the people, then the ideality itself is only
in the form of substance. There is no undermining of the living
powers; the most ideal men of this period, the Pythagoreans and
the Eleatics, extol state life as real reason; their principles are
objective, a power which is superior to themselves, which they
herald in a semi-mystical fashion, in poetic enthusiasm; that is, in a
form which raises natural energy to ideality and does not consume
it, but processes it and leaves it intact in the determination of the
natural. This embodiment of the ideal substance occurs in the
philosophers themselves who herald it; not only is its expression
plastically poetic, its reality is this person, whose reality is its own
appearance; they themselves are living images, living works of art
which the people sees rising out of itself in plastic greatness; while
their activity, as in the case of the first wise men, shapes the
universal, their utterances are the really assertive substance, the
laws.

Hence these wise men are just as little like ordinary people as
the statues of the Olympic gods; their motion is rest in self, their
relation to the people is the same objectivity as their relation to
substance. The oracles of the Delphic Apollo were divine truth for
the people, veiled in the chiaroscuro of an unknown power, only
as long as the genuine evident power of the Greek spirit sounded
from the Pythian tripod; the people had a theoretical attitude
towards them only as long as they were the resounding theory of
the people itself, they were of the people only as long as they were
unlike them. The same with these wise men. But with the Sophists
and Socrates, and by virtue of Ἁυμνος in Anaxagoras, the
situation was reversed. Now it is ideality itself which, in its
immediate form, the subjective spirit, becomes the principle of
philosophy. In the earlier Greek wise men there was revealed the
ideal form of the substance, its identity, in distinction to the

\[\text{a} \quad \text{Cf. Goethe, Faust, 1, 3.— Ed.}\]
\[\text{b} \quad \text{Potentialities.— Ed.}\]
many-coloured raiment woven from the individualities of various peoples that displayed its manifest reality. Consequently, these wise men on the one hand apprehend the absolute only in the most one-sided, most general ontological definitions, and on the other hand, themselves represent in reality the appearance of the substance enclosed in itself. While they hold themselves aloof from the πολλοί, and express the mystery of the spirit, on the other hand, like the plastic gods in the market places, in their blissful self-contemplation, they are the genuine embellishment of the people, to which as individuals they return. It is now, on the contrary, ideality itself, pure abstraction which has come to be for itself, that faces the substance; subjectivity, which establishes itself as the principle of philosophy. Not of the people, this subjectivity, confronting the substantial powers of the people, is yet of the people, that is, it confronts reality externally, is in practice entangled in it, and its existence is motion. These mobile vessels of development are the Sophists. Their innermost form, cleansed from the immediate dross of appearance, is Socrates, whom the Delphic oracle called the ὀσφώτατον.

Being confronted by its own ideality, substance is split up into a mass of accidental limited existences and institutions whose right—unity, and identity with it—has escaped into the subjective spirit. The subjective spirit itself is as such the vessel of substance, but because this ideality is opposed to reality, it is present in minds objectively as a "must", and subjectively as a striving. The expression of this subjective spirit, which knows that it has the ideality in itself, is the judgment of the concept, for which the criterion of the individual is that which is determined in itself, the purpose, the good, but which is still here a "must" of reality. This "must" of reality is likewise a "must" of the subject which has become conscious of this ideality, for it itself stands rooted in reality and the reality outside it is its own. Thus the position of this subject is just as much determined as its fate.

First, the fact that this ideality of substance has entered the subjective spirit, has fallen away from itself, is a leap, a falling away from the substantial life determined in the substantial life itself. Hence this determination of the subject is for it an accomplished fact, an alien force, the bearer of which it finds itself to be, the daemon of Socrates. The daemon is the immediate appearance of the fact that for Greek life philosophy is just as

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a Multitude.— Ed.
b Wisest.— Ed.
much only internal as only external. The characteristics of the
daemon determine the empirical singularity of the subject, because
the subject naturally detaches itself from the substantial, and
hence naturally determined, life in this [Greek] life, since the
daemon appears as a natural determinant. The Sophists them-

selves are these daemons, not yet differentiated from their actions.
Socrates is conscious that he carries the daemon in himself. Socrates is the substantial exemplar of substance losing itself in the

subject. He is therefore just as much a substantial individual as the
earlier philosophers, but after the manner of subjectivity, not
enclosed in himself, not an image of the gods, but a human one,
not mysterious, but clear and luminous, not a seer, but a sociable

man.

The second determination is therefore that this subject pro-
nounces a judgment on the “must”, the purpose. Substance has
lost its ideality in the subjective spirit, which thus has become in
itself the determination of substance, its predicate, while substance
itself has become in relation to the subjective spirit only the
immediate, unjustified, merely existing composite of independent
existences. The determination of the predicate, since it refers to
something existing, is hence itself immediate, and since this
something is the living spirit of the people, it is in practice the
determination of the individual spirits, education and teaching.
The “must” of substantiality is the subjective spirit’s own determi-
nation expressed by it; the purpose of the world is therefore its
[the spirit’s] own purpose, to teach about it is its calling. It
therefore embodies in itself the purpose and hence the good both
in its life and in its teaching. It is the wise man as he has entered
into practical motion.

Finally, inasmuch as this individual pronounces the judgment of
the concept on the world, he is in himself divided and judged; for
while he has his roots for one part in the substantial, he owes his
right to exist only to the laws of the state to which he belongs, to
its religion, in brief, to all the substantial conditions which appear
to him as his own nature. On the other hand, he possesses in
himself the purpose which is the judge of that substantiality. His
own substantiality is therefore judged in this individual himself
and thus he perishes precisely because he is born of the substan-
tial, and not of the free spirit which endures and overcomes all
contradictions and which need not recognise any natural condi-
tions as such.

The reason why Socrates is so important is that the relation of
Greek philosophy to the Greek spirit, and therefore its inner limit,
is expressed in him. It is self-evident how stupid was the comparison drawn in recent times between the relation of Hegelian philosophy to life and the case of Socrates, from which the justification for condemning the Hegelian philosophy was deduced. The specific failing of Greek philosophy is precisely that it stands related only to the substantial spirit; in our time both sides are spirit and both want to be acknowledged as such.

Subjecivity is manifested in its immediate bearer [Socrates] as his life and his practical activity, as a form by which he leads single individuals out of the determinations of substantiality to determination in themselves; apart from this practical activity, his philosophy has no other content than the abstract determination of the good. His philosophy is his transference from substantially existing notions, differences, etc., to determination-in-self, which, however, has no other content than to be the vessel of this dissolving reflection; his philosophy is therefore essentially his own wisdom, his own goodness; in relation to the world the only fulfilment of his teaching on the good is a quite different subjectivity from that of Kant when he establishes his categorical imperative. For Kant it is of no account what attitude he, as an empirical subject, adopts towards this imperative.

With Plato motion becomes ideal; as Socrates is the image and teacher of the world, so Plato’s ideas, his philosophical abstraction, are its prototypes.

In Plato this abstract determination of the good, of the purpose, develops into a comprehensive, world-embracing philosophy. The purpose, as the determination in itself, the real will of the philosopher, is thinking, the real determinations of this good are the immanent thoughts. The real will of the philosopher, the ideality active in him, is the real “must” of the real world. Plato sees this his attitude to reality in such a way that an independent realm of ideas hovers over reality (and this “beyond” is the philosopher’s own subjectivity) and is obscurely reflected in it. If Socrates discovered only the name of the ideality which has passed out of substance into the subject, and was himself consciously this motion, the substantial world of reality now enters really idealised into Plato’s consciousness, but thereby this ideal world itself is just as simply organised in itself as is the really substantial world facing it, of which Aristotle most aptly remarked:

*(Metaphysics, I, Chap. IX)* “For the Forms are practically equal to—or not fewer than—the things, in trying to explain which these thinkers proceeded from them to the Form*.”
The determination of this world and its organisation in itself is therefore to the philosopher himself a beyond, the motion has been removed from this world.

"Yet when the Forms exist, still the things that share in them do not come into being, unless there is something to originate movement [...]." Aristotle, op. cit.

The philosopher as such, that is, as the wise man, not as the motion of the real spirit in general, is therefore the truth-beyond of the substantial world facing him. Plato expresses this most precisely when he says that either the philosophers must become kings or the kings philosophers for the state to achieve its purpose. In his attempts to educate a tyrant he also made a practical effort on these lines. His state has indeed as its special and highest estate that of the learned.\(^a\)

I wish to mention here two other remarks made by Aristotle, because they provide the most important conclusions concerning the form of Platonic consciousness and link up with the aspect from which we consider it in relation to the \textit{αφόσις}.\(^b\)

Aristotle says of Plato:

"In the \textit{Phaedo} the case is stated in this way—that the Forms are causes both of being and of becoming; yet when the Forms exist, still the things that share in them do not come into being, unless there is something to originate movement [...]." Aristotle, op. cit.

It is not only that which is, it is the whole possibility of being that Plato wants to bring out into ideality: this ideality is a closed, specifically different realm in the philosophising consciousness itself: because it is this, it lacks motion.

This contradiction in the philosophising consciousness must objectify itself to the latter, the philosophising consciousness must eject this contradiction.

"Again the Forms are patterns not only of sensible things, but of Forms themselves also: e.g. the genus, as genus of Forms; so that the same thing could be both pattern and copy." [op. cit.]

Lucretius on the ancient Ionian philosophers:

"... have certainly made many excellent and divine discoveries and uttered oracles from the inner sanctuary of their hearts with more sanctity and far surer reason than those the Delphic prophetess pronounces, drugged by the laurel fumes from Apollo’s tripod.” Book I, ll. 736-740.

Important for the definition of the Epicurean philosophy of nature is the following:

\(^a\) Plato, \textit{Res publica}, V, 473.—Ed.
\(^b\) Wise man.—Ed.
1. The eternity of matter, which is connected with the fact that time is considered as an accident of accidents, as proper only to composites and their eventis, and hence is relegated to outside the material principle, outside the atom itself. It is further connected with the fact that the substance of the Epicurean philosophy is that which reflects only externally, which has no premises, which is arbitrariness and accident. Time is rather the fate of nature, of the finite. Negative unity with itself, its internal necessity.

2. The void, the negation, is not the negative of matter itself, but [space] where there is no matter. In this respect too, therefore, matter is in itself eternal.

The form which we see emerge at the conclusion from the workshop of Greek philosophical consciousness, out of the darkness of abstraction, and veiled in its dark garb, is the same form in which Greek philosophy walked, alive, the stage of the world, the same form which saw gods even in the burning hearth, the same which drank the poison cup, the same which, as the God of Aristotle, enjoys the greatest bliss, theory.
[III, 10-11] "[...] as a common end for it (pleasure) Epicurus has set the removal of all pain. For he believes that our nature adds to pleasure only up to the point where pain disappears and does not allow it to increase any further (although the pleasure, when the state of painlessness is not reached, admits of certain unessential variations). But to proceed to this point, accompanied by desire, is our stint of pleasure, and the journey is indeed short and quick. Hence it is that becoming aware of the poverty here they [the Epicureans] transfer their final good from the body, as from an unproductive piece of land, to the soul." p. 1088.

[IV, 1] "[...] do you not hold that the gentlemen [the Epicureans] do well to begin with the body, where [pleasure] first appears, and then pass to the soul as having more stability and bring the whole to consummation in it?"

The answer to this is that the transition is correct, but

[IV, 3] "When you hear their loud protest that the soul is so constituted as to find joy and tranquillity in nothing in the world but pleasure of the body either present or anticipated, and that this is its good, do they not appear to you to be using the soul as a funnel of the body, through which they pour pleasure, like wine, from a worthless and leaky vessel into another and leave it to age there in the belief that they are turning it into something more respectable and precious?" p. 1088.

Here too, Plutarch fails to understand the logic of Epicurus; it is important to note anyhow that he does not see a specific transition from the voluptas corporis ad voluptatem animi,* and Epicurus' attitude in this respect should be more closely defined.

[IV, 4] "... the soul takes up the memory ... but retains nothing else ... and the memory of it [pleasure] is obscure...." p. 1088.

[IV, 5] "Observe the greater moderation of the Cyrenaics, though they have tipped from the same jug as Epicurus: they even think it wrong to indulge in sexual commerce when there is a light, and instead provide for a cover of darkness, so that the mind may not, by receiving the images of the act in full clarity through

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* Pleasure of the body to pleasure of the soul.—Ed.
the sense of sight, too often rekindle the desire. [IV, 6] ... the other set ... hold that
the superiority of the sage lies above all in this, in vividly remembering and
keeping intact in himself the sights and feelings and movements associated with
pleasure, ... thus recommending a practice unworthy of the name of wisdom by
allowing the slopes of pleasure to remain in the soul of the sage as in the house of a
wastrel." p. 1089.

[IV, 9] "For it betrays a violent and brutish longing for present and anticipated
enjoyments, when the soul revels with such bacchanalian attachment to recollection." p. 1089.

[IV, 10] "It is this, I believe, that has driven them, seeing for themselves the
absurdities to which they were reduced, to take refuge in the 'painlessness' and the
'stable condition of the flesh'; for the 'stable and settled condition of the flesh'
and the 'trustworthy expectation' of this condition contain, they say, the highest
and the most assured delight for men who are able to reflect. [V, 1] Now first
observe their conduct here, how they keep decanting this 'pleasure' or 'painlessness'
or 'stable condition' of theirs back and forth, from body to soul and then once
more from soul to body, compelled, since they cannot retain volatile pleasure, to
begin again from the beginning, and though they lay the pleasure of the body as
he says at the base of the delight of the soul, they again let the delight pass
through anticipation into pleasure." p. 1089.

This remark is of importance for the Epicurean dialectics of
pleasure, although it is wrongly criticised by Plutarch. According
to Epicurus, the wise man himself is in this vacillating condition
which appears to be the determination of νομή. Only God is
μακριωτης, the pure rest of nothingness in itself, the complete
absence of all determination; this is why he has his abode not
inside the world like the wise man, but outside it.

[V, 5] "For whereas a 'stable condition of the flesh' occurs frequently enough,
no certain and firm expectation where the flesh is concerned can arise in a
reasonable mind." p. 1090.

Plutarch criticises Epicurus on the grounds that because of the
possibility of pain there can be no freedom in a healthy present.
But in the first place the Epicurean spirit is not one which
concerns itself with such possibilities, but because absolute relativity,
the accidental nature of [every] relationship, is in itself only
unrelatedness, the Epicurean wise man takes his condition as
unrelated, and as such it is for him a stable one. Time is for him
only the accident of accidents; how could its shadow penetrate into
the solid phalanx of αταράξια? But if he postulates that
the immediate premise of the individual spirit, namely the body,
should be healthy, this is only [postulated] to bring back home to
the spirit its own unrelatedness, its inborn nature, that is [by
postulating] a healthy body not externally differentiated [from the

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a Pleasure.— Ed.
b Bliss.— Ed.
c Ataraxy.— Ed.
individual spirit]. If, when one is suffering, this real nature of his hovers before him in the guise of fantasies and hopes of individual conditions in which that characteristic condition of his spirit would be realised, that only means that the individual as such contemplates his' ideal subjectivity in an individual way—a completely correct observation. For Epicurus, Plutarch's objection means simply that the freedom of the spirit is not present in a healthy body because it is present; for it is superfluous to remove the possibility outside precisely because reality is determined only as a possibility, as chance. If on the other hand the matter is regarded in its universality, then it is precisely a renunciation of universality if the true positive condition is to be obscured by accidental details; this simply means that dwelling in the free ether one thinks of particular mixtures, of the exhalations of poisonous plants, of the inhalations of tiny living things, this means to renounce life because one is liable to die, etc.; it means not to allow oneself the enjoyment of the universal but to fall out of it into particularities. Such a frame of mind concerns itself only with the very smallest things, it is so meticulous that it fails to see anything. Finally, if Plutarch says one must take care to maintain the health of the body, Epicurus also repeats that same platitude, but with more genius: he who perceives the universal condition as the true one takes the best care to maintain it. That is human common sense. It believes it has the right to counterpose to the philosophers its most foolish trivialities and commonplaces as a terra incognita. It thinks itself a Columbus when it stands eggs on end. Apart from his system (for this is his right, sumnum jus\(^a\)) Epicurus is on the whole correct when he says the wise man considers illness as a non-being, but the semblance disappears. If therefore he is ill, that is to him a disappearance which does not endure; if he is healthy, in his essential condition, the semblance does not exist for him and he has other things to do than to think that it could exist. If he is ill, he does not believe it the illness; if he is healthy, he acts as though this were the condition to which he is entitled, that is, he acts as a healthy person. How lamentable in comparison with this resolute, healthy individual is a Plutarch, who recalls Aeschylus, Euripides, and even Doctor Hippocrates merely in order not to rejoice in health!

Health, as the condition of being identical with oneself, is forgotten of itself, there is no reason to busy oneself with the body; this differentiation begins only with illness.

Epicurus desires no eternal life: how much less can it matter to him that the next instant may conceal some misfortune.

\(^a\) Supreme right.—Ed.
Just as wrong is the following criticism made by Plutarch:

[VI, 1] “Criminals and transgressors of the law, they say, pass their entire lives in misery and apprehension, since even though they may succeed in escaping detection, they have no assurance of doing so; in consequence fear for the future lies heavy on them and precludes any delight or confidence in their present situation. [VI, 2] In these words, without knowing it, they have also spoken against themselves: we can often enjoy in the body a 'stable condition', that is, health, but there is no way to acquire any assurance that it will last. Hence they cannot but be constantly anxious and worried for the body in facing the future.” p. 1090.

In actual fact it is just the contrary of what Plutarch says. Only when the individual violates them do the laws and general customs begin to be premises for him, he sets himself against them, and his escape from this state of tension would only lie in πίςτις, a which, however, is not guaranteed by anything.

In general, the interesting thing in Epicurus is that in every sphere he eliminates the condition by which the premise as such is provoked to appear and he considers as normal the condition in which the premise is concealed. In general, it is nowhere a question of the mere σόφις. b Punitive justice is a direct manifestation of inner connection, mute necessity, and Epicurus eliminates both its category from logic and the semblance of its reality from the wise man's life. The accidental fact, on the contrary, that the just man suffers, is an external relation and does not wrest him out of his unrelatedness.

Hence it can be seen how wrong is the following criticism made by Plutarch:

[VI, 3] “To do no wrong does nothing to bring assurance; it is not suffering deservedly, but suffering at all that is dreaded.” p. 1090.

What Plutarch means is that Epicurus must reason in that way according to his principles. It does not occur to him that Epicurus may have other principles than those which he, Plutarch, attributes to him.

[VI, 4] “For the nature of the flesh possesses in itself the raw material of diseases, and as in the jesting proverb we speak of getting the whip from the ox's hide, so it gets the pains from the body, and suffices to make life precarious and full of fears for wicked and honest men alike, once they have been taught to let their delight and trust depend on the body and on expectation for the body and on nothing else, as Epicurus teaches in his treatise ‘On the Highest Goods' and in many other passages as well.” pp. 1090-1091.

a Trust.—Ed.
b Body, flesh.—Ed.
[VII, 1] "Inasmuch as their [the Epicureans'] good is an escape from ills, and they say that no other can be conceived, and indeed that nature has no place at all in which to put its good except the place left when evil is expelled [...]" p. 1091.

[VII, 2] "Epicurus too makes a similar statement to the effect that the good is a thing that arises out of your very escape from evil and from your memory and reflection and jubilation that this has happened to you. His words are these: 'For what produces a jubilation unsurpassed is the contrast of the great evil escaped; and this is the nature of good, if you apply your mind rightly and then stand firm and do not indulge in meaningless prating about good.'" p. 1091.

"Shame!" exclaims Plutarch here.

[VII, 4] "Therefore in this they are no whit inferior to swine or sheep.... Actually, for the cleverer and more graceful animals the escape from evil is not the end. ... since once they have escaped evil they instinctively seek out the good, or better, let us say that they reject everything painful or alien as an impediment to the pursuit of the real, better kernel of their nature." [(VIII, 1) For what is necessary is not good", what is worth seeking and choosing lies beyond the escape from evil...)] p. 1091.

Plutarch thinks himself very wise when he says that besides the necessity of flying from evil, the animal seeks the good, the good that lies beyond the escape. Its animal nature lies precisely in the fact that the animal seeks something good over-beyond. According to Epicurus, no good for man lies outside himself; the only good which he has in relation to the world is the negative motion to be free of it.

That all this is understood individually in Epicurus follows from the principle of his philosophy, which he formulates with all its consequences; Plutarch's syncretic senseless argumentation cannot measure up to this.

[VIII, 3] "For even if an itching of the skin or a rheumy flux in the eye is unpleasant, it does not follow that scratching the skin and wiping the eye are anything special; nor does it follow that if pain, fear of the gods and anxiety about  what awaits one in Hades are evil, escape from them is enviable bliss [...]." p. 1091. [VIII, 4] "No; these men coop up their delight in quarters that are small and cramped ... advancing beyond the usual stupid notions and taking as the final goal of wisdom that which, it would appear, is naturally present in irrational beasts. [VIII, 5] For if it makes no difference in the freedom of the body from pain whether it has got free by itself or through nature, so too in ataraxy it is of no importance whether the unperturbed condition is achieved by the soul or through nature.... [VIII, 6] For likewise these gentlemen will be seen to be no better off than the brutes in this matter of not being disturbed by what awaits them in Hades or by tales about the gods and of not anticipating endless anxiety or pain [...]."

[pp. 1091-1092.]

* (on this point Aristotle has quite different views; he teaches in the Metaphysics that necessity rules free men more than it does slaves).—Note by Marx.

*a The manuscript here gives in brackets the Latin translation of the last sentence of the citation.—Ed.
[VIII, 7] "...Epicurus himself ... says, 'If we were not troubled with misgivings about meteors and again with fear of death and pain, we should never have stood in need of natural philosophy.'" p. 1092.

[VIII, 8] "... since, however, the aim of their theology is to have no fear of God, but instead to be rid of anxieties, I should think that this condition is more securely in the possession of creatures that have no faintest notion of God than of those who have been taught to think of him as injuring no one. For they [the animals] have not been delivered from superstition, since they have never even been its victims; nor have they put aside the notion of the gods that is disturbing, but have never even adopted it. [VIII, 9] The same is to be said of things in Hades." p. 1092.

[VIII, 9-10] "[...], misgiving and dread of what comes after death is less the portion of those who have no preconception of death than of those who still have to conceive that death is no concern of ours. Death is a concern of these men to the extent that they reason about it and subject it to inquiry; but the brutes are relieved of any concern whatever for what is nothing to them, and when they avoid blows and wounds and being killed, they fear only that in death which the Epicureans fear as well." p. 1092.

That the Epicureans are said to demand that mathematics should be shunned. Plutarch, op. cit., p. 1094D.

[XII, 1] "... in admiration and most hearty commendation of one Apelles they write that from the beginning he held aloof from mathematics and thus kept himself unspotted." loc. cit.

Likewise history, etc., cf. Sext. Empiricus. Plutarch considers as a great fault of Metrodorus that the latter writes:

[XII, 2] "[...] so if you must admit that you do not even know on which side Hector fought, or the opening lines of Homer's poem, or again what comes between, do not be dismayed." loc. cit.

[XIII, 1] "[...] Epicurus ... says ... that the wise man is a lover of spectacles and yields to none in the enjoyment of musical and theatrical shows; but on the other hand he allows no place, even over the wine, for questions about music and the philological enquiries of critics", etc. p. 1095.

[XV, 4] "Why, the Epicureans themselves assert that it is more pleasant to confer a benefit than to receive one." p. 1097.

These πολίτες a are precisely those qui in haeresim Epicuri illapsi.b

[XVIII, 5] "But Epicurus himself allowed that some pleasures come from fame." p. 1099.

[...] more worthy of consideration than the above-quoted shallow moral objections of Plutarch is his polemic against the Epicurean theology, not that polemic as such, but because it is revealed how ordinary consciousness, adopting, on the whole, the Epicurean standpoint, shies only before the obvious philosophical conclusion. Here one must always bear in mind that Epicurus is concerned

a Themselves.— Ed.
b Who have fallen into the heresy of Epicurus.— Ed.
neither with *voluptas* nor with sensuous certainty, nor with anything else except the freedom of the mind and its freedom from determination. Therefore we shall go through Plutarch’s considerations one by one.

[XX, 3] “One point, that of the pleasure they derive from these views, has, I should say, been dealt with [by Epicurus]: where their theory is fortunate and successful, it *does remove fear* and superstition in a way; but it *gives no joy or favour of the gods*. Instead it *puts us in the same state of mind in relation to the gods, of neither being alarmed nor rejoicing*” (i.e., being unrelated), “that we have in relation to Hyrcanian fishes, from which we expect neither good nor evil. [XX, 4] But if we are to add anything to what has already been said, I think we can take this from them themselves: first, they disagree with those who would do away with grief and tears and lamentations at the death of friends, and say that an absence of grief extending to complete insensibility stems from another, greater evil: callousness or unrestrained ambition and infatuation. Hence they say that it is better to be moved somewhat and to grieve and to melt into tears and fret and manifest other sentiments which make one appear soft-hearted and affectionate. [XX, 5] For this is what Epicurus said in many other passages....” [p.] p. [1100]-1101.

Plutarch does not understand the fear of God at all in the sense that Epicurus does; he does not grasp how philosophical consciousness wishes to free itself from it. The ordinary man is not aware of this. Plutarch therefore quotes trivial empirical examples showing how little terror this belief has for people at large.

In contrast to Epicurus, Plutarch first considers the belief of the *πολλοί* in God and says that with the multitude this habit of mind indeed takes the form of fear; to be precise, sensuous fear is the only form in which he can grasp the anguish of the free spirit in face of a personal almighty being which absorbs freedom in itself and is, therefore, exclusive. He says:

1. [XXI, 3] Those who fear him (God): “If they fear him as a ruler gracious to the good and hostile to the wicked, they are freed by this one fear from doing wrong and do not need many redeemers, and since they let evil die down within themselves, in all calm, they are less tormented than those who make use of it and behave impudently but suddenly experience anxiety and regret.” p. 1101.

And so by this sensuous fear they are protected against evil, as though this immanent fear were not evil. What is then the essence of the empirically evil? That the individual shuts himself off from his eternal nature in his empirical nature; but is that not the same as to shut his eternal nature out of himself, to apprehend it in the form of persistent isolation in self, in the form of the empirical, and hence to consider it as an empirical god outside self? Or must the stress be laid on the form of the relation? Then God is

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*a* Pleasure.— *Ed.*

*b* Multitude.— *Ed.*
punitive in relation to the evil, lenient in relation to the good; and the evil here is what is evil to the empirical individual, and the good what is good to the empirical individual, for otherwise whence would this fear and this hope come, since the individual is concerned with what is evil and what is good for him? In this relation God is merely what is common to all the consequences that empirical evil actions can have. So does the empirical individual refrain from doing evil out of fear lest from the good which he achieves by evil actions a greater evil will result and a greater good will be forfeited, that is to say, in order that the continuity of his well-being will not be broken by the immanent possibility of being snatched out of that continuity?

Is that not the same thing as Epicurus teaches in plain words: do not act unjustly, so as not to go in continual fear of being punished? This immanent relation of the individual to his ἀταραξία a is therefore presented as a relationship to a god existing outside the individual, but again having no other content than this ἀταραξία, which is here continuity of well-being. Fear of the future, that condition of insecurity, is here inserted into the remote consciousness of God, considered as a condition which pre-exists in him, but also as a mere threat, and therefore precisely as in individual consciousness.

2. Plutarch says that this striving towards God also procures voluptas.b

[XXI, 6] "No, wherever it believes and conceives most firmly that God is present, there more than anywhere else it puts away all feelings of pain, fear, and worry, and gives itself up so far to pleasure that it indulges in a playful and merry inebriation in amatory matters...." p. 1101.

He goes on to say that old men, women, merchants, and kings rejoice in religious feast days....

[XXI, 8] "For it is not the abundance of wine or the attraction of the meats that cheer the heart at festivals, but good hope and the belief in the benign presence of God and his gracious acceptance of what is done." p. 1102.

There is need for closer study of how Plutarch describes this rejoicing, this voluptas.

First he says that the soul is most free from sorrow, fear and anxiety when God is present. So the presence of God is defined as freedom of the soul from fear, sorrow and anxiety. This freedom is manifested in exuberant rejoicing, for this is the individual soul's positive manifestation of this its condition.

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a Ataraxy.— Ed.
b Pleasure.— Ed.
Further: the accidental difference of the individual situation disappears where this pleasure exists. And thus the individual is freed from his other determinations and in this rejoicing the individual as such is determined, and this is a substantial determination. Finally, the pleasure is not in the separate enjoyment, but in the certainty that God is not something separate, but that his content is to rejoice over this pleasure of the individual, to look down benevolently on it, and hence to be himself in the determination of the rejoicing individual. Therefore what is deified and celebrated here is the deified individuality as such, freed from its customary bonds, therefore the σοφίς of Epicurus with his ἄταραξία. God is worshipped not as non-present God, but as the present pleasure of the individual. This God has no further determination. Yes, the true form in which this freedom of the individual emerges here is enjoyment, and indeed individual, sensuous enjoyment, the enjoyment which is not disturbed. ἄταραξία therefore hovers overhead as the general consciousness, but it manifests itself as the sensuous voluptas of Epicurus, except that what is here a living isolated condition is there total consciousness of life, and that for this reason the individual manifestation in Epicurus is more indifferent [to external conditions], more animated by its soul, by ἄταραξία, while in Plutarch this element is more lost in individuality and both are directly blended, and therefore are directly separate. Such is the pitiful outcome of the differentiation of the divine which Plutarch asserts in his polemic against Epicurus. And, to make another remark, if Plutarch says that kings do not enjoy their publicis convivis et viscerationibus so much as the sacrificial meals, this means nothing else than that in the first case enjoyment is considered as something human, accidental, and in the second as divine, that individual enjoyment is considered as divine, which is precisely Epicurean.

From this relation of the πονηρός and the πολλοί to God Plutarch distinguishes the relation of the βέλτιον ἄνθρωπων και θεωρικτητον γένος. We shall see what point he wins here against Epicurus.

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a Wise man.— Ed.
b Ataraxy.— Ed.
c Public feasts and entertainments.— Ed.
d Bad.— Ed.
e Multitude.— Ed.
f Best men and most agreeable to God.— Ed.
Plutarch says:

[XXII, 1-3] "... what great pleasures they have through their pure notions about God, who for them is the guide to all blessings, the father of everything honourable, and may no more do than suffer anything base. For he is good, and in none that is good arises envy about aught or fear or anger or hatred; for it is as much the function of heat to chill instead of warm as it is of good to harm. By its nature anger is infinitely far removed from favour, wrath from goodwill, and from love of man and kindness, hostility and a forbidding disposition; for the one set belong to virtue and power, the other to weakness and vice. Hence the deity cannot have in itself anger and favour together; rather, because it is God's nature to bestow favour and lend aid, it is not his nature to be angry and to do harm." p. 1102.

The philosophical meaning of the proposition that God is the ηγεμόν ἀγαθόν a and the father πάντων καλών b is that this is not a predicate of God, but that the idea of good is the divine itself. But according to Plutarch a quite different result follows. Good is taken in the strictest opposition to evil, for the former is a manifestation of virtue and of power, the latter of weakness, privation and badness. Judgment, difference, is therefore removed out of God, and this is precisely a basic principle with Epicurus, who is therefore quite consistent when he finds this absence of difference in man theoretically as well as practically in his immediate identity, in sensuousness, whereas in God he finds it in pure otium. The God who is determined as good by removal of judgment is the void, for every determination carries in it an aspect which it receives in contrast to others and encloses in itself, and hence reveals in opposition and contradiction its δράμα, c its μίσος, d its ψυχος e to renounce itself. Plutarch therefore gives the same determination as Epicurus, but only as an image, as imagination, which the latter calls by its conceptual name and does away with the human image.

There is therefore a false ring to the question:

[XXII, 5] "Do you think that those who deny providence require any further punishment, and are not adequately punished when they deprive themselves of so great a pleasure and delight?" [pp. 1102-1103.]

For it must be affirmed, on the contrary, that he experiences more pleasure in the contemplation of the divine who sees it as pure bliss in itself, without any notionless anthropomorphic relations, than he who does the opposite. It is already in itself bliss to have the thought of pure bliss, however abstractly it be

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a Master-principle of all good.— Ed.
b Of all that is beautiful.— Ed.
c Wrath.— Ed.
d Hatred.— Ed.
e Fear.— Ed.
apprehended, as we can see from the Indian holy men. Besides, Plutarch has abolished πρόνοια by opposing evil, difference, to God. His further descriptions are purely notionless and syncetic, and besides, he shows in everything that he is concerned only with the individual, not with God. That is why Epicurus is so honest as not to make God bother about the individual.

The internal dialectics of Plutarch’s thinking thus necessarily leads him back to speak about the individual soul instead of about the divinity, and he arrives at the λόγος περί ψυχῆς. Of Epicurus he says:

[XXIII, 6] “Consequently it (the soul) is overjoyed at receiving this most sapient and godlike doctrine that for it the end of suffering means ruin, destruction and being nothing.” p. 1103.

One must not let oneself be misled by Plutarch’s unctuous words. We shall see how he negates each one of his determinations. Already the artificial means of escape τοῦ κακῶς πράττειν πέρας and then in contrast ἀπολέσθαι and φθαρῆναι and μηδὲν εἶναι, show where the centre of gravity is, how thin one side is and the other three times stronger.

The study is divided again into that of the attitudes of, first, the τῶν ἄθικων καὶ πονηρῶν, then the πολλῶν καὶ ἰδιωτῶν, and finally the ἐπειτεῖχον καὶ νοῦν ἐγχύτων (p. 1104) to the doctrine of the continued existence of the soul. Already this division into hard and fast qualitative differences shows how little Plutarch understands Epicurus, who, as a philosopher, considers the position of the human soul in general; and if, despite its determination as transient, he remains sure of ηδονή, Plutarch should have seen that every philosopher involuntarily extols a ηδονή which is alien to him in his limitation. Fear is again added as a means of improvement for the unjust. We have already dealt with this point. For in fear, and indeed an inner, unextinguishable fear, man is determined as animal, and it is absolutely indifferent to the animal how

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a Providence.— Ed.
b Consideration on the soul.— Ed.
c The end of suffering.— Ed.
d Ruin.— Ed.
e Destruction.— Ed.
f Being nothing.— Ed.
g Unjust and the wicked.— Ed.
h Many and the uneducated.— Ed.
i Decent and the reasonable.— Ed.
j Pleasure.— Ed.
it is kept in check. If a philosopher does not find it outrageous to consider man as an animal, he cannot be made to understand anything.

[XXVI, 1-2] "The great majority, free from fear of what happens in Hades, have a myth-inspired expectation of eternal life; and the love of being, the oldest and most powerful of all our passions, provides pleasure and bliss overcoming that childish terror." p. 1104. "Indeed, when men have lost children, a wife, or friends, they would rather have them exist somewhere in hardship and survive than be utterly taken away and destroyed and reduced to nothing; and they like to hear such expressions used of the dying as 'he is leaving us' or 'going to dwell elsewhere' and all that represent death as a change of residence of the soul but not as destruction...." p. 1104.

[XXVI, 5] "Such expressions as 'it is the end' and 'he has perished' and 'he is no more' disturb them.... [XXVII, 1-3] ... but they are dealt the finishing blow by those who say: 'We men are born but once; there is no second time....' Indeed, by discounting the present moment as a minute fraction, or rather as nothing at all, in comparison with all time, men let it pass without enjoying it. They neglect virtue and action and despise themselves as creatures of a day, impermanent and born for no high end." [p. 1104.] "For being without sensation and dissolved and the doctrine that what has no sensation is nothing to us does not remove the terror of death, but rather confirms it by adding what amounts to proof. For this is the very thing our nature dreads: ... the dissolution of the soul into what has neither thought nor feeling; and Epicurus, by making the dissolution a scattering into emptiness and atoms, does still more to root out our hope of immortality, for which, I had almost said, all men and all women are ready to be torn to pieces by Cerberus and carry water to the leaky urn, if only they may still continue to be and not to be blotted out." p. 1105.

We now come to the view of the πολλοί,a although it becomes apparent in the end that there are not many who do not share it and that, indeed, all, δει λέγειν πάντας,b swear allegiance to this banner.

Actually there is no qualitative difference from the preceding stage, but what appeared in the form of animal fear appears here in the form of human fear, the form of feeling. The content remains the same.

We are told that the desire to be is the oldest love; of course, the most abstract and therefore the oldest love is love of self, love of one's own particular being. But actually that would be to formulate the matter too bluntly, it is taken back again and surrounded with an ennobling radiance by the appearance of feeling. So he who loses wife and children wishes that they should be somewhere, even if things are bad with them, rather than that they should have completely ceased to be. Simply as a matter of love, the wife and the child of the individual as such are cherished deeply and faithfully in his heart—a much higher form of being than empirical existence. But the matter stands in a different way.

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*a* Multitude.—*Ed.*

*b* Without any exaggeration, all.—*Ed.*
Wife and child in empirical existence are merely wife and child, insofar as the individual himself exists empirically. The fact that he wants to be assured that they are somewhere, in spatial sensuousness, even if things are bad with them, rather than that they do not exist at all, means nothing more than that the individual wishes to be conscious of his own empirical existence. The cloak of love was only a shadow; the naked empirical ego, self-love, the oldest love is the kernel, and it has not been rejuvenated into any more concrete, more ideal form. Plutarch is of the opinion that the name of change sounds more pleasant than that of completely ceasing to exist. But the change must not be a qualitative one; the individual ego in its individual being must persist; the name is therefore only the sensuous presentation of that which it is, and is meant to signify the opposite. It is therefore a lying fiction. The thing must not be changed, but only put in a dark place, the interposition of fantastic remoteness is only intended to conceal the qualitative leap—and every qualitative difference is a leap, without which there is no ideality.

Plutarch is further of the opinion that this consciousness of finiteness makes one weak and inactive, [generates] dissatisfaction with the present life; only it is not life that passes away, but merely this individual being. If this individual being considers itself as excluded from this persisting universal life, can it become richer and fuller by maintaining its tininess for an eternity? Does this relation change, or does it not rather remain ossified in its lifelessness? Is it not the same whether it finds itself in this indifferent relation to life today or whether this lasts hundreds of thousands of years?

Finally Plutarch says outright that it is not the content, the form, that matters, but the being of the individual. To be, even though torn to pieces by Cerberus. What is then the content of his teaching on immortality? That the individual, abstracted from the quality which gives him here his individual position, persists not as the being of a content, but as the atomistic form of being; is that not the same as what Epicurus says, namely, that the individual soul becomes dissolved and returns into the form of the atoms? To ascribe feeling to these atoms as such, even though it is granted that the content of this feeling is indifferent, is but an illogical fantasy. Plutarch therefore teaches the Epicurean doctrine in his polemic against Epicurus: but he does not forget always to present the μὴ ἔξωτα as the most fearful thing. This pure

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a Non-being.—Ed.
being-for-self is the atom. If in general the individual is assured of immortality not in his content, which, insofar as it is general, exists in itself in general, and, insofar as it is form, eternally individualises itself, if as individual being he is assured of immortality, then the concrete differentiation of the being-for-self ceases to exist, for the differentiation does not mean that the individual continues to exist, but that the eternal persists, unlike the transient, and all that this comes to is the assertion that the atom as such is eternal and that the animate returns to this its basic form.

Epicurus carries his teaching on immortality thus far, but he is philosophical and consistent enough to call it by its name, to say that the animate returns to the atomistic form. No compromise helps here. If some concrete differentiation of the individual must disappear, as is shown by life itself, then all those differentiations must disappear which are not in themselves universal and eternal. If the individual must nevertheless be indifferent to this μεταβολή,¹ then there remains only this atomistic husk of the former content; that is the teaching on the eternity of the atoms.

To whom eternity is as time
And time as eternity,
He from all strife
Is free,
says Jacobus Bohemus.¹⁸³

[XXVIII, 1] "Hence in abolishing belief in immortality they [the Epicureans] also abolish the sweetest and greatest hopes of the multitude." p. 1105.

If therefore Plutarch says that with immortality Epicurus takes away the sweetest hopes of the multitude, he would have been far more correct if he had said what he says meaning something else,

[XXVII, 3] he "does not remove [the terror of death] but rather explains it." [p. 1105.]

Epicurus does not negate this view, he explains it, he expresses it as a concept.

We now come to the class of the ἐπιστήμων and νόμον ἐγκύρως.²
Needless to say, it by no means takes us any further than the preceding, but what at first appeared as animal fear, then as human fear, as anxious suspiration, as reluctance to give up atomistic being, now appears in the form of arrogance, of

¹ Change.— Ed.
² Decent and reasonable.— Ed.
demand, of entitlement. Hence this class, as Plutarch describes it, departs most of all from reason. The lowest class puts forward no claims; the second weeps and will put up with anything to save the atomistic being; the third is the philistine who exclaims, "My God, that would be too much, that such a clever, honest fellow should have to go to the devill!"

[XXVIII, 1-4] "What then do we believe about the hopes of the good, whose lives have been pious and upright and who anticipate in the other world not evil, but the most beautiful and godly gifts? For in the first place, just as the athletes do not receive a wreath without a contest, but only when they have contested and won, so it is not to be wondered at, that those believe that the reward for victory in life will be conferred on the good only after life are intent on virtue; these hopes include also that of seeing at last the deserved punishment of those who in their wealth and power are injurious and insolent now and in their folly laugh to scorn those who are better than they. In the next place, no one longing for truth and the vision of reality has ever been able to find full satisfaction in this world. Hence I regard death as a great and perfect blessing since only in that other world will the soul live its real life, whereas [here] it does not truly live, but is as in a dream." p. 1105.

So these good and clever men expect the reward for life after life; but how inconsistent it is, in that case, to expect life again as a reward for life, since for them the reward for life is something qualitatively different from life. This qualitative difference is again clothed in fiction, life is not raised to any higher sphere, but transferred to another place. They only pretend to despise life, they are not concerned with anything better, they only clothe their hope in a demand.

They despise life, but [for them] their atomistic existence is the good thing in that life and they covet the eternity of their atomistic being, which is the good. If to them the whole of life seemed a spectre, something bad, whence their consciousness of being good? Only from knowledge of themselves as atomistic being, and Plutarch goes so far as to say that they are not satisfied with that consciousness, that because the empirical individual exists only insofar as he is seen by another, these good men rejoice now because after death those who until then despised them will truly see them as good and will have to recognise them and be punished because they did not previously consider them to be good. What a demand! The bad must recognise them in life as good and they themselves do not recognise the universal powers of life as good! Is that not the pride of the atom screwed up to the highest pitch?

Is that not saying in plain language how arrogant and self-conceited the eternal is made and how eternal the arid being-for-self is made when it has content! It is of no avail to conceal this with phrases, to say that nobody can satisfy his curiosity in this respect.
This demand does not express anything else than that the general must exist in the form of the individual as [individual] consciousness, and that this demand is eternally fulfilled by the general. But inasmuch as it is demanded that it should be present in this empirical, exclusive being-for-self, it means nothing but that it is a question not of the general, but of the atom.

So we see how Plutarch, in his polemic against Epicurus, says the same thing as Epicurus at every step; but Epicurus develops the conclusions simply, abstractly, truly and plainly and knows what he is talking about, whereas Plutarch everywhere says something else than what he means to say and at bottom also means something else than what he says.

That is in general the relationship of common consciousness to philosophical consciousness.

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[III.] 2. PLUTARCH, COLOTES, XYLANDER EDITION

[1, 1] "Colotes, my dear Saturninus, whom Epicurus used to call affectionately his 'Colly' and 'Collikins', brought out a book entitled On the Point that Conformity to the Doctrines of the Other Philosophers Actually Makes It Impossible to Live." p. 1107.

If in the preceding dialogue Plutarch tried to prove to Epicurus quod non beate vivi possit "according to his, Epicurus', philosophy, now he tries to vindicate the ἰδεῖα of the other philosophers against this objection on the part of the Epicureans. We shall see whether he succeeds better with this task than with the preceding one, in which the polemic can in effect be called a panegyric in favour of Epicurus. This dialogue has an important bearing on Epicurus' relationship to the other philosophers. Colotes makes a good joke when he offers Socrates hay instead of bread and asks him why he does not put his food in his ear, but in his mouth. Socrates occupied himself with very trivial matters, this being a necessary consequence of his historical position.

[III, 3] "Leonteus ... writes ... that Democritus was honoured by Epicurus for having embraced the true teaching before him, and ... because he had first discovered the principles of nature." p. 1108.

[VI, 3] "... the man who asserts that the majority are deceived in supposing that what heats is heating and what cools is cooling [is himself deceived] if he does not believe that from what he asserts it follows that nothing is of one nature more than of another." p. 1110.

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a That it is not possible to live happily.— Ed.
b Doctrines.— Ed.
Plutarch feels an itch every time Epicurus' philosophical logic breaks through to the front. The philistine is of the opinion that whoever argues that the cold is not cold and the warm is not warm, relying on the way such things are judged by the multitude in accordance with their sensations, deceives himself when he fails to assert that neither the one nor the other exists. Our learned friend does not realise that the differentiation is thus merely transferred from the object to consciousness. If one wishes to solve this dialectic of sensuous certitude in itself, one must admit that the attribute is in the combination, in the relation of sensuous knowledge to the sensuous, and as this relation is directly differentiated, so must the attribute also be directly differentiated. Thus the error will not be ascribed either to the object or to knowledge, but the whole of sensuous certainty will be considered as this fluctuating process. He who has not the dialectical power to negate this sphere as a whole, he who wishes to let it remain, must also be satisfied with the truth as it is present within this sphere. Plutarch is too incompetent a gentleman to do the former, and too honest and clever to do the latter.

[VII, 4] "... so that of every quality we can truly say, 'It no more is than is not'; for to those affected in a certain way the thing is, but to those not so affected it is not." p. 1110.

So, Plutarch says, one would have to say of every property that it no more is than is not, for it changes according to the way one is affected. His question alone suffices to show that he does not understand the matter. He speaks of a fixed being or non-being as a predicate. But the being of the sensuous consists rather in not being such a predicate, in not being a fixed being or non-being. When I separate these in this way, I separate precisely that which is not separated in sensuousness. Ordinary thinking always has ready abstract predicates which it separates from the subject. All philosophers have made the predicates themselves into subjects.

a) Epicurus and Democritus

[VII, 2] "He [Colotes] says that Democritus' words 'colour is by convention, sweet by convention, a compound by convention, ... [what is real is the void] and the atoms' are in conflict with our senses, and that anyone who abides by this reasoning and applies it is not capable of reflecting whether he is [dead] or alive." [VIII, 3] "Against this proposition I have nothing to object, but I must say that this is as inseparable from Epicurus' doctrine as shape and weight are by their own [the Epicureans'] assertion inseparable from the atom. [VIII, 4-5] For what does Democritus say? That entities infinite in number, indivisible and different, destitute moreover of quality and of perception, move scattered about in the void; that when they draw near one another or collide or become entangled the resulting aggregate appears in the one case
to be water, in others fire, a plant, or a man, but that everything really is atoms, 'ideas', as he calls them, and nothing else. For there is no generation from the non-existent, and again nothing can be generated from the existent, as the atoms owing to their solidity can be neither affected nor changed. From this it follows that no colour comes from the colourless, and no nature or mind from things without qualities.... [VIII, 6] Democritus is therefore to be censured not for admitting the consequences which flow from his principles, but for setting up principles that lead to these consequences. For he should not have posited immutable first elements; but having posited them, he should have observed that the generation of any quality becomes impossible and denied it although he had noted it. But Epicurus is quite unreasonable when he says that he lays down the same first principles, but does not say that 'colour is by convention' and so the other qualities. [VIII, 7] If this is the case with 'not-saying', does he not then admit that he is following his usual practice; for he does away with providence and says he has left piety; he entertains friendship for the sake of pleasure, and says that he is ready to assume the greatest pains for friends; and he posits an infinite universe but does not eliminate 'up' and 'down'.” [pp. 1110-1111.]

IX, 1-2 “'What then? Did not Plato too and Aristotle and Xenocrates find themselves producing gold from something not gold ... and everything else from four simple and primary bodies?' ... But in their view the first principles combine at the outset to generate every thing and bring with them their inherent qualities as no inconsiderable provision; and when they have combined, and wet has come together with dry, cold with hot, and so on, bodies which interact on each other and change throughout, then by another mixture they bring into being another product. [IX, 3] But the atom stands alone and is destitute of any generative power, and when it collides with another owing to its hardness and resistance it undergoes a shock, but it neither suffers nor causes any further effect. Rather the atoms receive and inflict blows for all time, and are unable to produce a living thing or mind or natural being or even to produce out of themselves a common mass or a single heap in their constant colliding and scattering.” p. 1111.

b) Epicurus and Empedocles

[X, 1] “But Colotes ... fastens in turn on Empedocles, ... who writes:
This too I'll tell thee:
No nature is there of a mortal thing
Nor any curst fatality of death.
Mixture alone there is and dissolution
Of things commingled, and men call them nature.” p. 1111.

[X, 2] “I for one do not see to what extent it is in conflict with life to assume that there can be neither generation of the non-existent nor destruction of the existent, but that 'generation' is a name given to the conjunction of certain existsents with one another, and 'death' a name given to their separation. That he used 'nature' in the sense of generation Empedocles has indicated by opposing death to it. [X, 3] But if those who say that generation is a mixing and death a dissolution do not and cannot live, what else do they [the Epicureans] do? Yet when Empedocles cements and joins the elements together by the operation of heat, softness, etc., he somehow opens the way for them to a 'mixture' that coalesces into a natural unity; whereas those [i.e., the Epicureans] who herd together unchangeable and unresponsive atoms produce nothing out of them, but cause an uninterrupted series of collisions among the atoms. For an entanglement that is supposed to prevent dissolution produces rather an intensification of the collisions, so that what they call generation is neither mixture nor
cohesion, but confusion and conflict. [X, 4] ... so that nothing, not even an inanimate body, is produced out of them; [X, 5] while perception, mind, intelligence and thought cannot so much as be conceived, even with the best of will, as arising among void and atoms, things which taken separately have no quality and which on meeting are not thereby affected or changed; indeed their meeting or fusion produces neither mixture nor coalescence, but only shocks and rebounds. [X, 6] Thus by such doctrines life and the existence of living things are made impossible, since they are based on principles which are void, impassive, godless, and moreover incapable of mixture or fusion.” [XI, 1-2] “Then how can they claim to leave room for a thing’s nature, for a soul, for a living being? As they do for an oath, for prayer, for sacrifice, for worship ... in words, by affirmation, by pretending, by naming things while by their principles and their doctrines they do away with all this. So by ‘nature’ they merely mean a thing that naturally is, and by ‘generation’ a thing generated, just as something wooden is commonly called ‘wood’ and what harmonises ‘harmony’.” [p. 1111-1112.

[XI, 2] “Why (says Colotes, scilicet adversus Empedoclem) do we wear ourselves out, toiling for ourselves and seeking certain things and avoiding others? For neither do we exist nor live in association with others. [XI, 3] ‘Why never fear,’ one might say, ‘my dear little Colotes; no one keeps you from taking care of yourself when he teaches that Colotes’ nature is nothing but Colotes himself or from attending to affairs (affairs for you and your company being pleasures) when he points out that there is no nature of cakes or odours or intercourse, but that there are cakes and perfumes and women.’ [XI, 4] No more does the grammarian, who says that ‘Heracles’ strength’ is Heracles himself [, deny the existence of Heracles]; nor do those who declare that accords and rafters are mere forms of speech deny the existence of sounds and rafters....”

[XI, 5] “When Epicurus says, ‘the nature of existing things is bodies and void’, do we take him to mean that ‘nature’ is distinct from ‘existing things’, or simply to indicate ‘existing things’ and nothing more, just as it is his habit for instance to use the expression ‘the nature of void’ for ‘void’ and, by Zeus, ‘the nature of the universe’ for ‘the universe’? p. 1112.

[XI, 6] “What else, then, has Empedocles done when he teaches that nature is not distinct from that which is generated nor death from what dies?” p. 1112.

Empedocles is quoted:

[XI, 7-8] “When what is mixed [comes] to the light of day
As man or as a beast or plant or bird,
[Men say] ’tis born; but call the parts disjoined
Unhappy fate.’

Though Colotes cites these lines himself, he fails to see that Empedocles did not abolish men, beasts, etc., by saying they are produced by the mixture of the elements—but rather, when he showed how wrong those are who call this combination and separation ‘nature’, ‘unhappy fate’ and ‘lurid death’, he did not wish to abolish the use of the current expressions for them.” [p. 1113.]

[XII, 1-2] “Fools! For they have no thoughts that range afar

Who look for birth of what was not before
Or for a thing to die and wholly perish.’

These are the words of one who says in ringing tones for all who have ears to hear that he does not abolish generation, but only generation from the non-existent; nor

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a To wit, to Empedocles.— Ed.
abolish destruction, but only out and out destruction, that is, the destruction that reduces to non-existence." [p. 1113.]

[XII, 3] "'No sage in his prophetic soul would say
That, while men live (this thing they call their 'life'),
So long they are, and suffer good and ill;
But both before the joining of their frame,
And once it is disjoined, why, they are nothing.'
For these are not the words of one who denies the existence of men who have been born and are living, but rather of one who takes both the unborn and the already dead to exist." [p. 1113.]

[XII, 4-5] "[... but [Colotes] says that in Empedocles' view we shall never so much as fall ill or receive a wound. But how can one who says that before life and after life each person suffers 'good and ill', leave no suffering to the living? Who is it, Colotes, that really find themselves impervious to wounds and disease? You yourselves, compacted of atom and void, neither of which has any sensation. Not this is objectionable, but that there is nothing to give you pleasure either, since your atom does not receive the causes of pleasure and your void does not respond to them." p. 1113.

c) Epicurus and Parmenides.

[XIII, 2-3] "Yet I do not see how, by saying that 'the universe is one', he has made it impossible for us to live. So Epicurus too, when he says that 'the universe' is infinite, ungenerated and imperishable, and subject neither to increase nor diminution, speaks of the universe as of some one thing. When he premises at the beginning of his treatise that 'the nature of things is atoms and void', he treats that nature as one, dividing it into two parts, one of them actually nothing, but termed by you and your company 'intangible', 'empty', and 'bodiless'. So that for you too the universe is one.... [XIII, 5] Observe right here the sort of first principles you people premise for generation: infinity and the void—the void incapable of action, incapable of being acted upon, bodiless; the infinite disordered, irrational, elusive, disrupting and confounding itself because of a multiplicity that defies control or limitation. [XIII, 6] Parmenides, for one, has abolished neither 'fire' nor 'water'... nor 'cities lying in Europe and Asia' (in Colotes' words).... [XIII, 8] But before all others and even before Socrates he saw that nature has in it something that we apprehend by opinion, and again something that we apprehend by the intellect...." [pp. 1113-1114.]

"... what belongs to the world of the intellect ... is

'Entire, unmoving and unborn',
to quote his own words, and is always like itself and enduring in what it is...."
[p. 1114.]

"Colotes says outright that Parmenides makes a clean sweep of all things by affirming that the universe is one." [p. 1114.]

[XIII, 9] "... the world of the intellect ... which he calls 'being' because it is eternal and imperishable, and 'one' because it is uniform with itself and admits of no variation; while he puts what belongs to the world of the senses under the head of disordered and moving nature." [p. 1114.]

[XIII, 10] "'Here most persuasive truth...'
which deals with what is thought and forever unalterably the same, and there

'... man's beliefs, that lack all true persuasion',
because they deal with objects admitting all manner of changes, accidents, and irregularities." p. 1114.

"Thus the contention that being is one was no denial of the plural and perceptible, but an indication of its distinction from what is thought." p. 1114.

d) Epicurus and Plato

A proof of Plutarch's unphilosophical manner of thinking is provided by the following passage on Aristotle:

[XIV, 4] "As for the ideas for which he (Colotes) denounces Plato, Aristotle, who everywhere assails them and brings up against them every sort of objection in his treatises on ethics and on physics and in his popular dialogues, was held by some to be more contentious than philosophical in his attitude to this doctrine and bent on undermining Plato's philosophy...." p. 1115.

[XV, 2] "[...] but he [Colotes], who has not a grain of wisdom, took 'man is not' to be one and the same as 'man is non-existent'. But in Plato's view there is a world of difference between 'is not' and 'is non-existent', for by the former is meant the denial of any kind of being, by the latter the otherness of the partaken and what it partakes in [XV, 3] that later philosophers brought under the head of a mere difference of genus and species, and went no higher because they became involved in greater problems of logic."

(Yet another passage from which one can see the immanent, self-satisfied stupidity beati Plutarchi.)

[XV, 4] "The relation of the partaken in to the partaker is that of cause to matter, model to copy, power to effect." p. 1115.

If Plutarch says about Plato's doctrine of ideas,

[XV, 7] "... he does not deny the sensuous, but asserts that what is thought has being", p. 1116,

it is because the stupid eclectic does not see that this is precisely what Plato must be reproached with. He does not negate the sensuous, but he asserts that what is thought has being. Thus sensuous being is not expressed in thought, and what is thought too has a being, so that two realms of being exist one beside the other. Here one can see how easily Plato's pedantry finds a response among common men, and as for Plutarch's philosophical views, we can class him among the common men. It goes without saying that what in Plato appears original, necessary, at a certain stage of general philosophical development splendid, is in an individual witnessing the departure of the ancient world a shallow reminiscence of the ecstasy of a dead man, a lamp of antediluvian

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a Marx's manuscript has: Aristotle.— Ed.
b Of blessed Plutarch.— Ed.
times, the perverseness of an old man who has relapsed into childhood.

There can be no better criticism of Plato than Plutarch's praise.

[XV, 7] "He does not deny the effect produced on us and made perceptible in us, but points out to those who follow him that there are other things more stable and more enduring"

(notions abstracted from sensuous perception and hollow)

"in being because they neither begin nor come to an end nor are subject to any influence

(note μν—μν—μν—3 negative determinations),

"and teaches by formulating the difference more clearly in words"

(correct, the difference is a nominal one),

"to call the one things that are and the other things that come to be." p. 1116.

[XV, 8] "The more recent [philosophers] have also done the like; they refuse to many important realities the name of being—the void, time, place and, generally, the whole class of nameable things, which includes all real ones. For these, they say, though they are not 'being', are nevertheless 'something'; and they continue to make use of them in their lives and their philosophy as permanent and enduring magnitudes." p. 1116.

Plutarch now addresses Colotes and asks whether they themselves do not distinguish between stable and transient being, etc.

Now Plutarch becomes waggish and says:

[XVI, 2] "... but Epicurus is wiser than Plato in acknowledging that all alike have being.... He holds that the transient has the same being as the eternal ... and realities that can never divest themselves of their being the same as those whose being lies in the fact that they are acted upon and changed and which never remain the same. [XVI, 3] Yet if Plato was indeed greatly mistaken in this, he should be called to account for confusion of terms by those who speak better Greek." p. 1116.

It is amusing to listen to this swaggering respectability which thinks itself clever. He himself, that is, Plutarch, reduces the Platonic differentiation of being to two names, and yet on the other hand claims that the Epicureans are wrong when they ascribe a stable being to both sides (nevertheless they distinguish quite well the ἄφθαρτον b and the ἀγέννητον c from that which exists by composition); does not Plato also do this if the εἶναι d stands stable on the one hand and the γενεσθαι e on the other?

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a Neither—nor—nor.—Ed.
b Indestructible.—Ed.
c Uncreated, having no beginning.—Ed.
d Being.—Ed.
e Becoming.—Ed.
EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY

Fourth Notebook

III. PLUTARCH. 2. COLOTES

IV. LUCRETIUS, ON THE NATURE OF THINGS
(THREE BOOKS, 1, 2, 3)

III. PLUTARCH. 2. COLOTES

e) Epicurus and Socrates

[XIX, 2] "For it is one of Epicurus’ tenets that none but the sage is unalterably convinced of anything." p. 1117.

An important passage as regards Epicurus’ attitude to Scepticism.

[XIX, 5] "[...] but the reflection by which we conclude that the senses are not accurate or trustworthy enough does not deny that every single object presents to us a certain appearance, but, though we make use of the perceptions as they appear to us in what we do, it does not allow us to trust them as absolutely and [infallibly] true. [For it is sufficient that they are necessary and that] they are useful, since there is nothing better available." p. 1118.

[XX, 1] "When he [Colotes] ridicules and scorns Socrates for seeking to discover what man is and flauntingly (as Colotes puts it) declaring that he did not know it, we can see that Colotes himself had never dealt with the problem." p. 1118.

f) Epicurus and Stilpo

[XXII, 1-2] "... he [Colotes] says that Stilpo makes life impossible by the assertion that nothing else can be predicated of one thing. For how shall we live if we cannot say that man is good, etc., but only that man is man ... good is good", etc. p. 1119.

While it really must be admitted that Colotes knows how to feel out an opponent’s weaknesses, Plutarch lacks philosophical bearings to such an extent that he does not even know what it is all about, especially when the proposition of abstract identity as the death of all life is formulated and censured. He makes the following foolish retort, worthy of the very stupidest village schoolmaster:

[XXII, 3] "What man’s life was ever the worse because of it? Who that heard that assertion [i.e., Stilpo’s] did not recognise it as coming from a witty mocker or from one who wished to offer it as a dialectical exercise for others? What is bad,
Colotes, is not to refuse to call a man good ... but to refuse to call God God and not to believe in him (and this is what you or your company do), who will not admit that a Zeus exists who presides over generation, or Demeter, the giver of laws, or Poseidon, the begetter. It is this disjoining of one word from another that works harm and fills your lives with contempt of the gods and shamelessness, when you tear away from the gods the appellations attached to them and also annihilate all sacrifices, mysteries, processions and festivals.” p. 1119.

[XXIII, 1] “Stilpo’s point, however, is this: if we predicate ... running of a horse, the predicate (he maintains) is not the same as that of which it is predicated, but the concept of what man is is one thing, and that of goodness is another [...], for when asked for a definition we do not give the same for both. Therefore they err who predicate one of the other....”

[XXIII, 2] “For if good is the same as man ... how comes it that [we can] also predicate good of food and of medicine...?” p. 1120.

A very good and important exposition of Stilpo.

g) Epicurus and the Cyrenaics

[XXIV, 4-5] “For they [the Cyrenaics] say we are affected by sweetness and darkness, each of these influences possessing within itself a specific and unchangeable effect ... whereas the view that honey is sweet ... and night air dark, encounters evidence to the contrary from many witnesses,—animals, things, and men alike; for to some honey is disagreeable, while others feed on [it]. Accordingly opinion continues free from error only as long as it keeps to experience; but when it strays beyond and meddles with judgments and pronouncements about external appearances, it is forever getting embroiled with itself and falling into conflict with others in whom the same things give rise to contrary experiences and dissimilar impressions.” p. 1120.

[XXV, 2, 4-5] “For the school that asserts that when a round image impinges on us, or in another case a bent one, the imprint is truly received by the senses, but refuses to allow us to affirm that the tower is round or that the oar is bent, maintains the truth of its impressions as real manifestations, but will not admit that external objects correspond ... for it is the image producing the effect in the eye that is bent.... Thus, since the impression produced on the senses differs from the external object, belief must stick to the impression or be proved if it claims being as well as appearance.” p. 1121.

h) Epicurus and the Academics (Arcesilaus)

What Plutarch says on this subject is confined to the fact that the Academics recognise three movements: φανταστικόν, ὄρμητικόν and συγκαταθετικόν” [p. 1122], and the error is in the last; so what is perceptible to the senses disappears neither in practice nor in theory, but opinion does.

He tries to prove to the Epicureans that they doubt much of what is evident.

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* Imaginative, impulsive and assentive.— Ed.
IV. LUCRETIUS, ON THE NATURE OF THINGS
Published by Eichstädt, 1801, Vol. 1

It goes without saying that but little use can be made of Lucretius.

Book I

"When human life lay grovelling in all men's sight, crushed to the earth under the dead weight of religion, whose grim features loured menacingly upon mortals from the four quarters of the sky, a man of Greece was first to raise mortal eyes in defiance, first to stand erect and brave the challenge. Fables of the gods did not crush him, nor the lightning flash and the growling menace of the sky.... Therefore religion in its turn lies crushed beneath his feet, and we by his triumph are lifted level with the skies."

ll. 63-80.

"Nothing can ever be created by divine power out of nothing."
ll. 151.

"... if things were made out of nothing, any species could spring from any source, and nothing would require seed."
ll. 160 and 161.

"Be not, however, mistrustful of my words, because the primary principles of things are not visible to the eyes."
ll. 268 and 269.

"Therefore nature works through the agency of invisible bodies."
ll. 329.

"Neither are things hemmed in by the pressure of solid bodies in a tight mass. This is because there is void in things."
ll. 330 and 331.

"This" (scilicet inanis cognitio") "will save you from ever brooding about the universe... For there is a space, untouched and void and vacant. If it did not exist, things could not move at all.... Nothing could proceed, because nothing would give it a starting point by receding.... And if there were no empty space ... things could not possibly have come into existence, hemmed in as they would have been in motionless matter."
ll. 383-386.

"... mingled with the things is void, from whence things first receive the possibility of movement."
ll. 383-384.

"All ... nature ... consists of two things, bodies and the void." ll. 420 and 421.

"Similarly, time by itself does not exist ... no one can sense time by itself apart from the movement of things and restful immobility."
ll. 460-464.

"Neither bodies exist by themselves nor can [events] be said to be by themselves. Events cannot be said to be by themselves like matter or in the same sense as the void. Rather, they must be described as accidents of matter, or of the place in which things happen."
ll. 480-483.

"... we have found that nature is twofold, consisting of two totally different things, matter and space.... Each of these must exist by itself, without admixture of the other. For, where there is empty space ... there matter is not, where matter exists, there cannot be a void."
ll. 504-510.

"... matter ... everlasting...."
ll. 541.

"... there must be an ultimate point in objects.... This point is without parts and is the smallest thing that can exist. It never has been and never will be able to exist by itself."
ll. 600-604.

"... there are certain bodies ... they do not resemble fire or anything else that can bombard our senses with particles or impinge on our organs of touch."
ll. 685-690.

a To wit, the knowledge of the void (note by Marx). — Ed.
“Again, if everything is created from four things and resolved into them, why should we say that these are the elements of things rather than the reverse—that other things are the elements of these?”  
ll. 764-767.

“... then nothing can be created from them [the four elements], neither animate, nor, like a tree, with inanimate body. For each element in a composite assemblage will betray its own nature, air will appear mixed with earth, and fire will remain side by side with moisture. But in fact the elements, in giving birth to things, must contribute a nature that is hidden and viewless, so that nothing may show that conflicts with the thing created and prevents it from being distinctively itself.”  
ll. 773-781.

“... they make ... things never cease to interchange, migrating (to be precise, fire rising into the air, hence is born rain, then earth, and from the earth all returns again) from heaven to earth, from earth to the starry firmament. This is something elements ought never to do. For it is essential that something should remain immutable, or everything would be reduced to nothing. For, if ever anything is so transformed that it oversteps its own limits, this means the immediate death of what was before.”  
ll. 783-793.

“... because there are in things many elements common to many things commingled in many ways, various things draw their food from various sources.”  
ll. 814-816.

“For the same elements compose sky, sea and lands, rivers and sun, crops, trees and animals, but they are moving differently and in different combinations.”  
ll. 820-822.

“Add to this that he” (Anaxagoras) “makes the elements too frail.... For which of these things will withstand violent assault, so as to escape extinction...? Will fire or water or air? Will blood or bones? Nothing, I maintain, will escape, where everything is as perishingly as those objects that we see vanishing from before our eyes under stress of some force or other.”  
ll. 847-856.

“If flame, smoke and ashes lurk unseen in wood, then wood must consist of unlike matter which rises out of it.”  
ll. 872-873.

“Here is left some scanty cover for escaping detection, and Anaxagoras avails himself of it. He asserts that there is in everything a mixture of everything, but all the ingredients escape detection except the one whose particles are most numerous and conspicuous and lie nearest the surface. This is far removed from the truth. Otherwise it would naturally happen that corn, when it is crushed by the dire force of the grindstone, would often show some signs of blood.... When sticks are snapped, ashes and smoke ought to be revealed, and tiny hidden fires. But observation plainly shows that none of these things happens. It is clear therefore that one sort of thing is not intermingled with another in this way, but there must be in things a mixture of invisible seeds that are common to many sorts.”

ll. 874-895.

“Now do you see the point of my previous remark, that it makes a great difference in what combinations and positions the same elements occur, and what motions they mutually pass on and take over, so that with a little reshuffling the same ones may produce forests and fires? This is just how the words themselves are formed, by a little reshuffling of the elements, when we pronounce ‘forests' and ‘fires' as two distinct utterances.”  
ll. 906-913.

a The words in brackets are Marx's summary of ll. 784-786.—Ed.
“... the universe is not bounded in any direction. If it were, it would necessarily have a limit somewhere. But clearly a thing cannot have a limit unless there is something outside to limit it.... Since you must admit that there is nothing outside the universe, it can have no limit, and is accordingly without end or measure.”

ll. 957-963.

“Further, if all the space in the universe were shut in and confined on every side by definite boundaries ... there would be no sky.... As it is, no rest is given to the atoms, because there is no bottom where they can accumulate and take up their abode. Things are happening all the time, through ceaseless motion in every direction; and atoms of matter bouncing up from below are supplied out of the infinite.”

ll. 983-996.

“Nature ... compels body to be bounded by void and void by body. Thus it makes both of them infinite in alternation, or else one of them, if it is not bounded by the other, must extend in a pure state, without limit.”

ll. 1008-1012.

“None of these results would be possible if there were not an ample supply of matter to rise up out of infinite space to replace in time all that is lost. Just as animals deprived of food waste away through loss of body, so everything must decay as soon as its supply of matter goes astray and is cut off.”

ll. 1034-1040.

As nature in spring lays herself bare and, as though conscious of victory, displays all her charm, whereas in winter she covers up her shame and nakedness with snow and ice, so Lucretius, fresh, keen, poetic master of the world, differs from Plutarch, who covers his paltry ego with the snow and ice of morality. When we see an individual anxiously buttoned-up and cringing into himself, we involuntarily clutch at coat and clasp, make sure that we are still there, as if afraid to lose ourselves. But at the sight of an intrepid acrobat we forget ourselves, feel ourselves raised out of our own skins like universal forces and breathe more fearlessly. Who is it that feels in the more moral and free state of mind—he who has just come out of Plutarch's classroom, reflecting on how unjust it is that the good should lose with life the fruit of their life, or he who sees eternity fulfilled, hears the bold thundering song of Lucretius:

“... high hope of fame has struck my heart with its sharp goad and in so doing has implanted in my breast the sweet love of the Muses. That is the spur that lends my spirit strength to pioneer through pathless tracts of their Pierian realm where no foot has ever trod before. What joy it is to light upon virgin springs and drink their waters. What joy to pluck new flowers and gather for my brow a glorious garland from fields whose blossoms were never yet wretched by the Muses round any head. This was my reward for teaching on these lofty topics, for struggling to loose men's minds from the tight knots of religion and shedding on dark corners the bright beams of my song that irradiate everything with the sparkle of the Muses.”

ll. 921 ff.

He who would not prefer to build the whole world out of his own resources, to be a creator of the world, rather than to be eternally bothering about himself, has already been anathematised by the spirit, he is under an interdict, but in the opposite sense; he
is expelled from the temple and deprived of the eternal enjoyment of the spirit and left to sing lullabies about his own private bliss and to dream about himself at night.

"Blessedness is not the reward of virtue, but is virtue itself."  

We shall also see how infinitely more philosophically Lucretius grasps Epicurus than does Plutarch. The first necessity for philosophical investigation is a bold, free mind.

First we must appreciate the pertinent criticism of earlier natural philosophers from the Epicurean viewpoint. It is all the more worthy of consideration since it brings out in a masterly manner what is specific in the teaching of Epicurus.

We here consider in particular what is taught about Empedocles and Anaxagoras, since the same points are still more valid for the others.

1. No *definite* elements can be considered to be the substance, for if everything is included in them and everything arises out of them, what forbids us to assume, on the contrary, that in this alternating process the totality of other things is their principle, since they themselves possess only a determinate, limited mode of existence side by side with the others and are brought forth likewise by the process of these [other] existences? And the other way round (ll. 764-768).

2. If a number of definite elements are held to be the substance, then they reveal on the one hand their natural one-sidedness by maintaining themselves in conflict with each other, asserting their determinateness and so dissolving in their opposite; on the other hand they are subject to a natural process, mechanical or other, and reveal their formative ability as one confined to their individuality.

If we concede the Ionian natural philosophers the historical excuse that their fire, water, etc., were not the things perceptible to the senses but something general, then Lucretius as an opponent is completely right in criticising them on these grounds. If obvious elements, obvious to the daylight of the senses, are taken to be the basic substances, then these have as their criterion sensuous perception and the sensuous forms of their existence. If one says that what is in question is a determination of another kind, in which they are the principles of that which exists, then it is a determination which their sensuous individuality conceals;

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* B. Spinoza, *Ethics*, Part V, Prop. 42.—Ed.
only in internal, therefore external, determination are they principles; that is, they are not principles as given definite elements, precisely not in that which distinguishes each element from the others as fire, water, etc. (ll. 773 ff.)

3. But thirdly the view that definite elements are basic principles is contradicted not only by their limited existence side by side with others, from which they are arbitrarily singled out, and in respect of which, therefore, they differ only according to the determination of number; but being limited far more by the plurality, the infinite number of the others, they seem not only to be determined as to their principle by their mutual relationship in their particularity, which reveals an exclusion just as much as a formative power enclosed in natural limits; but the process itself by which they are supposed to generate the world manifests their finiteness and changeability.

As they are elements enclosed in a particular natural form, their creativity can only be a particular one, that is, their own transformation, which again has the form of particularity, namely, natural particularity; that is, their creativity is the natural process of their transformation. So these natural philosophers have fire flicker in the air, so rain is produced and falls down, and so the earth is formed. What is shown here is the elements’ own changeability and not their constancy, not their substantial being, which they [the natural philosophers] assert as principles; for their creativity is rather the death of their particular existence, and what proceeds out of them comes rather from their non-persistency (ll. 783 ff.).

The mutual necessity of the elements and natural things for each other’s existence signifies only that their conditions are their own powers, outside them as well as inside them.

4. Lucretius now comes to the homoeomerias* of Anaxagoras. His objection to them is that

"[he makes] the elements too frail" [ll. 847-848],

for since the homoeomerias have the same quality, are the same substance, as that of which they are homoeomerias, we must also attribute to them the same transience as is evident in their concrete manifestations. If wood conceals within itself fire and smoke, that means that it is a mixture ex alienigeneis[b] [ll. 873]. If every body were made up of all the seeds perceptible to the senses, when it was broken up it would be seen to contain them.

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[a] Seeds.— Ed.
[b] Of unlike species.— Ed.
It may seem strange that a philosophy like that of Epicurus, which proceeds from the sphere of the sensuous and, at least in cognition, assesses it as the highest criterion, should posit as principle such an abstraction, such a *caeca potestas* as the atom. Concerning this, see lines 773 ff. and 783 ff., where it is seen that the principle must have an independent existence without any particular sensuously perceptible, physical quality. It is substance:

"... the same elements compose sky, sea and lands, rivers and sun,“ etc.  
ll. 820 ff.

Universality is inherent in it.
An important remark on the relationship of the atom and the void. Lucretius says of this *duplex natura*:

"... each of these must exist by itself, without admixture of the other."  
ll. 504 ff.

Further, they are mutually exclusive:

“For, where there is empty space ... there matter is not.”  
loc. cit.

Each one is itself the principle, so that the principle is neither the atom nor the void, but their basis, that which each of them manifests as an independent nature. This mean is enthroned at the consummation of Epicurean philosophy.

On the void as a principle of motion, see ll. 363 ff., notably as an immanent principle, see ll. 383 ff., τὸ ἄτομον τὸ ἄτομον, the objectivised antithesis of thinking and being.

**LUCRETIUS, ON THE NATURE OF THINGS**

*Book II*

"But nothing is sweeter than to stand in a quiet temple stoutly fortified by the teaching of the wise."  
ll. 7 ff.

"O joyless hearts of men! O minds without vision! How dark and dangerous the life in which this tiny span is lived away!”  
ll. 14 ff.

"As children in blank darkness tremble and start at everything, so we in broad daylight fear.... This dread and darkness of the mind cannot be dispelled by the sunbeams, the shining shafts of day, but only by an understanding of the outward form and inner workings of nature."  
ll. 54 ff.

"Since the atoms are moving freely through the void, they must all be kept in motion either by their own weight or by the impact of another....“  
ll. 82 ff.

"Remember that the universe has nowhere a bottom: there is no place where the

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*a* Blind power.— Ed.

*b* Dual nature.— Ed.

*c* The void and the atom.— Ed.
atoms could come to rest. It has been variously proved that space is without end or limit and spreads out immeasurably in all directions alike...."  ll. 89 ff.

"... no rest is given to the atoms in their course through the depths of space ... but [they are driven] in an incessant and variable movement", etc.  ll. 94 ff.

The formation of combinations of atoms, their repulsion and attraction, is a noisy affair. An uproarious contest, a hostile tension, constitutes the workshop and the smithy of the world. The world in the depths of whose heart there is such tumult, is torn within.

Even the sunbeam, falling on shady places, is an image of this eternal war.

"A multitude of tiny particles ... within the light of the beam, as though contending in everlasting conflict, rushing into battle rank upon rank with never a moment's pause in a rapid sequence of unions and disunions. From this you may picture what it is for the atoms to be perpetually tossed about in the illimitable void."  ll. 115 ff.

One sees how the blind, uncanny power of fate is transposed into the arbitrary will of the person, of the individual, and shatters the forms and substances.

"Besides, there is a further reason why you should give your mind to these particles that are seen dancing in a sunbeam: their dancing is an actual indication of underlying movements of matter that are hidden from our sight. There you will see many particles under the impact of invisible blows changing their course and driven back upon their tracks."  ll. 124 ff.

"First the atoms are set in motion by themselves. Then those small compound bodies that are, as it were, least removed from the impetus of the atoms are set in motion by the impact of their invisible blows and in turn cannon against slightly larger bodies. So the movement mounts up from the atoms and gradually emerges to the level of our senses, so that at last those bodies are in motion that we see in sunbeams, moved by blows that remain invisible."  ll. 132 ff.

"... when separate atoms are travelling, simple and solid, through empty space, they encounter no obstruction from without and move as single units on the course on which they have embarked. They must certainly have greater speed than anything else and move far faster than the light of the sun..."  ll. 156 ff.

"Even if I knew nothing of the atoms, I would venture to assert on the evidence of the celestial phenomena themselves, supported by many other arguments, that the universe was certainly not created for us by divine power..."  ll. 177 ff.

"... no material thing can be uplifted or travel upwards by its own power."  ll. 185 f.

The declinatio atomorum a via recta\textsuperscript{a} is one of the most profound conclusions, and it is based on the very essence of the Epicurean philosophy. Cicero might well laugh at it, he knew as little about philosophy as about the president of the United States of North America.

\textsuperscript{a} Declination of the atoms from the straight line.— Ed.
The straight line, the simple direction, is the negation of immediate being-for-self, of the point; it is the negated point; the straight line is the being-otherwise of the point. The atom, the material point, which excludes from itself the being-otherwise and is absolute immediate being-for-self, excludes therefore the simple direction, the straight line, and swerves away from it. It shows that its nature is not spatiality, but being-for-self. The law which it follows is different from that of spatiality.

The straight line is not only the being-negated of the point, but also its existence. The atom is indifferent to the breadth of existence, it does not split up into differences which have being, but just as little is it mere being, the immediate, which is, as it were, indifferent to its being, but it exists rather precisely in being different from existence; it encloses itself in itself against that existence; in terms of the sensuous it swerves away from the straight line.

As the atom swerves away from its premise, divests itself of its qualitative nature and therein shows that this divestment, this premiseless, contentless being-enclosed-in-self exists for itself, that thus its proper quality appears, so also the whole of the Epicurean philosophy swerves away from the premises; so pleasure, for example, is the swerving away from pain, consequently from the condition in which the atom appears as differentiated, as existing, burdened with non-being and premises. But the fact that pain exists, etc., that these premises from which it swerves away exist for the individual—this is its finiteness, and therein it is accidental. True, we already find that in themselves these premises exist for the atom, for it would not swerve away from the straight line if the straight line did not exist for it. But this results from the position of the Epicurean philosophy, which seeks the premiseless in the world of the substantial premise, or, to express it in terms of logic, inasmuch as for it [the Epicurean philosophy] the being-for-self is the exclusive, the immediate principle, it has existence directly confronting it, has not logically overcome it.

Determinism is swerved away from by accident, [i.e.] necessity, and arbitrariness raised to the status of law; God swerves away from the world, it does not exist for him, and therein is he God.

It can therefore be said that the declinatio atomi a recta via is the law, the pulse, the specific quality of the atom; and this is why the teaching of Democritus was a quite different philosophy, not the philosophy of the age as the Epicurean philosophy was.

"If it were not for this swerve, everything would fall downwards ... through the abyss of space. No collision would take place and no impact of atom on atom would be created. Thus nature would never have created anything."  
ll. 221 ff.
Inasmuch as the world is created, as the atom refers itself to itself, that is, to another atom, so its [the atom’s] motion is not one which presupposes a being-otherwise, the motion of the straight line, but one which swerves away from the latter, refers itself to itself. In sensuous imagination, the atom can refer itself only to the atom, each of the atoms swerving away from the straight line.

“For this reason also the atoms must swerve a little, but only a very little, so that we will not imagine slantwise movements, which the fact refutes.”  II. 243 ff.

“Again, if all movement is always interconnected, the new arising from the old in a determinate order—if the atoms never swerve so as to originate some new movement that will snap the bonds of fate, the everlasting sequence of cause and effect—what is the source of the free will possessed by living things throughout the earth? What, I repeat, is the source of that will-power snatched from the fates, whereby we follow the path along which we are severally led by pleasure...?”  II. 251 ff.

“... on these occasions the will of the individual originates the movements that trickle through his limbs”, etc.  II. 281 f.

The *declinatio a recta via* is the *arbitrium*, the specific substance, the true quality of the atom.

“So also in the atoms you must recognise the same possibility: besides weight and impact there must be a third cause of movement, the source of this inborn power of ours, since we see that nothing can come out of nothing. For the weight of an atom prevents its movements from being completely determined by the impact of other atoms. But the fact that the mind itself has no internal necessity to determine its every act and compel it to suffer in helpless passivity—this is due to the slight swerve of the atoms, not determined by place or time.”  II. 284 ff.

This *declinatio*, this *clinamen*, is neither *regione loci certa* nor *tempore certo*, it is not a sensuous quality, it is the soul of the atom. In the void the differentiation of weight disappears, that is, it is no external condition of motion, but being-for-self, immanent, absolute movement itself.

“But empty space can offer no resistance to any object in any quarter at any time, so as not to yield free passage as its own nature demands. Therefore, through undisturbed vacuum all bodies must travel at equal speed, although impelled by unequal weight.”  II. 235 ff.

Lucretius asserts this in contrast to motion restricted through conditions perceptible to the senses:

“The reason why objects falling through water or thin air vary in speed according to their weight is simply that the matter composing water or air cannot obstruct all objects equally, but is forced to give way more speedily to heavier ones.”  II. 230 ff.

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*a* Free will.— *Ed.*  
*b* Declination, deviation.— *Ed.*  
*c* Defined by place, determined by time.— *Ed.*
“Do you not see then, that although many men are driven by an external force and often constrained involuntarily to advance or to rush headlong, yet there is within the human breast something that can fight against this force and resist it”, etc. Ill. 277 ff.

See the lines quoted above.

This potestas, a this declinareb is the defiance, the headstrongness of the atom, the quiddam in pectorec of the atom; it does not characterise its relationship to the world as the relationship of the fragmented and mechanical world to the single individual.

As Zeus grew up to the tumultuous war dances of the Curetés, so here the world takes shape to the ringing war games of the atoms.

Lucretius is the genuine Roman epic poet, for he sings the substance of the Roman spirit; in place of Homer’s cheerful, strong, integral characters we have here solid, impenetrable armed heroes possessed of no other qualities, we have the war omnium contra omnes, d the rigid shape of the being-for-self, a nature without god and a god aloof from the world.

We now come to the determination of the more immediate qualities of the atom; we have already clarified its inner, immanent specific quality, which, however, is rather its substance. These determinations are extremely unsatisfactory in Lucretius and on the whole they are among the most arbitrary, and therefore the most difficult parts of the whole Epicurean philosophy.

1. The motion of the atoms

“The supply of matter in the universe was never more tightly packed than it is now, or more widely spaced out.... The sum of things cannot be changed by any force.” Ill. 294 f.

“In this connection there is one fact that need occasion no surprise. Although all the atoms are in motion, their totality appears to stand totally motionless.... This is because the atoms all lie far below the range of our senses. Since they are themselves invisible, their movements also must elude observation. Indeed, even visible objects, when set at a distance, often disguise their movements.” Ill. 308 ff.

2. Shape

“And now perceive the characteristics of the atoms of all substances, the extent to which they differ in shape and the rich multiplicity of their forms.... When the

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a Power.—Ed.
b Declination.—Ed.
c Something in the breast.—Ed.
d Of all against all.—Ed.
multitude of them, as I have shown, is such that it is without limit or count, it is not to be expected that they should all be identical in build and configuration." II. 333 ff.

"There must, therefore, be great differences in the shapes of the atoms to provoke these different sensations." II. 442 f.

"... the number of different forms of atoms is finite. If it were not so, some of the atoms would have to be of infinite magnitude. Within the narrow limits of any single particle, there can be only a limited range of forms. Suppose the atoms consist of three minimum parts, or enlarge them by a few more. When by fitting on parts at top or bottom and transposing left and right you have exhausted every shape that can be given to the whole body by all possible arrangements of the parts, you are obviously left with no means of varying its form further except by adding other parts. Thence it will follow, if you wish to vary its form still further, that the arrangement will demand still other parts in exactly the same way. Variation in shape goes with increase in size. You cannot believe, therefore, that the atoms are distinguished by an infinity of forms; or you will compel some of them to be of enormous magnitude, which I have already proved to be impossible." II. 479 ff.

This Epicurean dogma that the figurarum varietas is not infinita,\textsuperscript{a} but that the corpuscula ejusdem figurae are infinita, e quorum perpetuo concursu mundus perfectus est resque gignuntur\textsuperscript{b} is the most important, most immanent consideration of the relationship of the atoms to their qualities, to themselves as principles of a world.

"For whatever might be would always be surpassed by something more excellent." I. 507

"And as all good things might yield to better, so might bad to worse. One thing would always be surpassed by another more offensive...." II. 508 ff.

"Since this is not so, but things are bound by a set limit at either extreme, you must acknowledge a corresponding limit to the different forms of matter." II. 512 ff.

"To the foregoing demonstration I will link on another fact, which will gain credence from this context: the number of atoms of any one form is infinite. Since the varieties of form are limited, the number of uniform atoms must be unlimited. Otherwise the totality of matter would be finite, which I have proved in my verses is not so." II. 522 ff.

The distance, the differentiation of the atoms are finite; were they not assumed to be finite, the atoms in themselves would be mediate, would contain an ideal variety. The infinity of the atoms as repulsion, as a negative attitude to themselves, produces an infinity of similars, quae similes sint, infinitas, their infinity has nothing to do with their qualitative difference. If one assumed infinite

\textsuperscript{a} The variety of shapes is not infinite.—Ed.

\textsuperscript{b} Particles with the same shape are infinite out of whose continual collision the world emerged and the bodies arose.—Ed.
variety in the shapes of the atoms, each atom would contain the other in itself negated, and then there would be atoms which presented the whole infinity of the world, like the monads of Leibniz.

"It is evident, therefore, that there are infinite atoms of every kind to keep up the supply of everything."

ll. 568 f.

"So the war of the elements that has raged throughout eternity continues on equal terms. Now here, now there, the forces of life are victorious and in turn vanquished. With the voice of mourning mingles the cry that infants raise when their eyes open on the sunlit world. Never has day given place to night nor night to dawn that has not heard, blended with these infant wailings, the lamentation that attends on death and sombre obsequies."

ll. 547 ff.

"The more qualities and powers a thing possesses, the greater variety it attests in the component atoms and their forms."

ll. 587 ff.

"For it is essential to the very nature of deity that it should enjoy immortal existence in utter tranquillity, aloof and detached from our affairs. It is free from all pain and peril, strong in its own resources, exempt from any need of us, indifferent to our merits and immune from anger."

ll. 646 ff.

"... and the atoms do not emerge into the light."

l. 796.

"Do not imagine that colour is the only quality that is denied to the atoms. They are wholly devoid of warmth and cold and scorching heat; they are barren of sound and starved of savour, and emit no inherent odour from their bodies."

ll. 842 ff.

"All these must be kept far apart from the atoms, if we wish to provide the universe with imperishable foundations on which it may rest secure; or else you will find everything slipping back into nothing."

ll. 861 ff.

"It follows that the atoms cannot be afflicted by any pain or experience any pleasure in themselves, since they are not composed of any primal particles, by some reversal of whose movements they might suffer anguish or reap some fruition of vitalising bliss. They cannot therefore be endowed with any power of sensation."

ll. 967 ff.

"Again, if we are to account for the power of sensation possessed by animate creatures in general by attributing sentience to their atoms [, what of those atoms that specifically compose the human race?]"

ll. 937 ff.

The answer to this is:

"If they [the principles] are to be likened to entire mortals, they must certainly consist of other elemental particles, and these again of others without end."

ll. 980 ff.

[Book III]

"First, I affirm that it [the mind] is of very fine texture and is composed of exceptionally minute particles."

ll. 180 f.

"But what is so mobile must consist of exceptionally minute and spherical atoms...."

ll. 187 f.

"The stickier consistency is due to the closer coherence of the component matter, consisting of particles not so smooth or so fine or so round."

ll. 194 ff.

"The greater their weight and roughness, the more firmly they are anchored...."

ll. 202 f.
Negation of cohesion, of specific weight.

"... it may be inferred that mind and spirit are composed of exceptionally diminutive seeds, since their departure is not accompanied by any loss of weight. It must not be supposed that the stuff of mind or spirit is a single element. The body at death is abandoned by a sort of rarefied wind mixed with warmth, while the warmth carries with it also air. Indeed, heat never occurs without an intermixture of air.")

ll. 229 ff.

"The composition of the mind is thus found to be threefold. But all these three components together are not enough to create sentience, since the mind does not admit that any of these can create the sensory motions.... We must accordingly add to these a fourth component, which is quite nameless. Than this there is nothing more mobile or more tenuous—nothing whose component atoms are smaller or smoother."

ll. 238 ff.

"But usually a stop is put to these movements as near as may be to the surface of the body. Because of this we can retain life."

ll. 257 f.

"One who no longer is cannot suffer, or differ in any way from one who has never been born, when once this mortal life has been usurped by death the immortal."

ll. 880 ff.

It can be said that in the Epicurean philosophy it is death that is immortal. The atom, the void, accident, arbitrariness and composition are in themselves death.

"For if it is really a bad thing after death to be mauled and crunched by ravening jaws, I cannot see why it should not be disagreeable to roast in the scorching flames of a funeral pyre, or to lie embalmed in honey, stifled and stiff with cold, on the surface of a chilly slab, or to be squashed under a crushing weight of earth."

ll. 901 ff.

"Men feel plainly enough within their minds a heavy burden, whose weight depresses them. If only they perceived with equal clearness the causes of this depression, the origin of this lump of evil within their breasts, they would not lead such a life as we now see all too commonly—no one knowing what he really wants and every one for ever trying to get away from where he is, as though mere change of place could throw off the load."

ll. 1066 ff.

End of Book Three

Accident is known to be the dominating category with the Epicureans. A necessary consequence of this is that the idea is considered only as a condition; condition is existence accidental in itself. The innermost category of the world, the atom, its connection, etc., is for this reason relegated into the distance and considered as a past condition. We find the same thing with the Pietists and Supernaturalists. The creation of the world, original sin, the redemption, all this and all their godly determinations, such as paradise, etc., are not an eternal, timeless, immanent determination of the idea, but a condition. As Epicurus makes the ideality of his world, the void, into [the condition for] the creation of the world, so also the Supernaturalist gives embodiment to premiselessness, [namely] the idea of the world, in paradise.
Epistle IX, [1.] Vol. II, p. 25. "You desire to know whether Epicurus is right when, in one of his letters, he rebukes those who hold that the wise man is self-sufficient and for that reason does not stand in need of friendships. This is the objection raised by Epicurus against Stilpo and those who believe that the Supreme Good is a dispassionate mind."

"Epicurus himself ... spoke similar language: 'Whoever does not regard what he has as most ample wealth, is unhappy, though he be master of the whole world.'" op. cit., p. 30.

"[...] he (Epicurus) added: 'So greatly blest were Metrodorus and I that it has been no harm to us to be unknown and almost unheard of, in this well-known land of Greece.'" Ep. LXXIX, [15.] p. 317.

"As Epicurus himself says, he will sometimes withdraw from pleasure and even seek pain if either remorse threatens to follow pleasure or a smaller pain is accepted to avoid a larger one." L. Seneca, On the Leisure of the Wise Man, p. 582, Vol. I.

"Epicurus also maintains that the wise man, though he is being burned in the bull of Phalaris, will cry out: ‘Tis pleasant, and concerns me not at all.’ Epicurus will say that it is pleasant to be tortured." Ep. LXVI, [18.] [Vol. II,] p. 295, also Ep. LXVII, [15.] p. 248.

"We find mentioned in the works of Epicurus two goods, of which his Supreme Good, or blessedness, is composed, namely, a body free from pain and a soul free from disturbance." Ep. LXVI, [45.] p. 241.

"For he [Epicurus] tells us that he had to endure excruciating agony from a diseased bladder and from an ulcerated stomach,—so acute that it permitted no increase of pain; ‘and yet,’ he says, ‘that day was none the less happy.’" Ep. LXVI, [47.] p. 242.

"I ... remember the distinguished words of Epicurus ... ‘This little garden ... does not whet your appetite; it quenches it. Nor does it make you more thirsty with every drink; it slakes the thirst by a natural cure,—a cure that demands no fee. [This is the “pleasure” in which I have grown old.’ In speaking to you, however, I refer to those desires which refuse alleviation, which must be bribed to cease. For in regard to the exceptional desires, which may be postponed, which may be chastened and checked, I have this one thought to share with you: a pleasure of that sort is according to our nature, but it is not according to our needs; you owe
nothing to it; whatever is expended upon it is a free gift. The belly does not listen to advice; it makes demands, it importunes. And yet it is not a troublesome creditor; you can send it away at small cost, provided only that you give it what you owe, not what you are able to give.” Ep. XXI, [9, 10, 11] pp. 80-81.

“[…] Epicurus, whom you accept as the patron of your indolence, and of whom you think that he teaches softness and idleness and things which lead to pleasure, says: ‘Happiness seldom affects the wise man.’” Vol. I, p. 416, On the Constancy of the Wise Man [XV 4].

“Epicurus upbraids those who crave, as much as those who shrink from death: ‘It is absurd,’ he says, ‘to run towards death because you are tired of life, when it is your manner of life that has made you run towards death.’ And in another passage: ‘What is so absurd as to seek death, when it is through fear of death that you have robbed your life of peace?’ [To this can be added also] the following: ‘Men are so thoughtless, nay, so mad, that some, through fear of death, force themselves to die.” Ep. XXIV, [22-23] p. 95.

“I am also of the opinion (and I say this in defiance of my colleagues) that Epicurus' teaching is pure and correct, and on closer consideration even severe: pleasure is confined to a small and insignificant role; and he prescribes for pleasure the law that we prescribe for virtue. He commands it to obey nature, but very little pleasure is sufficient for nature. What is it then? He who describes as pleasure idle leisure and a continual alternation of gluttony and sensuality, seeks a good advocate for a bad cause, and when he, attracted by a misleading name, attains it, he abandons himself to pleasure, yet not to that of which he has heard, but to that which he brought with him.” On the Happy Life, Vol. I, p. 542.

“[…] friends … the name which our Epicurus bestowed upon them (the slaves).” Ep. CVII, [1] [Vol. II] p. 526. “[…] Epicurus, Stilpo’s critic.” p. 30, Ep. IX [20].

“[…] let me tell you that Epicurus says the same thing. … that only the wise man knows how to return a favour.” Ep. LXXXI, [11] p. 326.

“Epicurus remarks that certain men have worked their way to the truth without any one’s assistance, he, among them, made his own way. And he gives special praise to these, for their impulse has come from within, and they have forged to the front by themselves. Again, he says, there are others who need outside help, who will not proceed unless someone leads the way, but who will follow faithfully. Of these, he says, Metrodorus was one; this type of man is also excellent, but belongs to the second grade.” Ep. LII, [3] [p]p. [176-]177. “You will find still another class of man,—and a class not to be despised,—who can be forced and driven into righteousness, who do not need a guide so much as they need someone to encourage and, as it were, to force them along. This is the third class.” ibid.

“Epicurus, the teacher of pleasure, used to observe stated days on which he satisfied his hunger in niggardly fashion; he wished to see whether he thereby fell short of full and complete happiness, and, if so, by what amount he fell short, and whether this amount was worth purchasing at the price of great effort. At any rate, he makes such a statement in the well-known letter written to Polyaenus in the archonship of Charinus. Indeed, he boasts that he himself lived on less than a penny, but that Metrodorus, whose progress was not yet so great, needed a whole penny. Do you think there can be fulness on such fare? Yes, and there is pleasure also,—not that shifty and fleeting pleasure which needs a fillip now and then, but a pleasure that is steadfast and sure. For though water, barley-meal, and crusts of barley-bread, are not a cheerful diet, yet it is the highest kind of pleasure to be able to derive pleasure from this sort of food, and to have reduced one's needs to that modicum which no unfairness of Fortune can snatch away.” Ep. XVIII, [9-10] p[p]. 67[-68].
“[It was to him (Idomeneus)] that Epicurus addressed his well-known saying, urging him to make Pythocles rich, but not rich in the vulgar and equivocal way. 'If you wish,' said he, 'to make Pythocles rich, do not add to his store of money, but subtract from his desires.'” Ep. XXI, [7,] p. 79.

Cf. Stobaeus, Sermon XVII [41-42]. “If you want to make somebody rich, do not give him more money, but free him of some of his desires.”

“'It is bad to live under necessity, but there is no necessity to live under necessity.' Of course not. On all sides lie many short and simple paths to freedom; and let us thank God that no man can be kept in life. We may spurn those very necessities, said [Epicurus].”” Ep. XII, [10-11,] p. 42.

“The fool, with all his other faults, has this also,—he is always getting ready to live.... And what is baser than getting ready to live when you are already old? I should not name the author of this motto, except that it is somewhat unknown to fame and is not one of those popular sayings of Epicurus....” Ep. XIII, [16-17,] p. 47.

“'He who needs riches least, enjoys riches most,' is a saying of Epicurus.” Ep. XIV, [17,] p. 53.

“This is a saying of Epicurus: 'If you live according to nature, you will never be poor; if you live according to opinion, you will never be rich.' Nature's wants are slight; the demands of opinion are boundless.” Ep. XVI, [7-8,] p. 60.

“The acquisition of riches has been for many men, not an end, but a change, of troubles.” Ep. XVII, [11,] p. 64.

“Here is a draft on Epicurus.... 'Ungoverned anger begets madness.' You cannot help knowing the truth of these words, since you have had not only a slave, but an enemy. But indeed this emotion blazes out against all sorts of persons; it springs from love as much as from hate, and shows itself not less in serious matters than in jest and sport. And it makes no difference how important the provocation may be, but into what kind of soul it penetrates. Similarly with fire; it does not matter how great is the flame, but what it falls upon. For solid bodies have repelled the greatest fire; conversely, dry and easily inflammable stuff nourishes the slightest spark into a conflagration.” Ep. XVIII, [14-15,] [p]. [68]69.

“... of Epicurus. He says: 'You must reflect carefully beforehand with whom you are to eat and drink, rather than what you are to eat and drink. For a dinner of meats without the company of a friend is like the life of a lion or a wolf.'” Ep. XIX, [10,] p. 72.

“'No one,' says he (Epicurus), 'leaves this world in a different manner than he was born into it.... A man has caught the message of wisdom, if he can die as free from care as he was at birth.'” Ep. XXII, [15, 16,] p. 84.

“I can give you a saying of ... Epicurus: 'It is bothersome always to be beginning life.'” Ep. XXIII, [9,] p. 87.

“When a man has limited his desires within these bounds [i.e., bread and water, which nature demands, cf. Epistle CX, [18,] p. 548], he can challenge the happiness of love himself, as Epicurus says.” Ep. XXV, [4,] p. 97.

“Epicurus, who says: 'Reflect which of the two is more convenient, that death should come to us or we go to it.'” Ep. XXVI, [8,] p. 101.

“'Wealth is poverty adjusted to the law of nature.'” Ep. XXVII, [9,] p. 105.

“'The knowledge of sin is the beginning of salvation.' This saying of Epicurus seems to me to be an excellent one.” Ep. XXVIII, [9,] p. 107.

“Writing to one of the partners of his studies, Epicurus said: 'I write this not for the many, but for you; indeed, each of us is enough of an audience for the other.'” Ep. VII, [11,] p. 21.

“I am still conning Epicurus: 'If you would enjoy real freedom, you must be the
slave of Philosophy.' The man who submits and surrenders himself to her is not kept waiting; he is emancipated on the spot. For the very service of Philosophy is freedom." Ep. VIII, [7.] p. 24.

"It was not the class-room of Epicurus, but association with him, that made [them] great men." Ep. VI, [6.] p. 16.

"Hence I hold Epicurus' saying to be most apt: 'That the guilty may haply remain hidden is possible, that he should be sure of remaining hidden is not possible.'" Ep. XCVII, [13.] p. 480.

"I have read the letter of Epicurus addressed to Idomeneus which bears on this matter. The writer asks him to hasten as fast as he can, and beat a retreat before some stronger influence comes between and takes from him the liberty to withdraw. But he also adds that one should attempt nothing except at the time when it can be attempted suitably and seasonably. Then, when the long-sought occasion comes, let him be up and doing. Epicurus forbids us to doze when we are meditating escape and hopes for a safe release from even the hardest trials, provided that we are not in too great a hurry before the time, nor too dilatory when the time arrives." Ep. XXII, [5, 6.] p. 82.

"No reasonable man fears the gods. For it is folly to fear that which is beneficent, and no one loves those whom he fears. In the end, you, Epicurus, disarm God. You have taken from him all weapons, all might, and so that no one should fear him, you have put him out of action. Therefore you have no reason to fear him who is surrounded by a huge and insuperable wall and is separated from the contact and the sight of mortals. He has not the possibility either to give or to harm. In the middle space between this and the other heaven, alone, without any living things, without any humans, without anything, he seeks to escape from the ruins of the worlds which are collapsing above him and around him, not heeding desires and without any concern for us. And yet you wish to appear as if you honour him as a father, with a grateful heart, as it seems to me; or if you do not wish to appear grateful, because you receive no mercy from him, but the atoms and these your particles have formed you accidentally and not according to any plan, why then do you honour him? Because of his majesty, you say, and his unique essence. If I concede you that, apparently you do this not induced by hope of any kind, by reward of any kind. Consequently there is something which is worth striving after for itself, whose worth itself attracts you: that is the moral Good." On Benefits, Book IV, Chap. 19, p. 719, Vol. I.

"All these causes could exist,' says Epicurus, and tries several other explanations; and he rebukes those who have asserted that any definite one of these exists, because it is rash to judge apodictically of that which follows only from conjectures. Consequently an earthquake can be caused by water when it has eroded and carried away some parts of the earth, and these have been weakened; that which was borne by the parts when they were undamaged could no longer be held. Pressure of the air can set the earth in motion. For perhaps the air is set in vibration when other air streams in from outside. Perhaps it is shaken and set in motion when a part suddenly gives way. Perhaps it is held up by some part of the earth as by some kind of columns and pillars; if these are damaged and yield, the weight resting on them quakes. Perhaps hot masses of air are transformed into fire and rush down like lightning, doing great damage to what is in their path. Perhaps some blast of wind sets boggy and stagnant waters in motion and consequently the earth is shaken by an impulse or a vibration of the air, which increases with the motion itself, is carried above from below, however he says that no other cause is of greater importance in the case of an earthquake than motion of the air." Questions of Nature, Book VI, Chap. 20, p. 802. Vol. II.
"On this question, two schools above all are in disagreement, that of the Epicureans and that of the Stoics; but each of them points, though in different ways, to retirement. Epicurus says: 'The wise man shows no concern for the state, unless a special situation has arisen.' Zeno says: 'He must have concern for the state unless something hinders him.' The former wants leisure on principle, the latter according to circumstances." On the Leisure of the Wise Man, Chap. 30, p. 574, Vol. I.

"The pleasure of Epicurus is not estimated [...] because of how sober and dull it is, but they seize on the mere name, seeking some cover and veil for their lusts. Thus they lose the only good thing which they had in their badness, namely, shame of sinning. For they now praise that over which they blushed formerly, and they glory in vice, and for this reason even young people cannot regain their strength since shameful idleness has been covered with an honourable mantle." p. 541, Chap. 12, [4, 5.] On the Happy Life, Vol. I.

"For all these [Plato, Zeno, Epicurus] did not speak of how they themselves lived, but of how one should live." Chap. 18, [1.] p. 550, op. cit.

"Hence God does not dispense mercy, but, untroubled, unconcerned about us, and turned away from the world, he does something else or (and this for Epicurus is the greatest bliss) does nothing, and good deeds affect him no more than acts of injustice." On Benefits, Book IV, Chap. 4, [1.] p. 699, Vol. I.

"Here we must bear good testimony to Epicurus, who continually complains that we are ungrateful in respect of the past, that we do not bear in mind the good that we have received and do not include it in enjoyments, as no enjoyment is surer than that which cannot be taken away from us again." On Benefits, Book III, Chap. 4 [1, 1 p. 666, Vol. I].

"We may dispute with Socrates, doubt with Carneades, repose with Epicurus, transcend human nature with the Stoics, defy it with the Cynics; Nature allows us to participate in any age." On the Shortness of Life, p. 512, Vol. I.

"In this respect we are in conflict with the self-indulgent and retiring crowd of the Epicureans who philosophise at their banquets and for whom virtue is the handmaid of pleasure. They obey pleasure, they serve it, they see it above themselves." On Benefits, Book IV, Chap. 2, p. 697, Vol. I.

"But how can virtue rule pleasure, which it follows, since to follow is proper to him who obeys, and to rule to him who commands?" On the Happy Life, Chap. 11, p. 538, Vol. I.

"For you [Epicureans] it is pleasure to abandon the body to idle leisure, to strive after freedom from care like people asleep, to conceal yourselves under a thick veil, to relax the sluggishness of the idle mind with emotional contemplation, which you call repose of the soul, and to strengthen with food and drink in the shade of gardens your bodies weakened by idleness; for us it is pleasure to accomplish good actions, even if they are wearying, provided only that through them the weariness of others is alleviated, or dangerous, provided that through them others are freed from danger, or burdensome for our fortune, provided only the distress and needs of others are attenuated." On Benefits, Book IV, Chap. 13, p. 713, Vol. I.

"For those who lack experience and training, there is no limit to the downhill course; such a one falls into the chaos of Epicurus—empty and boundless." Ep. LXXII, [9.] p. 274, Vol. II.

"The Epicureans held that philosophy consists of two parts, natural and moral, and they did away with logic. Then, when they were compelled by the facts to distinguish between equivocal ideas and to expose fallacies that lay hidden under the cloak of truth, they themselves also introduced a heading which they called 'on judgments and rules', which is another name for logic, but which they consider an adjunct of natural philosophy." Ep. LXXXIX, [11.] p. 397.
"The Epicurean god neither has anything to do himself, nor does he give others anything to do." On the Death of the Emperor Claudius, p. 851, Vol. II.

"Then you say: 'Is it retirement, Seneca, that you are recommending to me? You will soon be falling back upon the maxims of Epicurus'. I do recommend retirement to you, but only that you may use it for greater and more beautiful activities than those which you have resigned." Ep. LXVIII, [10] p. 251.

"I am not so foolish as to go through at this juncture the arguments which Epicurus harps upon, and say that the terrors of the world below are idle,—that Ixion does not whirl round on his wheel, that Sisyphus does not shoulder his stone uphill, that a man's entrails cannot be restored and devoured every day; no one is so childish as to fear Cerberus, or the shadows, or the spectral garb of those who are held together by naught but their unfleshed bones. Death either annihilates us or frees us. If we are released, there remains the better part, after the burden has been withdrawn; if we are annihilated, nothing remains: good and bad are alike removed." Ep. XXIV, [18] p. 93.

JOH. STOBÆI SENTENTIAE ET ECLOGÆ, ETC.
GENEVA, 1609

"Thanks be to bountiful nature for having made that which is necessary easy to obtain and that which is difficult to obtain not necessary.

"If you want to make somebody rich, do not give him more money, but free him of some of his desires.

"Temperance is the virtue of the appetitive part of the soul by which, with the help of reason, one represses longings for vulgar pleasure.

"It is the nature of temperance to be able to repress with the help of reason the longing for the vulgar enjoyment of pleasure and to endure and bear natural privations and suffering." On Temperance, Sermon XVII, p. 157.

"We are born once, it is not possible to be born twice, and it is of necessity that life is not longer (necessarium est aetatem finiri). But you, who have no power over the morrow (qui ne crastinum diem quidem in tua potestate habes), are putting off the moment (tempus differri). Everybody's life is wasted through procrastination, and for that reason everyone of us dies without having any leisure." On Economy, Sermon XVI, p. 155.

"I have more than enough bodily pleasure when I have water and bread, and I do not care a straw for costly pleasures, not because of themselves, but because of all the unpleasantness that follows them.

"We feel the need for pleasure when we are sad because we do not have it. But when we do not experience this in our sensations, then we have no need for pleasure. For it is not the natural pleasure which causes external annoyance, but the striving for empty appearance." On Temperance, Sermon XVII [p. 159].

"The laws exist for the wise not so that they shall do no wrong, but so that no wrong shall happen to them." On the State, Sermon XLI, p. 270.

"Death is nothing to us. For that which is dissolved is without sensation. And that which is without sensation is nothing to us." On Death, Sermon CXVII, p. 600.

"Epicurus of Demos Gargettios proclaimed: 'To him for whom a little is not sufficient, nothing is sufficient.' He said he was prepared to dispute over bliss with anybody if he had only bread and water." On Temperance, Sermon XVII, p. 158.

"For this reason Epicurus also believes that those who are ambitious and seek after glory must not practise quietism, but must follow their nature taking part in
civic affairs and work for the common weal, for their nature is such that, if they do not attain that for which they strive, they will become restless and embittered through inactivity. And yet he is foolish who enlists in work for the common weal not those who are suitable for it, but those who cannot be inactive; inner tranquillity and inner unrest must not be measured (securitatem animi anxietatemque metiri) either by the amount, great or small, of what one has done, but by the good and the bad. For to omit to do good is no less painful and disquieting (molestum est et turbulentum) than to do evil." On Steadfastness, Sermon XXIX, p. 206.

"When somebody said: 'The wise man will not be affected by love. The evidence for this is ... Epicurus ...', he [Chrysippus] said: 'This I take as a proof. For if ... the unfeeling Epicurus ... was not affected by love (the wise man will certainly not be affected by it)' (ne sapiens quidem eo capietur)." 4 On Sensual Pleasure and Love, Sermon LXI, p. 393.

"But we will concentrate our attention on the tedious philosophers according to whom pleasure does not conform to nature, but follows that which does conform to nature—justice, self-control and generosity of mind. Why then does the soul rejoice and find peace (tranquillatur) in the smaller goods of the body, as Epicurus says [...]?" On Intemperance, Sermon VI, pp. 81, 82.

"Epicurus [assumes] that the gods indeed resemble man, but that one and all they can be perceived only by thought because of the fineness of the nature of their images. He himself however [assumes] four other substances to be indestructible by their nature: the atoms, the void, the infinite, and the homogeneous particles; and these are called homoeomerias and elements." Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 5.

"Epicurus [is guided] by necessity, by free decision, by fate. And on the subject of fate they [the Pythagoreans] used to say: 'To be sure there is also a divine part in it, for some men receive from the divinity an inspiration for better or for worse; and in accordance with this some are clearly happy and others unhappy. But it is quite obvious that those who act without previous deliberation and haphazardly are often successful, while others, who deliberate beforehand and consider beforehand how to do something correctly, are not successful. But fate manifests itself in another way, by virtue of which some are talented and purposeful, while others are talentless and, because they have a contrary nature, do harm; the former though hasty in judgment attain every object at which they aim, while the latter do not achieve their object, because their thinking is never purposeful, but confused. This misfortune, however, is innate, and not imposed from outside (non externam)."

Physical Selections, Book 1, [p] p. [15]-[16].

"[...] Epicurus (calls time) an accident, i.e., a concomitant of movements [...] ." 1.c., p. 19.

"Epicurus [says] that the fundamental principles of that which is are bodies perceptible through thinking, bodies having no part of void, uncreated, indestructible, which can be neither damaged nor changed. Such a body is called an atom, not because it is the smallest, but because it cannot be divided, can have nothing done to it and has no part of void." Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 27.

"Epicurus [says] that the bodies are imperceptible and that the primary ones are simple, and the bodies composed of them have weight; that the atoms move, sometimes falling in a straight line (rectis lineis), sometimes swerving from the straight line; and upward movement occurs through collision and repulsion."

Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 33.

"Epicurus ... [says] that coloured bodies have no colour in the dark [...] ."

Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 35.

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a Here and below Marx inserts phrases from a Latin translation of Stobaeus where the Greek text is damaged.—Ed.
“[...] Epicurus [says] that the atoms are infinite in number and the void is infinite in extent.” Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 38.

“Epicurus uses alternatively all the names: void, place, space.” Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 39.

Cf. D[jogenes] L[aertius]. “[...] if there did not exist that which we call void and space and intangible nature [...],” p. 32. [Letter] to Herodotus.

“Epicurus [distinguishes] two kinds of motion, that in a straight line and that which swerves away from the straight line.” Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 40.

“Epicurus [says] that the world perishes in many ways, namely, as animal, as plant and in many other ways.” Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 44.

“All others [assumed] that the world is animated and guided by providence; Leucippus, Democritus and Epicurus, on the other hand, make neither of these [assumptions], but say that it arose out of the atoms through nature not endowed with reason.” Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 47.

“Epicurus [says] that the extremity of some worlds is tenuous, that of others is dense, and of these some are mobile, others are immobile.” Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 51.

The following passage from Stobaeus, which does not belong to Epicurus, is perhaps one of the most elevated.

“Is there, Father, anything beautiful besides these? Only God” (by τούτων Χωρίς one should understand σχήμα, χώμα and σώμα2), “my child, rather that which is greater is the name of God.” Stobaeus, Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 50.

“Metrodorus, the teacher of Epicurus, [says] that ... the causes, however, are the atoms and elements.” 1.c., p. 52.

“[...] Leucippus, Democritus and Epicurus [say] that an infinite number of worlds [exist] to infinity in every direction; of those who assert an infinite number of worlds Anaximander [says] that they are at equal distance from each other; Epicurus, that the distance between the worlds is unequal.” 1.c., p. 52.

“Epicurus does not reject any of them” (i.e., the views on the stars), b “he adheres to the possible.” 1.c., p. 54.

“Epicurus says that the sun is a big lump of earth similar to pumice-stone and sponge-like, which has been set on fire through its holes.” 1.c., p. 56.

The passage cited above from the Physical Selections, Book 1, p. 5c seems, more than the passage quoted by Schaubach, to confirm the view that there are two kinds of atoms. In this passage of the Selections, the ωμούττηςεςd are adduced as indestructible principles alongside the atoms and the void; they are not ειδολα,e but are explained: αι δε λέγονται ωμομερείαι και στοιχεία.f Thus it follows from this passage that the atoms, which underlie appearance, as elements, have no homoeomerias, and possess the

a Shape, colour and body.— Ed.
b The words in brackets were written by Marx in German in the original.— Ed.
c See this volume, p. 485.— Ed.
d Homoeomerias.— Ed.
e Images.— Ed.
f Which are called homoeomerias and elements.— Ed.
qualities of the bodies of which they are the basis. This is in any case false. In the same way Metrodorus adduces as cause αἱ ἄτομα καὶ τὰ στοιχεῖα (p. 52).

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, WORKS, COLOGNE, 1688

"Epicurus also pilfered his leading dogmas from Democritus." The Miscellanies, Book VI, p. 629.

"[...] Homer, while representing the gods as subject to human passions, appears to know the Divine Being, whom Epicurus does not so reverence." The Miscellanies, Book V, p. 604.

"Epicurus also says that the removal of pain is pleasure; and says that that is to be preferred, which first attracts from itself to itself, being, that is, wholly in motion.... Epicurus, indeed, and the Cyrenaics, say that pleasure is the first thing proper to us; for it was for the sake of pleasure, they say, that virtue was introduced, and produced pleasure." The Miscellanies, Book II, p. 415.

"...Epicurus thinks that all joy of the soul arises from previous sensations of the flesh. Metrodorus, in his book, On the Happiness Which Has Its Source in Ourselves Being Greater Than That Which Arises from Circumstances, says: What else is the good of the soul but the sound state of the flesh, and the sure hope of its continuance?" The Miscellanies, Book II, p. 417.

"Indeed Epicurus says that the man who in his estimation was wise, 'would not do wrong to anyone for the sake of gain; for he could not persuade himself that he would escape detection.' So that, if he knew he would not be detected, he would, according to him, do evil." The Miscellanies, Book IV, p. 532.

It does not escape Clement that hope in the future world is also not free from the principle of utility.

"If, too, one shall abstain from doing wrong from hope of the recompense promised by God for righteous deeds, he is not on this supposition spontaneously good (ne hic quidem sua sponte bonus est). ... For as fear makes that man just, so reward makes this one; or rather makes him appear to be just." op. cit.

"Epicurus, too, who very greatly preferred pleasure to truth, supposes faith to be a preconception of the mind (anticiaptionem); and defines preconception as a notion based on something evident, and on the obviously correct image; and asserts that, without preconception, no one can either inquire, or doubt, or judge, or even argue (arguere)." The Miscellanies, Book II, pp. 365 and 366.

Clement adds:

"If, then, faith is nothing else than a preconception of the mind in regard to what is the subject of discourse", etc.,

from which one can see what here by fides intelligi debet.

"Democritus repudiates marriage and the procreation of children, on account of the many annoyances thence arising, and the abstraction (abstractio) from more

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a The atoms and the elements.— Ed.
b Must be understood by faith.— Ed.
necessary things. Epicurus agrees, as do all who place good in pleasure, and in the

"[...] but Epicurus, on the other hand (contra), supposes that only Greeks can
philosophise [...]" The Miscellanies, Book I, p. 302.

"Well, then, Epicurus, writing to Meneceus, says: 'Let not him who is young
Laertius, Letter to Meneceus.a

"... but the Epicureans too say that they have things that may not be uttered
(arcana), and do not allow all to peruse those writings." The Miscellanies, Book V,
p. 575.

According to Clement of Alexandria, the apostle Paul had
Epicurus in mind when he said:

"'Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the
tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ'; branding not
all philosophy, but the Epicurean, which Paul mentions in the Acts of the Apostles,
which abolishes providence and deifies pleasure, and whatever other philosophy
honours the elements, but places not over them the efficient cause, nor apprehends

It is good that the philosophers who did not weave fantasies
about God are rejected.

This passage is now better understood, and it is known that Paul
had all philosophy in mind.

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a See this volume, pp. 406-07.—Ed.
"[...], images of things, a sort of outer skin perpetually peeled off the surface of objects and flying about this way and that through the air." \(\text{ll.34 ff.}\)

"Because each particular floating image wears the aspect and form of the object from whose body it has emanated." \(\text{ll.49 ff.}\)

"Similarly the films must be able to traverse an incalculable space in an instant of time, and that for two reasons. First, a very slight initial impetus far away to their rear sufficed to launch them and they continue on their course. Secondly, they are thrown off with such a loose-knit texture that they can readily penetrate any object and filter through the interspace of air." \(\text{ll.192 ff.}\)

"...it must be acknowledged that objects emit particles that strike upon the eyes and provoke sight. From certain objects there also flows a perpetual stream, as coolness flows from rivers, heat from the sun, and from the ocean waves a spray that eats away walls round the sea-shore. Sounds of every sort are surging incessantly through the air. When we walk by the seaside, a salty tang of brine enters our mouth; when we watch a draught of wormwood being mixed in our presence, a bitter effluence touches it. So from every object flows a stream of matter, spreading out in all directions. The stream flows without rest or intermission, since our senses are perpetually alert and everything is always liable to be seen or smelt or to provoke sensation by sound." \(\text{ll.217 ff.}\)

"Again, when some shape or other is handled in the dark, it is recognised as the same shape that in a clear and shining light is plain to see. It follows that touch and sight are provoked by the same stimulus." \(\text{ll.231 ff.}\)

"This shows that the cause of seeing lies in these films and without these nothing can be seen." \(\text{ll.238 ff.}\)

"That is how we perceive the distance of each object; the more air is driven in front of the film and the longer the draught that brushes through our eyes, the more remote the object is seen to be. Of course this all happens so quickly that we perceive the nature of the object and its distance simultaneously." \(\text{ll.251 ff.}\)

"A similar thing happens when a mirrored image projects itself upon our sight. On its way to us the film shoves and drives before it all the air that intervenes between itself and the eyes, so that we feel all this before perceiving the mirror. When we have perceived the mirror itself, then the film that travels from us to it and is reflected comes back to our eyes, pushing another lot of air in front of it, so
that we perceive this before the image, which thus appears to lie at some distance from the mirror."

**Book V**

"The whole substance and structure of the world, upheld through many years, will crash."

Il. 96 ff.

"May reason rather than the event itself convince you that the whole world can collapse with one ear-splitting crack!" Il. 109 ff.

"For naturally a whole whose members and parts we see to consist of created matter in mortal forms is by the same rule discerned to be likewise created and mortal. So ... it is a fair inference that sky and earth too had their birthday and will have their day of doom."

Il. 241 ff.

"... you will see ... temples and images of the gods defaced, their destined span not lengthened by any sanctity that avails against the laws of nature."

Il. 307 ff.

"Again, there can only be three kinds of everlasting objects. The first, owing to the absolute solidity of their substance, can repel blows and let nothing penetrate them so as to unknit their close texture from within. Such are the atoms of matter, whose nature I have already demonstrated. The second kind can last for ever because it is immune from blows. Such is empty space, which remains untouched and not subject to any impact. Last is that which has no available place surrounding it into which its matter can disperse and disintegrate. It is for this reason that the sum total of the universe is everlasting, having no space outside it into which the matter can escape and no matter that can enter and disintegrate it by the force of impact."

Il. 352 ff.

"It follows that the doorway of death is not barred to sky and sun and earth and the sea's unfathomed floods. It lies tremendously open and confronts them with a yawning chasm."

Il. 374 ff.

"Already in those early days men had visions when their minds were awake, and more clearly in sleep, of divine figures, dignified in mien and impressive in stature. To these figures they attributed sentience, because they were seen to move their limbs and give voice to lordly utterances appropriate to their stately features and stalwart frames. They further credited them with eternal life, because their shape was perpetually renewed and their appearance unchanging and in general because they thought that beings of such strength could not lightly be subdued by any force. They pictured their lot as far superior to that of mortals, because none of them was tormented by the fear of death, and also because in dreams they saw them perform all sorts of miracles without the slightest effort."

Il. 1168 ff.

**Book VI**

As the νοὸς a of Anaxagoras comes into motion in the Sophists (here the νοὸς becomes realiter b the not-being of the world) and this immediate daemonic motion as such becomes objective in the daemon of Socrates, so also the practical motion in Socrates becomes a general and ideal one in Plato, and the νοὸς expands itself into a realm of ideas. In Aristotle this process is apprehended again in individuality, but this is now true conceptual individuality.

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a Reason.—Ed.
b Really.—Ed.
As in the history of philosophy there are nodal points which raise philosophy in itself to concretion, apprehend abstract principles in a totality, and thus break off the rectilinear process, so also there are moments when philosophy turns its eyes to the external world, and no longer apprehends it, but, as a practical person, weaves, as it were, intrigues with the world, emerges from the transparent kingdom of Amethes and throws itself on the breast of the worldly Siren. That is the carnival of philosophy, whether it disguises itself as a dog like the Cynic, in priestly vestments like the Alexandrian, or in fragrant spring array like the Epicurean. It is essential that philosophy should then wear character masks. As Deucalion, according to the legend, cast stones behind him in creating human beings, so philosophy casts its regard behind it (the bones of its mother are luminous eyes) when its heart is set on creating a world; but as Prometheus, having stolen fire from heaven, begins to build houses and to settle upon the earth, so philosophy, expanded to be the whole world, turns against the world of appearance. The same now with the philosophy of Hegel.

While philosophy has sealed itself off to form a consummate, total world, the determination of this totality is conditioned by the general development of philosophy, just as that development is the condition of the form in which philosophy turns into a practical relationship towards reality; thus the totality of the world in general is divided within itself, and this division is carried to the extreme, for spiritual existence has been freed, has been enriched to universality, the heart-beat has become in itself the differentiation in the concrete form which is the whole organism. The division of the world is total only when its aspects are totalities. The world confronting a philosophy total in itself is therefore a world torn apart. This philosophy's activity therefore also appears torn apart and contradictory; its objective universality is turned back into the subjective forms of individual consciousness in which it has life. But one must not let oneself be misled by this storm which follows a great philosophy; a world philosophy. Ordinary harps play under any fingers, Aeolian harps only when struck by the storm.

He who does not acknowledge this historical necessity must be consistent and deny that men can live at all after a total philosophy, or he must hold that the dialectic of measure as such is the highest category of the self-knowing spirit and assert, with some of the Hegelians who understand our master wrongly, that mediocrity is the normal manifestation of the absolute spirit; but a mediocrity which passes itself off as the regular manifestation of
the Absolute has itself fallen into the measureless, namely, into measureless pretension. Without this necessity it is impossible to grasp how after Aristotle a Zeno, an Epicurus, even a Sextus Empiricus could appear, and how after Hegel attempts, most of them abysmally indigent, could be made by more recent philosophers.

At such times half-hearted minds have opposite views to those of whole-minded generals. They believe that they can compensate losses by cutting the armed forces, by splitting them up, by a peace treaty with the real needs, whereas Themistocles, when Athens was threatened with destruction, tried to persuade the Athenians to abandon the city entirely and found a new Athens at sea, in another element.

Neither must we forget that the time following such catastrophes is an iron time, happy when characterised by titanic struggles, lamentable when it resembles centuries limping in the wake of great periods in art. These centuries set about moulding in wax, plaster and copper what sprang from Carrara marble like Pallas Athena out of the head of Zeus, the father of the gods. But titanic are the times which follow in the wake of a philosophy total in itself and of its subjective developmental forms, for gigantic is the discord that forms their unity. Thus Rome followed the Stoic, Sceptic and Epicurean philosophy. They are unhappy and iron epochs, for their gods have died and the new goddess still reveals the dark aspect of fate, of pure light or of pure darkness. She still lacks the colours of day.

The kernel of the misfortune, however, is that the spirit of the time, the spiritual monad, sated in itself, ideally formed in all aspects in itself, is not allowed to recognise any reality which has come to being without it. The fortunate thing in such misfortune is therefore the subjective form, the modality of the relation of philosophy, as subjective consciousness, towards reality.

Thus, for example, the Epicurean, [and the] Stoic philosophy was the boon of its time; thus, when the universal sun has gone down, the moth seeks the lamplight of the private individual.

The other aspect, which is the more important for the historian of philosophy, is that this turn-about of philosophy, its transubstantiation into flesh and blood, varies according to the determination which a philosophy total and concrete in itself bears as its birthmark. At the same time it is an objection to those who now conclude in their abstract one-sidedness that, because Hegel considered Socrates' condemnation just, i.e., necessary, because Giordano Bruno had to atone for his fiery spirit in the smoky
flame at the stake, therefore the philosophy of Hegel, for example, has pronounced sentence upon itself. But from the philosophical point of view it is important to bring out this aspect, because, reasoning back from the determinate character of this turn-about, we can form a conclusion concerning the immanent determination and the world-historical character of the process of development of a philosophy. What formerly appeared as growth is now determination, what was negativity existing in itself has now become negation. Here we see, as it were, the *curriculum vitae* of a philosophy in its most concentrated expression, epitomised in its subjective point, just as from the death of a hero one can infer his life's history.

Since I hold that the attitude of the Epicurean philosophy is such a form of Greek philosophy, may this also be my justification if, instead of presenting moments out of the preceding Greek philosophies as conditions of the life of the Epicurean philosophy, I reason back from the latter to draw conclusions about the former and thus let it itself formulate its own particular position.

To define the subjective form of Platonic philosophy still further in a few features, I shall examine more closely some views set forth by Professor Baur in his work *Das Christliche im Platonismus*. Thus we shall arrive at a result by simultaneously clarifying opposing views more precisely.

*Das Christliche des Platonismus oder Sokrates und Christus*, by D. F. C. Baur, Tübingen, 1837.

Baur says on page 24:

"According to this, Socratic philosophy and Christianity, considered at their starting point, are related to each other as consciousness of self and consciousness of sin."

It seems to us that the comparison between Socrates and Christ, presented in this way, proves precisely the opposite of what is to be proved, namely, the opposite of an analogy between Socrates and Christ. Consciousness of self and consciousness of sin are, of course, related to each other as the general and the particular, that is to say, as philosophy and religion. This position is adopted by every philosopher, whether ancient or modern. This would be the eternal separation of the two fields rather than their unity, admittedly also a relationship, for every separation is separation of a unity. This means nothing more than that the philosopher Socrates is related to Christ as a philosopher to a teacher of religion. If now a similarity, an analogy is established between grace
and Socrates' midwifery, irony, this means carrying only the contradiction, not the analogy, to the extreme. Socratic irony, as understood by Baur and as it must be understood with Hegel, namely as the dialectic trap through which human common sense is precipitated out of its motley ossification, not into self-complacent knowing-better, but into the truth immanent in human common sense itself, this irony is nothing but the form of philosophy in its subjective attitude to common consciousness. The fact that in Socrates it has the form of an ironical, wise man follows from the basic character of Greek philosophy and its attitude to reality. With us irony as a general immanent form, so to speak, as philosophy was taught by Fr. v. Schlegel. But objectively, so far as content is concerned, Heraclitus, who also not only despised, but hated human common sense, is just as much an ironist, so is even Thales, who taught that everything is water, though every Greek knew that no one could live on water, so is Fichte with his world-creating ego, despite which even Nicolai realised that he could not create any world, and so is any philosopher who asserts immanence in opposition to the empirical person.

In grace, on the other hand, in consciousness of sin, not only the subject which receives grace, which is brought to consciousness of sin, but even that which bestows grace and that which arises out of the consciousness of sin are empirical persons.

If therefore there is any analogy here between Socrates and Christ, it must consist in the fact that Socrates is philosophy personified and Christ is religion personified. But here it is not a question of a general relation between philosophy and religion; the question is rather in what relation personified philosophy stands to personified religion. That they have some relation to each other is a very vague truth or rather the general condition of the question, not the particular basis of the answer. In this striving to prove the existence of a Christian element in Socrates, the relation between the two persons, namely Christ and Socrates, is defined no further than as the relation in general of a philosopher to a teacher of religion; the same vacuity is revealed when the general moral division of Socrates' Idea, Plato's Republic, is placed in relationship to the general division of the Idea, and Christ as a historical personality in relationship mainly to the church.\(^a\)

\(^a\) After this the following is crossed out in the manuscript: Thereby the important fact is overlooked that Plato's Republic is his own product, whereas the church is something totally different from Christ.— Ed.
If Hegel’s pronouncement, which Baur accepts, is correct,\(^a\) that in his Republic Plato asserted Greek substantiality against the irrupting principle of subjectivity, then Plato is diametrically opposed to Christ, since Christ asserted this element of subjectivity against the existing state, which he characterised as only worldly, and therefore unholy. The fact that Plato’s Republic remained an ideal, whereas the Christian church achieved reality, was not the real difference but was expressed reversed in Plato’s Idea following reality, whereas that of Christ preceded it.

In general it is far more correct to say that there are Platonic elements in Christianity rather than Christian elements in Plato, particularly as the earliest Fathers of the Church proceeded historically in part from Platonic philosophy, e.g., Origen, Irenaeus. From the philosophical point of view it is important that in Plato’s Republic the first estate is that of the learned or the wise. It is the same with the relationship of Platonic ideas to the Christian logos (p. 38), the relationship of the Platonic recollection to the Christian restoration of man to his original image (p. 40), and with Plato’s fall of souls and the Christian falling into sin (p. 43), myth of the pre-existence of the soul.

Relation of the myth to Platonic consciousness.

Platonic transmigration of souls. Connection with the constellations.

Baur says on page 83:

“There is no other philosophy of antiquity in which philosophy bears so much of a religious character as in Platonism.”

This must also follow from the fact that Plato defines the “task of philosophy” (p. 86) as a λύσις, ἀπαλλαγή, χωρισμός\(^b\) of the soul from the body, as a dying and a μελετάν ἀποθνῄσκειν.\(^c\)

“That this saving force in the final resort is ascribed to philosophy is, to be sure, the one-sidedness of Platonism [...].” p. 89.

On the one hand, one could accept Baur’s pronouncement that no philosophy of antiquity bears so much the character of religion as the Platonic. But it would only mean that no philosopher had taught philosophy with more religious inspiration, that to no one philosophy had to a greater extent the determination and the form, as it were, of a religious cult. With the more intensive


\(^{b}\) Saving, freeing, separation.—*Ed.*

\(^{c}\) Striving for death.—*Ed.*
philosophers, such as Aristotle, Spinoza, Hegel, their attitude itself had a more general form, less steeped in empirical feeling; but for that reason Aristotle's inspiration, when he extols ἰδιότης ἢ ἰδιότης, as the best thing, τὸ ἰδιὸν καὶ ἰδιότης, or when he admires the rationality of nature in his treatise περὶ τῆς φύσεως ξύλικης, and Spinoza's inspiration when he speaks of contemplation sub specie aeternitatis, of the love of God or of the libertas mentis humanae, and Hegel's inspiration when he expounds the eternal realisation of the Idea, the magnificent organism of the universe of spirits, is more genuine, warmer, more beneficial to a mind with a more general education, for that reason the inspiration of Plato culminates in ecstasy while that of the others burns on as the pure ideal flame of science; that is why the former was only a hot-water bottle for individual minds, while the latter is the animating spirit of world-historical developments.

Hence even if it may be admitted, on the one hand, that in the Christian religion, as the peak of religious development, there must be more points of contact with the subjective form of Platonic philosophy than with that of other early philosophies, it must equally be asserted on the same grounds that in no philosophy the opposition between the religious and the philosophical could be expressed more clearly, for here philosophy appears in the character of religion, while there religion appears in the character of philosophy.

Further, Plato's pronouncements on the salvation of the soul, etc., prove nothing at all, for every philosopher desires to free the soul from its empirical limitation; to draw an analogy with religion only shows a lack of philosophy, namely, to consider this as the task of philosophy, whereas it is only the condition for fulfilling that task, only the beginning of the beginning.

Finally, it is no defect of Plato, no one-sidedness, that he ascribes this saving force in the last resort to philosophy; it is the one-sidedness which makes of him a philosopher and not the teacher of a faith. It is not the one-sidedness of Plato's philosophy, but that by which alone it is philosophy. It is that by which he negates again the formula—which has just been denounced—[namely, the formula] of a task of philosophy which would not be philosophy itself.

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a Theory.—Ed.
b The most pleasant and the best.—Ed.
c On the Nature of Animals. Ed.
d From the point of view of eternity.—Ed.
e Freedom of the human mind.—Ed.
"In this, therefore, in the striving to provide what has been cognised through philosophy with a basis independent of the subjectivity of the individual [i.e., an objective basis], lies the reason why Plato, precisely when he expounds truths which are of the greatest moral and religious interest, at the same time presents them in a mythical form." p. 94.

Is anything at all explained in this way? Does not this answer include as its kernel the question of the reason for this reason? The question that arises is: why is it that Plato felt the desire to provide a positive, above all mythical, basis for what is cognised by philosophy? Such a desire is the most astonishing thing that can be attributed to a philosopher, for it means that he does not find the objective force in his system itself, in the eternal power of the Idea. That is why Aristotle calls mythologising kenologising.187

On the surface of it, the answer to this can be found in the subjective, namely dialogic, form of the Platonic system and in irony. What is the pronouncement of an individual and is asserted as such in opposition to opinions or individuals, needs some support through which the subjective certainty becomes objective truth.

But then a further question arises: why is this mythologising to be found in those dialogues which mainly expound moral and religious truths, whereas the purely metaphysical Parmenides is free from it? The question is: why is the positive basis a mythical one and a reliance on myths?

And here we have the answer to this riddle. In expounding definite questions of morality, religion, or even natural philosophy, as in Timaeus, Plato sees that his negative interpretation of the Absolute is not sufficient; here it is not enough to sink everything in the one dark night in which, according to Hegel, all cows are black; at this point Plato has recourse to the positive interpretation of the Absolute, and its essential form, which has its basis in itself, is myth and allegory. Where the Absolute stands on one side, and limited positive reality on the other, and the positive must all the same be preserved, there this positive becomes the medium through which absolute light shines, the absolute light breaks up into a fabulous play of colours, and the finite, the positive, points to something other than itself, has in it a soul, to which this husk is an object of wonder; the whole world has become a world of myths. Every shape is a riddle. This has recurred in recent times, due to the operation of a similar law.

This positive interpretation of the Absolute and its mythical-allegorical attire is the fountain-head, the heartbeat of the philosophy of transcendence, a transcendence which at the same time has an essential relation to immanence, just as it essentially breaks through the latter. Here we have, of course, a kinship of
Platonic philosophy with every positive religion, and primarily with the Christian religion, which is the consummate philosophy of transcendence. Here we have therefore also one of the viewpoints from which a more profound relationship can be established between historical Christianity and the history of ancient philosophy. It is in connection with this positive interpretation of the Absolute that Plato saw in an individual as such, Socrates, the mirror, so to speak, the mythical expression of wisdom, and called him the philosopher of death and of love. That does not mean that Plato negated the historical Socrates; the positive interpretation of the Absolute is connected with the subjective character of Greek philosophy, with the definition of the wise man.

Death and love are the myth of negative dialectic, for dialectic is the inner, simple light, the piercing eye of love, the inner soul which is not crushed by the body of material division, the inner abode of the spirit. Thus the myth of it is love, but dialectic is also the torrent which smashes the many and their bounds, which tears down the independent forms, sinking everything in the one sea of eternity. The myth of it is therefore death.

Thus dialectic is death, but at the same time the vehicle of vitality, the efflorescence in the gardens of the spirit, the foaming in the bubbling goblet of the tiny seeds out of which the flower of the single flame of the spirit bursts forth. Plotinus therefore calls it the means of the soul's ζωή.\(^a\) of its direct union with God,\(^b\) an expression in which death and love and at the same time Aristotle's θεωρία,\(^b\) are united with Plato's dialectic. But as these determinations in Plato and Aristotle are, as it were, presupposed, not developed out of immanent necessity, their submergence in the empirical individual consciousness in Plotinus appears as a condition, the condition of ecstasy.

Ritter (in his Geschichte der Philosophie alter Zeit, Part I, Hamburg, 1829) speaks with a certain repulsive moralising superiority about Democritus and Leucippus, in general about the atomistic doctrine (later also about Protagoras, Gorgias, etc.). There is nothing easier than to rejoice in one's own moral perfection on every occasion, easiest of all when dealing with the dead. Even Democritus' learning is made a subject of reproach (p. 563); mention is made of

\(^a\) Simplification.—Ed.

\(^b\) Theory.—Ed.
contrasted with the *base attitude* which underlies his outlook on life and the world." p. 564.

Surely that is not supposed to be a historical remark! Why must precisely the attitude underlie the outlook and not rather the other way round, the definite outlook and discernment underlie his attitude? The latter principle is not only more historical, it is also the only one according to which a philosopher's attitude may be considered in the history of philosophy. We see in the shape of the spiritual personality what is expounded to us as a system, we see, as it were, the demiurge standing alive at the centre of his world.

"Of the same content is also the proposition of Democritus that something primary, which did not come into existence, must be assumed, for time and infinity did not come into existence, so that to inquire after their origin would mean to seek the beginning of the infinite. One can see in this only a sophistical denial of the question of the origin of all phenomena." p. 567.

I can see in that assertion of Ritter's only a moral denial of the question concerning the basis of this Democritean determination; the infinite is posited in the atom as a principle, it is contained in the definition of the atom. To inquire after the basis of the definition would, of course, be to negate his definition of the concept.

"Democritus ascribes to the atom only one physical property, *weight*. ... One can again recognise here the mathematical interest which seeks to save the applicability of mathematics to the calculation of weight." p. 568.

"Hence the atomists deduced motion also from necessity, conceiving the latter as the causelessness of motion receding into the indeterminate." p. 570.

[IX, 19] "Democritus, however, holds that certain images approach (meet) men; some of these have a beneficial effect, others a harmful one; for this reason also he prays that only images endowed with reason should meet him. But these are big and gigantic and indeed very *hard to destroy*, but not *indestructible*; he says they foretell men the future, are visible and emit sound. Proceeding from the notion of these images, the ancients conjectured that there is a *god* [...]." Sextus Empiricus, *Against the Professors*, p. 311.

[20-21] "Now Aristotle said that the notion of god arose in men from two factors, from the processes in the soul and from the heavenly phenomena. From the processes in the soul because of the divine inspiration of the soul in sleep and because of the prophecies. For, he says, when the soul in sleep becomes independent, it discards its own nature, has premonitions and foretells the future.... For this reason, he says, men have surmised that god is something which in itself resembles the soul and the most intelligent of all. But also from the heavenly phenomena." op. cit., pp. 311 f.

[25] "Epicurus believes that men derived the notion of god from the visions of fantasy which appear during sleep. For, he says, since in sleep big images

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a In the manuscript this part of the quotation is given in German, the rest in Greek.—*Ed.*
resembling human beings appear, they assume that in reality also there are some such gods resembling human beings." op. cit., p. 312.

[58] "[... ] Epicurus, some say, admits the existence of God as far as the multitude is concerned, but not as far as the nature of things goes." op. cit., p. 319.

a) Soul, p. 321. Against the Professors [Book IX].

[218] "[...] Aristotle asserted that God is incorporeal and the limit of heaven, the Stoics that he is a breath which permeates even through things foul, Epicurus that he is anthropomorphic, Xenophanes that he is an impassive sphere.... [219] Epicurus declares that 'what is blessed and incorruptible neither feels trouble itself nor causes it to others.' Outlines of Pyrrhonism, Book III, p. 155.

[219-221] "But to Epicurus, who wishes to define time as the accidental of accidentals (αντιτύ στικτικά αντιτύ στικτικά), can be objected, besides many other things, that everything which behaves as substance belongs to the substrates, to the underlying subjects; but what is called accidental possesses no consistency, since it is not separate from the substances. For there is no resistance (αντίσταση) except the bodies which resist, no making way (εφίπτως) (yielding) except that which yields and the void, etc." [Against the Professors, Book IX, p. 417.]a

[240-241] "Hence Epicurus, who says that a body must be thought of as a composition of size, and shape, resistance and weight, forces us to think of an existing body as consisting of non-existing bodies.... Hence, in order that there may be time, there must be accidentals; but in order that there may be accidentals, there must be an underlying condition; and if there is no underlying condition, neither can there be time."

[244] "So if this is time,—and Epicurus says its accidentals are time"

(by this αύτόν b one must understand ημέρα, νύξ, ὁρα, χίλια, 
μονή, πάθος, ἀπάθειά, c etc.),

"—then according to Epicurus, time will be its own accidental." Against the Professors [Book IX], pp. 420 and 421.

If, according to Hegel (see Gesamtausgabe, Vol. 14, p. 492), the Epicurean philosophy of nature deserves no great praise when judged by the criterion of objective gain, from the other point of view, according to which historical phenomena do not stand in need of such praise, the frank, truly philosophical consistency with which the whole range of the inconsistences of his principle in itself is expounded, is admirable. The Greeks will for ever remain our teachers by virtue of this magnificent objective naïveté, which makes everything shine, as it were, naked, in the pure light of its nature, however dim that light may be.

Our time in particular has given rise even in philosophy to evil phenomena, guilty of the greatest sin, the sin against the spirit and against truth, inasmuch as a hidden intention lurks behind the judgement and a hidden judgment behind the intention.

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a In the manuscript this paragraph is given in German with the Greek words inserted in brackets.—Ed.

b Its.—Ed.

c Day, night, hour, motion, rest, sensibility, insensitivity.—Ed.
Book I

Chap. VIII [,18]. "Hereupon, Velleius began, in the confident manner that is customary with them [the Epicureans], afraid of nothing so much as lest he should appear to have doubts about anything. One would have supposed he had just come down from the assembly of the gods and from the intermundane spaces of Epicurus", etc., etc.

Chap. XIII [,32]. Fine is the passage from Antisthenes:
"... in his book entitled *The Natural Philosopher*, he says that while there are many gods of popular belief, there is one god in nature [...]."

Chap. XIV [,36]. Of Zeno the Stoic it is said:
"... in his interpretation of Hesiod's *Theogony* he does away with the customary and received ideas of the gods altogether, for he does not reckon either Jupiter, Juno or Vesta as gods, or any being that is so called, but teaches that these names have been assigned with a certain meaning to dumb and lifeless things."

Chap. XV [,41]. Of Chrysippus the Stoic it is said:
"In Book II [of his *Nature of the Gods*] he aims at reconciling the myths of Orpheus, Musa, Hesiod and Homer with what he himself said in Book I of the immortal gods, and so makes out that even the earliest poets of antiquity, who had no notion of these doctrines, were really Stoics."
"In this he is followed by Diogenes of Babylon, who in his book entitled *Minerva* transfers the birth of the virgin goddess from Jove to physiology and dissociates it from myth."

Chap. XVI [,43]. "For he [Epicurus] alone perceived that, first there must be gods, because nature herself has imprinted a conception of them on the minds of all mankind. For what nation or what tribe of men is there but possesses untaught some preconception of the gods? Such notions Epicurus designates by the word πρόληψις, that is, a sort of preconceived mental picture of a thing without which nothing can be understood or investigated or discussed. The significance and

a Prolepsis.—*Ed.*
usefulness of this argument we learn in that work of genius, Epicurus' *Rule or Standard of Judgment*.

*Chap. XVII* [44]. "... it must be understood that the gods exist, since we possess an instinctive, or rather innate, concept of them; but a belief which all men by nature share must necessarily be true.... [45] If this is so, the famous maxim of Epicurus truthfully enunciates that 'that which is eternal and blessed can neither know trouble itself nor cause trouble to another, and accordingly cannot feel either anger or favour, since all such things belong only to the weak'. [...] whatever is outstanding commands the reverence that is its due [....]."

*Chap. XVIII* [46]. "From nature all men of all races derive the notion of gods as having human shape and none other... But not to make primary concepts the sole test of all things, reason itself delivers the same pronouncement. [47] ... what shape... can be more beautiful than the human form? [48] ... it follows that the gods possess the form of man. [49] However, that form is not a body, but only a semblance of a body, it has no blood, but only the semblance of blood."

[Chap. XVIII-XIX.]

"Epicurus... teaches that the force and nature of the gods is such that, in the first place, it is perceived not by the senses but by the mind, not as solid things, or according to number, like that which Epicurus in virtue of their substantiality calls *στερεύμια*. but as images, which are perceived by similitude and succession."

*Chap. XIX.*

"Because an endless train of precisely similar images arises from the innumerable atoms and streams towards the gods, our mind with the keenest feelings of pleasure fixes its gaze on these images and so attains an understanding of the nature of a being both blessed and eternal. [50] Moreover there is the supremely potent principle of infinity, which claims the closest and most careful study; and we must understand that this nature is such that like always corresponds to like. This is termed by Epicurus *συνομία*, or the principle of uniform distribution. From this principle it follows that if the whole number of mortals be so many, there must exist no less a number of immortals, and if the forces of destruction are beyond count, the forces of conservation must also be infinite. You Stoics are fond of asking us, Balbus, what is the mode of life of the gods and how they pass their days. [51] It is obvious that nothing happier is conceivable, nothing more abounding in all good things. For God does nothing, he is free from all ties of occupations, he toils not, neither does he labour, but he takes delight in his wisdom and virtue and he knows with absolute certainty that he will always enjoy the greatest and eternal pleasures."

*Chap. XX* [52]. "This god we can rightly call happy, yours indeed most toilsome. For if the world itself is God, what can be less restful than to revolve at incredible speed round the axis of the heavens without a single moment of respite? But without rest there is no bliss. But if there is in the world some god who rules and governs it, maintaining the courses of the stars, the changes of the seasons and all the ordered process of things, and, watching over the land and the seas, guards the interests and the lives of men, is he not involved in irksome and laborious business! [53] We for our part deem happiness to consist in tranquillity of mind and entire exemption from all duties. For he who taught us all the rest has also taught us that the world was made by nature, without needing an artificer to construct it, and that which you say cannot be produced without divine skill is so easy that nature will produce, is producing and has produced worlds without number. Because you cannot see how nature can do all this without any intellect, you, like tragic poets, cannot bring your arguments to a denouement and

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*a Steremnia — solid objects.— Ed.*
have recourse to a god. [54] His work you would certainly not require if you would but contemplate the immense and boundless extent of space that stretches out in every direction into which the mind projects itself and journeys onward far and wide without ever seeing any ultimate limit where it could stop. In this immense length and breadth and height there flits an infinite quantity of atoms innumerable, which though separated by void yet cohere together and taking hold of each other form an unbroken series out of which are created those shapes and forms of things which you think cannot be created without bellows and anvil and so have saddled us with an eternal master whom we must fear day and night; for who would not fear a prying busybody of a god who foresees and thinks of and notices all things and deems that everything is his concern.

An outcome of this was first of all that fatal necessity which you call εἰμαρμένη, according to which whatever happens is the result of an eternal truth and an unbroken chain of causes. But what value can be assigned to a philosophy which holds like old women, and ignorant old women at that, that everything happens by fate? And next follows your μαντικὴ, in Latin divinatio, by which, if we listened to you, we should be so filled with superstition that we should be the devotees of soothsayers, augurs, oracle-mongers, seers and interpreters of dreams. [56] But Epicurus has set us free from these terrors and delivered us out of captivity, so that we have no fear of beings who, we know, create no trouble for themselves and seek to cause none to others, while we worship with pious reverence the transcendent majesty of nature.”

Chap. XXI. Then follows Cotta’s objection.

[58] “I ... pronounce that your exposition has been most illuminating, and not only rich in thought, but also more graced with a charm of style than is customary in your school.”

Chap. XXIII [62]. “You said that a sufficient reason for our admitting that the gods exist was the fact that all the nations and races of mankind believe it. But that is at the same time a weak argument and a false one....”

(After relating that the books of Protagoras, in which he denied the existence of the gods, had been burnt in the assembly of the people and he himself driven out of the country, Cotta continued:)

[63] “From this I can well suppose that many people were caused to be more reserved in professing that opinion, since not even doubt could escape punishment.”

Chap. XXIV [66]. “... for the outrageous doctrines of Democritus, or of Leucippus before him, that there are certain minute particles, some smooth, others rough, some round, some angular, some curved or hook-shaped, and that heaven and earth were created from these, not compelled by nature, but by some kind of accidental collision.... [67] Then is this the truth? For as to happiness I do not deny anything, of which you say that not even the divinity has it without being relaxed in idleness.... I will grant you therefore that everything is made out of indivisible bodies; but this takes us no further [68] for we are trying to discover the nature of

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a Fate.—Ed.
b Divination.—Ed.
the gods. Suppose we allow that they are made of atoms, then they are not eternal. For what is made of atoms came into existence at some time; but if they came into existence, before they came into existence there were no gods. And if the gods had a beginning, they must also perish, as you were arguing a little while ago about the world conceived by Plato. Where then do we find your blessed and eternal, by which two words you mean God? When you wish to make this out, you take cover in a thicket of jargon. For you said just now that God has no body, but a semblance of a body, no blood, but a semblance of blood.”

Chap. XXV [.69]. “This is a very common practice with your school. You advance a paradox, and then, when you want to escape censure, you adduce something which is absolutely impossible, so that it would have been better to abandon the point in dispute rather than to insist on it so shamelessly. For instance, Epicurus saw that if the atoms travelled downwards by their own weight, we should have no power to do anything, since the motion of the atoms would be determined by necessity. He therefore invented a device by which to avoid necessity (a point which had apparently escaped the notice of Democritus): he said that the atom, while travelling vertically downward by weight and gravity, makes a very slight swerve. [70] To assert that is more shameful than not to be able to defend what he wants to defend.”

It is of substantial significance that the cycle of the three Greek philosophical systems, which complete pure Greek philosophy, the Epicurean, the Stoic and the Sceptic, take over their main elements from the past as they were already there. Thus, the Stoic philosophy of nature is largely Heraclitean, its logic is similar to that of Aristotle, so that Cicero already noted:

“... the Stoics, while they seem to agree with the Peripatetics as to substance, disagree in words.” On the Nature of the Gods, Book I, Chap. vii [.16].

Epicurus' philosophy of nature is basically Democritean, his ethics similar to that of the Cyrenaics. Finally, the Sceptics are the scientists among the philosophers, their work is to compare, and consequently to assemble together the various assertions already available. They cast an equalising, levelling learned glance back on the systems and thereby brought out the contradictions and oppositions. Their method also has its general prototype in the Eleatic, Sophistic, and pre-Academic dialectics. And yet these systems are original and form a whole.

But they not only found ready-made building elements for their science; the living spirits of their spiritual realms themselves preceded the latter, so to speak, as prophets. The personalities associated with their system were historical persons, system was, so to speak, incorporated in system. This was the case with Aristippus, Antisthenes, the Sophists and others.

How is this to be understood?
Aristotle's remark about the "nutritive soul":

"It is possible for this ... to exist apart from the others; but for the others to exist apart from it is impossible, at least in mortal beings" (Aristotle, On the Soul, Book II, chap. ii),

must be borne in mind also in regard to Epicurean philosophy in order to understand it itself on the one hand, and, on the other hand, to understand Epicurus' own apparent absurdities as well as the ineptitude of his later critics.

With him the most general form of the concept is the atom; for this is its most general form of being, which, however, is in itself concrete and a genus, itself a species as against higher particularisations and concretisations of the concept of his philosophy.

The atom, therefore, remains the abstract being-in-self, for example, of the person, of the wise man, of God. These are higher qualitative additional determinations of the same concept. Therefore, in the genetic exposition of this philosophy one must not raise the inept question raised by Bayle and Plutarch, among others, as to how can a person, a wise man, a god, arise from and be composed of atoms. On the other hand, this question seems to be justified by Epicurus himself, for of the higher forms of development, e.g., God, he says that the latter consists of finer and more subtle atoms. In this connection it must be noted that Epicurus' own consciousness is related to its further developments, to the further determinations of its principle imposed on him as the scientific consciousness of later people regarding his system.

If, for example, in respect of God, etc., abstraction being made of the further determinations of form which he introduces as a necessary link in the system, the question is raised of his existence, his being-in-self, then the general form of existence is the atom and the plurality of atoms; but precisely in the concept of God, of the wise man, this existence has been submerged in a higher form. His specific being-in-self is precisely the further determination of his concept and his necessity in the totality of the system. If the question is raised of any other form of being outside this, that is a relapse into the lower stage and form of the principle.

But Epicurus is bound to fall back constantly in this way, for his consciousness is atomistic like his principle. The essence of his nature is also the essence of his actual self-consciousness. The instinct which drives him, and the further determinations of this

— The manuscript has "unwissenschaftliche Bewußtsein" (unscientific consciousness), probably a slip of the pen; it should read "wissenschaftliche Bewußtsein" (scientific consciousness).— Ed.
instinct-driven essence, are similarly again to him one phenomenon among others, and from the high sphere of his philosophising he sinks back again into the most general, mainly because existence, as being-for-self in general, is for him the form of all existence whatsoever.

The essential consciousness of the philosopher is separate from his own manifest knowledge, but this manifest knowledge itself, in its discourses with itself as it were about its real internal urge, about the thought which it thinks, is conditioned, and conditioned by the principle which is the essence of his consciousness.

Philosophical historiography is not concerned either with comprehending the personality, be it even the spiritual personality of the philosopher as, in a manner of speaking, the focus and the image of his system, or still less with indulging in psychological hair-splitting and point-scoring. Its concern is to distinguish in each system the determinations themselves, the actual crystallisations pervading the whole system, from the proofs, the justifications in argument, the self-presentation of the philosophers as they know themselves; to distinguish the silent, persevering mole of real philosophical knowledge from the voluble, exoteric, variously behaving phenomenological consciousness of the subject which is the vessel and motive force of those elaborations. It is in the division of this consciousness into aspects mutually giving each other the lie that precisely its unity is proved. This critical element in the presentation of a philosophy which has its place in history is absolutely indispensable in order scientifically to expound a system in connection with its historical existence, a connection which must not be [over]looked precisely because the [system's] existence is historical, but which at the same time must be asserted as philosophical, and hence be developed according to its essence. Least of all must a philosophy be accepted as a philosophy by virtue of an authority or of good faith, be the authority even that of a people and the faith that of centuries. The proof can be provided only by expounding its essence. Anybody who writes the history of philosophy separates essential from unessential, exposition from content; otherwise he could only copy, hardly even translate, and still less would he be entitled to comment, cross out, etc. He would be merely a copying clerk.

The question to be asked is rather: How do the concepts of a person, of a wise man, of God, and the specific definitions of these concepts enter into the system, how are they developed out of it?

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\[a\] In the manuscript two words of this sentence are not clearly legible.—Ed.
Let me begin... with physics, which is his Epicurian particular boast. Here, in the first place, he is quite a stranger. Democritus believes in... atoms, that is, bodies so solid as to be indivisible, moving about in a vacuum of infinite extent, which has neither top, bottom, nor middle, neither beginning nor end. The motion of these atoms is such that they collide and so cohere together; and from this process result the whole of the things that exist and that we see. Moreover, this movement of the atoms must not be conceived as starting from a beginning, but as having gone on from all eternity. He [Epicurus] believes that these same indivisible solid bodies are borne by their own weight perpendicularly downward, which he holds is the natural movement of all bodies; but thereupon this clever fellow, encountering the difficulty that if they all travelled downward in a straight line, and, as I said, perpendicularly, no one atom would ever be able to overtake any other atom, accordingly introduced an idea of his own invention: he said that the atom makes a very tiny swerve,—the smallest divergence possible; and so are produced entanglements and combinations and cohesions of atoms with atoms, which result in the creation of the world and all its parts, and of all that is in them.... The swerving itself is an arbitrary fiction (for Epicurus says the atoms swerve without a cause, and nothing is more repugnant to the physicist than to speak of something taking place uncaused)... [20] Democritus, being an educated man and well versed in geometry, thinks the sun is of a vast size; Epicurus considers it perhaps two feet in diameter, for he pronounces it to be exactly as large as it appears, or a little larger or smaller. [21] Thus where Epicurus alters the doctrines of Democritus, he alters them for the worse; while for those ideas which he adopts, the credit belongs entirely to Democritus,—the atoms, the void, the images, or as they call them, eidola, whose impact is the cause not only of vision but also of thought; the very conception of infinite space, αισθήσεις as they term it, is entirely derived from Democritus; and again the countless numbers of worlds that come into existence and pass out of existence every day", etc.

Chap. VII [.22]. "Turn next to the second division of philosophy... which is termed λογία. Of the whole armour of logic your founder... is absolutely destitute. He does away with definition; he has no doctrine of division or partition; he gives no rules for deduction or syllogistic inference, and imparts no method for solving dilemmas or for detecting fallacies of equivocation. The criteria of reality he places in sensation; once let the senses accept as true something that is false, and every possible criterion of truth and falsehood seems to him to be immediately destroyed.... [23] He lays the very greatest stress upon that which, as he declares, nature herself decrees and rejects, that is, the feeling of pleasure and pain. These he maintains lie at the root of every act of choice and avoidance [...]

Chap. IX [.29]. "... this Epicurus finds in pleasure; pleasure he holds to be the chief good, pain the chief evil. This he sets out to prove as follows: [30] Every animal, as soon as it is born, seeks for pleasure, and delights in it, as the chief good, while it recoils from pain as the chief evil, and so far as possible avoids it. This it does when it is not yet perverted, at the prompting of nature's own unbiased and honest verdict. Hence he refuses to admit any necessity for argument or discussion to prove that pleasure is desirable and pain to be avoided. ... it follows that nature herself is the judge of that which is in accordance with or contrary to nature...."

\(^a\) Logic.—Ed.
Chap. XI [.37]. "So generally, the removal of pain causes pleasure to take its place. Epicurus consequently maintained that there is not such thing as a neutral state of feeling intermediate between pleasure and pain."

Chap. XII [.40]. "One so situated must possess in the first place a strength of mind that is proof against all fear of death or of pain; he will know that death means complete unconsciousness, and that pain is generally light if long and short if strong, so that its intensity is compensated by brief duration and its continuance by diminishing severity. [41] Let such a man moreover have no dread of any supernatural power; let him never suffer the pleasures of the past to fade away, but constantly renew their enjoyment in recollection,—and his lot will be one which will not admit of further improvement. [42] But that which is not itself a means to anything else, but to which all else is a means, is what the Greeks term the τέλος,3 the highest, ultimate or final good. It must therefore be admitted that the chief good is to live agreeably."

Chap. XIII [.45] "Nothing could be more useful or more conducive to well-being than Epicurus' doctrine as to the different classes of the desires. One kind he classified as both natural and necessary, a second as natural without being necessary, and a third as neither natural nor necessary; the principle of classification being that the necessary desires are gratified with little trouble or expense; the natural desires also require but little, since nature's own riches, which suffice to content her, are both easily procured and limited in amount; but for vain desires no bound or limit can be discovered."

Chap. XVIII [.57]. "Epicurus, the man whom you denounce as a voluptuary, cries aloud that no one can live pleasantly without living wisely, honourably and justly, and no one wisely, honourably and justly, without living pleasantly. ... [58] much less then can a mind divided against itself and filled with inward discord taste any particle of pure and liberal pleasure [...]."

Chap. XIX [.62]. "For Epicurus thus presents his Wise Man who is always happy: his desires are kept within bounds; death he disregards; he has a true conception, untainted by fear, of the immortal gods; he does not hesitate to depart from life, if it would be better so. Thus equipped, he enjoys perpetual pleasure, for there is no moment when the pleasures he experiences do not outbalance the pains; since he remembers the past with gratitude, grasps the present with a full realisation of how great and pleasant it is, and does not depend upon the future; he looks forward to it, but finds his true enjoyment in the present ... and he derives no inconsiderable pleasure from comparing his own existence with the life of the foolish. Moreover, any pains that the Wise Man may encounter are never so severe but that he has more cause for gladness than for sorrow. [63] Again, it is a fine saying of Epicurus that 'the Wise Man is but little interfered with by fortune; the great concerns of life, the things that matter, are controlled by his own wisdom and reason'; and that 'no greater pleasure could be derived from a life of infinite duration that is actually afforded by this existence which we know to befinite'. Dialectics, on which your school lays such stress, he held to be of no effect either as a guide to a better life or as an aid to thought. Physics he deemed very important. ... a thorough knowledge of the facts of nature relieves us of the burden of superstition, frees us from the fear of death, and shields us against the disturbing effects of ignorance, which is often in itself a cause of terrifying apprehensions; lastly, to learn what nature's real requirements are improves the moral character also...."

By the fact that we acknowledge that nature is reasonable, our dependence on it ceases. Nature is no longer a source of terror to

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a Ultimate purpose.—Ed.
our consciousness, and it is precisely Epicurus who makes the form of consciousness in its directness, the being-for-self, the form of nature. Only when nature is acknowledged as absolutely free from conscious reason and is considered as reason in itself, does it become entirely the property of reason. Any reference to it as such is at the same time alienation of it.

[Chap. XIX, 64]. "On the other hand, without a full understanding of the world of nature it is impossible to maintain the truth of our sense-perceptions. Furthermore, every mental presentation has its origin in sensation: so that no certain knowledge will be possible unless all sensations are true, as the theory of Epicurus teaches that they are. Those who deny the validity of sensation and say that nothing can be perceived, are unable, having excluded the evidence of the senses, even to expound their own argument.... Thus physics supplies courage to face the fear of death resolution to resist the terrors of religion [...]."

Chap. XX [65]. "Now Epicurus' pronouncement about friendship is that of all the means to happiness that wisdom has devised, none is greater, none more fruitful, none more delightful than this.... [68] Epicurus well said (I give almost his exact words): 'The same knowledge that has given us courage to overcome all fear of everlasting or long-enduring evil, has discerned that friendship is our strongest safeguard in this present term of life.

Chap. XXI [71]. "If then the doctrine I have set forth ... is derived entirely from nature's source; if my whole discourse relies throughout for confirmation on the unbiased and unimpeachable evidence of the senses...."

[72] "No! Epicurus was not uneducated: the real ignoramuses are those who ask us to go on studying till old age the subjects that we ought to be ashamed not to have learnt in boyhood."

**Book II**

Chap. II [4], op. cit. "For he says that he does not hold with giving a definition of the thing in question [...]."

Chap. VII [21]. (A passage out of the νύπταλ δόξα of Epicurus.) "If the things in which sensualists find pleasure could deliver them from the fear of the gods and of death and pain, and could teach them to set bounds to their desires, we should have no reason to blame them, since on every hand they would be abundantly supplied with pleasures, and from nowhere would be exposed to any pain or grief, that is, to evil."

Chap. XXVI [82]. "In one of your remarks I seemed to recognise a saying of Epicurus himself,—that friendship cannot be divorced from pleasure, and that it deserves to be cultivated for the reason that without it we cannot live secure and free from fear, and therefore cannot live agreeably."

Chap. XXXI [100]. "For he [Epicurus] ... stated ... that 'death does not affect us at all; for a thing that has experienced dissolution must be devoid of sensation; and that which is devoid of sensation cannot affect us in any degree whatsoever' [...]."

**Book III**

Chap. I [3]. "In fact Epicurus himself declares that there is no occasion to argue about pleasure at all [...]."

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a Principal Doctrines.—Ed.
PLAN OF HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY
OF NATURE

[First Version]

A. General divisions. The Idea as nature is:

I) In the determination of juxtaposition, of abstract singularisation, outside which is the unity of form, this as merely an ideal being-in-self, matter and its ideal system. Mechanics. Universal nature.

II) In the determination of particularity, so that reality is posited with immanent determinateness of form and the difference existing in it, a relation of reflexion the being-within-itself of which is natural individuality.

III) Singular nature. The determination of subjectivity, in which the real distinctions of the form are likewise brought back to ideal unity, which is self-found and for itself—Organics.

I. Mechanics

A) Abstract Universal Mechanics

a) Space. Immediate continuity; as external are:
   a) The dimensions: height, length and breadth.

   ß) Point, line and surface: on the one hand, a determinateness in regard to line and point; on the other hand, as restoration of the spatial totality: an enclosing surface which separates off an individual whole space.

b) Time. Immediate discreteness: The seen becoming: present, future and past (Now, etc.)

c) The immediate unity of space and time, in the determination of space. Place, in the determination of time—motion, their unity—matter.
B) Particular Mechanics. Matter, Motion
Repulsion—Attraction—Gravity

1) Inert matter, mass, ... as content indifferent to the form of space and time.
   External motion — inert matter.
3) Falling. Centrifugence.

C) Absolute Mechanics or Narrower Mechanics.
Gravitation. Motion as a System of Several Bodies.
Universal Centre—Centreless Singularity. Particular Centres.

II. Physics

a) Universality in physics.
   1) Universal bodies. Identity.
      a) Light (sun, stars). Darkness (smooth) (spatial relation—direct).
      b) Bodies of opposition. Darkness
         1) as corporeal diversity, rigidity, material being-for-itself.
         2) Opposition as such. Dissolution and neutrality of lunar and cometary bodies.
      γ) Bodies of individuality. Earth or planet in general.
   2) Particular bodies. Elements.
      1) Air, negative universality.
      2) Elements of opposition. Fire and water.
      3) Individual element, terrestriality, earth.
   3) Singularity. The elementary process. The meteorological process.
      1) Diremption of individual identity into the moments of independent opposition, into rigidity and into selfless neutrality.
      2) The consumption by spontaneous combustion of attempted differentiated existence. Thus the earth became a real and fruitful individuality.

b) Physics of particular individuality.
   β) Cohesion, seen as a specific form of resistance in mechanical behaviour towards other masses.
Adhesion—cohesion, etc.
Elasticity.
1) Sound.
δ) Heat. (Specific heat-capacity.)
c) Physics of singular individuality.
   a) Form.
      a) Immediate form—the extreme of pointedness of brittleness,
         the extreme of coagulating fluidity.
      β) The brittle disclosed into difference of the notion.
         Magnetism.
   γ) Activity which has passed into its product, the crystal.

b) Particular form.
   a) Relation to light.
      1) Transparency.
      2) Refraction. (Internal equalisation in the crystal.)
      3) Brittleness as darkening, metallity (colour).
   β) Relation to fire and water. Smell and taste.
   γ) Totality in particular individuality. Electricity.
c) Chemical process.
   1) Combination.
      β) The fire process.
      γ) Neutralisation. The water process.
      δ) The process in its totality. Elective affinity.
   2) Separation.

[Second Version]

I

Mechanics

a) Abstract Mechanics

1) Space. Height, breadth, depth. Point, line, surface.
2) Time. Past, present, future.
3) Place. Motion and matter (repulsion, attraction, gravity).

b) Finite Mechanics

1) Inert matter. Mass as content. Space and time as form, external motion.

3) Falling.

   c) *Absolute Mechanics. Gravitation*

   The various centres

II

*Physics*

a) *Physics of universal individuality*

   2) *Free bodies*

1) *Light* (luminaries).
2) *Rigidity* (moon). Dissolution (comet).
3) Earth.

   β) *Elements*

1) *Air*.
2) *Fire. Water*.
3) Earth.

   γ) *Meteorological Physics*

b) *Physics of particular individuality*

1) *Specific weight*.
2) *Cohesion* (adhesion, cohesion, etc. Elasticity).
3) *Sound and heat*.

c) *Physics of total individuality*

   α) *Form*

1) *Brittle pointedness, coagulating fluidity*.
2) *Magnetism*.
3) *Crystal*.

   β) *Particular form*

1) Relation to *light*. Transparency, refraction, metallity, colour.
2) Relation to water and fire, smell, taste.
3) Electricity.
[Third Version]

I

a)

1) Space, 2) time, 3) place, 4) motion, 5) matter, repulsion, attraction, gravity.

b)

1) Inert matter, 2) impact, 3) falling.

c)

Gravitation, real repulsion and attraction.

II

a)

a) 1) Luminaries. 2) Lunar and comet bodies. 3) Terrestriality.
β) Air, fire and water. Earth.
γ) The meteorological process.

b)

1) Specific weight. 2) Cohesion. 3) Sound and heat.

c)

1) Magnetism. 2) Electricity and chemism.

III

a)

a) Geological nature.

b) Vegetable nature.

Written in 1839

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamtausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

Printed according to the manuscript

Published in English for the first time
EARLY LITERARY EXPERIMENTS
CONCLUDING SONNETS TO JENNY

I
Take all, take all these songs from me
That Love at your feet humbly lays,
Where, in the Lyre’s full melody,
Soul freely nears in shining rays.
Oh! if Song’s echo potent be
To stir to longing with sweet lays,
To make the pulse throb passionately
That your proud heart sublimely sways,
Then shall I witness from afar
How Victory bears you light along,
Then shall I fight, more bold by far,
Then shall my music soar the higher;
Transformed, more free shall ring my song,
And in sweet woe shall weep my Lyre.

II
To me, no Fame terrestrial
That travels far through land and nation
To hold them thrillingly in thrall
With its far-flung reverberation
Is worth your eyes, when shining full,
Your heart, when warm with exultation,
Or two deep-welling tears that fall,
Wrung from your eyes by song’s emotion.
Gladly I’d breathe my Soul away
In the Lyre’s deep melodious sighs,
And would a very Master die,  
Could I the exalted goal attain,  
Could I but win the fairest prize—  
To soothe in you both joy and pain.

III

Ah! Now these pages forth may fly,  
Approach you, trembling, once again,  
My spirits lowered utterly  
By foolish fears and parting's pain.  
My self-deluding fancies stray  
Along the boldest paths in vain;  
I cannot win what is most High,  
And soon no more hope shall remain.  
When I return from distant places  
To that dear home, filled with desire,  
A spouse holds you in his embraces,  
And clasps you proudly, Fairest One.  
Then o'er me rolls the lightning's fire  
Of misery and oblivion.

IV

Forgive that, boldly risking scorn  
The Soul's deep yearning to confess,  
The singer's lips must hotly burn  
To waft the flames of his distress.  
Can I against myself then turn  
And lose myself, dumb, comfortless,  
The very name of singer spurn,  
Not love you, having seen your face?  
So high the Soul's illusions aspire,  
'O'er me you stand magnificent;  
'Tis but your tears that I desire,  
And that my songs you only enjoyed  
To lend them grace and ornament;  
Then may they flee into the Void!

Written in the latter half of October 1836  
First published in: Marx/Engels, Werke,  
Ergänzungsband, Erster Teil, Berlin,  
1968  
Printed according to the manuscript  
Published in English for the first time
Title page of Marx's *Book of Love*,
with dedication to Jenny
From the *Book of Songs*¹⁰⁸

TO JENNY

I

Words—lies, hollow shadows, nothing more,
Growding Life from all sides round!
In you, dead and tired, must I outpour
Spirits that in me abound?
Yet Earth's envious Gods have scanned before
Human fire with gaze profound;
And forever must the Earthling poor
Mate his bosom's glow with sound.
For, if passion leaped up, vibrant, bold,
In the Soul's sweet radiance,
Daringly it would your worlds enfold,
Would dethrone you, would bring you down low,
Would outsoar the Zephyr-dance.
Ripe a world above you then would grow.

TO JENNY

I

Jenny! Teasingly you may inquire
Why my songs "To Jenny" I address,
When for you alone my pulse beats higher,
When my songs for you alone despair,
When you only can their heart inspire,
When your name each syllable must confess,
When you lend each note melodiousness,
When no breath would stray from the
Goddess?
'Tis because so sweet the dear name sounds,
   And its cadence says so much to me,
And so full, so sonorous it resounds,
Like to vibrant Spirits in the distance,
   Like the gold-stringed Cithern's harmony,
Like some wondrous, magical existence.

II

See! I could a thousand volumes fill,
   Writing only "Jenny" in each line,
Still they would a world of thought conceal,
Deed eternal and unchanging Will,
Verses sweet that yearning gently still,
   All the glow and all the Aether's shine,
   Anguished sorrow's pain and joy divine,
   All of Life and Knowledge that is mine.
I can read it in the stars up younder,
   From the Zephyr it comes back to me,
From the being of the wild waves' thunder.
Truly, I would write it down as a refrain,
   For the coming centuries to see—
   LOVE IS JENNY, JENNY IS LOVE'S NAME.
From the *Book of Love* (Part II)\(^{194}\)

**MY WORLD**

Worlds my longing cannot ever still,  
Nor yet Gods with magic blest;  
Higher than them all is my own Will,  
Stormily wakeful in my breast.

Drank I all the stars' bright radiance,  
All the light by suns o'erspilled,  
Still my pains would want for recompense,  
And my dreams be unfulfilled.

Hence! To endless battle, to the striving  
Like a Talisman out there,  
Demon-wise into the far mists driving  
Towards a goal I cannot near.

But it's only ruins and dead stones  
That encompass all my yearning,  
Where in shimmering Heavenly radiance  
All my hopes flow, ever-burning.

They are nothing more than narrow rooms  
Ringed by timid people round,  
Where it stands, the frontier of my dreams,  
Where my hopes reach journey's end.

Jenny, can you ask what my words say,  
And what meaning hides within?  
Ah! 'Twere useless to speak anyway,  
Futile even to begin.
Look into those eyes of yours so bright,
    Deeper than the floor of Heaven,
Clearer than the sun's own beaming light,
    And the answer shall be given.

Dare to joy in life and being fair,
    Only press your own white hand;
You yourself shall find the answer there,
    Know my distant Heaven-land.

Ah! When your lips only breathed to me,
    Only one warm word to say,
Then I dived into mad ecstasy,
    Helpless I was swept away.

Ha! In nerve and spirit I was stricken,
    To the bottom of my soul,
As a Demon, when the High Magician
    Strikes with lightning bolt and spell.

Yet why should words try to force in vain,
    Being sound and misty pall,
What is infinite, like yearning's pain,
    Like yourself, and like the All.

Written in October-December 1836
Published in full for the first time
Printed according to the manuscript
FEELINGS

Never can I do in peace
That with which my Soul's obsessed,
Never take things at my ease;
I must press on without rest.

Others only know elation
When things go their peaceful way,
Free with self-congratulation,
Giving thanks each time they pray.

I am caught in endless strife,
Endless ferment, endless dream;
I cannot conform to Life,
Will not travel with the stream.

Heaven I would comprehend,
I would draw the world to me;
Loving, hating, I intend
That my star shine brilliantly.

All things I would strive to win,
All the blessings Gods impart,
Grasp all knowledge deep within,
Plumb the depths of Song and Art.
Worlds I would destroy for ever,
Since I can create no world,
Since my call they notice never,
Coursing dumb in magic whirl.

Dead and dumb, they stare away
At our deeds with scorn up yonder;
We and all our works decay—
Heedless on their ways they wander.

Yet their lot I would share never—
Swept on by the flooding tide,
On through nothing rushing ever,
Fretful in their Pomp and Pride.

Swiftly fall and are destroyed
Halls and bastions in their turn;
As they fly into the Void,
Yet another Empire's born.

So it rolls from year to year,
From the Nothing to the All,
From the Cradle to the Bier,
Endless Rise and endless Fall.

So the spirits go their way
Till they are consumed outright,
Till their Lords and Masters they
Totally annihilate.

Then let us traverse with daring
That predestined God-drawn ring,
Joy and Sorrow fully sharing
As the scales of Fortune swing.

Therefore let us risk our all,
Never resting, never tiring;
Not in silence dismal, dull,
Without action or desiring;
Not in brooding introspection
Bowed beneath a yoke of pain,
So that yearning, dream and action
Unfulfilled to us remain.

Written in October-December 1836
Published in full for the first time
Printed according to the manuscript
TRANFORMATION

Mine eyes are so confused,
   My cheek it is so pale,
My head is so bemused,
   A realm of fairy-tale.

I wanted, boldly daring,
   Sea-going ways to follow,
Where a thousand crags rise soaring,
   And Floods flow bleak and hollow.

I clung to Thought high-soaring,
   On its two wings did ride,
And though storm winds were roaring,
   All danger I defied.

I did not falter there,
   But ever on did press
With the wild eagle's stare
   On journeys limitless.

And though the Siren spins
   Her music so endearing
Whereby the heart she wins—
   I gave that sound no hearing.

I turned away mine ear
   From the sweet sounds I heard,
My bosom did aspire
   To a loftier reward.
Alas, the waves sped on,
At rest they would not be;
There swept by many a one
Too swift for me to see.

With magic power and word
I cast what spells I knew,
But forth the waves still roared,
Till they were gone from view.

And by the Flood sore pressed,
And dizzy at the sight,
I tumbled from that host
Into the misty night.

And when I rose again
From fruitless toil at last,
My powers all were gone,
And all the heart's glow lost

And trembling, pale, I long
Gazed into my own breast;
By no uplifting song
Was my affliction blessed.

My songs were flown, alack;
The sweetest Art was gone—
No God would give it back
Nor Grace of Deathless One.

The Fortress had sunk down
That once so bold did stand;
The fiery glow was drowned,
Void was the Bosom's land.

Then shone your radiance,
The purest light of soul,
Where in a changing dance
Round Earth the Heavens roll.

Then was I captive bound,
Then was my vision clear,
For I had truly found
What my dark strivings were.
Soul rang more strong, more free,  
       Out of the deep-stirred breast  
In triumph heavenly,  
       And in sheer happiness.

My spirits then and there  
       Soared, jubilant and gay,  
And, like a sorcerer,  
       Their courses did I sway.

I left the waves that rush,  
       The floods that change and flow,  
On the high cliff to crash,  
       But saved the inner glow.

And what my Soul, Fate-driven,  
       Never in flight o’er took,  
That to my heart was given,  
       Was granted by your look.

Written between November 1836 and February 1837  
Printed according to the manuscript  
Published in full for the first time
A BOOK OF VERSE
DEDICATED BY MARX
TO HIS FATHER\textsuperscript{195}
Written prior to April 12, 1837

Printed according to the manuscript
Published in English for the first time
VERSE
of the year 1837
dedicated to my dear father
on the occasion of his birthday
as a feeble token of everlasting love
K. H. Marx, Berlin

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Supplement

* Published by Marx under the title of Wild Songs. See this volume, pp. 22-24.—Ed.
TO MY FATHER

I
CREATION

Creator Spirit uncreated
Sails on fleet waves far away,
Worlds heave, Lives are generated,
His Eye spans Eternity.
All inspiriting reigns his Countenance,
In its burning magic, Forms condense.

Voids pulsate and Ages roll,
Deep in prayer before his Face;
Spheres resound and Sea-Floods swell,
Golden Stars ride on apace.
Fatherhead in blessing gives the sign,
And the All is bathed in Light divine.

In bounds self-perceived, the Eternal
Silent moves, reflectively,
Until holy Thought primordial
Dons Forms, Words of Poetry.
Then, like Thunder-lyres from far away
Like prescient Creation's Jubilee:

"Gentler shine the floating stars,
Worlds in primal Rock now rest;
O my Spirit's images,
Be by Spirit new embraced;
When to you the heaving bosoms move,
Be revealed in piety and love.

"Be unlocked only to Love;
Eternity's eternal seat,
As to you I gently gave,
Hurl you my Soul's lightning out.
'Harmony alone its like may find,
Only Soul another Soul may bind.'
Out of me your Spirits burn
   Into Forms of lofty meaning;
To the Maker you return,
   Images no more remaining,
By Man's look of Love ringed burningly,
You in him dissolved, and he in me.”

II
POETRY
Flames Creator-like once poured
   Streaming to me from your breast,
Clashing up on high they soared,
   And I nursed them in my breast.
Shone your form like Aeolus-strains above,
Shielded soft the fire with wings of Love.

I saw glow and I heard sound,
   Heavens onward sweeping far,
Rising up and sinking down,
   Sinking but to soar the higher.
Then, when inner strife at last was quelled,
Grief and Joy made music I beheld.

Nestling close to forms so soft
   Stands the Soul, by spells enchained,
From me images sailed aloft.
   By your very Love inflamed.
Limbs of Love, by Spirit once released,
Shine again within their Maker's breast.

THE FOREST SPRING
In flowery grove I lost my way
Where forest spring showers silver spray
   In murmuring fall, o'erhead
The lofty bay trees spread.

They see it ever rushing fleet,
They see it flowing at their feet,
   Burn in sweet shadows there
To mate with Sea and Air.
But when it flees the hard land's thrall,
Loud thundering smites the rocky wall.
Dizzy the flood spins round
In mist-rings with no sound.

Through flowery groves it roams again,
Swallowing deep draughts of Death's pain,
And then the tall bay trees
Waft down sweet reveries.

THE MAGIC HARP
A Ballad

So strangely in the ear it sings,
Like thrilling harp, like trembling strings,
It wakes the Minstrel sleeping.
"Why beats the heart so fearfully,
What are those sounds, like harmony
Of Stars and Spirits weeping?"

He rises, springs from off his bed,
Towards the shadows turns his head
And sees the cords of gold.
"Come, Minstrel, step you up and down,
High in the air, deep in the ground,
Those strings you cannot hold."

He sees it growing, branching wide,
His soul is troubled deep inside,
The sound swells in the air.
He follows, and it lures him on,
By ghostly stairways up and down,
Here, there and everywhere.

He stops. A gate swings open wide,
A burst of music from inside
Would carry him away.
A Lyre in golden splendour bright
Sounds forth in song all day and night,
But no one's there to play.
It grips him like desire, like pain,
His bosom swells, his heart within
Beats high beyond control.
"The Lyre plays from my own heart,
It is myself, its pangs—the Art
That gushes from my soul."

In ecstasy he plucks the strings,
The sound trills high as mountain springs,
Dives booming, like the abyss.
His blood leaps wild, far swells his song,
Was never yearning’s pain so strong,
He saw the world no more.

THE ABDUCTION
A Ballad

The Knight, he stands at the iron gate,
The Maiden so sweet and fair looks out.
"Dear Knight, however can I come down?"
And silence and darkness reign all round.

"Catch this I throw, and it shall be
Your rescue’s sweetest surety.
Up there you can firmly bind the end,
And by the rope you may descend."

"Ah, Knight, I fly like a thief to you,
Ah, Knight, for love what won’t I do!"
"Dear love, you take but what’s your own,
We’ll flee like shadows that dance and are gone!"

"Ah, Knight, the darkness yawns below,
My senses reel, I dare not go!"
"Then you refuse; my life I’d stake,
And yet at empty terrors you quake!"

"Ah, Knight, ah, Knight, you play with fire,
Yet you alone are my heart’s desire!
Farewell, ye Halls, forever and ay,
Where never again my feet shall stray.

Farewell, ye Halls, forever and ay,
Where never again my feet shall stray.
"What lures me on I cannot fight; 
Ye loved ones all, I bid good-night!
   No more she demurs and plays for time, 
   She clutches the rope for the downward climb.

No sooner has she slid halfway, 
Than she takes fright, her glances stray. 
   Her arms grow weak, she must let go 
   To fall on the breast of Death below.

"Ah, Knight, warm me once more, and I 
Blissfully in your arms may die, 
   Let me but breathe your every kiss, 
   And I'll fade into sweet nothingness."

The Knight embraces her trembling form, 
And to his bosom he presses her, warm. 
   And as their souls together strain, 
   He too is pierced by mortal pain.

"Farewell, my Love, so true, so kind!" 
"Stay, and I'll follow close behind!" 
   A flash, as of eternal fire,—
   Their souls depart and they expire.

YEARNING
A Romance

"Why sighs your breast, why glows your gaze, 
   Why are your veins all burning, 
As if Night weighs, as if Fate flays 
   Down into storm your yearning?"

"Show me the eyes, like ringing bells, 
   That glow in rainbows high, 
Where brightness streams, where music swells, 
   Where stars go swimming by.

"I dreamed this dream, so troublesome, 
   Past all elucidating. 
My head is void, my heart is numb, 
   My grave shall soon be waiting."
"What dream you here, what dream you there,
What lures to distant lands?
Here booms the Tide, here Hope rides fair,
Here's fire in True Love's bonds."

"Here naught rides fair, here is no fire,
But see what glimmers yonder,
I'm blinded, burning with desire,
And I would fain sink under."

He stares aloft, his eyes shine bright,
He shakes in every limb.
His sinews swell, his heart's alight,
His soul departs from him.

THE VIENNESE APE THEATRE IN BERLIN

I

"The public's shoving, unafraid of bruises!
Some Talma there, perhaps, home of the Muses!"
Please, friend, sharp weapons don't attract.
It's comedy—by apes that act.

II

At ease, I watched the apes put on
Their show. And it was good clean fun.
So natural—just one thing missing,
Which was, to use the walls for p——.

Suddenly, somebody plucked my cloak.
"Really, that was a peculiar joke!
A young girl swooned at what she saw,
Flew on a monkey's breast and claws.
She bathed her eyes, said timidly:
'O depths of exquisite agony!
O harmony! Delicious sorrow!
That monkey thrills me to the marrow!
I feel as if I were magnetised,
The ape played me; I loved him, hypnotised.
O monkey, speak, for I'm bewitched by you!
I just can't breathe, my head is spinning, too!"
SIR (G)LUCK'S ARMIDE

I

I also sought amusement, so
I spared no money for a show,
Threw on my frock-coat by lamplight,
And entered the nearest box that night.
I got much worse than I'd bargained for;
Oh, how I cursed myself and swore.
A missie needs must make me hold
The libretto. I muttered, "My hand feels cold!"
"Well, then, wear gloves!" the lady cried.
"They get on my nerves, Miss!" I replied.
She bared her neck and bosom and all,
And asked me to keep an eye on her shawl.
Said I to her, "The fire burns low,
And raw flesh gives me vertigo!"
She shrieked, "Oh, wasn't the ballet divine!"
Said I, "O God, has the gazette got anything worth
reading about in the meantime?"

II

I sat, lost in the music's spell.
She sneered, "The man's a fool as well!"

TERMS OF ENGAGEMENT

Mistress: Now then, just what d'you want of me?
Maid: The usual terms. But one more thing—
To avoid any family quarrelling,
I must have visitors once a month for tea.

SENTIMENTAL SOULS

The butcher's slaughtering a calf. They cry.
The creature bellows till it's been bled dry.
They laugh. O Heaven, how very, very weird
The ways of Nature. A dog wears no beard.
Why all these ravings, as if from sunstroke?
We hear that even Balaam's Ass once spoke!
ROMANTICISM À LA MODE

The child who, as you know, once wrote to Goethe,
Wanting to make him fancy that he loved her,
   Went to the theatre one fine day.
   A Uniform then stalked her way
And came towards her with a friendly smile.
   "Kind Sir, Bettina wishes, for a while,
       Smitten with sweet desire, to rest
       Her curly head upon your breast."
The Uniform then answered rather drily,
   "Bettina, that is up to you entirely!"
   "Sweetie," she answered in a trice,
   "Of course you're sure I have no lice?"

TO THE SUN OF TRUTH (F. QUEDNOW)

Lamplight and star glimmer,
Depth of heart and beauty's shimmer,
   Soul's grace and white skin's bloom—
You never show them openly,
Sun of Truth you claim to be.
   Every bride has her groom,
Sun of Truth you well may call
Yourself—the Sun throws shadows, after all!

ON A CERTAIN KNIGHT-HERO

Dig at him here, dig at him there, and ever
You'll find that Knight and Hero merge together.
His dance-talk's up-to-date all right,
But ancient bugs eat him at night.

TO MY NEIGHBOUR ACROSS THE STREET

She stares at me from over yonder;
God, I can't stand it any longer.
A little man, a yellow house,
A woman lank and nauseous.
Since Inspiration could take flight,
I'd better pull the blind down—tight.
SIREN SONG
A Ballad

The wave, soft murmuring,
With the wind frolicking,
Leaps up into the air.
You see it tremble, hover,
Tumble and topple over,
It is the Sirens' lair.

They pluck the lyre to enthrall
In heavenly festival,
In melody divine.
They draw both near and far,
Earth and distant star
Into their song sublime.

Its charm is so profound
One cannot chide the sound
That soars so radiantly.
As if great spirits there
Would lure the listener
Into the dark blue sea.

As if there swells and grows
From waves a world that flows
Loftily, secretly.
As if in waters deep
The Gods are all asleep
Down in the dark blue sea.

A little boat draws near,
The waves are charmed to hear
A gentle bard exalted,
His looks so frank and free,
Image and melody
Like love and hope transfigured.

His lyre rules o'er the deep.
Naiads that were asleep
Lend him their song-charmed ear.
And all the waves resound
With song and lyre's sweet sound
And dance high in the air.

But hear the sad refrains,
The Sirens' far-off strains
Of sweet melodiousness.
The poet to enthrall,
The Goddesses shine all
In sound and loveliness.

"O youth, soar up and play,
Rule o'er the listening sea;
The goal you seek is high,
Your breast swells rapturously.

"Here, sumptuous water-halls
Your song alone surprises,
And as the great tide falls,
Ev'n so your music rises.

"Sportive waves bear it up
And send it surging high.
The eye, bright, full of hope,
Encompasses the sky.

"Enter our Spirit-Ring;
Magic your heart shall gain,
Hear the waves dance and sing,
They sound like True Love's pain.

"Worlds came from the Ocean,
Spirits were borne on the tide
Which dared to cradle the High Ones,
While the All was void.

"As Heaven and star-glow
Look downwards, ever glancing
Into the waves below,
Into the blue waves' dancing—
"As droplets, shivering, shaking,
Enfold the Worlds in pride,
The spirits’ life, awaking,
Emerges from the tide.

"Seeking the All inspires you?
You’d burn in song away?
The lyre’s sweet music stirs you?
You’d blaze in Heaven’s ray?—

"Then come down to us all,
And tender us your hand;
Your limbs shall Spirit be,
You’ll see the deep, deep Land."

They rise up from the sea,
Hair weaving in roundelay,
Heads resting on the air.
Their eyes flash blazing fires,
And, shooting sparks, their lyres
Glow through the waters fair.

The Youth yields to Delusion,
His tears flow in profusion,
His heart pounds in his breast.
He cannot turn away,
Held captive in Love’s sway,
To burning passion lost.

Deep thoughts stir in his soul,
It fights to gain control,
Soars higher, ever higher,
Looks up with prideful bearing,
In God’s own image daring,
And this the Sirens hear:

"In your cold depths below
Nothing that’s High can go,
Nor God burn deathlessly.
You glitter but to ensnare,
For me you have no care,
Your songs are mockery."
"You lack the bosom's beat,
The heart's life-giving heat,
    The soul's high flight so free.
The Gods in my breast rule,
And I obey them all;
    I mean no treachery.

"You shall not captivate
Me, nor my love, nor hate,
    Nor yet my yearning's glow.
It shoots like lightning shafts
That gentle power uplifts
    In melodies that flow."

The Sirens all sink down
Before his blazing frown
    In weeping springs of light.
They seek to follow him,
But ah, the Flood so grim
    Engulfs them all from sight.

A PHILISTINE WONDERS

"I don't know how they quarrel with themselves the way they do.
Just button up your coat, good sir, and they won't steal from you."

MATHEMATICAL WISDOM

I

We have boiled everything down to signs,
    And Reasoning's done on strict mathematical lines.
If God's a point, as cylinder he just won't pass,
You can't stand on your head while sitting on your——.

II

If a's the Beloved and b is the Lover,
My shirt I'll wager ten times over
That a and b when added up'll
Constitute one Loving Couple.
III

Measure the World with lines about,
You'll never drive its Spirit out.
If feuds were settled by \( a \) and \( b \),
The Courts would be swindled out of their fee.

THE LITTLE OLD MAN OF THE WATER
A Ballad

1

The waters rush with an eerie sound,
The waves are swirling round and round.
They seem to feel no pain at all,
As they break and fall,
   Cold of heart, cold of mind,
   Rushing, rushing all the time.

2

But down in the depths where the waters rage
Sits a mannikin, white with age.
He dances about when the Moon appears,
When little star through cloudlet peers.
   Eerily hopping and skipping, he'd try
   To drink the little streamlet dry.

3

Waves are his murderers, every one,
   They gnaw his ancient skeleton,
It cuts through his marrow and limb like ice
To see them gambol in this wise;
   His face is a grimace of sorrow and gloom
   Till sunshine stops the dance of the Moon.

4

The waters then rush with an eerie sound,
The waves are swirling round and round.
   They seem to feel no pain at all,
As they break and fall,
   Cold of heart, cold of mind,
   Rushing, rushing all the time.
TO THE MEDICAL STUDENTS

Damned philistine-medico-student crew,
The whole world's just a bag of bones to you.
When once you've cooled the blood with Hydrogen,
   And when you've felt the pulse's throbbing, then
You think, "I've done the most I'm able to.
Man could be very comfortable, too.
How clever of Almighty God to be
   So very well versed in Anatomy!"
And flowers are all instruments to use,
When they've been boiled down into herbal brews.

MEDICAL STUDENT PSYCHOLOGY

Who eats a supper of dumplings and noodles,
Will suffer from—nightmares, oodles and oodles.

MEDICAL STUDENT METAPHYSICS

No Spirit ever has existed.
Oxen have lived and never missed it.
The Soul is idle fantasy;
   In the stomach it certainly can't be found,
   And if one were able to run it to ground,
Then almost any pill would set it free.
Then Spirits would be seen
Emerging in an endless stream.

MEDICAL STUDENT ANTHROPOLOGY

He who would sickness foil
Must learn to rub his nether half with oil,
   So that no wind or draught
Can chill him fore and aft.
Man also can achieve his ends
With dietary regimens;
   And Culture thus emerges
As soon as Man starts using purges.
MEDICAL STUDENT ETHICS

Lest perspiration harm, it's best
On journeys to wear more than just one vest.
   Beware all passion that produces
   Disorders of the gastric juices.
Do not let your glances wander
Where flames can burst your eyes asunder.
   Mix water with your wine,
   Take milk in coffee every time;
And don't forget to have us called
When leaving for the Afterworld.

THE FIRST ELEGY
of
Ovid's Tristia
Freely Rendered

1
Go, little book, make haste away,
   Go to the joyful victory seat.
I go not with you, I must stay,
   For by Jove's lightning I was hit.

2
Go, poorly clad and indigent!
   Put on your Master's mourning dress,
As is befitting banishment,
   And as commands this time of stress.

3
On you must shine no purple veil
   To make in violet's blood its show.
Longing and hope without avail
   Cannot wear joy's exalted glow.

4
In shameful silence hide your name,
   And let no scent of cedar waft,
Nor silver knob shine bright to shame
   The blackness of your crooked staff.
5

To works by Fortune blessed is due
  Such decoration, rare and bright.
Only my pain shall mate with you,
  Only my sorrow’s darkest night.

6

Shaggy and rough you may appear,
  Like one whose hair unkempt hangs down,
Not rendered wondrous soft and fair
  By smoothing block of pumice-stone.

7

If darker is your pallid face,
  It is because by me ’twas stained.
Oh, how my tears have flown apace
  And hotly down on you have rained.

8

Go, book, and greet those places, greet
  The hallowed spot so dear to me.
Dreams take me there on pinions fleet
  Of magic word and fantasy.

9

If someone, seeing you, at last
  Should find his memory stirred, and pester
With questions flying thick and fast
  Of him who sent you there, your Master;

10

I’m still alive—that you may say,
  And that I hope for rescue soon,
And if my pulse still beats away,
  It is a mercy, not a boon.

11

If someone asks you further questions,
  Mind each and every spoken word.
Beware of thoughtless indiscretions,
  In word and tone be on your guard.
Many will scold you and berate you,
Reminding you I was to blame.
As my accomplice they will rate you,
You will cast down your eyes in shame.

To insults and to condemnation
Listen, but keep your mouth closed tight.
Fire will not quench a conflagration,
Two wrongs will never make a right.

Yet some there'll be, as you will find,
Who speak to you with melting sighs.
A flow of gentle tears will blind
The light of longing in their eyes.

Then tender words will flow and mild
Forth from the bosom agitated.
"Could Caesar but be reconciled,
The punishment be mitigated...."

Who says with kind solicitude,
"May God be merciful on high,"
For him I pray with gratitude,
"May thunder ever pass him by!"

Would his desire might be fulfilled!
Oh, let me die there in that seat
Which the Gods in their keeping hold.
May Caesar's lightning lose its heat!

When thus my greetings you've conveyed,
They may lay charges at my door
That no sweet form has been displayed,
And that my spirit fails to soar.
But let the critic be aware
   During what times the work was done,
And if his judgment's sound and fair,
   You need not fear — the danger's gone.

For poetry's magic fullness flows
   Out of a breast stirred with elation,
But oh, a pall of darkest woes
   Covers the brow, kills inspiration.

And then his lyrics all bewail
   The singer's exile, harsh and dread,
And storm, and sea, and winter flail
   Around his all-unheeding head!

Fear must not clutch with icy grip
   If splendid song is to be heard,
A lonely outcast here, I weep—
   Look, yonder gleams the murder-sword!

Whatever I have so far done
   Has won the fairer critic round,
And he will pass my message on,
   Bearing my grievous plight in mind.

Give me Maeonides, for one, (Homer)
   Plunge him in misery, like me,
His magic powers will be gone,
   Danger is all his eyes will see.

Go, book, go forth upon your way,
   Heed not the voice of evil fame.
If scornful folk cast you away,
   Do not be overwhelmed by shame.
26
'Tis not that Fortune's gentle waves
Bear me so lovingly along
That praise or prize my spirit craves,
That I seek recompense for song.

27
When with desire I still was bedded,
Then inspiration welled in me,
To thirst for glory I was fettered,
The world's race for celebrity.

28
But if the Lyre sounds as before,
And if the urge still burns as strong,
Surely my heart need ask no more,
Seeing my downfall came from song?

29
Go—it is not prohibited
That you should see Rome's pomp for me.
If only I might go instead,
Watched by a God indulgently!

30
Do not imagine that you'll wend
Your way unrecognised through Rome,
That to the public you will bend
Your steps unheeded and unknown.

31
Though you lack title, witnesses,
Your colour will betray your name.
If you deny me nonetheless,
You'll show yourself up just the same.

32
Slip quietly through the gates and watch
My songs inflict on you no hurt.
No more they sing love's praises which
So much delight the drunken heart.
Who turns you cruelly away
   Because you were born of my labours,
And sternly says you lead astray
   Innocence with voluptuous dangers—

To him say, “Only read my name.
   No longer do I teach sweet love.
Alas, the Gods to council came
   And passed stern judgment from above.”

Seek not to climb to that great hall
   Which proudly dares to Heaven aspire.
Approach not Caesar’s pack at all
   There, where his column soars still higher.

Those sanctified and sacred spots
   Your Lord and Master now disown.
The lightning from the castle shoots,
   The Higher Judgment strikes me down!

Though Gods great, merciful and mild
   Abide within those halls up there,
When the Spring’s image comes with wild
   And furious storms, we shrink with fear.

Alas, the dove with frightened sound
   Will tremble, though but Zephyr stir,
While she is kissing dry the wound
   Inflicted by the hawk on her.

The frightened lamb that gets away
   From the wolf’s fangs, will not again
Ever feel safe, unless it lie
   Huddled inside the low-walled pen.
40
If Phaethon were alive today,
   To Aether's vaults he would not soar,
Nor would he drive so recklessly
   The coveted chariot team of four.

41
Jove's weapons I indeed do dread,
   And from his sea of flame I flee.
When Heaven thunders overhead,
   I think he hurls his spear at me.

42
No sailor of the Argive fleet
   Who fled the Capharean shore,
Will ever turn his sails to meet
   Euboea's surging flood once more.

43
My bark, tossed by the tempest's force,
   Dares not draw nearer to that ground;
It veers off on a different course,
   For much more distant places bound.

44
And so, my book, be wise and sane,
   Mind how you go and take good care.
No need to seek the Higher Fame
   When common people lend an ear.

45
Icarus dared to soar on high,
   Audaciously he spread his wings.
His name was destined not to die,
   In the swift ocean wave it sings.

46
Whether to pull hard on the oars,
   Or leave the sails gently to swell—
Postpone it for another hour—
   Time and the place will quickly tell.
47
And when his brow is clear at last,
    When kindness beams upon his face,
When all his rage is of the past,
    Quiescent, gone without a trace;

48
When you, that still in terror stand
    And dare not yet approach from fright,
Are proffered friendly word and hand,
    Then go—to day now yields the night.

49
More softly tolls the hour of Fate,
    Unlike your Master you rejoice.
The torments of your wound abate,
    And Mercy speaks with gentle voice.

50
The hurt can only be made less
    By him who caused it in his rage.
Achilles wounded Telephus;
    The pain he caused he then assuaged.

51
Be sure not to spread any poison
    When trying to set matters right.
Hope, ever bright and airy vision,
    Terror can turn you into night!

52
Take care lest from its quiet repose
    Wrath in a violent storm should rise,
Piling upon me yet more woes
    That you have caused by deeds unwise.

53
But if within the Muses’ shrine
    A happy welcome should await,
Bright in that house then you may shine
    Where Literature and Glory mate.
54

And there you may be sure to see
  Drawn up in line the brothers, those
Whom I begot in ecstasy
  After the day had reached its close.

55

All bear with open pride their names,
  In consciousness of victory:
Like hope upon their brows it flames,
  And like the joy of poetry.

56

Three only form a group apart,
  On every side by darkness pressed.
They swell, luxurious with "Love's Art",
  \( (ars amandi) \)
And gaiety bubbles in each breast.

57

Flee them, or bravely dare to call
  For counsel fraught with curse and doom;
Remember Oedipus' dread fall,
  Telegonus' appalling crime!

58

Songs lately granted their salvation
  From violent death by fire and flame,
Tell you their tales of Transformation
  \( (Metamorphosis) \)
And of worlds under Spirit-reign.

59

Now tell the story of the change
  That's overcome my Fate at last,
How it's turned into something strange,
  And how the form has been recast.
60

Once it was different, when I sucked
Warmth from the red lips of Success.
Where the Immortals sealed their pact,
The tears now flow of deep distress.

61

That you would ask what more I need
Is plainly written on your face.
Meanwhile, the graceful Horae speed
Onward their rushing waves apace.

62

And if with you I were to send
All that seethes in my bosom now,
Oh, I would never reach the end;
The weight would make the bearer bow.

63

The road is long. No time to spare,
O book. Remotest of all lands
Here with the Scythians I must share;
Estranged from all the rest it stands.

CONCLUDING SONNET TO JENNY

One more thing to you, Child, I must tell:
Gay this farewell poem, my singing's end;
These last waves of silver throb and swell
That my Jenny's breath its music lend.
Swift as over gulf and looming fell,
Through cascade and forest land,
Life's fleet hours shall hasten on until
Pure perfection's end in you they find.

Bravely clad in flowing robes of fire,
Proud uplifted heart transformed by light,
Master now, from bonds released entire,
Firmly do I tread through spaces free,
Shatter pain before your visage bright,
While the dreams flash out towards Life's Tree.
THE MADWOMAN

A Ballad

There dances a woman by moonlight,
She glimmers far into the night,
Robe fluttering wild, eyes glittering clear,
Like diamonds set in rock-face sheer.

"Come hither, O blue sea,
I'll kiss you tenderly.
Wreathe me a willow crown,
Weave me a blue-green gown!

"I bring fine gold and rubies red
Wherein there beats my own heart's blood.
On warm breast 'twas by lover worn,
Into the ocean he was drawn.

"For you, my songs I'll sing,
That wind and wave must spring,
High in the dance I'll leap,
And wind and wave must weep!"

She grasps a willow with her hand
And binds it with a blue-green band.
She eyes it in the strangest way,
And bids it lightly step away.

"Now lend your wings to me
To echo down the sea:
Mother, have you not known
How fair I've wreathed your son?"

So nightly here and there went she,
Decked every willow by the sea.
Proudly she danced there up and down,
Until her magic course was run.
TWO SONGS TO JENNY

SOUGHT

A Song

I rose, broke free of all that bound me;
"Where would you go?" "A world I'd find me!"
"Are there not here lush meadows gay,
Below—the seas, above—star-play?"

"Know, fool, I seek not to cross over,
There to strike rock, or sound the Aether.
They bind so dumb the foot in pain,
Their words of love become a chain.

"The world must rise out of myself
And to my breast incline itself.
From my life's blood its well-springs come,
My soul's breath—its aethereal dome."

I wandered far as I could go,
Returned, held worlds above, below.
Within there leaped the stars and sun;
The lightning flashed, and they sank down.

FOUND

A Song

Why do the bushes dance and swirl,
Why do the May-wreaths stray to heel,
Why arches Heaven forever higher,
And vales to cloudy peak aspire?

If I sail on my pinions there,
The echo falls from rock through air.
Do eye and starlight marry ever?
I look, my gaze is clouded over.

Roll forth, you waves of life, away,
Soar, smash those bridges in your way,
By golden liberty inspired
When you came soulless from the void.
Again the glance in recklessness
Stirs, sparks to bless'd forgetfulness.
   Where should it have sought worlds? In you,
   Into a very world it grew.

FLOWER KING
A Fantastic Ballad

1

“You in the sunshine, Mannikin,
Will you be the Flower King?
   Ever runs your courage high,
   Tinge us with your blood’s red dye!”

2

“Flower bright and flower pale,
   You’ve drunk my blood and drunk it deep.
Now my kingdom without fail!
   In calyx, in calyx let me steep!”

3

“Sweet your blood was, Little Man,
   Show your deep little heart, if you can.
If our King you would become,
   Your heart must glisten in the sun.”

4

“My heart, my heart beats high and true,
   It shines forth fairly in my gaze.
If I gave up my heart to you,
   Never again I'll feast my eyes.”

5

“Mannikin, we'll jump and rest,
All of us, inside your breast.
Let your heart shine in the sun,
Flower King you shall become!”
6

He starts, he thinks, that Mannikin,
He tears his breast rose-red apart.
“Give me sceptre, give me crown,
   Take, O take my deep little heart!”

7

“You in the sunshine, Mannikin,
Cannot be the Flower King.
No more your rose-red blood can spurt,
For us must glow your deep little heart.’’

8

The Mannikin plucks out his eyes,
   Digs himself a hole deep down,
Digs his own deep grave, and lies
   Buried, buried underground.

SEA ROCK

Marble pillar towers high,
   Jagged summit saws the air,
Putrefaction, life’s decay,
   Moulders in the abyss down there.
Grim the cliff that upward climbs
Clamps the ground with iron limbs.

Round it spreads the radiance glowing
   From its mad and fevered brain,
Sends the ocean surge a-flowing
   Crazy, round and round again.
Weary moss shakes grey autumnal locks,
Blood seeps out from under laughing rocks.

Midnight comes, with voices roaring
   Crazy from the marble womb,
Like a thousand years’ life thawing,
   Like remembrance howling doom.
Should the traveller dare to eavesdrop, he
Turns to stone and crashes in the sea.
THE AWAKENING

I
When your beaming eye breaks
Enraptured and trembling,
Like straying string music
That brooded, that slumbered,
Bound to the lyre,
Up through the veil
Of holiest night,
Then from above glitter
Eternal stars
Lovingly inwards.

II
Trembling, you sink
With heaving breast,
You see unending
Eternal worlds
Above you, below you,
Unattainable, endless,
Floating in dance-trains
Of restless eternity;
An atom, you fall
Through the Universe.

III
Your awakening
Is an endless rising,
Your rising
An endless falling.

IV
When the rippling flame
Of your soul strikes
In its own depths,
Back into the breast,
There emerges unbounded,
Uplifted by spirits,
Borne by sweet-swelling
Magical tones,
The secret of soul
Rising out of the soul's
Daemonic abyss.

V
Your sinking down
Is an endless rising,
Your endless rising
Is with trembling lips—
The Aether-reddened,
Flaming, eternal
Lovekiss of the Godhead.

NIGHT THOUGHTS
A Dithyramb

See overhead the cloud sails, lowering,
   Around its flanks roar eagle-wings.
Stormwards it rushes, fire-sparks showering,
   Night thoughts from morning's realm it brings.

Thought blazes up, so heavy-stupendous,
   Curse-frenzy batters the vaults of Aether.
Blood spurts from eyeball, terror-enormous,
   Sea-waves spit up at Heaven's rafters.

The silent Aether, tranquil-tremendous,
   Girdles the brow with blazing brands.
Clash of arms. In its womb—Ur-darkness,
   Cloud swoops, howling woe to the land.

INVOCATION OF ONE IN DESPAIR

So a god has snatched from me my all
   In the curse and rack of Destiny.
All his worlds are gone beyond recall!
   Nothing but revenge is left to me!

On myself revenge I'll proudly wreak,
   On that being, that enthroned Lord,
Make my strength a patchwork of what's weak,
   Leave my better self without reward!
I shall build my throne high overhead,
   Cold, tremendous shall its summit be.
For its bulwark—superstitious dread,
   For its Marshall—blackest agony.

Who looks on it with a healthy eye,
   Shall turn back, struck deathly pale and dumb;
Clutched by blind and chill Mortality,
   May his happiness prepare its tomb.

And the Almighty's lightning shall rebound
   From that massive iron giant.
If he bring my walls and towers down,
   Eternity shall raise them up, defiant.

THREE LITTLE LIGHTS

Three distant lights gleam quietly,
   They shine like starry eyes to see.
The storm may rage, the wind may shout,
   The little lights are not blown out.

One sweetly struggles ever higher,
   Trembling to Heaven it would aspire.
It blinks its eye so trustingly,
   As if the All-Father it could see.

The other looks down on Earth's halls,
   And hears the echoing victory calls,
Turns to its sisters in the sky,
   Inspired with silent prophecy.

The last one burns with golden fire,
   The flames shoot forth, it sinks entire,
The waves plunge in its heart and—see!—
   Swell up into a flowering tree.

Then three small lights gleam quietly
   In turn, like starry eyes to see.
The storm may rage, the wind may blow,
   Two souls in one are happy now.
THE MAN IN THE MOON

See, breathed upon by starlight's glance,
Swift up and down a-hopping,
The Man in the Moon beats out his dance,
His lively limbs a-bobbing.

Soft weeping dew of Heaven shines
Tangled in curly hair,
Then trickles down on to the plains
Till blossoms tinkle there.

And now it sparkles, sprouts apace
In flakelets gold and pale.
The flowerbells tell the earthly place
The Moonman's grievous tale.

He waves in such a friendly way
But deep his sorrows smart.
He would be with the sinking ray,
Lean to the Sun's full heart.

He's tarried long, he's listened long
To hear the rising spheres.
He pines, he yearns to be a song,
To thaw in dancing flowers.

Earth's glade is covered with his pain
Till field and meadow ring;
Rapt with his own sweet shine, he then
Beats, reconciled, his wings.

LUCINDA
A Ballad

Life seems wed to gaiety
As the dancers tread the measure.
Each feels chosen specially
For the sacred vows to pleasure.

Rosy cheeks flush ever higher,
Faster still the heart's blood races,
And the longings of desire
Lift the soul to heavenly places.
Kiss fraternal and hearts' union
   Close all in a circle round,
Gone the clash of rank, opinion,
   Love is lord and in command.

But it is an idle dream
   That enfolds warm hearts, and flies
From this dust and earthly scene,
   Surging to aethereal skies.

Gods can never bear to see
   Man, to his own folly blind,
Blissfully believing he
   May span Heaven with an Earth-born mind.

Through the lines a sombre guest
   Creeps with sword and knife, apart,
Envy's fire consumes his breast,
   And disdain his wretched heart.

She, now in the bridal wreath,
   Once was love and life to him;
Pledged him once her solemn troth,
   And her heart she gave to him.

So, to battle for the Good,
   Trusting her, he went away,
And his quest was crowned by Gods;
   Deed and valour won the day.

Wreathed in glory, he returns
   To the township, quiet and still,
Where his lovely jewel burns,
   Where desire and bliss do call.

Now he sees the battlements,
   And his heart beats violently,
Soon he shall win all he wants,
   Dream shall turn reality.

To the threshold now he races
   Of the house that he loves so.
Bright with many lamps it blazes,
   Guests are streaming to and fro.
But the footman there, aloof,
  Halts him with restraining hand.
"Stranger, would you climb the roof?
  Whither leads this rush so blind?"

"Man, I seek Lucinda fair!"
Then the footman, open-eyed:
"Anyone may find her here,
  For Lucinda is the bride!"

Stunned, the stranger stands and sways
  In his full athletic height,
Stands with wide and staring eyes,
  Staggers up towards the gate.

"You should look your festive best
  For this gay and brilliant place,
If you want to be a guest!"
  Calls the footman's uncouth voice.

Proud and grim, he turns in haste,
  Takes the long-familiar way.
Heart with rage and grief obsessed,
  Fury darting from his eye.

To the place of his abode
  Flies he like the storm wind rushing,
And the door bursts open wide
  At his kicking and his pushing.

Grabs the candle from the maid,
  Stays his hand, lest tremor show;
With cold sweat the brow's bedewed
  That he beats in silent woe.

On his shoulders lets unfold
  Cape of purple, wondrous fair,
Decks himself with clasps of gold,
  Loosens and lets fall his hair.

To his bosom's sanctuary
  Presses he the gold-chased sword
That he wielded to the glory
  Of the one whom he adored.
Back he flies on wings of wind
   To the place of revelry,
Heart beyond all bridling,
   Deadly lightning in his eye.

Trembling, steps he through the door
   To the brilliant hall within.
Parcae name their victim, pour
   Curses hissing after him.

Draws he nearer, sad and bowed,
   Prideful in his stately cloak.
All the guests are frightened, cowed,
   By his awe-inspiring look.

Like a ghost he seems to stride
   Lonely through the crowded hall.
Onward still the partners glide,
   Foams the festive goblet full.

Many dancers throng the rows,
   But Lucinda shines the best.
From the filmy froth of gauze
   Swells voluptuous her breast.

Each is filled with silent yearning,
   Gripped by power all-pervading,
Longing, all their eyes are turning
   On that form in beauty gliding.

And her eyes, full of caprice,
   Laugh in undimmed radiance;
On she moves with body's grace
   In the many-coloured dance.

Past the man she lightly dances,
   Neither does he yield nor quail;
Clouded are her glowing glances,
   And her rosy cheeks turn pale.

She would mingle with the crowd,
   From the stranger turn away,
But a scornful hiss is heard
   And a God holds her in sway.
Grim, he looks her up and down,
        Ominously closes on her.
All the dancers, turned to stone,
        Questioningly eye each other.

But Lucinda's throat and breathing
        Seem as if by Gods pressed tight.
With her soul for respite striving,
        Clutches she her maid in fright.

"Ha! So I must find you faithless,
        Who once pledged yourself to me,
You, Lucinda, you a traitress,
        You another's bride I see!"

Then the crowd would rush upon him
        For his conduct in that place,
But he hurls the assailants from him,
        And like thunder sounds his voice.

"Let no one dare interfere!"
        Menace in his eyes is plain.
And all present, cowed, must hear,
        Listen to the voice of pain.

"Never fear, I shall not harm her,
        She shall not be hurt this night.
She need only watch the drama
        That I stage for her delight.

"Let the dancing not be over,
        Carry on your revelry.
Soon you shall embrace your lover,
        Soon you shall be free of me.

"I, too, shall the nuptial bond
        Celebrate this eventide.
But another way I've found—
        Night and Blade shall be my bride.

"From your eyes but let me suck
        Sensuous passion, sensuous glow.
Ah! Now I have seen your look,
        You shall watch my life's blood flow!"
Swiftly through him go the blades
    Long held ready in his hands,
Snapped are all life's quivering threads,
    Darkness on his eyes descends.

With a heavy crash he falls,
    Every muscle breaks in twain.
Death his prideful limbs enfolds,
    And no God wakes him again.

Then without a word she seizes
    Sword and dagger, quivering.
With the iron her skin she pierces,
    And the purple life's blood springs.

In a trice, the watchful maid,
    Shuddering at the bloody spray,
Wrests from her the deadly blade,
    Pulls the fatal steel away.

Then in pain Lucinda sinks
    On the corpse with grievous moan.
From his heart the blood she drinks,
    To his heart lets flow her own.

And the drapes of gauzy white
    That her slender body cover,
Redden now with bloodstains bright,
    Frothing, bubbling all over.

Long she moans there, hanging, clinging
    On to him who lies in death.
He might live, if only longing
    Soul back into clay could breathe.

Pale and bloody then she rises
    From the one she chose at last.
Slowly back the whole crowd presses,
    Murmuring, horror-struck, aghast.

And a Goddess, tall, uprearing,
    Her own doom's artificer,
Turns her gaze, destructive, searing,
    On the man who married her.
And a smile, ice-cold and mocking,
   On the pale lips starts to play.
Anguished wailing tells its shocking
   Tale of madness on the way.

Broken up the merry revels,
   Fled the dancers, one and all,
Silent now the clashing cymbals,
   Desolate the empty hall.

DIALOGUE WITH....

A Singer stands in festive attire,
Clasps to his bosom warm a lyre,
   And plucks the strings, enraptured.
"How play you my tunes, how sing my refrains,
How swell you, O Lyre, with soul that strains
   As if by your own fires captured?"

"Singer, think you that I am cold
To bosom's light, to yearning soul,
   To images upwards striving?
They shine as clear as the Land of Stars,
They surge, they soar like streaming fires,
   They lead to a Loftier Living.

"I knew with prescience profound
When called by your Word's sparkling sound,
   'Twas not your fingers touching.
It was a breath from sweeter lips
Uprising from the heart's own depths,
   A subtler music teaching.

"There shone a visage wondrous fair,
Haloed in song, in golden hair,
   That flashed forth rarest lays.
High beat her heart, eyes glowed sublime,
You were no more, you sank in dream,
   And I must honour and praise."
"Her image in me sank silently,  
Like flower-shine rose out of me,  
As melting into sound.  
But say, it falls, it soars again,  
And yet for you cloud-veiled remain  
The sun and stars all round."

"O wondrous Lyre of magic skill,  
Your joy's like bubbling founts that well,  
Ringed round with May-wreaths fair.  
Her breath inspires, her eyes invite,  
Your tones vibrate, your light beams bright,  
And rolls with the dancing spheres.

“One drinks, one sings of raptures blest,  
Then Love flees echoing from the breast,  
One's spirits no more sound.  
Yours was the dream, yours was the life,  
You shine in her, afar I strive,  
You soar, I must bow down."

“Singer, though lulled by flower-dream,  
I too reach out to Heaven's hem  
With golden stars to bind it.  
The music sounds, life is in tears,  
The music sounds, the sun shines clear,  
And distances are blended."

THE LAST JUDGMENT

A Jest

Ah! that life of all the dead,  
Hallelujahs that I hear,  
Make my hair stand on my head,  
And my soul is sick with fear.

For, when everything is severed  
And the play of forces done,  
When our sufferings fade for ever,  
And the final goal is won,
God Eternal we must praise,
   Endless hallelujahs whine,
Endless hymns of glory raise,
   Know no more delight or pain.

Ha! I shudder on the stair
   Leading to perfection's goal,
And I shudder when I hear,
   Urging me, that death-bed call.

There can only be one Heaven,
   That one's fully occupied,
We must share it with old women
   Whom the teeth of Time have gnawed.

While their flesh lies underground
   With decay and stones o'ershovelled,
Brightly hued, their souls hop round
   In a spider-dance enravell'd.

All so skinny, all so thin,
   So aethereal, so chaste,
Never were their forms so lean,
   Even when most tightly laced.

But I ruin the proceedings
   As my hymns of praise I holler.
And the Lord God hears my screamings,
   And gets hot under the collar;

Calls the highest Angel out,
   Gabriel, the tall and skinny,
Who expels the noisy lout
   Without further ceremony.

I just dreamed it all, you see,
   Thought I faced the Court Supreme.
Good folk, don't be cross with me,
   It was never sin to dream.
TWO SINGERS ACCOMPANYING THEMSELVES 
ON THE HARP 

A Ballad

"What brings you to this Castle here
To breathe Song's radiant aureole?
Seek you a loving comrade dear
For whom in longing yearns your soul?"

"Know you him who soulful dwells therein,
Ask you if he set my heart a-burning?
Can you tell me if the sight of him
Ever favoured mortals drawn by yearning?

"Never have I seen that shine of his,
Yet the gleam of precious stone
Burning on that splendid edifice
Surely needs must lure me on.

"Truly, it might be my place of birth,
Here might be my native land.
Ah! 'twas chosen by the gentle South,
Turned towards the glow it stands.

"Here my melody more free resounds,
And my breast the higher swells.
Sweet the golden Lyre's music sounds,
As in joy of grief it wells.

"And I do not know that High Master,
Him who strikes the heart-strings powerfully,
Nor the heavenly spirits that the Castle
Harbours in its womb so secretly.

"And in vain is my desire's hot burning,
Not for me the fair gates opening.
I lean on the columns, sadly yearning,
Here Love's tribute I must sing!"

In despair her jet black hair she shakes,
Bursts into a flood of tears,
And the other kisses dry her cheeks,
Clasps her to her bosom's warming fires.
"I too am drawn by secret bonds
To this divine and holy fane.
I quested wandering through the lands,
Was pierced, as if by lightning's flame.

"But why the burning dew so spill,
The tears of bitter sorrow weep?
We may enjoy the view at will,
On flowery meadow dance and leap!

"The heart may glow more full in us,
And sorrow may more sweetly come.
The looks may shine more luminous,
Here the Most Beautiful's soon won!

"A humble cottage let us find
Where we our songs of praise may sing,
Where the sweet West may play around
In spirits' secret struggling."

Full many a day they lingered there,
At eventide the strings were heard
That held entranced with sad allure
Full many a flower and many a bird.

Once, as they both lay fast asleep,
Arms clasped the gentle bodies round
On bed of moss full soft and deep,
A Demon wondrous tall was found.

He bore them up on wings of gold;
They were as bound in magic bonds,
And where that cottage stood of old
A wondrous melody resounds.

EPIGRAMS

I

In its armchair, stupid and dumb,
The German public watches it come.
Hither and thither rumbles the storm,
Heaven clouds over, more dark and forlorn.
Lightning hisses, snakes out of sight,
Feelings remain inviolate.
But when the sun comes out in greeting,
The winds soft sighing, the storm abating,
  It stirs itself, makes a fuss at last,
  And writes a book: The Commotion Is Past;
Is seized with an urge for fantasy,
Would plumb the whole thing thoroughly;
  Believes it's extremely wrong of Heaven
To play such jokes, though brilliant even,
It should the All systematically treat;
First rub the head and then the feet;
  Just like a baby it carries on
  Looking for things which are dead and gone;
Should get the Present in proper perspective,
Let Heaven and Earth go their ways respective;
  They've followed their courses as before,
  And the wave laps quiet on the rocky shore.

II

ON HEGEL

1

Since I have found the Highest of things and the Depths of them also,

Rude am I as a God, cloaked by the dark like a God.
Long have I searched and sailed on Thought's deep billowing ocean;

There I found me the Word: now I hold on to it fast.

2

Words I teach all mixed up into a devilish muddle,
  Thus, anyone may think just what he chooses to think;
Never, at least, is he hemmed in by strict limitations.
  Bubbling out of the flood, plummeting down from the cliff,
So are his Beloved's words and thoughts that the Poet devises;
  He understands what he thinks, freely invents what he feels.
Thus, each may for himself suck wisdom's nourishing nectar;
  Now you know all, since I've said plenty of nothing to you!
Early Literary Experiments

3

Kant and Fichte soar to heavens blue
Seeking for some distant land,
I but seek to grasp profound and true
That which—in the street I find.

4

Forgive us epigrammatists
For singing songs with nasty twists.
In Hegel we're all so completely submerged,
But with his Aesthetics we've yet to be—
purged.

III

The Germans once actually stirred their stumps,
With a People's Victory turned up trumps.
And when all that was over and done,
On every corner, everyone
Read: "Wonderful things are in store for you—
Three legs for all instead of two!"
This shook them badly, and in due course
They were all smitten by deep remorse.
"Too much has happened at once, it's plain.
We'll have to behave ourselves again.
The rest it were better to print and bind,
And buyers will not be hard to find."

IV

Pull down the stars for them at night,
They burn too pale or far too bright.
The sun's rays either scorch the eye
Or shine from much too far away.

V

Of Schiller there's reason to complain,
Who couldn't more humanly entertain.
Endowed with an elevating mind,
He didn't stick to the daily grind.
He played with Thunder and Lightning much,
But totally lacked the common touch.
VI

But Goethe's taste was too nicely ordered;
He'd rather see Venus than something sordid.
Although he grasped things, as one should, from below,
It was for the Highest he made us go.
He wanted to make things so sublime
That Soul-grip evaded him most of the time.
Schiller was surely nearer the mark,
You can read his ideas in letters stark.
His thoughts are there in black and white,
Though it's hard to fathom the meaning aright.

VII

ON A CERTAIN BALD-HEAD

As lightning born of radiancy
Sparkles from cloud-realms far away,
Pallas Athena victorious
Sprang from the thought-filled head of Zeus.
Even so, in sportiveness unbounded,
On to his head she's likewise bounded,
And what in depth he could never plumb
Visibly shines on his cranium.

VIII

PUSTKUCHEN (FALSE WANDERING YEARS)\(^a\)

1

Schiller, thinks he, had been less of a bore
If only he'd read the Bible more.
One could have nothing but praise for The Bell
If it featured the Resurrection as well,
Or told how, on a little ass,
Christ into the town did pass;
While David's defeat of the Philistine
Would have added something to Wallenstein.

\(^a\) Pustkuchen—a punning reference to Johann Friedrich Wilhelm Pustkuchen, author of Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre, based on Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre by Goethe. Pustkuchen also means "puff cake", hence "hot air" or "nonsense".—Ed.
Goethe can give the ladies a fright,
   For elderly women he's not quite right.
He understood Nature, but this is the quarrel,
   He wouldn't round Nature off with a moral.
   He should have got Luther's doctrine off pat
   And made up his poetry out of that.
He had beautiful thoughts, if sometimes odd,
   But omitted to mention—"Made by God".

Extremely strange is this desire
   To elevate Goethe higher and higher.
How low in actual fact his reach—
   Did he ever give us a sermon to preach?
   Show me in Goethe solid ground
   For Peasant or Pedagogue to expound.
   Such a genius marked with the stamp of the Lord
   That a sum in arithmetic had him floored.

Hear Faust in the full authentic version;
The Poet's account is sheer perversion.
   Faust was up to his ears in debts,
   Was dissolute, played at cards for bets.
No offer of help from above was extended,
   So he wanted it all ignominiously ended.
   But was overwhelmed by a fearful sensation
   Of Hell and the anguish of desperation.
He then devoted due reflection
To Knowledge, Deed, Life, Death, and Perdition;
   And on these topics had much to say
   In a darkly mystical sort of way.
Couldn't the Poet have managed to tell
How debts lead man to the Devil and Hell.
   Who loses his credit may well conceivably
   Forfeit redemption quite irretrievably.

Since Faust at Easter had the gall
   To think, why trouble the Devil at all?
Who dares to think on Easter Day
   Is doomed to Hell-fire anyway.
6
Credibility too is defied.
The Police would soon have had enough!
They'd surely have had him clapped inside
For running up debts and making off!

7
Vice alone could elevate Faust,
Who really loved himself the most.
God and the World he dared to doubt,
Though Moses thought they'd both worked out.
Silly young Gretchen had to adore him
Instead of getting his conscience to gnaw him,
Telling him he was the Devil's prey,
And the Day of Judgment was well on the way.

8
There's use for the "Beautiful Soul". It's simple:
Just trim it with specs and a nun's wimple.
"What God hath done is right well done,"
Thus the true Poet hath begun.

CONCLUDING EPIGRAM
ON THE PUFF-PASTRY COOK

So knead your cake as well as you can,
You'll never be more than a baker's man.
And, after all, whoever asked you
To emulate Goethe the way you do?
As he knew nothing of your profession,
Whence came his genius and perception?

HARMONY

Know you that magic image sweet
When souls into each other go,
And then in one soft breath outflow,
Melodious, loving, mild, replete?
They flame up in one rose-bloom, blushing red,
And coyly hide deep in some mossy bed.
Roam far and wide throughout the land,
   The magic image you'll not find
   That talisman can never bind,
Nor sun's fierce rays portend.
The light of no sun ever gave it birth,
It never knew the nourishment of Earth.

Ever resplendent there it stays,
   Though Time its rapid pinions beats,
   Though bright Apollo guides his steeds,
Though worlds fade into nothingness.
   Alone its own true power did it create
   That neither world nor God can dominate.

Perhaps 'tis like the Cithern sounding,
   As played on one eternal Lyre,
   In endless glow, in endless fire,
In yearning's lofty urge resounding.
   Once hear within yourself those strings that play
   Your steps to wander shall not further stray.

DISTRAUGHT
   A Ballad

I
All decked with finery
   She stands, in purple dressed;
A satin ribbon coy
   Is hidden in her breast.

And playfully there glow
   Sweet roses in her hair,
Some are like flakes of snow,
   The others—blood and fire.

But never a rose is playing
   Upon her pallid face.
She sinks, distressful, bowing,
   As hart shot in the chase.
Tremulous, pale she looks  
In diamonds' full display.  
The blood drains from her cheeks  
Into her heart away.

"I have been driven again  
To gaiety's false allure,  
My heart oppressed with pain,  
My wavering steps unsure.

"O'er soul's high-billowing sea  
Other desires have called.  
Enough of this display,  
So loveless and so cold.

"I cannot understand it,  
Within my breast this flame;  
Heaven alone can grant it,  
No mortal speak its name.

"I would bear suffering even,  
Willingly I would die,  
That I might merit Heaven,  
A better land might see."

She lifts her tearful gaze  
To Heaven's radiance,  
Her bosom's fantasies  
In sighs give utterance.

Quietly she lays her down  
And says a heartfelt prayer.  
Sleep folds her gently round,  
An angel watches her.

II

Years have flown swiftly by,  
Hollow her cheeks have grown.  
Quieter, sadder she,  
More distant, more withdrawn.

She struggles, but in vain,  
Fighting great agony,
Those mighty powers to tame;  
    Her heart leaps violently.

Dreaming, one day she lies  
    In bed, but not asleep,  
Drowning in nothingness...  
    The blow has struck full deep.

Her look becomes a stare,  
    Hollow, and void, and numb.  
She raves, all unaware,  
    In wild delirium.

And from her eye there streams  
    The blood that nothing stays.  
The pain now quieter seems,  
    Now flash the Spirit’s rays.

“The gates of Heaven yield,  
    And I am moved with awe.  
My hopes shall be fulfilled,  
    Nearer the stars I'll draw.”

Trembling on lips so pale,  
    The soul would seek to roam.  
The gentle spirits sail  
    To their aethereal home.

Striving profound has drawn her,  
    Lured by a magic bond.  
Too cold has life been for her,  
    Too poor this earthly land.

MAN AND DRUM

A Fable

A Drum it is no Man, and a Man he is no Drum,  
The Drum is very clever, and the Man is very dumb.

The Drum is tied with straps, but the Man is on his own,  
And the Drum sits firm when the Man falls down.
The angry Man he beats it, and the Drum goes bippety-bop,
Yes, the merry Drum it rattles, and the Man goes hippety-hop.

And then the Man pulls faces, and the Drum it laughs at him,
And the Man shouts up and down the house and makes an awful din.

"Hey, Drum, ho, Drum, why laugh so mockingly?
You take me for a fool and you stick out your tongue at me!

"Damn you, Drum, you shame me, you jeer and you deride!
Why d'you rattle when I beat, why d'you hang where you were tied?

"You think I raised you from a tree into a Drum full-grown
To carry on like that as if you'd done it on your own?

"You shall dance when I beat, you shall beat when I sing,
You shall cry when I laugh, you shall laugh when I spring."

The Man scowls at the Drum all in a sudden furious bout,
He bangs and bangs and bangs it till its blood comes gushing out.

So the Drum it has no Man, and the Man he has no Drum,
And the Man takes holy orders for a friar to become.

HUMAN PRIDE

When these stately Halls I scan
And the giant burden of these Houses,
And the stormy pilgrimage of Man
And the frenzied race that never ceases,

Pulse's throbbing do I sense
And the giant flame of Soul so proud?
Shall the Waves then bear you hence
Into Life, into the Ocean's flood?

Shall I then revere these forms
Heavenward soaring, proud, inviolate?
Should I yield before the Life that storms
Towards the Indeterminate?
No! You pigmy-giants so wretched,
And you ice-cold stone Monstrosity,
See how in these eyes averted
Burns the Soul's impetuosity.

Swift eye scans the circles round,
Hastens through them all exploringly,
Yearning, as on fire, resounds,
Mocking through the vast Halls and away.

When you all go down and sink,
Fragment-world shall lie around,
Even though cold Splendour blink,
Even though grim Ruin stand its ground.

There is drawn no boundary,
No hard, wretched earth-clod bars our way,
And we sail across the sea,
And we wander countries far away.

Nothing bids to stay our going,
Nothing locks our hopes inside;
Swift away go fancies fleeing,
And the bosom's joy and pain abide.

All those monstrous shapes so vast
Tower aloft in fearfulness,
Feeling not love's fiery blast
That creates them out of nothingness.

No giant column soars to Heaven
In a single block, victorious;
One stone on the other meanly woven
Emulates the timid snail laborious.

But the Soul embraces all,
Is a lofty giant flame that glows,
Even in its very Fall
Dragging Suns in its destructive throes.

And out of itself it swells
Up to Heaven's realms on high;
Gods within its depths it lulls,
Thunderous lightning flashes in its eye.
And it wavers not a whit
    Where the very God-Thought fares,
On its breast will cherish it;
    Soul's own greatness is its lofty Prayer.

Soul its greatness must devour,
    In its greatness must go down;
Then volcanoes seethe and roar,
    And lamenting Demons gather round.

Soul, succumbing haughtily,
    Raises up a throne to giant derision;
Downfall turns to Victory,
    Hero's prize is proud renunciation.

But when two are bound together,
    When two souls together flow,
Each one softly tells the other
    No more need alone through space to go.

Then all Worlds hear melodies
    Like the Aeolian harp full sighing,
In eternal Beauty's rays
    Wish and Soul's desire together flowing.

Jenny! Do I dare avow
    That in love we have exchanged our Souls,
That as one they throb and glow,
    And that through their waves one current rolls?

Then the gauntlet do I fling
    Scornful in the World's wide open face.
Down the giant She-Dwarf, whimpering,
    Plunges, cannot crush my happiness.

Like unto a God I dare
    Through that ruined realm in triumph roam.
Every word is Deed and Fire,
    And my bosom like the Maker's own.
EVENING STROLL

"Why gaze you towards the cliff-wall there,
    What do you softly sigh?"
"The sun sinks glowing through the air,
    Kissing the cliff good-bye."

"And this before you've never seen—
    The sun's orb slowly scale
The morning sky, and then from noon
    Sink down into the vale?"

"Indeed I have, indeed that glow
    In crimson folds throbbed burning,
Until its Eye, being loth to go,
    Dwelt on her in its yearning.

"We walked in peace. By her footfall
    The echoing cliffs were captured.
The light wind gently kissed her shawl,
    Soft spoke her eyes, enraptured.

"And sick with love, I lisped a-sighing;
    She trembled, rosy red.
I pressed her heart, down sank the dying
    Sun, star-cosseted.

"That draws me to the cliff-wall there,
    That's what I softly sigh.
She waves far off as evening fire,
    She bows as from on high."
Scenes from OULANEM
A Tragedy

Characters:

Oulanem, a German traveller

Lucindo, his companion

Pertini, a citizen of a mountain town in Italy

Alwander, a citizen of the same town

Beatrice, his foster-daughter

Wierin

Perto, a monk

The action takes place inside or before Pertini's house, Alwander's house, and in the mountains.

ACT I

A mountain town

Scene 1

A street. Oulanem, Lucindo; Pertini before his house.

Pertini. Sirs, the whole town is crowded out with strangers, Attracted to the spot by fame, to see The wonders of the neighbourhood. In short, I offer you my home. For at no inn Will you find room. So all I can provide With my small means I shall be glad to place At your disposal. Truly, I am drawn To friendship with you. That's no flattery.
Oulanem. We thank you, stranger, and I only fear
     Lest your opinion of us be too high.
Pertini. Good ... good.... Then let us leave the compliments.

Oulanem. But we intend to make a lengthy stay.
Pertini. Each day the less you spend in pleasure here
     Will be my loss.

Oulanem. Once more we thank you warmly.

Pertini (calling a servant).
     Boy! See the gentlemen up to their room.
     They wish to take some rest after their journey;
     They also want to be alone and change
     Their heavy travelling clothes for lighter wear.

Oulanem. We take our leave, but we shall soon return.

(Oulanem and Lucindo go out with the servant.)

Pertini (alone, cautiously looking round).
     It's he, by God, it's he; the day has come;
     He, the old friend I never could forget,
     Any more than my conscience gives me rest.
     That's excellent! Now I'll exchange my conscience;
     He shall be it henceforth, yes, he, Oulanem.
     So, conscience, now may it go well with you.
     For every night you stood before my bed,
     You went to sleep when I did, rose with me—
     We know each other, man, my eyes upon it!
     What's more, I know that there are others here;
     They are Oulanem also, also Oulanem!
     There's death rings in that name. Well, let it ring
     Till in its owner vile it rings its last.
     But wait, I have it now! As clear as air,
     Firm as my bones, it comes up from my soul.
     His oath stands up in arms before my eyes!
     I've found it, and I'll see he finds it too!
     My plan is made—you are its very soul,
     Yes, you, Oulanem, are its very life.
     Would you work Destiny as 'twere a puppet?
     Make Heaven a plaything for your calculations?
     Fabricate Gods out of your old spent loins?
     Now, play your part off pat, my little God;
     But wait—wait for your cue—leave that to me!

(Enter Lucindo.)
Scene 2

Pertini, Lucindo.

Pertini. Pray, why so much alone, my dear young sir?

Lucindo. Curiosity. The old find nothing new.

Pertini. Indeed! Your time of life!

Lucindo. No, but if ever
   My soul cherished a strong desire, if ever
   My heart was moved by a presentient yearning,
   It was to call him Father, be his son,
   That one's whose manly and impassioned spirit
   Can drink in worlds entire; whose heart streams forth
   The radiance of the Gods. Did you not know him,
   Then you might not conceive that such a man
   Could be.

Pertini. It sounds indeed most fine and tender,
   When from the warm voluptuous lips of youth
   The praise of Age streams forth like tongues of fire.
   It sounds so moral, like a Bible sermon,
   Just like the story of the Dame Susannah,
   Or like that tale about the Prodigal Son.
   But dare I ask you if you know this man
   With whom your heart would seem so closely bound?

Lucindo. Seem? Only semblance—semblance and delusion?
   You hate mankind?

Pertini. Well, at the very least
   I am a man!

Lucindo. Forgive if I've offended.
   You are full well disposed towards the Stranger,
   And he who goes in friendship to the Wanderer,
   His spirit is not locked within itself.
   You seek an answer. Answer you shall have.
   We are together bound in a strange union
   Deep woven in the bottom of our hearts
   Which, even as bright blazing brands of fire,
   The spirits of his breast weave round with radiance,
   As if well-wishing Demons of the Light
   With thoughtful tenderness had matched us both.
   Thus have I known him since long, long ago—
   So long ago, that Memory scarcely whispers
Of our first meeting. How we found each other,  
I know it not.

Pertini. It sounds indeed romantic.  
And yet, my dear young sir, it is but sound  
That sounds only to parry a request.

Lucindo. I swear to it.

Pertini. What do you swear to, sir?

Lucindo. I do not know him, yet indeed I know him.  
He hides some mystery deep within his breast,  
Which I may not yet know— not now ... not yet....  
These words repeat themselves each day, each hour.  
For see, I do not know myself!

Pertini. That's bad!

Lucindo. I stand here so cut off, so separate.  
The poorest wretch takes pride in what he is  
When, smiling, he tells of the line that bore him,  
Cherishing in his heart each little detail.  
I cannot do this. Men call me Lucindo,  
But they could call me gallows too, or tree.

Pertini. What do you want, then? Friendship with the gallows?  
Kinship, even? Well, I can help you there!

Lucindo (earnestly). Play not with empty syllables and sounds  
When I rage inwardly.

Pertini. Rage on, my friend,  
Till rage is spent.

Lucindo (indignantly). What do you mean?

Pertini. Mean? Nothing!  
I am a dry house philistine, no more,  
A man who simply calls each hour an hour,  
Who goes to sleep at night-time, just to rise  
When morning comes again; who counts the hours  
Until he's counted out and the clock stops,  
And worms become the hands that show the time;  
And so on till the final Judgment Day  
When Jesus, with the Angel Gabriel,  
Pronouncing sentence on his wrathful trumpet,  
Reads out the list of our recorded sins,  
And stands us on the right or on the left,
And runs his God-fist over all our hides
To find out whether we are lambs or wolves.

_Lucindo._ He'll not name me, because I have no name.

_Pertini._ Well said! That's how I like to hear you speak!
   But since I'm just a plain house philistine,
   My thoughts are homely, and I handle thoughts
   As you do stones and sand. So if a man
   Cannot name his own family, but turns
   Up with another, he's an off-shoot—born
   On the wrong side of the blanket.

_Lucindo._ What was that?
   Think sooner black the sun and flat the moon,
   And neither sending forth one shaft of light,
   But here a sound—a surmise—and Life weighs it.

_Pertini._ My friend, you must not improvise so wildly.
   Believe me, I'm not prone to nervous fits!
   But off-shoots are quite often green and mossy,
   Yes, yes, they take their own luxuriant way
   And shoot up shining towards the very Heavens,
   As if they knew that they had sprung from joy,
   Begotten by no dull and slavish union.
   For look you, off-shoots of this kind are satires;
   Nature's a Poet, Marriage sits in a chair,
   Its cap on, and with all the accessories,
   Its sullen face with grimacing distorted,
   And, lying at its feet, a dusty parchment
   Scrawled over with the parson's blasphemies,
   The church's dismal halls to give perspective,
   The churlish rabble gaping in the background—
   Give me off-shoots!

_Lucindo (incensed)._ For God's sake, that's enough!
   What is it, man? What do you mean? Speak out;
   But by the Eternal I shall speak with you.
   What do I ask? Lies it not clear before me,
   Grins not Hell out of it, does it not rise
   Before my look like Death's own withered shape,
   To glare at me and mutter threats of storm?
   But, man, not easily, believe you me,
   Have you hurled from your withered devil's fist
   This blazing brand of fire into my breast:
For do not think you play dice with a boy,
Flinging the dice with shattering force straight at
His childish head. You've played too fast with me.
So now—and mark you this—we're gaming comrades.
You've quickly made yourself familiar. Out
With all that's heaving in your vile snake's bosom!
And be it mistrust only, or derision,
Then I shall throw it back into your throat,
And you yourself shall choke your poison down,
And then I'll play with you! But speak! I wish it!

_Pertini._ You do? You think of Faust and Mephistopheles.
You've brooded on them deeply, I dare say.
I tell you, no. Keep your wish to yourself,
And I'll throw dust into its silly eyes.

_Lucindo._ Take care. Don't blow upon the glowing embers
Until the flames blaze up and you yourself
Are burnt to cinders!

_Pertini._ A phrase! An empty phrase!
The only one they burn will be yourself!

_Lucindo._ Myself! So be it! To myself I'm nothing!
But you, oh, you my youthful arms enfold
And twine themselves in frenzy round your breast.
The abyss yawns gaping night to both of us,
If you sink down, smiling, I'll follow you,
And whisper to you, "Down! Come with me! Comrade!"

_Pertini._ It seems you're gifted with imagination.
You have dreamed much already in your life?

_Lucindo._ Just so. I am a dreamer, yes, a dreamer.
What knowledge do I want from you who have none?
You've only seen us, but you know us not,
Yet hurl against me scorn and blasphemy.
What am I waiting for? Still more of you?
You have no more ... but I have more for you.
For me—guilt, poison, shame—you must redeem it.
You've drawn the circle, and it leaves no room
For two of us. Now use your jumping skill.
As Fate draws, so it draws. So let it be.

_Pertini._ You must have read that ending out in class
From some dry, dusty book of tragedies.
Lucindo. True, this is tragedy that we are playing.
    Come on, now. Where and how you want. You choose.

Pertini. And when, and everywhere, and any time,
    And none!

Lucindo. Coward, don't make a mockery of my words,
    Or I'll write coward across your very face,
    And shout it out through each and every street
    And thrash you publicly, if you'll not follow,
    If you dare crack your feeble hackneyed jokes
    When my heart's blood runs cold within my veins.
    Not one word more; follow or do not follow,
    Your sentence is pronounced, you coward, you knave!

Pertini (incensed). Say that again, boy! Say those words again!

Lucindo. Why, if it brings you joy—a thousand times;
    If it stirs up your gall and sets it flowing
    Until the blood starts furious from your eyeballs,
    Then here it is again: you knave, you coward!

Pertini. We'll have this out. Write that upon your brain.
    There's still one place to knit us two together,
    And that is Hell—Hell not for me, but you!

Lucindo. Why count the syllables, if it can be settled
    Here on the spot. Then fly away to Hell,
    And tell the Devils it was I that sent you!

Pertini. Just one more word.

Lucindo. What is the use of words?
    I hear them not. Blow bubbles in the wind,
    Draw lineaments on your face to match your words,
    I see them not. Bring weapons, let them speak,
    I'll put my whole heart into them, and if
    It breaks not, then—

Pertini (interrupting him).
    Not quite so bold, my lad, and not so callow!
    You, you have not a thing to lose, no, nothing!
    You are a stone that's fallen from the moon,
    That someone somewhere scratched one single word on.
    You spelled the letters out: they read "Lucindo".
    See! On that empty tablet I'll not dare
    Wager myself, my life, my honour, all.
    You want to use my blood for artist's colour?
    Am I to be the brush that lends you tone?
We are too far removed in rank and station.
Am I to stand against you as you are?
I know what I am. Tell me, what are you?
You know not, are not, you have naught to lose!
Thief-like, you seek to pledge to me an honour
That never in your bastard's bosom glowed?
You seek to swindle, lay your empty ticket
Against my sterling worth, my friend?
Not so! First get you honour, name and life—
You are still nothing—then I'll gladly stake
My honour, name and life against your own!

Lucindo. So that's it, coward! You want to save your skin?
You've worked the sum out so ingeniously,
Oh, so ingeniously, in your dull brain?
Do not deceive yourself: I'll change your answer,
And I shall write down "coward" in its place.
I'll scorn you as I would a maddened beast;
I'll shame you, yes, shame you before the world,
And then you can explain, with all the details,
To aunts and uncles, children, everyone,
I call myself Lucindo, yes, Lucindo,
That is my name; it might have been some other;
I go by it, though it could have been different.
What men call being, I do not possess;
But you are what you are, and that's a coward!

Pertini. That's nice, that's very pretty. But supposing
I could give you a name—you hear, a name?

Lucindo. You have no name yourself, and yet you'd give one,
You who have never seen me, save this once;
And seeing's a lie, the eternal mockery
That hounds us down: we see, and that is all.

Pertini. Good. But who grasps more than is seen?

Lucindo. Not you.
You've seen in all things what you are: a scoundrel.

Pertini. True; I'm not easily fooled by the first glance.
But that man—he was not born yesterday!
Believe me, he has seen a thing or two.
What if we knew each other?

Lucindo. I don't believe it.
Pertini. But is there not a poet, wondrous strange,
   A gloomy aesthete, butt of ridicule,
   Who spends his hours in subtle meditation,
   Who would make rhymes of Life, and would most gladly
   Himself be author of the poem of Life?

Lucindo. Ha! It might well be chance. You don't deceive me!

Pertini. Chance! Such is the language of philosophers
   When reason doesn't come to rescue them.
   Chance—it's so easily said—one syllable,
   A name is also chance. Anyone's name
   Might be Oulanem if he had no other.
   And so it is pure chance if I so call him.

Lucindo. You know him? Heavens! Speak! In Heaven's name!

Pertini. You know the boys' reward? Its name is—silence.

Lucindo. It sickens me to ask of you a favour,
   But I beseech you, by all you hold dear!

Pertini. Dear? You think that I am going to bargain?
   A coward, you know, is deaf to all entreaty.

Lucindo. You must, then, if you would wipe out the taunt
   Of coward, you must speak without delay.

Pertini. Let's duel now, I'll fight you as you are.
   You're good enough for me, so let us fight.

Lucindo. Don't drive me to the extreme, not to that verge
   Where there are no more bounds, where all things end.

Pertini. Listen to him! We want to try extremes,
   As Fate draws, so it draws. So let it be!

Lucindo. Ha! Is there no way out, no hope at all?
   His breast as hard as iron, all feeling withered,
   Cankered and dried with scorn, he mixes poison
   And rubs it in for balsam. And he smiles.
   This may be your last hour, man, yes, your last,
   Seize it, absorb it, for in less than no time
   You'll stand before your Judge; so break the chain
   Of your life's vicious actions with one last,
   One last good deed, one solitary word,
   As lightly breathed as air!

Pertini. 'Twas chance, good friend.
   Believe me, I believe in chance myself.
Lucindo. In vain! — all — all — But stop, you shallow fool,
   It won't be settled that way, no, by God!
Your sharp eye has deceived you once again.
I'll call him here in person. Then you may stand,
Before him, face to face and eye to eye,
Just like a little boy caught doing wrong.
You cannot hold me, man! Out of my way!

(He rushes off.)

Pertini. A greater plan now rescues you, my lad;
Pertini can't forget, believe you me!

Pertini (calls). Lucindo, ho! In Heaven's name, come back!

(Lucindo returns.)

Lucindo. What would you? Off with you!

Pertini. There's honour for you!
   Go, tell the worthy gentleman we quarrelled;
   You challenged me, but being a good boy —
   A good boy and a very pious child! —
   Repented, begged forgiveness, were forgiven.
   Then shed a pious tear, and kiss his hand,
   And cut the rod for your repentant back!

Lucindo. You drive me to it.

Pertini. You let yourself be driven.
   This sounds as moral as a children's primer.
   Do you believe in God?
Lucindo. Confess to you?

Pertini. Don't you demand that I confess to you?
   I shall. But say, do you believe in God?

Lucindo. What's that to you?

Pertini. It's hardly fashionable,
   So I'd much like to hear you tell me plainly.

Lucindo. I don't believe with what is called belief,
   And yet I know Him as I know myself.

Pertini. We'll talk of that when mood and moment suit;
   How you believe is all the same to me,
   At least you do believe. Good. Swear by Him.

Lucindo. What? Swear to you?
Pertini. Yes, swear you must that never
Will your tongue blab a single syllable.

Lucindo. By God, I swear it.

Pertini. Then swear you'll cherish only friendship for me.
See, I am not so bad—only outspoken.

Lucindo. By God, I would not swear it for a world
That I loved you or held you in esteem.
I cannot and I will not ever swear it,
But what is past, let that be all wiped out
As if it were a loathsome, evil dream.
I'll plunge it down where all dreams disappear to,
Deep in the rolling waves of oblivion.
That I will swear to you by Him that's holy,
From whom the worlds come whirling up through space,
Who with His glance brings forth Eternity,
I swear! But now the guerdon for my oath.

Pertini. Come! I will lead you to a quiet place,
And show you many a sight: rocky ravines,
Where lakes have welled up from volcanic Earth,
Cradling in quietude their rounded waters;
And where the years rush past in silent sequence,
Then will the storm indeed subside, and then—

Lucindo. What's this? You speak of stones, bays, worms and mud?
But rocks and crags tower upwards everywhere,
In every spot a spring comes bubbling forth:
Whether impetuous, low, high—what matter?
Mysterious places still are to be found
Where we are held enraptured and spellbound.
To see them wakes excitement in my breast,
And if it bursts, why, it is jest, no more.
So take me where you will, yes, to that goal!
Waver and falter not, but let's away!

Pertini. The rolling thunder first must cease its din
Ere the pure lightning cleanse your breast within.
So to a spot I'll make myself your guide
Where, I much fear, you'll wish too long to abide.

Lucindo. Oh, let our journey's goal lie where it may,
I'll follow you, if you will lead the way.

Pertini. Mistrustful! (They both go out.)
Scene 3

A room in Pertini's house.

Oulanem is alone, seated at a table, writing. Papers lie about. Suddenly he springs up, walks up and down, then stops abruptly and stands with folded arms.

Oulanem. All lost! The hour is now expired, and time

Stands still. This pigmy universe collapses.

Soon I shall clasp Eternity and howl

Humanity's giant curse into its ear.

Eternity! It is eternal pain,

Death inconceivable, immeasurable!

An evil artifice contrived to taunt us,

Who are but clockwork, blind machines wound up

To be the calendar-fools of Time; to be,

Only that something thus at least might happen;

And to decay, that there might be decay!

The worlds must have had need of one thing more—

Dumb, searing agony to send them whirling.

Death comes to life and puts on shoes and stockings;

The sorrowing plant, the stone's inert erosion,

The birds that find no song to tell the pain

Of their aethereal life, the general discord

And the blind striving of the All to shake

Itself out of itself, be crushed in quarrel—

This now stands up and has a pair of legs,

And has a breast to feel the curse of life!

Ha, I must twine me on the wheel of flame,

And in Eternity's ring I'll dance my frenzy!

If aught besides that frenzy could devour,

I'd leap therein, though I must smash a world

That towered high between myself and it!

It would be shattered by my long-drawn curse,

And I would fling my arms around cruel Being,

Embracing me, 'twould silent pass away.

Then silent would I sink into the void.

Wholly to sink, not be—oh, this were Life,

But swept along high on Eternity's current

To roar out threnodies for the Creator,

Scorn on the brow! Can Sun burn it away?

Bound in compulsion's sway, curse in defiance!
Let the envenomed eye flash forth destruction—
Does it hurl off the ponderous worlds that bind?
Bound in eternal fear, splintered and void,
Bound to the very marble block of Being,
Bound, bound forever, and forever bound!
The worlds, they see it and go rolling on
And howl the burial song of their own death.
And we, we Apes of a cold God, still cherish
With frenzied pain upon our loving breast
The viper so voluptuously warm,
That it as Universal Form rears up
And from its place on high grins down on us!
And in our ear, till loathing's all consumed,
The weary wave roars onward, ever onward!
Now quick, the die is cast, and all is ready;
Destroy what only poetry's lie contrived,
A curse shall finish what a curse conceived.

(He sits down at the table and writes.)

Scene 4

Alwander's house; first—before the house. Lucindo, Pertini.

Lucindo. Why bring me here?

Pertini. For a succulent piece of woman,
That's all! See for yourself, and if she softly
Breathes a melodious peace into your soul,
Then forward!

Lucindo. What? You're taking me to whores?
And at the very time when all of Life
Comes down with crushing force upon my shoulders,
And when my breast swells irresistibly
In a mad frenzy craving self-destruction;
When each breath breathes a thousand deaths for me,—
And now a woman!

Pertini. Ha! Rave on, young man,
Breathe hellfire and destruction, breathe away!
What whores? Did I misunderstand your meaning?
See, there's the house. Does it look like a brothel?
You think I want to play the pimp for you,
And use the very daylight for a lantern?
That's rich. But enter first and there, perhaps,
You'll learn what you desire.

**Lucindo.** I see your trick.
The stuff you made it of is very cheap.
You really seek to slip the hand that holds you.
Be grateful that this moment I must hear you;
But temporising will cost you your life.

*(They go into the house. The curtain falls and another is raised.)*

_A modern, elegant room._

**Beatrice** is sitting on the sofa, a guitar beside her.

_Lucindo, Pertini, Beatrice._

**Pertini.** Beatrice, a young traveller I bring,
A pleasant gentleman, my distant kinsman.

**Beatrice (to Lucindo).** Welcome!

**Lucindo.** Forgive me if I find no words,
No speech to express my heart's astonishment.
Beauty so rare quite overwhelms the spirits;
The blood leaps high, but not a word will come.

**Beatrice.** Fair words, young sir. You are in a pleasant mood.
I thank your disposition, not the favour
That Nature has denied me so unkindly,
When 'tis your tongue that speaks, and not your heart.

**Lucindo.** Oh, if my heart might speak, if it might only
Pour forth what you have quickened in its depths,
The words would all be flames of melody,
And every breath a whole eternity,
A Heaven, an Empire infinitely vast,
In which all lives would sparkle bright with thoughts
Full of soft yearning, full of harmonies,
Locking the World so sweetly in its breast,
Streaming with radiance of pure loveliness,
Since every word would only bear your name!

**Pertini.** You will not take it in bad part, young lady,
If I explain to you that he is German
And always raves of Melody and Soul.

**Beatrice.** A German! But I like the Germans well,
And I am proud to be of that same stock.
Come, sit here, German sir.

*(She offers him a place on the sofa.)*
Lucindo. Thank you, my lady.

(Aside to Pertini.)

Away! There is still time; here I am lost!

Beatrice (abashed). Did I speak out of place?

(Lucindo wants to speak, but Pertini cuts in.)

Pertini. Spare us your flourishes and your flattery!

'Twas nothing, Beatrice; merely some business

That I must still arrange for him in haste.

Lucindo (confused, in a low voice).

By God, Pertini, you are playing with me!

Pertini (aloud).

Take it not so to heart, don't be so scared!
The lady trusts my word, is it not so?

Beatrice, he may stay, is it not so,

Till I am back. And please remember—prudence;

You are a stranger, so no foolishness.

Beatrice. Oh, come, young sir, was then my welcome such

That you could think I'd banish you, a stranger,

Friend of Pertini, an old friend of ours,

Unceremoniously from this house,

Whose hospitable doors are open to all?

You need not flatter, but you must be fair.

Lucindo. By God, your gracious kindness overwhelms me!

You speak as gently as the angels speak.

Forgive if overawed and overcome

By the wild stream of passion long forgotten,

The lips spoke what they ought to have concealed.

Yet see the sky all clear and luminous

Smile down upon us from the clouds' blue realm,

And see the colours throb so sweet and bright,

Now wrapped in shade and now in gentle light,

Mingling in harmonies so soft and full,

One lovely picture, one inspired soul.

See this, and then be silent if your lips

Obey. But no! your heart enchanted leaps,

Prudence and circumspection vanished all.

The lips must speak what holds your heart in thrall.

Even as the Aeolian lyre is stirred to sound

When Zephyr wraps his fluttering pinions round.
"Beatrice. Reproof I cannot find within my heart,
You dress the poison, sir, with such sweet art.

Lucindo (aside to Pertini).
Confounded villain, yet good villain too,
What shall I do? Get out of here, by God!

Pertini (aloud).
It rankles in his mind, remembering how
I took the words out of his mouth just now.
In language beautiful he would have talked,
When by my interruption he was balked.
But never mind, 'tis Beatrice's belief
You kindly wished to afford her some relief
From your grand talk; like any German jest,
Once swallowed, it's not easy to digest.
I go.

Lucindo (in a low voice). But man!

Pertini (aloud). Think of the sympathies
. That from the stomach to the heart soon rise;
  I'll soon be back to fetch you swift away,
  Or else in this sweet place too long you'll stay.
(Aside.) I must be gone. And while he pays his court,
  I'll see the old man brings it all to naught.

(Exit Pertini. Lucindo is in confusion.)

Beatrice. And must I yet once more bid you be seated?
Lucindo. I'll gladly sit here if you truly wish it.

(Sits down.)

Beatrice. Our friend Pertini's often strangely moody.
Lucindo. Yes, strangely so! Most strangely! Very strangely!

(Pause.)

Forgive me, lady—you esteem this man?

Beatrice. He has long been a true friend of the household,
And always treated me most amiably.
And yet—I know not why—I cannot bear him.
He's often violent. Often from his breast—
Forgive me, he's your friend—some secret spirit
Calls strangely, in a voice I do not like.
It is as though some inner turbulent darkness
Shrank from the daylight's open look of love
And feared to make response, as if he harboured
An evil worse than his tongue speaks, worse even
Than his heart dares to think. This is but surmise,
And I do wrong, confiding it so soon;
It is suspicion; suspicion is a viper.

Lucindo. Do you regret confiding in me, then?

Beatrice. Were it a secret that concerned myself—
But oh, what am I saying? Have you won
My trust already? Yet it is not wrong
That I should tell you everything I know;
I could confide it all to anyone,
Since I know nothing that’s not known to all.

Lucindo. To all? Well said! You would be kind to all?

Beatrice. Would you not too?

Lucindo. O angel, O sweet being!

Beatrice. You make me fearful, sir. What mean these words?
You jump so suddenly from theme to theme!

Lucindo. I must act quickly, for the hour is striking.
Why hesitate? Death is in every minute.
Can I conceal it? It’s a miracle,
I have just met you; strange though it appears,
We might have known each other many years.
It is as if the music I heard sound
Within my own heart, living form had found,
And into vibrant, warm reality
The spirit-bond uniting us breaks free.

Beatrice. I won’t deny it: you are not to me
A stranger, yet still strange you are, unknown.
But as dark spirits would not let us see
Each other till this hour, so we must own
There may be other spirits whose deceit
Binds us with treacherous bonds, however sweet.
Foresight and wisdom we must not despise;
The strongest lightning strikes not from dark skies.

Lucindo. O fair philosopher of the heart! O God,
I can resist no more, for you compel me!
Do not imagine that I do not hold
You in respect because my heart grows bold.
It throbs to bursting, all my nerves are tense.
I can resist no more. Soon I’ll be gone,
Far, far away from here, from you divided.
Then, worlds, plunge down, plunge down into the abyss!
Forgive me, sweet my child, forgive the hour
That drives me onward with such violent power.
I love you, Beatrice, by God I swear it,
And Love and Beatrice make but one word
That I can utter only in one breath,
And in this thought I'd go to meet my death.

Beatrice. Since good can never come of it, I pray
Speak no more thus. If—but this cannot be—
You were to win my heart, now, straightaway,
Surely you would no longer honour me.
You'd say that I was just a common thing,
Ready, as thousands are, to have her fling.
If for a moment such a notion crossed
Your mind, then love and honour would be lost.
'Twould mean that you cared for me not a jot,
And self-reproach would have to be my lot.

Lucindo. Tender and lovely being, hear me plead!
If only in my bosom you could read,
I never loved till now, by God above,
And your reproaches make a mock of love.
Let the base merchant haggle over flaws,
By shrewd delays more profit still he draws.
Love brings the union of the worlds about,
Naught is beyond, and naught else to desire.
Let those who bind themselves in hatred doubt.
Love is a flashing spark from Life's own fire,
Magic that holds us in an open ring,
So yield to it—this is the only thing
That counts in love, not prudent carefulness;
For love is quick to kindle, quick to bless.

Beatrice. Shall I be modest? Coy? No, I must dare,
However high may leap the flames' fierce flare.
Yet my breast tightens under fearful strain
As if delight were mixed with searing pain,
As if between our union there came floating
A hissing sound mixed in by devils gloating.

Lucindo. It is the fire which you do not yet know,
And the old life, which now has turned to go
Away from us, is speaking its last word;
Then its reproaches will no more be heard.
But tell me, Beatrice, how will you be mine?

Beatrice. My father wants to tie me to a man
Whom I would hate if I could hate my fellows.
But be assured you soon will hear from me.
Where are you staying, sweet friend of my heart?

Lucindo. Why, at Pertini's house.

Beatrice. I'll send a courier.
But now your name? Most surely it must sound
As does the music of the circling spheres.

Lucindo (in a serious voice). Lucindo is my name.

Beatrice. Lucindo! Sweet,
Sweet rings that name to me. Ah, my Lucindo,
He is my world, my God, my heart, my all.

Lucindo. Beatrice, that's yourself, and you are more,
You are yet more than all, for you are Beatrice.

(He presses her ardentiy to his breast. The door bursts open
and Wierin enters.)

Wierin. A pretty sight! O Beatrice! O snake!
Puppet of virtue, are you, cold as marble!

Lucindo. What do you mean by this? What do you seek?
By God, no ape could ever look so sleek.

Wierin. Damned boy, you'll soon enough learn what I mean.
We'll speak together, you and I, O rival
Fashioned in human form to make it loathsome,
Creature puffed up with impudent conceit,
A piece of blotting-paper to wipe pens on,
A comic hero of some wretched jape.

Lucindo. And as remarked, behold the complete ape!
Shame on you thus to bandy words with me!
Such courage is like barrel-organ music
Played to a painted picture of a battle.
Soon the real thing will count.

Wierin. Soon? Now boy, now we'll have this matter out!
B-b-by God—my very blood runs cold!
Beatrice, I'll finish off this paramour.
Lucindo. Silence, fellow, I'll follow you this instant.

(Pertini enters.)

Pertini. What's all this noise? You think you're on the street?

(To Wierin.)
Why do you screech, you crow? I'll stop your mouth!

(Aside.)
I've come just in the nick of time. The fellow
Has somewhat misinterpreted my meaning.

(Beatrice falls in a faint.)
Lucindo. Help! She swoons! O God!

(He bends over her.)
Come to yourself, angel, sweet spirit, speak!

(He kisses her.)
Feel you the warmth? Her eyelids flutter, she breathes!
Beatrice, why are you so? Oh, tell me, why?
You want to kill me? Can I see you thus?

(He raises her up, embracing her. Wierin wants to rush upon him.
Pertini holds him back.)

Pertini. Come, friend Crow, just a few words in your ear.

Beatrice (in a faint voice). Lucindo, my Lucindo, ah, my lost one,
And lost to me, my heart, before I won you.

Lucindo. Be calm, my angel, nothing shall be lost,
And soon I'll see this fellow breathe his last.

(He carries her to the sofa.)
Lie there a while; we cannot long remain,
This holy place must bear no evil stain.

Wierin. Come, we shall speak together.

Pertini. I'll come too.
One second at a duel is something new.

Lucindo. Compose yourself, sweet child, be of good cheer.

Beatrice. Farewell.

Lucindo. Angel, farewell.

Beatrice (with a deep sigh). I'm full of fear.

(Curtain. End of Act I.)
SONG TO THE STARS

You dance round and around
In shimmering rays of light,
Your soaring shapes abound
In number infinite.

Here breaks the noblest Soul,
   The full heart bursts in twain,
And like a jewel in gold
   Is clasped by mortal pain.

It turns on you its look
   Darkly, compellingly,
From you, babe-like, would suck
   Hope and Eternity.

Alas, your light is never
   More than aethereally rare.
No divine being ever
   Cast into you his fire.

You are false images,
   Faces of radiant flame;
Heart’s warmth and tenderness
   And Soul you cannot claim.

A mockery is your shining
   Of Action, Pain, Desire.
On you is dashed all yearning
   And the heart’s song of fire.
Grieving, we must turn grey,  
   End in despair and pain,  
Then see the mockery  
   That Earth and Heaven remain;

That, as we tremble even,  
   And worlds within us drown,  
No tree trunk's ever riven,  
   No star goes plunging down.

Dead you'd be otherwise,  
   Your grave the ocean blue,  
All gone, the shining rays,  
   And all fire spent in you.

Truth you'd speak silently,  
   Not dazzle with dead light,  
Nor shine in clarity;  
   And all round would be Night.

DREAM VISION

A Dithyramb

From my dreamings I would coax  
   Soft an image in scent-woven web;  
I would weave rings passing fair  
   From the locks of my own hair;  
   Night-encompassed, heart's blood I would swell  
That, from waves of dream, fire-image well,  
Image, ebbing and a-flowing,  
   Fair in love, Aeolian music sighing.

It would soar, all golden shining,  
   And the little house would arch up higher,  
   And my locks would wander, curling,  
Divinest girl in darkness furling,  
   Forth in pearly songs my blood would flow,  
Streaming round the marble shoulders' glow,  
And the lamp would flicker Suns,  
   My heart would flood Heaven's dome.
Down would shake the rooms all round,
But for me, grown into Giant-Hero,
In his mighty gaze high festal fire,
World-great would be storm's lyre,
Thunder-song my heart would beat amain
Suns would be its love and rock its pain,
Proudly-humble, I'd sink down,
Proud-audacious, rush unto the breast.

THE SONG OF A SAILOR AT SEA

You may frolic and beat and roll
Round my boat just as you will,
You must carry me to my goal;
For you are my subjects still.

Blue waves beneath that flow,
My little brother's there.
You dragged him down below,
His bones became your fare.

I was a boy, no more;
Once rashly he cast off,
He seized hold of the oar,
Sank by a sandy reef.

I vowed a vow so true
By the waves of the briny sea,
I'd be revenged on you,
Lash you relentlessly.

Soul's oath and word I've kept,
Them I have not betrayed.
I've whipped you and I've whipped,
On land have seldom stayed.

When booms the stormy main,
The bell rocks in the tower,
When blows the hurricane,
When raging winds do roar,
I'm driven from my bed,
   From seat secure and warm,
From cosy quiet homestead,
   To sail through wind and storm.

With wind and wave I fight,
   To the Lord God I pray,
And let the sails fill out;
   A true star guides my way.

New strength comes, with the breath
   Of joy and ecstasy,
And in the game of death
   Song from the breast bursts free.

You may frolic and beat and roll
   Round my boat just as you will,
You must carry me to my goal;
   For you are my subjects still.

THE MAGIC SHIP

A Romance

Without sails or lights there flees
   A ship round the world without rest.
The moon shines down on the seas,
   And weathered stands the mast.

A sinister Helmsman steers,
   No blood flows in his veins,
No light shines from his eyes,
   No thought stirs in his brain.

The waves beat, wild and savage;
   She strikes a cliff, to founder,
But rides aloft, undamaged,
   As swift as she went under.

Till raging sea-flood swells
   In blood-bath weltering.
Troubled, the Helmsman quails;
   This proves an evil thing.
The Spirits scream vengeful doom
    Below and up on high.
The Helmsman's plunged in gloom,
    The ship goes shooting by.

To far-off lands she fares,
    Where coasts and bays she sees,
Then flashes in mirror-fire,
    Till kissed down by the seas.

THE PALE MAIDEN

A Ballad

The maiden stands so pale,
    So silent, withdrawn,
Her sweet angelic soul
    Is misery-torn.

Therein can shine no ray,
    The waves tumble over;
There, love and pain both play,
    Each cheating the other.

Gentle was she, demure,
    Devoted to Heaven,
An image ever pure
    The Graces had woven.

Then came a noble knight,
    A grand charger he rode;
And in his eyes so bright
    A sea of love flowed.

Love smote deep in her breast,
    But he galloped away,
For battle-triumph athirst;
    Naught made him stay.
All peace of mind is flown,
The Heavens have sunk.
The heart, now sorrow's throne,
Is yearning-drunk.

And when the day is past,
She kneels on the floor,
Before the holy Christ
A-praying once more.

But then upon that form
Another encroaches,
To take her heart by storm,
'Gainst her self-reproaches.

"To me your love is given
For Time unending.
To show your soul to Heaven
Is merely pretending.""

She trembles in her terror
Icy and stark,
She rushes out in horror,
Into the dark.

She wrings her lily-white hands,
The tear-drops start.
"Thus fire the bosom brands
And longing, the heart.

"Thus Heaven I've forfeited,
I know it full well.
My soul, once true to God,
Is chosen for Hell.

"He was so tall, alas,
Of stature divine.
His eyes so fathomless,
So noble, so fine.

"He never bestowed on me
His glances at all;
Let me pine hopelessly
Till the end of the Soul."
“Another his arm may press,  
   May share his pleasure;  
Unwitting, he gives me distress  
   Beyond all measure.

“With my soul willingly,  
   With my hopes I’d part,  
Would he but look towards me  
   And open his heart.

“How cold must the Heavens be  
   Where he doesn’t shine,  
A land full of misery  
   And burning with pain.

“But here the surging flood  
   May deliver me, cooling  
The hot fire of heart’s blood,  
   The bosom’s feeling.”

She leaps with all her might  
   Into the spray.  
Into the cold dark night  
   She’s carried away.

Her heart, that burning brand,  
   Is quenched forever;  
Her look, that luminous land,  
   Is clouded over.

Her lips, so sweet and tender,  
   Are pale and colourless;  
Her form, aethereal, slender,  
   Drifts into nothingness.

And not a withered leaf  
   Falls from the bough;  
Heaven and Earth are deaf,  
   Won’t wake her now.
By mountain, valley, on
   The quiet waves race,
To dash her skeleton
   On a rocky place.

The Knight so tall and proud
   Embraces his new love,
The cithern sings about
   The joys of True Love!
Supplementary to Dedicated Verses

Some Chapters
from
SCORPION AND FELIX
A Humoristic Novel

First Book

Chapter 10

Now follows, as we promised in the previous chapter, the proof that the aforesaid sum of 25 talers is the personal property of the dear Lord.

They are without a master! Sublime thought, no mortal power owns them, yet the lofty power that sails above the clouds embraces the All, including therefore the aforesaid 25 talers; with its wings woven from day and night, from sun and stars, from towering mountains and endless sands, which resound as with harmonies and the rushing of the waterfall, it brushes where no mortal hand can reach, including therefore the aforesaid 25 talers, and—but I can say no more, my inmost being is stirred, I contemplate the All and myself and the aforesaid 25 talers, what substance in these three words, their standpoint is infinity, their tinkle is angelic music, they recall the Last Judgment and the state exchequer, for—it was Grethe, the cook, whom Scorpion, stirred by the tales of his friend Felix, carried away by his flame-winged melody, overpowered by his vigorous youthful emotion, presses to his heart, sensing a fairy within her.

I conclude therefore that fairies wear beards, for Magdalene Grethe, not the repentant Magdalene, was decked out like a warrior jealous of his honour with whiskers and mustachios, the curls on the soft cheeks caressed the finely moulded chin which like a rock in lonely seas—that men however behold from afar—jutted out of the flat skilly-plate of a face, enormous and proudly aware of its sublimity, cleaving the air, to stir the gods and overwhelm men.
The goddess of fantasy seemed to have dreamed of a bearded beauty and to have lost herself in the enchanted fields of her vast countenance; when she awoke, behold, it was Grethe herself who had dreamed, fearful dreams that she was the great whore of Babylon, the Revelation of St. John and the wrath of God, and that on the finely furrowed skin He had caused a prickly stubble-field to sprout, so that her beauty should not excite to sin, and that her youth should be protected, as the rose by its thorns, that the world should

to knowledge aspire
and not for her take fire.

Chapter 12

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!" said Richard III.\(^a\)
"A husband, a husband, myself for a husband," said Grethe.

Chapter 16

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory."\(^b\)

Innocent, beautiful thought! Yet these associations of ideas led Grethe onward to the thought that the Word dwells in the thighs, just as in Shakespeare Thersites believes that Ajax wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head,\(^c\) and being convinced—Grethe, not Ajax—and filled with understanding of how the Word had been made flesh, she saw in the thighs its symbolic expression, she beheld their glory and decided—to wash them.

Chapter 19

But she had big blue eyes, and blue eyes are commonplace, like the water in the Spree.

There is a silly, sentimental innocence in their expression, an innocence which is sorry for itself, a watery innocence which evaporates at the approach of fire into grey steam, and nothing else lies behind these eyes, their entire world is blue and their soul a blue bag, but as for brown eyes—thiers is the realm of the ideal, and the infinite, stimulating world of night slumbers in

\(^a\) W. Shakespeare, *King Richard III*, Act V, Scene 4.—*Ed.*
\(^b\) John 1: 1, 14.—*Ed.*
\(^c\) W. Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, Act II, Scene 1.—*Ed.*
their depths, lightnings of the soul flash out of them, and in their glance is music like the songs of Mignon, a distant, mellow land of radiance where there dwells a rich god who luxuriates in his own depths and, absorbed in the universality of his being, pours forth infinity and suffers infinity. We are held as by a spell, we would clasp to our breast the melodious, profound, soulful being and suck the spirit from its eyes and make songs from their glances.

We love the world of rich animation which opens before us, we see in the background great sun-thoughts, we sense a demonic suffering, and before us delicate figures tread the measures of the round dance and wave to us and, like the Graces, shyly retire as soon as they are recognised.

Chapter 21
Philological Broodings

Felix tore himself from the embraces of his friend far from gently, for he did not suspect the latter's profound and emotional nature, and at that moment was preoccupied with the continuation of his—digestion, to which we now address a final summons to set the coping-stone to its great work, since it is holding up our plot.

So Merten also thought to himself, for a strong blow, which Felix felt, had been delivered by his broad historic hand.

The name Merten recalls Charles Martel, and indeed Felix believed himself to have been caressed with a hammer, so agreeable was the electric shock which he received.

He opened his eyes wide, swayed on his feet and thought of his sins and the Last Judgment.

But I meditated upon electric matter, upon galvanism, upon Franklin's learned letters to his geometrical lady-friend, and upon Merten, for I am intensely curious to learn what lies behind this name.

It is beyond doubt that the man himself is a direct descendant of Martel: I was assured of this by the sexton, although this period lacks all harmony.

The l changes to an n, and since Martel, as everyone familiar with history knows, is an Englishman and in English a is often pronounced like the German "eh", which appears as "e" in Merten, Merten may well be another form of Martel.

Since among the Germans of old names serve to express the character of their bearer, as may be seen from such bywords as Krug the Knight, Raupach the Hofrat, Hegel the Dwarf, it may be
concluded that Merten is a rich and respectable man, although by trade he is a tailor and in this story the father of Scorpion.

This warrants a new hypothesis: partly because he is a tailor, partly because his son's name is Scorpion, it is highly probable that he is descended from Mars, the god of war, genitive Martis, Greek accusative Martin, Mertin, Merten, since the craft of the god of war, like that of the tailor, consists in cutting, for he cuts off arms and legs and hacks the happiness of the earth to pieces.

The scorpion, further, is a poisonous animal which kills with a glance, whose wounds are fatal, whose eyes discharge annihilating lightning, a fine allegory of war, whose gaze is lethal, whose consequences leave scars on the victim which bleed internally and are past healing.

As, however, Merten had in him little of the heathen, but was, on the contrary, of a most Christian turn of mind, it appears even more probable that he is a descendant of St. Martin. A slight displacement of the vowels gives us Mirtan; i in the speech of the common people is often pronounced ē, as in "gib mer" instead of "gib mir", and in English, as has already been pointed out, a is often pronounced "eh", which with the passage of time can easily become ē, especially with the growth of culture; and thus the name Merten evolves quite naturally and means a Christian tailor.

Although this derivation is quite probable and is grounded in profound reasoning, nevertheless we cannot refrain from mentioning another which does much to weaken our faith in St. Martin, whom it would only be possible to consider as a patron saint, since to the best of our knowledge he was never married and therefore could not have had any male descendant.

This doubt appears to be reinforced by the following fact. All members of the Merten family, like the Vicar of Wakefield, made a habit of marrying as early as possible, and so each generation adorned itself betimes in the Myrthen [myrtle] wreath, and this alone—unless one is to have recourse to miracles—explains Merten's birth and his appearance in this story as Scorpion's father.

"Myrthen", of course, would have to lose the "h", as at the conclusion of a marriage the "Eh" is accentuated and so the "he" is dropped, so that "Myrthen" becomes "Merten".

"y" is a Greek "v", not a German letter at all. Since the Merten family, as we have established, was of sound German stock and at the same time a most Christian family of tailors, the foreign and heathen "y" of necessity changed into a German "i"; and because

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* A pun on the German word Ehe (marriage).— Ed.
in this same family marriage is the dominant trait, while the vowel “i” is shrill and ascending in contrast to the mild gentleness of Merten marriages, it changed into an “eh” and later, in order that the bold alteration should not arouse remark, into “e”, which being a short sound serves to indicate the resoluteness of spirit displayed in the solemnisation of marriage, so that in the German “Merten”, open to diverse interpretations, “Myrthen” attains the summit of perfection.

In accordance with this deduction we should have St. Martin’s Christian tailor, the sterling courage of Martel, the quick resolution of the war god Mars linked with that marriage-proneness which reverberates in the two e’s in “Merten”, so that this hypothesis unites within itself all previous ones and at the same time invalidates them.

A different opinion is advanced by the scholiast who with great diligence and unremitting pains wrote commentaries on the ancient historian from whom we have gleaned our story.

Although we cannot accept it, his opinion nevertheless merits a critical appraisal, since it originated in the mind of a man who combined immense learning with a great proficiency in smoking, so that his parchments were enveloped with holy tobacco fumes and thus in a Pythian ecstasy of incense filled with oracles.

He believes that “Merten” must come from the German “Mehren” [to multiply], which in its turn comes from “Meer” [sea], because the Merten marriages multiplied like the sand of the sea, and because in the concept of a tailor there is concealed the concept of a “Mehrer” [multiplier], since he makes men out of apes. It is on investigations as thorough and profound as these that he has founded his hypothesis.

As I read this, I was as if dizzy with amazement, the tobacco oracle transported me, but soon cold, discriminating reason awakened and mustered the following counter-arguments.

I grant the aforesaid scholiast that the concept of a tailor can include that of a multiplier, but the concept of a multiplier should on no account be considered to embrace the concept of a diminisher since this would be a contradictio in terminis, which we may explain to the ladies as the equating of God with the Devil, tea-table talk with wit, and the ladies themselves with philosophers. But if “Merten” was derived from “Mehrer”, then clearly the word would have lost, hence not gained, an “h”, which has been shown to be in contradiction with the substance of its formal nature.

Thus “Merten” cannot possibly be derived from “Mehren”, and its derivation from Meer is disproved by the fact that Merten
families have never fallen into the water nor have they ever wavered, but they have been a pious family of tailors, which is in contradiction to the concept of a wild and stormy sea, from which reasons it becomes manifest that the aforesaid author, despite his infallibility, was mistaken and that ours is the only true deduction.

After this victory I am too fatigued to continue further and will relish the bliss of self-satisfaction, one moment of which, as Winkelmann declares, is worth more than all posterity's praise, though of this I am as convinced as was Pliny the Younger.

Chapter 22

“Quocumque adspicias, nihil est nisi pontus et aer,
Fluctibus hic timidis, nubibus ille minax.
Inter utrumque fremunt immani turbine venti:
Nescit, cui domino pareat, unda maris.
Rector in incerto est: nec quid fugiatis petatve
Invenit: ambiguis ars stupet ipsa malis.”

“Look where you may, there is nought to be seen but Scorpion and Merten,
The former in torrents of tears, the latter beclouded with wrath.
Wild is the storm of words that rages between them unceasing,
Nor does the tossing sea know which of the two to obey.
I, the helmsman, can make no choice twixt writing and silence,
From the commotion art cowers in corners and holes.”

Thus Ovid relates in his *libri tristium* the sad story which as the sequel comes after what went before. The task was clearly beyond him, but I continue the story as follows:

Chapter 23

Ovid sat in Tomi, whither the god Augustus had hurled him in his anger, because he had more genius than sense.

There among the wild barbarians wilted the tender poet of love, whose ruin love itself had brought about. Deep in thought, he rested his head upon his right hand, and his longing eyes wandered toward distant Latium. The singer's heart was broken, and yet he could not abandon hope and his lyre could not be silent and in sweet songs of passionate melody it spoke his longing and his pain.

Around the old man's frail limbs the north wind whistled, so

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a Ovid, *Tristia*, II, 23 et seq.—*Ed.*
that he was seized with unfamiliar shudderings, for it was in the
hot land of the South that his life had flowered, and it was there
that his imagination had decked its rich hot-blooded frolics in
robes of splendour, and when these children of genius became too
bold, then about their shoulders Grace would gently cast her
divine, enswathing garland of veils so that the gossamer folds
spread wide and a rain of warm dew-drops fell.

"Soon to dust, poor poet!" and a tear rolled down the old man's
cheek, when—Merten's powerful bass, incited against Scorpion,
was heard——

Chapter 27

"Ignorance, limitless ignorance."

"Because (refers to an earlier chapter) his knees bent too much
to a certain side!", but definition is lacking, definition, and who
shall define, who shall determine, which is the right side and
which the left?

Tell me, thou mortal, whence cometh the wind, or has God a
nose in his face, and I will tell you which is right and left.

Nothing but relative concepts, to drink of wisdom is to gain only
folly and frenzy!

Oh, vain is all our striving, our yearning is folly, until we have
determined which is right and left, for he will place the goats on
the left hand, and the sheep on the right.

If he turns round, if he faces in another direction, because in
the night he had a dream, then according to our pitiful ideas the
goats will be standing on the right and the pious on the left.

So define for me which is right and left, and the whole riddle of
creation is solved, Acheronta movebo, I shall deduce for you exactly
on which side your soul will come to stand, from which I shall
further infer which step you are standing on now; for that primal
relation would appear to be measurable with the help of the
Lord's definition of where you stand, but your present position
can be judged by the thickness of your skull. I am dizzy—if a
Mephistopheles appeared I should be Faust, for clearly each and
every one of us is a Faust, as we do not know which is the right
side and which the left; our life is therefore a circus, we run
round, try to find sides, till we fall down on the sand and the
gladiator, Life, slays us. We need a new saviour, for—you rob me
of slumber, tormenting thought, you rob me of my health, you are
killing me—we cannot distinguish the left side from the right, we
do not know where they lie——
Chapter 28

"Clearly on the moon, on the moon lie the moonstones, falsehood in the breast of women, sand in the sea and mountains on the earth," answered a man who knocked on my door, without waiting for me to ask him in.

I quickly pushed my papers to one side, said that I was very glad not to have made his acquaintance before, since I thus had the pleasure of making it now, that in his teaching there was great wisdom, that all my doubts were stilled by his words; but the only thing was that however fast I spoke, he spoke still faster, hissing sounds poured forth from between his teeth, and the whole man, as I perceived with a shudder on closer perusal and inspection, appeared a shrivelled lizard, nothing but a lizard, that had crawled out of crumbling masonry.

He was of stocky build, and his stature had much in common with that of my stove. His eyes might be called green rather than red, pinpoints rather than flashes of lightning, and he himself more goblin than man.

A genius! I recognised that quickly and with certainty, for his nose had sprung out of his skull like Pallas Athena from the head of Father Zeus, to which fact I also attributed its delicate scarlet glow indicating aethereal origin, while the head itself might be described as hairless, unless one wished to apply the term of head-covering to a thick layer of pomade which together with diverse products of the air and elements richly encrusted the primeval mountain.

Everything in him bespoke height and depth, but his facial structure seemed to betray a man of papers, for the cheeks were hollowed out like smooth basins and so well protected against the rain by the gigantic prominences of the cheek-bones that they could serve as containers for documents and governmental decrees.

In short, everything reveals that he was the god of love himself, if only it had not been himself that he resembled, and that his name has a sweet ring to it like love, if it did not sooner remind one of a juniper bush.

I prayed him to calm himself, for he claimed to be a hero, whereat I humbly interposed that the heroes had been of a somewhat finer build, that the heralds for their part had had voices of simpler, less contrived, more harmonious tone, and Hero, lastly, was beauty transfigured, a truly beautiful nature in which form and soul vied with each other, each claiming to be the
sole source of her perfection, and that she was therefore unsuited for his love.

But he remonstrated that he had a p-p-powerful bone-str-r-rr-ucture, that he had a sh-sh-shadow as good as anybody else's and even better, because he cast more sh-sh-shadow than light about him, and so his s-s-spouse could cool herself in his shadow, prosper and become a sh-sh-shadow herself, that I was a c-c-coarse man and a gutter-genius and a blockhead into the bargain, that he was c-c-called Engelbert, which was a n-name with a b-b-better ring to it than S-S-Scorpion, that I had been mistaken in Ch-Ch-Chapter 19 because blue eyes were more beautiful than brown, and d-d-dove's eyes were the most s-s-spiritual, and that even if he himself was no dove a he was at least deaf b to reason, and besides he championed the right of primogeniture and possessed a wash-closet.

"Sh-sh-she shall take my r-r-right hand in betrothal, and now let us have no more of your investigations into right and left, she lives directly opposite, neither to the right nor to the left."

The door slammed, from my soul there emanated a heavenly apparition, the sweet tones of converse ceased, but through the keyhole came a ghostly whisper: "Klingholz, Klingholz!"

Chapter 29

I sat deep in thought, laid aside Locke, Fichte and Kant, and gave myself up to profound reflection to discover what a wash-closet could have to do with the right of primogeniture, and suddenly it came to me like a flash, and in a melodious succession of thoughts one upon the other my vision was illuminated and a radiant form appeared before my eyes.

The right of primogeniture is the wash-closet of the aristocracy, for a wash-closet only exists for the purpose of washing. But washing bleaches, and thus lends a pale sheen to that which is washed. So also does the right of primogeniture silver the eldest son of the house, it thus lends him a pale silvery sheen, while on the other members it stamps the pale romantic hue of penury.

He who bathes in rivers, hurls himself against the rushing element, fights its fury, and with strong arms wrestles against it; but he who sits in the wash-closet, remains in seclusion, contemplating the corners of the walls.

a *Taube* in German.—Ed.
b *Tauber* in German.—Ed.
The ordinary mortal, i.e., he who has no right of primogeniture, fights the storms of life, throws himself into the billowing sea and seizes pearls of Promethean rights from its depths, and before his eyes the inner form of the Idea appears in glory, and he creates with greater boldness, but he who is entitled to primogenital inheritance lets only drops fall on him, for fear he might strain a limb, and so seats himself in a wash-closet.

Found, the philosopher's stone!

Chapter 30

Thus in our day, as is apparent from the two considerations just set forth, no epic can be composed.

In the first place, by engaging in profound speculations on the subject of the right and left side, we strip these poetical expressions of their poetical drapery as Apollo flayed Marsyas and turn them into an embodiment of doubt, like the mis-shapen baboon, who has eyes in order not to see and is an Argus in reverse; for the latter had a hundred eyes to find what was lost, while he, the wretched stormer of heaven, doubt itself, possesses a hundred eyes to make what has been seen unseen.

But the side, the situation, is among the main prerequisites of epic poetry, and as soon as there are no more sides, which has been shown to be the case with regard to us, epic poetry can only arise from its slumber of death when the blast of trumpets wakes Jericho.

Further, we have discovered the philosopher's stone, everybody unfortunately points to the stone and they——

Chapter 31

They were lying on the ground, Scorpion and Merten, for the supernatural apparition (refers to an earlier chapter) had so shattered their nerves that in the chaos of expansion, which, like the embryo, had not yet broken away from world relations to assume separate form, the cohesive power of their limbs had disintegrated, so that their noses hung down to their navels and their heads sank to the ground.

Merten shed thick blood containing much iron——how much, I am unable to determine, the general state of chemistry is still unsatisfactory.

Organic chemistry in particular is every day becoming more involute through simplification, inasmuch as every day new ele-
ments are being discovered which have this in common with bishops that they bear the names of countries which belong to the unfaithful and are situated in partibus infidelium, names, moreover, which are as lengthy as the title of a member of numerous learned societies and of the German imperial princes, names which are free-thinkers among names, because they do not let themselves be bound to any language.

In general organic chemistry is a heretic in seeking to explain life by a dead process! Sinning against life, as if I were to derive love from algebra.

The whole clearly rests on the theory of process, which has not yet been properly elaborated, nor ever can be, because it is based on the card game, a game of pure chance, in which the ace plays a leading part.

The ace is, however, the foundation of all recent jurisprudence, for one evening Irnerius lost at cards, came straight from a ladies' party, finely dressed in a blue tail-coat, new shoes with long buckles, and a waistcoat of crimson silk, and sat down and wrote a dissertatio on the as, which then led him on to start teaching Roman law.

Now Roman law embraces everything, including the theory of process and including chemistry—for it is the microcosm which has broken loose from the macrocosm, as Pacius has demonstrated.

The four books of the Institutions are the four elements, the seven books of the Pandects are the seven planets and the twelve books of the Codex are the twelve signs of the zodiac.

No spirit, however, penetrated the whole; it was merely Grethe, the cook, calling out that supper was ready.

In violent agitation Scorpion and Merten had kept their eyes closed and so had mistaken Grethe for a fairy. When they had recovered from their Spanish terror, which dated from the last defeat and the victory of Don Carlos, Merten flung himself upon Scorpion and rose up like an oak, for O! Moses will say, let man consider the stars and not look down upon the ground; meanwhile Scorpion seized his father's hand and placed his body in a dangerous position, by setting it up on its two feet.

Chapter 35

"By God! Merten the tailor is good at helping out, but he also charges high prices!"

"Vere! beatus Martinus bonus est in auxilio, sed carus in negotio!"
exclaimed Clovis after the battle of Poitiers when the priests of Tours told him that it was Merten who had tailored the riding-breeches in which he had ridden the mettlesome jade that secured him the victory, and demanded two hundred gold gulden for Merten’s services.

But the truth of the whole matter is——

Chapter 36

They were sitting at table, Merten at the head, Scorpion on his right, on his left Felix the senior apprentice, and lower down the table, leaving a certain gap between the principes and the plebs, the subordinate members of the Merten body politic, usually termed apprentices.

The gap, which no human creature might occupy, was not filled by Banquo’s ghost but by Merten’s dog, which had every day to say grace at table, for Merten, who cultivated Humaniora, maintained that his Boniface—that was the dog’s name—was one and the same person as St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, quoting in proof a passage in which the latter announces that he is a barking dog (see Epist. 105, p. 145, ed. Seraria). He therefore felt superstitious reverence for this dog, whose place at table was by far the most elegant; for his Boniface was seated upon a soft crimson rug of finest cassimere with a fringe of silken tassels, upholstered like a sumptuous couch, supported on cunningly interlocked springs, and as soon as the gathering broke up, the seat was carried to the seclusion of a remote alcove, which appears to be the same as that described by Boileau in his patrie as the provost’s temple of repose.

Boniface was not in his place, the gap was not filled, and the colour drained from Merten’s cheeks. “Where is Boniface?” he called from a deeply troubled heart, and the whole table was visibly moved. “Where is Boniface?” Merten asked again, and how he started in fear, how he trembled in every limb, how his hair stood on end, when he heard that Boniface was not there.

All leapt up to search for him, Merten’s usual calm seemed to have completely deserted him, he rang the bell, Grethe entered, her heart fearing the worst, she thought——

“Hey, Grethe, where is Boniface?” and she was visibly relieved, and he then knocked over the lamp with his groping arms, so that all was veiled in darkness, and night fell, tempestuous and pregnant with disaster.
Chapter 37

David Hume maintained that this chapter was the *locus communis* of the preceding, and indeed maintained so before I had written it. His proof was as follows: since this chapter exists, the earlier chapter does not exist, but this chapter has ousted the earlier, from which it sprang, though not through the operation of cause and effect, for this he questioned. Yet every giant, and thus also every chapter of twenty lines, presupposes a dwarf, every genius a hidebound philistine, and every storm at sea—mud, and as soon as the first disappear, the latter begin, sit down at the table, sprawling out their long legs arrogantly.

The first are too great for this world, and so they are thrown out. But the latter strike root in it and remain, as one may see from the facts, for champagne leaves a lingering repulsive after-taste, Caesar the hero leaves behind him the play-acting Octavianus, Emperor Napoleon the bourgeois king Louis Philippe, the philosopher Kant the carpet-knight Krug, the poet Schiller the Hofrat Raupach, Leibniz's heaven Wolf's schoolroom, the dog Boniface this chapter.

Thus the bases are precipitated, while the spirit evaporates.

Chapter 38

That last sentence about the bases was an abstract concept, and therefore not a woman, for, as Adelung exclaims, an abstract concept and a woman, how different they are! However, I maintain the contrary and will duly prove it, only not in this chapter but in a book without any chapters at all which I intend to write as soon as I have accepted the Holy Trinity.

Chapter 39

If anyone desires to obtain a concrete, not abstract conception of the same—I do not mean the Greek Helen nor the Roman Lucretia, but the Holy Trinity—I cannot advise him better than to dream of *Nothing*, as long as he does not fall asleep, but on the contrary to watch in the Lord and to examine this sentence, for in it there lies the concrete conception. If we ascend to its height, whole flights above our present position and floating over it like a cloud, we are confronted by the gigantic "Not", if we descend to its middle, we behold in fear the enormous
“Nothing”, and if we sink down into its depth, then both are again harmoniously reconciled in the “Not” which in its upright, bold characters of flame springs to meet them.

“Not”—“Nothing”—“Not”

that is the concrete conception of the Trinity, but as for the abstract—who shall fathom it, for

“Who hath ascended up into heaven, and descended? Who hath gathered the wind in his fists? Who hath bound the waters in a garment? Who hath established all the ends of the earth? What is his name, and what is his son’s name, if thou canst tell?” says the wise Solomon.¹

Chapter 40

“I do not know where he is, but this much is certain, a skull is a skull!” exclaimed Merten. Anxiously he stooped down to discover whose head his hand was touching in the dark, and then he started back as if in mortal terror, for the eyes——

Chapter 41

Yes, indeed! The eyes!

They are a magnet and attract iron, for which very reason we feel ourselves attracted to the ladies, but not to Heaven, for the ladies look at us out of two eyes, but Heaven out of only one.

Chapter 42

“I’ll prove to him the opposite!” said an invisible voice to me, and as I looked round to see who spoke, I saw—you will not believe it, but I assure you, I swear, that it is true—I saw—but you must not be angry, do not be afraid, for it is nothing to do either with your wife or with your digestion—I saw myself, for I had offered myself as proof of the contrary.

The thought—“Ha! I am a doppelgänger!”—came over me in a flash, and Hoffmann’s Elixirs of the Devil——

Chapter 43

— Lay on the table before me just as I was pondering why the Wandering Jew is a native of Berlin and not a Spaniard; but it

¹ Proverbs 30: 4.—Ed.
coincides, I see, with the counter-evidence I have to provide, therefore we will, for the sake of precision—do neither, but instead content ourselves with the remark that Heaven lies in the ladies’ eyes but not the ladies’ eyes in Heaven, whence it emerges that it is not so much the eyes that attract us but rather Heaven, for we do not see the eyes but only Heaven within them. If it were the eyes that attracted us and not Heaven, then we should feel ourselves attracted to Heaven and not to the ladies, for Heaven has not one eye, as stated above, but no eye at all, yet Heaven itself is nothing but a look of infinite love from the Godhead, indeed the mild, melodious eye of the spirit of light, and an eye cannot have an eye.

Thus the final result of our inquiry is that the reason why we feel ourselves attracted to the ladies and not to Heaven is that in Heaven we do not see the ladies’ eyes, whereas in the ladies’ eyes we do see Heaven; that we therefore feel ourselves attracted to the eyes so to speak because they are not eyes, and because wandering Ahasuerus is a native of Berlin, for he is old and ailing and has seen many lands and eyes, yet he still does not feel himself attracted to Heaven but very much so to the ladies, and there are only two magnets, a Heaven without eyes and an eye without Heaven.

The one lies above us and draws us aloft, the other beneath us and draws us down into the depths. And Ahasuerus is drawn mightily downwards, for would he otherwise wander eternally through the lands of the Earth? And would he wander eternally through the lands of the Earth if he were not a native of Berlin and used to sands?

Chapter 44
Second Fragment from Halto’s Letter-Case

We came to a country-house, it was a beautiful, dark-blue night. Your arm was in mine and you wanted to break free, but I would not release you, my hand held you captive as you held my heart, and you let it be so.

I murmured words of longing, my utterance was the most sublime and the most beautiful that mortal man can speak, for I said nothing whatever, I was withdrawn into myself, I saw a realm rise up in which the air hung so light and yet so heavy, and in that ether there stood a divine image, beauty personified, as once in the deep dreams of fantasy I had sensed but not known her, she
was radiant with spiritual fire, she smiled, and you were the image.

I marvelled at myself, for I had become great through my love, as a giant; I beheld a boundless sea, but no tides swelled it any more, for it had attained depth and eternity, its surface was crystal and in its dark abyss were set quivering golden stars, they sang love-songs, they sent forth radiant fire and the sea itself was aglow!

If only this path had been life!

I kissed your sweet, soft hand, I spoke of love and of you. Above our heads floated a fine mist, its heart broke and it shed a great tear which fell between us, we felt the tear and were silent —

Chapter 47

"It is either Boniface or a pair of trousers!" cried Merten. "Light, I say, light!" and there was light. "By God, it is no pair of trousers, but Boniface, stretched out here in this dark corner, and his eyes are burning with a sinister fire, but what do I see? He is bleeding!" and without another word he flung himself down. The apprentices looked first at the dog and then at their master. At length he leapt violently to his feet. "You asses, what are you gaping for? Do you not see that the holy Boniface is hurt? I will institute strict inquiries, and woe, thrice woe, to the guilty. But quick, carry him to his seat, summon the doctor, bring vinegar and lukewarm water, and do not forget to summon the schoolmaster Vitus! His words have powerful influence over Boniface!" Thus followed the curt commands. They rushed out of the door in all directions, Merten took a closer look at Boniface, in whose eyes a milder gleam had still not yet appeared, and shook his head many times.

"I fear misfortune, a great misfortune! Call a priest!"

Chapter 48

As still not one of his helpers had appeared, Merten sprang to his feet several times in desperation.

"Poor Boniface! But wait! What if in the meantime I dared to administer the treatment myself? You are all in a fever, the blood is streaming from your mouth, you refuse your food, I see violent convulsions shake your belly, I understand you, Boniface, I
understand you!" and then Grethe came in with lukewarm water and vinegar.

"Grethe! How many days is it since Boniface last had a motion? Did I not instruct you to administer to him a lavement at least once every week? But I see that in future I shall have to take over such weighty matters myself! Bring oil, salt, bran, honey and a clyster!

"Poor Boniface! You are constipated with your holy thoughts and reflections, since you can no longer relieve yourself in speech and writing!

"O admirable victim of profundity! O pious constipation!"
No. 231 of the Register of Births

In the year eighteen hundred and eighteen, on the seventh day of the month of May, at four o'clock in the afternoon, there appeared before me, registrar of births, marriages and deaths at Trier burgomaster's office in Trier district, Herr Heinrich Marx, domiciled in Trier, aged thirty-seven, by profession barrister of the Higher Court of Appeal, who showed me a male child and stated that the said child had been born in Trier, on the fifth day of the month of May at two o'clock in the morning, to Herr Heinrich Marx, barrister by profession, domiciled in Trier, and his wife Henriette Presborck, and that they wished to give the name Carl to this their child. After the aforesaid showing of the child and the above statement made in the presence of two witnesses, namely: Herr Carl Petrasch, aged thirty-two, by profession government secretary, domiciled in Trier, and Mathias Kropp, aged twenty-one, by profession office employee, domiciled in Trier, had taken place, I drew up in writing in the presence of the exhibitor of the child and the witnesses the present certificate on all this in double original, which after being read aloud were signed by the exhibitor of the child, the witnesses and myself.

Done in Trier on the day, month and year as above.


First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamt-ausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

Printed according to a photcopy of the original

Published in English for the first time
Before examining the basis and essence and the effects of the 
union of Christ with believers, let us see whether this union is 
necessary, whether it is determined by the nature of man, whether 
man cannot by himself achieve the purpose for which God 
brought him into being out of nothing. 
If we turn our attention to history, the great teacher of 
mankind, we shall find engraved there that every people, even 
when it had attained the highest level of civilisation, when the 
greatest men had sprung from its womb, when the arts had 
blossomed within it in their full radiance, when the sciences had 
solved the most difficult problems, was nevertheless unable to cast 
off the fetters of superstition, that it had not conceived worthy 
and true ideas either of itself or of the Deity, that even its morality 
and ethics were never seen to be free from foreign admixture, 
from ignoble limitations, and that even its virtues owed their 
origin more to a crude greatness, an unbridled egoism, a passion 
for fame and audacious deeds than to striving for true perfection. 
And the ancient peoples, the savages, who have not yet heard 
the teaching of Christ, betray an inner unrest, a fear of the anger 
of their gods, an inner conviction of their own iniquity, by making 
sacrifices to their gods, imagining they can atone for their sins by 
sacrifices.
Indeed, the greatest sage of antiquity, the divine Plato, expresses 
in more than one passage a profound longing for a higher being, 
whose appearance would fulfil the unsatisfied striving for truth 
and light. 
Thus the history of peoples teaches us the necessity of union 
with Christ.
When we consider also the history of individuals, when we consider the nature of man, it is true that we always see a spark of divinity in his breast, a passion for what is good, a striving for knowledge, a yearning for truth. But the sparks of the eternal are extinguished by the flames of desire; enthusiasm for virtue is drowned by the tempting voice of sin, it is scorned as soon as life has made us feel its full power; the striving for knowledge is supplanted by a base striving for worldly goods, the longing for truth is extinguished by the sweetly flattering power of lies; and so there stands man, the only being in nature which does not fulfil its purpose, the only member of the totality of creation which is not worthy of the God who created it. But that benign Creator could not hate His work; He wanted to raise it up to Him and He sent His Son, through whom He proclaimed to us:

"Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you" (John 15:3).

"Abide in me, and I in you" (John 15:4).

Having thus seen how the history of peoples and a consideration of individuals prove the necessity of union with Christ, let us examine the last and surest proof, the word of Christ Himself.

Nowhere does He express more clearly the necessity of union with Himself than in the beautiful parable of the vine and the branches, in which He calls Himself the vine and us the branches. The branch cannot bear fruit of itself, and so, Christ says, without me you can do nothing. He expresses this still more strongly by saying:

"If a man abide not in me", etc. (John 15: 4, 5, 6).

One must, however, understand this as applying only to those who have been able to learn the word of Christ; for we cannot judge of God's decision in regard to such peoples and individuals, since we are not capable even of grasping it.

Our hearts, reason, history, the word of Christ, therefore, tell us loudly and convincingly that union with Him is absolutely essential, that without Him we cannot fulfil our goal, that without Him we would be rejected by God, that only He can redeem us.

Thus, penetrated with the conviction that this union is absolutely essential, we are desirous of finding out in what this lofty gift consists, this ray of light which descends from higher worlds to animate our hearts, and bears us purified aloft to heaven, what its inner nature and basis is.

Once we have grasped the necessity of this union, the basis for it—our need for redemption, our sinfully inclined nature, our
wavering reason, our corrupted heart, our iniquity in the sight of God—is clearly visible to us and we have no need to investigate further what it is.

But who could express the nature of this union more beautifully than Christ did in the parable of the vine and the branches? Who in lengthy treatises could lay bare before our eyes in all its parts the innermost basis of this union as comprehensively as Christ did in the words:

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman" (John 15: 1).
"I am the vine, ye are the branches" (John 15: 5).

If the branch could feel, how joyfully it would look at the husbandman who tends it, who carefully frees it from weeds and binds it firmly to the vine from which it draws the nourishment and sap to form more beautiful blossoms.

In union with Christ, therefore, we turn above all our loving eyes to God, feel the most ardent thankfulness towards Him, sink joyfully on our knees before Him.

Then, when by union with Christ a more beautiful sun has risen for us, when we feel all our iniquity but at the same time rejoice over our redemption, we can for the first time love God, who previously appeared to us as an offended ruler but now appears as a forgiving father, as a kindly teacher.

But, if it could feel, the branch would not only look upwards to the husbandman, it would fondly snuggle up to the vine, it would feel itself most closely linked with it and with the branches which have sprung from it; it would love the other branches if only because the husbandman tends them and the vine gives them strength.

Thus, union with Christ consists in the most intimate, most vital communion with Him, in having Him before our eyes and in our hearts, and being so imbued with the highest love for Him, at the same time we turn our hearts to our brothers whom He has closely bound to us, and for whom also He sacrificed Himself.

But this love for Christ is not barren, it not only fills us with the purest reverence and respect for Him, it also causes us to keep His commandments by sacrificing ourselves for one another, by being virtuous, but virtuous solely out of love for Him. (John 15: 9, 10, 12, 13, 14.)

This is the great abyss which separates Christian virtue from any other and raises it above any other: this is one of the greatest effects that union with Christ has on man.

Virtue is no longer a dark distorted image, as it was depicted by the philosophy of the Stoics; it is not the offspring of a harsh
theory of duty, as we find it among all heathen peoples, but what it achieves it accomplishes through love for Christ, through love for a divine Being, and when it springs from this pure source it is seen to be free from all that is earthly and to be truly divine. All repulsive aspects disappear, all that is earthly is suppressed, all coarseness is removed, and virtue is more brilliant by having become at once milder and more human.

Never could it have been depicted in this way by human reason, its virtue would always remain a limited, earthly virtue.

Once man has attained this virtue, this union with Christ, he will await the blows of fate with calm composure, courageously oppose the storms of passion, and endure undaunted the wrath of the iniquitous, for who can oppress him, who could rob him of his Redeemer?

What he asks, he knows will be fulfilled, for he asks only in union with Christ, hence only what is divine, and who could fail to be uplifted and comforted by this assurance which the Saviour Himself proclaims? (John 15: 7.)

Who would not bear suffering gladly, knowing that by his abiding in Christ, by his works, God Himself is glorified, that by his perfection the Lord of creation is exalted? (John 15: 8.)

Therefore union with Christ bestows inner exaltation, consolation in suffering, calm assurance, and a heart which is open to love of mankind, to all that is noble, to all that is great, not out of ambition, not through a desire for fame, but only because of Christ. Therefore union with Christ bestows a joy which the Epicurean strives vainly to derive from his frivolous philosophy or the deeper thinker from the most hidden depths of knowledge, a joy known only by the ingenuous, childlike mind which is linked with Christ and through Him with God, a joy which makes life higher and more beautiful. (John 15: 11.)

Marx

Written between August 10 and 16, 1835

First published in the yearly Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung, 1925

Printed according to the original

DOES THE REIGN OF AUGUSTUS DESERVE TO BE COUNTED AMONG THE HAPPIER PERIODS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE? 199

One who seeks to know what the Augustan age was like has many things by which he can judge it: in the first place, a comparison with other periods of Roman history; for if it is shown
that the Augustan age was similar to previous periods which are termed happy, but unlike those in which, according to contemporary and recent judgment, morals had changed and become worse, the state was split into factions, and even defeats were suffered in war, from them a conclusion can be drawn about the Augustan age; then it must be inquired what the ancients said about it, what view was held by foreign peoples about the empire, whether they feared or despised it, and, finally, what was the state of the arts and sciences.

In order not to be more prolix than necessary, I shall compare with the Augustan age the finest epoch before Augustus, which was made happy by the simplicity of its morals, the striving for excellence, and the unselfishness of officials and common people, and in which Lower Italy was subjugated, and also the epoch of Nero, which was worse than any other.

At no time were the Romans more disinclined to pursue the fine arts than in the period before the Punic wars; learning was least valued since the most important men of those times chiefly devoted their efforts and labours to agriculture; eloquence was superfluous since they used few words in speaking of what had to be done and did not seek elegance of speech but attached more importance to the content; history, indeed, had no need of eloquence since it was concerned only with things done and was confined to the compilation of annals.

But the whole epoch was filled with the conflict between patricians and plebs; because from the expulsion of the kings until the first Punic war there was strife over the right of each side and a large part of history is concerned only with the laws which were made by tribunes or consuls contending keenly with one another.

What in this period deserves to be praised we have already said. If we wish to describe the period of Nero, we do not need many words; for who would have to ask what this age was like, since the best citizens were killed, shameful arbitrary rule prevailed, laws were violated, the city burnt down, and the generals preferred to seek renown through peace rather than war, because they were afraid lest they should excite suspicion by deeds well done and because there was nothing to inspire them to perform great deeds.

That the Augustan age was unlike this no one can deny, for his reign was marked by its mildness. Although all freedom, even all appearance of freedom, had disappeared, institutions and laws were altered by order of the sovereign, and all powers previously possessed by the people's tribunes, censors and consuls were now in the hands of one man, the Romans believed they themselves
ruled and that emperor was only another name for the powers which the tribunes and consuls previously possessed, and they did not see that they had been deprived of their freedom. It is, however, a telling proof of mildness if the citizens can doubt who is the sovereign and whether they themselves rule or are ruled over.

In war, however, the Romans were never more fortunate, for the Parthians were subjugated, the Cantabri conquered, the Raetians and Vindelicians laid prostrate; but the Germans, the worst enemies of the Romans, whom Caesar had fought against in vain, overcame the Romans in some isolated encounters through treachery, cunning and bravery, and owing to their forests; but on the whole the power of many of the Germanic tribes was broken by Augustus granting Roman citizenship to individuals, by the weapons of experienced generals, and by the hostility which broke out among the Germanic peoples themselves.

In peace and war, therefore, the Augustan age is not to be compared with the time of Nero and even worse rulers.

The parties and conflicts, however, which occurred in the period before the Punic wars, had ceased to exist, for we see that Augustus had combined all parties, all honorary titles and all power in his own person. Hence the sovereign power could not be disunited within itself, which brings the greatest danger to every state, because thereby its authority among foreign peoples is diminished and public affairs are administered more for the ambition of individuals than for the well-being of the people.

The Augustan age should not, however, be regarded in such a way as not to see that it was inferior to that earlier period in many respects, for if morals, freedom and worth are either diminished of definitely set aside, while avarice, prodigality and intemperance prevail, that age itself cannot be called happy. But the greatness of Augustus, the institutions and laws of the men he selected in order to put the troubled state in a better condition, did a great deal to end the disorder which had been evoked by the civil wars.

For example, we see that Augustus purged the senate, into which extremely corrupt men had penetrated, of remnants of crime, by expelling from it many men whose morals were hateful to him and by admitting many others who were distinguished for their ability and intelligence.

Under the rule of Augustus, men of outstanding worth and wisdom always served the state, for who can name greater men of that period than Maecenas and Agrippa? Although the sovereign occasionally resorted to dissimulation, he apparently did not abuse
his power and exercised odious force in a milder form. And if the state, as it existed before the Punic wars, was the most suitable for that time because it stimulated people to great deeds, struck terror into its enemies, and aroused a noble emulation between patricians and plebs, from which however envy was not always absent, the state, as Augustus instituted it, seems to us the most suitable for his time, for when people have grown soft and the simplicity of morals has disappeared, but the state has grown greater, a ruler is more capable than a free republic of giving freedom to the people.

We come now to the judgment of the ancients on the Augustan age.

He himself was called divine, and regarded not as a man, but rather as a god. This could not be said if one relied only on the testimony of Horace, but the distinguished historianTacitus also speaks of Augustus and his age with the utmost respect, the greatest admiration and even love.

At no time did arts and letters flourish more, for in that age there lived a very large number of writers from whom as from a fountain-head all peoples drew learning.

Since, therefore, the state appears to have been well ordered, the ruler desirous of happiness for the people and by his authority official positions occupied by the best men, since, moreover, the Augustan age appears to be not inferior to the best periods of Roman history, but different from the worst, and since parties and dissensions are seen to have ceased, whereas arts and letters flourished, the Augustan age deserves to be counted among the better epochs and the man held in high esteem who, although everything was permitted to him, nevertheless after his accession to power had only one aim, to ensure the safety of the state.

Marx

Written between August 10 and 16, 1835
First published in the yearly Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung, 1925
Printed according to the original
Translated from the Latin
CERTIFICATE OF MATURITY

FOR

PUPIL OF THE GYMNASIUM IN TRIER

Karl Marx,

from Trier, 17 years of age, of evangelical faith, son of barrister-at-law, Herr Justizrat Marx in Trier, was five years at the gymnasium in Trier, and two years in the first class.

I. Moral behaviour towards superiors and fellow pupils was good.

II. Aptitudes and diligence. He has good aptitudes, and in ancient languages, German, and history showed a very satisfactory diligence, in mathematics satisfactory, and in French only slight diligence.

III. Knowledge and accomplishments

1. Languages:
   a) In German, his grammatical knowledge and composition are very good.
   b) In Latin, even without preparation he translates and explains with facility and circumspection the easier passages of the classics read in the gymnasium; and after due preparation or with some assistance frequently also the more difficult passages, especially those where the difficulty consists not so much in the peculiarity of the language as in the subject-matter and train of thought. His composition shows, in regard to material, a wealth of thought and deep insight into the subject-matter, but is often overlaid with irrelevancies; in regard to language, he gives evidence of much practice and striving for genuine latinity, although he is not yet free from grammatical errors. In speaking Latin, he has acquired a fairly satisfactory fluency.
   c) In Greek, his knowledge and abilities, in regard to understanding the classics read in the gymnasium, are almost the same as in Latin.
d) In French, his knowledge of grammar is fairly good; with some assistance he reads also more difficult passages and has some facility in oral expression.
e) In Hebrew,

2. Sciences:
   a) Religious knowledge. His knowledge of the Christian faith and morals is fairly clear and well grounded; he knows also to some extent the history of the Christian Church.
   b) Mathematics. He has a good knowledge of mathematics.
   c) In History and Geography he is in general fairly proficient.
   d) Physics [and nature study]. In physics his knowledge is moderate.

3. Accomplishments.
   a) .......... 
   b) .......... 

The undersigned examining commission has accordingly, since he is now leaving this gymnasium in order to study jurisprudence, awarded him the certificate of maturity and discharges him, cherishing the hope that he will fulfil the favourable expectations which his aptitudes justify.

Trier, September 24, 1835.

Royal Examining Commission

Brüggemann, Royal Commissioner
Wytttenbach, Director
Loers
Hamacher
Schwendler
Steininger
Küpper
Schneemann

First published in the yearly Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung, 1925

Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

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a Not filled in.—Ed.
Dear Karl,

More than three weeks have passed since you went away, and there is no sign of you! You know your mother\(^a\) and how anxious she is, and yet you show this boundless negligence! That, unfortunately, only too strongly confirms the opinion, which I hold in spite of your many good qualities, that in your heart egoism is predominant.

Your mother knows nothing of this letter. I do not want to increase her anxiety still more, but I repeat, it is irresponsible of you.

For my part, I can wait—but I expect you to set your mother's mind at rest by return of post.

Your father
Marx

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\(^a\) Henriette Marx.— Ed.
authority and also admit to my child if I am wrong. I did actually
tell you to write only after you had had a somewhat closer look
around you. However, since it took so long, you ought to have
taken my words less literally, especially as you know how anxious
and worried your good mother is. Well, that is enough on that
subject.

Your letter, which was barely legible, gave me great joy. Of
course, I have no doubt of your good intentions, your diligence,
or of your firm resolve to achieve something worth while. How-
ever, I am glad that the beginning is pleasant and easy for you
and that you are getting a liking for your professional studies.

Nine lecture courses seem to me rather a lot and I would not
like you to do more than your body and mind can bear. If,
however, you find no difficulty about it, it may be all right. The
field of knowledge is immeasurable, and time is short. In your
next letter you will surely give me a somewhat larger and more
detailed report. You know how greatly I am interested in every-
thing which concerns you closely.

In connection with the lectures on law, you must not demand
[...] should be touching and poetic. The subject-matter does not
allow [...] poetic composition, you will have to put up with it and
[...] find worthy of deep thought. Excuse [...] subjects.

What more ought I to say to you? Give you a sermon? In order
[...] to tell [...] what you do not know? Although enough of [...] 
nature has so endowed you that if you truly ... the [...] your clear
mind, your pure feeling, your unspoilt [...] instruct, in order not
to stray from the right path [...] and what I wish, you know very
well. I want now [...] you make up for what I in less favourable
circumstances [...] could not achieve. I should like to see in
you what perhaps I could have become, if I had come into the
world with equally favourable prospects. You can fulfil or de-
stroy my best hopes. It is perhaps both unfair and unwise to
build one's best hopes on someone and so perhaps undermine
one's own tranquillity. But who else than nature is to blame
if men who are otherwise not so weak are nevertheless weak
fathers?

You have been granted a good fortune, dear Karl, that is given
to few youths of your age. At the important initial stage of your
career you have found a friend, and a very worthy friend, who is
older and more experienced than you. Know how to value this
good fortune. Friendship in the true classical sense is life's most
beautiful jewel, and at this age for your whole life. It will be the
best touchstone of your character, your mind and heart, indeed of
your morality, if you are able to retain your friend and be worthy of him.

That you will continue to be good morally, I really do not doubt. But a great support for morality is pure faith in God. You know that I am anything but a fanatic. But this faith is a real requirement of man sooner or later, and there are moments in life when even the atheist is involuntarily drawn to worship the Almighty. And it is common [...], for what Newton, Locke and Leibniz believed, everyone can [...] submit to.

[Herr] Loers has taken it ill that you did not pay him a farewell [visit]. You and Clemens were the only ones, he [...] Herr Schlick. I had to have recourse to a white lie and tell him [...] we were there while he was away. The society [...] association with Clemens was little to my liking.

Herr Loers has been appointed second director and Herr [Brügge]mann as Commissioner was here yesterday for the installation. It was a big [... ce]remony, since both Herr Brüggemann and Herr Loers spoke. Herr Loers gave a great luncheon, which I also attended. There I spoke with several persons who asked after you, and from many quarters I was congratulated on Herr Wienenbrügge being your friend. I am truly desirous of making his acquaintance, and I should be very glad if you would both visit us at Easter and, of course, stay with us together. I should regard that especially as a proof of his friendship for you.

And so, dear Karl, fare you very well, and in providing really vigorous and healthy nourishment for your mind, do not forget that in this miserable world it is always accompanied by the body, which determines the well-being of the whole machine. A sickly scholar is the most unfortunate being on earth. Therefore, do not study more than your health can bear. With that, daily exercise and abstemiousness, and I hope to find you stronger in mind and body every time I embrace you.

Trier, November 18, 1835

Your faithful father

Marx

Apropos! I have read your poem word by word. I quite frankly confess, dear Karl, that I do not understand it, neither its true meaning nor its tendency. In ordinary life it is an undisputed proposition that with the fulfilment of one's most ardent wishes the value of what one wished is very much diminished and often
disappears altogether. That is surely not what you wanted to say. That would be worth consideration at most as a moral principle, because guided by this idea one avoids immoral enjoyments and even puts off what is permissible, in order by the postponement to retain the desire or even secure a heightened enjoyment. Kant felicitously says something of this sort in his anthropology. 202

Do you want to find happiness only in abstract idealising (somewhat analogous to fanciful reverie)? In short, give me the key, I admit that this is beyond me.

[In the left margin of the first page]

On the occasion of the celebration for Herr Loers I found the position of good Herr Wyttenbach extremely painful. I could have wept at the offence to this man, whose only failing is to be much too kind-hearted. I did my best to show the high regard I have for him and, among other things, I told him how devoted you are to him and that you would have liked to compose a poem in his honour but had no time. That made him very happy. Will you do me the favour of sending me a few verses for him?

[Postscript at the top of the first page on the right-hand side]

P.S. Your dear mother has been prevented from writing and so it has taken until today, November 29. It is remarkable that we do not even know your exact address.

[Postscript by Marx's mother on November 29 to the letter of November 18]

Much beloved, dear Carl,

With great pleasure I take up my pen to write to you; your dear father's letter has been ready a long time, but I have always been prevented. I should like to have another letter from you, which would prove that you are well, for you can well believe that I long for you very much. We are still all quite well, heaven be thanked, everybody is busy and industrious, and even Eduard a is working very hard so that we hope to make an able man of him yet. Now, you must not regard it as a weakness of our sex if I am curious to know how you arrange your little household, whether economy really plays the main role, which is an absolute necessity for both big and small households. Here allow me to note, dear Carl, that

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a Karl Marx's brother.—Ed.
you must never regard cleanliness and order as something secondary, for health and cheerfulness depend on them. Insist strictly that your rooms are scrubbed frequently and fix a definite time for it—and you, my dear Carl, have a weekly scrub with sponge and soap. How do you get on about coffee, do you make it, or how is it? Please let me know everything about your household. Your amiable Muse will surely not feel insulted by your mother’s prose, tell her that the higher and better is achieved through the lower. So good-bye now. If you have any wish to express for Christmas that I can satisfy, I am ready to do so with pleasure. Farewell, my dear beloved Carl, be upright and good and always keep God and your parents before your eyes. Adieu, your loving mother Henriette Marx.

All the children send you greetings and kisses, and as usual you are the kindest and best.

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamt-Ausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

HEINRICH MARX TO KARL MARX
IN BONN

[Trier, beginning of 1836]

Dear [Karl],

Unless the description of your condition was somewhat poetical—as I hope it was—it is well adapted to cause us disquiet. I hope at least that the sad experience will bring home to you the need to pay rather more attention to your health. Next to a clear conscience, this is man’s greatest blessing, and youthful sins in any enjoyment that is immoderate or even harmful in itself meet with frightful punishment. We have a sad example here in Herr Günster. True, in his case there is no question of vice, but smoking and drinking have worked havoc with his already weak chest and he will hardly live until the summer. His life itself is a torture, and in him we shall have lost an excellent mind.

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a The page is damaged here.—Ed.
Even excessive study is madness in such a case. On the other hand, moderate exercise, such as walking, and sometimes even riding, but not madly, is very beneficial; cheerfulness and banishing all worries still better.

Your accounts, dear Karl, are à la Carl, disconnected and inconclusive. If only they had been shorter and more precise, and the figures properly set out in columns, the operation would have been very simple. One expects order even from a scholar, and especially from a practical lawyer.

On the whole, I find nothing to object to, only at the present moment I think it is inexpedient and burdensome to buy a lot of books, especially big historical works.

Your journey was appropriate if it was good for your health, only you ought to have sent a few words about it beforehand.

In spite of your two letters (you see, they can be counted), I still do not know your study plan, which of course is of great interest to me. This much I do see, that you are not going in for any branch of natural history, and if physics and chemistry are really so badly taught, you will indeed do better to attend these courses in Berlin. Only a general introduction into cameralistics, it seems to me, would be expedient, because it is always useful to have a general idea of what one will have to do some day.

Apropos! Herr Gratz here has sent me a recommendation for Herr Walter. I sent it to him with a letter—have you heard anything about it? I would be pleased at this, because it was precisely this professor you so particularly liked.

Your little circle appeals to me, as you may well believe, much more than ale-house gatherings. Young people who take pleasure in such meetings are necessarily educated people and are more aware of their value as future excellent citizens than those who find their outstanding value in outstanding coarseness.

You do well to wait before going into print. A poet, a writer, must nowadays have the calling to provide something sound if he wants to appear in public. Otherwise, let him, of course, pay homage to the Muses. That always remains one of the most noble acts of homage to women. But if everywhere the first appearance in the world is largely decisive, this is primarily the case for these demigods. Their superiority must show itself in the first verse, so that everyone immediately recognises their divine inspiration. I tell you frankly, I am profoundly pleased at your aptitudes and I expect much from them, but it would grieve me to see you

\footnote{The page is damaged here.—Ed.}
make your appearance as an ordinary poetaster; it should still be enough for you to give delight to those immediately around you in the family circle. Only the excellent have the right to claim the attention of a pampered world which has a Schiller—poetic minds would probably say "gods".

I thank you, by the way, dear Karl, for your very filial remark that you would submit your first work to me for criticism before anybody else. That is all the more proof of your tender regard since you know how little nature has endowed me with poetry, so that throughout my life I was never capable of composing a merely tolerable poem, even in the sweet days of first love. However, I will bear it in mind and wait to see if it was merely a compliment.

How does it happen, dear Karl, that your journey does not figure in the expenses. You haven't eked out your existence by cadging, I hope.

I enclose a money order for 50 talers, and on this occasion can only say that your only concern should be your studies and, without using more than is necessary, you should save yourself any further anxiety. The hope that you might some day be a support for your brothers and sisters is an idea too beautiful and too attractive for a good-natured heart for me to want to deprive you of it.

For the time being, I have nothing more to add, and only repeat my advice to you to take care of your health. There is no more lamentable being than a sickly scholar, and no more unfortunate parents than those who see a son of great promise wasting away, for whose education they have made sacrifices. Take that to heart. I can only appeal to your heart, for I believe it good and noble.

Embracing you affectionately,

Your father
Marx

[Postscript by Marx's mother]

Dear beloved Carl,

Your being ill has worried us very much, but I hope and wish that you will have recovered, and although I am very anxious about the health of my dear children, I am sure that if you, dear Carl, behave sensibly you can reach a ripe old age. But for that you must avoid everything that could make things worse, you must not get over-heated, not drink a lot of wine or coffee, and not eat anything pungent, a lot of pepper or other spices. You must not
smoke any tobacco, not stay up too long in the evening, and rise early. Be careful also not to catch cold and, dear Carl, do not dance until you are quite well again. It will seem ridiculous to you, dear Carl, that I act the doctor in this way, but you do not know how parents take it to heart when they see that their children are not well, and how many anxious hours this has already caused us. You children see to it that you keep morally and physically healthy, and do not worry about anything else. Dear father has been well throughout the winter, thank God, and there has been no lack of work, and we are still all quite well. How do you like my native city—it is a really beautiful place and I hope that it may have so much inspired you as to give you material for poetry.

Write soon, dear Carl, even if not a lot, but don't put it off too long. Adieu, dear Carl, I kiss you in my thoughts,

Your loving mother

Henriette Marx

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamtausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

HEINRICH MARX TO KARL MARX

IN BONN

Trier, March 19, 1836

Dear [Karl,]

I have just received your letter, and I must confess that I am somewhat surprised at it.

As regards your letter containing the accounts, I already told you at the time that I could not make head or tail of them. This much I did see, that you need money, and therefore I sent you 50 talers. With what you took with you, that makes 160 talers. You have been away five months in all, and now you do not even say what you need. That, at all events, is strange. Dear Karl, I repeat that I do everything very willingly, but that as the father of many children—and you know quite well I am not rich—I am not willing to do more than is necessary for your well-being and progress.

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a The envelope bears the address “Herrn Karl Marx, studiosus juris in Bonn.”—Ed.
If therefore you have somewhat overstepped the bounds, let it be glossed over, since it must. But I assure you, what the "nec plus ultra" stands for is money thrown away. I am convinced that it is possible to manage with less, and Herr Müller, the notary here, gives less and can perhaps do better. But no more under any condition; I should have to have some special stroke of good fortune, but there is nothing of the kind at the present time; on the contrary, my income has decreased. I don't by any means say that to distress you, far from it, but to make my firm decision clear to you once and for all.

I enclose a draft on Herr Kaufmann, who, as Herr Hofmann tells me, is the keeper of the lottery office in the university building; you will get money there, as much as you need.

Well, may God take care of you, and come soon. We are all longing to see you.

Your faithful father

Marx

HEINRICH MARX TO KARL MARX
IN BONN

[Trier, about May or June 1836]

Dear Karl,

Your letter, which I received only on the 7th, has strengthened my belief in the uprightness, frankness and loyalty of your character, which means more to me than the money, and therefore we will not say anything more about that. You are receiving 100 talers herewith and, if you ask for it, you will receive the rest. However, you will surely become somewhat wiser, and also will have to concern yourself with the smaller things, for, God knows, in spite of all philosophy, these smaller things give one many grey hairs.

And is duelling then so closely interwoven with philosophy? It is respect for, indeed fear of, opinion. And what kind of opinion?
Appendices

Not exactly always of the better kind, and yet!!! Everywhere man has so little consistency.—Do not let this inclination, and if not inclination, this craze, take root. You could in the end deprive yourself and your parents of the finest hopes that life offers. I think a sensible man can easily and decently pay no heed to it, tout en imposant.

Dear Karl, if you can, arrange to be given good certificates by competent and well-known physicians there, you can do it with a good conscience. Your chest is weak, at least at present.—If you like, I will send you one from Herr Berncastel, who treats you. But to be consistent with your conscience, do not smoke much.

You have not kept your word to me—you remember your promise—and I rather prided myself on the recognition of my criticism. However, like political optimists, I take the actual state of things as it is, but I did wish to have some knowledge of my own of the matter, i.e., of the negotiations conducted, which perhaps I would have been able to check better than Schäfer—and if possible also knowledge of the matter in question—but if this last involves too much trouble, I shall wait till your arrival. Farewell, dear Karl, always remain frank and true, always look on your father and your good mother as your best friends. I could not keep anything secret from her, because otherwise she would have been anxious at your long silence. She is economical, but for her love of life is [...]—and everything is secondary to this. I embrace you affectionately.

Your faithful father

Marx

I must, however, inform you about something peculiar.

Your friend Kleinerz wrote to me that he is being badly persecuted (probably because he left) and has even had to take the school examination, which, however, to his astonishment he passed brilliantly. He fears very many difficulties. Of very effective assistance to him would be a recommendation from your bishop to the Dean of the Medical Faculty, Herr Professor Müller, who in his youth received much kindness from this worthy man.

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a The paper has been damaged, the sense is perhaps “the highest good”.—Ed.

b J. L. A. Hommer.—Ed.
And lo and behold, good Herr Görgen undertook to speak to the bishop, and the latter at once agreed, and said I should draw up the paper myself (without, however, in the slightest wanting to admit his relation to Herr Müller). I sent the recommendation post-paid to Herr Müller and informed Herr Kleinerz about it.

The latter displayed great tact because at once, and in order to safeguard my position to some extent in relation to the friend who trusted my bare word, he sent me, without waiting for the result, his service testimonials, which are really splendid. Moreover, he seemed to have no doubt of success.

How chance plays with human beings!

Your dear mother greets and kisses you. It is too late to write any more—until next time.

[Added on the first page of the letter]

At the moment I could not send you any more. In the next few days you will probably receive 20 talers through Rabe.

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamt-ausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

Printed according to the original Published in English for the first time

FATHER'S CONSENT TO MARX'S
TRANSFER FROM BONN
TO BERLIN UNIVERSITY

I not only grant my son Karl Marx permission, but it is my will that he should enter the University of Berlin next term for the purpose of continuing there his studies of Law and Cameralistics, which he began in Bonn.

Trier, July 1, 1836

Marx
Justizrat, Barrister
[Postscript]

Please, dear Karl, write at once, but write frankly, without reserve and truthfully. Calm me and your dear, kind mother, and we will soon forget the little monetary sacrifice.

Marx


Printed according to the original

Published in English for the first time
CERTIFICATE OF RELEASE
FROM BONN UNIVERSITY

To No. 26

Copy

We, the Rector and Senate of the Royal Prussian Rhenish Frederick William University in Bonn, testify by this certificate that Herr Carl Heinrich Marx, born in Trier, son of Herr Justizrat Marx of the same place, prepared for academic studies at the gymnasium in Trier, on the basis of the certificate of maturity of the above-mentioned gymnasium, was matriculated here on October 17, 1835, has since then resided here until now as a student, and has applied himself to the study of jurisprudence.

During this stay at our University, according to the certificates submitted to us, he has attended the lectures listed below:

I. In the winter term 1835/36

1) Encyclopaedia of jurisprudence with Professor Puggé, very diligent and attentive.
2) Institutions with Professor Böcking, very diligent and with constant attention.
3) History of Roman law with Professor Walter, ditto.
4) Mythology of the Greeks and Romans with Professor Welcker, with excellent diligence and attention.
5) Questions about Homer with Professor von Schlegel, diligent and attentive.
6) History of modern art with Professor D'Alton, diligent and attentive.

II. In the summer term 1836

7) History of German law with Professor Walter, diligent.
8) Elegiacs of Propertius with Professor von Schlegel, diligent and attentive.
9) European international law and
10) Natural right with Professor Puggé. Could not be testified owing to the sudden death of Professor Puggé on August 5.

In regard to his behaviour, it has to be noted that he has incurred a punishment of one day's detention for disturbing the peace by rowdiness and drunkenness at night; nothing else is known to his disadvantage in a moral or economic respect. Subsequently, he was accused of having carried prohibited weapons in Cologne. The investigation is still pending.

He has not been suspected of participation in any forbidden association among the students.

In witness thereof, this certificate has been drawn up under the seal of the University and signed with their own hand by the Rector pro tem and also by the present Deans of the Faculties of Law and Philosophy.

Bonn, August 22, 1836

Rector
Freytag

Dean of the Faculty of Law
Walter

University judge
von Salomon /

Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy
Loebell

Oppenhofen, U.S.

Witnessed by the Extraordinary Governmental Plenipotentiary and Curator

Von Rehfues

First published in the yearly Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung, 1926

Printed according to the copy of the original

Published in English for the first time
Wir Rector und Senat der königlich preußischen Rheinischen Friedrich-Wilhelms Universität zu Bonn beurkunden durch dieses Abgangs-Zeugnis, daß Herr Carl Heinrich Stark geboren zu Freiw.

Sohn des Grafen Heinrich Stark von Kupferthale zu den akademischen Studien auf dem Gymnasium zu Freiw.

davor bereitet auf den Grund des gefälligen Ingenieurs der Dr. Freiw. gelehrt worden ist, sich seitdem bis fünf.

as Studirender hier aufgehalten und sich mit Ruhm,

unbeschadet bestritten hat.

Während dieses Aufenthalts hat derselbe bei unserer Universität nach den vorgelegten Zeugnissen die nachstehend verzeichneten Vorlesungen gehört:

1. dem Wintersemester 1835-36.

   1) Geologie und Physik mit Professor bei Prof. Pogg.

   2) ___ mit ___.

Certificate of Release from Bonn University
Father’s Letters
(NOVEMBER 1836-FEBRUARY 1838)

HEINRICH MARX TO KARL MARX
IN BERLIN

Trier, November 9, 1836

Dear Karl,

We had, it is true, already received news of you before getting your letter, because Herr Jaehnigen was kind enough to write to me. His letter is very courteous towards you and me. He even very kindly asks me to recommend that you should comply with his desire and visit him and his family quite often sans gêne; and as I play such a small part in the world, I have all the less reason to doubt his sincerity, since in general I have always seen him behaving as a man most worthy of respect and most noble. It does one good to enjoy the esteem of such a man, whose heart and mind rank him among the privileged.

That Herr Esser treated you with such respect, I found rather unexpected, and it does you honour, for this circumstance proves that, in spite of your strict principles, you are able to associate with the most diverse kinds of people on human terms. These principles remind me of my bygone youth, and the more so since they were all I possessed. I was not adroit, and that can easily be explained. Your mother says that you are a favourite of fortune. I have no objection to that. Please God that you believe it! At least, in this respect I do not for a moment doubt your heart, that you are serious in counting yourself lucky to have your parents. And surely a little exaggeration is nowhere more pardonable than on this point, and no harm is done if here the head is ruled by the heart.

Even if Herr Reinhard is ill, nevertheless he must have a clerk who should surely know something about my son.
Herr Sandt is not von, he is the brother of the Attorney General Sandt of Cologne and has a post at the Court of Appeal. Herr Meurin knows him well. If necessary, he can inform you about my case, in which he is probably the opponent.

That you like Herr Meurin so much gives me great pleasure, for I have a special liking for him. He is one of the rare people who retain goodness of heart along with polite manners. His practical mind certainly puts to shame many very learned persons.

I am particularly glad that you live with well-educated people and do not associate much with young people, at least those whom you don't know well enough. The only thing I ask of you is not to overdo your studying, but to keep physically fit and spare your badly impaired eyesight. You have been attending many and important courses—naturally, you have every reason to work a great deal, but do not exhaust yourself. You have still a long time to live, God willing, to the benefit of yourself and your family and, if my surmise is not mistaken, for the good of mankind.

For the moment, I have not yet settled on any commercial firm. I want to talk to Herr von Nell about it. For the time being I am sending you herewith 50 talers. You must at present be able to estimate approximately the amount you absolutely need each year, and that is what I should like to know.

I wrote to you from Frankfurt, where I was because of Hermann. Herr Donner conveyed the letter to the Hofrat. It was sent on October 20. You seem not to have received it yet. It contained rather a lot of sermonising, so I won't engage in that for a long time to come. But I should like a reply to that letter. Because of the one and, of course, extremely important item, I beg you even to enclose, besides the special letter for me, an extra-special one. True, as a rule I never keep anything secret from your good mother. But in this matter I am concerned at present about her all too great anxiety, which is not, as in the case of the husband, adequately countered by the more lively feeling of strict duty.

I am no angel, it is true, and I know that man does not live by bread alone. But in the face of a sacred duty to be fulfilled, subsidiary intentions must give way. And, I repeat, there is no more sacred duty for the husband than that which he undertakes towards his wife, who is weaker. Therefore, in this, as in every other respect, be quite frank with me as with a friend. But if, after self-examination, you really persist in your resolve, you must at

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a Karl Marx's brother.—Ed.
once show yourself to be a man. That, all the same, does not prevent poetic ardour, the aspiration to fulfil one's duty is also very poetic.

Today Hermann has gone to Brussels, where he is entering a good house. But he has to pay 1,000 fr. immediately for the entrée. In return, the house is merely bound to introduce him to all the commercial transactions that occur, without stipulation of period, so that it depends on his diligence and understanding to put himself as quickly as possible in a position to become independent. I expect a good deal from his diligence, but all the less from his intelligence. Understandably, he is not living at the businessman's house, and for the present he has to keep himself entirely. It is a pity that this well-meaning youth has not got a better brain.

Menni\textsuperscript{a} attends the gymnasium and, it seems, he does want to show rather more zeal.—The girls are good and diligent. My hair stands on end when I reflect that this commodity now is only sought after if gilded, and I understand so little of that art.

Why have you not told me any details about Kleinerz? I am very interested to know what has become of him.

Well, God take care of you, dear Karl, and always love your father as he loves you.

\textit{Marx}

First published in: Marx/Engels, \textit{Gesamtausgabe}, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

\textbf{HEINRICH MARX TO KARL MARX}
\textit{IN BERLIN}

Trier, December 28, 1836

Dear Karl,

If I were less indulgent, if in general I could harbour resentment for a long time, and particularly against my dear ones, I would certainly be justified in not answering you at all. It is not in itself praiseworthy to be exaggeratedly touchy, least of all towards a father whose failing is certainly not that of severity.

\textsuperscript{a} Karl Marx's brother Eduard.—\textit{Ed.}
If you had reflected that at the time I sent you the last letter I had had no word from you apart from your first letter; that the interval was somewhat large, even counting from my second letter from here; that having once got mixed up in a matter — which in itself was not precisely pleasing to me — from a feeling of duty towards a really most worthy person, I was bound to be extremely sensitive to a silence that was inexplicable to me, and that, if I then used some expressions which might sound harsh, in the first place I did not think of weighing my words, but also was sensitive not entirely without cause; besides, I assure you I did not have any animus calumniandi.

If I did not have a high opinion of your kind heart, I would not in general be so attached to you and would suffer less at aberrations, for you know that high as I esteem your intellectual gifts, in the absence of a good heart they would be of no interest to me at all. But you yourself confess that you have previously given me some cause to harbour some doubts about your self-abnegation. And in view of all this, you could very well be somewhat less touchy towards your father.

It is now high time that you did away with the tension that ruins mind and body, and I can rightly demand that in this connection you should show some consideration for the well-being of your good mother and myself, for we certainly do not soar to Elysian fields, and consider it of some importance that you should remain healthy.

But I repeat, you have undertaken great duties and, dear Karl, at the risk of irritating your sensitivity, I express my opinion somewhat prosaically after my fashion: with all the exaggerations and exaltations of love in a poetic mind you cannot restore the tranquillity of a being to whom you have wholly devoted yourself; on the contrary, you run the risk of destroying it. Only by the most exemplary behaviour, by manly, firm efforts which, however, win people's goodwill and favour, can you ensure that the situation is straightened out and that she is exalted in her own eyes and the eyes of the world, and comforted.

I have spoken with Jenny¹ and I should have liked to be able to set her mind at rest completely. I did all I could but it is not possible to argue everything away. She still does not know how her parents will take the relationship. Nor is the judgment of relatives and the world a trifling matter. I am afraid of your not always just

¹ Jenny von Westphalen.—Ed.
sensitivity and therefore leave it to you to appreciate this situation. If I were powerful enough to protect and soothe this noble being in some respect by vigorous intervention, no sacrifice would be too great for me. Unfortunately, however, I am weak in every respect.

She is making a priceless sacrifice for you. She is showing a self-denial which can only be fully appreciated in the light of cold reason. Woe to you, if ever in your life you could forget this! At present, however, only you yourself can effectively intervene. From you must come the certainty that, despite your youth, you are a man who deserves the respect of the world, and wins it in mighty strides, who gives assurance of his constancy and his serious efforts in the future, and compels evil tongues to be silent about past mistakes.

How you can best set about this, only you can be fully aware.

In this connection I must ask you whether you know how old one must be to hold an academic post. It is very important to know this, for your plan, I think, should aim at attaining such a position as soon as possible, even if in a lower grade, and you should try by writing to create prospects for a good situation and eventually to realise them.

Poetry must surely be the first lever; the poet, of course, should be competent here. However, the kind of poetry to bring about the magic effect might preferably be a matter for one who is wise and a man of the world. — In ordinary life that might well be too much to demand of a young man; but he who undertakes higher duties must be consistent, and here wisdom and policy will be sanctified in the eyes of the poet himself by high and creditable fulfilment of duty.

I beg and beseech you — since basically you have talent, only the form is not yet smooth — henceforth be calm, moderate these storms, do not arouse them either in the bosom of one who deserves and needs tranquillity. Your mother, I myself, Sophie, the good child, who exercises self-denial in the highest degree, watch over you, as far as the situation allows, and in return for your efforts the future holds out for you a happiness to deserve which all hardships are easy to bear.

Your views on law are not without truth, but are very likely to arouse storms if made into a system, and are you not aware how violent storms are among the learned? If what gives offence in this matter itself cannot be entirely eliminated, at least the form must be conciliatory and agreeable.

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a Karl Marx's sister.— Ed.
You do not say anything about Meurin, nor whether you paid a visit to Herr Eichhorn.

I do not want to write to Herr Jaehnigen just now, and since the matter is not at all urgent, you can wait for an opportunity.

If you send bulky letters by ordinary post, they are very expensive. The last but one cost a taler. Parcels sent by express post are dear too, the last one also cost a taler.

If you want to write a great deal in future, then write on all possible sorts of subjects, so that what we hear is much and varied. Let it mount up to form a parcel and send this by the luggage van. Do not be offended at this little remark about economy.

I hope that you will have received the wine by now. Drink it and be cheerful, and give up all irrelevant ventures, all despair, and abandon poetry if it does not embellish your life and make it happy.

[Postscript by Marx’s mother]

Dear Carl,

Your dear father is in such a hurry to send off this letter that all I can do is to send you heartiest greetings and kisses.

Your loving mother

Henriette Marx

[Continuation from Marx’s father]

Enclosed a money order for 50 talers. If you prefer me to look for a firm there to make an arrangement with you, you must tell me approximately the monthly sum I should fix for you. By now you must be able to say what it amounts to with one thing and another.

Marx

[Postscript by Marx’s sister Sophie]

Your last letter, dear Karl, made me weep bitter tears; how could you think that I would neglect to give you news of your Jenny!? I dream and think only of you two. Jenny loves you; if the difference in age worries her, that is because of her parents. She will now try gradually to prepare them; after that write to them yourself; they do indeed think highly of you. Jenny visits us frequently. She was with us yesterday and wept tears of delight and pain on receiving your poems. Our parents and your brothers and sisters love her very much, the latter beyond all measure. She
is never allowed to leave us before ten o'clock, how do you like that? Adieu, dear, good Karl, my most ardent wishes for the success of your heart's desire.

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamt-
ausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

HEINRICH MARX TO KARL MARX

IN BERLIN

Trier, February 3, 1837

Dear Karl,

Your last letter made me particularly glad, for it proves that you have got rid of the little weaknesses which, by the way, disquieted me; you recognise your position and are endeavouring with energy and dignity to assure your future. But, dear Karl, do not fall into the opposite extreme.

Apart from the fact that to be sociable offers very great advantages for diversion, rest and development, especially to a young man, wisdom demands—and this is something you must not neglect, since you are no longer alone—that one should acquire some support, in an honourable and worthy way, of course. Neglect, especially as one is not always inclined to seek the most honourable reason for it, is not easily forgiven by distinguished persons, or those who think themselves such, and particularly if they have shown a certain degree of condescension.—Herr Jaehnigen and Herr Esser are not only excellent men, but are probably important for you, and it would be most unwise and really improper to neglect them, since they received you in a very decent way. At your age and in your position you cannot demand any reciprocity.

Nor must the body be neglected. Good health is the greatest boon for everyone, for scholars most of all.

Do not overdo things. With your natural gifts and your present diligence, you will reach your goal, and a single term does not matter.

However much experience I may have, I cannot draw up a complete plan for you with a clear survey of all nuances.
In any case, it seems to me beyond doubt that your intention of advancing yourself by academic studies is quite good and suitable for you, if, besides, you do not overlook the trifle of paying some attention to physical development.

But, of course, this may take rather a long time and given the state of things it would of course be desirable that something be done about it. In this respect, therefore, the only thing left is *authorship*. But how to make a start? This is a difficult question, but there is another that precedes it: will you succeed at once in winning the confidence of a good publisher? For that could well be the most difficult thing. If you succeed in that—and on the whole you are a favourite of fortune—then the second question arises. Something philosophical or legal, or both together, seems excellent for laying a basis. Good poetry might well take second place, and it never harms one's reputation, except perhaps in the eyes of a few pedants. Light polemical articles are the most useful, and with a few good titles, if they are original and have a new style, you can decently and safely await a professorship, etc., etc., etc. But you must come to a firm decision, if not at the present moment, at any rate this year, and when you have taken it, keep it firmly in view and pursue your course unswervingly. It is by no means so difficult for you as it was for your papa to become a lawyer.

You know, dear Karl, because of my love for you I have let myself in for something which is not quite in accord with my character, and indeed sometimes worries me. But no sacrifice is too great for me if the welfare of my children requires it. Moreover, I have won the full confidence of your Jenny. But the good, lovable girl torments herself incessantly—she is afraid of doing you harm, of making you over-exert yourself, etc., etc., etc. It weighs on her mind that her parents do not know or, as I believe, do not want to know. She cannot explain to herself how it is that she, who considers herself quite unsentimental, has let herself be so carried away. A certain shyness may have something to do with it.

A letter from you, which you may enclose sealed, but which should not be dictated by the fanciful poet, could comfort her. It must, of course, be full of delicate, devoted feeling and pure love, as I have no doubt it will be, but it must give a clear view of your relationship and elucidate and discuss the prospects. The hopes expressed must be set out without reserve, clearly and with firm conviction, so that they in their turn are convincing.

You must give a firm assurance that this relationship, far from
doing you any harm, has the happiest effect on you, and in certain respects I believe that myself. On the other hand, resolutely demand, with the manly audacity in the face of which the poor child was so defenceless, that now she must not waver, not look back, but calmly and confidently look to the future.

What have you to say to your father? Are you not astonished to find me in the role of intermediary? How wrongly I might be judged by many persons if my influence were to become known! What ignoble motives might perhaps be imputed to me! But I do not reproach myself—if only heaven bestows its blessing, I shall feel extremely happy.

It would be proper to pay a visit to Herr Eichhorn, but I leave that to you. I repeat, however, that I should like to see you going more often to Herr Jaehnigen and Herr Esser.

It would be just as well, too, if you were to make somewhat closer contact with at least one of the most influential professors.

Have you not seen any more of young Herr Schriever? Since we are on very good terms and Mlle. Schriever will probably marry your friend Karl von Westphalen, and since anyway he should be coming here soon, I should like you to visit him now and again.

Have you not heard any further news of Dr. Kleinerz? I should like to learn something about him.

I enclose herewith a letter of credit. It is for a higher amount than you yourself asked, but I did not want to have it altered, because now I trust you not to use more than is necessary.

Well, good-bye, dear Karl, write soon if you have not yet sent a letter such as I have requested. Write also what your landlord is doing, he interests me very much.

Herr von Notz told me that you would come here during the autumn vacation. I am not at all in favour of this, and if you bear in mind your circumstances and those of persons who are dear to you, you will have to agree with me. But it is possible that I may go to Berlin. What do you say to that?

Your faithful father

Marx

I send my best regards to my dear friend Meurin and his amiable wife. Tell him that he would do well to spare a moment for me.

P.S. It would not be a bad thing, dear Karl, if you would write more legibly.
I seldom see Jenny, she cannot do as she likes. You can be easy in your mind, her love is true.—When you have written in the way I would like, I will ask for a reply.

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamt-
ausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929
Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

HEINRICH MARX TO KARL MARX
IN BERLIN

Trier, March 2, 1837

It is remarkable that I, who am by nature a lazy writer, become quite inexhaustible when I have to write to you. I will not and cannot conceal my weakness for you. At times my heart delights in thinking of you and your future. And yet at times I cannot rid myself of ideas which arouse in me sad forebodings and fear when I am struck as if by lightning by the thought: is your heart in accord with your head, your talents? Has it room for the earthly but gentler sentiments which in this vale of sorrow are so essentially consoling for a man of feeling? And since that heart is obviously animated and governed by a demon not granted to all men, is that demon heavenly or Faustian? Will you ever—and that is not the least painful doubt of my heart—will you ever be capable of truly human, domestic happiness? Will—and this doubt has no less tortured me recently since I have come to love a certain person like my own child—will you ever be capable of imparting happiness to those immediately around you?

What has evoked this train of ideas in me, you will ask? Often before, anxious thoughts of this kind have come into my mind, but I easily chased them away, for I always felt the need to surround you with all the love and care of which my heart is capable, and I always like to forget. But I note a striking phenomenon in Jenny. She, who is so wholly devoted to you with her childlike, pure disposition, betrays at times, involuntarily and against her will, a kind of fear, a fear laden with foreboding, which does not escape me, which I do not know how to explain,
and all trace of which she tried to erase from my heart, as soon as I pointed it out to her. What does that mean, what can it be? I cannot explain it to myself, but unfortunately my experience does not allow me to be easily led astray.

That you should rise high in the world, the flattering hope to see your name held one day in high repute, and also your earthly well-being, these are not the only things close to my heart, they are long-cherished illusions that have taken deep root in me. Basically, however, such feelings are largely characteristic of a weak man, and are not free from all dross, such as pride, vanity, egoism, etc., etc., etc. But I can assure you that the realisation of these illusions could not make me happy. Only if your heart remains pure and beats in a purely human way, and no demonic spirit is capable of estranging your heart from finer feelings—only then would I find the happiness that for many years past I have dreamed of finding through you; otherwise I would see the finest aim of my life in ruins. But why should I grow so soft and perhaps distress you? At bottom, I have no doubt of your filial love for me and your good, dear mother, and you know very well where we are most vulnerable.

I pass on to positive matters. Some days after receiving your letter, which Sophie brought her, Jenny visited us and spoke about your intention. She appears to approve your reasons, but fears the step itself, and that is easy to understand. For my part, I regard it as good and praiseworthy. As she intimates, she is writing to you that you should not send the letter direct—an opinion I cannot agree with. What you can do to put her mind at rest is to tell us eight days beforehand on what day you are posting the letter. The good girl deserves every consideration and, I repeat, only a lifetime full of tender love can compensate her for what she has already suffered, and even for what she will still suffer, for they are remarkable saints she has to deal with.

It is chiefly regard for her that makes me wish so much that you will soon take a fortunate step forward in the world, because it would give her peace of mind, at least that is what I believe. And I assure you, dear Karl, that were it not for this, I would at present endeavour to restrain you from coming forward publicly rather than spur you on. But you see, the bewitching girl has turned my old head too, and I wish above all to see her calm and happy. Only you can do that and the aim is worthy of your undivided attention, and it is perhaps very good and salutary that, immediately on your entry into the world, you are compelled to show human consideration, indeed wisdom, foresight and mature reflec-
tion, in spite of all demons. I thank heaven for this, for it is the human being in you that I will eternally love. You know that, a practical man though I am, I have not been ground down to such a degree as to be blunted to what is high and good. Nevertheless, I do not readily allow myself to be completely torn up from the earth, which is my solid basis, and wafted exclusively into airy spheres where I have no firm ground under my feet. All this naturally gives me greater cause than I would otherwise have had to reflect on the means which are at your disposal. You have taken up dramatic composition, and of course it contains much that is true. But closely bound up with its importance, its great publicity, is quite naturally the danger of coming to grief. Not always, especially in the big cities, is it necessarily the inner value which is decisive. Intrigues, cabals, jealousy, perhaps among those who have had the most experience of these, often outweigh what is good, especially if the latter is not yet raised to and maintained in high honour by a well-known name.

What, therefore, would be the wisest course? To look for a possible way by which this great test would be preceded by a smaller one involving less danger, but sufficiently important for you to emerge from it, in the event of success, with a not quite unimportant name. If, however, this has to be achieved by something small, then the material, the subject, the circumstances, must have some exceptional quality. I racked my brains for a long time in the search for such a subject and the following idea seemed to me suitable.

The subject should be a period taken from the history of Prussia, not one so prolonged as to call for an epic, but a crowded moment of time where, however, the future hung in the balance.

It should redound to the honour of Prussia and afford the opportunity of allotting a role to the genius of the monarchy—if need be, through the mind of the very noble Queen Louise.

Such a moment was the great battle at La Belle Alliance-Waterloo. The danger was enormous, not only for Prussia, for its monarch, for the whole of Germany, etc., etc., etc. In fact, it was Prussia that decided the great issue here—hence, at all events this could be the subject of an ode in the heroic genre, or otherwise—you understand that better than I do.

The difficulty would not be too great in itself. The biggest difficulty, in any case, would be that of compressing a big picture

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\[a\] Frederick William III.—Ed.
into a small frame and of giving a successful and skilful portrayal of the great moment. But if executed in a patriotic and German spirit with depth of feeling, such an ode would itself be sufficient to lay the foundation for a reputation, to establish a name.

But I can only propose, advise. You have outgrown me; in this matter you are in general superior to me, so I must leave it to you to decide as you will.

The subject I have spoken of would have the great advantage that it could very soon be presented apropos, since the anniversary is on June 18. The cost would not be very considerable, and if necessary I will bear it.—I should so very much like to see good Jenny calm and able to hold up her head proudly. The good child must not wear herself out. And if you are successful in this project—and the demand is not beyond your powers—then you will be in a secure position and able to relax somewhat from the hothouse life.

In point of fact, too, it is impossible not to be enthusiastic over this moment of time, for its failure would have imposed eternal fetters on mankind and especially on the human mind. Only today's two-faced liberals can deify a Napoleon. And in truth under his rule not a single person would have dared to think aloud what is being written daily and without interference throughout Germany, and especially in Prussia. And anyone who has studied the history of Napoleon and what he understood by the absurd expression of ideology can rejoice greatly and with a clear conscience at his downfall and the victory of Prussia.

Give my cordial greetings to our friend Meurin. Tell him that until now I have not been able to carry out the commission with which I have been charged. I suffered from a cold for eight days and since then I have not ventured any farther than to attend the sitting.

Your faithful father

Marx

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamt-
ausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

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\(^a\) The date of the battle of Waterloo.—Ed.
Dear Karl,

My letter, written when I was greatly excited, may have hit you rather hard, and I am sincerely sorry if this was actually the case. Not as though I would thus have committed an injustice; I leave it to you to judge for yourself whether I had a valid reason to lose my temper. You know, you must know, how much I love you. Your letters (so long as I do not find in them any traces of that sickly sensitivity and fantastic, gloomy thoughts) are a real need and would have been particularly so this summer for your deeply feeling mother and myself. Eduard has been ailing for the last six months, and has grown quite thin, his recovery is very doubtful, and, what is so rare among children and so exhausting, he suffers from the deepest melancholy, really fear of dying.— And you know what your mother is like—she won't go from his side, she torments herself day and night, and I am forever afraid that she will be overcome by these exertions.

For the last 7-8 months, I myself have been afflicted by a painful cough, which has been continually irritated by the eternal necessity of speaking. Sophie, too, is never quite well and is always taking medicine without success. In this situation—what with your love affair, Jenny's prolonged indisposition, her profound worry, and the ambiguous position in which I, who have always known only the most straightforward course, find myself in relation to the Westphalens—all this has deeply affected me and at times depressed me so much that I no longer recognised myself, and so I ask you: have I been too hard under the influence of the most profound ill humour?

However much I love you above everything—except your mother—I am not blind and still less want to be so. I do you justice in many matters, but I cannot entirely rid myself of the thought that you are not free from a little more egoism than is necessary for self-preservation, and I cannot always dispel the thought that were I in your position I would show greater consideration for and more self-sacrificing love towards my parents. I received nothing from my parents apart from my existence—although not to be unjust, love from my mother—and how I have fought and suffered, in order not to distress them as long as possible.
Do not put forward your character as an excuse. Do not blame nature. It has certainly treated you like a mother. It has given you strength enough, the will is left to man. But to abandon oneself to grief at the slightest storm, to lay bare a shattered heart and break the heart of our beloved ones at every suffering, do you call that poetry? God protect us from the most beautiful of all nature's gifts if that is its immediate effect. No, it is only weakness, over-indulgence, self-love and conceit which reduce everything to their own measure in this way and force even those we love most into the background!

The first of all human virtues is the strength and will to sacrifice oneself, to set aside one's ego, if duty, if love calls for it, and indeed not those glamorous, romantic or hero-like sacrifices, the act of a moment of fanciful reverie or heroic feeling. Even the greatest egoist is capable of that, for it is precisely the ego which then has pride of place. No, it is those daily and hourly recurring sacrifices which arise from the pure heart of a good person, of a loving father, of a tender-hearted mother, of a loving spouse, of a thankful child, that give life its sole charm and make it beautiful despite all unpleasantness.

You yourself have described so beautifully the life of your excellent mother, so deeply felt that her whole life is a continual sacrifice of love and loyalty, and truly you have not exaggerated. But what is the good of beautiful examples if they do not inspire one to copy them? But can you, with your hand on your heart, pride yourself on having done this up to now?

I do not want to press you too hard, certainly I do not want to offend you, for as a matter of fact I am weak enough to regret having offended you. But it is not merely that I, and your good mother, suffer from it, perhaps I would let that pass. In no one's heart is there so little selfishness as in that of good parents. But for your own good I must not and will not ever abandon this text until I am convinced that this stain on your otherwise so noble character has disappeared. Quite soon you will and must be the father of a family. But neither honour nor wealth nor fame will make your wife and children happy; you alone can do that, your better self, your love, your tender behaviour, the putting behind you of stormy idiosyncrasies, of violent outbreaks of passion, of morbid sensitivity, etc., etc., etc. I am hardly speaking any longer on my own behalf, I am calling your attention to the bond that is to be tied.

You say yourself that good fortune has made you its pet child. May God in His infinite goodness make it ever attend you closely,
as much as frail humanity permits. But even the happiest man experiences gloomy hours, no mortal bask in eternal sunshine. But from him who is happy one has every right to demand that he meet the storm with manly courage, calm, resignation, cheerfulness. One can rightly demand that past happiness be an armour against temporary suffering. The heart of the happy man is full and wide and strong, it must not allow itself to be easily shattered.

Your dear mother has forwarded your letter to me here. The plan you have outlined is fine, and if properly executed, well fitted to become a lasting monument of literature. But great difficulties are piling up in the way, particularly because of the selfishness of those who are offended, and of the fact that there is no man of outstanding critical reputation to be at the head. On the other hand, the paper is suitable for creating a reputation. Here the question arises whether your name appears in this connection. For it is precisely to gain a reputation, a reputation as a critic, that is so essential for you, as helping towards a professorship. Nevertheless, I could not derive any certainty on that score from your letter. May God give you His blessing.

It seems that my trip to Berlin will not materialise. After the big expenses I have had this year it would make too great a demand on my funds. And then also I must confess that I have had some intention (although not very definite) to try if possible to transfer to the magistracy. However, I would have liked to know in advance the opinion of Herr Jaehnigen, whose co-operation could in any case be very useful. But since this did not come about, I see little hope for the matter. I did not want to ask anything of you that went against your feelings, but perhaps you could have acted more wisely.—I hear, by the way, that Herr Jaehnigen and his wife are making a trip to Paris and will pass through Trier. You have missed a lot, for this summer Frau Jaehnigen has written some really exceptionally tender letters to your Jenny.

I am looking forward with great desire to receiving a letter from you to hear more about your undertakings. But I ask you to go into rather more detail.

Today I have sacrificed my morning walk for you, but there is just time to make a smaller one and to write a few lines to your good mother, to whom I will send this letter. For it would irk me to write again at length, and in this way your mother has a big letter all the same.

Good-bye, my good Karl, and always hold me as dear as you say, but do not make me blush with your flattery. There is no
Dear, good Karl,

I do not know whether on receipt of this letter you will already have received the letter which I [sent] to your dear mother. But I think so. Meanwhile, since I like talking to you, and since you may perhaps find it pleasant to see someone whose friendly company I have enjoyed for a number of days, I take advantage of the kind willingness of the bearer [to] send you a few lines.

The bearer is a fine young man, tutor to the son of Prince Karl.\(^d\) I made his acquaintance here, where I, who do not easily mix, have mostly been isolated. I have spent many pleasant hours with Herr Heim, and insofar as one can get to know [someone] in a short time, I think I have found 'in him a very honest,

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\(^a\) Heinrich Marx's letter to his son ends here and is followed by a few lines to his wife.—*Ed.*

\(^b\) On the envelope is written: "Herrn H. Karl Marx, stud. juris et camer[alium], alte Leipziger Strasse 1a Berlin."—*Ed.*

\(^c\) Here and in the following places marked by square brackets the paper has been damaged.—*Ed.*

\(^d\) Friedrich Karl, Prince of Prussia.—*Ed.*
pleasant and upright man. He will look you up, he tells me, and I shall be [glad if] he finds that the picture sketched by a father's self-complacency is accurate.

In view of the approaching vacation, it may perhaps not be unpleasing for you to see some things that are remarkable and it is possible that owing to his position Herr Heim can easily help you in this respect.

If you have leisure and write to me, I shall be glad if you will draw up for me a concise plan of the positive legal studies that you have gone through this year. According to your project, it seems to me unnecessary for you to take lectures on cameralistics. Only do not neglect natural science, for there is no certainty of being able to make up for this later, and regret comes too late.

Perhaps in a few years' time it will be a favourable moment to obtain an [...] entry into law, if you are making Bonn your goal, since there is absolutely no man there who can do anything out of the ordinary. I know that in regard to science Berlin has advantages and great attraction. But apart from the fact that greater difficulties arise there, you must surely also have some regard for your parents, whose sanguine hopes would be largely shattered by your residing so far away. Of course that must not hinder your plan of life; parental love is probably the least selfish of all. But if this plan of life could be fraternally combined with these hopes, that would be for me the highest of all life's joys, the number of which decreases so considerably with the years.

My stay here has so far yielded very little success, and yet I shall have to prolong it in spite of the most painful boredom in order to comply with the wish of your dear mother, who most urgently begs me to do so.

I shall obviously have to abandon my beautiful, long-cherished desire to see you during this vacation. It costs me great effort, but it seems it cannot be helped. This fatal cough tortures me in every respect!

Well, God take care of you, dear Karl, be happy and—I cannot repeat it too often—do not neglect your health as you enrich your mind.

With all my heart and soul,

Your father

Marx

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamt-ausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

Printed according to the original

Published in English for the first time
Dear Karl,

Your last letter, which we received about eight days ago, leads me to expect a larger sequel, and that indeed soon, and I should have liked to wait until I have a general view of the whole. But it might have worried you to have to wait too long, especially as it concerns a plan which will perhaps determine the next steps.

You know me, dear Karl, I am neither obstinate nor prejudiced. Whether you make your career in one department of learning or in another [is] essentially all one to me. But it is dear to my heart, of course for your sake, that you choose the one that is most in accord with your natural talents. At the outset it was the ordinary thing that one had in mind. Such a career, however, seemed not to your liking and I confess that, infected by your precocious views, I applauded you when you took academic teaching as your goal, whether in law or philosophy, and in the final count I believed the latter to be more likely. I was sufficiently aware of the difficulty of this career, and I particularly learned about it recently in Ems, where I had the opportunity to see a good deal of a professor of Bonn University. On the other hand, one thing is undeniable, namely [that] someone who is sure of himself could play an important role as a professor of law in Bonn, and it is easier to be sent from Berlin to Bonn, provided of course one has some patronage. Poetry would have to procure this patronage for you. But whatever your good fortune in this respect, it will take several years and your special situation puts you under pressure[...].

Let us take a look at the other aspect (and an important point is that with good classical studies a professorship can always remain a final goal). Does a practical career advance one so rapidly? As a rule it does not, and experience proves this only too well. Here also patronage does a great deal. Without it you would not be able to complain at all if, a few years after having completed your studies, you became an unpaid assessor, and then [remained] an assessor for years after. However, even with the strictest moral standards and the most meticulous scruples, it may be permissible

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a On the envelope is written: “Herrn Karl Marx, stud. juris wohlgeboren in Stralow. N. 4 bei Berlin.”—Ed.
to procure for oneself through one's own merits a patron who, convinced of the protégé's efficiency, conscientiously advances and promotes him. And in any case you have been endowed by nature with talents that are very suitable for this purpose. How to make the best use of them is a matter for you to decide, and can hardly be judged by a third person, the more so since here the individual character must be very much taken into consideration. And whatever you undertake you must necessarily look at the matter and make your estimate from this point of view, for you are in a hurry; you feel that and so do I.

In some respects, that is of course to be regretted, but the most beautiful picture has its shades, and here resignation has to come into play. This resignation, moreover, is based on parts so brilliantly lit, and owes its origin so entirely to one's own will, which is guided by the heart and mind, that it is to be considered a pleasure rather than a sacrifice.

But I return to the question: What should I advise? And, in the first place, as regards your plan for theatrical criticism, I must confess above all that, as far as the subject itself is concerned, I am not particularly competent. Dramatic criticism requires much time and great circumspection. As far as art is concerned, such work in our time may perhaps be most meritorious. As far as fame is concerned, it can lead to an academic diploma.

How will it be received? I think with more hostility than favour, and the good, learned Lessing pursued, as far as I know, no rose-strewn path, but lived and died a poor librarian.

Will it yield particular financial profit? The question merges with the preceding one, and I am not in a position to give a categorical reply. I still think that some outstanding single works, a really good poem, a sterling tragedy or comedy, are far more suitable for your purpose.—But you are carving out your own career and you want to go on doing so. I can only address one wish to heaven, that in one way or another you may as quickly as possible achieve your real aim.

I will say only one thing more. If, owing to the fact that after three years of study you ask nothing more from home, you expose yourself too much to the necessity of doing what could be harmful to you, then let fate have its way and at all events even if it involves sacrifice on my part, I will much rather make such sacrifice than harm your career. If you manage it sensibly and without holding up your career, you will certainly afford me great relief, because, in point of fact, since the separation of the law court and the hawking activities of the young men, my income has
diminished in proportion as my expenses have become heavier. But, as I have said, this consideration must not stand in the way.

In coming back to the question of a practical career, however, why do you say nothing of cameralistics? I do not know whether I am mistaken, but it seems to me that poetry and literature are more likely to find patrons in the administration than in the judiciary, and a singing government adviser seems to me more natural than a singing judge. And after all what more is there in cameralistics than you already need as a true lawyer, apart from natural science? This last you must by no means neglect, that would be irresponsible.

You are, however, at the fountain-head, from which you can derive instruction, and precisely that aspect of the whole structure which under normal conditions you would probably still be far from appreciating, viz., the vital question in the proper sense, is forced on your attention and hence you will reflect, check and act with due care. I feel no anxiety that these considerations, even though forced on you, will ever lead you to base, grovelling actions. Despite my grey hairs, somewhat depressed state of mind and all too many cares, I would still be defiant and despise what is base. To you with your unimpaired powers, on whom nature has showered blessings, anything of the sort must seem impossible. But proud youth with its abundance of vital energy may regard as humiliating much that wisdom and duty peremptorily dictate in regard to oneself and especially to those whose welfare one has made it one's duty to ensure. True, worldly wisdom is a good deal to ask of a 19-year-old, but one who at 19——

I have not shown your last letter to Westphalen. These very good people are of such a peculiar stamp; they discuss everything from so many aspects and at such length that it is as well to give them as little material as possible. Since your studies this year remain the same, I do not see why I should give them material for new fantasies.

Jenny is not yet here, but is to come soon; that she does not write to you is—I cannot call it anything else—childish, headstrong. For there can be no doubt at all that her attitude to you is one of the most self-sacrificing love, and she was not far from proving it by her death.

She has somehow got the idea that it is unnecessary to write, or some other obscure idea about it that she may hold, she has also a touch of genius, and what bearing does that too have on the matter? You can be certain, as I am (and you know that I am not credulous by nature), that no prince would be able to turn her
away from you. She is devoted to you body and soul, and you must never forget it, at her age she is making a sacrifice for you that ordinary girls would certainly not be capable of. So if she has the idea of not being willing or able to write, in God's name let it pass. For after all it is only a token, and one can dispense with that at least, if one is assured of the essential. I [shall] speak to her about it if the occasion offers, however unwilling I am to do so.

Throughout the year I was gladdened by the expectation of seeing you, and so one lives under an eternal illusion. The only thing that does not deceive is a good heart, the love that flows from the heart; and in this respect I can only count myself among the rich, for I enjoy the love of an incomparable wife and the love of good children.

Do not make us wait so long for letters. Your good mother needs to be cheered up and your letters have a wonderful effect on her spirits. She has suffered so much this summer that only one so entirely forgetful of self could keep going, and things are still the same. May God rescue us soon from this long struggle! Write now and again a few lines for Eduard\(^a\) but act as if he were quite well again.

If, without too much inconvenience to yourself, you can make closer contact with Herr Jaehnigen, you will be doing me a favour, I very much desire it. For you especially, it would be very advantageous to associate with Herr Esser and, as I hear, he is on friendly terms with Meurin.

Further, I beg you to go to Herr Geh. Justizrat Reinhard and in my name ask him to take steps to get a move made at last in my affair. Win or lose, I have cares enough and should like to have this worry off my mind at least.

Well, my dear good Karl, I think I have written enough. I seldom divide things into portions and think that warmed-up portions are not as good as fresh ones. Good-bye, and in connection with your old father do not forget that your blood is young; and if you are lucky enough to safeguard it from tempestuous and ravaging passions, refresh it at least by youthful cheerfulness and a joyful spirit, and by youthful pleasures in which heart and mind agree. I embrace you with all my heart and soul.

Your faithful father

\(^a\) Karl Marx's brother.—\textit{Ed.}
To loved Carl,

That heaven may keep you in good health is indeed my most ardent wish, apart from that you be moderate in your way of life and as much as possible also in your wishes and hopes now that you have achieved what is most essential, you can act with more calm and discretion. Frau von Westphalen spoke to the children today. [Jenny is to] come today or tomorrow. She writes that she wants so very much to return to Trier and is longing to hear from you. I think Jenny's silence towards you is due to maidenly modesty, which I have already often noted in her, and which is certainly not to her disadvantage, but only still more enhances her charms and good qualities.—Edgar will probably go to Heidelberg to continue his studies from [...] for the feared—that your welfare and your success in whatever you undertake is dear to our hearts, you can rest assured. May the Almighty and the All-good only show you the right path that is most beneficial for you, that is what we wish to ask for. Only be of good courage and [...] persists will be crowned. I kiss you with all my heart in my thoughts. [...] make you for the autumn woollen jackets which will protect you from catching cold. Write very soon, dear Carl.

Your ever loving mother

Henriette Marx

Write also a few lines sometime to Hermann, and enclose them in a letter to us. He is doing very well and people are very satisfied with him.

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamtausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929
Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

HEINRICH MARX TO KARL MARX
IN BERLIN

Trier, November 17, 1837

Dear Karl,

Have you still your headquarters in Stralow? At this time of year and in the land where no lemon trees are in bloom, can this be thinkable? But where are you then? That is the question, and for a

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a Caroline von Westphalen.—Ed.
b Karl Marx's brother.—Ed.
practical man the first requirement for correspondence is to know an address. Therefore, I have to take advantage of the kindness of others.

An address, however, is form, and precisely that seems to be your weak side. Things may well be different as regards material? At least, one should suppose so, if one bears in mind: 1) that you have no lack of subject-matter, 2) that your situation is serious enough to arouse great interest, 3) that your father is perhaps somewhat partial in his attachment to you, etc., etc., etc., and yet after an interval of two months, the second of which caused me some unpleasant hours full of anxiety, I received a letter without form or content, a torn fragment saying nothing, which stood in no relation to what went before it and had no connection with the future!

If a correspondence is to be of interest and value, it must have consistency, and the writer must necessarily have his last letter before his eyes, as also the last reply. Your last letter but one contained much that excited my expectation. I had written a number of letters which asked for information on my points. And instead of all that, I received a letter of bits and fragments, and, what is much worse, an embittered letter.

Frankly speaking, my dear Karl, I do not like this modern word, which all weaklings use to cloak their feelings when they quarrel with the world because they do not possess, without labour or trouble, well-furnished palaces with vast sums of money and elegant carriages. This embitterment disgusts me and you are the last person from whom I would expect it. What grounds can you have for it? Has not everything smiled on you ever since your cradle? Has not nature endowed you with magnificent talents? Have not your parents lavished affection on you? Have you ever up to now been unable to satisfy your reasonable wishes? And have you not carried away in the most incomprehensible fashion the heart of a girl whom thousands envy you? Yet the first untoward event, the first disappointed wish, evokes embitterment! Is that strength? Is that a manly character?

You yourself had declared, in dry words, that you would be satisfied with assurances for the future, and because of them renounce all outward signs for the present. Did you not make that renunciation word for word in writing? And only children complain about the word they have given when they begin to feel pressure.

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* See this volume, pp. 10-21.— Ed.
Yet here too your luck holds. Your good mother, who has a softer heart than I have and to whom it still very often occurs that we too were once the plaything of the little blind rogue, sounded the alarm, and the all too good parents of your Jenny could hardly wait for the moment when the poor, wounded heart would be consoled, and the recipe is undoubtedly already in your hands, if a defective address has not caused the epistle to go astray.

Time is limited, for Sophie is to take the letter before the post to the von Westphalens, who now live far away, and this good opportunity also was announced to me only today, so that I must conclude. As a matter of fact, at present I would not know what to say, at most I could only put questions to you, and I do not like to be impertinent. Only one thing more my Herr Son will still allow me, namely, to express my surprise that I have still not received any request for money! Or do you perhaps want already now to make up for it from the too great amount taken? It's a little too early for that.

Your dear mother refused to reconcile herself entirely to the fact that you did not come home in the autumn as the others did. If it is too long for you and dear mother until next autumn, you could come for the Easter vacation.

Your faithful father

Marx

[Postscript by Marx's sister Sophie]

Good-bye, dear Karl, let us have news soon that you are now satisfied and that your mind is at rest. Until Easter, Karl, the hours until then will seem to me an eternity!


Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

HEINRICH MARX TO KARL MARX

IN BERLIN

Trier, December 9, 1837

Dear Karl,

If one knows one's weaknesses, one must take steps against them. If then I wanted as usual to write in a coherent way, in the end my love for you would mislead me into adopting a sentimen-
tal tone, and all that had gone before would be the more wasted since you—so it seems at least—never take a letter in your hand a second time, and indeed quite logically, for why read a letter a second time if the letter sent in return is never an answer.

I will therefore give vent to my complaints in the form of aphorisms, for they are really complaints that I am putting forward. So, in order to make them quite clear to myself and to make you swallow them like pills, I raise questions which I am inclined to settle quite a posteriori.

1. What is the task of a young man on whom nature has incontestably bestowed unusual talent, in particular
   a) if he, as he asserts and moreover I willingly believe, reveres his father and idealises his mother;
   b) if he, without regard to his age and situation, has bound one of the noblest of girls to his fate, and
   c) has thereby put a very honourable family into the position of having to approve a relationship which apparently and according to the usual way of the world holds out great dangers and gloomy prospects for this beloved child?

2. Had your parents any right to demand that your conduct, your way of life, should bring them joy, at least moments of joy, and as far as possible banish causes of sorrow?

3. What have been so far the fruits of your magnificent natural gifts, as far as your parents are concerned?

4. What have been these fruits as far as you yourself are concerned?

Strictly speaking, I could and should perhaps end here and leave it to you to reply and give a complete explanation. But I am afraid of any vein of poetry in this connection. I will reply prosaically, from real life as it actually is, at the risk of appearing too prosaic even to my Herr Son.

The mood in which I find myself is in fact anything but poetic. With a cough which I have had for a year and which makes it hard for me to follow my profession, coupled with recent attacks of gout, I find myself to be more ill-humoured than is reasonable and become annoyed at my weakness of character, and so, of course, you can only expect the descriptions of an aging, ill-tempered man who is irritated by continual disappointments and especially by the fact that he has to hold up to his own idol a mirror full of distorted images.
Replies and/or Complaints

1. Gifts deserve, call for gratitude; and since magnificent natural gifts are certainly the most excellent of all, they call for a specially high degree of gratitude. But the only way nature allows gratitude to be shown her is by making proper use of these gifts and, if I may use an ordinary expression, making one's talent bear profit.

I am well aware how one should and must reply in a somewhat nobler style, namely, such gifts should be used for one's own ennoblement, and I do not dispute that this is true. Yes, indeed, they should be used for one's ennoblement. But how? One is a human being, a spiritual being, and a member of society, a citizen of the state. Hence physical, moral, intellectual and political ennoblement. Only if unison and harmony are introduced into the efforts to attain this great goal can a beautiful, attractive whole make its appearance, one which is well-pleasing to God, to men, to one's parents and to the girl one loves, and which deserves with greater truth and naturalness to be called a truly plastic picture than would a meeting with an old schoolfellow.

But, as I have said, only the endeavour to extend ennoblement in due, equal proportion to all parts is evidence of the will to prove oneself worthy of these gifts; only through the evenness of this distribution can a beautiful structure, true harmony, be found.

Indeed, if restricted to individual parts, the most honest endeavours not only do not lead to a good result, on the contrary, they produce caricatures: if restricted to the physical part—simpletons; if to the moral part—fanatical visionaries; if to the political part—intriguers, and if to the intellectual part—learned boors.

a) Yes, a young man must set himself this goal if he really wants to give joy to his parents, whose services to him it is for his heart to appreciate; especially if he knows that his parents put their finest hopes in him.

b) Yes, he must bear in mind that he has undertaken a duty, possibly exceeding his age, but all the more sacred on that account, to sacrifice himself for the benefit of a girl who has made a great sacrifice in view of her outstanding merits and her social position in abandoning her brilliant situation and prospects for an uncertain and duller future and chaining herself to the fate of a younger man. The simple and practical solution is to procure her a future worthy of her, in the real world, not in a smoke-filled room with a reeking oil-lamp at the side of a scholar grown wild.
c) Yes, he has a big debt to repay, and a noble family has the right to demand adequate compensation for the forfeiting of its great hopes so well justified by the excellent personality of the child. For, in truth, thousands of parents would have refused their consent. And in moments of gloom your own father almost wishes they had done so, for the welfare of this angelic girl is all too dear to my heart; truly I love her like a daughter, and it is for that very reason that I am so anxious for her happiness.

All these obligations together form such a closely woven bond that it alone should suffice to exorcise all evil spirits, dispel all errors, compensate for all defects and develop new and better instincts. It should suffice to turn an uncivilised stripling into an orderly human being, a negating genius into a genuine thinker, a wild ringleader of wild young fellows into a man fit for society, one who retains sufficient pride not to twist and turn like an eel, but has enough practical intelligence and tact to feel that it is only through intercourse with moral-minded people that he can learn the art of showing himself to the world in his most pleasant and most advantageous aspect, of winning respect, love and prestige as quickly as possible, and of making practical use of the talents which mother nature has in fact lavishly bestowed upon him.

That, in short, was the problem. How has it been solved?

God's grief!!! Disorderliness, musty excursions into all departments of knowledge, musty brooding under a gloomy oil-lamp; running wild in a scholar's dressing-gown and with unkempt hair instead of running wild over a glass of beer; unsociable withdrawal with neglect of all decorum and even of all consideration for the father.—The art of association with the world restricted to a dirty work-room, in the classic disorder of which perhaps the love-letters of a Jenny and the well-meant exhortations of a father, written perhaps with tears, are used for pipe-spills, which at any rate would be better than if they were to fall into the hands of third persons owing to even more irresponsible disorder.—And is it here, in this workshop of senseless and inexpedient erudition, that the fruits are to ripen which will refresh you and your beloved, and the harvest to be garnered which will serve to fulfil your sacred obligations!?

3. I am, of course, very deeply affected in spite of my resolution, I am almost overwhelmed by the feeling that I am hurting you, and already my weakness once again begins to come over me, but in order to help myself, quite literally, I take the real pills prescribed for me and swallow it all down, for I will be hard for
once and give vent to all my complaints. I will not become soft-hearted, for I feel that I have been too indulgent, given too little utterance to my grievances, and thus to a certain extent have become your accomplice. I must and will say that you have caused your parents much vexation and little or no joy.

Hardly were your wild goings-on in Bonn over, hardly were your old sins wiped out—and they were truly manifold—when, to our dismay, the pangs of love set in, and with the good nature of parents in a romantic novel we became their heralds and the bearers of their cross. But deeply conscious that your life's happiness was centred here, we tolerated what could not be altered and perhaps ourselves played unbecoming roles. While still so young, you became estranged from your family, but seeing with parents' eyes the beneficial influence on you, we hoped to see the good effects speedily developed, because in point of fact reflection and necessity equally testified in favour of this. But what were the fruits we harvested?

We have never had the pleasure of a rational correspondence, which as a rule is the consolation for absence. For correspondence presupposes consistent and continuous intercourse, carried on reciprocally and harmoniously by both sides. We never received a reply to our letters; never did your next letter have any connection with your previous one or with ours.

If one day we received the announcement that you had made some new acquaintance, afterwards this disappeared totally and for ever, like a still-born child.

As to what our only too beloved son was actually busy with, thinking about and doing, hardly was a rhapsodic phrase at times thrown in on this subject when the rich catalogue came to an end as if by magic.

On several occasions we were without a letter for months, and the last time was when you knew Eduard was ill, mother suffering and I myself not well, and moreover cholera was raging in Berlin; and as if that did not even call for an apology, your next letter contained not a single word about it, but merely some badly written lines and an extract from the diary entitled The Visit, which I would quite frankly prefer to throw out rather than accept, a crazy botch-work which merely testifies how you squander your talents and spend your nights giving birth to monsters; that you follow in the footsteps of the new immoralists who twist their words until they themselves do not hear them; who christen

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a See this volume, pp. 12 and 19.—Ed.
a flood of words a product of genius because it is devoid of ideas or contains only distorted ideas.

Yes, your letter did contain something—complaints that Jenny does not write, despite the fact that at bottom you were convinced that you were favoured on all sides—at least there was no reason for despair and embitterment—but that was not enough, your dear ego yearned for the pleasure of reading what you knew already (which, of course, in the present case is quite fair), and that was almost all that my Herr Son could say to his parents, whom he knew to be suffering, whom he had oppressed by a senseless silence.

As if we were men of wealth, my Herr Son disposed in one year of almost 700 talers contrary to all agreement, contrary to all usage, whereas the richest spend less than 500. And why? I do him the justice of saying that he is no rake, no squanderer. But how can a man who every week or two discovers a new system and has to tear up old works laboriously arrived at, how can he, I ask, worry about trifles? How can he submit to the pettiness of order? Everyone dips a hand in his pocket, and everyone cheats him, so long as he doesn't disturb him in his studies, and a new money order is soon written again, of course. Narrow-minded persons like G. R. and Evers may be worried about that, but they are common fellows. True, in their simplicity these men try to digest the lectures, even if only the words, and to procure themselves patrons and friends here and there, for the examinations are presided over by men, by professors, pedants and sometimes vindictive villains, who like to put to shame anyone who is independent; yet the greatness of man consists precisely in creating and destroying!!!

True, these poor young fellows sleep quite well, except when they sometimes devote half a night or a whole night to pleasure, whereas my hard-working talented Karl spends wretched nights awake, weakens his mind and body by serious study, denies himself all pleasure, in order in fact to pursue lofty abstract studies, but what he builds today he destroys tomorrow, and in the end he has destroyed his own work and not assimilated the work of others. In the end the body is ailing and the mind confused, whereas the ordinary little people continue to creep forward undisturbed and sometimes reach the goal better and at least more comfortably than those who despise the joys of youth and shatter their health to capture the shadow of erudition, which they would probably have achieved better in an hour's social intercourse with competent people, and with social enjoyment into the bargain!!!
I conclude, for I feel from my more strongly beating pulse that I am near to lapsing into a soft-hearted tone, and today I intend to be merciless.

I must add, too, the complaints of your brothers and sisters. From your letters, one can hardly see that you have any brothers or sisters; as for the good Sophie, who has suffered so much for you and Jenny and is so lavish in her devotion to you, you do not think of her when you do not need her.

I have paid your money order for 160 talers. I cannot, or can hardly, charge it to the old academic year, for that truly has its full due. And for the future I do not want to expect many of the same kind.

To come here at the present moment would be nonsense! True, I know you care little for lectures, though you probably pay for them, but I will at least observe the decencies. I am certainly no slave to public opinion, but neither do I like gossip at my expense. Come for the Easter vacation—or even two weeks earlier, I am not so pedantic—and in spite of my present epistle you can rest assured that I shall receive you with open arms and the welcoming beat of a father’s heart, which is actually ailing only through excessive anxiety.

Your father

Marx

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamtausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

HEINRICH MARX TO KARL MARX
IN BERLIN

Trier, February 10, 1838

Dear Karl,

For already two months now I have had to keep to my room, and for one whole month to my bed, and so it has come about that I have not written to you. Today I intend to be up for a few hours and to see how far I can succeed in writing a letter. True, I manage rather shakily, but I do manage, only I shall of course
have to be somewhat shorter than I should be and would like to be.

When I wrote you a rather blunt letter, the mood in which I was had naturally to be taken into account, but that mood did not make me invent anything, although of course it could make me exaggerate.

To embark again on a discussion of each separate complaint is what I am now least capable of doing, and in general I do not want to engage with you in the art of abstract argument, because in that case I should first of all have to study the terminology before I could as much as penetrate into the sanctum, and I am too old for that.

All right, if your conscience modestly harmonises with your philosophy and is compatible with it.

Only on one point, of course, all transcendentalism is of no avail, and on that you have very wisely found fit to observe an aristocratic silence; I am referring to the paltry matter of money, the value of which for the father of a family you still do not seem to recognise, but I do all the more, and I do not deny that at times I reproach myself with having left you all too loose a rein in this respect. Thus we are now in the fourth month of the law year and you have already drawn 280 talers. I have not yet earned that much this winter.

But you are wrong in saying or imputing that I misjudge or misunderstand you. Neither the one nor the other. I give full credit to your heart, to your morality. Already in the first year of your legal career I gave you irrefutable proof of this by not even demanding an explanation in regard to a very obscure matter, even though it was very problematic.—Only real faith in your high morality could make this possible, and thank heaven I have not gone back on it.—But that does not make me blind, and it is only because I am tired that I lay down my arms. But always believe, and never doubt, that you have the innermost place in my heart and that you are one of the most powerful levers in my life.

Your latest decision is worthy of the highest praise and well considered, wise and commendable, and if you carry out what you have promised, it will probably bear the best fruits. And rest assured that it is not only you who are making a big sacrifice. The same applies to all of us, but reason must triumph.

I am exhausted, dear Karl, and must close. I regret that I have not been able to write as I wanted to. I would have liked to embrace you with all my heart, but my still poor condition makes it impossible.
Your last proposal concerning me has great difficulties. What rights can I bring to bear? What support have I?

Your faithful father

Marx

[Postscript by Marx's mother]

Dear beloved Carl,

For your sake your dear father has for the first time undertaken the effort of writing to you. Good father is very weak, God grant that he may soon regain his strength. I am still in good health, dear Carl, and I am resigned to my situation and calm. Dear Jenny behaves as a loving child towards her parents, takes an intimate part in everything and often cheers us up by her loving childlike disposition, which still manages to find a bright side to everything. Write to me, dear Carl, about what has been the matter with you and whether you are quite well again. I am the one most dissatisfied that you are not to come during Easter; I let feeling go before reason and I regret, dear Carl, that you are too reasonable. You must not take my letter as the measure of my profound love; there are times when one feels much and can say little. So good-bye, dear Carl, write soon to your good father, and that will certainly help towards his speedy recovery.

Your ever loving mother

Henriette Marx

[Postscript by Marx's sister Sophie]

You will be glad, dear Karl, to hear from Father; my long letter now appears to me so unimportant that I do not know whether I should enclose it, since I fear that it might not be worth the cost of carriage.

Dear Father is getting better; it is high time too. He will soon have been in bed for eight weeks, and he only got up for the first time a few days ago so that the bedroom could be aired. Today he made a great effort to write a few lines to you in a shaky hand. Poor Father is now very impatient, and no wonder: the whole winter he has been behindhand with business matters, and the need is now four times as great as before. I sing to him daily and also read to him. Do send me at last the romance you have so long promised me. Write at once, it will be a pleasant distraction for us
all. Karoline is not well, and Louise is also in bed; in all probability she has scarlet fever. Emilie keeps cheerful and in good spirits, and Jette is not exactly in the most amiable humour.

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamt-ausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

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POSTSCRIPT BY HEINRICH MARX
TO HENRIETTE MARX'S LETTER
TO KARL MARX IN BERLIN
[February 15-16, 1838]

Dear Karl,
I send you a few words of greeting, I cannot do much yet.
Your father

Marx

First published in: Marx/Engels, Gesamt-ausgabe, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, 1929

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———

a Karoline, Louise, Emilie and Henriette are Marx's sisters.—Ed.
My dear and only beloved,

Sweetheart, are you no longer angry with me, and also not worried about me? I was so very upset when I last wrote, and in such moments I see everything still much blacker and more terrible than it actually is. Forgive me, one and only beloved, for causing you such anxiety. But I was shattered by your doubt of my love and faithfulness. Tell me, Karl, how could you do that, how could you set it down so dryly in writing to me, express a suspicion merely because I was silent somewhat longer than usual, kept longer to myself the sorrow I felt over your letter, over Edgar, indeed over so much that filled my soul with unspeakable misery. I did it only to spare you, and to save myself from becoming upset, a consideration which I owe indeed to you and to my family.

Oh, Karl, how little you know me, how little you appreciate my position, and how little you feel where my grief lies, where my heart bleeds. A girl's love is different from that of a man, it cannot but be different. A girl, of course, cannot give a man anything but love and herself and her person, just as she is, quite undivided and for ever. In ordinary circumstances, too, the girl must find her complete satisfaction in the man's love, she must forget everything in love. But, Karl, think of my position, you have no regard for me, you do not trust me. And that I am not capable of retaining your present romantic youthful love, I have known from

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Note to Edgar von Westphalen: "My dear Edgar, please be so good as to take charge of this letter for me and I shall be ready to act as a messenger of love for you at any time."—Ed.
the beginning, and deeply felt, long before it was explained to me so coldly and wisely and reasonably. Oh, Karl, what makes me miserable is that what would fill any other girl with inexpressible delight—your beautiful, touching, passionate love, the indescribably beautiful things you say about it, the inspiring creations of your imagination—all this only causes me anxiety and often reduces me to despair. The more I were to surrender myself to happiness, the more frightful would my fate be if your ardent love were to cease and you became cold and withdrawn.

You see, Karl, concern over the permanence of your love robs me of all enjoyment. I cannot so fully rejoice at your love, because I no longer believe myself assured of it; nothing more terrible could happen to me than that. You see, Karl, that is why I am not so wholly thankful for, so wholly enchanted by your love, as it really deserves. That is why I often remind you of external matters, of life and reality, instead of clinging wholly, as you can do so well, to the world of love, to absorption in it and to a higher, dearer, spiritual unity with you, and in it forgetting everything else, finding solace and happiness in that alone. Karl, if you could only sense my misery you would be milder towards me and not see hideous prose and mediocrity everywhere, not perceive everywhere want of true love and depth of feeling.

Oh, Karl, if only I could rest safe in your love, my head would not burn so, my heart would not hurt and bleed so. If only I could rest safe for ever in your heart, Karl, God knows my soul would not think of life and cold prose. But, my angel, you have no regard for me, you do not trust me, and your love, for which I would sacrifice everything, everything, I cannot keep fresh and young. In that thought lies death; once you apprehend it in my soul, you will have greater consideration for me when I long for consolation that lies outside your love. I feel so completely how right you are in everything, but think also of my situation, my inclination to sad thoughts, just think properly over all that as it is, and you will no longer be so hard towards me. If only you could be a girl for a little while and, moreover, such a peculiar one as I am.

So, sweetheart, since your last letter I have tortured myself with the fear that for my sake you could become embroiled in a quarrel and then in a duel. Day and night I saw you wounded, bleeding and ill, and, Karl, to tell you the whole truth, I was not altogether unhappy in this thought: for I vividly imagined that you had lost your right hand, and, Karl, I was in a state of rapture, of bliss, because of that. You see, sweetheart, I thought that in that case I
could really become quite indispensable to you, you would then always keep me with you and love me. I also thought that then I could write down all your dear, heavenly ideas and be really useful to you. All this I imagined so naturally and vividly that in my thoughts I continually heard your dear voice, your dear words poured down on me and I listened to every one of them and carefully preserved them for other people. You see, I am always picturing such things to myself, but then I am happy, for then I am with you, yours, wholly yours. If I could only believe that to be possible, I would be quite satisfied. Dear and only beloved, write to me soon and tell me that you are well and that you love me always. But, dear Karl, I must once more talk to you a little seriously. Tell me, how could you doubt my faithfulness to you? Oh, Karl, to let you be eclipsed by someone else, not as if I failed to recognise the excellent qualities in other people and regarded you as unsurpassable, but, Karl, I love you indeed so inexpressibly, how could I find anything even at all worthy of love in someone else? Oh, dear Karl, I have never, never been wanting in any way towards you, yet all the same you do not trust me. But it is curious that precisely someone was mentioned to you who has hardly ever been seen in Trier, who cannot be known at all, whereas I have been often and much seen engaged in lively and cheerful conversation in society with all kinds of men. I can often be quite cheerful and teasing, I can often joke and carry on a lively conversation with absolute strangers, things that I cannot do with you. You see, Karl, I could chat and converse with anyone, but as soon as you merely look at me, I cannot say a word for nervousness, the blood stops flowing in my veins and my soul trembles.

Often when I thus suddenly think of you I am dumbstricken and overpowered with emotion so that not for anything in the world could I utter a word. Oh, I don’t know how it happens, but I get such a queer feeling when I think of you, and I don’t think of you on isolated and special occasions; no, my whole life and being are but one thought of you. Often things occur to me that you have said to me or asked me about, and then I am carried away by indescribably marvellous sensations. And, Karl, when you kissed me, and pressed me to you and held me fast, and I could no longer breathe for fear and trembling, and you looked at me so peculiarly, so softly, oh, sweetheart, you do not know the way you have often looked at me. If you only knew, dear Karl, what a peculiar feeling I have, I really cannot describe it to you. I sometimes think to myself, too, how nice it will be when at last I
am with you always and you call me your little wife. Surely, sweetheart, then I shall be able to tell you all that I think, then one would no longer feel so horribly shy as at present. Dear Karl, it is so lovely to have such a sweetheart. If you only knew what it is like, you would not believe that I could ever love anyone else. You, dear sweetheart, certainly do not remember all the many things you have said to me, when I come to think of it. Once you said something so nice to me that one can only say when one is totally in love and thinks one's beloved completely at one with oneself. You have often said something so lovely, dear Karl, do you remember? If I had to tell you exactly everything I have been thinking—and, my dear rogue, you certainly think I have told you everything already, but you are very much mistaken—when I am no longer your sweetheart, I shall tell you also what one only says when one belongs wholly to one's beloved. Surely, dear Karl, you will then also tell me everything and will again look at me so lovingly. That was the most beautiful thing in the world for me. Oh, my darling, how you looked at me the first time like that and then quickly looked away, and then looked at me again, and I did the same, until at last we looked at each other for quite a long time and very deeply, and could no longer look away. Dearest one, do not be angry with me any more and write to me also a little tenderly, I am so happy then. And do not be so much concerned about my health. I often imagine it to be worse than it is. I really do feel better now than for a long time past. I have also stopped taking medicine and my appetite, too, is again very good. I walk a lot in Wettendorf's garden and am quite industrious the whole day long. But, unfortunately, I can't read anything. If I only knew of a book which I could understand properly and which could divert me a little. I often take an hour to read one page and still do not understand anything. To be sure, sweetheart, I can catch up again even if I get a little behind at present, you will help me to go forward again, and I am quick in grasping things too. Perhaps you know of some book, but it must be quite a special kind, a bit learned so that I do not understand everything, but still manage to understand something as if through a fog, a bit such as not everyone likes to read; and also no fairy-tales, and no poetry, I can't bear it. I think it would do me a lot of good if I exercised my mind a bit. Working with one's hands leaves too much scope to the mind. Dear Karl, only keep well for my sake. The funny little dear is already living somewhere else. I am very glad at the change in your....
RECORD SHEET FILLED IN BY MARX

FREDERICK WILLIAM UNIVERSITY IN BERLIN

Record Sheet
Student of law K. H. Marx from Trier

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<th>Questor's remark regarding fee</th>
<th>Lecturer's testimony on attendance at lectures</th>
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**Winter term I. 1836/37**

**Private lectures**

1) Pandects
- Prof. Dr. v. Savigny
- 1. paid
diligent v. Savigny
14/3. 37

2) Criminal Law
- Dr. Prof. Gans
- 2. ditto
diligent. Gans
17/3. 37

3) Anthropology
- Dr. Prof. Steffens
- 3. ditto
diligent.
Steffens
18/3. 37

Wittenberg
Corresponds to the original.
Wittenberg
Berlin
9/3. 41

**Summer term II. 1837**

**Private lectures**

1) Ecclesiastical law with Dr. Prof. Heffter
- 1. paid
diligent

2) Civil procedure with Dr. Prof. Heffter
- 2. ditto
diligent
12/[...]37

**Public lecture**

3) Prussian civil procedure with Dr. Prof. Heffter
- 3. public
2/5. 37

Wittenberg
24/1. 41
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Published for the first time Printed according to the original
Wir Rector und Senat

der Königlichen Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universität zu Berlin

leh ... auf Grund der vorgelegten Befunde ...

(zweiter Teil):

Abgegeben: 

Leaving Certificate from Berlin University
FERDINANDO I
IMPERATORE ROMANO GERMANICO
ANNO MCLVII CONCESA

FELIX FAUSTUM ESSE IUBAT
SUMMUM NUMEN
AUCTORITATE
HUIC LITTERARUM UNIVERSITATI
AD
CAROLO FRIDERICO
MAGNO DUCI SAXONIARVM
ALTO PERNINI AUCTORITATE
RECTOR ACADEMIAE MAGNIFICENTISSIMO
AUGUSTO ET POTENTISSIMO PRINCIPE AC DOMINO

ERNESTO REINHOLDO
PHILOSOPHIÆ DOCTORE MAGNO LAUDARIO
MAGNO DUCI SAXONIARVM
PRINCIPE AC DOMINO
DECANO ORDINIS PHILOSOPHORUM ET BRAEBUS
MAGNO PERNINI AUCTORITATE

CAROLO FRIDERICO BACHMANNO
PHILOSOPHIÆ DOCTOR
MAGNO DUCI ET ARMIS EXERCITIIS HONORATUM
ORDO PHILOSOPHORUM
MAGNO PERNINI AUCTORITATE
CAROLO HENRICO MARX
DOCTORIS PHILOSOPHIÆ HONORES
ORDO PHILOSOPHORVM
MAGNO PERNINI AUCTORITATE
PUBLICO HOC DIPLOMATE
CAROLO FRIDERICO BACHMANNO

Karl Marx's Doctor's Diploma
LEAVING CERTIFICATE
FROM BERLIN UNIVERSITY

To No. 26

We, the Rector and Senate
of the Royal Frederick William University
in Berlin,

testify by this leaving certificate that Herr Carl Heinrich Marx,
born in Trier, son of the barrister Marx there deceased, already of
age, prepared for academic studies at the gymnasium in Trier, was
matriculated here on October 22, 1836, on the basis of the
certificate of maturity of the above-mentioned gymnasium and of
the certificate of release of the University in Bonn, has been here
since then as a student until the end of the winter term 1840/41,
and has applied himself to the study of jurisprudence.

During this stay at our University, according to the certificates
submitted to us, he has attended the lectures listed below:

I. In the winter term 1836/37

2. Criminal law " " " Gans, exceptionally
diligent.
3. Anthropology " " " Steffens, diligent.

II. In the summer term 1837

1. Ecclesiastical law
2. Common German civil procedure
   ) with Herr Professor Heffter, diligent.
3. Prussian civil procedure

III. In the winter term 1837/38

1. Criminal legal procedure with Herr Professor Heffter, diligent.
IV. In the summer term 1838
1. Logic with Herr Professor Gabler, extremely diligent.
2. General geography with Herr Professor Ritter, attended.
3. Prussian law " " " Gans, exceptionally diligent.

V. In the winter term 1838/39
1. Inheritance law with Herr Professor Rudorff, diligent.

VI. In the summer term 1839
1. Isaiah with Herr Licentiate Bauer, attended.

VII and VIII. In the winter term 1839/40
and summer term 1840, none

IX. In the winter term 1840/41
1. Euripides with Herr Dr. Geppert, diligent.

In regard to his behaviour at the University here, there is nothing specially disadvantageous to note from the point of view of discipline, and from the economic point of view only that on several occasions he has been the object of proceedings for debt.

He has not hitherto been charged with participating in forbidden associations among students at this University.

In witness thereof, this certificate has been drawn up under the seal of the University and signed with their own hand by the Rector pro tem and by the Judge, and also by the present Deans of the Faculties of Law and Philosophy.

Berlin, March 30, 1841


Witnessed by the Deputy Royal Governmental Plenipotentiaries
Lichtenstein. Krause.

First published in the yearly Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung, 1926
Printed according to the original Published in English for the first time
Senior Venerande,
Assessores Gravissimi,

I present to you hereby a very worthy candidate in Herr Carl Heinrich Marx from Trier. He has sent in 1) A written request. (sub. lit. a.) 2) Two university certificates on his academic studies in Bonn and Berlin. (lit. b. and c.) The disciplinary offences therein noted can be disregarded by us. 3) A written request in Latin, curriculum vitae, and specimen: On the Difference Between the Democritean and Epicurean Philosophy of Nature, together with a certificate on authorship written in Latin. (lit. d.) 4) 12 Friedr. d'or, the excess of which will be returned to the candidate. The specimen testifies to intelligence and perspicacity as much as to erudition, for which reason I regard the candidate as pre-eminently worthy. Since, according to his German letter, he desires to receive only the degree of Doctor, it is clear that it is merely an error due to lack of acquaintance with the statutes of the faculty that in the Latin letter he speaks of the degree of Magister. He probably thought that the two belong together. I am convinced that only a clarification of this point is needed in order to satisfy him.

Requesting your wise decision,
Most respectfully,

Dr. Carl Friedrich Bachmann
pro tem Dean

Jena, April 13, 1841
Ordinis philosophorum Decane maxime spectabilis
As Your Spectabilität

Luden
F. Hand
E. Reinhold
Döbereiner
J. F. Fries
Goettling
Schulze

First published in the yearly Archiv für die Geschichte des Sozialismus und der Arbeiterbewegung, 1926
Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time
My little wild boar,

How glad I am that you are happy, and that my letter made you cheerful, and that you are longing for me, and that you are living in wallpapered rooms, and that you drank champagne in Cologne, and that there are Hegel clubs there, and that you have been dreaming, and that, in short, you are mine, my own sweetheart, my dear wild boar. But for all that there is one thing I miss: you could have praised me a little for my Greek, and you could have devoted a little laudatory article to my erudition. But that is just like you, you Hegeling gentlemen, you don't recognise anything, be it the height of excellence, if it is not exactly according to your view, and so I must be modest and rest on my own laurels. Yes, sweetheart, I have still to rest, alas, and indeed on a feather bed and pillows, and even this little letter is being sent out into the world from my little bed.

On Sunday I ventured on a bold excursion into the front rooms—but it proved bad for me and now I have to do penance again for it. Schleicher told me just now that he has had a letter from a young revolutionary, but that the latter is greatly mistaken in his judgment of his countrymen. He does not think he can procure either shares or anything else. Ah, dear, dear sweetheart, now you get yourself involved in politics too. That is indeed the most risky thing of all. Dear little Karl, just remember always that here at home you have a sweetheart who is hoping and suffering and is wholly dependent on your fate. Dear, dear sweetheart, how I wish I could only see you again.
Unfortunately, I cannot and may not fix the day as yet. Before I feel quite well again, I shall not get permission to travel. But I am staying put this week. Otherwise our dear synopticist\(^a\) may finally depart and I should not have seen the worthy man. This morning quite early I studied in the Augsburg newspaper three Hegelian articles and the announcement of Bruno's book\(^2\)!

Properly speaking, dear sweetheart, I ought now to say *vale faveque*\(^b\) to you, for you only asked me for a couple of lines and the page is already filled almost to the end. But today I do not want to keep so strictly to the letter of the law and I intend to stretch the lines asked for to as many pages. And it is true, is it not, sweetheart, that you will not be angry with your little Jenny on that account, and as for the content itself, you should bear firmly in mind that only a knave gives more than he has. Today my buzzing, whirring little head is quite pitifully empty and it has hardly anything in it but wheels and clappers and mills. The thoughts have all gone, but on the other hand, my little heart is so full, so overflowing with love and yearning and ardent longing for you, my infinitely loved one.

In the meantime have you not received a letter written in pencil sent through Vauban? Perhaps, the intermediary is no longer any good, and in future I must address the letters directly to my lord and master.

Commodore Napier has just passed by in his white cloak. One's poor senses fail one at the sight. It strikes me as just like the wolves' ravine in the *Freischütz*, when suddenly the wild army and all the curious fantastic forms pass through it. Only on the miserable little stage of our theatre one always saw the wires to which the eagles and owls and crocodiles were fastened—in this case the mechanism is merely of a somewhat different kind.

Tomorrow, for the first time, Father\(^c\) will be allowed out of his constrained position and seated on a chair. He is rather discouraged by the very slow progress of his recovery, but he vigorously issues his orders without pause, and it will not be long before he is awarded the grand cross of the order of commanders.

If I were not lying here so miserably, I would soon be packing my bag. Everything is ready. Frocks and collars and bonnets are in beautiful order and only the wearer is not in the right condition. Oh, dearest one, how I keep thinking of you and your love during

\(^a\) Bruno Bauer.— *Ed.*

\(^b\) Good-bye and be devoted to me.— *Ed.*

\(^c\) Ludwig von Westphalen.— *Ed.*
my sleepless nights, how often have I prayed for you, blessed you and implored blessings for you, and how sweetly I have then often dreamed of all the bliss that has been and will be.—This evening Haizinger is acting in Bonn. Will you go there? I have seen her as Donna Diana.

Dearest Karl, I should like to say a lot more to you, all that remains to be said—but Mother\(^a\) will not tolerate it any longer—she will take away my pen and I shall not be able even to express my most ardent, loving greetings. Just a kiss on each finger and then away into the distance. Fly away, fly to my Karl, and press as warmly on his lips as you were warm and tender when starting out towards them; and then cease to be dumb messengers of love and whisper to him all the tiny, sweet, secret expressions of love that love gives you—tell him everything—but, no, leave something over for your mistress.

Farewell, one and only beloved.

I cannot write any more, or my head will be all in a whirl [...]\(^b\) you know, and *quadrupedante putrem sonitu,*\(^c\) etc., etc.—Adieu, you dear little man of the railways. Adieu, my dear little man.—It is certain, isn’t it, that I can marry you?

Adieu, adieu, my sweetheart.


Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

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\(^a\) Caroline von Westphalen.—*Ed.*

\(^b\) Here there are three incorrectly written Latin words which do not make sense.—*Ed.*

\(^c\) The four-footed clanging of hooves (Virgil, *Aeneid,* VIII, 596).—*Ed.*
Most excellent, most powerful King,
Most gracious King and Lord,

Scarcely a year has elapsed since Your Majesty by Your memorable, royal, free decision released the press from the oppressive shackles in which it had been laid by unfortunate circumstances. Every citizen inspired by a genuine feeling of freedom and patriotism looked with redoubled confidence to the present and the immediate future, in which public opinion with its manifold convictions and deep-seated contradictions has acquired appropriate organs of the press, and by means of ever more thorough development and ever-renewed justification of its own content will refine itself until it reaches that purity, clarity and resoluteness by which it offers the richest, surest and most vivifying source of national legislation. The Rhinélander in particular, Your Majesty, was filled with the most noble joy when he saw that free, public utterance—whose high value and inner worth he had come to appreciate so thoroughly in his judicial system—had at least been given an opening also in other areas of state life, where the need for it is greatest, in the sphere of political conviction, which is the most essential element of state life, and in which morality is of the highest significance.

That confidence and this joy were, we say frankly, most painfully affected by the news of the measures decided upon against the Rheinische Zeitung. Participating directly in the upsurge

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a Added in a different handwriting at the top of the page: “To Minister of State, Count von Arnim. Berlin, March 5, 1843.” — Ed.
of public life evoked by Your Majesty’s accession to the throne, that newspaper developed its conception of state affairs at all events with uncompromising consistency, and indeed was not seldom bluntly outspoken. One may favour the political views of this newspaper, one may, like many of the undersigned, not share them, one may indeed be definitely hostile to them, in any case, the true friend of an efficient and free state life must sincerely regret the blow that has befallen this newspaper. By the suppression of this one newspaper alone, the entire press of the Fatherland is deprived of that independence which, as it is the foundation of all moral relationships, is also absolutely essential for a principled discussion of specific state affairs, and without which neither outstanding talent nor firm character can be applied to political literature.

The undersigned citizens of Cologne, in whose midst the threatened newspaper found its origin, feel themselves above all obliged and impelled to express frankly to Your Majesty, whom they have learnt to honour as the mightiest protector of free speech, their feeling of pain at the decreed suppression and to submit before the steps of the throne the most humble request:

That Your Majesty will most graciously order that the measures projected against the Rheinische Zeitung by the high censorship authorities on January 21 of this year shall be annulled and that this newspaper shall continue to exist without any restriction of the freedom hitherto accorded to our domestic press in general by Your Majesty yourself.

We remain most humble and obedient subjects of Your Majesty, loyal citizens of Cologne

[signatures follow]a

First published in Rheinische Briefe und Akten zur Geschichte der politischen Bewegung 1830-1850, 1. Bd., Essen, 1919

Printed according to the original Published in English for the first time

a Among the signatures in Marx’s hand: “K. Marx, Doctor.”—Ed.
Proceedings of the Extraordinary General Meeting
of February 12, 1843

Present:
Herr Renard, responsible editor
G. Jung managers
D. Oppenheim
Dr. Fay, Chairman of the Board of Directors
Claessen
Stucke
Thomé members of the Board of Directors

Assessor Bürgers
Barrister E. Mayer members of the Board of Directors
Herr Haan
Dr. Marx
Herr H. Kamp
Herr Karl Stein
Leist, Councillor of the Court of Appeal
J. J. von Rath
Dr. D'Ester
Dr. Haass
A. W. Esch
A. Oppenheim
G. Mallinckrodt
F. G. Heuser
J. Mühlens
Plassmann
Ph. Engels
Herr K. Heinzen
" L. Camphausen
" Georg Heuser
" Kaufmann
" J. Herstatt
" J. Boisserée
" W. Boisserée
" Boismard
" S. B. Cohen
" J. De Jonge
" Christians von Overath
" J. W. Dietz
" Kühn
" Karl Engels
" Rüb
" T. Göbbels
" J. Horst
" von Honthem
" J. Herrmanns
" H. Hellwitz (represented by L. Herz)
" F. Bloemer, lawyer (represented by Ref. Scherer)
" W. Kühn
" M. Morel
" J. Müller
" A. Ochse-Stern
" B. Reichard
" J. P. von Rath
" J. Ritter
" C. Reimbold
" A. Rogge
" J. B. Rick, on his own behalf and representing notary
   Bendermacher
" Dr. Stucke, representing C. Baumdahl
" J. F. Sehlmeyer
" Seligmann, lawyer
" V. Vill
" E. Vahrenkamp
" Ch. Welker
" A. Zuntz-Bonn
The Chairman of the Board of Directors, Herr Fay, opened the meeting with a speech in which he stated that the ministerial edict which was the occasion for the present meeting was an outcome of the conflict of principles between the bureaucratic state authorities and public opinion. The people demand to share in legislation, on the strength of laws and promises, on the strength of the past period from 1807 to 1815, and of the hopes and wishes newly awakened at the beginning of the rule of Frederick William IV. This friction between the people and the state authority is manifested in the press, and the ministerial edict is directed against this manifestation in general.

Herr Oppenheim stressed that the ban on the Rheinische Zeitung seemed completely unjustified, since prior to November 12 last year there had been no warning, indeed not the slightest indication of anything of the kind. Herr Oppenheim then read out the edict of Oberpräsident Herr Schaper of November 12, as well as the further notifications made through Präsident Herr Gerlach in accordance with the instruction of the Oberpräsidium and the subsequent reply of the responsible editor, Herr Renard, and finally the petition of the last named to the Oberpräsidium with the subsequent reply of the Oberpräsident on November 19, 1842.

The editorial board made no reply to the last edict because it has always been, and still is, most firmly convinced of the falsity and illegality of the premises advanced by the Oberpräsidium in connection with the permit granted to the Rheinische Zeitung.

Herr Oppenheim then read out the order of Präsident Herr Gerlach of January 24 of this year, pointed out the illegality of the measures taken by the ministries, and left it to the discretion of the general meeting to discuss and adopt appropriate measures against this illegality. This illegality itself was analysed in more detail in the memorandum next read by Herr Dr. Claessen, for which purpose he quoted and elucidated the Cologne government order of November 17.

Herr Fay invited the meeting to open the discussion and to adopt decisions, and he informed the meeting of a discussion which had taken place within the Board of Directors, as a result of which the Board as a whole "put on record" the declaration which follows.

Herr Dr. Haass opened the discussion with the following statement:

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a See this volume, pp. 282-85.—Ed.
Ten days ago a number of shareholders met at the Bomel Hof and drafted a petition; I signed that petition and wish to know the result.

Herr Oppenheim replied that the lists had not yet all been received.

Herr Hontheim. We all aim to ensure that the Rheinische Zeitung will be able to continue in existence. What measures should be adopted to ensure that the ministerial decision is retracted? The speaker does not wish to discuss the question of legality or illegality. Even if the edict of January 21 were rescinded, the Rheinische Zeitung would still continue to appear disagreeable to the ministries. According to the existing laws, the permit that has been granted can always be withdrawn, and the ministries would certainly decide on such a withdrawal. The question arises whether steps in a sense conforming to the wishes of the ministry would be compatible with the honour of the shareholders. In the first place, this purpose might be achieved by the resignation of certain members of the Board of Directors, by the appointment of a new editorial board. The speaker does not want to dwell on the subject of trend, but says: "We have to dispute with a government authority and must keep to the legal standpoint. Let a member of the Board of Directors state his opinion on how it would be possible to make to the ministry such concessions as would ensure a continuance."

Herr Jung. We cannot very well know what concessions the ministry will demand. The Rheinische Zeitung is a party which must be accepted freely and wholly. If we respond to the wishes of the ministry, we shall have to begin a new life in contradiction to the previous one, and only a few members of the Board would agree to that. A retraction of the ministerial edict could only be expected as a result of petitions from the whole province.

Herr Marx believed the question could be clarified by reading the official article which follows, and he expressed his view that the trend would have to be altered if one wished to come to an understanding with the prevailing liberal sovereignty.

Herr Claessen. I agree with the opinion of Herr Hontheim as regards the continuance of the newspaper, but do not believe that a change of editors would lead to the goal. Herr Hontheim has acknowledged that the ministerial rescript contains a formal defect. But he believes that it is possible for the minister to correct this defect at any time. The memorandum which I read out shows that the withdrawal of a permit which has been granted entirely contradicts the spirit of Prussian legislation and the intentions of
His Majesty. His Majesty has stated that a consistent opposition is permitted to exist. On behalf of the Board of Directors, gentlemen, I put the proposal to you that the memorandum which has just been read, supported by the petition which follows, should be submitted to the supreme decision of His Royal Majesty.

Herr Claessen then read the petition.

I believe that I can assume, gentlemen, that your views in regard to the point of law are in agreement with the motives of the memorandum. The only question, gentlemen, is whether other steps to preserve the Rheinische Zeitung ought to be decided upon.

Herr Leist asked why the memorandum had not been sent in November.

Herr Oppenheim replied that there had been no reason to believe that the censorship ministries would ever [require] such an assurance as a condition for discussing actually existing difficulties.

Herr Bürgers. I believe that I am expressing a general conviction when I say that the motive which guided us in founding the Rheinische Zeitung was to have an entirely independent newspaper.

In order to ensure that independence, managers and a Board of Directors were elected by the shareholders. The trend represented by the managers and the Board, as pondered in their minds and felt in their hearts, had to be given expression. We decided to express and represent clearly and freely the principles we hold to be most expedient for the welfare of the Fatherland. These principles have come into conflict with the principles of the present government. This trend has resulted in the suppression of the newspaper by force. I now ask, will the original independent frame of mind of the company be maintained? Even if the majority does not agree with the way in which the trend is carried out, there will surely be no conflict over the guiding principle.

Herr Kamp. If I have understood Herr Hontheim correctly, he believes that a discussion of legality or illegality could not yield any result. I share this view and am in favour of a petition to His Majesty. But I cannot say that I agree with the version which has just been proposed. It seems to me that the main question today is whether the shareholders approve the trend and principles, in regard to content and form, which the Rheinische Zeitung has followed up to now. Mention was made earlier of the opposition press. I can conceive of such a press only in a constitutional state, and not in our monarchical state. We owe our freedoms to an act of grace, and if we use this freedom with moderation, our views will often find gracious acceptance. In speaking to me, many high-placed officials have praised the trend of the Rheinische
Zeitung, but censured its tone, form, blunt mode of expression. If the shareholders now approve the tone, it will have to be maintained. If they do not approve the form and tone, this disapproval will easily lead to a change that will please the ministers.

We all desire a frank discussion of home and foreign affairs. Let the meeting only decide how this frank discussion should be understood.

Jung. The general meeting has no right to criticise the form of frank discussion. The managers are the business leaders of the Rheinische Zeitung. The newspaper has prospered in its present form, it has gained a surprising number of readers with astonishing rapidity. That is the result of the work of the present leaders; hence from the commercial standpoint we certainly stand justified. However, I do not want in any way to reject a discussion of the trend. I repeat, gentlemen, our newspaper was and had to be a partisan newspaper, from the point of view both of conviction and of commercial interest. The result that has been achieved was possible only along the lines that were adopted. The Rheinische Zeitung has become the citadel of the liberal tendency in Germany. But without passion there can be no struggle. Then no call, whether to go forward or back, is of any avail; in battle it is the moment that decides. Singly, gentlemen, you cannot reproach us with anything. Either you reject us entirely, or you accept us.

Herr Seligmann. The Rheinische Zeitung does not seek any financial gain, but only to represent a definite trend. Hence the meeting is entitled to ask the managers: Have you represented our trends?

The Leipziger Zeitung, gentlemen, has been suppressed by an order of His Majesty. How much more is the suppression of the Rheinische Zeitung bound to have taken place with the agreement of His Majesty.

Under these circumstances, I do not expect any success from a petition.

I tell you frankly that it is my conviction that the Rheinische Zeitung has not been in accord with the just demands of the state authority. We must now retreat within the bounds marked out for us by the state. Proceeding from this standpoint we can then claim the right to further development. Since in fighting for principles we have failed to take account of the obtaining situation, the general meeting today must demand from the managers that they return to within the bounds set to free discussion by the authority. If the present managers do not want to do this, the general
meeting must elect new managers. We must promise here to return to the above-mentioned bounds in order to ensure the continuance of the newspaper.

Herr Oppenheim. We all want, if possible, to ward off the blow struck at the Rheinische Zeitung. According to the express wording of the Statute, we are not entitled today to criticise the trend of the Rheinische Zeitung. The shareholders have renounced the right to determine the trend. The general meeting is empowered only to renew the Board of Directors. Even the most zealous supporters of the Rheinische Zeitung will surely admit that at times the form has been somewhat blunt and has given offence in Berlin. The proposal of the last speaker would result in the dissolution of the company. It seems to me that we can and must modify the petition. If the sword of authority is directed against us, we must submit. Let us acknowledge on the steps of the throne that we shareholders do not approve the somewhat blunt character of the newspaper, but that we claim for ourselves the rights that exist, and on this basis request His Majesty to lift the ban.

It can surely be presumed that such a petition will secure the desired decision.

We can indeed safely expect that the managers and the Board will in future avoid bluntness.

Herr Mülhens. I must insist that the company should declare whether it agrees with the trend of the newspaper and the form in which it is carried out. Only then will it be possible to draft a petition in a particular spirit.

Herr Oppenheim. How can we decide on the trend by a majority vote? The managers and the Board of Directors can reject such a decision. But what would a disapproval of the present trend lead to? The present Rheinische Zeitung would perish and another newspaper quite alien to the present so successful one would take its place.

The question now is what wisdom dictates in order to ensure continuance.

Herr Mülhens. I am firmly convinced that the result of a vote will be unanimous approval of the trend. Only the form can be a matter for dispute.

Herr Leist. Is the editorial board still of the opinion that it is impossible to make any change in the form? If it is, then I oppose any petition to His Majesty as a completely useless step.

It must surely be possible for men who are confident of the truth of their convictions to express them in warm and persuasive
terms instead of caustic and sarcastic language. I do not fail to recognise the difficulty of modifying the language of certain personalities.

_Bürgers_. The view that the reason for the suppression of the _Rheinische Zeitung_ is to be sought in its form seems to me erroneous. There is not a word of that in the ministerial edict. Quite different accusations are cast at us. One could presume that these principles were advanced merely as an excuse and that nevertheless the form was the real reason for the ban. But, unfortunately, everything that has taken place in the entire life of the state over the past year proves that the trend which has raised the _Rheinische Zeitung_ as its standard is everywhere being consistently suppressed and reduced to silence. I am convinced that the ministerial edict must either meet with the complete disapproval of the King or the _Rheinische Zeitung_ with its present principles must cease to exist.

_Bürgers_. Gentlemen, we are concerned for something higher than money. We have sought to assert a principle. This principle we cannot renounce.

_Haan_. Whatever the views, in any case _wisdom_ requires that the shareholders should censure the bluntness of form.

_Hontheim_. Herr Bürgers has stated that it is not the form, but errors of trend, that the ministries condemn. We as shareholders have only two parties: the managers and Board of Directors and the ministries. Can these two parties unite without giving up something of their basic principles? The theme for this has been given by the proposal advanced by Dr. Claessen. Should the petition, as presented to us, be signed or should it perhaps be modified? I propose as an amendment that the shareholders intercede with the ministers to secure that the _Rheinische Zeitung_ be allowed to continue to exist under the present double censorship for a further three months from April 1.

_Herr Camphausen_. It will be inevitable to have to bring personal influence to bear in the Residency. Only in this way can we learn the demands of the ministry.

_Herr Mayer_. The Board of Directors sees nothing offensive in adopting the wise course of disavowing the blunt tone of the _Rheinische Zeitung_. But how can we make an application for a further three months' existence to the ministers whose edict has attacked our honour, our rights, in the severest possible way? In its present shape, indeed, the _Rheinische Zeitung_ is so crippled that its continued existence in this shape can only destroy the reputation it once won.
Herr Haass. I repeat the question of a previous speaker whether the managers and members of the Board of Directors will not allow their view to be modified in any way by the clearly expressed opinion of the general meeting. No sacrifice should be made that could threaten the honour of the leading persons. I am against any personal intervention in Berlin. Such a step would certainly be fruitless. The ministry will not accept instruction. The time is not yet ripe for that.

Herr Kaufmann. We all want to preserve the newspaper. To blame the trend will get us nowhere. I should like justificatory grounds to be inserted in the petition.

Herr Heinzen. I think that the company is in agreement on the following points: that the rights of the shareholders have been infringed by the ministerial edict, even if we do not approve the trend represented by the managers and the Board. The newspaper's trend can be discussed at the next general meeting, which has to renew the Board of Directors. If we assume that the Board has done wrong, it will be a matter of offering the ministries guarantees now, and the prospect of these guarantees can be held out by reference to the forthcoming new elections. This is the sole guarantee we can offer. I propose that the following be inserted in today's petition.

Herr Seligmann. Gentlemen, I propose that the plan of a petition to the King be dropped altogether, and that, instead of a direct petition to the King, a petition be made to the censorship ministries and submitted through Herr von Gerlach. The censorship ministries will certainly not decide without previous consultation. If we keep to the regular procedure through the chain of instances, loss of time is inevitable. A direct petition seems to me unconstitutional, because we would be bypassing the lower instances and applying at once to the highest instance. This unconstitutional step would offend the ministries. Therefore I propose that a petition be made to those ministries, all the more because there is no hope that His Majesty will disapprove of the steps taken by his ministries.

Herr Kamp. Let us consider first of all the competence and powers of the shareholders. We were told this morning that the shareholders have to decide only on the commercial circumstances of the company. Now the shareholders are being attributed further rights in accordance with the Statute. Let us first establish the rights of the shareholders. I move that a decision be taken whether the shareholders are authorised to adopt a decision on the trend of the newspaper.
Herr Oppenheim. The shareholders are entitled to draw up a petition in any sense they choose. If it is to be drawn up in a way that is incompatible with our honour, with our convictions, it cannot be demanded that we should sign it. It seems to me that from the standpoint of the shareholders' interests the moment for a disapproving statement has been badly chosen. Although one may condemn the blunt form, one should bear in mind that the freer development of the press is still new, and that mistakes are inevitable in every new institution.

Herr Haass. I should like to see no opposition between managers, Board of Directors and shareholders. Let us seek to bring about a development of all interests for the good of the institution.

Herr Oppenheim. We are quite prepared to put the composition of the petition in your hands, without thereby making you responsible for any action taken by the administration.

Herr Leist. The rights of the shareholders have been conceived too narrowly. In accordance with the Statute, the general meeting has the right to judge the Board of Directors, and indirectly the managers.

Herr Oppenheim. I did not want to deny the shareholders' right to criticise the administration, but I do deny their right to intervene in the measures of the administration.

Herr Jung. The general meeting can very easily say in the petition that it wishes to use its influence with the editorial board in order to bring about a change in the sense desired by the ministry.

Herr Kamp. For that very reason there must first be a decision on the powers of the general meeting.

Herr Jung. The general meeting cannot compel the managers to conform to a particular trend. The general meeting can only exert its influence indirectly, through the election of the Board of Directors.

Herr Claessen. The managers have stated that they are prepared to resign if the ministry demands concessions that are incompatible with their convictions, in the event of the general meeting approving these concessions. I permit myself to propose the following amendment to the petition submitted this morning.

Herr Haass. The general meeting is entitled to express approval or disapproval, and I must speak out most definitely for the maintenance of this right.

Herr Seligmann. Hitherto the Rheinische Zeitung has endeav-
oured to spread constitutional ideas and to achieve participation of the masses in legislation, and should the masses today have no right to exert influence? The administration is only a derivation of the will of the general meeting and this will can always be asserted.

Herr Camphausen. I, too, believe that the managers and the Board have not had a sufficiently clear conception of their powers and those of the general meeting. I am of the opinion that the competence of the general meeting is far more extensive than the managers believe, but I do not attach any practical importance to the question. If on some occasion a general meeting were to express disapproval, I believe the result would always be the same, whether its competence were disputed or not. The question will only be: Does the general meeting want to accept the petition with or without amendments?

Herr von Hontheim. The right of the general meeting to take decisions cannot, I think, be disputed. In the Statute, of course, nothing is laid down about the trend, nothing as to whether the trend of the shareholders should be realised by the management. But such a premise is provided by the matter itself. I consider Herr Heinzen’s proposal the most suitable now for giving effect to the powers of the shareholders. Nevertheless that proposal seems to me impracticable because we shall hardly find new members for the Board of Directors. I repeat my proposal that the ministry should be asked to permit a three months’ extension from April 1st. I think that the double censorship can be no obstacle whatever to the continued existence of the newspaper.

Herr Fay. We have not assembled here in order to interpret the Statute. We have gathered here in order to decide on definite steps and measures. First of all then, I put the question: Should a petition be addressed directly to the King?

The meeting unanimously replied to this question in the affirmative.

Herr Fay. Should the memorandum read out today be submitted along with the petition?

By a majority vote the general meeting resolved to adopt the memorandum.

Herr Fay. Should the petition be adopted in its present form, or should it be modified by amendments?

The general meeting decided first of all to put to the vote the amendments raised in the discussion.

In accordance with this decision, Herr Dr. Claessen proposed the following amendment.
By a majority vote, the general meeting approved the insertion of this amendment. Dr. Marx, Jung and Bürgers opposed this amendment. Herr Kamp moved that the passage referring to the company's considerable financial sacrifice be deleted. Herr Kamp abstained from voting on this amendment. Herr Fay then moved that the petition be voted on, inclusive of the amendment put forward. The general meeting decided by a majority vote to adopt the petition as thus modified.

Herr Fay. Will the general meeting now express its opinion whether the petition should be presented personally to His Majesty by a deputation, or whether it should be sent through the post? Herr Fay moves that, in the event of the general meeting declaring for presentation by a deputation, a commission be elected to negotiate with the members of the company delegated to form the deputation.

Herr Kamp has no hope of any success from the deputation. Herr Jung. I entirely agree with Herr Kamp. The ministry will demand concessions to which we cannot agree, and put forward greater demands to a deputation than if the matter were handled in a different way.

Herr Claessen declares in favour of a deputation, since that would also settle the question of Herr Hontheim's amendment concerning the request for a three months' stay of execution. Herr von Rath declared for the deputation in order thereby to achieve at any rate an extension of the period.

Herr Bürgers. The reputation of the newspaper in the eyes of the public will certainly be endangered by a deputation. Opinion on the step taken by Herr Brockhaus\(^a\) in Berlin is already a sufficient criterion in this respect.

Herr von Hontheim moved that one of the friends of the Rheinische Zeitung be entrusted with the presentation of the petition in Berlin.

Herr Camphausen. I do not share Herr Bürgers' view. Moreover it does not seem to me necessary to endow the deputation with plenipotentiary powers.

Herr von Hontheim. Everything will depend on the selection of the persons.

Herr Fay. I put it to the vote whether the petition should be presented by a deputation.

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\(^a\) The minutes book has here: (of the Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung).—Ed.
Herr Haass supported the motion of Herr von Hontheim.

Herr Jung. I do not regard it as a misfortune if the Rheinische Zeitung ceases on April 1, even if the ban is lifted later. The Rheinische Zeitung as such would then arise anew in its true nature and would certainly at once regain its readership. But it will surely lose its readers if it continues a drab and impotent vegetative existence dependent on gracious permission and a double censorship.

Von Hontheim considered that it was a matter for the managers and the Board to decide whether to send a deputation or not, and also that the choice of the persons concerned should be left entirely to them.

In the voting on whether a deputation should be appointed or not, 61 votes were cast for the appointment of a deputation, and 53 votes against. Accordingly, it was decided by a majority vote to appoint a deputation.

In accordance with this decision, the general meeting commissioned the managers to send a deputation at the company’s cost. The managers accepted this commission with the reservation that they would send the petition in writing if they were unable to find a suitable deputation within the next eight days.

Following this decision, the chairman, Herr Fay, declares today’s meeting closed.

Cologne, February 12, 1843

G. Mevissen, in charge of the minutes

First published in Rheinische Briefe und Akten zur Geschichte der politischen Bewegung 1830-1850, I. Bd., Essen, 1919

Printed according to the original Published in English for the first time
HUMBLE PETITION FROM THE SHAREHOLDERS
OF THE RHEINISCHE ZEITUNG COMPANY
FOR THE CONTINUANCE
OF THE RHEINISCHE ZEITUNG

Most excellent, most powerful King,
Most gracious King and Lord,

The High Royal Ministries in charge of censorship have ordered, by a rescript of January 21 of this year, the closure as from April 1 of the Rheinische Zeitung, published here in Cologne, and thereby threatened with ruin a concern which was founded by the undersigned, not without a considerable financial sacrifice, in order first of all to meet an urgent need of their native city, but was also meant, with Your Majesty's protection and trusting in Your Royal Majesty's noble-minded intentions, to act as a free and independent mouthpiece of public opinion fearlessly and unselfishly for the honour and interests of the Fatherland.

The undersigned believe that they have proved in a memorandum, which they lay in the most profound submission on the steps of Your Majesty's throne, that this decision of the high censorship authorities is impaired not only by a formal defect, but also that it is contrary both to the spirit of all previous legislation pertaining to the press and to Your Majesty's lofty intentions.

In order to meet the desires of the high censorship authorities, Your most humble subjects, the undersigned, will use the influence accorded to them by the stipulations of the Statute which they humbly enclose to ensure that the tone of the newspaper is moderate and dignified and that every possible offence is avoided, and therefore they all the more confidently express the following most respectful request:

May it please Your Royal Majesty, by rescinding the ministerial rescript issued by the High Ministries in charge of censorship on
January 21 of this year, to order the unhindered continuance of the *Rheinische Zeitung*.

We remain most humbly Your Majesty's loyal subjects, the shareholders of the *Rheinische Zeitung* Company.

Cologne

February 12, 1843

[Then follow the shareholders' signatures]a

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a The following signatures are given in Marx's hand:

"Dr. Marx for himself and on behalf of:
Dr. Schleicher, practising physician from Trier
ditto
Dr. Vencelius, practising physician
ditto
Cetto, merchant
ditto
Clentgen, landowner
ditto
Mittweg, lawyer
ditto." — *Ed.*
Although at the last conference of the two great powers nothing was stipulated on a certain point, nor any treaty concluded on the obligation of initiating a correspondence, and consequently no external means of compulsion exist, nevertheless the little scribe with the pretty curls feels inwardly compelled to open the ball, and indeed with feelings of the deepest, sincerest love and gratitude towards you, my dear, good and only sweetheart. I think you had never been more lovable and sweet and charming, and yet every time after you had gone I was in a state of delight and would always have liked to have you back again to tell you once more how much, how wholly, I love you. But still, the last occasion was your victorious departure; I do not know at all how dear you were to me in the depths of my heart when I no longer saw you in the flesh and only the true image of you in all angelic mildness and goodness, sublimity of love and brilliance of mind was so vividly present to my mind. If you were here now, my dearest Karl, what a great capacity for happiness you would find in your brave little woman. And should you come out with ever so bad a leaning, and ever such wicked intentions, I would not resort to any reactionary measures. I would patiently bow my head and surrender it to the wicked knave. “What”, how?—Light, what, how light. Do you still remember our twilight conversations, our guessing games, our hours of slumber? Heart’s beloved, how good, how loving, how considerate, how joyful you were!

How brilliant, how triumphant, I see you before me, how my heart longs for your constant presence, how it quivers for you with
delight and enchantment, how anxiously it follows you on all the paths you take. To Paßschritter, to Merten in Gold, to Papa Ruge, to Pansa, everywhere I accompany you, I precede you and I follow you. If only I could level and make smooth all your paths, and sweep away everything that might be an obstacle to you. But then it does not fall to our lot that we also should be allowed to interfere actively in the workings of fate. We have been condemned to passivity by the fall of man, by Madame Eve’s sin; our lot lies in waiting, hoping, enduring, suffering. At the most we are entrusted with knitting stockings, with needles, keys, and everything beyond that is evil; only when it is a question of deciding where the Deutsche Jahrbücher is to be printed does a feminine veto intervene and invisibly play something of a small main role. This evening I had a tiny little idea about Strasbourg. Would not a return to the homeland be forbidden you if you were to betray Germany to France in this way, and would it not be possible also that the liberal sovereign power would tell you definitely: “Emigrate then, or rather stay away if you do not like it in my states.” But all that, as I have said, is only an idea, and our old friend Ruge will certainly know what has to be done, especially when a private little chick lurks like this in the background, and comes out with a separate petition. Let the matter rest, therefore, in Father Abraham’s bosom.

This morning, when I was putting things in order, returning the draughtsmen to their proper place, collecting the cigar butts, sweeping up the ash, and trying to destroy the “Althäuschen” [?], I came across the enclosed page. You have dismembered our friend Ludwig and left a crucial page here. If you are already past it in your reading, there is no hurry; but for the worthy bookbinder, in case it is to be bound, it is urgently needed. The whole work would be spoilt. You have certainly scattered some more pages. It would be a nuisance and a pity. Do look after the loose pages.

Now I must tell you about the distress and misfortune I had immediately after you went away. I saw at once that you had not paid any attention to your dear nose and left it at the mercy of wind and weather and air, and all the vicissitudes of fate, without taking a helpful handkerchief with you. That, in the first place, gave me grave concern. In the second place, the barber dropped in. I thought of putting it to great advantage and with rare

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a i.e., the Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher.—Ed.
b Feuerbach.—Ed.
amiability I asked him how much the Herr Doctor owed him. The answer was $7\frac{1}{2}$ silver groschen. I quickly did the sum in my head and $2\frac{1}{2}$ groschen were saved. I had no small change and therefore gave him 8 silver groschen in good faith that he would give me change. But what did the scoundrel do? He thanked me, pocketed the whole sum, my six pfennigs were gone and I could whistle for them. I was still on the point of reproving him, but either he did not understand my glance of distress or Mother tried to soothe me—in short, the six pfennigs were gone as all good things go. That was a disappointment!

Now I come to a matter of dress. I went out this morning and I saw many new pieces of lace at Wolf's shop. If you cannot get them cheap or get someone else to choose them, then I ask you, sweetheart, to leave the matter in my hands. In general, sweetheart, I would really prefer at present that you did not buy anything and saved your money for the journey. You see, sweetheart, I shall then be with you and we shall be buying together, and if someone cheats us, then at least it will happen in company. So, sweetheart, don't buy anything now. That applies also to the wreath of flowers. I am afraid you would have to pay too much, and to look for it together would indeed be very nice. If you won't give up the flowers, let them be rose-coloured. That goes best with my green dress. But I would prefer you to drop the whole business. Surely, sweetheart, that would be better. You can do that only when you are my dear lawful, church-wed husband. And one thing more, before I forget. Look for my last letter. I should be annoyed if it got into anyone else's hands. Its tendency is not exactly well-meaning, and its intentions are unfathomably malevolent. Were you barked at as a deserter when you jumped in? Or did they temper justice with mercy? Has Oppenheim come back and is Claessen still in a bit of a rage? I shall send Laffarge on as soon as I can.²²⁰ Have you already delivered the letter of bad news to E[...]? Are the passport people willing? Dearest sweetheart, those are incidental questions, now I come to the heart of the matter. Did you behave well on the steamer, or was there again a Madame Hermann on board? You bad boy. I am going to drive it out of you. Always on the steamboats. I shall have an interdiction imposed immediately on wanderings of this kind in the contrat social, in our marriage papers, and such enormities will be severely punished. I shall have all the cases specified and punish-

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²²⁰ The name is indecipherable.—Ed.

²²² The name is indecipherable.—Ed.
ment imposed for them, and I shall make a second marriage law similar to the penal code. I shall show you alright. Yesterday evening I was dead tired again, but all the same I ate an egg. Food shares, therefore, are not doing so badly and are going up like the Düsseldorf shares. When you come, it is to be hoped they will be at par, and the state guarantees the interest. However, adieu now. Parting is painful. It pains the heart. Good-bye, my one and only beloved, black sweet, little 'hubby. "What", how! Ah! you knavish face. Talatta, talatta, good-bye, write soon, talatta, talatta.


Printed according to the original
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NOTES
AND
INDEXES
NOTES

1 *Reflections of a Young Man on the Choice of a Profession*— an essay written by Marx at the school leaving examinations at the Royal Frederick William III gymnasium in Trier in August 1835. Only seven of Marx's examination papers have been preserved: the above-mentioned essay on a subject at the writer's choice, a Latin essay on the reign of Augustus and a religious essay (both are published in the appendices to this volume), a Latin unseen, a translation from the Greek, a translation into French, and a paper in mathematics (all of which are published in: *Marx/Engels, Historisch-Kritische Gesamtausgabe, Erste Abteilung, Band 1, Zweiter Halbband, Berlin, 1929, S. 164-82*).

In the original there are numerous underlinings presumably made by the history and philosophy teacher, the then headmaster of the gymnasium, Johann Hugo Wytttenbach (they are not reproduced in the present edition). He also made the following comment: “Rather good. The essay is marked by a wealth of thought and a good systematised narration. But generally the author here too made a mistake peculiar to him—he constantly seeks for elaborate picturesque expressions. Therefore many passages which are underlined lack the necessary clarity and definiteness and often precision in separate expressions as well as in whole paragraphs.”


2 *Letter from Marx to His Father*—this is the only letter written by Marx in his student years which has been preserved. Of all Marx's letters that are extant, this is the earliest. It was published in English in the collections: *The Young Marx*, London, 1967, pp. 135-47, *Writings of the Young Marx on Philosophy and Society*, New York, 1967, pp. 40-50 and *Karl Marx. Early Texts*, translated and edited by David McLellan, University of Kent at Canterbury, Oxford, 1971, pp. 1-10.

3 The *Pandect*—compendium of Roman civil law (*Corpus iuris civilis*) made by order of the Emperor of the Eastern Roman Empire Justinian I in 528-534. The Pandect or the Digest contained excerpts from works in civil and criminal law by prominent Roman jurists.

4 *Corpus iuris civilis*. p. 12
The work mentioned is not extant.
Marx quotes these passages from memory.
This refers to the classification of contracts in Immanuel Kant's *Die Metaphysik der Sitten*. Theil I. Metaphysische Anfangsgründe der Rechtslehre, Königsberg, 1797-98.
The philosophical dialogue mentioned here has not been preserved.
The Doctors' Club was founded by representatives of the radical wing of the Hegelian school in Berlin in 1837. Among its members were lecturer on theology of Berlin University Bruno Bauer, gymnasium history teacher Karl Friedrich Köppen and geography teacher Adolf Rutenberg. The usual meeting place was the small Hippel café. The Club, of which Marx was also an active member, played an important part in the Young Hegelian movement.
The work has not been preserved.
Marx refers to the *Deutscher Musenalmanach*, a liberal annual published in Leipzig from 1829.

As is seen from Heinrich Marx's letter of September 16, 1837, to his son (see this volume, p. 680), Karl Marx intended at that time to publish a journal of theatrical criticism.
The letter has not survived.
These two poems, written in 1837, were included in a book of verse dedicated to Karl Marx's father (see this volume, pp. 531-632).

The general title *Wild Songs* was introduced when the poems were published in the journal *Athenäum* in 1841. The text of both poems was reproduced with slight alterations. In *The Fiddler* two lines

"Fort aus dem Haus, fort aus dem Blick,  
Willst Kindlein spielen um dein Genick?"

("Away from the house, away from the look,  
O child, do you seek to risk your neck?")

coming in the original in the fifth stanza after the lines

"How so! I plunge, plunge without fail  
My blood-black sabre into your soul"

were omitted.

A comment on the *Wild Songs* was published in the *Frankfurter Konversationsblatt* No. 62 of March 3, 1841. Though unfavourably commenting on the form, the paper admitted the author's "original talent".

In English the poems were published in the book: R. Payne, Marx, New York, 1968, pp. 62-64.

Marx's work *Difference Between the Democritean and Epicurean Philosophy of Nature* is part of a general research on the history of ancient philosophy which he planned as far back as 1839.

During his research on ancient philosophy Marx compiled the preparatory *Notebooks on Epicurean Philosophy* (see this volume, pp. 401-509). In early April 1841 Marx submitted his work to the Faculty of Philosophy of the University of Jena as a dissertation for a doctor's degree (see this volume, p. 379) and received the degree on April 15. He intended to have his work printed and for this purpose wrote the dedication and the foreword dated March 1841. However, he did not succeed in getting it published, although he thought of doing so again at the end of 1841 and beginning of 1842.
Marx's own manuscript of the thesis has been lost. What remains is an incomplete copy written by an unknown person. This copy has corrections and insertions in Marx's handwriting. Texts of the fourth and fifth chapters of Part One and the Appendix, except for one fragment, are missing. Each chapter of Part One and Part Two has its own numeration of the author's notes. These notes, in the form of citations from the sources and additional commentaries, are also incomplete. They are given, according to the copy of the manuscript which has survived, after the main text of the dissertation and marked in the text, in distinction to the editorial notes, by numbers and brackets. Obvious slips of the pen have been corrected. Changes made by Marx which affect the meaning are specified.

In the first publication of the thesis in Aus dem Literarischen Nachlass von Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels und Ferdinand Lassalle, Bd. I, Stuttgart, 1902, the fragments from the Appendix "Critique of Plutarch's Polemic Against the Theology of Epicurus", have been omitted as well as all the author's notes except for some excerpts. The first publication in full (according to the part of the manuscript that has been preserved) was carried out by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism, CCCPSU, in 1927 in Volume One of MEGA (Marx/Engels, Historisch-Kritische Gesamtausgabe, Erste Abteilung, Band 1, Erster Halbband, S. 3-81).


Marx here refers to the book Petri Gassendi, Animadversiones in decimum librum Diogenis Laertii, qui est De Vita, Moribus, Placitisque Epicuri, Ludguni, 1649.

Marx never realised his plan to write a larger work on the Epicurean, Stoic and Sceptic philosophies.

This refers to the following passage from the book by Karl Friedrich Köppen, Friedrich der Grosse und seine Widersacher, Leipzig, 1840: "Epikureismus, Stoizismus und Skepsis sind die Nervenmuskel und Eingeweidesysteme des antiken Organismus, deren unmittelbare, natürliche Einheit die Schönheit und Sittlichkeit des Altertums bedingte, und die beim Absterben desselben auseinanderfielen" (S. 39) ("Epicureanism, Stoicism and Scepticism are the nerve muscles and intestinal system of the antique organism whose immediate, natural unity conditioned the beauty and morality of antiquity, and which disintegrated with the decay of the latter"). Köppen dedicated his book to Karl Marx.


Marx quotes from a letter by Epicurus to Menoecceus; see Diogenes Laertii de clarorum philosophorum vitis, dogmatibus et apophthegmatibus libri decem (X, 123).
Notes

20 **Gymnosophists**—Greek name for Indian sages.  

21 **Ataraxy**—in ancient Greek ethics—tranquillity. In Epicurean ethics—the ideal of life; state of the sage who has attained inner freedom through knowledge of nature and deliverance from fear of death.  

22 The manuscripts of "General Difference in Principle Between the Democritean and Epicurean Philosophy of Nature" and "Result" have not been found.  

23 Characterising here the gods of Epicurus, Marx, obviously, had in mind the remark by Johann Joachim Winckelmann in his book *Geschichte der Kunst des Altertums*, 2 Teile, Dresden, 1767: "Die Schönheit der Gottheiten im männlichen Alter besteht in einem Inbegriff der Stärke gesetzter Jahre und der Fröhlichkeit der Jugend, und diese besteht hier in dem Mangel an Nerven und Sehnen, die sich in der Blüte der Jahre wenig äußern. Hierin aber liegt zugleich ein Ausdruck der göttlichen Genügsamkeit, welche die zur Nahrung unseres Körpers bestimmten Teile nicht vonnöten hat; und dieses erläutert des Epicurus Meinung von der Gestalt der Götter, denen er einen Körper, aber gleichsam einen Körper, und Blut, aber gleichsam Blut, gibt, welches Cicero dunkel und unbegreiflich findet" ("The beauty of the deities in their virile age consists in the combination of the strength of mature years and the joyfulness of youth, and this consists here in the lack of nerves and sinews, which are less apparent in the flowering of the years. But in this lies also an expression of divine self-containment which is not in need of the parts of our body which serve for its nourishment; and this illuminates Epicurus' opinion concerning the shape of the gods to which he gives a body, which looks like a body, and blood, but which looks like blood, something which Cicero considers obscure and inconceivable").  

24 **Hyrcanian Sea**—ancient name of the Caspian Sea.  

25 The reference is probably to the commentaries by Johann Baptist Carl Nürnberger and Johann Gottlob Schneider on the following editions: *Diogenes Laertius. De vitis, dogmatibus et apophthegmatibus liber decimus graece et latine separatim editus...* a Carolo Nürnbergero, Norimbergae, 1791 (the second edition appeared in 1808) and *Epicuri physica et meteorologica duabus epistolis eiusdem comprehensa. Graec a ad fidem librorum scriptorum et editorum emandavit atque interpretatus est. Jo. Gottl. Schneider, Lipsiae, 1813.*  

26 This is not Metrodorus of Lampsacus, the disciple of Epicurus, but Metrodorus of Chios, the disciple of Democritus, named incorrectly by Stobaeus (in the author's note) as the teacher of Epicurus. The same lines may be found in the fifth notebook on Epicurean philosophy (see this volume, pp. 96 and 486).  

27 Two fragments from the Appendix have been preserved: the beginning of the first paragraph of Section Two and the author's notes to Section One. The general title of the Appendix, which is missing in the first fragment, is reproduced here according to the contents (see this volume, p. 33). The text of this fragment corresponds almost word for word to the text of the third notebook on Epicurean philosophy (see this volume, pp. 452-54) and was written in an unknown hand on paper of the same kind as the text of the notebook. On this ground some scholars assume that this fragment does not belong to the Doctoral dissertation, but is part of a non-extant work on ancient philosophy. The content of the fragment, however, and the quotations from Plutarch in it are closely connected with the
The reference is to Plutarch's mystic conception of three eternally existing categories of men.

In the manuscript of the author's notes all quotations are given in the original—Greek or Latin. While Marx, in the Notebooks on Epicurean Philosophy, quotes Diogenes Laertius according to Pierre Gassendi's edition (Lyons, 1649), in his notes to the dissertation he quotes from the Tauchnitz edition of Diogenes Laertius, De vitis philosophorum libri..., X, T. 1-2, Lipsiae, 1833.

Editorial explanatory insertions are given in square brackets when necessary.

Massilians were the citizens of the city of Massilia, now Marseilles, founded circa 600 B.C. as a Greek colony by Ionic Phocaeans.

The battle of Marius with the German Cimbri tribes who invaded Gaul and Northern Italy took place in 101 B.C. near Vercelli.

Marx refers here to the struggle between different trends in the German philosophy of the late thirties and early forties of the nineteenth century.

By the "liberal party" Marx means here the Young Hegelians. The most advanced of the Young Hegelians (Ludwig Feuerbach, Bruno Bauer, Arnold Ruge) took the stand of atheism and political radicalism. In answer to this evolution of the Left wing of the Hegelian school, the conservative German philosophers united under the banner of the so-called positive philosophy—a religious-mystical trend (Christian Hermann Weisse, Immanuel Hermann Fichte Junior, Franz Xaver von Baader, Anton Günther and others), which criticised Hegel's philosophy from the right. The "positive philosophers" tried to make philosophy subservient to religion by proclaiming divine revelation the only source of "positive" knowledge. They called negative every philosophy which recognised rational cognition as its source.

Marx cites (in the manuscript in French) from the book Système de la nature, ou des Loix du monde physique et du monde moral. Par. M. Mirabaud, Secrétaire Perpétuel et l'un des Quarante de l'Académie Française, Londres, 1770. The real author of the book was the French philosopher Paul Holbach, who for the sake of secrecy put the name of J. Mirabaud, the secretary of the French Academy, on his book (J. Mirabaud died in 1760).

Both Friedrich Schelling's works quoted by Marx (Philosophische Briefe über Dogmatismus und Kriticismus and Vom Ich als Princip der Philosophie, oder über das Unbedingte im menschlichen Wissen) appeared in 1795. Later Schelling renounced his progressive views and turned to religious mysticism. In 1841 Schelling was invited by the Prussian authorities to the University of Berlin to oppose the influence of the representatives of the Hegelian school, the Young Hegelians in particular.

Marx probably refers to the 13th lecture on the history of religion delivered by Hegel at the University of Berlin during the summer term of 1829.

The reference is to Kant's critique of different ways of proving God's existence in his Kritik der reinen Vernunft (Critique of Pure Reason).

Marx refers to the following remark made by Kant in his Critique of Pure Reason in
connection with the speculation on the logical meaning of the elements of reasoning (subject, predicate and the copula "is"): "... A hundred real talers do not contain the least coin more than a hundred possible talers. For as the latter signify the concept, and the former the object and the positing of the object, should the former contain more than the latter, my concept would not, in that case, express the whole object, and would not therefore be an adequate concept of it. My financial position is, however, affected very differently by a hundred real talers than it is by the mere concept of them (that is, of their possibility). For the object, as it actually exists, is not analytically contained in my concept, but is added to my concept (which is a determination of my state) synthetically; and yet the conceived hundred talers are not themselves in the least increased through thus acquiring existence outside my concept."

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37. Wends—old name of West Slavic tribes.

p. 104

38. At the end of 1841 and beginning of 1842 Marx made a new attempt to publish his dissertation. He drafted the beginning of a new preface in which many passages were altered or crossed out. It was probably at the same period that he wrote the note against Schelling (see this volume, p. 103) which was inserted in Marx's handwriting in the copy of the manuscript.

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39. Comments on the Latest Prussian Censorship Instruction was the first work written by Marx as a revolutionary journalist. It was occasioned by the censorship instruction of the Prussian Government of December 24, 1841. Though formulated in moderate liberal terms, the instruction actually not only retained but intensified the censorship of the press. Written between January 15 and February 10, 1842, just after the publication of the instruction in the press (it was published in the Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Zeitung No. 14, January 14, 1842; Marx cites from this publication), the article was originally intended for the Deutsche Jahrbücher under the editorship of Arnold Ruge (see this volume, p. 381) but because of the censorship restrictions it was published only in 1843 in Switzerland in Anekdota which contained works by oppositional authors, mostly Young Hegelians.

Excerpts from the article were reprinted in the Mannheimer Abendzeitung Nos. 71 and 72, March 26 and 28, 1843.

In 1851 Hermann Becker, a member of the Communist League, made an attempt to publish Marx's collected works in Cologne. On the author's initiative the first issue began with this article (see Gesammelte Aufsätze von Karl Marx, herausgegeben von Hermann Becker, 1. Heft, Köln, 1851). However, the publication was ceased because of the government repressions.


p. 109

40. The reference is to the Bundesakte adopted by the Congress of Vienna on June 8, 1815. The Act proclaimed the formation of a German Confederation consisting initially of 34 independent states and four free cities. The Act virtually sanctioned the political dismemberment of Germany and the maintaining of the monarchical-estate system in the German states.

Article 18 of the Act vaguely mentioned a forthcoming drafting of uniform instructions providing for "freedom of the press" in the states of the German Confederation. However, this article remained on paper. The Provisional Federal Act on the Press of September 20, 1819 (it remained provisional for ever), introduced preliminary censorship for all publications of not more than 20
signatures (actually all periodicals) throughout Germany as well as a series of other restrictions.

41 Lettre de cachet—a secret royal order for the imprisonment or exile of any person without judge or jury. This method of reprisals against oppositional elements and undesirable persons was widely used in France in the period of absolutism, especially under Louis XIV and Louis XV.

42 An allusion to the negotiations of Prussian diplomats with the Pope concerning the disagreements between the Prussian Government and the Catholic Church known as the “Cologne” or “church conflict”. The conflict concerning the religious denomination of children of mixed marriages between Catholics and Protestants arose in 1837 with the arrest of C. A. Droste-Vischering, Archbishop of Cologne, who was accused of high treason for refusing to obey the orders of Frederick William III, the King of Prussia. It ended in 1841 under Frederick William IV with the Prussian Government yielding to the Catholic Church (see Marx’s letter to Ruge of July 9, 1842, pp. 389-90 of this volume).

43 The article Proceedings of the Sixth Rhine Province Assembly. First Article. Debates on Freedom of the Press and Publication of the Proceedings of the Assembly of the Estates was Marx’s first contribution to the Rheinische Zeitung für Politik, Handel und Gewerbe. Marx began his work as a contributor and in October 1842 became one of the editors of the newspaper. By its content and approach to vital political problems, the article helped the newspaper, founded by the oppositional Rhenish bourgeoisie as a liberal organ, to begin a transition to the revolutionary-democratic positions.

The appearance of Marx’s article in the press raised a favourable response in progressive circles. Georg Jung, manager of the Rheinische Zeitung, wrote to Marx: “Your articles on freedom of the press are extremely good…. Meyen wrote that the Rheinische Zeitung had eclipsed the Deutsche Jahrbücher … that in Berlin everybody was overjoyed with it” (MEGA, Abt. 1, Bd. 1, Hb. 2, S. 275). In his comments on the article published in the Rheinische Zeitung Arnold Ruge wrote: “Nothing more profound and more substantial has been said or could have been said on freedom of the press and in defence of it” (Deutsche Jahrbücher, 1842, S. 535-36).

In the early 1850s Marx included this article in his collected works then being prepared for publication by Hermann Becker (see Note 39). However only the beginning of the article was included in the first issue. The major part of the text which had been published in the Rheinische Zeitung No. 139 was left unprinted. The end of the article was intended for the following issue, which was never published.

A copy of the Rheinische Zeitung which Marx sent from London to Becker in Cologne in February 1851 with the author’s notes on the text of the articles (mostly in the form of abbreviations) intended for the edition Becker was preparing has recently been found in the archives of Cologne University library. This copy of the newspaper proves that Marx thought of publishing—partly in an abridged form—many of his articles written for the Rheinische Zeitung. However, his plan was not realised. Marginal notes show that the articles “Communal Reform and the Kölnische Zeitung” and “A Correspondent of the Kölnische Zeitung vs. the Rheinische Zeitung” belong to Marx. These articles have never been published in any collection of Marx’s works.

In English an excerpt from the Proceedings was published in Karl Marx. Early Texts, Oxford, 1971, pp. 35-36.

44 Marx devoted three articles to the debates of the Sixth Rhine Province Assembly, only two of which, the first and the third, were published. In the first article Marx
proceeded with his criticism of the Prussian censorship which he had begun in his as yet unpublished article "Comments on the Latest Prussian Censorship Instruction". The second article, devoted to the conflict between the Prussian Government and the Catholic Church, was banned by the censors. The manuscript of this article has not survived, but the general outline of it is given by Marx in his letter to Ruge of July 9, 1842 (see this volume, pp. 389-90). The third article is devoted to the debates of the Rhine Province Assembly on the law on wood thefts.

Assemblies of the estates were introduced in Prussia in 1823. They embraced the heads of princely families, representatives of the knightly estate, i.e., the nobility, of towns and rural communities. The election system based on the principle of landownership provided for a majority of the nobility in the assemblies. The competency of the assemblies was restricted to questions of local economy and administration. They also had the right to express their desires on government bills submitted for discussion.

The Sixth Rhine Province Assembly was in session from May 23 to July 25, 1841, in Düsseldorf. The debates dealt with in the article took place during the discussion on publication of the proceedings of the assemblies (this right had been granted by the Royal edict of April 30, 1841) and in connection with petitions of a number of towns on freedom of the press.

Citations in the text are given according to the Sitzungs-Protokolle des sechsten Rheinischen Provinzial-Landtags, Koblenz, 1841.

The reference is to the article "Die inlandische Presse u. die inlandische Statistik," published in the Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Zeitung No. 86, March 26, 1842. Marx cited mainly from this article, and also from two other articles, "Die Wirkung der Zensur-Verfügung vom 24. Dezember 1841" and "Die Besprechung inlandscher Angelegenheiten," published in the same newspaper in Nos. 75 and 78, March 16 and 19, 1842, respectively.

Vossische Zeitung — the name given after its owner to the daily Königlich privilegierte Berlinische Zeitung von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen.

Spenerische Zeitung — the name given after its publisher to the Berlinische Nachrichten von Staats- und gelehrten Sachen which was a semi-official government organ at the beginning of the 1840s.

Marx ironically compares Prussian officialdom's enthusiasm for statistics with the ancient philosophical systems which assigned a special importance to signs and numbers. He hints in particular at the ancient Chinese "I Ching" writings, of which Confucius was considered in the nineteenth century to be one of the first commentators. According to the philosophical conception laid down in them, ku signs, which were formed from various combinations of three continuous or broken lines, symbolised things and natural phenomena.

When calling Pythagoras the "universal statistician" Marx had in mind the ancient Greek philosophers' conceptions of number as the essence of all things.

The reference is to positive philosophy. See Note 31.

By this Marx meant Heraclitus' maxim: The dry soul is the wisest and the best.

The reference is to the Provisional Federal Act on the Press for the German states adopted on September 20, 1819 (see Note 40).
The reference is to the historical school of law—a trend in history and jurisprudence which originated in Germany at the end of the eighteenth century. Its representatives (Gustav Hugo and Friedrich Carl von Savigny) tried to justify the privileges enjoyed by the nobility and the existence of feudal institutions by eternal historical traditions. An assessment of this school is given by Marx in the article "The Philosophical Manifesto of the Historical School of Law" (see this volume, pp. 203-10).

By the decision of the Vienna Congress of 1815, Belgium and Holland were incorporated in the single kingdom of the Netherlands, Belgium being actually subordinated to Holland. Belgium became an independent constitutional monarchy after the bourgeois revolution of 1830.

Marx cites these and the following lines of Hariri's poem from Friedrich Rückert's Die Verwandlungen des Abu Seid von Serug, oder die Makamen des Hariri, Stuttgart, 1826.

This work is the beginning of a critical article which Marx planned to write against the abstract, nihilist treatment of the problem of state centralisation in the article by Moses Hess, "Deutschland und Frankreich in bezug auf die Zentralisationsfrage," which was published in the Supplement to the Rheinische Zeitung No. 137 of May 17, 1842.

Marx's article was evidently not finished. The part which was written has survived in manuscript form.

It was first published in English in Writings of the Young Marx on Philosophy and Society, New York, 1967, pp. 106-08.

This article was occasioned by attacks on the trend of the Rheinische Zeitung on the part of the influential Kölnische Zeitung, which defended the Catholic Church in the 1840s. In 1842 the Kölnische Zeitung, under the editorship of Karl Hermes, a secret agent of the Prussian Government, took an active part in the campaign against the progressive press and progressive philosophical trends, the Young Hegelians in particular.


Vedas—ancient Hindu religious and literary works in verse and prose written over several centuries, not later than the sixth century B. C.

This wording is given in Article 3 of la Charte octroyée—the fundamental law of the Bourbon monarchy proclaimed in 1814, and in la Charte bâclée proclaimed on August 14, 1830, after the July bourgeois revolution in France. While introducing some changes into the constitution of the French monarchy (certain restrictions of royal power, lowering of age and property qualifications, the practice of open debates in the Chambers, etc.), the second charter retained essentially the main principles laid down in the charter of 1814 granted by the Bourbons after the restoration.

Here and further Marx cites from Allgemeines Landrecht für die Preussischen Staaten, second edition, Berlin, 1794.
**Code Napoléon**—a civil code published in 1804; it was introduced also in West and South-West Germany conquered by Napoleon and continued in force in the Rhine Province after its union with Prussia in 1815. It was a classical code of bourgeois society.  

p. 192

64 An allusion to the participation of the editor of the *Kölnerische Zeitung* Hermes in the oppositional movement of the German students in his youth.  

p. 194

65 *Corybantes*—priestesses of the goddess Cybele; *Cabiri* were priests of the ancient Greek divinities. The Corybantes and Cabiri were identified in Asia Minor with the Curetes, priests of Rhea, the mother of Zeus. According to mythology the Curetes clashed their weapons to drown the cries of the infant Zeus and thus saved him from his father, Cronus, who devoured his own children.  

p. 196

66 By this Marx means the attacks of the German press against the philosophical critique of religion which began with Strauss' book *Das Leben Jesu*, the first volume of which appeared in 1835.  

p. 196

67 *Deutsche Jahrbücher*—abbreviated title of the Left Hegelian literary-philosophical journal *Deutsche Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Kunst*. The journal was published in Leipzig from July 1841 and edited by Arnold Ruge. Earlier (1838-41) it came out under the title *Hallische Jahrbücher für deutsche Wissenschaft und Kunst*. Its name was changed and publication transferred from the Prussian town of Halle to Saxony because of the threat of suppression in the Prussian state. However, it did not last long under its new name. In January 1843 it was closed by the Government of Saxony and its further publication was prohibited throughout Germany by the Federal Diet (Bundestag).  

p. 196

68 When this article was published in the *Rheinische Zeitung*, one of the sections, “The Chapter on Marriage”, was banned by the censors. It appeared in full only in 1927. In the present edition the article is reproduced, as in all previous complete publications, according to the manuscript, which is extant.

The article was published in English in *Writings of the Young Marx on Philosophy and Society*, New York, 1967, pp. 96-105.  

p. 203

69 *Papageno*—a character in Mozart's opera *Die Zauberflöte*, a bird-catcher who clad himself in feathers.  

p. 203

70 The reference is to a pamphlet written by the German jurist Friedrich Carl von Savigny in 1838 on the occasion of Gustav Hugo's jubilee—the fiftieth anniversary of his being awarded a doctor's degree: *Der Zehente Mai 1788. Beitrag zur Geschichte der Rechtswissenschaft* (Berlin, 1838).  

p. 207

71 Marx cites the first volume of Benjamin Constant's *De la religion* (Book 2, Ch. 2, pp. 172-73, Paris edition, 1826). A detailed synopsis of this work written by Marx in Bonn in 1842 has survived.  

p. 207

72 Marx refers here to the preaching of “free love” in the works of some of the Young Germany writers.

Young Germany—a group of writers which emerged in the 1830s in Germany and was influenced by Heinrich Heine and Ludwig Börne. The Young Germany writers (Karl Gutzkow, Ludolf Wienbarg, Theodor Mundt and others) came out in defence of freedom of conscience and the press, their writings, fiction and journalistic, reflecting opposition sentiments of the petty-bourgeoisie and intellectuals. The views of the Young Germans were politically vague. Soon the majority of them turned into mere liberals.  

p. 208
An allusion to Savigny's book *Vom Beruf unsrer Zeit für Gesetzgebung und Rechtswissenschaft*, Heidelberg, 1814, and to Savigny's appointment as Minister of Justice for the revision of the law in 1842. p. 209

This article was written in connection with the attacks made by the German philosopher Otto Friedrich Gruppe on Bruno Bauer's book *Kritik der evangelischen Geschichte der Synoptiker*. Attacking the leader of the Young Hegelians in his pamphlet *Bruno Bauer und die akademische Lehrfreiheit*, Gruppe tried under the guise of non-partisanship and neutrality in philosophy to discredit Bauer as a critic of the gospel sources. In his article Marx cites and slightly paraphrases Gruppe's statement: "The writer of these lines has never served any party and has not been influenced by anybody." The Young Hegelian journal *Deutsche Jahrbücher* replied with a series of articles in defence of Bruno Bauer. p. 211


Citation from Bruno Bauer's *Kritik der evangelischen Geschichte der Synoptiker*. Citations from the New Testament are given according to this work (Bd. 2, S. 297, 299 and 296). p. 213

This article is the first written by Marx for the *Rheinische Zeitung* after he became its editor. The article in No. 284 of the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* against which Marx polemised was published on October 11, 1842, under the title "Die Kommunistenlehren". In English the article was published in *Writings of the Young Marx on Philosophy and Society*, New York, 1967, pp. 136-42, and in Vol. 1 of *On Revolution*, New York, 1971, pp. 3-6. p. 215

The reference is to a report from Berlin on August 21, 1842, reprinted in the *Rheinische Zeitung* No. 273, September 30, 1842, from Weitling's journal *Die junge Generation* under the title "Die Berliner Familienhäuser". p. 215


The reference is to the tenth congress of scientists of France which took place in Strasbourg from September 28 to October 9, 1842. It was attended by scientists from Germany, Switzerland, Great Britain, Belgium, Russia and other countries. One of its sections discussed proposals made by the followers of Fourier for improving the social position of the non-propertied classes. The report cites Edouard de Pompery's speech in which he compared the proletariat's struggle against private property with the struggle of the bourgeoisie against feudalism. This report, an excerpt from which Marx quotes below, was published in the *Rheinische Zeitung* No. 280, October 7, 1842, with a note: "Strassburg, 30. Sept." p. 216

This refers to the following proposition from Emmanuel Sieyès' *Qu'est-ce que le tiers état?* published in 1789 on the eve of the French revolution: "What is the third estate? Everything.—What was it until now in the political respect? Nothing.—What is it striving for? To be something." p. 216
An allusion to the revolutionary actions of the proletariat in England and France. In August 1842 Manchester was one of the centres of Chartist agitation and a massive strike movement; in May 1839 a revolt organised by the secret revolutionary Society of the Seasons took place in Paris; the Lyons weavers rose in 1831 and 1834.

The reference is to an article datelined: “Karlsruhe, 8. Oktober”, published in the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung No. 284. Excerpts from this article are printed below.


Autonomists—the name given to the members of former landowning families of princes and counts who, on the basis of the Federal Act of 1815, retained the right to dispose of their hereditary estates at their discretion irrespective of the general legislation on inheritance, trusteeship, etc.

This apparently refers to the book by Wilhelm Kosegarten, Betrachtungen über die Veräusserlichkeit und Theilbarkeit des Landbesitzes mit besonderer Rücksicht auf einige Provinzen der Preussischen Monarchie, in which the author criticised the parcelling out of the landed estates and upheld the restoration of feudal landownership.

This refers to the article “Die Kommunistenlehren” published in the Allgemeine Zeitung of October 11, 1842, and criticised by Marx in his article “Communism and the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung”.

Proceedings of the Sixth Rhine Province Assembly. Third Article. Debates on the Law on Thefts of Wood is one of the series of articles by Marx on the proceedings of the Rhine Province Assembly from May 23 to July 25, 1841. Marx touched on the theme of the material interests of the popular masses for the first time, coming out in their defence. Work on this and subsequent articles inspired Marx to study political economy. He wrote about this in the preface to his A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy (1859): “In the year 1842-43, as editor of the Rheinische Zeitung, I first found myself in the embarrassing position of having to discuss what is known as material interests. Debates of the Rhine Province Assembly on the theft of wood and the division of landed property; the official polemic started by Herr von Schaper, then Oberpräsident of the Rhine Province, against the Rheinische Zeitung about the condition of the Mosel peasantry, and finally the debates on free trade and protective tariffs caused me in the first instance to turn my attention to economic questions.”

Excerpts from the speeches by the deputies to the Assembly are cited from Sitzungs-Protokolle des sechsten Rheinischen Provinzial-Landtags, Koblenz, 1841.

The second article written by Marx on the proceedings of the Rhine Province Assembly, banned by the censors, was devoted to the conflict between the Prussian Government and the Catholic Church or the so-called church conflict (see Note 42).

Marx refers to the Criminal Code of Karl V (Die peinliche Halsgerichtsordnung Kaiser Karls V. Constitutio criminalis Carolina), approved by the Reichstag in Regensburg in 1532; it was distinguished by its extremely cruel penalties.

The reference is to the so-called barbaric laws (leges barbarorum) compiled in the fifth-ninth centuries which were records of the common law of various Germanic
Notes 745

tribes (Franks, Frisians, Burgundians, Langobards [Lombards], Anglo-Saxons and others).

92 Dodona—a town in Epirus, seat of a temple of Zeus. An ancient oak grew near the main entrance to the temple with a spring at its foot; oracles interpreted the will of the gods from the rustling of its leaves.

93 The fact mentioned took place during the siege of Antwerp in 1584-85 by the troops of King Philip II of Spain, who were suppressing the Netherland's revolt against absolutist Spain.

94 The reference is to the Barebone's, nominated, or Little Parliament summoned by Cromwell in July and dissolved in December 1653. It was composed mainly of representatives of the Congregational Churches who couched their criticism in religious mystic terms.

95 Tidong—a region in Kalimantan (Borneo).

96 An allusion to the debate of the Sixth Rhine Province Assembly on a bill against violations of game regulations, which deprived the peasants of the right to hunt even hares.

97 This note was a footnote to an article marked "Vom Rhein" printed in the same issue. The article in its turn was a reply to a previous article printed in the Supplement to the Rheinische Zeitung Nos. 265, 268, 275 and 277, September 22 and 25 and October 2 and 4, 1842, under the title "Fehlgriffe der liberalen Opposition in Hannover".

98 The reference is to la Charté bâclée, proclaimed on August 14, 1830 (see Note 61).

99 In 1837 King Ernst Augustus and his supporters made a coup d'état in Hanover. They abolished the 1833 Constitution which was moderately liberal (according to it ministers were appointed by the king but were responsible to the provincial assembly) and revived the fundamental state law of 1819 which retained representation on the estate principle and drastically restricted the rights of the provincial assembly. Liberal circles in Hanover attempted to restore the 1833 law. Their demand was formulated in a protest by seven professors of the University of Göttingen (Dahlmann, Gervinus, the brothers Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, Ewald, Albrecht and Weber) who were subsequently deprived of their chairs and some of them banished. The controversy on the constitutional questions in Hanover was transferred to the Bundestag, which by a decision of 1839 sanctioned restoration of the law of 1819. The new constitutional Act of the King of Hanover in 1840 re-asserted the principal clauses of the law.

100 This article and the article "A Correspondent of the Kölnische Zeitung vs. the Rheinische Zeitung" which is closely linked with it (see this volume, pp. 277-79) were written on the occasion of a sharp polemic launched in the press on the proposed reform of local administration in towns and villages of the Prussian provinces. For the Rhine Province this reform meant the abolition of progressive elements in local government which had survived from the time of the French revolution and Napoleon I. The struggle for their preservation and development assumed the form of defending these principles against Prussian absolutism and monarchically orientated nobility.

The Rheinische Zeitung played a leading part in this struggle. Already in August 1842 its editorial board publicly stated its views on this matter. From November 3 to December 1 the paper published in its Supplement a series of articles...
entitled "The Reform of the Rhenish Administration", written by Claessen, a member of the paper's Board of Directors. These articles contained demands for unification and equality of urban and rural local administration, publicity of local administration sessions, extension of their rights and reduction of bureaucratic control over them. Reflecting the Prussophilism and anti-democratic sentiments of a certain section of the Rhenish bourgeoisie the Kölnische Zeitung attacked the Rheinische Zeitung in its "Summing Up" published on November 1, 1842. On November 11 and 16 the Kölnische Zeitung continued the polemic by publishing short items containing attacks on Claessen's articles and insinuations against the Rheinische Zeitung. The two articles mentioned here were in answer to these attacks (see Note 43).

In this note Marx laid down the principal lines for the criticism of the Divorce Bill which he later developed in the Rheinische Zeitung in a special article (see this volume, pp. 307-10). Preparation and discussion in government quarters of the Divorce Bill making the dissolution of marriage much more difficult was kept in great secrecy. However, on October 20, 1842, the Rheinische Zeitung published the Bill and thus initiated broad discussion on this subject in the progressive press. Prior to this article by Marx, the Rheinische Zeitung had published a brief article on the new Bill under the title "Bemerkungen über den Entwurf einer Verordnung über Ehescheidung, vorgelegt von dem Ministerium für Revision der Gesetze im Juli 1842" (Rheinische Zeitung No. 310, November 6, 1842, Supplement). Marx mentions the article in this item which was written in the form of an editorial note to another article devoted to the same subject, "Der Entwurf zu dem neuen Ehegesetz".

Owing to the general dissatisfaction with the government Bill, Frederick William IV was compelled to abandon his intention of carrying it through.

The publication of the Bill and the resolute refusal of the Rheinische Zeitung editorial board to name the person who had sent the text of it to the paper was one of the reasons for the banning of the Rheinische Zeitung.

In English this note was published in Writings of the Young Marx on Philosophy and Society, New York, 1967, pp. 136-38.

This refers to the law of the Kingdom of Prussia codified in 1794; it reflected backwardness of feudal Prussia in the sphere of law and justice.

This note reflects Marx's desire as the editor of the Rheinische Zeitung to use the liberal wording of the Cabinet Order on the press, to which Frederick William IV frequently resorted with demagogic aims, so as to provide jurisdictional barriers against the persecution of the paper being prepared by the censorship and to repulse the harassing action on the part of governmental officials and the reactionary press. Marx resorted to similar tactics also on other occasions when forced to do so by the situation.

The trend pursued by the Rheinische Zeitung after Marx became its editor was a source of apprehension for the Prussian authorities. Oberpräsident of the Rhine Province von Schaper wrote to Berlin stressing that the tone of the paper was "becoming more and more impudent and harsh". By his order Regierungspräsident of Cologne von Gerlach demanded on November 12, 1842, the dismissal from the editorial board of Rutenberg (whom the authorities considered to be the initiator of the radical trend) and conveyed the instructions of the censorship ministries on changes in the paper's trend. The editorial board replied with a letter by the publisher Engelbert Renard who was the official manager of the paper. As can be seen from the rough copy, the actual author of the letter was Marx.
This refers to articles published in the Supplement to the *Rheinische Zeitung*: “Auch eine Stimme über ‘eine Hegemonie in Deutschland’” (author, Friedrich Wilhelm Carové; signed ‘Vom Main’), No. 135, May 15, 1842; “Hegemonie in Deutschland”, No. 146, May 26, 1842; and “Weitere Verhandlungen über die Hegemonie Preussens”, No. 172, June 21, 1842, when Marx was not yet editor of the newspaper.

This note was published in the *Rheinische Zeitung* as a footnote to the article “Die hannoverschen Industriellen und der Schutzzoll”. It has not yet been proved who the author of this item was. Some scholars doubt whether it was written by Marx.

“The Free” (Die Freien)—a Berlin group of Young Hegelians, which was formed early in 1842. Among its prominent members were Edgar Bauer, Eduard Meyen, Ludwig Buhl and Max Stirner (pseudonym of Kaspar Schmidt). Their criticism of the prevailing conditions was abstract and devoid of real revolutionary content and ultra-radical in form; it frequently discredited the democratic movement. Subsequently many representatives of “The Free” renounced radicalism.

When Marx had become editor of the *Rheinische Zeitung*, he took steps to prevent “The Free” from using the newspaper as a mouthpiece for their pseudo-revolutionary statements. On his conflict with “The Free” see his letter to Arnold Ruge, November 30, 1842 (this volume, pp. 393-95). The article quotes almost word for word from Herwegh’s letter of November 22, 1842 to the *Rheinische Zeitung*.

This is an editor’s note quoted from the *Rheinische Zeitung* No. 322, November 18, 1842. The report referred to was published in issue No. 317 of the paper on November 13, 1842.

Here and elsewhere is quoted the article mentioned below, “Leipzig (Julius Mosen u. die Rhein. Zeitung),” which was published in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* No. 329, November 25, 1842.

Marx wrote this work in reply to an article in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* which tried to justify the Prussian Government’s attempts to substitute the establishment of the all-German Assembly of the Estates for the introduction of the constitution. The article criticised by Marx, “Berlin, im November. Über die Zusammensetzung der ständischen Ausschüsse in Preussen”, was published in the Supplement to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* Nos. 335 and 336, December 1 and 2, 1842 (below are quoted passages from this article). For reasons of tactics Marx made the reservation that the polemics were directed against the opinion of the conservative press on the Prussian state institutions and not against these institutions themselves. This enabled him to criticise them severely and expose their spurious constitutionalism.

Commissions of the estates of the provincial assemblies were set up in Prussia...
in June 1842. They were elected by the provincial assemblies out of their membership (on the estate principle) and formed a single advisory body—the United Commissions. With the help of this body which was but a sham representative assembly, Frederick William IV planned to introduce new taxes and obtain a loan.

An excerpt from this article was published in English in Karl Marx. Early Texts, Oxford, 1971, pp. 55-57.

111 This is an excerpt from the law of March 27, 1824, introducing an assembly of the estates in the Rhine Province and adopted on the basis of the law on the provincial assemblies of the estates promulgated in Prussia on June 5, 1823.

112 Mediatised lands were former imperial fiefs which were previously held directly from the Emperor but afterwards became dependent on princes, on the King of Prussia in the given case; their holders retained some of their privileges, including personal membership of the Assembly of the Estates.

113 Virilstimme was an individual vote enjoyed in the assemblies of the estates by persons of knightly (noble) descent and individual German cities by virtue of privileges granted them in the Middle Ages.

114 On the Divorce Bill and the stand of the Rheinische Zeitung on this question see Note 101. The article was published in English in Writings of the Young Marx on Philosophy and Society, New York, 1967, pp. 138-42.

115 Late in 1842 the German governments intensified persecutions of the opposition press. The Cabinet Order of December 28, 1842, prohibited distribution of the Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung in Prussia for the publication, in its issue of December 24, of a letter by Georg Herwegh, a democratic poet, to King Frederick William IV, accusing him of breaking the promise to introduce freedom of the press. The Rheinische Zeitung editor’s defence of the persecuted press required particular courage because the paper was increasingly threatened with government repressions.

Each section of the article was published in the Rheinische Zeitung under its own title, the general title was given by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the CC CPSU.

116 This refers to the report marked “Köln, 4. Jan.”, published in the Kölnische Zeitung No. 5, January 5, 1843.

117 This refers to the report marked “Vom Rhein, den 4. Jan.”, published in the Rhein- und Mosel-Zeitung No. 6, January 6, 1843.

118 The reference is to the events connected with the abolition of the Constitution by the King of Hanover in 1837 and the protest against this arbitrary act by seven liberal professors of Göttingen University who were subjected to repressions (see Note 99). The Hanover events evoked a wide response all over Germany. The Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung came out in defence of the Göttingen professors.

119 The allusion is to the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung. At the end of 1842 and beginning of 1843 the newspaper again made a number of attacks against the Rheinische Zeitung (in particular, in No. 4, January 4, 1843), stating its intention to polemise on principles with the latter but failing to supply any weighty arguments. In reply, the Rheinische Zeitung of January 12, 1843, carried a polemical article by
Marx against the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which is published in this volume together with the reply to the paper's attacks which he made on January 3, 1843 (see this volume, pp. 359-60).

120 See Note 115.

121 This refers to the report marked "vom Niederrhein", which was published in the *Kölnische Zeitung* No. 9, January 9, 1843.

122 This refers to the article "Die preussische Presse" published in the *Rheinische Zeitung* No. 6, January 6, 1843.

123 See Note 110.

124 Here and below Marx quotes the report marked "Köln, 10. Jan.", published in the *Kölnische Zeitung* No. 11, January 11, 1843.

125 This refers to two reports published in the *Rhein- und Mosel-Zeitung* No. 11, January 11, 1843, the first of which is marked "Koblenz, den 10. Jan." and the second "Vom Rhein, den 9. Jan."

126 This refers to the report marked "Koblenz, den 13. Jan.", published in the Supplement to the *Rhein- und Mosel-Zeitung* No. 15, January 15, 1843.

127 The *Rheinische Zeitung* No. 348, December 14, 1842, carried, on Marx's initiative, an unsigned article marked "Von der Mosel", written by the democratic lawyer P. I. Coblenz. The situation in the Mosel was also dealt with in another article marked "Bernkastel, 10. Dez.", published in issue No. 346. They were printed for the purpose of drawing public attention to the distress of the Mosel peasants and censuring the prejudiced and inattentive attitude of the government circles towards their complaints. The publication of these articles led to two rescripts from von Schaper, Oberpräsident of the Rhine Province, to the newspaper, accusing the Mosel correspondent of distorting the facts and slandering the government. Von Schaper demanded answers to a number of questions, in the hope of securing in effect a disavowal of the accusations levelled at the government. On December 18, issue No. 352 of the *Rheinische Zeitung* published the rescripts and asked the author to write a reply to them. However, as Coblenz was unable to produce sufficient grounds for his theses and disprove the accusations made against him, Marx took the task upon himself in order to use the polemics against von Schaper to expose the Prussian socio-political system. At the time the present announcement of the forthcoming reply to the Oberpräsident was published Marx was gathering material for his article "Justification of the Correspondent from the Mosel".

128 This article was written by Marx instead of P. I. Coblenz, the author of the report "Von der Mosel", in reply to the charges levelled against the latter in the rescripts of von Schaper, Oberpräsident of the Rhine Province (see Note 127). Marx was unable to carry out his programme for a reply in full—out of five questions he managed to answer only two. Further publication was banned by the censor. The manuscript is not extant. Subsequently a report datelined "Von der Mosel in Januar 1843" entitled "Die Krebsschäden der Moselgegend", which coincided with the formulation of the third point of a reply Marx had planned to give, appeared in the book by K. Heinzen, a contributor to the *Rheinische Zeitung, Die Preussische Bureaucratie* (Darmstadt, 1845, S. 220-25). However, the content was strictly factual, and the style of this item differed from those parts of Marx's article which had been published. At present it is still difficult to tell for certain
who the author of this report was, but it may be assumed that what Heinzen
published under this heading was one of the previously unpublished articles by
Coblenz, whom Marx defended, rather than the continuation of Marx’s article.

The publication of the article in defence of the Mosel correspondent provided
the immediate pretext for the government, at the insistence of the king, to pass a
decision on January 19, 1843, banning the Rheinische Zeitung as from April 1,
1843, and imposing a rigorous censorship for the remaining period. The decree
was promulgated on January 21.

The article was published in part in English in Writings of the Young Marx on

129 This refers to the Prussian Government’s new censorship instruction (see
Note 39). p. 332

130 See Note 39. p. 350

131 The two items published here under a title supplied by the Institute of
Marxism-Leninism were printed in the Rheinische Zeitung in reply to the attacks of
the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung (see Note 119). p. 359

132 These notes are the draft reply written by Marx to disprove the accusations
contained in the ministerial rescript of January 21, 1843, which ordered
suppression of the Rheinische Zeitung as from April 1, 1843, and imposed a
rigorous censorship for the remaining period. The manner in which Marx replied
was determined by his purpose of shielding the Rheinische Zeitung against
government repressions and securing a repeal of the ban, but not at the cost of a
change in its political line. Hence the Aesopian language which he uses in
elucidating the paper’s stand on questions of principle in the social life of
Germany. p. 361

133 Marx apparently refers to Das Neue eleganteste Conversations-Lexicon für Gebildete
aus allen Ständen, published in Leipzig in 1835. On p. 255 of this book it was stated
that Hegel came to Berlin in 1818 so that “his doctrine might be turned into a state
philosophy”. p. 362

134 This refers to the article “Eingesandt aus Preussen” published in the Allgemeine
Königsberger Zeitung No. 30, February 4, 1843. p. 362

135 This charge was provoked by the article “Die russische Note über die preussische
Presse” published in the Rheinische Zeitung No. 4, January 4, 1843. The article
criticised Russian tsarism and the interference of its representatives in German
affairs for the purpose of suppressing the opposition press. The publication of
this article called forth a Note of protest from the tsarist government. p. 364

136 Marx reproduces almost word for word the Prussian censorship instruction of
October 18, 1819. p. 364

137 Ultramontanes—supporters of ultramontanism, a trend in the Roman Catholic
Church advocating greater papal authority. In the Rhine Province Catholics were
in opposition to the Prussian Government, which supported the Protestants.

138 This refers to the separatist ideas advocated by Johannes Joseph von Görres in
1838 in the Historisch-politische Blätter für das Katholische Deutschland published in
Munich. p. 364

139 This refers to Karl Marx’s article “The Supplement to Nos. 335 and 336 of the
Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung on the Commissions of the Estates in Prussia” (see
this volume, pp. 292-306). p. 365
This refers to the negotiations between Prussia and Russia which were held in the summer of 1842 on the questions of concluding a trade agreement and cancelling, under the pressure of German public opinion, the 1830 Convention with Russia concerning extradition of deserters, prisoners of war and criminals. p. 365

The Cabinet Order of October 14, 1842, obliging the editorial boards of newspapers to publish government officials' refutations of incorrect data given in these newspapers, was published in the Rheinische Zeitung No. 320, November 16, 1842.

The editorial note on this Order ironically remarks that whatever the author's intentions it constituted “a perfect guarantee of the independence” of the press and recognition of its social significance. p. 365

The quotations which follow are from the article marked “Vom Rhein, den 6. März”, published in the Rhein- und Mosel-Zeitung No. 67, March 8, 1843. p. 366

The Rhein- und Mosel-Zeitung was published in Koblenz. Further on in the text Marx refers to it as the “Koblenz newspaper”. p. 367

Marx further quotes from the article “Friedrich v. Sallet ist tot!” published in the Trier'sche Zeitung No. 63, March 6, 1843. This obituary to the German anti-clerical poet was attacked by the pro-Catholic editors of the Rhein- und Mosel-Zeitung, which carried in issue No. 70, March 11, 1843, an article entitled “Friedrich v. Sallets Laien-Evangelium”. Marx severely criticises both this article (excerpts from which are also quoted) and attempts of the Trier'sche Zeitung article to describe Sallet as an author with religious beliefs. p. 370

Sanbenito—a yellow robe worn by heretics sentenced by the Inquisition when they were led to the place of execution. p. 372

This refers to the article marked “Vom Rhein, den 11. März”, published in the Rhein- und Mosel-Zeitung No. 72, March 13, 1843. Marx quotes from this article below. p. 373

After the publication of the rescript of January 21, 1843, which suppressed the Rheinische Zeitung as from April 1, 1843, Marx directed his efforts to secure its repeal. Neither the refutation of the charges against the newspaper (see this volume, pp. 361-65), nor the petitions of the inhabitants of Cologne and other cities of the Rhine Province in defence of the paper succeeded in shaking the government's decision. At the end of January 1843 Marx was already thinking of resigning the editorship (see letter to Ruge of January 25, 1843, p. 397 of this volume), but he did not consider it possible to carry out his intention at the height of the campaign for the repeal of the ban. In March, however, he believed that changes in the editorial board could provide a chance of saving the newspaper, and made up his mind to resign officially from his post. He handed over his duties to Dagobert Oppenheim. Marx was probably prompted to do so also by his unwillingness to take upon himself the responsibility for a possible change of line of the newspaper by which the liberal shareholders wished to prolong its existence.

Notwithstanding Marx's resignation, the royal rescript was not repealed. The last issue of the newspaper appeared on March 31, 1843. p. 376

Marx's thesis, together with his applications in German and Latin, was recorded under No. 26 on April 13, 1841, in the Jena University Register. On the same day Bachmann, the Dean of the Faculty of Philosophy, and a group of professors signed a highly commendatory review on it (see this volume, pp. 705-06). On
April 15 Marx was awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and received his diploma (see illustration). p. 379

In mid-April 1841, after he had been awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, Marx moved to Trier and in July of the same year to Bonn, because he had intended to enlist as Privat-Docent at Bonn University. In view of the government persecutions of progressive scientists (in the autumn of 1841 Bruno Bauer, a Young Hegelian, was banned from lecturing at Bonn University), Marx had to give up his plans for an academic career and become a publicist.

From January till March 1842 Marx stayed in Trier in the family of his fiancée, Jenny von Westphalen.

Marx's correspondence with Arnold Ruge was occasioned by his intention to contribute to the opposition periodicals of the time including the *Deutsche Jahrbücher*, edited by Ruge. p. 381

This refers to Ludwig Feuerbach's review of Karl Bayer's book *Betrachtungen über den Begriff des sittlichen Geistes und über das Wesen der Tugend* published in the *Hallische Jahrbücher* for 1840. p. 381

The full title is *Anekdota zur neuesten deutschen Philosophie und Publicistik* which Ruge planned to publish in Switzerland. The first issue of the almanac (1843) carried Marx's article "Comments on the Latest Prussian Censorship Instruction" and also articles by Ludwig Feuerbach, Karl Friedrich Köppen, Arnold Ruge and others. p. 382

The reference is to Bruno Bauer's book *Die Posaune des jüngsten Gerichts über Hegel den Atheisten und Antichristen. Ein Ultimatum*, which was published anonymously in early November 1841. Bauer wrote it in August and September 1841 with some assistance from Marx. Bauer and Marx intended to publish the second part of the book as their joint work. However, their co-operation soon came to an end, chiefly because Marx, who wanted to link advanced philosophy more closely with politics, was dissatisfied with Bauer's tendency to confine himself to radical criticism of theology. After Marx had left Bonn for Trier in January 1842 to see the father of his fiancée, Ludwig von Westphalen, who was dying, Bauer published the second part of *Die Posaune* as a separate book entitled *Hegels Lehre von der Religion und der Kunst von dem Standpunkte des Glaubens aus beurteilt* (Leipzig, 1842) without the section which was to be written by Marx—a treatise on Christian art. p. 382

The article did not appear in the publication for which it was written. The manuscript is not extant. Later on Marx set forth his criticism of the constitutional monarchy in his *Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of Law* written in the summer of 1843 (see present edition, Vol. 3). p. 383

In the autumn of 1841 Bruno Bauer was banned from lecturing by Eichhorn, Minister of Religious Worship, Education and Medicine, and in March 1842 he was suspended from the post of Privat-Docent of Theology at Bonn University for his atheistic views and opposition statements. Bruno Bauer's letter mentioned by Marx has not been found.

*Lit de justice*—sitting of the old French Parliament which was held in the presence of the king, whose directions in that case acquired the force of law. p. 383

This refers to the Cabinet Order of February 18, 1842, concerning revision of the earlier decrees of the Prussian Government (the Cabinet orders of March 6, 1821, and of August 2, 1834) according to which, in respect of certain judicial proceedings, the French Penal Code and trial by jury, which had been applied so far
in the Rhine Province, were replaced by Prussian law and secret hearing. Under pressure from the discontented Rhenish bourgeoisie the Prussian Government revised these decrees. However the Cabinet Order of February 18, 1842, contained a number of reservations which in fact retained the Prussian law for cases of high treason, malfeasance, etc.

This is how Marx ironically calls the official newspapers published in Germany at the time.

Marx was unable to realise his intention to move to Cologne at the time (see this volume, p. 389). About April 10, 1842, he was to go to back to Bonn where he stayed with interruptions due to visits to Trier for family reasons till early October of the same year.

Spandau—a fortress in Brandenburg, later included in Great Berlin. It was used for a long time as a prison for state criminals.

Of the list of articles given by Marx only one was published, namely, “The Philosophical Manifesto of the Historical School of Law”, in the Rheinische Zeitung (see this volume, pp. 203-10).

Friedrich Rudolf Hasse’s Anseln von Canterbury, Part I, was published in 1843, Part II appeared in 1852.

Marx had to leave for Trier at the end of May 1842 because his younger brother Hermann had died. During his stay in Trier (till mid-July 1842, when he returned to Bonn) his conflict with his mother, which had begun earlier, grew more acute. Henriette Marx was displeased with her son’s refusal to embrace an advantageous government or academic career. She stopped paying him allowance and prevented him from receiving his share of his father’s estate. On account of this Marx had to postpone his marriage with Jenny von Westphalen and, moreover, found himself in very straitened circumstances.

See Note 89.

On “The Free” see Note 107.

Marx refers to the article in the Königsberger Zeitung No. 138, June 17, 1842, which announced the aims and tasks of “The Free”. The article was reprinted in the Rheinische Zeitung No. 176, June 25, 1842, and marked “Aus Berlin”.

Ruge’s article was published in the Supplement to the Rheinische Zeitung No. 268 September 25, 1842, under the title “Sächsische Zustände”.

This refers to an unsigned article published in the Supplement to the Rheinische Zeitung No. 226, August 14, 1842, under the title “Ein Wort als Einleitung zur Frage: entspricht die Rheinische Kommunal-Verfassung den Anforderungen der Gegenwart?”.

The above-mentioned articles by Karl Heinrich Hermes against Jewry were published in the Kölnische Zeitung (Nos. 187 and 211, and in the Supplement to No. 235, July 6 and 30, and August 23, 1842).

Apparently, Marx had in mind the unsigned article “Aus dem Hannoverschen” published in the Rheinische Zeitung No. 241, August 29, 1842.

The unsigned article “Das Juste-Milieu” was published in the Supplement to the Rheinische Zeitung Nos. 156, 228, 230, 233 and 235 of June 5 and August 16, 18, 21
and 23, 1842. The author of this article was the Young Hegelian Edgar Bauer, a leader of "The Free". It was directed against the half-hearted attitude of the liberals. It criticised them from the positions characteristic of "The Free", that is, from the positions of complete rejection of any progressive role of the liberal opposition to the absolutist feudal system. The clamorous tone of the article served as a pretext for persecutions of the progressive press. p. 392

168 Marx moved to Cologne in the first half of October 1842, and on October 15 he became editor of the Rheinische Zeitung.

The first English translation of this letter appeared in Karl Marx. Early Texts, Oxford, 1971, pp. 52-54. p. 393

169 Concerning the conflict between the Prussian authorities and the editorial board of the Rheinische Zeitung, which began in November 1842, see Note 104. p. 395

170 This refers to the rescript of January 21, 1842. For a criticism of this rescript see Marx's article "Marginal Notes to the Accusations of the Ministerial Rescript" (pp. 361-65 of this volume). p. 396

171 Marx refers to the 1842 Divorce Bill. See Note 101. p. 396

172 See Note 39. p. 397

173 Marx published the announcement of his resignation from editorship of the Rheinische Zeitung on March 17, 1843. See Note 147. p. 397

174 This refers to the radical monthly Der Deutsche Bote aus der Schweiz, which Herwegh was planning to publish in Zurich in 1842 and to which Marx was invited to contribute. The plan of the publication did not materialise. Articles by various authors written for it were published in the summer of 1843 in a collection entitled Einundzwanzig Bogen aus der Schweiz. p. 397

175 Marx intended to enlist progressive German and French intellectuals to contribute to the prospective journal Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher.

The publication of the journal was started by Marx and Ruge only at the beginning of 1844, after Marx had moved to Paris in the autumn of 1843. Only one double issue appeared. Its publication was discontinued mainly due to disagreements between its editors.


176 Robert Eduard Prutz's article entitled "Die Jahrbücher der Gegenwart und die deutschen Jahrbücher" was published in the Supplement to the Rheinische Zeitung No. 43, February 12, 1843. The author's intention was to prove that the journal Jahrbücher der Gegenwart (editor Albert Schwengler, published in Stuttgart and Tübingen), the publication of which had been announced in the press, could not be regarded, judging by its ideological tendency, as a continuation of the Deutsche Jahrbücher, which had been suppressed by the Government of Saxony. p. 399

The review of this pamphlet by Pfützner was published in the Supplement to the Rheinische Zeitung Nos. 71 and 73, March 12 and 14, 1843.

Ruge's correspondence with the German censors was published in the first volume of Anekdota zur neuesten deutschen Philosophie und Publicistik under the title “Aktenmässige Darlegung der Cenzurverhältnisse der Hallischen und Deutschen Jahrbücher in den Jahren 1839, 1841, 1842”.

The Notebooks written by Marx in 1839 served as preparatory material for his future work on ancient philosophy and were widely used in his doctor's thesis (see this volume, pp. 25-106). The Notebooks sum up the results of Marx's research into ancient philosophy and, besides his own views, contain lengthy excerpts in Latin and Greek from the works of ancient authors, chiefly of the Epicurean school of philosophy. The extant manuscript consists of seven notebooks of which five (notebooks 1-4 and 7) carry the heading “Epicurean Philosophy” on the cover. The covers of notebooks 2-4 bear the inscription “Winter Term, 1839”. The covers of notebooks 5 and 6 are not extant. The fifth notebook has several pages missing. The last five pages of the sixth notebook contain excerpts from Hegel's Encyclopaedia, under the heading “Plan of Hegel's Philosophy of Nature”; as these are not connected with the main content of the Notebooks they are published separately (see this volume, pp. 510-14).

The Notebooks were first published in 1927 in Marx/Engels, Gesamtausgabe, Bd. I. That edition included mainly the text written by Marx himself without the excerpts or his commentaries on them. The full text was first published in Russian in the collection: Marx and Engels, From Early Writings, Moscow, 1956. In the language of the original (with parallel translations into German of the Latin and Greek quotations) the work was first published in Marx/Engels, Werke, Ergänzungsbänden, Erster Teil, Berlin, 1968.

An excerpt from the sixth notebook was published in English in Writings of the Young Marx on Philosophy and Society, New York, 1967, pp. 51-60.

The present edition gives the quotations from Greek and Latin authors in English. Greek and Latin terms and expressions have been left untranslated only when they were used in the German text in the author's digressions and commentaries. Vertical lines made by Marx in the manuscript for emphasis are reproduced here in the margins. In quotations from the works of Diogenes Laertius (Book X), Sextus Empiricus and Plutarch, the editors give, in square brackets, Roman figures to denote chapters and Arabic figures to denote paragraphs in accordance with the division of the text accepted in publications of the works of these authors. In some cases there are editorial interpolations within quotations (also in square brackets) made on the basis of the sources used by Marx to reconstruct the meaning. The general title corresponds to the author's headings of individual notebooks and to his definition of the subject of the investigation (see foreword to the dissertation, this volume, p. 29).

This treatise of Aristotle is not extant. The passage referred to is to be found in Aristotle, De partibus animalium (I, 5).

In his translation Marx quotes Epicurus according to Petri Gassendi, Animadversiones in decimum librum Diogenis Laertii, qui est De Vita, Moribus, Placitisque Epicuri, Ludgumi, 1649.

The followers of Epicurus received this name because the school of Epicurus in Athens founded in 307-06 B. C. was situated in a garden. The Garden became the main centre of materialism and atheism of Ancient Greece.

The fifth notebook is not extant in full. The beginning, including the cover, has been lost and the extant part has some pages missing. Still extant are also some separate sheets containing the continuation of the excerpts from the works of Seneca and Stobaeus, the beginning of which is in the extant part of the notebook, and the relevant excerpts from the works of Clement of Alexandria. In the collection *From Early Writings* (Russ. ed., 1956), these sheets were included in the sixth notebook, which is extant also without its cover or the usual author's list of works quoted. There are good grounds, however, for including them in the fifth notebook as was done in Marx/Engels, *Werke*, Ergänzungsband, Erster Teil, Berlin, 1968. The arrangement of the material of notebooks 5 and 6 in this edition corresponds to that in the *Werke*.

There are no excerpts from Book VI of Lucretius' poem *On the Nature of Things* in the extant manuscript of the *Notebooks*.

See Note 180.

Apparently Marx refers to Chapter IX of Book One of the *Metaphysics* in which Aristotle criticises Plato's teaching.

The reference is to the *Enneads*, a work by Plotinus.

There are no excerpts from Cicero's *Tusculanae quaestiones* in the extant manuscript though it is mentioned by Marx on the cover of the seventh notebook. But the seventh notebook contains excerpts from Cicero's work *De finibus bonorum et malorum*, which is not listed on the cover.

The *Plan of Hegel's Philosophy of Nature* consists of brief notes on the content of those paragraphs of Hegel's work *Encyclopädie der philosophischen Wissenschaften in Grundrisse*, 3 Aufl., Heidelberg, 1830, which deal with the philosophy of nature. These notes were made by Marx in 1839 in three versions on five pages of the sixth notebook. The first version covers §§ 252-334 of Hegel's book and most closely reproduces the order in which Hegel sets forth his material. Marx departs from Hegel's terminology here only in separate cases. The second version covers fewer paragraphs dealing with the philosophy of nature but it is marked by greater independence in systematising the material and in terminology. Most original in this respect is the third version, which, though brief, expounds the contents of Hegel's philosophy of nature more fully than the previous ones.

This section contains several poems from Marx's three albums of poems written in the late autumn of 1836 and in the winter of 1836-37. According to his daughter Laura Lafargue and his biographer Franz Mehring, who had access to his manuscripts after his death, two of these albums bore the title *Book of Love*, Part I and Part II, and the third, *Book of Songs*. Each had the following dedication: "To my dear, ever beloved Jenny von Westphalen." The covers of the albums with the titles and dedications are not extant. Some poems from these albums were later included by Marx in his book of verse dedicated to his father (published below in full). Recently a copybook and a notebook belonging to Karl Marx's eldest sister Sophie were discovered among the documents of Heinrich Marx's heirs in Trier. Alongside verses by different people they contain some by the young Marx. Most of them were taken from other copybooks, but some were new.
Marx was very critical of the literary qualities of his early poems but he believed that they conveyed his warm and sincere feelings (see this volume, p. 11). Later on, his view of them grew even more critical. Laura Lafargue, for example, wrote, "My father treated his verses very disrespectfully; whenever my parents mentioned them, they would laugh to their hearts' content." (Aus dem literarischen Nachlass von Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels und Ferdinand Lassalle, Stuttgart, 1902, S. 25-26.) In 1954 the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the CC CPSU came into possession of the two albums of Marx's early verse from the inheritance of his grandson Edgar Longuet, and in 1960 Marcel Charles Longuet, Marx's great-grandson, presented the Institute with the third album. A number of poems from these albums drew the attention of Marx's biographers and translators and were published at various times, chiefly abridged, in different publications, in particular, in the books: Aus dem literarischen Nachlass von Karl Marx, Friedrich Engels und Ferdinand Lassalle, Stuttgart, 1902; J. Spargo, Karl Marx, New York, 1910; M. Ollivier, Marx et Engels poètes, Paris, 1933; Marx/Engels, Werke, Ergänzungsband, Erster Teil, Berlin, 1968; and the magazines Yunost (Youth) No. 11, Moscow, 1958, and Inostrannaya Literatura (Foreign Literature) No. 1, Moscow, 1968.

This album contains 12 poems of which the ballads Lucinda, Distraught and The Pale Maiden, and the poem Human Pride were later included by Marx in the book of verse dedicated to his father (see this volume, pp. 565-71, 581-83, 612-15, 584-86).

This album is the bulkiest of the three dedicated to Jenny von Westphalen. It contains 53 poems of which Yearning, Siren Song, Two Singers Accompanying Themselves on the Harp and Harmony were included by Marx in the book of verse dedicated to his father (see this volume, pp. 538-39, 542-45, 574-75, 580-81).

This album contains 22 poems of which Song to the Stars and The Song of a Sailor at Sea were included by Marx in the book of verse dedicated to his father (see this volume, pp. 608-09, 610-11). Passages from the poems My World, Feelings and Transformation published in this volume appeared in English in the translation by Meta L. Stern in the book: J. Spargo, Karl Marx, New York, 1910, pp. 42, 43 and 44.

In this book the young Marx collected samples of his early poetical writings, including ballads, sonnets, romances, songs, translations of Ovid's elegies, scenes from Oulanem, a tragedy in verse, epigrams and jokes. It had as a supplement chapters from his satirical novel Scorpion and Felix. Marx mentioned this book in his letter of November 10-11, 1837 (see this volume, p. 17). Two poems, The Fiddler and Nocturnal Love (published in the first section of this volume), were published by Marx in 1841 in the journal Athenäum. The order of the poems in the book differs slightly from the order in the contents drawn up by Marx.

The book was first published in full in German in 1929. Subsequently separate poems were reprinted in biographies and other publications.

The poem To the Medical Students and excerpts from Epigrams were published in English in R. Payne's book Marx, New York, 1968, Oulanem in The Unknown Karl Marx by the same author, New York, 1971, pp. 55-94.

The reference is to Christoph Gluck's opera Armide.

The age of Marx's father is stated in this document inaccurately. According to latest investigations, Heinrich Marx was born in 1777, not in 1782 (see H. Monz,
Concerning Marx's gymnasium examination papers see Note 1.

On August 17, 1835, his teacher Küpner wrote the following comment on the present composition: "It is profound in thought, brilliantly and forcefully written, deserving of praise, although the topic—the essence of union—is not elucidated, its cause is dealt with only one-sidedly, its necessity is not proved adequately."


The manuscript of Marx's essay in Latin was underscored in many places by the examiner Johann Hugo Wytenbach, headmaster of the gymnasium. In the margins there are a number of remarks in Latin, some of which deal with the content of the work. Thus, there is the following remark at the end of the first paragraph, "See what a broad, almost limitless task you set yourself when you intend to examine the question in this way." The words at the beginning of the seventh paragraph, "That the Augustan age was unlike this no one can deny", were commented as follows: "You should have avoided altogether any comparison of this kind and description of the period preceding the Carthaginian Wars as well as the epoch of Nero." There is a correction to the following words in one of the last paragraphs, "Tartius also speaks of Augustus and his age with the utmost respect": "Not at all! See Annalii, I, 1-10. But you could have refrained from such disquisitions".

The general remarks at the end of the manuscript signed by Wytenbach and Loers, teacher of Latin and Greek, say, "With the exception of some passages, which called forth the above remark, and a few mistakes, particularly at the end, the composition reveals a profound knowledge of history and of Latin. But what atrocious handwriting!"


In addition to the certificate of maturity issued to Karl Marx by the Trier gymnasium there are extant rough copies of the certificate, an excerpt from the record of the graduation examinations at the Trier gymnasium, an extract from the report, and a list of the pupils who took the examinations.

The first rough copy of the certificate, which is kept in the archives of the Trier gymnasium, gives a more detailed account of the graduate's knowledge of Greek: "His knowledge and ability in regard to understanding the classics are almost as good as in Latin, but his skill in translating the classics read at the gymnasium is less owing to lack of solid knowledge of grammar and because he is less sure than in Latin, although he often succeeds in explaining correctly even the more difficult passages; on the whole, he translates quite satisfactorily."
engaged to Jenny von Westphalen) only one letter dated November 10-11, 1837, remains (see this volume, pp. 10-21).

202 Apparently Heinrich Marx refers to §§ 7 and 60 of Immanuel Kant's *Anthropologie in pragmatischer Hinsicht*, Königsberg, 1798.

203 The letter bears mainly illegible markings and separate words apparently added later by Karl Marx.

204 The certificate of release is extant in the form of a copy written by an unknown person and submitted to Jena University together with the other documents sent there by Marx when he applied for a doctor's degree for his treatise on the history of ancient philosophy (see Note 148).

205 The letter has not been found.

206 The letter was addressed to his wife and son. Apparently, it was first sent to Henriette Marx in Trier, and from there to Karl in Berlin.

207 These lines are Heinrich Marx's last letter to his son. Heinrich died on May 10, 1838.

208 Passages from this letter were published for the first time in Russian in the book: P. Vinogradskaya, *Jenny Marx*, Moscow, 1964, pp. 20, 55-57.

209 The original has a note written by Marx in the right-hand corner: "Permission to issue the leaving certificate to Herr Marx, student of [the Faculty of] Law, [...] 18.3.41."

Before the text filled in by the student the form has the following notification: "In accordance with the Ministry directives of September 26, 1829, every student must occupy at lectures during the whole term only that seat the number of which is stated by the respective tutor in the record sheet. If any student is prevented from attending lectures for several days or longer due to any circumstances, no one is allowed to take his seat under any pretext."

210 The certificate bears the remark "To No. 26" made in April 1841 at Jena University on registration of the application and other documents submitted by Marx for the award of a doctor's degree (see Note 148).

211 See Note 148.

212 Jenny von Westphalen uses ironically the expression "Hegeling gentlemen", a derogatory name given to the followers of Hegel by their rabid opponent Heinrich Leo, historian and publicist. Leo wrote against the Young Hegelians the pamphlet *Die Hegelinger. Actenstücke und Belege zu der s. g. Denunciation der ewigen Wahrheit*, Halle, 1838.

213 The announcement of the publication of Bruno Bauer's book *Kritik der evangelischen Geschichte der Synoptiker* and his three small articles were carried in the Supplement to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of August 1, 1841.

214 This petition was compiled on January 30, 1843, and illegally circulated among the inhabitants of Cologne. By February 18 it had been signed by 911 citizens. The petition was rejected on March 31, 1843.
Similar petitions requesting the lifting of the ban on the Rheinische Zeitung were addressed to the King of Prussia from Aachen, Barmen, Wesel, Düsseldorf and a number of other towns. However, all steps taken in defence of the newspaper were fruitless.

The joint meeting of the shareholders of the Rheinische Zeitung and the editorial board was held in the Cologne casino and lasted for six hours — from 10 a.m. till 1 p.m. and from 5 p.m. till 8 p.m. The debates were so long because of a sharp struggle between the moderate-liberal majority of the meeting who were prepared to denounce the radical-democratic views expounded by the newspaper and to have the petition couched in a tone of loyalty, and those who stood for firm defence of the right of the opposition press to exist. The latter were headed by Marx and upheld his policy as editor. The record of Marx’s statements was very brief. Marx and his followers, however, succeeded in persuading the meeting to refrain from officially denouncing the trend of the newspaper (the petition denounced only the sharp tone of its statements), and this gave the radicals grounds for signing it despite its extremely moderate form.

Brief reports of the meeting were carried in the Aachener Zeitung No. 46, February 15, and in the Frankfurter Journal No. 52, February 21, 1843.

The minutes of the general meeting of the shareholders were later published with insignificant changes in the book Rheinische Briefe und Akten zur Geschichte der politischen Bewegung 1830-1850, Essen, 1919, Bd. 1, S. 436-47. The present volume reproduces the minutes according to the book of minutes.

For details concerning the conflict, see Note 104. This was followed by von Schaper's reply to Renard on November 19, 1842 (see Rheinische Briefe und Akten zur Geschichte der politischen Bewegung 1830-1850, Essen, 1919, Bd. 1, S. 380-82).

The newspaper was suppressed within the borders of Prussia by the Cabinet Order of December 28, 1842 (see this volume, pp. 311-30 and Note 115).

Part of this petition was published as a footnote in the book Rheinische Briefe und Akten zur Geschichte der politischen Bewegung 1830-1850, Essen, 1919, Bd. 1, S. 448.

See Note 175.

This apparently refers to the book: Marie Lafargue (Laffarge), Mémoires de Marie Cappelle, veuve Laffarge, écrits par elle-même. In 1841 another book on the same subject was published in Leipzig: Marie Laffarge, verurtheilt als Giftmischerin und angeklagt als Diamantendiebin. Criminalgeschichte der neuesten Zeit.
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Loers, Vitus (died 1862)—German philologist, taught ancient languages at the Trier gymnasium, assistant director from 1835.—644, 647, 648

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Rutenberg, Adolf (1808-1869) — German publicist, Young Hegelian; in 1842 member of the Rheinische Zeitung editorial board. — 285, 391, 393, 394

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