

Reminiscences
OF

MARX

AND

ENGELS

FOREIGN LANGUAGES PUBLISHING HOUSE

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FOREWORD TO THE RUSSIAN EDITION

The present collection contains reminiscences of contemporaries of the great leaders and teachers of the proletariat, Karl Marx and Frederick Engels. The authors include friends and colleagues of the founders of scientific communism, figures in the international working-class movement, relatives of Marx and other people who met Marx and Engels, conversed with them and learned from them.

The book is prefaced with Engels's article "Karl Marx" and Lenin's "Karl Marx" and "Frederick Engels," which give an all-round appraisal of Marx, Engels and Marxism.

There are not a great number of reminiscences of Marx and Engels and they are not all of equal scientific value. Some of them describe the conditions in which Marx and Engels lived and struggled, relate episodes in their public activity and private life and contain valuable characteristic features. Much important biographical information on Marx and Engels has reached our knowledge only through the reminiscences of people who knew them intimately. However, these reminiscences, if taken in isolation and detached from the works of Marx and Engels, do not convey completely the characters of the founders of Marxism. None of these reminiscences of Marx's and Engels's contemporaries give a full and all-round portrayal of them, reflecting all their greatness and the historic significance of the doctrine founded by them. But, taken as a whole, the collection of reminiscences provides considerable material for the study of the life and activity of Marx and Engels and the portrayal of their personalities.

The authors of the reminiscences portray Marx and Engels as incomparable scientists, distinguished by the amazing extent and depth of their knowledge, their extraordinary capacity for work and their scientific conscience. Throughout their life Marx and Engels developed and perfected the revolutionary teaching which they founded, enriching it with newly acquired experience in the revolutionary struggle and modern achievements in all fields of science. They considered science to be the lodestar of the revolutionary struggle of the workers and the spiritual weapon of the proletariat in its fight for communism.

In the reminiscences Marx and Engels stand out as eminent revolutionaries, unflinching fighters for the cause of the working class, leaders of the international revolutionary and working-class movement. Persistently and patiently they taught the Socialists of all countries, endeavouring to educate cadres of proletarian revolutionaries and to help form working-class parties in all countries. After Marx's death Engels carried on the leadership of the international socialist movement.

The reminiscences reflect the profound Party spirit, the uncompromising and relentless attitude towards the enemy in matters of ideology that were typical of Marx and Engels as scientists and as political fighters. Marx and Engels founded and developed the science of the laws of development of nature and society in a pitiless struggle against the bourgeois ideology prevailing in capitalist society. They never tired of fighting the various petty-bourgeois and utopian trends which hindered the spreading of Marxism in the working-class movement: the followers of Weitling and Proudhon and the so-called "true Socialists" in the forties; Proudhonism, Lassalleanism, the Mazzinists, the opportunist English trade-union leaders and the anarchist Bakuninists at the time of the First International.

After the dissolution of the First International Marx and Engels attentively watched the formation of proletarian parties in various countries and fought for the purity of revolutionary theory against bourgeois and petty-bourgeois influences which were alien to the proletariat. They dealt pitiless blows to opportunism which manifested itself in the socialist parties both in its Right and "Left" varieties. The reminiscences show that in personal meetings with Socialists from different countries as well as in articles and letters Marx and Engels stressed the creativeness of their teaching and fought against sectarianism and dogmatism and attempts to reduce Marxism to

an agglomerate of fixed formulas alleged to be applicable to all times and circumstances.

The authors of the reminiscences note the cheerfulness and buoyancy that were so typical of Marx and Engels, and their profound faith in the triumph of the cause to which they had given their lives. Marx and Engels were ardently devoted to the cause of communism and nothing could turn them away from the path they had chosen: neither persecution by reactionary governments, calumny by the mercenary press, nor deliberate silence about their works, nor the needs and privations which Marx and his family often had to suffer.

The reminiscences vividly illustrate the great friendship that existed between Marx and Engels, their continual creative co-operation in science as well as in the revolutionary struggle. As long as Marx was alive Engels gave him all the assistance in his power and was his most reliable adviser and severest critic. After Marx's death Engels considered it his duty to complete and publish the works which his friend had left unfinished, and first and foremost to publish the second and third books of *Capital*. In Lenin's words, "these two volumes of *Capital* are the work of two men: Marx and Engels." The names of the two great geniuses are inseparable.

In these reminiscences we see Marx and Engels not only as thinkers of genius and outstanding revolutionaries; we see them as human beings, personifications of the most beautiful and most noble human qualities: crystal-clear moral purity, modesty, simplicity and truthfulness, unbending moral endurance and unconquerable optimism, the roots of which lay in their profound understanding of the objective laws of historical development and their unshakable faith in the inevitable dawn of a new era in the history of humanity, the era of communism.

* * *

The first section of the collection contains reminiscences of disciples and colleagues of Marx and Engels.

The collection opens with the reminiscences of Paul Lafargue, a French Socialist and the husband of Marx's daughter Laura. He was a figure in the First International, an opponent of Marxism and a Proudhonist to start with, then an ardent supporter of Marx and Engels. He and Jules Guesde

founded the Workers' Party in France. Lenin saw in him "one of the most talented and profound propagators of the ideas of Marxism." For many years Lafargue associated with Marx and Engels, observed their activity as scientists and as revolutionaries and was intimately acquainted with them. His reminiscences, written in a brilliant and lively style, are therefore full of interest.

Wilhelm Liebknecht's reminiscences are also sources of abundant and interesting material. This "old soldier of the revolution," as he was called by the German Social-Democrats, was a frequent guest at Marx's during his life as an emigrant and he later kept up correspondence with Marx and Engels. He and August Bebel (an extract from whose book *From My Life* is to be found in this collection) played an important role in the foundation of the Social-Democratic Party of Germany. However, he never freed himself from remains of "south-German placidity" that he himself admitted. Although his general line in the guidance of the Social-Democratic Party of Germany was correct, he often evinced a tendency to conciliate everybody and smooth over contradictions. Marx and Engels, who occasionally severely criticized him for this, are shown in his reminiscences as strict but just teachers.

Friedrich Lessner, a tailor journeyman and one of Marx and Engels's closest disciples and colleagues, took part in the revolutionary movement from his youth. He was a member of the Communist League and later an active figure in the First International, being a member of its General Council. At all stages of Marx and Engels's fight for the Party of the proletariat Lessner was their devoted disciple and reliable support. The founders of Marxism greatly esteemed Lessner as a genuine progressive proletarian, an agitator among the masses, a loyal member of the Party and a modest and unselfish man. In his reminiscences Lessner relates with unfeigned sincerity and vigour how well Marx and Engels knew the condition of the workers, the great value they attached to meetings and talks with them and how keen they were to know the opinion of the workers themselves on the most important questions of the proletarian movement. They not only taught the workers, they learned from them.

As an author of reminiscences of Frederick Engels, Eleanor Marx-Aveling, Marx's youngest daughter, had, as she herself said, the advantage of having known him since she came into the world. In her reminiscences the reader will find brilliant pages describing the great friendship between Marx and

Engels and their work and struggle together. After Marx's death Engels became Eleanor's second father and his attitude to her was one of touching warmth and solicitude. For her Engels was also the teacher and leader of the movement to which her father devoted his life and to which she, too, sacrificed her energies. Eleanor took an active part in the English and international socialist movement; she often went to Engels for advice and help and he directed her in her work as a Party agitator and organizer in the working-class districts of London.

The collection contains reminiscences of Engels by George Julian Harney, an old Chartist who knew Engels from 1843 to his very death. It also contains a fragment of a letter from the German poet Georg Weerth to his mother, in which he shows his perspicacity by describing the young Engels as an eminent thinker and a selfless fighter for the good of the workers.

The reminiscences of the German Socialist Friedrich Adolf Sorge and of August Bebel, one of the founders of the German Social-Democratic Party, are somewhat desultory, although both of them were associated with Marx and Engels by long years of friendship and struggle under their leadership for the cause of the proletariat.

Two fragments from letters of H. A. Lopatin, a Russian revolutionary and a friend of Marx and his family, are included in this collection. They testify to the high opinion which Marx and Engels had of the revolutionary movement in Russia and its prominent representatives, particularly N. G. Chernyshevsky. Marx and Engels had profound faith in the creative powers of the Russian people and foretold the progressive, revolutionary role it was to play in world history.

Some of the reminiscences of Theodor Cuno, a prominent figure in the First International, are published here for the first time. In 1932 Cuno wrote detailed reminiscences of his life at the request of the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the C.C., C.P.S.U. He carefully preserved and sent to the Institute certain documents of the First International and material on the history of the working-class movement in America, where he lived from 1872. This collection includes the part of his reminiscences which directly refers to Marx and Engels. Having been a delegate to the Hague Congress, Theodor Cuno was in a position to give a lively account of the struggle waged

by Marx and Engels and their supporters against the disorganizing activity of the Bakuninists in the First International.

The second section of this collection comprises reminiscences of Marx's relatives—his wife Jenny, his youngest daughter Eleanor and his grandson Edgar Longuet.

Jenny Marx's autobiographic notes and her letters to friends contain plentiful material describing Marx's domestic life and the difficult material conditions under which he lived and worked. Unfortunately, Jenny Marx's notes do not take us beyond March 1865.

Eleanor Marx writes in touching terms of her father in her reminiscences of her childhood and girlhood. Her notes provide most valuable material depicting Marx as a man.

Edgar Longuet, Marx's grandson and the son of his eldest daughter Jenny and the French Socialist Charles Longuet, was an active figure in the working-class movement and a member of the French Communist Party. His notes, based on correspondence and the family archives, describe mutual relations in Marx's family and his love for his children and grandchildren. They also give a description of the conditions of the life and activity of the author's illustrious grandfather.

The third section of the collection contains reminiscences of persons most of whom held views which did not coincide with those of the founders of Marxism. Although they did not agree with their outlook, they could not but see in Marx and Engels great thinkers and revolutionaries. Among these authors are the Russian writer P. Annenkov, who by chance attended the sitting at which the break between Marx and Weitling took place, the Russian historian and law student M. Kovalevsky, with whom Marx maintained friendly relations, Anselmo Lorenzo, a figure in the First International in Spain, and the English Socialist Ernest Belfort Bax.

This section also contains reminiscences by Edward Aveling, Eleanor Marx's husband. They show Engels at home and are interesting to read, although somewhat superficial.

The reminiscences of Franzisca Kugelmann, the daughter of Marx's friend Ludwig Kugelmann, were written in 1928 at the request of the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the C.C., C.P.S.U. They give valuable traits of Marx's character and a few facts of his biography which had been so far unknown. Franzisca Kugelmann tells us, for instance, what a high opinion Marx had of the great Russian writers Lermontov and Turgenev.

A large part of the third section is taken up by reminiscences of N. A. Morozov, N. S. Rusanov, A. M. Voden and F. M. Kravchinskaya, who were figures in the Russian revolutionary movement.

The first Russian Socialists whom Marx and Engels met were Narodniks. The founders of Marxism criticized their idealistic views, their illusions and their errors with patience and perseverance, sometimes with rigour. The reminiscences of these Russian authors show the deep interest which Marx and Engels took in Russia, the Russian people, its language and literature and its revolutionary struggle against tsarism.

When a group of Marxists appeared among the Russian revolutionaries too, Engels hailed with enthusiasm the first supporters of scientific communism in Russia. He wrote to Vera Zasulich, a member of the Emancipation of Labour group: "I am proud to know that there is a party among the youth of Russia which frankly and without equivocation accepts the great economic and historical theories of Marx and has decisively broken with all the anarchist and more or less Slavophil traditions of its predecessors. And Marx himself would have been equally proud of this had he lived a little longer. It is an advance which will be of great importance for the revolutionary development of Russia." (Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *Selected Correspondence*, Moscow 1955, p. 459.) Unfortunately neither Vera Zasulich, who later visited Engels as a friend, nor Plekhanov, who called on him during his stay in London, left any reminiscences of Frederick Engels.

Some material characterizing Engels's attitude to the first Russian Marxists is provided by the reminiscences of A. M. Voden, who was a member of Social-Democratic circles in Russia. Relating conversations he had with Engels in 1893, Voden recalls that Engels expressed the hope that energetic leaders of the proletariat would soon emerge in Russia itself and insisted on the necessity for applying Marxism in a creative way. It was at that very time that V. I. Lenin began his revolutionary activity, but he did not have the opportunity of meeting the old Engels. From the very beginning of his activity Lenin creatively developed the great revolutionary teaching of Marx and Engels and applied it to the concrete economic and political situation in Russia, to the conditions of the new epoch—the epoch of imperialism and of proletarian revolutions.

The closing section contains articles and letters written by Engels on the occasion of Marx's death and a report of the German newspaper *Sozialdemokrat* on Engels's funeral. The collection ends with an article written for

the tenth anniversary of Engels's death by Franz Mehring, a representative of the Left wing of German Social-Democracy and subsequently one of the founders of the German Communist Party. This article reflects the profound impression caused by the first Russian revolution and unshakable confidence in the victory of the grand cause for which Marx and Engels fought.

A number of reminiscences of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels contained in the present volume are published for the first time from manuscripts preserved in the archives of the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the C.C., C.P.S.U. (Jenny Marx, *Short Sketch of an Eventful Life*, Theodor Cuno, *Reminiscences*, Franzisca Kugelmann, *Small Traits of Marx's Great Character*, F. M. Kravchinskaya, *Reminiscences*).

Some of the reminiscences are abridged. Necessary explanations to the text are given as footnotes. At the end of the collection are given the principal dates of the life and activity of Marx and Engels and an index of the names occurring in the text.

*Institute of Marxism-Leninism
of the C.C., C.P.S.U.*

Frederick Engels

KARL MARX

Karl Marx, the man who was the first to give socialism, and thereby the whole labour movement of our day, a scientific foundation, was born at Trier in 1818. He studied in Bonn and Berlin, at first taking up law, but he soon devoted himself exclusively to the study of history and philosophy, and in 1842 was on the point of establishing himself as an assistant professor in philosophy when the political movement which had arisen since the death of Frederick William III directed his life into a different channel. With his collaboration, the leaders of the Rhenish liberal bourgeoisie, the Camphausens, Hansemanns, etc., had founded *Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne, and in the autumn of 1842, Marx, whose criticism of the proceedings of the Rhenish *Landtag* had excited very great attention, was put at the head of the paper. *Rheinische Zeitung* naturally appeared under censorship, but the censorship could not cope with it.¹ *Rheinische Zeitung* almost always got through the articles which mattered; the censor was first supplied with insignificant fodder for him to

¹ The first censor of *Rheinische Zeitung* (*Rhenish Gazette*) was Police Councillor Dolleschall, the same man who once struck out an advertisement in *Kölnische Zeitung* (*Cologne Gazette*) of the translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy* by Philalethes (later King John of Saxony) with the remark: One must not make a comedy of divine affairs. [*Note by Engels.*]

strike out, until he either gave way of himself or was compelled to give way by the threat that then the paper would not appear the next day. Had there been ten newspapers with the same courage as *Rheinische Zeitung* and whose publishers would have allowed a few hundred thalers extra to be expended on type-setting—the censorship would have been made impossible in Germany as early as 1843. But the German newspaper owners were petty-minded, timid philistines and *Rheinische Zeitung* carried on the struggle alone. It wore out one censor after another; finally it came under a double censorship; after the first censorship the *Regierungspräsident*¹ had once more and finally to censor it. That also was of no avail. In the beginning of 1843, the government declared that it was impossible to keep this newspaper in check and suppressed it without more ado.

Marx, who in the meanwhile had married the sister of von Westphalen, later minister of the reaction, removed to Paris, and there, in conjunction with A. Ruge, published *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*² in which he opened the series of his socialist writings with a *Criticism of the Hegelian Philosophy of Law*. Further, together with F. Engels, *The Holy Family, Against Bruno Bauer and Co.*, a satirical criticism of one of the latest forms blunderingly assumed by the German philosophical idealism of that time.

The study of political economy and of the history of the Great French Revolution still allowed Marx time enough for occasional attacks on the Prussian Government; the latter revenged itself in the spring of 1845 by securing from the Guizot ministry—Herr Alexander von Humboldt is said to have acted as intermediary—his expulsion from France. Marx shifted his domicile to Brussels and published there in French: in 1847 *The Poverty of Philosophy*, a criticism of Proudhon's *Philosophy of Poverty*, and in 1848 *Discourse on Free Trade*. At the same time he made use of the opportunity to found a German workers' society in Brussels and so commenced practical agitation. The latter became still more important for him when he and his political friends in 1847 entered the secret *Communist League*, which had already been in existence for a number of years. Its whole structure was now radically changed; this association, which previously was more or less conspiratorial, was transformed into a simple organization of communist propaganda, which was only secret because necessity compelled it

¹ *Regierungspräsident*—in Prussia, regional representative of the central government.—Ed.

² The only issue published was a double one in February 1844.—Ed.

to be so, the *first* organization of the German Social-Democratic Party. The League existed wherever German workers' unions were to be found; in almost all of these unions in England, Belgium, France and Switzerland, and in very many of the unions in Germany, the leading members belonged to the League and the share of the League in the incipient German labour movement was very considerable. Moreover, our League was the first which emphasized the international character of the whole labour movement and realized it in practice, which had Englishmen, Belgians, Hungarians, Poles, etc., as members and which organized international labour meetings, especially in London.

The transformation of the League took place at two congresses held in 1847, the second of which resolved on the elaboration and publication of the fundamental principles of the Party in a manifesto to be drawn up by Marx and Engels. Thus arose the *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, which first appeared in 1848, shortly before the February Revolution, and has since been translated into almost all European languages.

Deutsche-Brüsseler Zeitung,¹ in which Marx participated and which mercilessly exposed the blessings of the police regime of the fatherland, caused the Prussian Government to try to effect Marx's expulsion once more, but in vain. When, however, the February Revolution resulted in popular movements also in Brussels, and a radical change appeared to be imminent in Belgium, the Belgian Government arrested Marx without ceremony and deported him. In the meanwhile, the French Provisional Government had sent him through Flocon an invitation to return to Paris, and he accepted this call.

In Paris he came out especially against the swindle, widespread among the Germans there, of wanting to form the German workers in France into armed legions in order to carry the revolution and the republic into Germany. On the one hand, Germany had to make her revolution herself, and, on the other hand, every revolutionary foreign legion formed in France was betrayed in advance by the Lamartines of the Provisional Government to the government which was to be overthrown, as occurred in Belgium and Baden.

¹ *German Brussels Gazette* founded by the German political emigrants in Brussels; published from January 1847 to February 1848. From September 1847 Marx and Engels were on the permanent staff of the newspaper and under their influence it became a militant organ for communist and democratic propaganda.—*Ed.*

After the March Revolution, Marx went to Cologne and founded there *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, which was in existence from June 1, 1848, to May 19, 1849—the only paper which represented the standpoint of the proletariat within the democratic movement of the time, as shown in its unrestrained championship of the Paris June insurgents of 1848, which cost the paper the defection of almost all its shareholders. In vain *Kreuzzeitung*¹ pointed to the “Chimborazo² impudence” with which *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* attacked everything sacred, from the king and vice-regent of the realm down to the gendarme, and that, too, in a Prussian fortress with a garrison of 8,000 at that time. In vain was the rage of the Rhenish liberal philistines; who had suddenly become reactionary. In vain was the paper suspended by martial law in Cologne for a lengthy period in the autumn of 1848. In vain the Reich Ministry of Justice in Frankfort denounced article after article to the Cologne Public Prosecutor in order that judicial proceedings should be taken. Under the very eyes of the police the paper calmly went on being edited and printed, and its distribution and reputation increased with the vehemence of its attacks on the government and the bourgeoisie. When the Prussian *coup d'état* took place in November 1848, *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* called at the head of each issue upon the people to refuse to pay taxes and to meet violence with violence. In the spring of 1849, both on this account and because of another article, it was made to face a jury, but on both occasions was acquitted. Finally, when the May risings of 1849 in Dresden and the Rhine province had been suppressed, and the Prussian campaign against the Baden-Pfalz rising had been inaugurated by the concentration and mobilization of considerable masses of troops, the government believed itself strong enough to suppress *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* by force. The last number—printed in red ink—appeared on May 19.

Marx again went to Paris, but only a few weeks after the demonstration of June 13, 1849, he was faced by the French Government with the choice of either shifting his residence to Brittany or leaving France. He preferred the latter and moved to London, where he has lived uninterruptedly ever since.

¹ *Kreuzzeitung* (*Gazette of the Cross*)—this was the name generally applied to the reactionary monarchist daily, *Neue Preussische Zeitung* (*New Prussian Gazette*), which began to appear in Berlin in 1848. Its head bore a cross.—*Ed.*

² *Chimborazo*—one of the highest peaks of the Andes Mountains in South America.—*Ed.*

An attempt to continue to issue *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in the form of a review (in Hamburg, 1850) had to be given up after a while in view of the ever-increasing violence of the reaction. Immediately after the *coup d'état* in France in December 1851, Marx published: *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* (Boston, 1852; second edition, Hamburg 1869, shortly before the war). In 1853 he wrote: *Revelations About the Cologne Communist Trial* (first printed in Basle, later in Boston, and again recently in Leipzig).

After the condemnation of the members of the Communist League in Cologne, Marx withdrew from political agitation and for ten years devoted himself, on the one hand, to the study of the rich treasures offered by the library of the British Museum in the sphere of political economy, and, on the other hand, to writing for the *New York Tribune*,¹ which up to the outbreak of the American Civil War published not only contributions signed by him but also numerous leading articles on conditions in Europe and Asia from his pen. His attacks on Lord Palmerston, based on an exhaustive study of British official documents, were reprinted in London in pamphlet form.²

As the first fruit of his many years of study of economics, there appeared in 1859 *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*, Part I (Berlin, Duncker). This work contains the first coherent exposition of the Marxian theory of value, including the doctrine of money. During the Italian War² Marx, in the German newspaper *Das Volk*, appearing in London, attacked Bonapartism, which at that time posed as liberal and played the part of liberator of the oppressed nationalities, and also the Prussian policy of the day, which under the cover of neutrality was seeking to fish in troubled waters. In this connection it was necessary to attack also Herr Karl Vogt, who at that time, on the commission of Prince Napoleon (Plon-Plon) and in the pay of Louis Napoleon, was carrying on agitation for the neutrality, and indeed the sympathy, of Germany. When Vogt heaped upon him the most abominable and deliberately false calumnies, Marx answered with *Herr Vogt* (London, 1860), in which Vogt and the other gentlemen of the imperialist sham-democratic gang were exposed, and Vogt himself on the basis of both external and internal evidence was convicted of receiving bribes from the December empire. The confirmation came just ten years

¹ *New York Daily Tribune*—a progressive American newspaper in which a large number of articles by Marx and Engels were published from 1851 to 1862.—*Ed.*

² The Austro-Italian war in 1859.—*Ed.*

later: in the list of the Bonaparte hirelings, found in the Tuileries in 1870 and published by the September Government, there was the following entry under the letter V: "Vogt—in August 1859 there were remitted to him—Fracs. 40,000."

Finally, in 1867 there appeared in Hamburg *Capital: A Critical Analysis of Capitalist Production*, Volume I, Marx's chief work, which expounds the foundations of his economic-socialist conceptions and the main features of his criticism of existing society, the capitalist mode of production and its consequences. The second edition of this epoch-making work appeared in 1872; the author is engaged in the elaboration of the second volume.

Meanwhile the labour movement in various countries of Europe had so far regained strength that Marx could entertain the idea of realizing a long-cherished wish: the foundation of a Workers' Association embracing the most advanced countries of Europe and America, which would demonstrate bodily, so to speak, the international character of the socialist movement both to the workers themselves and to the bourgeois and the governments—for the encouragement and strengthening of the proletariat, for striking fear into the hearts of its enemies. A mass meeting in favour of Poland, which had just then again been crushed by Russia, held on September 28, 1864, in St. Martin's Hall in London, provided the occasion for bringing forward the matter, which was enthusiastically taken up. The *International Working Men's Association* was founded; a Provisional General Council, with its seat in London, was elected at the meeting, and Marx was the soul of this as of all subsequent General Councils up to the Hague Congress. He drafted almost every one of the documents issued by the General Council of the International, from the *Inaugural Address*, 1864, to the *Address on the Civil War in France*, 1871. To describe Marx's activity in the International is to write the history of this Association, which in any case still lives in the memory of European workers.

The fall of the Paris Commune put the International in an impossible position. It was thrust into the forefront of European history at a moment when it had everywhere been deprived of all possibility of successful practical action. The events which raised it to the position of the seventh Great Power simultaneously forbade it to mobilize its fighting forces and employ them in action, on pain of inevitable defeat and the setting back of the labour movement for decades. In addition, from various sides elements were pushing themselves forward that sought to exploit the suddenly enhanced

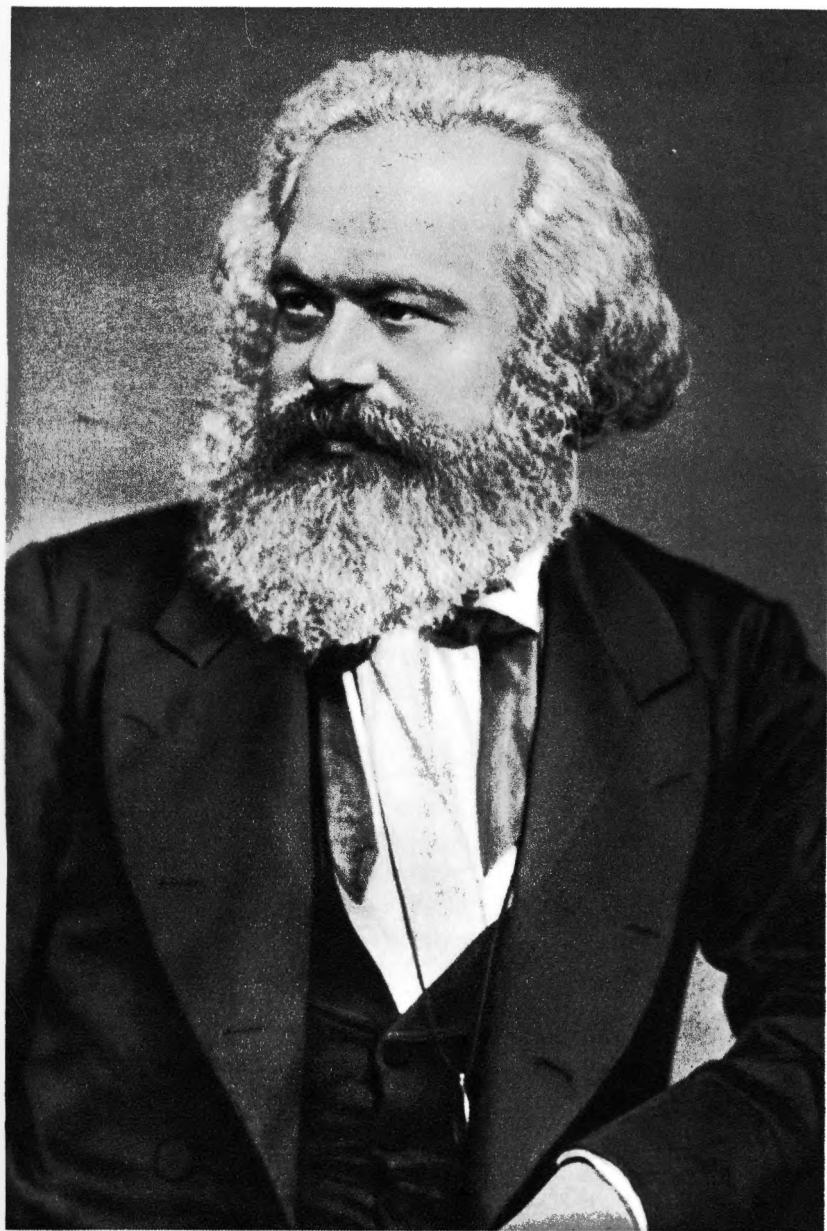
fame of the Association for the purpose of gratifying personal vanity or personal ambition, without understanding the real position of the International or without regard for it. A heroic decision had to be taken, and it was again Marx who took it and who carried it through at the Hague Congress. In a solemn resolution, the International disclaimed all responsibility for the doings of the Bakuninists, who formed the centre of those unreasonable and unsavoury elements. Then, in view of the impossibility of also meeting, in the face of the general reaction, the increased demands which were being imposed upon it, and of maintaining its complete efficacy other than by a series of sacrifices which would have drained the labour movement of its life-blood—in view of this situation, the International withdrew from the stage for the time being by transferring the General Council to America. The results have proved how correct was this decision—which was at the time, and has been since, so often censured. On the one hand, it put a stop then and since to all attempts to make useless *putsches* in the name of the International, while, on the other hand, the continuing close intercourse between the socialist workers' parties of the various countries proved that the consciousness of the identity of interests and of the solidarity of the proletariat of all countries evoked by the International is able to assert itself even without the bond of a formal international association, which for the moment had become a fetter.

After the Hague Congress, Marx at last found peace and leisure again for resuming his theoretical work, and it is to be hoped he will be able before long to have the second volume of *Capital* ready for the press.

Of the many important discoveries through which Marx has inscribed his name in the annals of science, we can here dwell on only two.

The first is the revolution brought about by him in the whole conception of world history. The whole previous view of history was based on the conception that the ultimate causes of all historical changes are to be looked for in the changing ideas of human beings, and that of all historical changes political changes are the most important and dominate the whole of history. But the question was not asked whence the ideas come into men's minds and what the driving causes of the political changes are. Only upon the newer school of French, and partly also of English, historians had the conviction forced itself that, since the Middle Ages at least, the driving force in European history was the struggle of the developing bourgeoisie with the feudal aristocracy for social and political domination. Now Marx

has proved that the whole of previous history is a history of class struggles, that in all the manifold and complicated political struggles the only thing at issue has been the social and political rule of social classes, the maintenance of domination by older classes and the conquest of domination by newly arising classes. To what, however, do these classes owe their origin and their continued existence? They owe it to the particular material, physically sensible conditions in which society at a given period produces and exchanges its means of subsistence. The feudal rule of the Middle Ages rested on the self-sufficient economy of small peasant communities, which themselves produced almost all their requirements, in which there was almost no exchange and which received from the arms-bearing nobility protection from without and national or at least political cohesion. When the towns arose and with them separate handicraft industry and trade intercourse, at first internal and later international, the urban bourgeoisie developed, and already during the Middle Ages achieved, in struggle with the nobility, its inclusion in the feudal order as likewise a privileged estate. But with the discovery of the extra-European world, from the middle of the fifteenth century onwards, this bourgeoisie acquired a far more extensive sphere of trade and therewith a new spur for its industry; in the most important branches handicrafts were supplanted by manufacture, now on a factory scale, and this again was supplanted by large-scale industry, become possible owing to the discoveries of the previous century, especially that of the steam-engine. Large-scale industry, in its turn, reacted on trade by driving out the old manual labour in backward countries, and creating the present-day new means of communication: steam-engines, railways, electric telegraphy, in the more developed ones. Thus the bourgeoisie came more and more to combine social wealth and social power in its hands, while it still for a long period remained excluded from political power, which was in the hands of the nobility and the monarchy supported by the nobility. But at a certain stage—in France since the Great Revolution—it also conquered political power, and now in turn became the ruling class over the proletariat and small peasants. From this point of view all the historical phenomena are explicable in the simplest possible way—with sufficient knowledge of the particular economic condition of society, which it is true is totally lacking in our professional historians—and in the same way the conceptions and ideas of each historical period are most simply to be explained from the economic conditions of life and from the social and



Karl Marx. 1872

political relations of the period, which are in turn determined by these economic conditions. History was for the first time placed on its real basis; the palpable but previously totally overlooked fact that men must first of all eat, drink, have shelter and clothing, therefore must *work*, before they can fight for domination, pursue politics, religion, philosophy, etc.—this palpable fact at last came into its historical rights.

This new conception of history, however, was of supreme significance for the socialist outlook. It showed that all previous history moved in class antagonisms and class struggles, that there have always existed ruling and ruled, exploiting and exploited classes, and that the great majority of mankind has always been condemned to arduous labour and little enjoyment. Why is this? Simply because in all earlier stages of development of mankind production was so little developed that the historical development could proceed only in this antagonistic form, that historical progress as a whole was assigned to the activity of a small privileged minority, while the great mass remained condemned to producing by their labour their own meagre means of subsistence and also the increasingly rich means of the privileged. But the same investigation of history, which in this way provides a natural and reasonable explanation of the previous class rule, otherwise only explicable from the wickedness of man, also leads to the realization that, in consequence of the so tremendously increased productive forces of the present time, even the last pretext has vanished for a division of mankind into rulers and ruled, exploiters and exploited, at least in the most advanced countries; that the ruling big bourgeoisie has fulfilled its historic mission, that it is no longer capable of the leadership of society and has even become a hindrance to the development of production, as the trade crises, and especially the last great collapse, and the depressed condition of industry in all countries have proved; that historical leadership has passed to the proletariat, a class which, owing to its whole position in society, can only free itself by abolishing altogether all class rule, all servitude and all exploitation; and that the social productive forces, which have outgrown the control of the bourgeoisie, are only waiting for the associated proletariat to take possession of them in order to bring about a state of things in which every member of society will be enabled to participate not only in production but also in the distribution and administration of social wealth, and which so increases the social productive forces and their yield by planned operation of the whole of production that the satisfaction of all

reasonable needs will be assured to everyone in an ever-increasing measure.

2 | The second important discovery of Marx is the final elucidation of the relation between capital and labour, in other words, the demonstration how, within present society and under the existing capitalist mode of production, the exploitation of the worker by the capitalist takes place. Ever since political economy had put forward the proposition that labour is the source of all wealth and of all value, the question became inevitable: How is this then to be reconciled with the fact that the wage-worker does not receive the whole sum of value created by his labour but has to surrender a part of it to the capitalist? Both the bourgeois economists and the Socialists exerted themselves to give a scientifically valid answer to this question, but in vain, until at last Marx came forward with the solution. This solution is as follows: The present-day capitalist mode of production presupposes the existence of two social classes—on the one hand, that of the capitalists, who are in possession of the means of production and subsistence, and, on the other hand, that of the proletarians, who, being excluded from this possession, have only a single commodity for sale, their labour power, and who therefore have to sell this labour power of theirs in order to obtain possession of means of subsistence. The value of a commodity is, however, determined by the socially necessary quantity of labour embodied in its production, and, therefore, also in its reproduction; the value of the labour power of an average human being during a day, month or year is determined, therefore, by the quantity of labour embodied in the quantity of means of subsistence necessary for the maintenance of this labour power during a day, month or year. Let us assume that the means of subsistence of a worker for one day require six hours of labour for their production, or, what is the same thing, that the labour contained in them represents a quantity of labour of six hours; then the value of labour power for one day will be expressed in a sum of money which also embodies six hours of labour. Let us assume further that the capitalist who employs our worker pays him this sum in return, pays him, therefore, the full value of his labour power. If now the worker works six hours of the day for the capitalist, he has completely replaced the latter's outlay—six hours' labour for six hours' labour. But then there would be nothing in it for the capitalist, and the latter therefore looks at the matter quite differently. He says: I have bought the labour power of this worker not for six hours but for a whole day, and accordingly he makes the worker work 8, 10, 12, 14 or more hours, according to circum-

stances, so that the product of the seventh, eighth and following hours is a product of unpaid labour and wanders, to begin with, into the pocket of the capitalist. Thus the worker in the service of the capitalist not only reproduces the value of his labour power, for which he receives pay, but over and above that he also produces a *surplus value* which, appropriated in the first place by the capitalist, is in its further course divided according to definite economic laws among the whole capitalist class and forms the basic stock from which arise ground-rent, profit, accumulation of capital, in short, all the wealth consumed or accumulated by the non-labouring classes. But this proved that the acquisition of riches by the present-day capitalists consists just as much in the appropriation of the unpaid labour of others as that of the slave-owner or the feudal lord exploiting serf labour, and that all these forms of exploitation are only to be distinguished by the difference in manner and method by which the unpaid labour is appropriated. This, however, also removed the last justification for all the hypocritical phrases of the possessing classes to the effect that in the present social order right and justice, equality of rights and duties and a general harmony of interests prevail, and present-day bourgeois society, no less than its predecessors, was exposed as a grandiose institution for the exploitation of the huge majority of the people by a small, ever-diminishing minority.

Modern, scientific socialism is based on these two important facts. In the second volume of *Capital* these and other hardly less important scientific discoveries concerning the capitalist system of society will be further developed, and thereby those aspects also of political economy not touched upon in the first volume will undergo revolutionization. May it be vouchsafed to Marx to be able soon to have it ready for the press.

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to the almanac text.
Translated from the German

V. I. Lenin

KARL MARX

Karl Marx was born on May 5, 1818, in the city of Trier (Rhenish Prussia). His father was a lawyer, a Jew, who in 1824 adopted Protestantism. The family was well-to-do, cultured, but not revolutionary. After graduating from the gymnasium in Trier, Marx entered university, first at Bonn and later at Berlin, where he studied jurisprudence and, chiefly, history and philosophy. He concluded his course in 1841, submitting his doctoral dissertation on the philosophy of Epicurus. In his views Marx at that time was a Hegelian idealist. In Berlin he belonged to the circle of "Left Hegelians" (Bruno Bauer and others) who sought to draw atheistic and revolutionary conclusions from Hegel's philosophy.

After graduating from the university, Marx moved to Bonn, expecting to become a professor. But the reactionary policy of the government—which in 1832 deprived Ludwig Feuerbach of his chair and in 1836 refused to allow him to return to the university, and in 1841 forbade the young professor Bruno Bauer to lecture at Bonn—forced Marx to abandon the idea of pursuing an academic career. At that time the views of the Left Hegelians were developing very rapidly in Germany. Ludwig Feuerbach, particularly after 1836, began to criticize theology and to turn to materialism, which in 1841 gained the upper hand in his philosophy (*The Essence of Christianity*); in 1843, his *Principles of the Philosophy of the Future* appeared. "One must

oneself have experienced the liberating effect" of these books, Engels subsequently wrote of these works of Feuerbach. "We" (i.e., the Left Hegelians, including Marx) "all became at once Feuerbachians." At that time some Rhenish radical bourgeois who had certain points in common with the Left Hegelians founded an opposition paper in Cologne, *Rheinische Zeitung* (the first number appeared on January 1, 1842). Marx and Bruno Bauer were invited to be the chief contributors, and in October 1842 Marx became chief editor and removed from Bonn to Cologne. The revolutionary-democratic trend of the paper became more and more pronounced under Marx's editorship, and the government first subjected the paper to double and triple censorship and then decided to suppress it altogether on January 1, 1843. Marx had to resign the editorship before that date, but his resignation did not save the paper, which was closed down in March 1843. Of the more important articles contributed by Marx to *Rheinische Zeitung*, Engels notes, in addition to those indicated below (see *Bibliography*¹), an article on the condition of the peasant wine-growers of the Moselle Valley. His journalistic activities convinced Marx that he was not sufficiently acquainted with political economy, and he zealously set out to study it.

In 1843, in Kreuznach, Marx married Jenny von Westphalen, a childhood friend to whom he had been engaged while still a student. His wife came from a reactionary family of the Prussian nobility. Her elder brother was Prussian Minister of the Interior at a most reactionary period, 1850-58. In the autumn of 1843 Marx went to Paris in order, together with Arnold Ruge (born 1802, died 1880; a Left Hegelian; in 1825-30, in prison; after 1848, a political exile; after 1866-70, a Bismarckian), to publish a radical magazine abroad. Only one issue of this magazine, *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*, appeared. It was discontinued owing to the difficulty of secret distribution in Germany and to disagreements with Ruge. In his articles in this magazine Marx already appears as a revolutionary; he advocates the "merciless criticism of everything existing," and in particular the "criticism of arms," and appeals to the *masses* and to the *proletariat*.

In September 1844 Frederick Engels came to Paris for a few days, and from that time became Marx's closest friend. They both took a most active part in the then seething life of the revolutionary groups in Paris (of

¹ At the end of this article, which was written in 1914 for the Granat Encyclopaedia, Lenin gave a survey of literature of Marxism and on Marxism which is here omitted.
—Ed.

particular importance was Proudhon's doctrine, which Marx thoroughly demolished in his *Poverty of Philosophy*, 1847), and, vigorously combating the various doctrines of petty-bourgeois socialism, worked out the theory and tactics of revolutionary *proletarian socialism*, or communism (Marxism). See Marx's works of this period, 1844-48, in the *Bibliography*. In 1845, on the insistent demand of the Prussian Government, Marx was banished from Paris as a dangerous revolutionary. He removed to Brussels. In the spring of 1847 Marx and Engels joined a secret propaganda society called the Communist League; they took a prominent part in the Second Congress of the League (London, November 1847), and at its request drew up the famous *Communist Manifesto*, which appeared in February 1848. With the clarity and brilliance of genius, this work outlines the new world conception, consistent materialism, which also embraces the realm of social life, dialectics, as the most comprehensive and profound doctrine of development, the theory of the class struggle and of the world-historic revolutionary role of the proletariat—the creator of the new, communist society.

When the Revolution of February 1848 broke out, Marx was banished from Belgium. He returned to Paris, whence, after the March Revolution, he went to Germany, to Cologne. There *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* appeared from June 1, 1848, to May 19, 1849; Marx was the chief editor. The new theory was brilliantly corroborated by the course of the revolutionary events of 1848-49, as it has been since corroborated by all proletarian and democratic movements of all countries in the world. The victorious counter-revolution first instigated court proceedings against Marx (he was acquitted on February 9, 1849) and then banished him from Germany (May 16, 1849). Marx first went to Paris, was again banished after the demonstration of June 13, 1849, and then went to London, where he lived to the day of his death.

His life as a political exile was a very hard one, as the correspondence between Marx and Engels (published in 1913) clearly reveals. Marx and his family suffered dire poverty. Were it not for Engels's constant and self-sacrificing financial support, Marx would not only have been unable to finish *Capital* but would have inevitably perished from want. Moreover, the prevailing doctrines and trends of petty-bourgeois socialism, and of non-proletarian socialism in general, forced Marx to carry on a continuous and merciless fight and sometimes to repel the most savage and monstrous personal attacks (*Herr Vogt*). Holding aloof from the circles of political exiles,

Marx developed his materialist theory in a number of historic works (see *Bibliography*), devoting his efforts chiefly to the study of political economy. Marx revolutionized this science (see below, "The Marxian Doctrine") in his *Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy* (1859) and *Capital* (Vol. 1, 1867).

The period of revival of the democratic movements at the end of the fifties and the sixties recalled Marx to practical activity. In 1864 (September 28) the International Working Men's Association—the famous First International—was founded in London. Marx was the heart and soul of this organization; he was the author of its first *Address* and a host of resolutions, declarations and manifestoes. By uniting the labour movement of various countries, by striving to direct into the channel of joint activity the various forms of non-proletarian, pre-Marxian socialism (Mazzini, Proudhon, Bakunin, liberal trade-unionism in England, Lassallean vacillations to the Right in Germany, etc.), and by combating the theories of all these sects and schools, Marx hammered out a uniform tactic for the proletarian struggle of the working class in the various countries. After the fall of the Paris Commune (1871)—of which Marx gave such a profound, clear-cut, brilliant, *effective* and revolutionary analysis (*The Civil War in France*, 1871)—and after the International was split by the Bakuninists, the existence of that organization in Europe became impossible. After the Hague Congress of the International (1872) Marx had the General Council of the International transferred to New York. The First International had accomplished its historical role, and it made way for a period of immeasurably larger growth of the labour movement in all the countries of the world, a period, in fact, when the movement grew in *breadth* and when *mass* socialist labour parties in individual national states were created.

His strenuous work in the International and his still more strenuous theoretical occupations completely undermined Marx's health. He continued his work on the reshaping of political economy and the completion of *Capital*, for which he collected a mass of new material and studied a number of languages (Russian, for instance); but ill-health prevented him from finishing *Capital*.

On December 2, 1881, his wife died. On March 14, 1883, Marx peacefully passed away in his armchair. He lies buried with his wife in Highgate Cemetery, London. Of Marx's children some died in childhood in London

when the family lived in deep poverty. Three daughters married English and French Socialists: Eleanor Aveling, Laura Lafargue and Jenny Longuet. The latter's son is a member of the French Socialist Party.

THE MARXIAN DOCTRINE

Marxism is the system of the views and teachings of Marx. Marx was the genius who continued and completed the three main ideological currents of the nineteenth century, belonging to the three most advanced countries of mankind: classical German philosophy, classical English political economy, and French socialism together with French revolutionary doctrines in general. The remarkable consistency and integrity of Marx's views, acknowledged even by his opponents, views which in their totality constitute modern materialism and modern scientific socialism, as the theory and programme of the labour movement in all the civilized countries of the world, oblige us to present a brief outline of his world conception in general before proceeding to the exposition of the principal content of Marxism, namely, Marx's economic doctrine.

PHILOSOPHICAL MATERIALISM

From 1844-45, when his views took shape, Marx was a materialist, in particular a follower of L. Feuerbach, whose weak sides he even later considered to consist exclusively in the fact that his materialism was not consistent and comprehensive enough. Marx regarded the historic and "epoch-making" importance of Feuerbach to be that he had resolutely broken away from Hegelian idealism and had proclaimed materialism, which already "in the eighteenth century, especially in France, had been a struggle not only against the existing political institutions and against . . . religion and theology, but also . . . against all metaphysics" (in the sense of "intoxicated speculation" as distinct from "sober philosophy"). (*The Holy Family*, in *Literarischer Nachlass*.) "To Hegel . . ." wrote Marx, "the process of thinking, which, under the name of 'the Idea,' he even transforms into an independent subject, is the demiurgos (the creator, the maker) of the real world. . . . With me, on the contrary, the ideal is nothing else than

the material world reflected by the human mind, and translated into forms of thought." (*Capital*, Vol. I, Afterword to the Second Edition.) In full conformity with this materialist philosophy of Marx's, and expounding it, Frederick Engels wrote in *Anti-Dühring* (which Marx read in manuscript): "The unity of the world does not consist in its being. . . . The real unity of the world consists in its materiality, and this is proved. . . . by a long and tedious development of philosophy and natural science. . . ." "Motion is the mode of existence of matter. Never anywhere has there been matter without motion, or motion without matter, nor can there be. . . . But if the . . . question is raised: what then are thought and consciousness and whence they come, it becomes apparent that they are products of the human brain and that man himself is a product of nature, which has been developed in and along with its environment; whence it is self-evident that the products of the human brain, being in the last analysis also products of nature, do not contradict the rest of nature but are in correspondence with it." "Hegel was an idealist, that is to say, the thoughts within his mind were to him not the more or less abstract images (*Abbilder*, reflections; Engels sometimes speaks of "imprints") of real things and processes, but, on the contrary, things and their development were to him only the images made real of the 'Idea' existing somewhere or other already before the world existed." In his *Ludwig Feuerbach*—in which he expounds his and Marx's views on Feuerbach's philosophy, and which he sent to the press after rereading an old manuscript written by Marx and himself in 1844-45 on Hegel, Feuerbach and the materialist conception of history—Frederick Engels writes: "The great basic question of all philosophy, especially of more recent philosophy, is the relation of thinking to being, the relation of spirit to nature . . . which is primary, spirit or nature. . . . The answers which the philosophers gave to this question split them into two great camps. Those who asserted the primacy of spirit to nature and, therefore, in the last instance, assumed world creation in some form or other . . . comprised the camp of idealism. The others, who regarded nature as primary, belong to the various schools of materialism." Any other use of the concepts of (philosophical) idealism and materialism leads only to confusion. Marx decidedly rejected not only idealism, always connected in one way or another with religion, but also the views, especially widespread in our day, of Hume and Kant, agnosticism, criticism, positivism in their various forms, regarding such a philosophy as a "reactionary" concession to idealism and at best a "shamefaced way

of surreptitiously accepting materialism, while denying it before the world." On this question, see, in addition to the above-mentioned works of Engels and Marx, a letter of Marx to Engels dated December 12, 1868, in which Marx, referring to an utterance of the well-known naturalist Thomas Huxley that was "more materialistic" than usual, and to his recognition that "as long as we actually observe and think, we cannot possibly get away from materialism," reproaches him for leaving a "loophole" for agnosticism, Humism. It is especially important to note Marx's view on the relation between freedom and necessity: "Freedom is the appreciation of necessity. 'Necessity is blind only in so far as it is not understood'" (Engels, *Anti-Dühring*). This means the recognition of objective law in nature and of the dialectical transformation of necessity into freedom (in the same manner as the transformation of the unknown, but knowable, "thing-in-itself" into the "thing-for-us," of the "essence of things" into "phenomena"). Marx and Engels considered the fundamental shortcoming of the "old" materialism, including the materialism of Feuerbach (and still more of the "vulgar" materialism of Büchner, Vogt and Moleschott), to be: (1) that this materialism was "predominantly mechanical," failing to take account of the latest developments of chemistry and biology (in our day it would be necessary to add: and of the electrical theory of matter); (2) that the old materialism was non-historical, non-dialectical (metaphysical, in the sense of anti-dialectical), and did not adhere consistently and comprehensively to the standpoint of development; (3) that it regarded the "human essence" abstractly and not as the "complex" of all (concretely defined, historical) "social relations," and therefore only "interpreted" the world, whereas the point is to "change" it; that is to say, it did not understand the importance of "revolutionary, practical activity."

DIALECTICS

Hegelian dialectics, as the most comprehensive, the most rich in content, and the most profound doctrine of development, was regarded by Marx and Engels as the greatest achievement of classical German philosophy. They considered every other formulation of the principle of development, of evolution, one-sided and poor in content, and distorting and mutilating the real course of development (which often proceeds by leaps, catastrophes and revolutions) in nature and in society. "Marx and I were pretty well the

only people to rescue conscious dialectics" (from the destruction of idealism, including Hegelianism) "and apply it in the materialist conception of nature. . . . Nature is the test of dialectics, and it must be said for modern natural science that it has furnished extremely rich" (this was written before the discovery of radium, electrons, the transmutation of elements, etc.!) "and daily increasing materials for this test, and has thus proved that in the last analysis nature's process is dialectical and not metaphysical."

"The great basic thought," Engels writes, "that the world is not to be comprehended as a complex of ready-made things, but as a complex of processes, in which the things apparently stable no less than their mind images in our heads, the concepts, go through an uninterrupted change of coming into being and passing away . . . this great fundamental thought has, especially since the time of Hegel, so thoroughly permeated ordinary consciousness that in this generality it is now scarcely ever contradicted. But to acknowledge this fundamental thought in words and to apply it in reality in detail to each domain of investigation are two different things." "For dialectical philosophy nothing is final, absolute, sacred. It reveals the transitory character of everything and in everything; nothing can endure before it except the uninterrupted process of becoming and of passing away, of endless ascendancy from the lower to the higher. And dialectical philosophy itself is nothing more than the mere reflection of this process in the thinking brain." Thus, according to Marx, dialectics is "the science of the general laws of motion, both of the external world and of human thought."

This revolutionary side of Hegel's philosophy was adopted and developed by Marx. Dialectical materialism "no longer needs any philosophy standing above the other sciences." Of former philosophy there remains "the science of thought and its laws—formal logic and dialectics." And dialectics, as understood by Marx, and in conformity with Hegel, includes what is now called the theory of knowledge, or epistemology, which, too, must regard its subject-matter historically, studying and generalizing the origin and development of knowledge, the transition from *non-knowledge* to knowledge.

Nowadays, the idea of development, of evolution, has penetrated the social consciousness almost in its entirety, but by different ways, not by way of the Hegelian philosophy. But as formulated by Marx and Engels on the

basis of Hegel, this idea is far more comprehensive, far richer in content than the current idea of evolution. A development that seemingly repeats the stages already passed, but repeats them otherwise, on a higher basis ("negation of negation"), a development, so to speak, in spirals, not in a straight line;—a development by leaps, catastrophes, revolution;—"breaks in continuity"; the transformation of quantity into quality;—the inner impulses to development, imparted by the contradiction and conflict of the various forces and tendencies acting on a given body, or within a given phenomenon, or within a given society;—the interdependence and the closest, indissoluble connection of *all* sides of every phenomenon (while history constantly discloses ever new sides), a connection that provides a uniform, law-governed, universal process of motion—such are some of the features of dialectics as a richer (than the ordinary) doctrine of development. (Cf. Marx's letter to Engels of January 8, 1868, in which he ridicules Stein's "wooden trichotomies" which it would be absurd to confuse with materialist dialectics.)

THE MATERIALIST CONCEPTION OF HISTORY

Having realized the inconsistency, incompleteness, and one-sidedness of the old materialism, Marx became convinced of the necessity of "bringing the science of society . . . into harmony with the materialist foundation, and of reconstructing it thereupon." Since materialism in general explains consciousness as the outcome of being, and not conversely, materialism as applied to the social life of mankind has to explain *social* consciousness as the outcome of *social* being. "Technology," writes Marx (*Capital*, Vol. I), "discloses man's mode of dealing with nature, the process of production by which he sustains his life, and thereby also lays bare the mode of formation of his social relations, and of the mental conceptions that flow from them." In the preface to his *Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*, Marx gives an integral formulation of the fundamental principles of materialism as extended to human society and its history, in the following words:

"In the social production of their life, men enter into definite relations that are indispensable and independent of their will, relations of production which correspond to a definite stage of development of their material productive forces.

"The sum total of these relations of production constitutes the economic structure of society, the real foundation, on which rises a legal and political superstructure and to which correspond definite forms of social consciousness. The mode of production of material life conditions the social, political and intellectual life process in general. It is not the consciousness of men that determines their being, but, on the contrary, their social being that determines their consciousness. At a certain stage of their development, the material productive forces of society come in conflict with the existing relations of production, or—what is but a legal expression for the same thing—with the property relations within which they have been at work hitherto. From forms of development of the productive forces these relations turn into their fetters. Then begins an epoch of social revolution. With the change of the economic foundation the entire immense superstructure is more or less rapidly transformed. In considering such transformations a distinction should always be made between the material transformation of the economic conditions of production, which can be determined with the precision of natural science, and the legal, political, religious, aesthetic or philosophic—in short, ideological forms in which men become conscious of this conflict and fight it out.

"Just as our opinion of an individual is not based on what he thinks of himself, so can we not judge of such a period of transformation by its own consciousness; on the contrary, this consciousness must be explained rather from the contradictions of material life, from the existing conflict between the social productive forces and the relations of production. . . . In broad outlines Asiatic, ancient, feudal, and modern bourgeois modes of production can be designated as progressive epochs in the economic formation of society." (Cf. Marx's brief formulation in a letter to Engels dated July 7, 1866: "Our theory is that the organization of labour is determined by the means of production.")

The discovery of the materialist conception of history, or rather, the consistent continuation and extension of materialism into the domain of social phenomena, removed two chief defects of earlier historical theories. In the first place, they at best examined only the ideological motives of the historical activity of human beings, without investigating what produced these motives, without grasping the objective laws governing the development of the system of social relations, and without discerning the roots of these relations in the degree of development of material production; in the second

place, the earlier theories did not cover the activities of the *masses* of the population, whereas historical materialism made it possible for the first time to study with the accuracy of the natural sciences the social conditions of the life of the masses and the changes in these conditions. Pre-Marxian "sociology" and historiography *at best* provided an accumulation of raw facts, collected sporadically, and a depiction of certain sides of the historical process. By examining the whole *complex* of opposing tendencies, by reducing them to precisely definable conditions of life and production of the various *classes* of society, by discarding subjectivism and arbitrariness in the choice of various "leading" ideas or in their interpretation, and by disclosing that all ideas and all the various tendencies, without exception, have their *roots* in the condition of the material forces of production, Marxism pointed the way to an all-embracing and comprehensive study of the process of rise, development, and decline of social-economic formations. People make their own history. But what determines the motives of people, of the mass of people, that is; what gives rise to the clash of conflicting ideas and strivings; what is the sum total of all these clashes of the whole mass of human societies; what are the objective conditions of production of material life that form the basis of all historical activity of man; what is the law of development of these conditions—to all this Marx drew attention and pointed out the way to a scientific study of history as a uniform and law-governed process in all its immense variety and contradictoriness.

THE CLASS STRUGGLE

That in any given society the strivings of some of its members conflict with the strivings of others, that social life is full of contradictions, that history discloses a struggle between nations and societies as well as within nations and societies, and, in addition, an alternation of periods of revolution and reaction, peace and war, stagnation and rapid progress or decline—are facts that are generally known. Marxism provided the clue which enables us to discover the laws governing this seeming labyrinth and chaos, namely, the theory of the class struggle. Only a study of the whole complex of strivings of all the members of a given society or group of societies can lead to a scientific definition of the result of these strivings. And the source of the conflicting strivings lies in the difference in the position and mode of life of the *classes* into which each society is divided. "The

history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles," wrote Marx in the *Communist Manifesto* (except the history of the primitive community—Engels added subsequently). "Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guild-master and journeyman, in a word, oppressor and oppressed, stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended, either in a revolutionary reconstitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes. . . . The modern bourgeois society that has sprouted from the ruins of feudal society has not done away with class antagonisms. It has but established new classes, new conditions of oppression, new forms of struggle in place of the old ones. Our epoch, the epoch of the bourgeoisie, possesses, however, this distinctive feature: it has simplified the class antagonisms. Society as a whole is more and more splitting up into two great hostile camps, into two great classes directly facing each other: Bourgeoisie and Proletariat." Ever since the Great French Revolution, European history has very clearly revealed in a number of countries this real under-surface of events, the struggle of classes. And the Restoration period in France already produced a number of historians (Thierry, Guizot, Mignet, Thiers) who, generalizing from events, were forced to recognize that the class struggle was the key to all French history. And the modern era—the era of the complete victory of the bourgeoisie, representative institutions, wide (if not universal) suffrage, a cheap, popular daily press, etc., the era of powerful and ever-expanding unions of workers and unions of employers, etc., has revealed even more manifestly (though sometimes in a very one-sided, "peaceful," "constitutional" form) that the class struggle is the mainspring of events. The following passage from Marx's *Communist Manifesto* will show us what Marx required of social science in respect to an objective analysis of the position of each class in modern society in connection with an analysis of the conditions of development of each class: "Of all the classes that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie today, the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class. The other classes decay and finally disappear in the face of modern industry; the proletariat is its special and essential product. The lower middle class, the small manufacturer, the shopkeeper, the artisan, the peasant, all these fight against the bourgeoisie, to save from extinction their existence as fractions of the middle class. They are therefore not revolutionary, but conservative. Nay more, they are reactionary, for they try to roll back the wheel

of history. If by chance they are revolutionary, they are so only in view of their impending transfer into the proletariat, they thus defend not their present, but their future interests, they desert their own standpoint to place themselves at that of the proletariat." In a number of historic works (see *Bibliography*), Marx has given us brilliant and profound examples of materialist historiography, of an analysis of the position of *each* individual class, and sometimes of various groups or strata within a class, showing plainly, why and how "every class struggle is a political struggle." The above-quoted passage is an illustration of what a complex network of social relations and *transitional* stages between one class and another, from the past to the future, Marx analyses in order to determine the resultant of historical development.

The most profound, comprehensive and detailed confirmation and application of Marx's theory is his economic doctrine.

MARX'S ECONOMIC DOCTRINE

"It is the ultimate aim of this work to lay bare the economic law of motion of modern society" (that is to say, capitalist, bourgeois society), says Marx in the preface to *Capital*. The investigation of the relations of production in a given, historically defined society, in their genesis, development, and decline—such is the content of Marx's economic doctrine. In capitalist society it is the production of *commodities* that dominates, and Marx's analysis therefore begins with an analysis of the commodity.

VALUE

A commodity is, in the first place, a thing that satisfies a human want; in the second place, it is a thing that can be exchanged for another thing. The utility of a thing makes it a *use-value*. Exchange-value (or simply, value) presents itself first of all as the ratio, the proportion in which a certain number of use-values of one sort are exchanged for a certain number of use-values of another sort. Daily experience shows us that millions upon millions of such exchanges are constantly equating one with another every kind of use-value, even the most diverse and incomparable. Now, what is

there in common between these various things, things constantly equated one with another in a definite system of social relations? What is common to them is that they are *products of labour*. In exchanging products people equate to one another the most diverse kinds of labour. The production of commodities is a system of social relations in which the individual producers create diverse products (the social division of labour), and in which all these products are equated to one another in exchange. Consequently, what is common to all commodities is not the concrete labour of a definite branch of production, not labour of one particular kind, but *abstract* human labour—human labour in general. All the labour power of a given society, as represented in the sum total of values of all commodities, is one and the same human labour power: millions and millions of acts of exchange prove this. And, consequently, each particular commodity represents only a certain share of the *socially necessary* labour time. The magnitude of value is determined by the amount of socially necessary labour, or by the labour time that is socially necessary for the production of the given commodity, of the given use-value. “Whenever, by an exchange, we equate as values our different products, by that very act, we also equate, as human labour, the different kinds of labour expended upon them. We are not aware of this, nevertheless we do it.” As one of the earlier economists said, value is a relation between two persons; only he ought to have added: a relation disguised as a relation between things. We can understand what value is only when we consider it from the standpoint of the system of social relations of production of one particular historical formation of society, relations, moreover, which manifest themselves in the mass phenomenon of exchange, a phenomenon which repeats itself millions upon millions of times. “As values, all commodities are only definite masses of congealed labour time.” Having made a detailed analysis of the twofold character of the labour incorporated in commodities, Marx goes on to analyse the *forms of value* and *money*. Marx’s main task here is to study the *genesis* of the money form of value, to study the *historical process* of development of exchange, from single and casual acts of exchange (“elementary or accidental form of value,” in which a given quantity of one commodity is exchanged for a given quantity of another) to the universal form of value, in which a number of different commodities are exchanged for one and the same particular commodity, and to the money form of value, when gold becomes this particular commodity, the universal equivalent.

Being the highest product of the development of exchange and commodity production, money masks and conceals the social character of all individual labour, the social tie between the individual producers who are united by the market. Marx analyses in very great detail the various functions of money; and it is essential to note here in particular (as generally in the opening chapters of *Capital*), that the abstract and seemingly at times purely deductive mode of exposition in reality reproduces a gigantic collection of factual material on the history of the development of exchange and commodity production. "If we consider money, its existence implies a definite stage in the exchange of commodities. The particular functions of money which it performs, either as the mere equivalent of commodities, or as means of circulation, or means of payment, as hoard or as universal money, point, according to the extent and relative preponderance of the one function or the other, to very different stages in the process of social production." (*Capital*, Vol. I.)

SURPLUS VALUE

At a certain stage in the development of commodity production money becomes transformed into capital. The formula of commodity circulation was C—M—C (commodity—money—commodity), i.e., the sale of one commodity for the purpose of buying another. The general formula of capital, on the contrary, is M—C—M, i.e., purchase for the purpose of selling (at a profit). The increase over the original value of the money put into circulation Marx calls surplus value. The fact of this "growth" of money in capitalist circulation is well known. It is this "growth" which transforms money into *capital*, as a special, historically defined social relation of production. Surplus value cannot arise out of commodity circulation, for the latter knows only the exchange of equivalents; it cannot arise out of an addition to price, for the mutual losses and gains of buyers and sellers would equalize one another, whereas what we have here is not an individual phenomenon but a mass, average, social phenomenon. In order to derive surplus value, the owner of money "must . . . find . . . in the market a commodity, whose use-value possesses the peculiar property of being a source of value" —a commodity whose process of consumption is at the same time a process of creation of value. And such a commodity exists. It is human labour power. Its consumption is labour, and labour creates value. The owner of

money buys labour power at its value, which, like the value of every other commodity, is determined by the socially necessary labour time requisite for its production (i.e., the cost of maintaining the worker and his family). Having bought labour power, the owner of money is entitled to use it, that is, to set it to work for the whole day—twelve hours, let us suppose. Yet, in the course of six hours (“necessary” labour time) the labourer creates product sufficient to cover the cost of his own maintenance; and in the course of the next six hours (“surplus” labour time), he creates “surplus” product, or surplus value, for which the capitalist does not pay. In capital, therefore, from the standpoint of the process of production, two parts must be distinguished: constant capital, expended on means of production (machinery, tools, raw materials, etc.), the value of which, without any change, is transferred (all at once or part by part) to the finished product; and variable capital, expended on labour power. The value of this latter capital is not invariable, but grows in the labour process, creating surplus value. Therefore, to express the degree of exploitation of labour power by capital, surplus value must be compared not with the whole capital but only with the variable capital. Thus in the example given, the rate of surplus value, as Marx calls this ratio, will be 6:6, i.e., 100 per cent.

The historical prerequisites for the genesis of capital were, firstly, the accumulation of a certain sum of money in the hands of individuals and a relatively high level of development of commodity production in general, and, secondly, the existence of a labourer who is “free” in a double sense: free from all constraint or restriction on the sale of his labour power, and free from the land and all means of production in general, a free and unattached labourer, a “proletarian,” who cannot subsist except by the sale of his labour power.

There are two principal methods by which surplus value can be increased: by lengthening the working day (“absolute surplus value”), and by shortening the necessary working day (“relative surplus value”). Analysing the first method, Marx gives a most impressive picture of the struggle of the working class to shorten the working day and of governmental interference to lengthen the working day (from the fourteenth century to the seventeenth century) and to shorten the working day (factory legislation of the nineteenth century). Since the appearance of *Capital*, the history of the working-class movement in all civilized countries of the world has provided a wealth of new facts amplifying this picture.

Analysing the production of relative surplus value, Marx investigates the three main historical stages by which capitalism has increased the productivity of labour: 1) simple co-operation; 2) division of labour and manufacture; 3) machinery and large-scale industry. How profoundly Marx has here revealed the basic and typical features of capitalist development is incidentally shown by the fact that investigations of what is known as the "kustar" industry of Russia furnish abundant material illustrating the first two of the mentioned stages. And the revolutionizing effect of large-scale machine industry, described by Marx in 1867, has been revealed in a number of "new" countries (Russia, Japan, etc.) in the course of the half-century that has since elapsed.

To continue. New and important in the highest degree is Marx's analysis of *the accumulation of capital*, i.e., the transformation of a part of surplus value into capital, its use, not for satisfying the personal needs or whims of the capitalist, but for new production. Marx revealed the mistake of all the earlier classical political economists (from Adam Smith on) who assumed that the entire surplus value which is transformed into capital goes to form variable capital. In actual fact, it is divided into *means of production* and variable capital. Of tremendous importance to the process of development of capitalism and its transformation into socialism is the more rapid growth of the constant capital share (of the total capital) as compared with the variable capital share.

The accumulation of capital, by accelerating the supplanting of workers by machinery and creating wealth at one pole and poverty at the other, also gives rise to what is called the "reserve army of labour," to the "relative surplus" of workers, or "capitalist overpopulation," which assumes the most diverse forms and enables capital to expand production at an extremely fast rate. This, in conjunction with credit facilities and the accumulation of capital in means of production, incidentally, furnishes the clue to the *crises* of overproduction that occurred periodically in capitalist countries—at first at an average of every ten years, and later at more lengthy and less definite intervals. From the accumulation of capital under capitalism must be distinguished what is known as primitive accumulation: the forcible divorcement of the worker from the means of production, the driving of the peasants from the land, the stealing of the commons, the system of colonies and national debts, protective tariffs, and the like. "Primitive accumulation"

creates the "free" proletariat at one pole, and the owner of money, the capitalist, at the other.

The "*historical tendency of capitalist accumulation*" is described by Marx in the following famous words: "The expropriation of the immediate producers is accomplished with merciless vandalism, and under the stimulus of passions the most infamous, the most sordid, the pettiest, the most meanly odious. Self-earned private property" (of the peasant and handicraftsman), "that is based, so to say, on the fusing together of the isolated, independent labouring individual with the conditions of his labour, is supplanted by capitalistic private property, which rests on exploitation of the nominally free labour of others. . . . That which is now to be expropriated is no longer the labourer working for himself, but the capitalist exploiting many labourers. This expropriation is accomplished by the action of the immanent laws of capitalistic production itself, by the centralization of capital. One capitalist always kills many. Hand in hand with this centralization, or this expropriation of many capitalists by few, develop, on an ever-extending scale, the co-operative form of the labour process, the conscious technical application of science, the methodical cultivation of the soil, the transformation of the instruments of labour into instruments of labour only usable in common, the economizing of all means of production by their use as the means of production of combined, socialized labour, the entanglement of all peoples in the net of the world market, and with this, the international character of the capitalistic regime. Along with the constantly diminishing number of the magnates of capital, who usurp and monopolize all advantages of this process of transformation, grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation, exploitation; but with this too grows the revolt of the working class, a class always increasing in numbers, and disciplined, united, organized by the very mechanism of the process of capitalist production itself. The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter upon the mode of production, which has sprung up and flourished along with, and under it. Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labour at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument. This integument is burst asunder. The knell of capitalist private property sounds. The expropriators are expropriated." (*Capital*, Vol. I.)

New and important in the highest degree, further, is the analysis Marx gives in the second volume of *Capital* of the reproduction of the aggregate social capital. Here, too, Marx deals not with an individual phenomenon but

with a mass phenomenon; not with a fractional part of the economy of society but with this economy as a whole. Correcting the mistake of the classical economists mentioned above, Marx divides the entire social production into two big sections: I) production of means of production, and II) production of articles of consumption, and examines in detail, with arithmetical examples, the circulation of the aggregate social capital—both in the case of reproduction in its former dimensions and in the case of accumulation. The third volume of *Capital* solves the problem of the formation of the *average rate of profit* on the basis of the law of value. The immense advance in economic science made by Marx consists in the fact that he conducts his analysis from the standpoint of mass economic phenomena, of the social economy as a whole, and not from the standpoint of individual cases or of the external, superficial aspects of competition, to which vulgar political economy and the modern “theory of marginal utility” are frequently limited. Marx first analyses the origin of surplus value, and then goes on to consider its division into profit, interest, and ground-rent. Profit is the ratio between the surplus value and the total capital invested in an undertaking. Capital with a “high organic composition” (i.e., with a preponderance of constant capital over variable capital exceeding the social average) yields a lower than average rate of profit; capital with a “low organic composition” yields a higher than average rate of profit. The competition of capitals, and the freedom with which they transfer from one branch to another equate the rate of profit to the average in both cases. The sum total of the values of all the commodities of a given society coincides with the sum total of prices of the commodities; but, owing to competition, in individual undertakings and branches of production commodities are sold not at their values but at the *prices of production* (or production prices) which are equal to the expended capital plus the average profit.

In this way the well-known and indisputable fact of the divergence between prices and values and of the equalization of profits is fully explained by Marx on the basis of the law of value; for the sum total of values of all commodities coincides with the sum total of prices. However, the equation of (social) value to (individual) prices does not take place simply and directly, but in a very complex way. It is quite natural that in a society of separate producers of commodities, who are united only by the market, law can reveal itself only as an average, social, mass law, when individual deviations to one side or the other mutually compensate one another.

An increase in the productivity of labour implies a more rapid growth of constant capital as compared with variable capital. And since surplus value is a function of variable capital alone, it is obvious that the rate of profit (the ratio of surplus value to the whole capital, and not to its variable part alone) tends to fall. Marx makes a detailed analysis of this tendency and of a number of circumstances that conceal or counteract it. Without pausing to give an account of the extremely interesting sections of the third volume of *Capital* devoted to usurer's capital, commercial capital and money capital, we pass to the most important section, the theory of *ground-rent*. Owing to the fact that the land area is limited and, in capitalist countries, is all occupied by individual private owners the price of production of agricultural products is determined by the cost of production not on average soil, but on the worst soil, not under average conditions, but under the worst conditions of delivery of produce to the market. The difference between this price and the price of production on better soil (or under better conditions) constitutes *differential rent*. Analysing this in detail and showing how it arises out of the difference in fertility of different plots of land and the difference in the amount of capital invested in land, Marx fully exposed (see also *Theories of Surplus-Value*, in which the criticism of Rodbertus deserves particular attention) the error of Ricardo, who considered that differential rent is derived only when there is a successive transition from better land to worse. On the contrary, there may be inverse transitions, land may pass from one category into others (owing to advances in agricultural technique, the growth of towns, and so on), and the notorious "law of diminishing returns" is a profound error which charges nature with the defects, limitations and contradictions of capitalism. Further, the equalization of profit in all branches of industry and national economy in general presupposes complete freedom of competition and the free flow of capital from one branch to another. But the private ownership of land creates monopoly, which hinders this free flow. Owing to this monopoly, the products of agriculture, which is distinguished by a lower organic composition of capital, and, consequently, by an individually higher rate of profit, do not participate in the entirely free process of equalization of the rate of profit; the land-owner, being a monopolist, can keep the price above the average, and this monopoly price engenders *absolute rent*. Differential rent cannot be done away with under capitalism, but absolute rent *can*—for instance, by the nationalization of the land, by making it the property of the state.

Making the land the property of the state would undermine the monopoly of private land-owners, and would lead to a more systematic and complete application of freedom of competition in the domain of agriculture. And, therefore, Marx points out, in the course of history bourgeois radicals have again and again advanced this progressive bourgeois demand for the nationalization of the land, which, however, frightens away the majority of the bourgeoisie, because it too closely "touches" another monopoly, which is particularly important and "sensitive" in our day—the monopoly of the means of production in general. (Marx gives a remarkably popular, concise, and clear exposition of his theory of the average rate of profit on capital and of absolute ground-rent in a letter to Engels, dated August 2, 1862. See *Briefwechsel*, Vol. III, pp. 77-81; also the letter of August 9, 1862, *ibid.*, pp. 86-87.)—For the history of ground-rent it is also important to note Marx's analysis showing how labour rent (when the peasant creates surplus product by labouring on the lord's land) is transformed into rent in produce or in kind (when the peasant creates surplus product on his own land and cedes it to the lord due to "non-economic constraint"), then into money rent (which is rent in kind transformed into money, the *obrok* of old Russia, due to the development of commodity production), and finally into capitalist rent, when the peasant is replaced by the agricultural entrepreneur, who cultivates the soil with the help of wage-labour. In connection with this analysis of the "genesis of capitalist ground-rent," note should be made of a number of penetrating ideas (especially important for backward countries like Russia) expressed by Marx on the *evolution of capitalism in agriculture*. "The transformation of rent in kind into money rent is not only necessarily accompanied, but even anticipated by the formation of a class of propertyless day-labourers, who hire themselves out for wages. During the period of their rise, when this new class appears but sporadically, the custom necessarily develops among the better-situated tributary farmers of exploiting agricultural labourers for their own account, just as the wealthier serfs in feudal times used to employ serfs for their own benefit. In this way they gradually acquire the ability to accumulate a certain amount of wealth and to transform themselves even into future capitalists. The old self-employed possessors of the land thus give rise among themselves to a nursery for capitalist tenants, whose development is conditioned upon the general development of capitalist production outside of the rural districts." (*Capital*, Vol. III, p. 332.) "The expropriation and eviction of a part of the agri-

cultural population not only set free for industrial capital the labourers, their means of subsistence, and material for labour; it also created the home market." (*Capital*, Vol. I, p. 778.) The impoverishment and ruin of the agricultural population lead, in their turn, to the formation of a reserve army of labour for capital. In every capitalist country "part of the agricultural population is therefore constantly on the point of passing over into an urban or manufacturing proletariat. . . . (Manufacture is used here in the sense of all non-agricultural industries.) This source of relative surplus population is thus constantly flowing. . . . The agricultural labourer is therefore reduced to the minimum of wages, and always stands with one foot already in the swamp of pauperism." (*Capital*, Vol. I, p. 668.) The private ownership of the peasant in the land he tills constitutes the basis of small-scale production and the condition for its prospering and attaining a classical form. But such small-scale production is compatible only with a narrow and primitive framework of production and society. Under capitalism the "exploitation of the peasants differs only in form from the exploitation of the industrial proletariat. The exploiter is the same: capital. The individual capitalists exploit the individual peasants through mortgages and usury; the capitalist class exploits the peasant class through the state taxes." (*The Class Struggles in France*.) "The small holding of the peasant is now only the pretext that allows the capitalist to draw profits, interest and rent from the soil, while leaving it to the tiller of the soil himself to see how he can extract his wages." (*The Eighteenth Brumaire*.) As a rule the peasant cedes to capitalist society, i. e., to the capitalist class, even a part of the wages, sinking "to the level of the Irish tenant farmer—all under the pretence of being a private proprietor." (*The Class Struggles in France*.) What is "one of the causes which keeps the price of cereals lower in countries with a predominance of small farmers than in countries with a capitalist mode of production?" (*Capital*, Vol. III, p. 340.) It is that the peasant cedes to society (i. e., to the capitalist class) part of his surplus product without an equivalent. "This lower price (of cereals and other agricultural produce) is also a result of the poverty of the producers and by no means of the productivity of their labour." (*Capital*, Vol. III, p. 340.) The small-holding system, which is the normal form of small-scale production, deteriorates, collapses, perishes under capitalism. "Small peasants' property excludes by its very nature the development of the social powers of production of labour, the social forms of labour, the social concentration of capitals, cattle raising on a large scale,

and a progressive application of science. Usury and a system of taxation must impoverish it everywhere. The expenditure of capital in the price of the land withdraws this capital from cultivation. An infinite dissipation of means of production and an isolation of the producers themselves go with it." (Co-operative societies, i.e., associations of small peasants, while playing an extremely progressive bourgeois role, only weaken this tendency without eliminating it, nor must it be forgotten that these co-operative societies do much for the well-to-do peasants, and very little, almost nothing, for the mass of poor peasants; and then the associations themselves become exploiters of wage-labour.) "Also an enormous waste of human energy. A progressive deterioration of the conditions of production and a raising of the price of means of production is a necessary law of small peasants' property." In agriculture, as in industry, capitalism transforms the process of production only at the price of the "martyrdom of the producer." "The dispersion of the rural labourers over larger areas breaks their power of resistance while concentration increases that of the town operatives. In modern agriculture, as in the urban industries, the increased productiveness and quantity of the labour set in motion are bought at the cost of laying waste and consuming by disease labour power itself. Moreover, all progress in capitalistic agriculture is a progress in the art, not only of robbing the labourer, but of robbing the soil. . . . Capitalist production, therefore, develops technology, and the combining together of various processes into a social whole, only by sapping the original sources of all wealth—the soil and the labourer." (*Capital*, Vol. I, end of Chap. 13.)

SOCIALISM

From the foregoing it is evident that Marx deduces the inevitability of the transformation of capitalist society into socialist society wholly and exclusively from the economic law of motion of contemporary society. The socialization of labour, which is advancing ever more rapidly in thousands of forms, and which has manifested itself very strikingly during the half-century that has elapsed since the death of Marx in the growth of large-scale production, capitalist cartels, syndicates and trusts, as well as in the gigantic increase in the dimensions and power of finance capital, forms the chief material foundation for the inevitable coming of socialism. The intel-

lectual and moral driving force and the physical executant of this transformation is the proletariat, which is trained by capitalism itself. The struggle of the proletariat against the bourgeoisie, which manifests itself in various and, as to its content, increasingly multifarious forms, inevitably becomes a political struggle aiming at the conquest of political power by the proletariat ("the dictatorship of the proletariat"). The socialization of production is bound to lead to the conversion of the means of production into the property of society, to the "expropriation of the expropriators." This conversion will directly result in an immense increase in productivity of labour, a reduction of working hours, and the replacement of the remnants, the ruins of small-scale, primitive, disunited production by collective and improved labour. Capitalism finally snaps the bond between agriculture and industry; but at the same time, in its highest development it prepares new elements of this bond, of a union between industry and agriculture based on the conscious application of science and the combination of collective labour, and on a redistribution of the human population (putting an end at one and the same time to rural remoteness, isolation and barbarism, and to the unnatural concentration of vast masses of people in big cities). A new form of family, new conditions in the status of women and in the upbringing of the younger generation are being prepared by the highest forms of modern capitalism: female and child labour and the break-up of the patriarchal family by capitalism inevitably assume the most terrible, disastrous, and repulsive forms in modern society. Nevertheless "modern industry, by assigning as it does an important part in the process of production, outside the domestic sphere, to women, to young persons, and to children of both sexes, creates a new economical foundation for a higher form of the family and of the relations between the sexes. It is, of course, just as absurd to hold the Teutonic-Christian form of the family to be absolute and final as it would be to apply that character to the ancient Roman, the ancient Greek, or the Eastern forms which, moreover, taken together form a series in historic development. Moreover, it is obvious that the fact of the collective working group being composed of individuals of both sexes and all ages, must necessarily, under suitable conditions, become a source of humane development; although in its spontaneously developed, brutal, capitalistic form, where the labourer exists for the process of production, and not the process of production for the labourer, that fact is a pestiferous source of corruption and slavery." (*Capital*, Vol. I, end of Chap. 13.) In the factory system we find "the

germ of the education of the future, an education that will, in the case of every child over a given age, combine productive labour with instruction and gymnastics, not only as one of the methods of adding to the efficiency of production, but as the only method of producing fully developed human beings." (*Ibid.*) Marxian socialism puts the question of nationality and of the state on the same historical footing, not only in the sense of explaining the past but also in the sense of a fearless forecast of the future and of bold practical action for its achievement. Nations are an inevitable product, an inevitable form in the bourgeois epoch of social development. The working class could not grow strong, could not become mature and formed without "constituting itself within the nation," without being "national" ("though not in the bourgeois sense of the word"). But the development of capitalism more and more breaks down national barriers, destroys national seclusion, substitutes class antagonisms for national antagonisms. It is, therefore, perfectly true that in the developed capitalist countries "the working men have no country" and that "united action" of the workers, of the civilized countries at least, "is one of the first conditions for the emancipation of the proletariat." (*Communist Manifesto.*) The state, which is organized violence, inevitably came into being at a definite stage in the development of society, when society had split into irreconcilable classes, and when it could not exist without an "authority" ostensibly standing above society and to a certain degree separate from society. Arising out of class contradictions, the state becomes "the state of the most powerful, economically dominant class, which, through the medium of the state, becomes also the politically dominant class, and thus acquires new means of holding down and exploiting the oppressed class. Thus, the state of antiquity was above all the state of the slave-owners for the purpose of holding down the slaves, as the feudal state was the organ of the nobility for holding down the peasant serfs and bondsmen, and the modern representative state is an instrument of exploitation of wage-labour by capital." (Engels, *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State*, a work in which the writer expounds his own and Marx's views.) Even the freest and most progressive form of the bourgeois state, the democratic republic, in no way removes this fact, but merely changes its form (connection between the government and the stock exchange, corruption—direct and indirect—of the officialdom and the press, etc.). Socialism, by leading to the abolition of classes, will thereby lead to the abolition of the state. "The first act," writes Engels in *Anti-Dühring*, "in

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which the state really comes forward as the representative of society as a whole—the taking possession of the means of production in the name of society—is at the same time its last independent act as a state. The interference of the state power in social relations becomes superfluous in one sphere after another, and then ceases of itself. The government of persons is replaced by the administration of things and the direction of the processes of production. The state is not ‘abolished,’ it withers away.” “The society that will organize production on the basis of a free and equal association of the producers will put the whole machinery of state where it will then belong: into the museum of antiquities, by the side of the spinning-wheel and the bronze axe.” (Engels, *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State*.)

Finally, as regards the attitude of Marxian socialism towards the small peasantry, which will continue to exist in the period of the expropriation of the expropriators, we must refer to a declaration made by Engels which expresses Marx’s views: “When we are in possession of state power we shall not even think of forcibly expropriating the small peasants (regardless of whether with or without compensation), as we shall have to do in the case of the big landowners. Our task relative to the small peasant consists, in the first place, in effecting a transition of his private enterprise and private possession to co-operative ones, not forcibly but by dint of example and the proffer of social assistance for this purpose. And then of course we shall have ample means of showing to the small peasant prospective advantages that must be obvious to him even today.” (Engels, *The Peasant Question in France and Germany*, p. 17, Alexeyeva ed.; there are mistakes in the Russian translation. Original in *Neue Zeit*.)

TACTICS OF THE CLASS STRUGGLE OF THE PROLETARIAT

Having as early as 1844-45 examined one of the chief defects of the earlier materialism, namely, its inability to understand the conditions or appreciate the importance of practical revolutionary activity, Marx, along with his theoretical work, all his life devoted unrelaxed attention to the tactical problems of the class struggle of the proletariat. An immense amount of material bearing on this is contained in *all* the works of Marx and particularly

in the four volumes of his correspondence with Engels published in 1913. This material is still far from having been assembled, collected, studied and examined. We shall therefore have to confine ourselves here to the most general and briefest remarks, emphasizing that Marx justly considered that without *this* side to it materialism was irresolute, one-sided, and lifeless. Marx defined the fundamental task of proletarian tactics in strict conformity with all the postulates of his materialist-dialectical conception. Only an objective consideration of the sum total of reciprocal relations of all the classes of a given society without exception, and, consequently, a consideration of the objective stage of development of that society and of the reciprocal relations between it and other societies, can serve as a basis for correct tactics of the advanced class. At the same time, all classes and all countries are regarded not statically, but dynamically, i.e., not in a state of immobility, but in motion (the laws of which are determined by the economic conditions of existence of each class). Motion, in its turn, is regarded not only from the standpoint of the past, but also from the standpoint of the future, and, at the same time, not in accordance with the vulgar conception of the "evolutionists," who see only slow changes, but dialectically: "in developments of such magnitude twenty years are no more than a day," Marx wrote to Engels, "though later on days may come again in which twenty years are concentrated." (*Briefwechsel*, Vol. III, p. 127.) At each stage of development, at each moment, proletarian tactics must take account of this objectively inevitable dialectics of human history, on the one hand utilizing the periods of political stagnation or of sluggish, so-called "peaceful" development in order to develop the class consciousness, strength and fighting capacity of the advanced class, and, on the other hand, conducting all this work of utilization towards the "final aim" of the movement of this class and towards the creation in it of the faculty for practically performing great tasks in the great days in which "twenty years are concentrated." Two of Marx's arguments are of special importance in this connection: one of these is contained in *The Poverty of Philosophy* and concerns the economic struggle and economic organizations of the proletariat; the other is contained in the *Communist Manifesto* and concerns the political tasks of the proletariat. The first argument runs as follows: "Large-scale industry concentrates in one place a crowd of people unknown to one another. Competition divides their interests. But the maintenance of wages, this common interest which they have against their boss, unites them in a common thought of resistance

—combination. . . . Combinations, at first isolated, constitute themselves into groups . . . and in face of always united capital, the maintenance of the association becomes more necessary to them [i.e., the workers] than that of wages. . . . In this struggle—a veritable civil war—are united and develop all the elements necessary for a coming battle. Once it has reached this point, association takes on a political character.” Here we have the programme and tactics of the economic struggle and of the trade-union movement for several decades to come, for all the long period in which the proletariat will muster its forces for the “coming battle.” Side by side with this must be placed numerous references by Marx and Engels to the example of the British labour movement; how industrial “prosperity” leads to attempts “to buy the workers” (*Briefwechsel*, Vol. I, p. 136), to divert them from the struggle; how this prosperity generally “demoralizes the workers” (Vol. II, p. 218); how the British proletariat becomes “bourgeoisified”—“this most bourgeois of all nations is apparently aiming ultimately at the possession of a bourgeois aristocracy and a bourgeois proletariat as well as a bourgeoisie” (Vol. II, p. 290); how its “revolutionary energy” oozes away (Vol. III, p. 124); how it will be necessary to wait a more or less long time before “the English workers will free themselves from their apparent bourgeois infection” (Vol. III, p. 127); how the British labour movement “lacks the mettle of the Chartists” (1866; Vol. III, p. 305); how the British workers’ leaders are becoming a type midway between “a radical bourgeois and a worker” (in reference to Holyoak, Vol. IV, p. 209); how, owing to British monopoly, and as long as this monopoly lasts, “the British working man will not budge” (Vol. IV, p. 433). The tactics of the economic struggle, in connection with the general course (*and outcome*) of the labour movement, are here considered from a remarkably broad, comprehensive, dialectical, and genuinely revolutionary standpoint.

The *Communist Manifesto* set forth the fundamental Marxian principle on the tactics of the political struggle: “The Communists fight for the attainment of the immediate aims, for the enforcement of the momentary interests of the working class; but in the movement of the present, they also represent and take care of the future of that movement.” That was why in 1848 Marx supported the party of the “agrarian revolution” in Poland, “that party which fomented the insurrection of Cracow in 1846.” In Germany in 1848 and 1849 Marx supported the extreme revolutionary democracy, and subsequently never retracted what he had then said about tactics. He regarded

the German bourgeoisie as an element which was "inclined from the very beginning to betray the people" (only an alliance with the peasantry could have brought the bourgeoisie the integral fulfilment of its tasks) "and compromise with the crowned representatives of the old society." Here is Marx's summary of the analysis of the class position of the German bourgeoisie in the era of the bourgeois-democratic revolution—an analysis which, incidentally, is a sample of that materialism which examines society in motion, and, moreover, not only from the side of the motion which is directed *backwards*: "Without faith in itself, without faith in the people, grumbling at those above, trembling before those below... intimidated by the world storm... no energy in any respect, plagiarism in every respect... without initiative... an execrable old man, who saw himself doomed to guide and deflect the first youthful impulses of a robust people in his own senile interests..." (*Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, 1848; see *Literarischer Nachlass*, Vol. III, p. 212.) About twenty years later, in a letter to Engels (*Briefwechsel*, Vol. III, p. 224), Marx declared that the cause of the failure of the Revolution of 1848 was that the bourgeoisie had preferred peace with slavery to the mere prospect of a fight for freedom. When the revolutionary era of 1848-49 ended, Marx opposed every attempt to play at revolution (the fight he put up against Schapper and Willich), and insisted on ability to work in the new phase which in a seemingly "peaceful" way was preparing for new revolutions. The spirit in which Marx wanted the work to be carried on is shown by his estimate of the situation in Germany in 1856, the blackest period of reaction: "The whole thing in Germany will depend on the possibility of backing the proletarian revolution by some second edition of the Peasant War." (*Briefwechsel*, Vol. II, p. 108.) As long as the democratic (bourgeois) revolution in Germany was not finished, Marx wholly concentrated attention in the tactics of the socialist proletariat on developing the democratic energy of the peasantry. He held that Lassalle's attitude was "objectively... a betrayal of the whole workers' movement to Prussia" (Vol. III, p. 210), incidentally because Lassalle connived at the actions of the Junkers and Prussian nationalism. "In a predominantly agricultural country," wrote Engels in 1865, exchanging ideas with Marx on the subject of an intended joint statement by them in the press, "... it is dastardly to make an exclusive attack on the bourgeoisie in the name of the industrial proletariat but never to devote a word to the patriarchal exploitation of the rural proletariat under the lash of the great feudal aristocracy." (Vol. III,

p. 217.) From 1864 to 1870, when the era of the completion of the bourgeois-democratic revolution in Germany, the era of the efforts of the exploiting classes of Prussia and Austria to complete this revolution in one way or another *from above*, was coming to an end, Marx not only condemned Lassalle, who was coquetting with Bismarck, but also corrected Liebknecht, who had inclined towards "Austrophilism" and the defence of particularism; Marx demanded revolutionary tactics which would combat both Bismarck and the Austrophiles with equal ruthlessness, tactics which would not be adapted to the "victor," the Prussian Junker, but which would immediately renew the revolutionary struggle against him *also on the basis* created by the Prussian military victories. (*Briefwechsel*, Vol. III, pp. 134, 136, 147, 179, 204, 210, 215, 418, 437, 440-41.) In the famous Address of the International of September 9, 1870, Marx warned the French proletariat against an untimely uprising; but when the uprising nevertheless took place (1871), Marx enthusiastically hailed the revolutionary initiative of the masses, who were "storming heaven" (letter of Marx to Kugelmann). The defeat of the revolutionary action in this situation, as in many others, was, from the standpoint of Marxian dialectical materialism, a lesser evil in the general course *and outcome* of the proletarian struggle than the abandonment of a position already occupied, than a surrender without battle. Such a surrender would have demoralized the proletariat and undermined its fighting capacity. Fully appreciating the use of legal means of struggle during periods when political stagnation prevails and bourgeois legality dominates, Marx, in 1877 and 1878, after the passage of the Anti-Socialist Law, sharply condemned Most's "revolutionary phrases" but he no less, if not more sharply, attacked the opportunism that had temporarily gained sway in the official Social-Democratic Party which did not at once display resoluteness, firmness, revolutionary spirit and a readiness to resort to an illegal struggle in response to the Anti-Socialist Law. (*Briefwechsel*, Vol. IV, pp. 397, 404, 418, 422, 424; cf. also letters to Sorge.)

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Signed: V. Ilyin

From V. I. Lenin, *Works*,
4th Russ. ed., Vol. 21,
pp. 30-62

V. I. Lenin

FREDERICK ENGELS

Oh, what a torch of reason ceased to burn,
Oh, what a heart then ceased to throb.¹

On August 5, 1895, Frederick Engels died in London. After his friend Karl Marx (who died in 1883), Engels was the most noteworthy scholar and teacher of the modern proletariat in all the civilized world. From the time that fate threw Karl Marx and Frederick Engels together, the life work of each of the two friends became the common cause of both. And so, to understand what Frederick Engels has done for the proletariat, one must have a clear idea of the significance of Marx's work and teaching for the development of the contemporary labour movement. Marx and Engels were the first to show that the working class and the demands of the working class are a necessary outcome of the present economic system, which together with the bourgeoisie inevitably creates and organizes the proletariat. They showed that it is not the well-meaning efforts of noble-minded individuals, but the class struggle of the organized proletariat that will deliver humanity from the evils which now oppress it. In their scientific works, Marx and Engels were the first to explain that socialism is not the invention of dreamers, but the final aim and inevitable result of the development of the productive forces of modern

¹ From Nekrasov's poem "In Memory of Dobrolyubov."—Ed.

society. All recorded history hitherto has been a history of class struggle, of the succession of the rule and victory of certain social classes over others. And this will continue until the foundations of class struggle and of class rule—private property and anarchic social production—disappear. The interests of the proletariat demand the destruction of these foundations, and therefore the conscious class struggle of the organized workers must be directed against them. And every class struggle is a political struggle.

These views of Marx and Engels have now been adopted by all proletarians who are fighting for their emancipation. But when in the forties the two friends took part in the socialist literature and social movements of their time, such opinions were absolutely novel. At that time there were many people, talented and untalented, honest and dishonest, who, while absorbed in the struggle for political freedom, in the struggle against the despotism of monarchs, police and priests, failed to observe the antagonism between the interests of the bourgeoisie and the interests of the proletariat. These people would not even admit the idea that the workers should act as an independent social force. On the other hand, there were many dreamers, some of them geniuses, who thought that it was only necessary to convince the rulers and the governing classes of the injustice of the contemporary social order, and it would then be easy to establish peace and general well-being on earth. They dreamt of socialism without a struggle. Lastly, nearly all the Socialists of that time and the friends of the working class generally regarded the proletariat only as an *ulcer*, and observed with horror how this ulcer grew with the growth of industry. They all, therefore, were intent on how to stop the development of industry and of the proletariat, how to stop the "wheel of history." Far from sharing the general fear of the development of the proletariat, Marx and Engels placed all their hopes on the continued growth of the proletariat. The greater the number of proletarians, the greater would be their power as a revolutionary class, and the nearer and more possible would socialism become. The services rendered by Marx and Engels to the working class may be expressed in a few words thus: they taught the working class to know itself and be conscious of itself, and they substituted science for dreams.

That is why the name and life of Engels should be known to every worker. That is why in this collection of articles, the aim of which, as of all our publications, is to awaken class consciousness in the Russian workers, we

must sketch the life and work of Frederick Engels, one of the two great teachers of the modern proletariat.

Engels was born in 1820 in Barmen, in the Rhine province of the kingdom of Prussia. His father was a manufacturer. In 1838, Engels, without having completed his studies at the gymnasium, was forced by family circumstances to enter one of the commercial houses of Bremen as a clerk. Commercial affairs did not prevent Engels from pursuing his scientific and political education. He came to hate autocracy and the tyranny of bureaucrats while still at the gymnasium. The study of philosophy led him further. At that time Hegel's teaching dominated German philosophy, and Engels became his follower. Although Hegel himself was an admirer of the autocratic Prussian state, in whose service he stood as a professor in the University of Berlin, Hegel's *teaching* was revolutionary. Hegel's faith in human reason and its rights, and the fundamental thesis of the Hegelian philosophy, namely, that the universe is subject to a constant process of change and development, was leading those of the disciples of the Berlin philosopher who refused to reconcile themselves to the existing state of affairs to the idea that the struggle against this state of affairs, the struggle against existing wrong and prevalent evil, is also rooted in the universal law of eternal development. If all things develop, if institutions keep giving place to other institutions, why should the autocracy of the Prussian king or of the Russian tsar, why should the enrichment of an insignificant minority at the expense of the vast majority, or the domination of the bourgeoisie over the people, continue forever? Hegel's philosophy spoke of the development of the mind and of ideas; it was *idealistic*. From the development of the mind it deduced the development of nature, of man, and of human, social relations. Retaining Hegel's idea of the eternal process of development,¹ Marx and Engels rejected the preconceived idealist view; turning to the facts of life, they saw that it was not the development of mind that explained the development of nature but that, on the contrary, the explanation of mind must be derived from nature, from matter. . . . Unlike Hegel and the other Hegelians, Marx and Engels were materialists. Regarding the world and humanity materialistically, they perceived that just as material causes lie at the basis

¹ Marx and Engels frequently pointed out that in their intellectual development they were very much indebted to the great German philosophers, particularly to Hegel. "Without German philosophy," Engels says, "there would have been no scientific socialism." [Note by Lenin.]

of all the phenomena of nature, so the development of human society is conditioned by the development of material, productive forces. On the development of productive forces depend the relations which men enter into one with another in the production of the things required for the satisfaction of human needs. And in these relations lies the explanation of all the phenomena of social life, human aspirations, ideas and laws. The development of productive forces creates social relations based upon private property, but now we see that this same development of the productive forces deprives the majority of their property and concentrates it in the hands of an insignificant minority. It destroys property, the basis of the modern social order, it itself strives towards the very aim which the Socialists have set themselves. All the Socialists have to do is to realize which of the social forces, owing to its position in modern society, is interested in bringing about socialism, and to impart to this force the consciousness of its interests and of its historical mission. This force is the proletariat. Engels got to know it in England, in the centre of British industry, Manchester, where he settled in 1842, entering the service of a commercial house of which his father was a shareholder. Here Engels did not merely sit in the factory office but wandered about the slums in which the workers were cooped up. He saw their poverty and misery with his own eyes. But he did not confine himself to personal observations. He read all that had been revealed before him on the condition of the British working class and carefully studied all the official documents he could lay his hands on. The fruit of these studies and observations was the book which appeared in 1845: *The Condition of the Working-Class in England*. We have already mentioned the chief service rendered by Engels as the author of *The Condition of the Working-Class in England*. Many even before Engels had described the sufferings of the proletariat and had pointed to the necessity of helping it. Engels was the *first* to say that *not only* was the proletariat a suffering class, but that, in fact, the disgraceful economic condition of the proletariat was driving it irresistibly forward and compelling it to fight for its ultimate emancipation. And the fighting proletariat *would help itself*. The political movement of the working class would inevitably lead the workers to realize that their only salvation lay in socialism. On the other hand, socialism would become a force only when it became the aim of the *political* struggle of the working class. Such are the main ideas of Engels's book on the condition of the working class in England, ideas which have now been adopted by all thinking and fighting

proletarians, but which at that time were entirely new. These ideas were enunciated in a book which is written in an absorbing style and which is filled with most authentic and shocking pictures of the misery of the English proletariat. This book was a terrible indictment of capitalism and the bourgeoisie. It created a very profound impression. Engels's book began to be quoted everywhere as presenting the best picture of the condition of the modern proletariat. And, in fact, neither before 1845 nor after has there appeared so striking and truthful a picture of the misery of the working class.

It was not until he came to England that Engels became a Socialist. In Manchester he formed contacts with people active in the British labour movement at the time and began to write for English socialist publications. In 1844, while on his way back to Germany, he became acquainted in Paris with Marx, with whom he had already started to correspond. In Paris, under the influence of the French Socialists and French life, Marx had also become a Socialist. Here the friends jointly wrote a book entitled *The Holy Family, or Critique of Critical Criticism*. This book, which appeared a year before *The Condition of the Working-Class in England*, and the greater part of which was written by Marx, contains the foundations of the revolutionary materialist socialism the main ideas of which we have expounded above. *The Holy Family* is a facetious nickname for the Bauer brothers, philosophers, and their followers. These gentlemen preached a criticism which stood above all reality, which stood above parties and politics, which rejected all practical activity, and which only "critically" contemplated the surrounding world and the events going on within it. These gentlemen, the Bauers, superciliously regarded the proletariat as an uncritical mass. Marx and Engels vigorously opposed this absurd and harmful trend. On behalf of a real human personality—the worker, trampled down by the ruling classes and the state—they demanded, not contemplation, but a struggle for a better order of society. They, of course, regarded the proletariat as the power that was capable of waging this struggle and that was interested in it. Even before the appearance of *The Holy Family*, Engels had published in Marx's and Ruge's *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher* the "Critical Essays in Political Economy," in which he examined the principal phenomena of the contemporary economic order from a socialist standpoint and concluded that they were necessary consequences of the rule of private property. Intercourse with Engels was undoubtedly a factor in Marx's decision to study political economy, a science in which his works have produced a veritable revolution.

From 1845 to 1847 Engels lived in Brussels and Paris, combining scientific pursuits with practical activities among the German workers in Brussels and Paris. Here Marx and Engels formed contact with the secret German Communist League, which commissioned them to expound the main principles of the socialism they had worked out. Thus arose the famous *Manifesto of the Communist Party* of Marx and Engels, published in 1848. This little booklet is worth whole volumes: to this day its spirit inspires and motivates the organized and fighting proletariat of the entire civilized world.

The Revolution of 1848, which first broke out in France and then spread to other countries of Western Europe, brought Marx and Engels back to their native country. Here in Rhenish Prussia, they took charge of the democratic *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* published in Cologne. The two friends were the heart and soul of all revolutionary-democratic aspirations in Rhenish Prussia. They defended the interests of the people and of freedom against the reactionary forces to the last ditch. The reactionary forces, as we know, gained the upper hand. *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* was suppressed. Marx, who during his exile had lost his Prussian citizenship, was deported; but Engels took part in the armed popular uprising, fought for liberty in three battles, and after the defeat of the rebels fled, via Switzerland, to London.

There Marx also settled. Engels soon became a clerk once more, and later a shareholder, in the Manchester commercial house in which he had worked in the forties. Until 1870 he lived in Manchester, while Marx lived in London, which, however, did not prevent them maintaining a most lively intellectual intercourse: they corresponded almost daily. In this correspondence the two friends exchanged views and knowledge and continued to collaborate in the working out of scientific socialism. In 1870 Engels moved to London, and their common intellectual life, full of strenuous labour, continued until 1883, when Marx died. Its fruit was, on Marx's side, *Capital*, the greatest work on political economy of our age, and on Engels's side, a number of works, large and small. Marx worked on the analysis of the complex phenomena of capitalist economy. Engels, in simply written and frequently polemical works, dealt with the more general scientific problems and with diverse phenomena of the past and present in the spirit of the materialist conception of history and Marx's economic theory. Of these works of Engels we shall mention: the polemical work against Dühring (in which are analysed highly important problems in the domain of philosophy, natural science and the

social sciences),¹ *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State* (translated into Russian, published in St. Petersburg, 3rd. ed., 1895), *Ludwig Feuerbach* (Russian translation with notes by G. Plekhanov, Geneva, 1892), an article on the foreign policy of the Russian Government (translated into Russian in the Geneva *Sotsial-Demokrat*, Nos. 1 and 2),² some remarkable articles on the housing question,³ and finally, two small but very valuable articles on the economic development of Russia (*Frederick Engels on Russia*, translated into Russian by Vera Zasulich, Geneva, 1894).⁴ Marx died before he could complete his vast work on capital. In the rough, however, it was already finished, and after the death of his friend, Engels undertook the onerous labour of preparing and publishing the second and third volumes of *Capital*. He published Volume II in 1885 and Volume III in 1894 (his death prevented the preparation of Volume IV).⁵ These two volumes entailed a vast amount of labour. Adler, the Austrian Social-Democrat, has rightly remarked that by publishing Volumes II and III of *Capital* Engels erected a majestic monument to the genius who had been his friend, a monument on which, without intending it, he indelibly carved his own name. And, indeed, these two volumes of *Capital* are the work of two men: Marx and Engels. Ancient stories contain many moving instances of friendship. The European proletariat may say that its science was created by two scholars and fighters, whose relations to each other surpassed the most moving stories of human friendship among the ancients. Engels always—and, on the whole, justly—placed himself after Marx. "In Marx's lifetime," he wrote to an old friend, "I played second fiddle."⁶ His love for the living Marx, and

¹ This is a wonderfully rich and instructive book. Unfortunately, only a small portion of it, containing an historical outline of the development of socialism, has been translated into Russian (*The Development of Scientific Socialism*, 2nd ed., Geneva, 1892). [Note by Lenin.]

² *Sotsial-Demokrat*—a literary and political review published from 1890 to 1892 abroad by the Emancipation of Labour group. In all four volumes appeared. Lenin here refers to Engels's article "Foreign Policy of Russian Tsarism."—Ed.

³ F. Engels, "The Housing Question," K. Marx and F. Engels, *Selected Works*, Vol. I, Moscow 1955, pp. 546-634.—Ed.

⁴ F. Engels, "On Social Relations in Russia," K. Marx and F. Engels, *Selected Works*, Vol. II, Moscow 1955, pp. 49-61.—Ed.

⁵ *The Theories of Surplus-Value* (Book IV of *Capital*) is meant.—Ed.

⁶ From Engels's letter to J. Ph. Becker, October 15, 1884.—Ed.

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Frederick Engels. Late 1870's

his reverence for the memory of the dead Marx were limitless. In this stern fighter and strict thinker beat a deeply loving heart.

After the movement of 1848-49, Marx and Engels in exile did not occupy themselves with science alone. In 1864 Marx founded the International Working Men's Association, and led this society for a whole decade. Engels also took an active part in its affairs. The work of the International Association, which, in accordance with Marx's idea, united proletarians of all countries, was of tremendous significance in the development of the working-class movement. But even after the International Association came to an end in the seventies the unifying role of Marx and Engels did not cease. On the contrary, it may be said that their importance as spiritual leaders of the labour movement steadily grew, inasmuch as the movement itself grew uninterruptedly. After the death of Marx, Engels continued alone to be the counsellor and leader of the European Socialists. His advice and directions were sought for equally by the German Socialists, who, despite government persecution, grew rapidly and steadily in strength, and by representatives of backward countries, such as Spaniards, Rumanians and Russians, who were obliged to ponder over and weigh their first steps. They all drew on the rich store of knowledge and experience of the aged Engels.

Marx and Engels, who both knew Russian and read Russian books, took a lively interest in Russia, followed the Russian revolutionary movement with sympathy and maintained contact with Russian revolutionaries. They were both *democrats* before they became Socialists, and the democratic feeling of *hatred* for political despotism was exceedingly strong in them. This direct political feeling, combined with a profound theoretical understanding of the connection between political despotism and economic oppression, as well as their rich experience of life, made Marx and Engels uncommonly responsive precisely from the *political* standpoint. That is why the heroic struggle of the small handful of Russian revolutionaries against the mighty tsarist government evoked a most sympathetic echo in the hearts of these tried revolutionaries. On the other hand, the tendency to turn away from the most immediate and important task of the Russian Socialists, namely the conquest of political freedom, for the sake of illusory economic advantages, naturally appeared suspicious in their eyes and was even regarded by them as a direct betrayal of the great cause of the social revolution. "The emancipation of the proletariat must be the work of the proletariat itself"—Marx and Engels constantly taught. But in order to fight for

its economic emancipation, the proletariat must win for itself certain *political* rights. Moreover, Marx and Engels clearly saw that a political revolution in Russia would be of tremendous significance to the West-European labour movement as well. Autocratic Russia had always been a bulwark of European reaction in general. The extraordinarily favourable international position enjoyed by Russia as a result of the war of 1870, which for a long time sowed discord between Germany and France, of course only enhanced the importance of autocratic Russia as a reactionary force. Only a free Russia, a Russia that had no need either to oppress the Poles, Finns, Germans, Armenians or any other small nations, or constantly to incite France and Germany against each other, would enable modern Europe to free itself from the burden of war, would weaken all the reactionary elements in Europe and would increase the power of the European working class. Engels therefore ardently desired the establishment of political freedom in Russia for the sake of the progress of the labour movement in the West as well. In him the Russian revolutionaries have lost their best friend.


May the memory of Frederick Engels, the great champion and teacher of the proletariat, live forever!

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REMINISCENCES
OF
MARX
AND
ENGELS





Paul Lafargue. REMINISCENCES OF MARX
Paul Lafargue. REMINISCENCES OF ENGELS
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Theodor Cuno. REMINISCENCES
August Bebel. GOING TO CANOSSA





Paul Lafargue

REMINISCENCES OF MARX

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

(Hamlet, Act I, Sc. 2)

I met Karl Marx for the first time in February 1865. The First International had been founded on September 28, 1864 at a meeting in Saint Martin's Hall, London, and I went to London from Paris to give Marx news of the development of the young organization there. M. Tolain, now a senator in the bourgeois republic, gave me a letter of introduction.

I was then 24 years old. As long as I live I shall remember the impression that first visit made on me. Marx was not well at the time. He was working on the first book of *Capital*, which was not published until two years later,

in 1867. He feared he would not be able to finish his work and was therefore glad of visits from young people. "I must train men to continue communist propaganda after me," he used to say.

Karl Marx was one of the rare men who could be leaders in science and public life at the same time: these two aspects were so closely united in him that one can understand him only by taking into account both the scholar and the socialist fighter.

Marx held the view that science must be pursued for itself, irrespective of the eventual results of research, but at the same time that a scientist could only debase himself by giving up active participation in public life or shutting himself up in his study or laboratory like a maggot in cheese and holding aloof from the life and political struggle of his contemporaries.

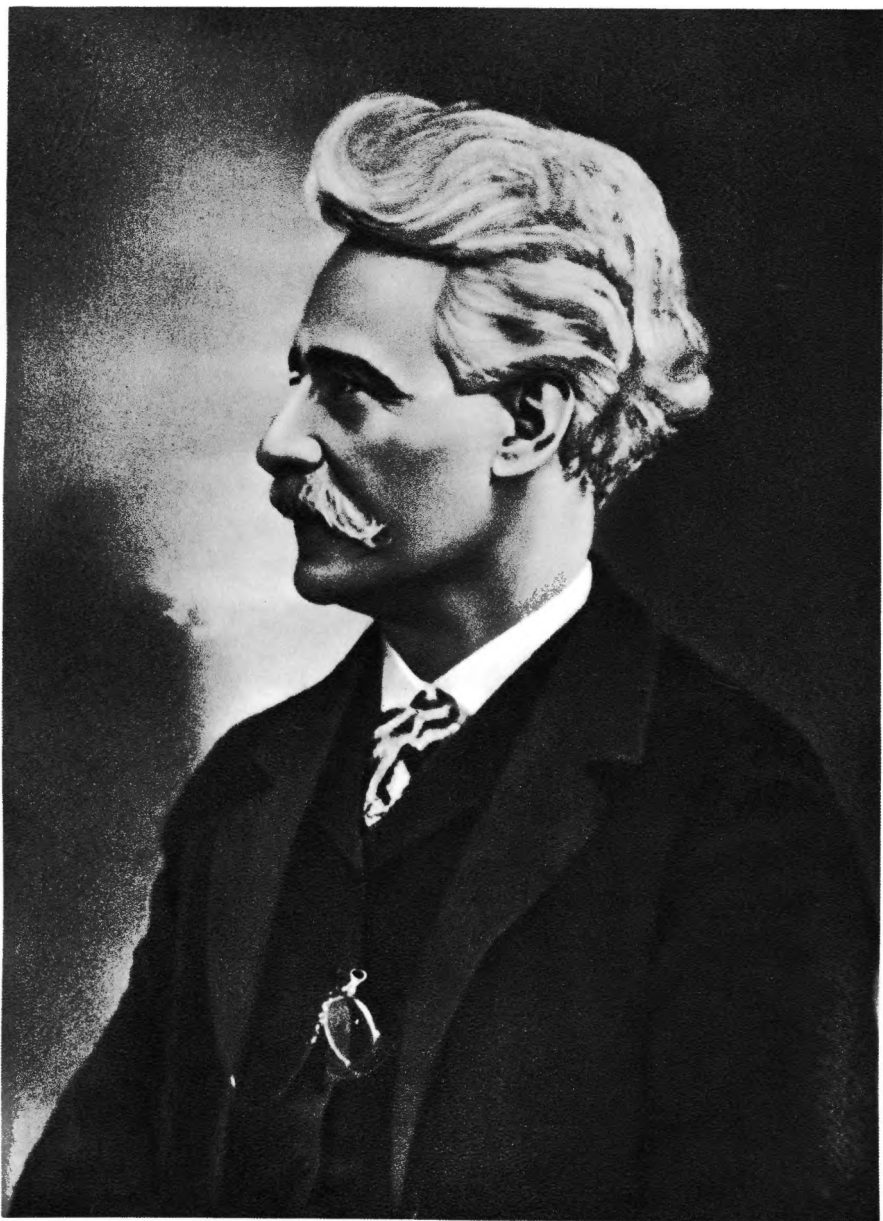
"Science must not be a selfish pleasure," he used to say. "Those who have the good fortune to be able to devote themselves to scientific pursuits must be the first to place their knowledge at the service of humanity." One of his favourite sayings was: "Work for humanity."

Although Marx sympathized profoundly with the sufferings of the working classes, it was not sentimental considerations but the study of history and political economy that led him to communist views. He maintained that any unbiased man, free from the influence of private interests and not blinded by class prejudices, must necessarily come to the same conclusions.

Yet while studying the economic and political development of human society without any preconceived opinion, Marx wrote with no other intention than to propagate the results of his research and with a determined will to provide a scientific basis for the socialist movement, which had so far been lost in the clouds of utopianism. He gave publicity to his views only to promote the triumph of the working class, whose historic mission is to establish communism as soon as it has achieved political and economic leadership of society. . . .

Marx did not confine his activity to the country he was born in. "I am a citizen of the world," he used to say; "I am active wherever I am." And in fact, no matter what country events and political persecution drove him to—France, Belgium, England—he took a prominent part in the revolutionary movements which developed there.

However, it was not the untiring and incomparable socialist agitator but rather the scientist that I first saw in his study in Maitland Park Road. That



Paul Lafargue

study was the centre to which Party comrades came from all parts of the civilized world to find out the opinion of the master of socialist thought. One must know that historic room before one can penetrate into the intimacy of Marx's spiritual life.

It was on the first floor, flooded by light from a broad window that looked out on to the park. Opposite the window and on either side of the fireplace the walls were lined with bookcases filled with books and stacked up to the ceiling with newspapers and manuscripts. Opposite the fireplace on one side of the window were two tables piled up with papers, books and newspapers; in the middle of the room, well in the light, stood a small, plain desk (three foot by two) and a wooden armchair; between the armchair and the bookcase, opposite the window, was a leather sofa on which Marx used to lie down for a rest from time to time. On the mantelpiece were more books, cigars, matches, tobacco boxes, paperweights and photographs of Marx's daughters and wife, Wilhelm Wolff and Frederick Engels.

Marx was a heavy smoker. "*Capital*," he said to me once, "will not even pay for the cigars I smoked writing it." But he was still heavier on matches. He so often forgot his pipe or cigar that he emptied an incredible number of boxes of matches in a short time to relight them.

He never allowed anybody to put his books or papers in order—or rather in disorder. The disorder in which they lay was only apparent, everything was really in its intended place so that it was easy for him to lay his hand on the book or notebook he needed. Even during conversations he often paused to show in the book a quotation or figure he had just mentioned. He and his study were one: the books and papers in it were as much under his control as his own limbs.

Marx had no use for formal symmetry in the arrangement of his books: volumes of different sizes and pamphlets stood next to one another. He arranged them according to their contents, not their size. Books were tools for his mind, not articles of luxury. "They are my slaves and they must serve me as I will," he used to say. He paid no heed to size or binding, quality of paper or type; he would turn down the corners of the pages, make pencil marks in the margin and underline whole lines. He never wrote on books, but sometimes he could not refrain from an exclamation or question mark when the author went too far. His system of underlining made it easy for him to find any passage he needed in any book. He had the habit of going through his notebooks and reading the passages underlined in the

books after intervals of many years in order to keep them fresh in his memory. He had an extraordinarily reliable memory which he had cultivated from his youth according to Hegel's advice by learning by heart verse in a foreign language he did not know.

He knew Heine and Goethe by heart and often quoted them in his conversations; he was an assiduous reader of poets in all European languages. Every year he read Aeschylus in the Greek original. He considered him and Shakespeare as the greatest dramatic geniuses humanity ever gave birth to. His respect for Shakespeare was boundless: he made a detailed study of his works and knew even the least important of his characters. His whole family had a real cult for the great English dramatist; his three daughters knew many of his works by heart. When after 1848 he wanted to perfect his knowledge of English, which he could already read, he sought out and classified all Shakespeare's original expressions. He did the same with part of the polemical works of William Cobbett, of whom he had a high opinion. Dante and Robert Burns ranked among his favourite poets and he would listen with great pleasure to his daughters reciting or singing the Scottish poet's satires or ballads.

Cuvier, an untirable worker and past master in the sciences, had a suite of rooms, arranged for his personal use, in the Paris Museum, of which he was director. Each room was intended for a particular pursuit and contained the books, instruments, anatomic aids, etc. required for the purpose. When he felt tired of one kind of work he would go into the next room and engage in another; this simple change of mental occupation, it is said, was a rest for him.

Marx was just as tireless a worker as Cuvier, but he had not the means to fit out several studies. He would rest by pacing up and down the room. A strip was worn out from the door to the window, as sharply defined as a track across a meadow.

From time to time he would lie down on the sofa and read a novel; he sometimes read two or three at a time, alternating one with another. Like Darwin, he was a great reader of novels, his preference being for those of the eighteenth century, particularly Fielding's *Tom Jones*. The more modern novelists whom he found most interesting were Paul de Kock, Charles Lever, Alexander Dumas senior and Walter Scott, whose *Old Mortality* he considered a masterpiece. He had a definite preference for stories of adventure and humour.

He ranked Cervantes and Balzac above all other novelists. In *Don Quixote* he saw the epic of dying-out chivalry whose virtues were ridiculed and scoffed at in the emerging bourgeois world. He admired Balzac so much that he wished to write a review of his great work *La Comédie Humaine* as soon as he had finished his book on economics. He considered Balzac not only as the historian of his time, but as the prophetic creator of characters which were still in the embryo in the days of Louis Philippe and did not fully develop until after his death, under Napoleon III.

Marx could read all European languages and write in three: German, French and English, to the admiration of language experts. He liked to repeat the saying: "A foreign language is a weapon in the struggle of life."

He had a great talent for languages which his daughters inherited from him. He took up the study of Russian when he was already 50 years old, and although that language had no close affinity to any of the modern or ancient languages he knew, in six months he knew it well enough to derive pleasure from reading Russian poets and prose writers, his preference going to Pushkin, Gogol and Shchedrin. He studied Russian in order to be able to read the documents of official inquiries which were hushed over by the Russian Government because of the political revelations they made. Devoted friends got the documents for Marx and he was certainly the only political economist in Western Europe who had knowledge of them.

Besides the poets and novelists, Marx had another remarkable way of relaxing intellectually—mathematics, for which he had a special liking. Algebra even brought him moral consolation and he took refuge in it in the most distressing moments of his eventful life. During his wife's last illness he was unable to devote himself to his usual scientific work and the only way in which he could shake off the oppression caused by her sufferings was to plunge into mathematics. During that time of moral suffering he wrote a work on infinitesimal calculus which, according to the opinion of experts, is of great scientific value and will be published in his collected works. He saw in higher mathematics the most logical and at the same time the simplest form of dialectical movement. He held the view that a science is not really developed until it has learned to make use of mathematics.

Although Marx's library contained over a thousand volumes carefully collected during his lifelong research work, it was not enough for him, and for years he regularly attended the British Museum, whose catalogue he appreciated very highly.

Even Marx's opponents were forced to acknowledge his extensive and profound erudition, not only in his own speciality—political economy—but in history, philosophy and the literature of all countries.

In spite of the late hour at which Marx went to bed he was always up between eight and nine in the morning, had some black coffee, read through his newspapers and then went to his study, where he worked till two or three in the morning. He interrupted his work only for meals and, when the weather allowed, for a walk on Hampstead Heath in the evening. During the day he sometimes slept for an hour or two on the sofa. In his youth he often worked the whole night through.

Marx had a passion for work. He was so absorbed in it that he often forgot his meals. He had often to be called several times before he came down to the dining-room and hardly had he eaten the last mouthful than he was back in his study.

He was a very light eater and even suffered from lack of appetite. This he tried to overcome by highly flavoured food—ham, smoked fish, caviare, pickles. His stomach had to suffer for the enormous activity of his brain. He sacrificed his whole body to his brain; thinking was his greatest enjoyment. I often heard him repeat the words of Hegel, the philosophy master of his youth: "Even the criminal thought of a malefactor has more grandeur and nobility than the wonders of the heavens."

His physical constitution had to be good to put up with this unusual way of life and exhausting mental work. He was, in fact, of powerful build, more than average height, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and had well-proportioned limbs, although the spinal column was rather long in comparison with the legs, as is often the case with Jews. Had he practised gymnastics in his youth he would have become a very strong man. The only physical exercise he ever pursued regularly was walking: he could ramble or climb hills for hours, chatting and smoking, and not feel at all tired. One can say that he even worked walking in his room, only sitting down for short periods to write what he thought out while walking. He liked to walk up and down while talking, stopping from time to time when the explanation became more animated or the conversation serious.

For many years I went with him on his evening walks on Hampstead Heath and it was while strolling over the meadows with him that I got my education in economics. Without noticing it he expounded to me the whole contents of the first book of *Capital* as he wrote it.

On my return home I always noted as well as I could all I had heard. At first it was difficult for me to follow Marx's profound and complicated reasoning. Unfortunately I have lost those precious notes, for after the Commune the police ransacked and burned my papers in Paris and Bordeaux.

What I regret most is the loss of the notes I took on the evening when Marx, with the abundance of proof and considerations which was typical of him, expounded his brilliant theory of the development of human society. It was as if scales fell from my eyes. For the first time I saw clearly the logic of world history and could trace the apparently so contradictory phenomena of the development of society and ideas to their material origins. I felt dazzled, and the impression remained for years.

The Madrid Socialists¹ had the same impression when I developed to them as well as my feeble powers would allow that most magnificent of Marx's theories, which is beyond doubt one of the greatest ever elaborated by the human brain.

Marx's brain was armed with an unbelievable stock of facts from history and natural science and philosophical theories. He was remarkably skilled in making use of the knowledge and observations accumulated during years of intellectual work. You could question him at any time on any subject and get the most detailed answer you could wish for, always accompanied by philosophical reflexions of general application. His brain was like a man-of-war in port under steam, ready to launch into any sphere of thought.

There is no doubt that *Capital* reveals to us a mind of astonishing vigour and superior knowledge. But for me, as for all those who knew Marx intimately, neither *Capital* nor any other of his works shows all the magnitude of his genius or the extent of his knowledge. He was highly superior to his own works.

I worked with Marx; I was only the scribe to whom he dictated, but that gave me the opportunity of observing his manner of thinking and writing. Work was easy for him, and at the same time difficult. Easy because his mind found no difficulty in embracing the relevant facts and considerations in their completeness. But that very completeness made the exposition of his ideas a matter of long and arduous work.

¹ After the defeat of the Paris Commune Lafargue emigrated to Spain, charged by Marx and the General Council of the First International with the fight against the anarchist Bakuninists.—*Ed.*

Vico said: "The thing is a body only for God, who knows everything; for man, who knows only the exterior, it is only surface." Marx grasped things after the fashion of Vico's god. He saw not only the surface, but what lay beneath it. He examined all the constituent parts in their mutual action and reaction; he isolated each of those parts and traced the history of its development. Then he went on from the thing to its surroundings and observed the reaction of one upon the other. He traced the origin of the object, the changes, evolutions and revolutions it went through, and proceeded finally to its remotest effects. He did not see a thing singly, in itself and for itself, separate from its surroundings: he saw a highly complicated world in continual motion.

His intention was to disclose the whole of that world in its manifold and continually varying action and reaction. Men of letters of Flaubert's and the Goncourts' school complain that it is so difficult to render exactly what one sees; yet all they wish to render is the surface, the impression that they get. Their literary work is child's play in comparison with Marx's: it required extraordinary vigour of thought to grasp reality and render what he saw and wanted to make others see. Marx was never satisfied with his work—he was always making some improvements and he always found his rendering inferior to the idea he wished to convey. . . .

Marx had the two qualities of a genius: he had an incomparable talent for dissecting a thing into its constituent parts, and he was past master at reconstituting the dissected object out of its parts, with all its different forms of development, and discovering their mutual inner relations. His demonstrations were not abstractions—which was the reproach made to him by economists who were themselves incapable of thinking; his method was not that of the geometrician who takes his definitions from the world around him but completely disregards reality in drawing his conclusions. *Capital* does not give isolated definitions or isolated formulas; it gives a series of most searching analyses which bring out the most evasive shades and the most elusive gradations.

Marx begins by stating the plain fact that the wealth of a society dominated by the capitalist mode of production presents itself as an enormous accumulation of commodities; the commodity, which is a concrete object, not a mathematical abstraction, is therefore the element, the cell, of capitalist wealth. Marx now seizes on the commodity, turns it over and over and inside out, and pries out of it one secret after another that official economists

were not in the least aware of, although those secrets are more numerous and profound than all the mysteries of the Catholic religion. Having examined the commodity in all its aspects, Marx considers it in its relations to its fellow commodity, in exchange. Then he goes on to its production and the historic prerequisites for its production. He considers the forms which commodities assume and shows how they pass from one to another, how one form is necessarily engendered by the other. He expounds the logical course of development of phenomena with such perfect art that one could think he had imagined it. And yet it is a product of reality, a reproduction of the actual dialectics of the commodity.

Marx was always extremely conscientious about his work: he never gave a fact or figure that was not borne out by the best authorities. He was never satisfied with second-hand information, he always went to the source itself, no matter how tedious the process. To make sure of a minor fact he would go to the British Museum and consult books there. His critics were never able to prove that he was negligent or that he based his arguments on facts which did not bear strict checking.

His habit of always going to the very source made him read authors who were very little known and whom he was the only one to quote. *Capital* contains so many quotations from little-known authors that one might think Marx wanted to show off how well-read he was. He had no intention of the sort. "I administer historical justice," he said. "I give each one his due." He considered himself obliged to name the author who had first expressed an idea or formulated it most correctly, no matter how insignificant and little known he was.

Marx was just as conscientious from the literary as from the scientific point of view. Not only would he never base himself on a fact he was not absolutely sure of, he never allowed himself to talk of a thing before he had studied it thoroughly. He did not publish a single work without repeatedly revising it until he had found the most appropriate form. He could not bear to appear in public without thorough preparation. It would have been a torture for him to show his manuscripts before giving them the finishing touch. He felt so strongly about this that he told me one day that he would rather burn his manuscripts than leave them unfinished.

His method of working often imposed upon him tasks the magnitude of which the reader can hardly imagine. Thus, in order to write the twenty pages or so on English factory legislation in *Capital* he went through a

whole library of Blue Books containing reports of commissions and factory inspectors in England and Scotland. He read them from cover to cover, as can be seen from the pencil marks in them. He considered those reports as the most important and weighty documents for the study of the capitalist mode of production. He had such a high opinion of those in charge of them that he doubted the possibility of finding in another country in Europe "men as competent, as free from partisanship and respect of persons as are the English factory inspectors." He paid them this brilliant tribute in the Preface to *Capital*.

From these Blue Books Marx drew a wealth of factual information. Many members of Parliament to whom they are distributed use them only as shooting targets, judging the striking power of the gun by the number of pages pierced. Others sell them by the pound, which is the most reasonable thing they can do, for this enabled Marx to buy them cheap from the old paper dealers in Long Acre whom he used to visit to look through their old books and papers. Professor Beesley said that Marx was the man who made the greatest use of English official inquiries and brought them to the knowledge of the world. He did not know that before 1845 Engels took numerous documents from the Blue Books in writing his book on the condition of the working class in England.

2

To get to know and love the heart that beat within the breast of Marx the scholar you had to see him when he had closed his books and notebooks and was surrounded by his family, or again on Sunday evenings in the society of his friends. He then proved the pleasantest of company, full of wit and humour, with a laugh that came straight from the heart. His black eyes under the arches of his bushy brows sparkled with pleasure and malice whenever he heard a witty saying or a pertinent repartie.

He was a loving, gentle and indulgent father. "Children should educate their parents," he used to say. There was never even a trace of the bossy parent in his relations with his daughters, whose love for him was extraordinary. He never gave them an order, but asked them to do what he wished as a favour or made them feel that they should not do what he wanted to forbid them. And yet a father could seldom have had more docile children than he. His daughters considered him as their friend and treated him as a companion; they did not call him "father," but "Moor"—a nickname that



Karl Marx. 1863

he owed to his dark complexion and jet-black hair and beard. The members of the Communist League, on the other hand, called him "Father Marx" before 1848, when he was not even thirty years of age. . . .

Marx used to spend hours playing with his children. These still remember the sea battles in a big basin of water and the burning of the fleets of paper ships that he made for them and set on fire to their great joy.

On Sundays his daughters would not allow him to work, he belonged to them for the whole day. If the weather was fine, the whole family would go for a walk in the country. On their way they would stop at a modest inn for bread and cheese and ginger beer. When his daughters were small he would make the long walk seem shorter to them by telling them endless fantastic tales which he made up as he went, developing and tensening the complications according to the distance they had to go, so that the little ones forgot their weariness listening.

He had an incomparably fertile imagination: his first literary works were poems. Mrs. Marx carefully preserved the poetry her husband wrote in his youth but never showed it to anybody. His family had dreamt of him being a man of letters or a professor and thought he was debasing himself by engaging in socialist agitation and political economy, which was then disdained in Germany.

Marx had promised his daughters to write a drama on the Gracchi for them. Unfortunately he was unable to keep his word. It would have been interesting to see how he, who was called "the knight of the class struggle," would have dealt with that terrible and magnificent episode in the class struggle of the ancient world. Marx fostered a lot of plans which were never carried out. Among other works he intended to write a Logic and a History of Philosophy, the latter having been his favourite subject in his younger days. He would have needed to live to a hundred to carry out all his literary plans and present the world with a portion of the treasure hidden in his brain.

Marx's wife was his lifelong helpmate in the truest and fullest sense of the word. They had known each other as children and grown up together. Marx was only seventeen at the time of his engagement. Seven long years the young couple had to wait before they were married in 1843. After that they never parted.

Mrs. Marx died shortly before her husband. Nobody ever had a greater sense of equality than she, although she was born and bred in a German

aristocratic family. No social differences or classifications existed for her. She entertained working people in their working clothes in her house and at her table with the same politeness and consideration as if they had been dukes or princes. Many workers of all countries enjoyed her hospitality and I am convinced that not one of them ever dreamt that the woman who received them with such homely and sincere cordiality descended in the female line from the family of the Dukes of Argyll and that her brother was a minister of the King of Prussia. That did not worry Mrs. Marx; she had given up everything to follow her Karl and never, not even in times of dire need, was she sorry she had done so.

She had a clear and brilliant mind. Her letters to her friends, written without constraint or effort, are masterly achievements of vigorous and original thinking. It was a treat to get a letter from Mrs. Marx. Johann Philipp Becker published several of her letters. Heine, a pitiless satirist as he was, feared Marx's irony, but he was full of admiration for the penetrating sensitive mind of his wife; when the Marxes were in Paris he was one of their regular visitors.

Marx had such respect for the intelligence and critical sense of his wife that he showed her all his manuscripts and set great store by her opinion, as he himself told me in 1866. Mrs. Marx copied out her husband's manuscripts before they were sent to the print-shop.

Mrs. Marx had a number of children. Three of them died at a tender age during the period of hardships that the family went through after the 1848 Revolution. At that time they lived as emigrants in London in two small rooms in Dean Street, Soho Square. I only knew the three daughters. When I was introduced to Marx in 1865 his youngest daughter, now Mrs. Aveling, was a charming child with a sunny disposition. Marx used to say his wife had made a mistake as to sex when she brought her into the world. The other two daughters formed a most surprising and harmonious contrast. The eldest, Mrs. Longuet, had her father's dark and vigorous complexion, dark eyes and jet-black hair. The second, Mrs. Lafargue, was fair-haired and rosy-skinned, her rich curly hair had a golden shimmer as if it had caught the rays of the setting sun: she was like her mother.

Another important member of the Marx household was H el ene Demuth. Born of a peasant family, she entered the service of Mrs. Marx long before the latter's wedding, when hardly more than a child. When her mistress got married she remained with her and devoted herself with complete self-



Jenny Marx, K. Marx's wife

oblivion to the Marx family. She accompanied her mistress and her husband on all their journeys over Europe and shared their exile. She was the good genius of the house and could always find a way out of the most difficult situations. It was thanks to her sense of order, her economy and skill that the Marx family were at least never short of the bare essentials. There was nothing she could not do: she cooked, kept the house, dressed the children, cut clothes for them and sewed them with Mrs. Marx. She was house-keeper and *major domo* at the same time: she ran the whole house. The children loved her like a mother and her maternal feeling towards them gave her a mother's authority. Mrs. Marx considered her as her bosom friend and Marx fostered a particular friendship towards her; he played chess with her and often enough lost to her.

Hélène loved the Marx family blindly: anything they did was good in her eyes and could not be otherwise; whoever criticized Marx had to deal with her. She extended her motherly protection to everyone who was admitted to intimacy with the Marxes. It was as though she had adopted all of the Marx family. She outlived Marx and his wife and transferred her care to Engels's household. She had known him since she was a girl and extended to him the attachment she had for the Marx family.

Engels was, so to speak, a member of the Marx family. Marx's daughters called him their second father. He was Marx's *alter ego*. For a long time the two names were never separated in Germany and they will be for ever united in history.

Marx and Engels were the personification in our time of the ideal of friendship portrayed by the poets of antiquity. From their youth they developed together and parallel to each other, lived in intimate fellowship of ideas and feelings and shared the same revolutionary agitation; as long as they could live together they worked in common. Had events not parted them for about twenty years they would probably have worked together their whole life. But after the defeat of the 1848 Revolution Engels had to go to Manchester, while Marx was obliged to remain in London. Even so, they continued their common intellectual life by writing to each other almost daily, giving their views on political and scientific events and their work. As soon as Engels was able to free himself from his work he hurried from Manchester to London, where he set up his home only ten minutes away from his dear Marx. From 1870 to the death of his friend not a day

went by but the two men saw each other, sometimes at one's house, sometimes at the other's.

It was a day of rejoicing for the Marxes when Engels informed them that he was coming from Manchester. His pending visit was spoken of long beforehand, and on the day of his arrival Marx was so impatient that he could not work. The two friends spent the whole night smoking and drinking together and talking over all that had happened since their last meeting.

Marx appreciated Engels's opinion more than anybody else's, for Engels was the man he considered capable of being his collaborator. For him Engels was a whole audience. No effort could have been too great for Marx to convince Engels and win him over to his ideas. For instance, I have seen him read whole volumes over and over to find the fact he needed to change Engels's opinion on some secondary point that I do not remember concerning the political and religious wars of the Albigenses. It was a triumph for Marx to bring Engels round to his opinion.

Marx was proud of Engels. He took pleasure in enumerating to me all his moral and intellectual qualities. He once specially made the journey to Manchester with me to introduce me to him. He admired the versatility of his knowledge and was alarmed at the slightest thing that could befall him. "I always tremble," he said to me, "for fear he should meet with an accident at the chase. He is so impetuous; he goes galloping over the fields with slackened reins, not shying at any obstacle."

Marx was as good a friend as he was a loving husband and father. In his wife and daughters, Hélène and Engels, he found worthy objects of love for a man such as he was.

3

Having started as leader of the radical bourgeoisie, Marx found himself deserted as soon as his opposition became too resolute and looked upon as an enemy as soon as he became a Socialist. He was baited and expelled from Germany after being decried and calumniated, and then there was a conspiracy of silence against him and his work. *The Eighteenth Brumaire*, which proves that Marx was the only historian and politician of 1848 who understood and disclosed the real nature of the causes and results of the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, was completely ignored. In

spite of the actuality of the work not a single bourgeois newspaper even mentioned it.

The Poverty of Philosophy, an answer to the *Philosophy of Poverty*, and *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy* were likewise ignored. The First International and the first book of *Capital* broke this conspiracy of silence after it had lasted fifteen years. Marx could no longer be ignored: the International developed and filled the world with the glory of its achievements. Although Marx kept in the background and let others act it was soon discovered who the man behind the scenes was.

The Social-Democratic Party was founded in Germany and became a power that Bismarck courted before he attacked it. Schweitzer, a follower of Lassalle, published a series of articles, which Marx highly praised, to bring *Capital* to the knowledge of the working public. On a motion by Johann Philipp Becker the Congress of the International adopted a resolution directing the attention of Socialists in all countries to *Capital* as to the "Bible of the working class."¹

After the rising on March 18, 1871, in which people tried to see the work of the International, and after the defeat of the Commune, which the General Council of the First International took it upon itself to defend against the rage of the bourgeois press in all countries, Marx's name became known to the whole world. He was acknowledged as the greatest theoretician of scientific socialism and the organizer of the first international working-class movement.

Capital became the manual of Socialists in all countries. All socialist and working-class papers spread its scientific theories. During a big strike which broke out in New York extracts from *Capital* were published in the form of leaflets to inspire the workers to endurance and show them how justified their claims were.

Capital was translated into the main European languages—Russian, French and English, and extracts were published in German, Italian, French, Spanish and Dutch. Every time attempts were made by opponents in Europe or America to refute its theories, the economists immediately got a socialist reply which closed their mouths. *Capital* is really today what it was called by the Congress of the International—the *Bible of the working class*.

¹ This resolution was adopted by the Brussels Congress of the First International in September 1868.—Ed.

The share Marx had to take in the international socialist movement took time from his scientific activity. The death of his wife and that of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Longuet, also had an adverse effect upon it.

Marx's love for his wife was profound and intimate. Her beauty had been his pride and his joy, her gentleness and devotedness had lightened for him the hardships necessarily resulting from his eventful life as a revolutionary Socialist. The disease which led to the death of Jenny Marx also shortened the life of her husband. During her long and painful illness Marx, exhausted by sleeplessness and lack of exercise and fresh air and morally weary, contracted the pneumonia which was to snatch him away.

On December 2, 1881, Mrs. Marx died as she had lived, a Communist and a materialist. Death had no terrors for her. When she felt her end approach she exclaimed: "Karl, my strength is ebbing!" Those were her last intelligible words.

She was buried in Highgate Cemetery, in unconsecrated ground, on December 5. Conforming to the habits of her life and Marx's, all care was taken to avoid her funeral being made a public one and only a few close friends accompanied her to her last resting-place. Marx's old friend Engels delivered the address over her grave. . . .

After the death of his wife, Marx's life was a succession of physical and moral sufferings which he bore with great fortitude. They were aggravated by the sudden death of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Longuet, a year later. He was broken, never to recover.

He died at his desk on March 14, 1883, at the age of sixty-four.

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Translated from the German

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Paul Lafargue

REMINISCENCES OF ENGELS

I made Engels's acquaintance in 1867, the year the first volume of *Capital* appeared.

"Now that you are my daughter's fiancé I must introduce you to Engels," Marx said to me, and we set out for Manchester.

Engels lived with his wife and her niece, then six or seven years old, in a little house on the outskirts of the town. A few steps farther and you were in the fields. At that time he was partner in a business founded by his father.

Like Marx, Engels had emigrated to London after the defeat of the revolution on the continent and like him he wanted to devote himself to political agitation and scientific study.

But Marx had lost his and his wife's means in the storm of revolution and Engels had nothing to live on either. Engels therefore had to accept

his father's invitation and return to Manchester. There he resumed the clerical job in his father's business that he had had in 1843, while Marx was hardly able to provide for the most pressing necessities of his family by weekly contributions to the *New York Daily Tribune*.

Engels led a sort of double life from then until 1870: on weekdays from 10 to 4 he was a business man whose main occupation was to deal with the firm's correspondence in several languages and to attend the Exchange. He had an official residence in the centre of the town where he entertained his business friends, but it was in his little house on the outskirts that he received his political and scientific friends, including the chemist Schorlemmer and Samuel Moore, who later translated the first volume of *Capital* into English.

His wife, who was of Irish descent and an ardent patriot, was in continual touch with the many Irishmen in Manchester and was always well informed of their conspiracies. More than one Sinn Feiner found hospitality in Engels's house and it was thanks to his wife that the leader in the attempt to free the condemned Sinn Feiners on their way to the scaffold was able to evade the police. Engels, who took an interest in the Sinn Fein movement, collected documents for a history of the English domination in Ireland: he must have written parts of it and they should be among his papers.¹

In the evening, after the slavery of business, he would go home, a free man again. He took part not only in the business life of the Manchester manufacturers, but in their pleasures as well, attending their meetings, their dinners and their sports events. He was an excellent rider and had his own hunter for the fox chase; when the neighbouring gentry and aristocracy sent out invitations to all riders in the district according to the ancient feudal custom he never failed to attend. He was always among the leaders in clearing ditches, hedges and other obstacles. "I always fear that some day I shall hear he has had an accident," Marx once said to me. . . .

I do not know whether his bourgeois acquaintances were aware of his other life: the English are so extraordinarily discreet and show so little curiosity about what does not concern them. In any case, they knew nothing about the high intellectual qualities of the man with whom they had daily intercourse, for Engels showed them little of his knowledge. He whom Marx

¹ Engels's unfinished manuscript, *A History of Ireland*, and part of the preliminary materials for it were published in *Marx-Engels Archives*, Book X, 1948, pp. 59-263.—Ed.

esteemed as the most learned man in Europe was nothing to them but a merry companion who could appreciate a glass of good wine. . . .

Engels never lost his love for the society of the young and he was always an admirable host. Many were the London Socialists, the comrades passing through and the emigrants from all countries who gathered at his hospitable table on Sundays. They all left his house delighted with those evenings of which he was the soul with his gaiety, his wit and his never-failing cheerfulness.

* * *

One cannot think of Engels without immediately remembering Marx, and vice versa; their lives interwove so closely that they seemed to form one single life. Yet they both had very distinct individualities and differed from each other not only outwardly but in temperament, character and way of thinking and feeling.

They made each other's acquaintance towards the end of November 1842 when Engels called at the editorial office of *Rheinische Zeitung*. After the suspension of *Rheinische Zeitung* by the censor, Marx got married and went to France. Engels paid him a few days' visit in Paris in September 1844. Since their joint work for *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*, Engels informs us in his biography of Marx, they kept up correspondence with each other and it was from that time that a collaboration dated which ended only with the death of Marx. At the beginning of 1845 Marx was expelled from France by Guizot's ministry on the demand of the Prussian Government and went to Brussels; shortly afterwards Engels also went there, and when the 1848 Revolution again brought *Rheinische Zeitung*¹ to life Engels was at Marx's side and managed the newspaper in his place when he was obliged to absent himself.

In spite of his intellectual superiority Engels never won the same authority as Marx over his colleagues on the editorial board—young men distinguished by their talent, their revolutionary spirit and their courage in the struggle. Marx told me that on his return from a journey to Vienna he found the editorial board split by quarrels that Engels had not been able to settle; antagonisms were so sharp that it seemed they could be settled only by a duel. Marx needed all his diplomacy to restore peace.

¹ Here *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* is meant.—Ed.

Marx was a born leader; he influenced everybody who came in contact with him. Engels was the first to admit this; he often told me that Marx had impressed everybody since his youth by the clearness and resoluteness of his character and that he was a real leader enjoying the full confidence of all even in matters which lay outside his sphere, as the following fact proves.

Wolff, to whom the first book of *Capital* is dedicated, fell seriously ill at his home in Manchester. The physicians had given up all hope, but Engels and his friends would not believe the terrible sentence and unanimously decided that Marx must be wired to come and give his opinion. . . .

Engels and Marx had the habit of working together; although Engels carried exactitude to the extreme, he sometimes became impatient at the scrupulousness of Marx, who would not put a sentence on paper unless he could prove it in a dozen different ways.

After the defeat of the 1848 Revolution the two friends had to part. One went to Manchester, the other remained in London. But they did not cease to live together in thought and every day, or almost, for twenty years they informed each other by letter of their impressions and considerations on political events and their progress in their studies. Their correspondence has been preserved to this day.

Engels left Manchester as soon as he was able to free himself from the burden of business life; he hurried to London and took up his residence at Regent's Park Road, ten minutes from Maitland Park, where Marx lived. Every day at about one he went to see Marx, and when the weather was fine and Marx was so disposed they went for a walk together on Hampstead Heath; if not, they chatted for an hour or two, walking up and down in Marx's study, one diagonally in one way, the other in the other.

I remember a discussion on the Albigenses that lasted for several days. At the time Marx was studying the role of Jewish and Christian financiers in the Middle Ages. In the intervals between their meetings they studied the disputed question in order to form a common opinion. No other criticism of their thoughts and work was as valuable for them as their mutual criticism. They had the highest opinion of each other.

Marx never tired of admiring the universality of Engels's knowledge and the wonderful versatility of his mind which allowed him to pass with ease from one subject to another, while Engels took pleasure in admitting the force of Marx's analysis and synthesis.

"Naturally," Engels said to me one day, "the understanding and exposition of the mechanism of the capitalist mode of production would have been achieved in any case and the laws of its development would have been disclosed and explained; but it would have taken a long time and it would have been piece and patch work. Marx alone was capable of following all the economic categories in their dialectic motion, to link the phases of their development with the causes determining it, and to reconstruct the edifice of the whole of economics in a monument of science the individual parts of which mutually supported and determined one another."

It was not only their brains that worked in unison, they had the warmest friendship for each other: one always thought what could please the other, one was proud of the other. One day Marx got a letter from his Hamburg publisher telling him of a visit he had had from Engels, whom he had come to consider as one of the most charming men he had ever met. "I should like to see the man," Marx called out as he read the letter, "who does not find Fred just as amiable as he is learned!"

Money, knowledge—everything was in common between them. When Marx became a correspondent of the *New York Daily Tribune* he was still learning English: Engels translated his articles and even wrote them when necessary. And when Engels was preparing his *Anti-Dühring* Marx interrupted the work he was doing to write an essay on economics of which Engels used a part, as he publicly stated.¹

Engels extended his friendship to the whole of Marx's family: Marx's daughters were as children to him, they called him their second father. This friendship lasted beyond the grave.

After Marx's death Engels was the only one who could go through his manuscripts and publish the works he left behind. He laid aside his general philosophy of science, on which he had been working for more than ten years and for which he had made a review of all sciences and their progress up to date,² in order to devote himself entirely to the last two books of *Capital*.

¹ For *Anti-Dühring* Marx wrote Chapter X of the section "Political Economy." At the first publication in *Vorwärts* Engels had to make cuts in this chapter, but he gave the full text according to Marx's manuscript in the third edition of *Anti-Dühring* in 1894.—*Ed.*

² Engels's unfinished manuscript of *Dialectics of Nature* was first published in 1925 in German and in Russian by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the C.C., C.P.S.U.—*Ed.*

Engels loved study for its own sake: he was interested in all fields. In 1849, after the defeat of the revolution, he went to England from Genoa on a sailing vessel, for he thought it risky to go from Switzerland via France. He profited by this opportunity to study nautical questions: during the trip he kept a diary in which he recorded the changes in the position of the sun, the direction of the wind, the state of the sea, etc. This diary must be among his papers, for the restless and impetuous Engels was as methodical as an old maid. He kept everything and registered it with the most scrupulous exactitude.

Philology and military science had been his first favourites: he never gave them up and always kept abreast of their progress. He considered the tiniest details important. I remember how in order to learn stress in Spanish, he read *Romancero* aloud with his friend Mesa who had come from Spain.

His knowledge of European languages and even dialects was unbelievable.

When, after the fall of the Commune, I met the members of the National Council of the International in Spain, they told me that somebody called "Angel" was replacing me as secretary of the General Council for Spain and that he wrote perfect Castillian. "Angel" was Engels with his name pronounced in the Spanish way. When I went to Lisbon, Francia, secretary of the National Council for Portugal, told me he had got letters from Engels in impeccable Portuguese—a fine achievement when one thinks of the similarities and small differences the two languages have with one another and with Italian, in which he was equally proficient.

Engels made it a point of vanity to write to his correspondents in their mother tongue: he wrote to Lavrov in Russian, to Frenchmen in French, to Poles in Polish, and so on. He enjoyed reading in local dialects and lost no time in ordering Bignami's popular works in the Milan dialect.

One of the sights on Ramsgate Beach that was much enjoyed by common Londoners was a bearded dwarf in a Brazilian general's uniform. Engels spoke to him in Portuguese and then in Spanish but got no answer. At last the general said a word or two. "Why, your Brazilian is an Irishman!" Engels exclaimed, and he hailed him in his native dialect. The poor fellow wept for joy.

"Engels stutters in twenty languages," said a Commune emigrant, joking at the way Engels stuttered when he was excited.

No field left Engels indifferent; in the last years of his life he began to read works on childbirth because Mrs. Freyberger, who lived in his house, was preparing for an examination in medicine.

Marx reproached him for scattering his attention over so many subjects just for pleasure "without thinking of working for humanity." Engels retorted: "It would be a pleasure for me to burn the Russian publications on agriculture that have been preventing you for years from finishing *Capital*."

At that time Marx had taken up the study of Russian because Danielson, one of his Petersburg friends, had sent him numerous bulky reports on agricultural investigations the publication of which was forbidden by the Russian Government because of the terrible situation they revealed.¹

Engels's impulse for knowledge was not satisfied until he had mastered his subject in the smallest details. Anybody who has an idea of the extent and variety of his knowledge and at the same time considers his active life is astonished that Engels, who had nothing of the armchair scientist about him, could manage to store such an amount of knowledge in his head. With a memory which was as sure as all-embracing and an extraordinary speed at work he combined a no less remarkable ease of understanding.

He worked quickly and without effort. In his large, well-lighted studies, whose walls were lined with bookcases, there was not a scrap of paper on the floor, and all his books were in their places with the exception of a dozen or so on his desk. The rooms were more like reception-rooms than a scholar's study.

He was just as particular about his appearance: he was always trim and scrupulously clean, always looking as though ready to go to a parade as during his year's voluntary service in the Prussian army. I do not know anybody who wore the same clothes for such a long time without creasing them or making them shabby. He was economical as far as his personal needs were concerned and incurred only such expenses as he deemed absolutely necessary, but his generosity towards the Party and his Party comrades when they applied to him in need knew no bounds.

* * *

¹ Lafargue probably means the bulky *Works of the Fiscal Commission* published in restricted quantities for official use.—*Ed.*

Engels was living in Manchester when the First International was founded. . . . He supported the International financially and contributed to its paper *The Commonwealth*, founded by the General Council. After the declaration of the Franco-Prussian war and his move to London¹ he devoted himself to its development with the zeal that he displayed in everything that he undertook.

At first it was military tactics that interested him in the war: he followed the opposing armies day by day and more than once foretold the steps the German General Staff would take, as is proved by his articles in *Pall Mall Gazette*.² He foretold the surrounding of Napoleon's army two days before Sedan. These prophecies, which, by the way, were greatly commented on in the English press, made Marx's eldest daughter Jenny give him the title of "General." After the fall of the French Empire he had but one wish and one hope: the triumph of the French Republic. Engels and Marx had no fatherland: they were both, to use Marx's expression, citizens of the world.

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¹ In September 1870.—*Ed.*

² A paper published in London from 1865. Engels's articles on the Franco-Prussian War appeared in it from July 1870 to March 1871.—*Ed.*



Wilhelm Liebknecht

REMINISCENCES OF MARX

Hundreds of times I have been urged to write about Marx and my personal association with him, and every time I have refused. It was out of respect for Marx that I did so. For perhaps the task was beyond me or I would not have the time. And it would be insulting to Marx's memory to write about him in a hasty, slipshod way.

But it was objected that a cursory sketch need not necessarily be slipshod or hasty, that I could tell things which nobody else could and that anything which can help our workers or our Party to know Marx better is of incontestable value. And if the choice is between a relation, imperfect as it must be, of what I know, or nothing at all, the former is certainly the lesser evil. In the end I had to agree. . . .

Marx, the man of science, the editor of *Rheinische Zeitung*, the co-founder of *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*, the co-author of the *Communist Manifesto*, the editor of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* and the creator of *Capital*, is a

figure belonging to the public. . . . It would be foolhardy of me to try to write about that Marx, for I could not do so in the short time that I could snatch from my urgent daily work. That would require profound scientific work. Where could I get the time from? . . .

I shall therefore refer to Marx, the man of science and of politics, only incidentally and biographically in this short sketch. That aspect of Marx is clear to everybody. I shall try to show the *man* in Marx, as I knew him myself.

1

FIRST MEETING WITH MARX

My friendship with Marx's two eldest daughters—they were then six and seven years old respectively—began a few days after I arrived in London after being released from prison in "Free Switzerland" and travelling via France on a compulsory passport. I met the Marx family at the summer fête of the Communist Workers' Educational Society¹ somewhere near London, I do not remember whether it was at Greenwich or Hampton Court.

"Père Marx," whom I had never seen before, at once severely scrutinized me, looking searchingly into my eyes and attentively surveying my head. . . .

The scrutiny ended favourably and I endured the gaze of that lion-like head with the jet-black mane. Then came a lively, cheerful chat and we were soon in the middle of unconstrained rejoicing, Marx being the least constrained of all. I was immediately introduced to Mrs. Marx, Lenchen, who had been their faithful housekeeper since she was a girl, and the children. From that day I was at home in Marx's house and not a day went by but I visited his family. They were living in Dean Street, off Oxford Street. I took up lodgings in Church Street, not far away.

2

FIRST CONVERSATION

I had my first long talk with Marx the day after I met him at the fête which I have just mentioned. We had naturally not been able to have a serious discussion there and Marx invited me for the next day to the premises of the Workers' Educational Society, where Engels would probably be too.

¹ *The German Workers' Educational Society* was founded in London in 1840. Marx had a decisive influence in it in 1847-50 and in the sixties and seventies.—*Ed.*

I arrived somewhat before the appointed time. Marx had not yet arrived, but I met a number of old acquaintances and was in the middle of an animated conversation when Marx slapped me on the shoulder with a friendly greeting, telling me that Engels was downstairs in the private parlour and that we would be more to ourselves there.

I did not know what a private parlour was and I thought that the time for the big test had come, but I went trustingly with Marx. The impression he made on me was just as favourable as the day before—he had a gift for inspiring confidence. He slipped his arm through mine and took me to the private parlour where Engels, who was already sitting there with a pewter mug of dark stout, gave me a cheerful welcome.

Amy, the brisk barmaid, was immediately ordered to bring us something to drink—and to eat too, for food was one of the major questions for us emigrants—and we sat down, I on one side of the table, Marx and Engels on the other. The heavy mahogany table, the shining tankards, the frothing stout, the prospect of a real English beefsteak and all that goes with it, and the long clay pipes only asking to be smoked made one feel so comfortable that it reminded me of one of the English illustrations to *Boz*. But it was to be an examination after all! Well, I would manage it alright. The conversation got livelier. . . .

I had never had any personal association with Marx or Engels before I met Engels in Geneva the year before. The only works by them that I knew were Marx's articles in the Paris *Jahrbücher*¹ and *The Poverty of Philosophy* and Engels's *Condition of the Working-Class in England*. A Communist since 1846, I had only been able to procure the *Communist Manifesto* a short time before I met Engels after the Reich Constitution campaign,² although I had, of course, heard of it earlier and knew its contents. As for *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, I had seldom been able to see it, for during the eleven months it appeared I was either abroad, in prison, or living the chaotic and stormy life of a rebel volunteer.

Both my examiners suspected me of petty-bourgeois "democracy" and "South-German placidity," and some of the opinions I expressed on

¹ *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*.—Ed.

² Revolutionary struggle in South-West Germany in spring and summer 1849 for an All-German (Reich) Constitution.—Ed.

men and things met severe criticism. . . . But on the whole the examination was not a failure and the conversation turned to broader questions.

Soon we were talking about natural sciences and Marx scoffed at the victorious reaction in Europe who imagined that they had stifled the revolution and had no idea that natural science was preparing a new one. King Steam, who had revolutionized the world the century before, had lost his throne and was being superseded by a still greater revolutionary—the electric spark. Then Marx told me with great enthusiasm about the model of an electric engine that had been on show for a few days in Regent Street and that could drive a railway train.

“The problem is now solved,” he said, “and the consequences are unpredictable. The economic revolution must necessarily be followed by a political revolution, for the latter is but the expression of the former.”

The way Marx spoke of the progress of science and mechanics showed so clearly his world outlook, especially what was later to be called the materialist conception of history, that certain doubts which I still entertained melted like snow in the spring sun.

I did not return home that evening. We talked, laughed and drank until well into the morning and the sun was already up when I went to bed. But I did not stay there long; I could not get to sleep, for my mind was full of all I had heard and the tumult of my thoughts drove me out of bed and to Regent Street to see the model, the modern horse of Troy which bourgeois society in its suicidal blindness had brought into its Ilion amidst rejoicings like the Trojans of old and which was to be their inevitable ruin. *Essetai haemar*—the day will come when holy Ilion will fall.

A big crowd showed me where the engine was exhibited. I pushed my way through and there was the engine and the train racing round merrily. . . .

That was in 1850, at the beginning of July.

3

MARX, TEACHER AND EDUCATOR OF REVOLUTIONARIES

“Moor,” being five or six years older than us “young fellows,” was conscious of the advantage his maturity gave him over us and sounded us, particularly me, on every possible occasion. Well-read as he was and with his

fabulous memory, he had no difficulty in making it hot for us. How he enjoyed it when he could give one of the "student boys" a sticky question and prove at his expense in *corpore vili* the wretchedness of our universities and academic education.

But he educated us and there was a plan in his education. I can say that he was my teacher in both senses of the word, the stricter and the broader. We had to learn from him in all branches, not to mention political economy—you don't talk of the pope in his palace. I shall speak of his talks on that subject in the Communist League later. Marx was at his ease in ancient as well as modern languages. I was a philologist and it gave him childlike pleasure when he could show me some difficult passage from Aristotle or Aeschylus which I could not immediately construe correctly. How he scolded me one day because I did not know . . . Spanish! He snatched up *Don Quixote* out of a pile of books and began to give me a lesson. I already knew the principles of grammar and word building from Diez's comparative grammar of the Romance languages and so I got on pretty well under his excellent direction and with his cautious help when I hesitated or got stuck. And what a patient teacher he was, he who was otherwise so fiery! The lesson was cut short only by the entrance of a visitor. Every day I was questioned and had to translate a passage from *Don Quixote* or some other Spanish book until he judged me capable enough.

Marx was a remarkable philologist, though more in modern than in ancient languages. He had a most exact knowledge of Grimm's German Grammar and he understood more about the part of the Grimm brothers' dictionary that was published than I, a linguist. He could write English and French as well as an Englishman or Frenchman, though his pronunciation was faulty. His articles for the *New York Daily Tribune* were written in classical English, his *Poverty of Philosophy* against Proudhon's *Philosophy of Poverty* in classical French. The French friend to whom he showed the manuscript of the latter work before it was printed found but little to improve in it.

As Marx understood the essence of language and had studied its origin, its development and its structure, it was not difficult for him to learn languages. In London he learned Russian and during the Crimean War he even intended to study Turkish and Arabic, but he was not able to do so. As one who really wishes to master a language, he attached most importance to reading. A man with a good memory—and Marx's was of such

extraordinary fidelity that it never forgot anything—quickly accumulates vocabulary and turns of phrases. Practical use is then easily learned.

In 1850 and 1851 Marx gave a course of lectures on political economy. He was reluctant to do so, but once he had given a few private lectures to some of his closest friends he let us persuade him to lecture to broader audiences. In this course, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all fortunate to attend, Marx fully developed the principles of his system as we see it expounded in *Capital*. In the overcrowded hall of the Communist Educational Society, which at the time was in Great Windmill Street,—the very hall in which the *Communist Manifesto* had been adopted a year and a half before—Marx showed a great gift for popularizing knowledge. Nobody was more against vulgarizing science, i.e., falsifying, debasing and stultifying it, than he was. Nobody had a greater talent for expressing himself clearly. Clarity of speech is the fruit of clarity of thought: clear thought necessarily leads to clear expression.

Marx proceeded with method. He formulated a proposition—as briefly as possible—and then explained it at length, avoiding with the utmost care any expressions which the workers would not understand. Then he invited his listeners to ask questions. If none were asked he would begin examining, which he did with such pedagogical skill that no gap or misunderstanding escaped him.

Expressing my surprise at this skill one day, I was told that Marx had already given lectures in the Workers' Society in Brussels.¹ In any case, he had all that makes an excellent teacher. In teaching he also made use of a blackboard on which he wrote formulas, including those that we all know from the beginning of *Capital*.

The pity was that the course only lasted about six months or less. Elements which Marx did not like got into the Communist Educational Society. When the tide of emigration had ebbed the Society shrivelled up and became somewhat sectarian, the old followers of Weitling and Cabet began to assert themselves again. Marx, who was not content with such a narrow scope of activity and could do more important things than sweep away old cobwebs, kept away from the Society.

Marx was a purist in language to the extent of pedanticism. My Upper

¹ These lectures were published in April 1849 in *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* under the title: *Wage-Labour and Capital*.—Ed.

Hessian dialect, which clung to me like a skin—or perhaps I clung to it—let me in for countless lectures from him. If I speak of such trifles it is only because they show how much Marx felt himself to be the teacher of us “young fellows.”

This was naturally manifested in another way. He was very exacting towards us. As soon as he discovered a deficiency in our knowledge he would insist most forcibly on our making it up and give us the right advice how to do so. Anybody who was alone with him would be put through a regular examination. Such examinations were no joke. You could not throw dust in his eyes. If he saw that his efforts were lost on anybody that was the end of his friendship. It was an honour for us to be “school-mastered” by him. I was never with him but I learned something from him. . . .

In those days only a small minority in the working class itself had risen to the level of socialism, and among the Socialists themselves only a minority were Socialists in the scientific sense Marx gave the word—the sense of the *Communist Manifesto*. The bulk of the workers, if they were at all awakened to political life, were pinned down by the mist of sentimental democratic wishes and phrases, such as were characteristic of the 1848 movement and what preceded and followed it. The applause of the multitude, popularity, was for Marx a proof that one was on the wrong road, and his favourite motto was Dante’s proud line: *Segui il tuo corso, e lascia dir le genti!*—Go your own way and let tongues wag!

How often he quoted that line, with which he also concluded his Preface to *Capital*. Nobody is insensitive to blows, jostling, or gnat or bug bites, and how often Marx, attacked from all sides and racked by the struggle for existence, misunderstood by the working people the weapons for whose emancipation he forged in the silence of the night, sometimes even disdained by them whereas they followed vain prattlers, dissembling traitors or even avowed enemies—how often he must have repeated to himself in the solitude of his poor, genuinely proletarian study the words of the great Florentine to inspire himself with courage and fresh energy!

He would not be led astray. Unlike the prince in the *Thousand and One Nights* who surrendered victory and the prize of victory because, terrified by the noise and the fearful apparitions round him, he looked round and back, Marx went forward, always looking ahead at his bright goal. . . .

As great as his hatred for popularity was his anger at those who sought it. He loathed fine speakers and woe betide anyone who engaged in phrase-

mongering. With such people he was implacable. "Phrasemonger" was the worst reproach he could make, and when he had once discovered that somebody was a phrasemonger it was all over with him. He kept impressing upon us "young fellows" the necessity for logical thought and clarity in expression and forced us to study.

The magnificent reading-room of the British Museum with its inexhaustible treasure of books was completed about that time. Marx went there daily and urged us to go too. Study! Study! That was the categorical injunction that we heard often enough from him and that he gave us by his example and the continual work of his mighty brain.

While the other emigrants were daily planning a world revolution and day after day, night after night, intoxicating themselves with the opium-like motto: "Tomorrow it will begin!", we, the "brimstone band," the "bandits," the "dregs of mankind," spent our time in the British Museum and tried to educate ourselves and prepare arms and ammunition for the future fight.

Sometimes we had not a bite to eat, but that did not keep us away from the Museum, for there we had comfortable chairs to sit on and in winter it was warm and cosy, which was far from being the case at home, for those who had a home.

Marx was a stern teacher: he not only urged us to study, he made sure that we did so.

For a long time I was studying the history of the English trade-unions. Every day he would ask me how far I had got and he left me no peace until I delivered a long speech to a large audience. He was present at it. He did not praise me, but neither did he inflict any devastating criticism, and as he was not in the habit of praising and did so only out of pity, I consoled myself for the absence of praise. Then, when he entered into a discussion with me over an assertion that I had made, I considered that as indirect praise.

As a teacher Marx had the rare quality of being severe without discouraging. And another of his remarkable qualities was that he compelled us to be critical of ourselves and would not allow us to be complacent over our achievements. He scourged bland contemplativeness cruelly with the lash of his irony.

MARX'S STYLE

If Buffon's saying: "The style is the man" is true of anybody, it is of Marx—Marx's style is Marx. A man of such thorough truthfulness as Marx, who knew no other cult but that of the truth, who swept aside in a moment a proposition painfully arrived at, and therefore dear to him, as soon as he was convinced of its incorrectness, necessarily showed himself in his works as he was in reality. Incapable of hypocrisy, dissimulation or pretence, he was always himself, in his writings as in his life. Naturally, the style of such a many-sided, versatile and all-embracing nature as his could not have the uniformity, evenness or even monotony of a less complex, less comprehensive one. The Marx of *Capital*, the Marx of *The Eighteenth Brumaire* and the Marx of *Herr Vogt* are three different Marxes; yet in their variety they are *one* Marx, there is unity in their trinity, the unity of his great personality which manifests itself in different ways in different fields and yet is ever the selfsame.

The style of *Capital* is admittedly difficult to understand, but then, is the subject treated easy to understand? Style is not only the man, it is also the material, it must be adapted to the material. There is no royal road to science, each one must strain himself and climb, even if he has the best of leaders. To complain of the difficult, abstruse or even heavy style of *Capital* is only to admit one's own mental laziness or inability to think.

Is *The Eighteenth Brumaire* unintelligible? Is an arrow unintelligible that flies straight to the target and penetrates deep into it? Is a javelin unintelligible which, aimed by a steady hand, pierces the very centre of the enemy's heart? The words of *The Eighteenth Brumaire* are arrows and javelins, they are a style that brands and kills. If ever hate, scorn and burning love of liberty were expressed in burning, devastating, lofty words, it is in *The Eighteenth Brumaire*, which combines the indignant severity of a Tacitus with the deadly satire of a Juvenal and the holy wrath of a Dante. Style here is the *stilus* that it was of old in the hand of the Romans, a sharp stiletto, used to write and to stab. Style is a dagger which strikes unerringly at the heart.

And in *Herr Vogt*, what sparkling wit, what Shakespeare-like gaiety at finding a Falstaff and in him an inexhaustible mine to fill an arsenal of irony! Marx's style is indeed Marx himself. He has been reproached with trying

to squeeze as much content as possible into the minimum space, but that is precisely Marx.

Marx attached extreme importance to purity and correctness of expression. And he chose himself the highest masters in Goethe, Lessing, Shakespeare, Dante and Cervantes, from whom he made almost daily readings. He was most scrupulous as far as purity and correctness of language were concerned. I remember that he once gave me a lecture at the beginning of my stay in London for having used the expression "*stattgehabte Versammlung*" in an article. I pleaded usage as an excuse but Marx burst out: "What wretched German Gymnasiums where no German is taught! What wretched German universities!" and so on. I defended myself as best I could and quoted examples from the classics, but I never spoke of a "*stattgehabte*" or "*stattgefunden*" event again and tried to get others out of the habit. . . .

Marx was a strict purist, he often searched hard and long for the correct expression. He hated unnecessary foreign words and if he did frequently use foreign words where the subject did not call for them, the fact must be attributed to the long time he spent abroad, especially in England. . . . But the abundance of original, genuine German word constructions and uses which we find in Marx in spite of his having spent two-thirds of his life abroad make him highly deserving before the German language, of which he was one of the most prominent masters and creators. . . .

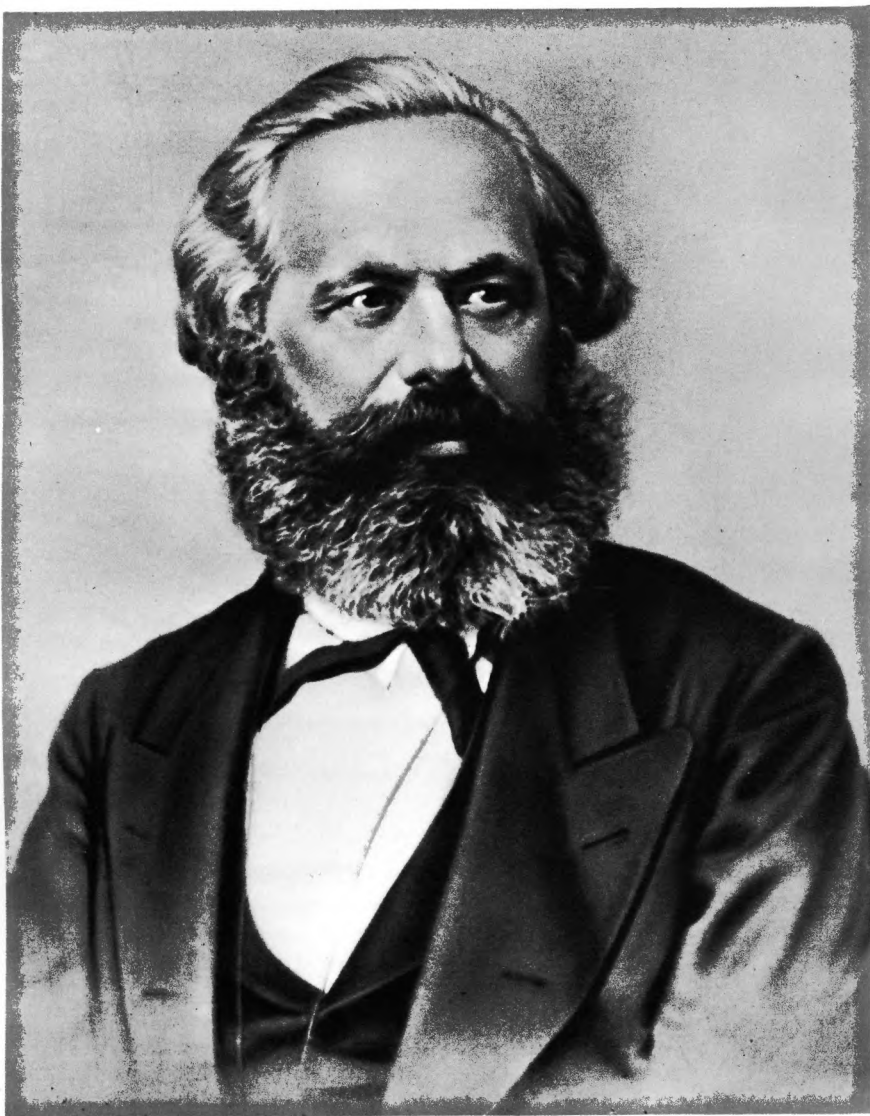
5

MARX THE POLITICIAN, SCIENTIST AND MAN

Marx treated politics as a science. Pothouse politicians and politics he loathed. Indeed, can one imagine anything more senseless?

History is the product of all the forces active in man and in nature, of human thought, human passions and human needs. But as a theory, politics is the knowledge of the millions and billions of factors spinning on "the spinning-wheel of time," and as a practice it is action based on that knowledge. Politics is therefore a science and an applied science. . . .

How furious Marx got when he spoke of empty-headed people who thought they could interpret things with a few stereotyped phrases and direct the destinies of the world from a public-house saloon, the newspapers, public meetings or parliaments by taking their more or less muddled



Karl Marx. 1867

wishes and fancies for facts. Luckily the world does not bother about them. Among those "empty heads" there were sometimes quite famous and highly respected "great men."

On this point Marx did not only criticize, he showed a perfect example. In particular in his essays on contemporary developments in France and Napoleon's *coup d'état* and his *New York Daily Tribune* correspondence he provided classical models of the writing of political history.

Here I cannot refrain from a comparison. Bonaparte's *coup d'état*, which Marx dealt with in *The Eighteenth Brumaire*, served Victor Hugo, the greatest of French romantic authors and phrase turners, as the theme of a work which has acquired fame. What a contrast between the two works and the two men! On one side unwieldy grandiloquence and grandiloquent unwieldiness, on the other, systematically arranged facts, the cool-headed scientist weighing facts and the wrathful politician, his judgement unobscured by his wrath.

On the one hand, fleeting sparkling spray, bursts of emotional rhetoric, grotesque caricatures, on the other, each word a well-aimed shaft, each sentence an accusation weighted with facts, the naked truth, overwhelming in its nakedness; no indignation, but plain statement, divulging what actually exists. Victor Hugo's *Napoléon le Petit* had ten editions in quick succession, but today no one remembers it. Marx's *The Eighteenth Brumaire* will be read with admiration thousands of years hence. . . .

Marx could only become what he did become, as I said elsewhere, in England. In a country so undeveloped economically as Germany still was up to the middle of the present century it was just as impossible for Marx to arrive at his criticism of bourgeois economy and the knowledge of the capitalist process of production as for economically undeveloped Germany to have the political institutions of economically developed England. Marx depended just as much on his surroundings and the conditions in which he lived as any other man: without those conditions he would not have become what he is. Nobody proved that better than he did.

To observe such a mind letting conditions act upon it and penetrating deeper and deeper into the nature of society is in itself a profound mental enjoyment. I shall never be able to appreciate at its worth the good fortune that befell me, a young fellow without experience and craving for education, to have Marx as my guide and to profit by his influence and teaching.

Given the many-sidedness, I would go so far as to say the all-embracing-

ness, of his universal mind, a mind that encompassed the universe, penetrated into every substantial detail and never scorned anything as secondary or insignificant, that teaching could not but be many-sided.

Marx was one of the first to grasp the significance of Darwin's research. Even before 1859, the year of the publication of *The Origin of the Species*—and, by a remarkable coincidence, of Marx's *Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*—Marx realized Darwin's epoch-making importance. For Darwin, in the peace of his country estate far from the hubbub of the city, was preparing a revolution similar to the one which Marx himself was working for in the seething centre of the world. Only the lever was brought to bear on a different point.

Marx kept up with every new appearance and noted every step forward, especially in the fields of natural sciences—including physics and chemistry—and history. The names of Moleschott, Liebig, and Huxley, whose “popular lectures” we attended scrupulously, were as often to be heard among us as those of Ricardo, Adam Smith, MacCulloch and the Scottish and Italian economists. When Darwin drew the conclusions from his research work and brought them to the knowledge of the public, we spoke of nothing else for months but Darwin and the enormous significance of his scientific discoveries. . . .

No one could be kinder and fairer than Marx in giving others their due. He was too great to be envious, jealous or vain. But he had as deadly a hatred for the false greatness and pretended fame of swaggering incapacity and vulgarity as for any kind of deceit and pretence.

Of all the great, little or average men that I have known, Marx is one of the few who was free from vanity. He was too great and too strong to be vain, and too proud as well. He never struck an attitude, he was always himself. He was as incapable as a child of wearing a mask or pretending. As long as social or political grounds did not make it undesirable, he always spoke his mind completely and without any reserve and his face was the mirror of his heart. And when circumstances demanded restraint he showed a sort of childlike awkwardness that often amused his friends.

No man could be more truthful than Marx—he was truthfulness incarnate. Merely by looking at him you knew who it was you were dealing with. In our “civilized” society with its perpetual state of war one cannot always tell the truth, that would be playing into the enemy's hands or risking being sent to Coventry. But even if it is often inadvisable to say the truth, it is

not always necessary to say an untruth. I must not always say what I think or feel, but that does not mean that I must say what I do not feel or think. The former is wisdom, the latter hypocrisy. Marx was never a hypocrite. He was absolutely incapable of it, just like an unsophisticated child. His wife often called him "my big baby," and nobody, not even Engels, knew or understood him better than she did. Indeed, when he was in what is generally termed society, where everything is judged by appearances and one must do violence to one's feelings, our "Moor" was like a big boy and he could be embarrassed and blush like a child.

He detested men who acted a part. I still remember how he laughed when he told us of his first meeting with Louis Blanc. He was still living in Dean Street, in the small flat in which there were really only two rooms, the front one, the parlour, being used as study and reception-room, the back one for everything else. Louis Blanc gave Lenchen his card and she showed him into the front room while Marx quickly dressed in the back room. The door between the two rooms had been left ajar and Marx witnessed an amusing scene. The "great" historian and politician was a very small man, hardly taller than an eight-year-old boy, but he was terribly vain. Looking round the proletarian reception-room, he discovered a very primitive mirror in a corner. He immediately stood in front of it, struck an attitude, stretching his dwarfish stature as much as he could—he had the highest heels I have ever seen—contemplated himself with delight and frisked like a March hare and tried to look imposing. Mrs. Marx, who also witnessed the comic scene, had to bite her lips not to laugh. When he had finished dressing Marx coughed aloud to announce his arrival and give the foppish tribune time to step away from the mirror and welcome his host with a respectful bow. Acting and posing got one nowhere, of course, with Marx, and "little Louis," as the Paris workers called Blanc in contrast to Louis Bonaparte, hastily adopted as natural an attitude as he was capable of. . . .

6

MARX AT WORK

"Genius is industry," somebody said and it is right to a point, if not completely.

There is no genius without extreme energy and extraordinary hard work. Anything which is called genius and in which neither the former nor the lat-

ter have any part is but a shimmering soap bubble or a bill backed by treasures on the moon. Genius is where energy and hard work exceed the average. I have often met people who were considered geniuses by themselves, and sometimes by others too, but had no capacity for work. In reality they were just loafers with a good gift of the gab and talent for publicity. All men of real importance whom I have known were hard workers. This could not be truer than it was of Marx. He was a colossal worker. As he was often prevented from working during the day—especially in the first emigration period—he resorted to night-work. When he came home late from some sitting or meeting it was a regular thing for him to sit down and work a few hours. And the few hours became longer and longer until in the end he worked almost the whole night through and went to sleep in the morning. His wife made earnest reproaches to him about it, but he answered with a laugh that it was in his nature. . . .

Notwithstanding his extraordinarily robust constitution, Marx began to complain of all sorts of troubles at the end of the fifties. A doctor had to be consulted. The result was that Marx was expressly forbidden to work at night. And much exercise—walking and riding—was prescribed. Many were the walks I had with Marx at that time on the outskirts of London, mainly in the hilly north. He soon recovered, too, for his body was indeed made for great exertion and display of strength.

But he hardly felt better when he again gradually fell into his habit of night-work until a crisis came that forced him to adopt a more reasonable mode of life, though only as long as he felt the imperative necessity of it.

The attacks became more and more violent. A liver disease set in, malignant tumours developed. His iron constitution was gradually undermined. I am convinced—and the physicians who last treated him were of the same opinion—that had Marx made up his mind to a life in keeping with nature, that is, with the demands of his organism and of hygiene, he would still be alive today.

Only in his last years, when it was already too late, did he give up working at night. But he worked all the more during the day. He worked whenever it was at all possible to do so. He even had his notebook with him when he went for a walk and kept making entries in it. And his work was never superficial, for there are different ways of working. His was always intense, thorough. His daughter Eleanor gave me a little history table that he drew up for himself to get a general view for some secondary remark. Really

nothing was secondary for Marx and the table that he made up for his own temporary use is compiled with as much industry and care as if it had been intended to be printed.

The endurance with which Marx worked often astonished me. He knew no fatigue. Even when he was on the point of breaking down he showed no signs of flagging strength.

If a man's worth is reckoned according to the work he does, as the value of things is reckoned by the amount of work embodied in them, even from that point of view Marx is a man of such value that only a few titanic minds can be compared with him.

What did bourgeois society give Marx in recompense for that enormous quantity of work?

Capital cost Marx forty years' work, and work such as Marx alone was capable of. I shall not be exaggerating if I say that the lowest paid day-labourer in Germany got more pay in forty years than Marx as honorarium or, to put it bluntly, as debt of honour for one of the two greatest scientific creations of the century. The other one is Darwin's work.

"Science" is not a marketable value. And bourgeois society cannot be expected to pay a reasonable price for the drawing up of its own death sentence. . . .

7

IN THE HOUSE IN DEAN STREET

From summer 1850 to the beginning of 1862 when I returned to Germany I went to Marx's house almost every day and for many years stayed there the whole day. I was just like one of the family. . . .

Before Marx moved into the cottage in Maitland Park Road he lived in a modest flat in unpretentious Dean Street, Soho Square—a homing point for travellers, people passing through and emigrants of all kinds, and there was a continual coming and going of not so important, more important and most important people. Besides, it was the natural meeting-place for the comrades whose fixed residence was in London. As far as fixed residence went there was always some hitch, for in London it was difficult to get a regular lodging. Hunger made most of the emigrants leave for the provinces or even for America. It made short work with some of them and sent the wretched emigrant to one of the London cemeteries where it gave him a

place to rest, if not to live in. But I managed to hold out and, excepting the faithful Lessner and Lochner, who, however, rarely came to Dean Street, I was the only one of the London "community" who went in and out of "Moor's" house like one of the family during the whole of the emigration period except a short time that I shall mention in my sketches. I was therefore able to see and find out what others could not.

EMIGRANTS' INTRIGUES

My friends and comrades of the time before I went to London often made fun of me because of my attachment to Marx. Quite recently I found a letter sent to me in that period by Bauer from Sinsheim, one of the most efficient Baden volunteers.¹ He died a few years ago in Milwaukee where he was editor of a radical-democratic paper which he himself founded. Like most of the emigrants who had the means to do so, he had left for the United States after a short stay in London and soon found work to suit him in the press.

That was the most difficult period for the London emigrants and Bauer was very keen on having me with him. He had already sent me several letters offering me reliable prospects of a reasonable salary as an editor. At the time I had not even a crust to whet my teeth on and the fifty dollars a week that I was offered was a most attractive bait. But I resisted, not wishing to be any farther from the battle-field than was necessary, for I knew that whoever crossed the ocean had 999 chances out of 1,000 of being lost to Europe.

Finally, Bauer resorted to the last weapon by tickling my self-love. In a letter which I still have in my papers he wrote:

"Here you will be a free man, you can achieve a lot independently. But what are you over there? A play-ball, an ass used as a beast of burden and then laughed at. What is it like in your heavenly kingdom? At the top thrones the all-knowing, the all-wise, the Dalai Lama, Marx. Then a big gap. Then comes Engels. And then a great big gap again. Then Wolf. Then another big gap. And then, perhaps, the 'sentimental ass,' Liebknecht."...

¹ Karl Friedrich Bauer, who took part in the Baden-Pfalz rising in 1849.—*Ed.*

I answered that I had no objection to coming after people who had done more than I, that I preferred to be in company of men from whom I could learn something and whom I could look up to rather than of men I would have to look down upon, as upon all his "great men."

So I stayed where I was, and learned.

But that was the opinion that emigrants outside our circle had of Marx and our society. It excited their imagination that we had shut ourselves off from them so completely and they made up a maze of myths and gossip. But we did not let that worry us.

9

MEETINGS AT MARX'S

Marx's wife had perhaps just as much influence on my development as Marx himself. My mother died when I was three years old and I was brought up in a rather hard way. . . . In Marx's wife I met a beautiful, noble-minded and intelligent woman who was half sister, half mother to the friendless, lonely volunteer rebel washed up on the banks of the Thames. I am persuaded that it was my association with Marx's family that saved me from ruin in the distresses of emigration. . . .

I should have neither time nor room enough to introduce all the people that I met during that time in Marx's house and company. Besides the German and other emigrants from whom no hostility of principle separated us, I met the leaders of the English working-class movement, the spartanic Julian Harney, the eloquent tribune and ardent journalist Ernest Jones, the last two great representatives of Chartism which grew into socialism; Frost who was condemned to life deportation for being at the head of the Chartist rising but was pardoned and returned to England in the fifties, the biggest and the "physical force men,"¹ and Robert Owen, the aged patriarch of socialism, by far the most comprehensive, penetrating and practical of all the predecessors of scientific socialism. We were at the gathering to celebrate his eightieth birthday and I had the good fortune to visit him frequently at his house. . . .

¹ The Left, revolutionary trend in the Chartist movement, which favoured physical violence in opposition to the "moral force men" who wished to keep the movement within the bounds of peaceful agitation.—*Ed.*

Shortly after me a French working man came to London. He aroused a lively interest not only in the French colony, but in all us emigrants and also in our "shadows"—the international police. His name was Barthélémy. We had read in the papers of his clever and daring escape from the Conciergerie. Rather above average height, strong and muscular, with coal-black curly hair and sparkling black eyes, he was a typical southern Frenchman and the very personification of determination.

His proud head was surrounded with a legendary halo. He had been sentenced to the galleys and had the indelible brand on his shoulder. When he was only seventeen years old he killed a policeman during the Blanqui-Barbès insurrection in 1839¹ and was sent to a convict colony. Amnestied at the February Revolution in 1848, he returned to Paris and took part in all the movements and demonstrations of the proletariat. He fought in the June battle.² He was captured at one of the last barricades but was fortunately not recognized by anybody in the first days; otherwise he would certainly have been "summarily" shot like so many others. The first violence had ebbed when he was brought before a military court and he was only condemned to "the dry guillotine," that is to life deportation to Cayenne. For some reason his case was held up and in June 1850 he was still in the Conciergerie. Just before his deportation to the land where pepper grows and men die he succeeded in escaping. He naturally went to London, where he entered into a close association with us and was often at Marx's. . . .

I frequently fought him—I mean it literally. The French emigrants had set up a "sword room" in Rathbone Place, Oxford Street, where one could practise fencing with sabre or sword and pistol shooting. Marx occasionally went there and had some strenuous fights with the Frenchmen. He tried to make up for his lack of skill by impetuosity and he sometimes bluffed those who were not cool enough. The French are known to use the sword for a thrust as well as for a cut, and that disconcerts Germans at first, but one soon gets used to it. Barthélémy was a good swordsman and he often practised with the pistol so that before long he was an excellent marksman. He soon got into Willich's³ company and conceived hatred for Marx.

¹ The insurrection of the Blanquist secret revolutionary Seasons of the Year Society in Paris, May 1839.—*Ed.*

² The June insurrection of the Paris proletariat in 1848.—*Ed.*

³ There was a split in the Communist League in 1850. Willich and Schapper headed the "Left" adventurist group which was expelled from the League.—*Ed.*



Héléne Demuth, loyal friend of the Marx family

The difference with Willich's sect became bitterer and one evening Marx was challenged to a duel by Willich. Marx treated that Prussian officer trick for what it was worth, but young Conrad Schramm, a hotspur, replied by insulting Willich, who challenged him in accordance with his student code. The duel was to take place by the coast in Belgium, pistols being chosen as the weapon. Schramm had never held a pistol in his hand before, whereas Willich never missed the ace of hearts at twenty paces. His second was Barthélémy. We were afraid for our dashing chivalrous Schramm.

The day appointed for the duel went by, we counting the minutes. Next evening, when Marx was away and only his wife and Lenchen were at home, the door opened and Barthélémy entered. He bowed stiffly and in answer to the anxious request for news announced in a sepulchral tone: "*Schramm a une balle dans la tête*"—Schramm has a bullet in the head! Then he bowed stiffly again, wheeled round and went out. The fright of Mrs. Marx, who almost lost consciousness, can easily be imagined. . . . An hour later she told us the bad news. We naturally gave up all hope for Schramm. Next day, just as we were all talking about him mournfully, the door opened and in came the man we thought dead, his head bandaged, but laughing merrily. He told us that the bullet had grazed him and he had lost consciousness. When he had recovered he had been alone by the seashore with his second and the doctor. Willich and Barthélémy had just managed to catch a boat back from Ostend. Schramm left on the next. . . .

10

MARX AND CHILDREN

Like every strong and healthy nature, Marx had an extraordinary love for children. He was not only a most loving father who could be a child for hours with his children, he felt drawn as by a magnet towards other children, especially helpless ones in distress whom he came across. Hundreds of times he left us as we were going through poor districts to go and pat the head of some child sitting in rags on the door-step and press a penny or a halfpenny into its hand. He distrusted beggars, for begging had become a regular trade in London, and one that paid too, even if only coppers at a time. Consequently Marx was not long taken in by men or women who went

begging, though at first he never refused alms if he had any money. If any of them tried artfully to move him by feigning illness or need he was profoundly angry with them, for he considered the exploitation of human pity especially base and equivalent to stealing from the poor. But if a man or woman with a weeping child came to Marx begging, he could not resist the entreating eyes of the child, no matter how clearly roguery was written on the face of the man or woman.

Bodily weakness and helplessness always excited lively pity and sympathy in Marx. . . . He would have enjoyed having a man who beat his wife—which was common at the time in London—flogged to death. In such cases his impulsive nature often got him and us in trouble.

One evening he and I were going to Hampstead Road on the top of a bus. At a stop by a public-house there was a great hubbub and a woman could be heard screaming: "Murder! Murder!" Marx was down in a trice and I followed him. I tried to keep him back but I might just as well have tried to stop a bullet with my hand. We immediately found ourselves in the middle of the tumult with people pressing behind us. "What's the matter?" It was all too obvious what the matter was. A drunken woman had quarrelled with her husband, he wanted to take her home and she was resisting, shouting like one possessed. So far so good. As we saw, there was no reason for us to interfere. But the quarrelling couple saw it too and immediately made peace and went for us. The crowd around us grew and pressed closer and adopted a threatening attitude to the "damned foreigners." The woman, in particular, attacked Marx, making his fine black beard the object of her rage. I tried to calm the storm, but in vain. Only the arrival of two stalwart constables saved us from paying dearly for our philanthropic interference. We were glad when we were safe and sound on an omnibus again, on our way home. Later Marx was more cautious in his attempts to interfere in such cases. . . .

One had to see Marx with his children to have an idea of his profound affection and simplicity. When he had a minute to spare or during his walks he would run about with them and take part in their merriest, most boisterous games: he was like a child among children. Occasionally we would play "cavalry" on Hampstead Heath. I would take one of the daughters on my shoulders and Marx the other, and then a jumping competition or races would start or the riders would fight a cavalry battle. The girls were as wild as boys and it took more than a bump to make them cry.

Jennychen, the elder of the two girls, was the very image of her father: she had the same black eyes, the same forehead. She sometimes had pythonic transports: "the spirit came over her," as over Pythia. Her eyes would begin to shine and blaze and she would start declaiming, often the most astonishing fantasies. She had one of those fits one day on the way home from Hampstead Heath and spoke of life on the stars, her account taking the form of poetry. Mrs. Marx, in her maternal anxiety, several of her children having died young, said: "Children of her age do not say things like that, her precocity is a sign of bad health." But Moor scolded her and I showed her Pythia, who had recovered from her prophetic trance, skipping about and laughing merrily, the very picture of health. . . .

Both Marx's sons died young, one, who was born in London, when still very young, the other, born in Brussels, after a long infirmity. The death of the latter was a terrible blow for Marx. I still remember the sad weeks of the hopeless disease. The boy, named Edgar after an uncle but called "*Mush*," was very gifted but sickly from birth, a real child of sorrow. He had beautiful eyes and a promising head which seemed too heavy for his weak body. Poor Mush might have lived if he had had peace and constant care and had lived in the country or by the seaside. But in emigration, hunted from place to place and amid the hardships of London life, even the tenderest parental affection and motherly care could not give the frail plant the strength it needed to fight for its life. Mush died. . . .

I cannot forget the scene: the mother weeping in silence bending over her dead child, Lenchen standing by and sobbing, and Marx, in prey to a terrible agitation, answering violently and almost wrathfully any attempt to console him, the two girls weeping silently and pressing close to their mother who clung feverishly to them as if to defend them against death which had robbed her of her boys.

The burial took place two days later. Lessner, Pfänder, Lochner, Conrad Schramm, Red Wolff¹ and I attended. I went in the coach with Marx. He sat there without a word, his head in his hands. . . .

Later Tussy was born, a merry little thing, as round as a ball and like cream and roses, first wheeled about in her perambulator, then sometimes carried and sometimes toddling along. She was six years old when I came back to Germany, just half the age of my eldest daughter, who in the previ-

¹ Nickname for Ferdinand Wolff.—Ed.

ous two years had accompanied the Marx family on their Sunday walks to Hampstead Heath.

Marx could not do without the society of children, which was his rest and refreshment. When his own children were grown up or had died his grandchildren took their place. Jennychen, who married Longuet, one of the Commune emigrants, at the beginning of the seventies, brought Marx several turbulent grandsons. Jean or Johnny, the eldest . . . and the most turbulent, was his grandfather's favourite. He could do what he liked with him and he knew it.

One day when I was on a visit to London, Johnny, whose parents had sent him over from Paris as they did several times a year, got the idea of using his grandfather as an omnibus and riding on top, i.e., on Moor's shoulders, Engels and I being the horses. When we were properly harnessed there was a wild chase,—I was going to say drive—round the little garden behind Marx's cottage in Maitland Park Road. Or perhaps it was at Engels's house in Regent Park Road, for London houses are all very much alike and it is easy to confuse them, and still more the gardens. A few square yards of gravel and grass covered with "black snow" or London soot so that you cannot tell where the gravel ends and the grass begins—that is what a London "garden" is like.

The ride started: Gee-ho! with international—English, German, and French—shouts: "Go on! *Plus vite!* Hurrah!" And Moor had to trot until the sweat dripped from his brow. When Engels or I tried to slow down a little the merciless coachman's whip lashed down on us: "You naughty horse! *En avant!*" And it went on until Marx was dropping and then we had to parley with Johnny and a truce was concluded. . . .

11

LENCHEN

Ever since the Marx family was founded Lenchen had been the life and soul of the house, as one of the daughters put it; she was the general maid in a high and noble sense. All the work she had to do! And she did it all gladly. . . . Always good-humoured, smiling, ready to help. And yet she could get angry, and she hated Moor's enemies bitterly.

When Mrs. Marx was ill or out of sorts Lenchen replaced her as a mother, and in any case she was a second mother to the children. She had great strength and steadfastness of will: if she considered something necessary it just had to be done.

As has already been said, Lenchen was a kind of dictator in the house: to put it more exactly, Lenchen was the dictator but Mrs. Marx was the mistress. And Marx submitted as meekly as a lamb to that dictatorship.

No man is great in the eyes of his servant, it is said. And Marx was certainly not in Lenchen's eyes. She would have sacrificed herself for him, she would have given her life a hundred times for him, Mrs. Marx or any of the children had it been necessary and possible. She did, indeed, give her life for them. But Marx could not impose on her. She knew him with all his whims and weaknesses and she could twist him round her little finger. Even when he was irritated and stormed and thundered so that nobody else would go near him, Lenchen would go into the lion's den. If he growled at her, Lenchen would give him such a piece of her mind that the lion became as mild as a lamb.

12

WALKS WITH MARX

Those walks to Hampstead Heath! Were I to live to a thousand I would never forget them.

The Heath is on the other side of Primrose Hill and like the latter it is well known to non-Londoners from Dickens's *Pickwickians*. Most of it is not built up even today, it is still a hilly heath covered with gorse and bushes and miniature mountains and valleys where anyone can stroll and frolic as he likes without fear of being served a summons by a keeper for trespassing. It is still a favourite resort of Londoners and when Sunday is fine the heath is black with men and colourful with women. The latter have a special liking for trying the patience of the admittedly very patient donkeys and horses you can ride there. Forty years ago Hampstead Heath was much larger and less artificial than now and a Sunday there was our greatest treat.

The children used to speak about it the whole week and even the adults, young and old, looked forward to it. The journey there was a treat in itself.

The girls were excellent walkers, as nimble and tireless as cats. From Dean Street, where the Marxes lived—quite near Church Street where I had settled down—it was a good hour and a half away and we generally set out at about eleven o'clock. Not always, however, for in London people do not get up early and by the time everything was in order, the children seen to and the hamper packed properly it was much later.

That hamper! It hovers before "my mind's eye" as real and material, attractive and appetizing as if it was only yesterday I had seen Lenchen carrying it.

When a healthy and vigorous person has not much coppers in his pocket (and it was no question of silver then) food is a thing of primary importance. Our good Lenchen knew that and her kind heart pitied her poor guests, who went short often enough and were therefore always hungry. A substantial joint of roast veal was the main course, consecrated by tradition for the Sunday outings to Hampstead Heath. A basket of a size quite unusual in London, brought by Lenchen from Trier, was the tabernacle in which the holy of holies was borne. Then there was tea and sugar and occasionally some fruit. Bread and cheese could be bought on the heath, where crockery, hot water and milk were also to be had, just as in a Berlin Kaffégarten. Besides you could get as much butter and, according to the local custom, shrimps, watercress and periwinkles, as you wanted and could afford.

Beer was available too, except during the short time when the hypocritical aristocracy who have liquor from all the world in plenty in their clubs and at home and for whom every day is a Sunday, wanted to teach the common people virtue and morals by forbidding the sale of beer on Sundays.

But the Londoners don't like jokes where their stomach is concerned. They paraded in hundreds of thousands in Hyde Park on the Sunday after the bill was introduced and shouted disdainfully at the devout ladies and lords riding and walking there, "Go to church!" The mighty shouts inspired the virtuous ladies and lords with anxiety and terror. The next Sunday there were twice as many shouters and the "Go to church!" was far more impressive. By the third Sunday the bill had been withdrawn.

We emigrants gave as much help as we could in the "Go to church" revolution. Marx, who got particularly excited on such occasions, might have been grabbed by the scruff of the neck by a policeman and hauled before the judge had not a warm appeal to the thirst of the gallant guardian of law and order won the day.

So the victory of hypocrisy did not last long, and except for the brief interim we had the consoling thought of a well-justified and well-earned cool drink to bear us up as we were scorched by the sun on the way to Hampstead Heath.

The walk there took place as follows. I generally led the way with the two girls, entertaining them with stories or acrobatics or picking wild flowers, which were more abundant then than now. Behind us came a few friends and then the main body: Marx with his wife and one of the Sunday visitors who was deserving of special consideration. In the rear came Lenchen and the hungriest of our party, who helped her to carry the hamper. If there were more people in our company they were distributed among the different groups. Needless to say, the order of battle or march varied according to need or desire.

When we arrived at the Heath we first of all chose a place to pitch our tent, taking tea and beer facilities into consideration as much as possible.

Once food and drink had been partaken of, both sexes went in search of the most comfortable place to lie or sit. Then those who did not prefer a nap got out the Sunday papers bought on the way and spoke about politics. The children soon found playmates and played hide-and-seek among the gorse bushes.

But there had to be variety even in those pleasant occupations: races, wrestling, heaving stones and other forms of sport were organized. One Sunday we discovered a chestnut-tree with ripe nuts near by.

"Let's see who can bring the most down," somebody said, and we went at it with a cheer. Marx was as tireless as any of us. Not till the last nut was brought down did the bombardment stop. Marx was unable to move his right arm for a week and I was not much better off.

The best treat was when we all went for a donkey ride. How we laughed and joked! And what comical figures we cut! Marx had fun himself and gave us plenty, twice as much as himself; his horsemanship was so primitive and he exerted such fantasy to assure us of his skill! And his skill boiled down to having taken riding lessons once when he was a student—Engels maintained that he had never got further than the third lesson—and on his rare visits to Manchester he went riding a venerable Rosinante, probably a great-grandchild of the placid mare that the late old Fritz¹ presented to the brave Gellert.

¹ King Frederick II of Prussia.—*Ed.*

The walk home from Hampstead Heath was always a merry one, although the pleasure ahead gladdened us more than the one behind. We had grounds enough for melancholy, but we were charmed against it by our grim humour. Emigration misery did not exist for us; whoever started to complain was immediately most forcibly reminded of his duties to society.

The marching order for the return was not the same as going. The children were tired with the day's running and they brought up the rearguard with Lenchen, who, light-footed now that the hamper was empty, could take care of them. Generally someone struck up a song. We seldom sang political songs, ours were mostly folk songs, full of feeling and "patriotism"—it is not a hunter's yarn I am telling—from "*Vaterland*" like *O Strassburg, O Strassburg, du wunderschöne Stadt*, which was especially popular. Or the children would sing us Negro songs and dance to them when their feet were not so weary. As little was said about politics while walking as about the misery of emigration. But literature and art were frequent topics, which gave Marx the opportunity of showing his astonishing memory. He used to recite long passages from *The Divine Comedy*, which he knew almost by heart, and scenes from Shakespeare. His wife, whose knowledge of Shakespeare was excellent, often recited instead of him. . . .

After we moved to Kentish Town and Haverstock Hill in the north of London at the end of the fifties our favourite outings were to the meadows and hills between and beyond Hampstead and Highgate. There we used to look for flowers and explain plants, which was a double joy for town children who developed a yearning for green nature as a result of the cold, tumultuous stony sea of the city. What a pleasure it was for us to discover on one of our ramblings a small pool in the shadow of some trees and when I was able to show the children the first "wild" forget-me-not. Still greater was our pleasure when, after careful spying out of the ground, we disregarded the "No Trespassing" signs and went on to a velvety dark-green meadow and found hyacinths and other spring flowers in a spot sheltered from the wind. . . . At first I could not believe my eyes, for I had learned that hyacinths grew wild only in southerly countries—in Switzerland by the Lake of Geneva, in Italy and Greece, but no farther north. Here was a palpable proof of the contrary and an unexpected corroboration of the English assertion that as far as flora is concerned England has the same climate as Italy. There was no doubt about it: they were hyacinths, ordinary, greyish blue ones, the flowers not so big as the garden hyacinth, and not so many of them on a

single stem, but with the same smell, though somewhat more stringent. . . .

We looked down from our fragrant Asphodel meadows proudly upon the world, the mighty boundless city of the world which lay before us in its vastness, shrouded in the ugly mystery of the fog.

13

AN UNPLEASANT QUARTER OF AN HOUR

Who does not know Rabelais' unpleasant quarter of an hour, during which we must foot the bill or something worse will happen? Who has not had such bad quarters of an hour? I have. Before an examination, before my first speech, the first time I was ordered by the warder in front of the prison door to hand in my braces and tie, to prevent me, as I was told with unreserved frankness in answer to my puzzled question, from avoiding court-martial by suicide. Those and others were certainly unpleasant quarters of an hour. But they were pleasant in comparison with the one I want to tell about. That was not even a quarter of an hour. It was at the most half a quarter of an hour. Perhaps no more than five minutes. I did not measure the time, I had no time to do so. And even if I had had time, I had no watch. An emigrant with a watch! All I know is that it was an eternity for me.

It happened on November 18, 1852, in London.

Lord Wellington, the Iron Duke and "victor in a hundred battles," but softened and tamed by the English people during the Reform movement, had died in his castle at Walmer on September 14 . . . and the "national funeral" of the "national hero" was to take place with "national pomp" in St. Paul's, where he was to be buried beside other "national heroes." Since the day of his death, that is for about two months, all England and especially all London had been talking of the ceremony which was to surpass all previous national solemnities in pomp and magnificence just as the duke himself was claimed by the English to have surpassed all previous heroes. . . . The day had arrived. The whole of England was in movement, the whole of London was afoot. Hundreds of thousands had come up to the capital, thousands had come from abroad adding to the millions in the giant city itself.

I hate such shows and tumultuous crowds, and like many of my fellow-emigrants I would have preferred to stay at home or go to St. James's Park. But two female friends overcame the firmness of my decision. . . .

They were indeed great friends of mine—dark-eyed, black curly-headed Jenny, the very image of Moor, her father, and delicate, fair-headed Laura with the roguish eyes, the cheery image of her mother. . . .

Both of them had taken to me on our first meeting and they always claimed me as soon as I appeared. They were largely responsible for my keeping, during my life of exile in London, the good humour to which I owe my life. How often, when I was at my wit's end, did I flee to my little friends and ramble with them through the streets and parks. My melancholy thoughts were at once dispelled and a more pleasant mood gave me joy and strength for the struggle.

Generally I had to tell them stories, for I had soon received acknowledgement as a good story-teller and was always greeted with boisterous joy. Luckily I knew a lot of tales, but when my stock was exhausted I had to make up more. . . .

"Do take care of the children," Mrs. Marx said to me, as I left for the show with the impatiently tripping girls. "Don't go where the crowd's too thick." And when we were at the door, Lenchen, running anxiously after us, shouted: "Be careful now, Library, there's a good fellow!" (Library was a puzzling nickname the children had given me.) . . .

I had my plan ready. We had no money to pay for a place at a window or on a stand. As the procession was to go via the Strand and along the river, the thing to do was to go down one of the streets leading from the Strand down to the river.

The girls were holding my hand on either side, I had a snack in my pocket. We made our way towards the spot I had decided on—not far from Temple Bar and the old city gates between Westminster and the City. The streets had been full of people all morning and were now crowded, but as the procession had to pass through remote districts of the capital the crowd branched off along different streets and we reached the point I had in view without any jostling. My choice turned out to be a good one. We took up our places on a flight of steps, the two girls standing a step higher than me, holding on to my hand and clinging tight to each other.

What was that? The crowd swayed. A distant, swelling clamour like the dull roar of the ocean came nearer and nearer. . . . The children were delighted. There was no crush, all my anxiety was dispelled.

A long time the gold-sparkling procession passed in front of us in an endless succession until the last goldbraided rider went past and it was over.

Suddenly the crowd massed behind us lurched forward, eager to follow the procession. I planted my feet as firmly as I could and tried to protect the children so that the crowd could sweep past without touching them. In vain. No human strength could stand up to the elemental force of the masses any more than a fragile boat can break the ice-floes after a rigorous winter. I had to give way, and holding the girls tight against me I tried to get out of the main stream. I thought I had succeeded and was breathing relieved when another more powerful human wave bore down on us from the right: we were swept into the Strand and the thousands of people who had massed there pressed on behind the *cortège* in order to enjoy the sight again. I clenched my teeth and tried to lift the girls on to my shoulders but the crowd was pressing me too closely. I grabbed madly at the children's arms but the whirlwind carried us on. Suddenly I felt a force wedging in between the children and myself. The children were wrenched away from me. Resistance was in vain. I had to leave hold of them for fear their arms would be broken or dislocated. It was a moment of anguish.

What could I do? Temple Bar Gate rose in front with its three passages: one in the middle for vehicles, one on either side for pedestrians. The human tide eddied against the gate like waters against the pillars of a bridge. I had to get through! The fearful cries all around me impressed on me the nature of the danger. If the children were not trampled underfoot I would find them on the other side where the pressure would be eased up. How I hoped it would be so!

I worked furiously with elbows and chest. But in such a tide a single man is like a straw in a whirlpool. I struggled and struggled. Dozens of times I thought I was through, but was swept aside. At last there was a jerk, a terrible crush, and in a moment I was on the other side, free of the densest throng. I sought feverishly here and there. Not there! My heart was gripped in a vice. Then two clear children's voices: "Library!" I thought I was dreaming. It was like the music of angels. The two girls stood before me, smiling and unharmed. I kissed them and fondled them. For a minute I was speechless. Then they told me how the human wave that had wrenched them out of my grasp had carried them safely through the gate and thrown them aside under the cover of the very walls that had caused the bottleneck on the other side. There, remembering my instructions to remain where they were

as far as possible if ever they got lost on any of our outings, they had clung to a projection in the wall.

We went home with a feeling of triumph. Mrs. Marx, Moor and Lenchen welcomed us with joy, for they had been very uneasy. They had heard that the crowd had been terrible and that many people had been crushed and hurt. The children had no idea of the danger in which they had been, they had enjoyed it immensely. And I did not say that evening what a terrible quarter of an hour I had been through.

Several women had lost their lives at the very spot where the children had been torn away from me.

I can remember that bad quarter of an hour as vividly as if it had been yesterday. . . .

14

MARX AND CHESS

Marx was an excellent draughts player. He was so expert at the game that it was difficult to beat him at all. He enjoyed chess too, but he was not so skilful at it. He tried to make up for that by zeal and surprise attacks.

Chess was popular among us emigrants at the beginning of the fifties. We had more time and, although "time is money," less money than we could have wished for. We therefore engaged a lot in the "game of the wise" under the direction of Red Wolff who had frequented the best chess circles in Paris and learned something about it. Sometimes we had heated chess contests. The one who lost came in for plenty of banter and the games were merry and often very noisy.

When Marx was in a tight corner he got vexed, and when he lost a game he was furious. In the Model Lodging-House¹ in Old Compton Street, where several of us lodged for a time for 3/6 a week, we were always surrounded by Englishmen watching the game with keen interest—chess was popular in England, among the workers too—greatly amused by our boisterous

¹ A barracks-like building with rooms for lodgers, a common kitchen and sitting-room and a reading and smoking room. There were a number of such lodging-houses in London. Some had lodgings with several rooms for families and besides the common rooms already mentioned there was a common wash-room. These institutions were run by a special steward and were kept scrupulously clean. Several are still run with success in London. [Note by *Liebknecht*.]

good humour, for two Germans are noisier than a couple of dozen Englishmen.

One day Marx triumphantly informed us that he had discovered a new move that would lick all of us. His challenge was accepted. True enough, he beat us all one after the other. But we soon learned from our defeat and I succeeded in checkmating Marx. It was already quite late, so he insisted on a return game next day at his house.

At eleven sharp—quite early for London—I was at Marx's house. He was not in his room, but I was told he would soon be coming. Mrs. Marx was not to be seen and Lenchen was not in a very good humour. Before I could ask what was the matter, Moor came in, shook hands with me and got the chess-board out. Then the fight began. Marx had improved on his move during the night, and before long I was in a hopeless position. I was checkmated and Marx was delighted. He ordered something to drink and some sandwiches. Then we had another game and I won. We played on with varying luck and a varying mood. . . . Mrs. Marx kept out of sight and none of the children dared to come near. The contest raged, favouring now one, then the other. At last I beat Marx twice running. He insisted on continuing, but Lenchen said peremptorily: "Enough of it!" . . .

15

PRIVATION AND HARDSHIP

An incredible number of lies have been told about Marx, among other things that he lived a life of revelry and riot while the majority of emigrants around him were starving. I do not claim the right to go into details, but I can say this much: Mrs. Marx's notes have given me repeated and vivid proof that Marx and his family did not experience mere isolated instances of the hardship that can befall any emigrant in a foreign country, deprived of all support, but that they suffered the severest privations of life in emigration for years. There were probably not many emigrants who suffered more than the Marx family. Later, when his income was larger and more regular, they were still not assured against want. For years, even after the worst was over, the pound that Marx got every week for his articles in the *New York Daily Tribune* was his only guaranteed income. . . .

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MARX

*(Tussy's Letter)*¹

"All I can tell you about Moor's stay in Mustapha (Algiers) is that the weather was shocking, that Moor found a very nice and capable doctor there and that everybody in the hotel was friendly and attentive towards him.

"During the autumn and winter of 1881-82 Moor first stayed with Jenny at Argenteuil, near Paris. We met him there and stayed a few weeks. Then he went to the south of France and to Algiers, but he was not well when he came back. He spent the autumn and winter of 1882-83 in Ventnor, Isle of Wight, returning in January 1883 after Jenny's death.

"Now about Karlsbad. We went there for the first time in 1874, when Moor was sent there because of liver trouble and sleeplessness. As his first stay there did him extraordinary good he went again by himself in 1875. In the following year, 1876, I went with him again because he said he had missed me too much the preceding year. In Karlsbad he was most conscientious about his cure, scrupulously doing everything prescribed for him. We made many friends there. Moor was a charming travelling companion. He was always in a good humour and ready to take pleasure at everything—a beautiful landscape or a glass of beer. And his immense knowledge of history made every place we went to more living and present in the past than in the present itself.

"I think a certain amount has been written on Moor's stay in Karlsbad. I heard, among other things, of a fairly long article but I cannot remember what paper it was in.

"In 1874 we saw you in Leipzig. On our return we made a detour to Bingen, which Moor wanted to show me because he was there with my mother on their honeymoon. On these two journeys we also visited Dresden, Berlin, Prague, Hamburg and Nuremberg.

"In 1877 Moor was to go to Karlsbad again but we were informed that the German and Austrian authorities intended to expel him, and as the

¹ Liebknecht here quotes a letter he received from Marx's youngest daughter Eleanor.
—Ed.

journey was too long and expensive to risk an expulsion he did not go there any more. This was a great disadvantage for him, for after his cure he always felt rejuvenated.

"Our main reason for going to Berlin was to see my father's faithful friend, my dear Uncle Edgar von Westphalen. We only stayed there a couple of days. Moor was greatly amused to hear that the police went to our hotel on the third day, just an hour after we had left."

* * *

"By autumn 1881 our dear *Mömchen* (mother) was so ill that she could rarely leave her sick bed. Moor had a severe attack of pleurisy, the result of his having neglected his ailments. The doctor, our good friend Donkin, considered his case almost hopeless. That was a terrible time. Our dear Mother lay in the big front room, Moor in the small room next to it. They who were so used to each other, whose lives had come to form part of each other, could not even be together in the same room any longer.

"Our good old Lenchen,—you know what she was to us—and I had to nurse them both. The doctor said it was our nursing that saved Moor. However that may be, I only know that neither Lenchen nor I went to bed for three weeks. We were on our feet day and night and when we were too exhausted we would rest an hour in turns.

"Moor got the better of his illness again. Never shall I forget the morning he felt himself strong enough to go into Mother's room. When they were together they were young again—she a young girl and he a loving youth, both on life's threshold, not an old disease-ridden man and an old dying woman parting from each other for life.

"Moor got better, and although he was not yet strong, he seemed to be regaining strength.

"Then Mother died on December 2, 1881. Her last words—a remarkable thing was that they were in English—were addressed to her 'Karl.'

"When our dear General (Engels) came he said something that nearly made me wild at him:

"'Moor is dead too.'

"And it was true.

"When our dear Mother passed away, so did Moor. He fought hard to hang on to life, for he was a fighter to the end—but he was a broken man.

His general condition got worse and worse. Had he been selfish he would have let things go as they wished. But for him one thing was above everything else—his devotedness to the cause. He tried to complete his great work and that was why he agreed to another journey for his health.

“In spring 1882 he went to Paris and Argenteuil, where I met him. We spent a few really happy days with Jenny and her children. Then Moor went to the south of France and finally to Algiers.

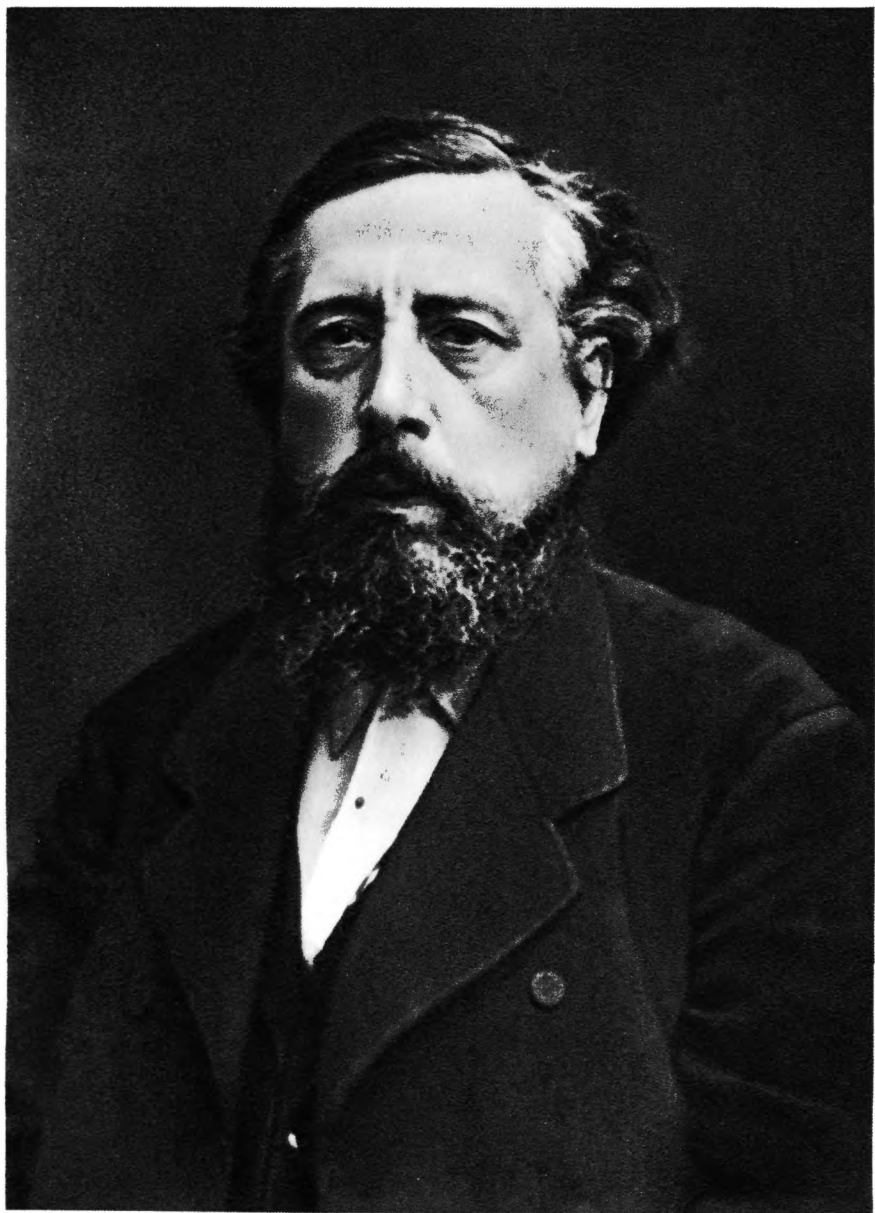
“During the whole of his stay in Algiers, Nice and Cannes the weather was bad. He wrote me long letters from Algiers. I lost many of them because I sent them to Jenny at his wish and she did not send me many back.

“When Moor finally returned home he was very poorly and we began to fear the worst. On the advice of the doctors he spent the autumn and winter in Ventnor on the Isle of Wight. Here I must mention that at Moor’s wish I spent three months at that time in Italy with Jenny’s eldest son Jean (Johnny). At the beginning of 1883 I went to Moor, taking Johnny with me, for he was his favourite grandson. I was obliged to return because I had lessons to give.

“Then came the last terrible blow: the news of Jenny’s death. Jenny, Moor’s first-born, the daughter he loved the most, died suddenly (on January 11). We had had letters from Moor—I have them in front of me now—telling us that Jenny’s health was improving and that we (Hélène and I) need not be anxious. The telegram informing us of her death arrived an hour after that letter of Moor. I immediately left for Ventnor.

“I have lived many a sad hour, but none so sad as that. I felt that I was bringing my father his death sentence. I racked my brain all the long anxious way to find how I could break the news to him. But I did not need to, my face gave me away. Moor said at once: ‘Our Jennychen is dead.’ Then he urged me to go to Paris at once and help with the children. I wanted to stay with him but he brooked no resistance. I had hardly been half an hour at Ventnor when I set out again on the sad journey to London. From there I left for Paris. I was doing what Moor wanted me to do for the sake of the children.

“I shall not say anything about my return home. I can only think with a shudder of that time, the anguish, the torment. But enough of that. I came back and Moor returned home, to die.



Wilhelm Liebknecht

"A few more words about our dear Mother. She was dying for months, bearing the appalling tortures that cancer brings with it. And yet her good humour, her inexhaustible wit that you know so well never left her a minute. She asked with the impatience of a child about the results of the elections in Germany (1881). And how she rejoiced at the victory! She was cheerful to her very death, trying to dispel our anxiety for her with jokes. Yes, she who was suffering so terribly actually joked and laughed at the doctor and all of us because we were so serious. She was conscious almost till the last minute, and when she could no longer speak—her last words were for 'Karl'—she squeezed our hands and tried to smile.

"As far as Moor is concerned, you know that he went out of his bedroom to his study in Maitland Park, sat down in his armchair and calmly passed away.

"The 'General' had that armchair until he died. Now I have got it.

"When you write about Moor do not forget Lenchen. I know you will not forget Mother. H el ene was in a way the axis on which everything in the house revolved. She was the best and most faithful friend. So do not forget H el ene when you write about Moor."

* * *

"I shall now give you some details about Moor's stay in the south as you asked me to. At the beginning of 1882 he and I stayed a few weeks with Jenny at Argenteuil. In March and April Moor was in Algiers, in May in Monte Carlo, Nice and Cannes. He was at Jenny's again about the end of June and the whole of July. Lenchen was also at Argenteuil then. From there he went to Switzerland, Vevey and so on, with Launa. Towards the end of September or beginning of October, he returned to England and went straight to Ventnor, where Johnny and I went to see him.

"Now for a few notes in answer to your questions. Our little Edgar (Mush) was born in 1847, I think, and died in April 1855. Little Fawkes (Heinrich) was born on November 5, 1849, and died when he was about two. My sister Franzisca was born in 1851 and died while still a baby, at about eleven months."

* * *

"You asked some questions about our good H el ene, or 'Nym,' as we called her towards the end, Johnny Longuet having given her the name for some reason unknown to me when he was a baby. She entered the service of my grandmother von Westphalen when she was a girl of 8 or 9 and grew up with Moor, Mother and Edgar von Westphalen. She always had a great affection for the old von Westphalen. So did Moor. He never tired of telling us of the old Baron von Westphalen and his surprising knowledge of Shakespeare and Homer. The baron could recite some of Homer's songs by heart from beginning to end and he knew most of Shakespeare's dramas by heart in both German and English. In contrast to him, Moor's father—for whom Moor had great admiration—was a real eighteenth century 'Frenchman.' He knew Voltaire and Rousseau by heart just as the old Westphalen did Homer and Shakespeare. Moor's astonishing versatility was due without doubt to these 'hereditary' influences.

"To come back to Lenchen, I cannot say whether she came to my parents before or after they went to Paris (which was soon after their marriage). All I know is that Grandmother sent the girl to Mother 'as the best she could send, the faithful and loving Lenchen.' And the faithful and loving Lenchen remained with my parents and later her younger sister Marianne joined her. You will hardly remember this, for it was after your time. . . ."

17

MARX'S GRAVE

It should really be called the Marx family grave. It is in Highgate Cemetery in the north of London on a hill overlooking the immense city. . . .

We Social-Democrats know no saints or tombs of saints. But millions of people remember with gratitude and respect the man who lies in that North London cemetery. And in thousands of years, when the coarseness and narrow-mindedness that try to restrain the working class's aspiration for freedom are but unbelievable legends of the past, free and noble men will stand at that grave with uncovered head and say to their attentive children: "Here lies Karl Marx."

Here lies Karl Marx and his family. A plain ivy-clad marble stone lies pillow-like at the head of the marble-set grave. The stone bears the inscription:

JENNY VON WESTPHALEN

The beloved wife of KARL MARX
Born February 12, 1814, died December 2, 1881

AND KARL MARX

Born May 5, 1818, died March 14, 1883

AND HARRY LONGUET

Their grandson
Born July 4, 1878, died March 20, 1883

AND HÉLÈNE DEMUTH

Born January 1, 1823, died November 4, 1890.

Not all the members of the Marx family who have passed away are buried in the family grave. The three children who died in London were buried in other London cemeteries: Edgar (Mush) certainly, the two others probably in Whitefield Chapel churchyard, Tottenham Court Road. Jenny Marx, the favourite daughter, was laid to rest at Argenteuil, near Paris, where death snatched her from her flourishing family.

But although not all the children and grandchildren were given a place in the family grave, one who belongs to the family, though not by ties of blood, "Faithful Lenchen," Hélène Demuth, lies there.

Mrs. Marx and afterwards Marx had already decided that she should be buried in the family grave. And Engels, an Eckart as faithful as the faithful Lenchen, and the children who were still alive, together carried out the duty that he would have fulfilled by his own inclination.

The letters written by Marx's youngest daughter and published elsewhere show what Marx's children thought of Lenchen, what affection they had for her and how piously they honoured her memory.

On my return from my last visit to London, I passed through Paris and went to Draveil, where Lafargue and his wife Laura Marx have a pretty little country-house. There "Lörchen" and I indulged in memories of London and I spoke of my intention of writing this little book. Laura said to me exactly what Tussy said in the letter just quoted and repeated later orally: "Do not forget Lenchen!"

Well, I have not forgotten Lenchen and will not forget her. For she was a friend to me for forty years. And often enough in the London emigration

period she was my "Providence" too. How often she helped me out with a sixpence when my purse was flat and things were not too bad with the Marxes—for if they were Lenchen had nothing to give. How often, when my skill as a tailor was not up to the mark, did she make some indispensable article of clothing that my financial condition offered no prospects of replacing last a few weeks longer.

When I first saw Lenchen she was 27 years old. She was not a beauty but she was pretty and had a good figure and her features were pleasant and attractive. She had suitors enough and several times she could have made a good match. But although she had not undertaken any obligation, her devoted heart found it quite natural that she should stay by Moor, Mrs. Marx and the children.

She remained, and the years of her youth slid by. She remained through need and hardships, through joys and sorrows. Rest did not come for her until death had mowed down those with whom she had thrown in her fate. She found rest at Engels's and it was there that she died, forgetful of herself to the end. Now she lies in the family grave.

* * *

Our friend Motteler, the "red postmaster," who now lives in Hampstead, not far from Highgate, gives the following description of the tomb:

"Marx's grave is set in white marble: the slab with the names and dates inscribed in black is of the same stone. Some turf, the wild ivy I once brought from Switzerland, a few small rose-trees and grass sprouting between the gravel usual on graves here—that is all the modest decoration of the grave. I generally go past Highgate Cemetery, twice a week; I clear away the grass if it is too thick. Sometimes a little watering is necessary if the summer is like the last two (this year, although it is so rainy on the continent, there is a drought in England the like of which no one can remember and the grass is completely withered even in the parks). Even with Lessner's help I was unable to protect the grave against the ravages of the heat, so we were obliged to get the cemetery gardener to see to it regularly. This we did with the consent of the Avelings, who can only rarely go there because of the great distance at which they live."

SEEKING OUT PLACES OF OLD

When I went to England in May this year¹ I decided that after I had fulfilled my duties as an agitator and before returning I would go to the part of the city where we had lived as emigrants and especially to see the places where the Marx family had lived.

On June 8, a Monday, Tussy Marx, Aveling her husband and I set out from Sydenham to go to the corner of Tottenham Court Road, by Soho Square, by railway, cab and omnibus. From there we started our search. We went about it methodically like Shlimann, who carried out the Troy excavations. It was by no means an easy job. He wanted to unearth Troy as it was in the time of Priam and Hector; our wish was to "excavate" the London of the emigrants from the end of the forties to the fifties and sixties.

So there we were, at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, quite near Soho Square and Leicester Square, where the German and French emigrants had flocked together, driven by a feeling of solidarity in their destitution.

We first went to Soho Square. Nothing was changed. The same houses with the same coating of soot. Even some of the names of firms on the name plates were the same as of old. . . . It was like a dream. My youth was conjured up before my eyes, 40 or 45 years cleared away like a mist, blown away by the wind, and I saw myself, a 25-year-old emigrant, crossing the square and going up a well-known side street towards Old Compton Street. The old model lodging-house in which we led such a jolly and yet desperate life a generation and a half ago was still there. I almost expected to see Red Wolf steal past or Conrad Schramm standing there. It was as if I had only left the day before.

How wonderful it is that in the ocean of houses in London there are streets and districts over which time passes unnoticed, which are unscathed by the tossing waves! . . .

On we went. Straight on, up to Church Street. Yes, there is the church, still as it was and opposite it the inevitable pub, which has not changed either. . . . And those three-storey houses with two front windows, they too are just as we knew them. So is No. 14, where I lived eight years.

¹ 1896.—*Ed.*

We go back and turn a corner. There is Macclesfield Street. Where is No. 6? . . . This must be where it was. But we look for it in vain. A new street has been laid out, the house in which Engels lived at the beginning of the emigration in London until he was sent by his strict father to the family business in Manchester has been swallowed up by the new street. . . .

On we go. Here is Dean Street. Where is the house in which Marx and his family lived for years? I looked for it once before but could not find it. Later Engels told me the numbers had been changed. Here it is as hard to tell one house from another as to see a difference between two eggs, and I had never had time for longer searches in my previous visits to London. Lenchen, to whom I spoke about this shortly before her death, was also unable to say for certain which house it was. And Tussy, who was only a year old when the family moved from Dean Street to Kentish Town, could not, of course, remember it.

We had to proceed methodically. Very little had been changed in the street. We hesitated between several houses on the right from the Old Compton Street end. The only certain landmark that I could remember was a theatre on the other side near Old Compton Street. It had formerly belonged to a certain Miss Kelly but it had been rebuilt. It is now called Royalty Theatre and is much larger and broader than it was. As I did not know whether it had been enlarged to the left or the right I was not quite sure of the place of the only landmark I knew. Finally I decided that the choice must be between two houses. The outer appearance was no longer enough, I had to see the inside. The door of one of the houses was open. I went in, the staircase seemed familiar to me, and the whole outlay, as far as I could make it out from the entrance, corresponded to what I remembered. But most of the London houses are built to a standard, in series, and lack all individuality and originality. I went up to the first floor, but there I could not recognize anything, nothing seemed familiar to me.

Meanwhile, Marx's daughter and her husband had made further observations in the street. I told them the doubtful result of my investigations.

Must I go into the house next door? It was No. 28. If I was not mistaken that had been the number of Marx's house. Yes, it just occurred to me that at the beginning of my stay in London I had committed the number to my memory by a mnemotechnic trick—it was just double the number of my own house. So Engels must have been mistaken when he said that the numbers had been changed. Was it just a supposition on his part?

We rang the bell. A young woman opened the door. We asked her if she remembered the former owners and tenants.

"Yes, but only for the last nine years."

"Might I go in and see the house?"

"Certainly!" And she showed me up herself.

The staircase was as I remembered. The whole lay-out was too, and as we went on everything seemed more familiar to me. The stairs to the back room. Yes, it was all as I knew it.

Unfortunately, the rooms on the second floor, where Marx had lived, were locked. But as far as I could remember, everything was right, down to the last detail. My doubts disappeared one by one until at last I had the certainty: this was the house where Marx had lived.

As I came down I called out: "I've found it! This is it!"

Yes, that was the house that I had been in thousands of times, the house where Marx, assailed, tortured and worn out by the misery of emigration and the furious hatred of enemies without any conscience who shrank from no calumny, wrote his *Eighteenth Brumaire*, his *Herr Vogt* and his correspondence for the *New York Tribune*, which have now been collected under the title *Revolution and Counter-Revolution*, and where he did the enormous preparatory work for *Capital*. . . .

Before leaving the house in Dean Street I wish to mention that when Marx arrived in London at the end of 1849 he at first lived in Camberwell. . . . There was unpleasantness there as a result of the landlord's bankruptcy, the creditors seizing the tenants' furniture according to English law. In May 1850—about the time I arrived in London—after a short stay in a family hotel near Leicester Square the Marx family moved to Dean Street. They stayed there for about seven years, after which they moved to Kentish Town, a part of London that was then still relatively rural.

There was nothing more for us to look for in Dean Street so we went back to the corner of Tottenham Court Road and took an omnibus to Kentish Town.

There had not been much change in Tottenham Court Road. The appearance of the street was much the same as it had been, many of the old shops and firms still being there. The Whitefield Chapel or "Tabernacle" on the left was unchanged, only the churchyard had been closed. There poor "Mush" lies buried, and, if I am not mistaken, the two other children who died at an early age.

We approached Kentish Town. . . . The public-house there seemed familiar to me. True enough it was the old "Red Riding-Hood." . . .

We went that far by bus and then alighted and turned off into Maldon Road. How I felt at home there! But not for long! Soon I saw streets that did not exist when I left London. What was formerly partly fields is now built up.

Suddenly Tussy pointed to a house which was rather large for the London suburbs. "That's it!"

Yes, that was it, the house, or more correctly the cottage in Grafton Terrace in which Marx lived until ten years before his death. There was the small balcony from which Mrs. Marx, recuperating from a pock disease, used to talk to her three little daughters, who were living with me while she was ill. At first she could only whisper, but how she beamed when I brought the children along! The cottage was then No. 9, now it is No. 46.¹

Not far off is 41, Maitland Park Road. . . . It was there that Marx died. The family moved into it in 1872 or 1873 when their first house became too large after the two eldest daughters got married.²

We went on in silence to Hampstead Heath where so much has changed and yet the former appearance is not completely lost. We looked for the places of old and finally had a snack in Jack Straw's Castle to give us strength for the long and tedious return journey.

Jack Straw's Castle. How often we had been there in days of old! In the very room in which we sat I had sat dozens of times with Marx, Mrs. Marx, the children, Lenchen and others.

That was a long time ago. . . .

From W. Liebknecht's
Karl Marx zum Gedächtniss
Nuremberg, 1896

Translated from the German

¹ Tussy maintains that at the very beginning, or at least when the Marx family lived in it, this house was No. 1. I think she is mistaken. In any case, the truth will soon be found out. [*Note by Liebknecht*]

² Marx lived at 9, Grafton Terrace from October 1856 to April 1864. From April 1864 to March 1875 he lived at 1, Modena Villas, Maitland Park Road. He lived at 41, Maitland Park Road from March 1875 to the time of his death.—*Ed.*



Wilhelm Liebknecht

REMINISCENCES OF ENGELS

Frederick Engels had a clear bright head, free from any romantic or sentimental haze, that did not see men and things through coloured glasses or a misty atmosphere but always in clear bright air, saw brightly and clearly, with clear bright eyes, not remaining on the surface but seeing to the bottom of things, piercing them through and through. Those clear bright eyes, that *clairvoyance* in the true and healthy sense of the word, that perspicacity that Mother Nature gives but few people at birth, was an essential feature of Engels and I was immediately struck by it when we met for the first time. . . .

It was late in summer 1849 by the blue Lake of Geneva, where we had set up several emigrant colonies after the failure of the Reich Constitution campaign. . . . Before that I had the opportunity of personally making the acquaintance of a number of "great men" of all kinds like Ruge, Heinzen, Julius Fröbel, Struve and various other leaders of the people in the Baden and Saxony "revolutions," but the closer my acquaintance with them became the more their halo faded and the smaller they seemed to me.

The more hazy the air, the bigger men and things seem. Frederick Engels had the quality that made the haze disappear before his clear-sighted eyes and men and things look like men and things are.

That piercing glance and the penetrating judgement resulting from it made me uncomfortable at first, and occasionally even hurt me. It was true that I had not been better impressed by the heroes of the Reich Constitution campaign than Engels, but I thought he underestimated the whole movement, which contained many valuable forces and much self-sacrificing enthusiasm. At the same time, the remains of "South-German placidity"—although I do not come from Southern Germany—that I still had at the time and that was thoroughly knocked out of me later in England, did not prevent us from agreeing in our general opinion of persons and things, although not always immediately. Neither was I long in noting that Engels, whose book on the British working-class movement I had read long before, and whose wealth and variety of knowledge personal association with him had taught me to admire, always had solid and definite grounds for his opinion. I looked up to him, he had already achieved much and was five years older than me—the equivalent of a whole century at that age.

I soon noticed, too, that he was efficient in military matters. In the course of the conversation I learned that the articles that *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* had published on the revolutionary war in Hungary and that were attributed to a high-ranking officer in the Hungarian army because they always proved to be correct, were written by Engels. And yet, as he himself told me, laughing, he had no other material than all the other newspapers had. This came almost exclusively from the Austrian Government, which lied in the most brazen-faced way. It did the same with Hungary as the Spanish Government now with Cuba¹—it always won. But Engels here made use of

¹ The allusion is to the failure of the Spanish Government to suppress the popular rising which flared up in 1895 on the Island of Cuba, then a Spanish colony.—Ed.

his *clairvoyance*. He took no heed of phrase-mongering. He already had Röntgen's X-rays in his head, and they, as we know, suffer no refraction and do not make a U out of an X; by means of them he saw through what was unessential for the establishment of the truth and did not allow any haze or mirage to lead him astray but stuck to what was substantial—to facts. No matter with what scorn of death the Austrian Government issued its Münchhausen proclamations it had to mention certain facts: the names of the places where the clashes took place, where the troops were at the beginning and at the end of the battle, the time of the clashes, the troop movements, etc. And out of these tiny bits and pieces "unser Fritz" with his clear bright eyes put together like Cuvier the real picture of the events in the fighting area. With a good map of the theatre of operations one could conclude with mathematical accuracy from the dates and places that the victorious Austrians were being pushed farther and farther back while the defeated Hungarians continued to go farther and farther forward. The calculation was so correct, too, that the day after the Austrian army had inflicted a decisive defeat on the Hungarians on paper it was thrown out of Hungary in complete disarray. . . .

Engels, by the way, seemed born to be a soldier: he had clear sight, quickness of perception and appreciation of the smallest circumstance, rapid decision and imperturbable coolness. Later he wrote a number of excellent essays on military questions and, though incognito, gained recognition by first-class military experts who had no idea that the anonymous author of the pamphlets was one of the most notorious rebels. . . .

In London we jokingly called him the General, and if there had been another revolution in his lifetime we would have had in Engels our Carnot, the organizer of armies and victories, the military brain.

Engels himself soon wrote about the Reich Constitution campaign in *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*,¹ which was published from London and did not live to have many issues. From it I take the following:

After Marx and Engels had been to Karlsruhe and formed an opinion of the Brentano revolutionary government, they went to Pfalz to make acquaintance with the provisional government and the movement there. In Speyer they met Willich, who was in command of a volunteer corps, and went with

¹ *Neue Rheinische Zeitung. Politisch-ökonomische Revue*—a monthly journal published by Marx and Engels from January to October 1850. It was printed in Hamburg.—Ed.

him to Kaiserslautern, where they found the provisional government headed by D'Ester.

Here they found the situation such that there could be no question of the official participation of the Communists in the movement, which was as definitely petty-bourgeois here as in Baden. After a few days in Kaiserslautern the two friends went to Bingen. On the way they were stopped by the Hessian troops and arrested with a few other friends on suspicion of having taken part in the rising. They were taken first to Darmstadt and then to Frankfort where they were released.

Shortly afterwards Marx went by order of the Democratic Central Committee to Paris, where a decisive event was about to take place, to represent the German revolutionary party with the French Social-Democrats. Engels returned to Pfalz, to Kaiserslautern, to wait for developments and to join the movement as a soldier if necessary.

In *Neue Rheinische Zeitung. Politisch-ökonomische Revue* Engels qualifies the popular movement in Pfalz with sparkling humour.

"Whoever has seen Pfalz once," he writes, "can understand that a movement in this land, so rich in vineyards and exhilarated with wine, was inevitably an extremely cheerful one. The dull, pedantic, old-Bavarian beer-drinking officials were at last thrown out and replaced by gay Pfalz wine-bibbers. At last the would-be profound police nuisances, which the otherwise so tedious *Fliegende Blätter*¹ had so amusingly ridiculed and which had been more irksome than anything else to the carefree Pfalz people, were got rid of. The abolition of police regulations on taverns was the first revolutionary act of the Pfalz people. The whole of the province was transformed into an immense wine tavern and the quantity of strong drinks consumed during those six weeks 'in the name of the Pfalz people' defied all accounting. Although there was not such great active participation in the movement as in Baden, although there were many reactionary districts, the whole people was unanimous in the wine-bibbing and the most reactionary philistines and peasants were infected by the general gaiety. . . .

"All the outward manifestation of the Pfalz movement was merry, cordial and unconstrained. Whereas in Baden every newly appointed *Unterlieutenant* in the regular and the people's army laced himself up in a heavy uniform and paraded with silver epaulettes which he later hid in his pockets

¹ *Fliegende Blätter* (*Flying Leaves*)—a German bourgeois satiric journal.—Ed.

when the days of fighting came, the people in Pfalz were much more reasonable. In the heat of the first days of June worsted coats, waistcoats and ties disappeared and gave place to a light blouse. All the old uncongenial constraint seemed to have vanished with the old bureaucracy. People dressed in a free and easy way with a view to convenience, and with the difference in clothing every other difference in social relations instantly disappeared. All classes of society met in the same drinking houses and a socialist dreamer might have seen the dawn of universal brotherhood in that unconstrained intercourse.

"The provisional government followed the example of the province. It consisted almost exclusively of genial wine-drinkers whom nothing astonished more than the fact that they were suddenly to form the provisional government of their native land which Bacchus had so favoured. And yet these jolly regents behaved much better than their Baden neighbours. . . . In good will and sober reason the Pfalz Government was far above that of Baden."¹

One of the chief reproaches that can be made to the Pfalz Government is that, feeling its own powerlessness, it let itself become too much infected with the general carefreeness and preferred to rely on outward coincidences rather than put energetically into operation the admittedly limited capacity of the land to defend itself.

The extent of this carefreeness is seen from the fact that no concern was shown at the Prussian army massing on the frontier, that nobody at all knew what was going on there. The government in Kaiserslautern read only two newspapers, *Frankfurter Journal* and *Karlsruher Zeitung*, and the gentlemen of the government were one day extremely surprised when Engels gave them more accurate news on the concentration and positions of the Prussian army on the frontier, taken from a several-days-old issue of *Kölnische Zeitung*. . . .

Much was done to persuade the young Engels to accept a leading position in the movement. He himself wrote in this connection: "Naturally, I was offered a number of civil and military appointments which I would not have hesitated a minute to accept in a proletarian movement. In the circumstances I refused them all. The only thing that I agreed to do was to write a few 'stirring' articles for a small paper that the Pfalz Government spread in

¹ F. Engels, "The German Campaign for a Reich Constitution." 3. Pfalz.—Ed.

huge numbers in Pfalz. I knew I should not have done it but in the end I accepted the task on the insistence of D'Ester and other members of the government in order at least to show my goodwill. As I naturally did not mince my words, the second article was soon objected to as being too 'stirring.' Without another word I withdrew my article and tore it up in D'Ester's presence, and that was the end of the matter."¹

The military organization of the Pfalz movement suffered particularly from lack of arms and capable officers. Nothing could be got from abroad or even, as already said, from rebellious Baden. But nothing was done either to see that the arms that there were in the province got into the right hands. Scythe blades were forged, but even those primitive weapons did not find their way to the hands of the rebels, while the militia, which consisted of nothing but philistines, kept their good percussion muskets.

The officer corps, with very few exceptions, was described by Engels as unsatisfactory and inefficient. The exceptions included Techow. He was a Prussian first lieutenant. When the Berlin arsenal was stormed, he and a comrade surrendered it to the people. He was sentenced to fifteen years' detention in a fortress and escaped from Magdeburg. Another was Willich, who, with a small volunteer unit, carried out the observation and siege of the Landau and Germersheim forts.

Engels, a sharp critic and pitiless ironist, was naturally a thorn in the side of the philistines of the revolution; once they even had him arrested. But after 24 hours the provisional government was obliged to release him with apologies.

2

It would take us too far if we wanted to give a detailed relation of the battles which followed. The Prussian and Reich troops who were attacking—about 30,000 men against five or six thousand badly officered and badly trained revolutionary soldiers—soon forced the Pfalz army to retreat across the Rhine into Baden and join the Baden forces. But here, too, 60,000 Prussians and Bavarians were fighting against 13,000 rebels, who, moreover, had a government in which the leading posts had been secured by traitors and weaklings.

¹ *Ibid.*

Engels took part in three battles and in the decisive engagement at Murg, and a long time afterwards all those who saw him in battle still spoke of his coolness and scorn of all danger.

Engels wrote the following on the participation of the Communists,¹ the then exponents of the ideas of socialism, in the struggle for the constitution:

“Memorials have been raised by all sides in the press, in democratic unions, in verse and in prose, to the more or less educated victims of the Baden rebellion. But nobody speaks of the hundreds and thousands of workers who fought till the end, fell on the battle-fields, rotted alive in Rastatt dungeons or have now to suffer the bitterest of sufferings in exile abroad, alone among all the emigrants. The exploitation of the workers is a too long-established and too customary thing for our official democrats to consider the workers as anything but raw material to be stirred up, exploited, and blown up as mere cannon-fodder. Our democrats are far too ignorant and too bourgeois to understand the revolutionary position of the proletariat and the future of the working class. That is why they so hate those really proletarian characters who are too proud to flatter them, too sensible to let themselves be made use of by them, and yet always rise in arms when it is a question of overthrowing an existing power and who, in every revolutionary movement, are the direct representatives of the Party of the proletariat. But if it is not in the interests of the so-called democrats to recognize such workers, it is the duty of the Party of the proletariat to honour them according to their deserts. One of the best of those workers was Joseph Moll of Cologne.

“Moll was a watchmaker. He had left Germany years before and taken part in all open and secret revolutionary societies in France, Belgium and England. He helped to found the German Workers' Society in London in 1840. He returned to Germany after the February Revolution and with his friend Schapper he soon took over the direction of the Cologne Workers' Society.² He emigrated to London after the street troubles in Cologne in September 1848 but soon returned to Germany under an assumed name, carried out propaganda work in different districts and undertook missions

¹ The members of the Communist League are meant.—*Ed.*

² *The Cologne Workers' Society* was founded in April 1848 and lasted until June 1849. Marx was elected its president in October 1848.—*Ed.*

the danger of which terrified everybody else. I met him again in Kaiserslautern. There, too, he undertook missions to Prussia for which he would have been immediately shot had he been found out. On his return from his second mission he succeeded in getting through all the enemy lines as far as Rastatt, where he immediately entered the Besançon Workers' Company of our Corps. Three days later he was killed. In him I lost an old friend and the Party one of its most indefatigable, fearless, and most reliable soldiers.

"The Party of the proletariat was fairly well represented in the Baden-Pfalz army, especially in volunteer corps like ours, the Emigrant Legion, and so forth, and it can with assurance challenge all other parties to address the slightest reproach to any of its members. The most resolute Communists were the most courageous soldiers."¹

The 90,000 Prussian and Reich troops naturally defeated the 15,000 men of the revolutionary army, but with anything but glory. They managed to dispose of the handful of rebels only by violating the neutrality of Württemberg in order to outflank them. The soldiers of Willich's Volunteer Corps, in which Engels fought, were on the Swiss border on the morning of July 12. They discharged their weapons and were the last of the Baden-Pfalz army to cross the Swiss border.

Here is what Engels wrote about the outcome of the campaign:

"From the political point of view the Reich Constitution campaign was a failure from the start. So it was from the military point of view too. Its only chance of success lay outside Germany—a victory of the Republicans in Paris on June 13—and June 13 was a failure.² After that the campaign could not be anything but a bloody comedy. And that is all it was. Stupidity and treachery ruined it completely. The military chiefs, with few exceptions, were traitors or inefficient, ignorant and cowardly place-hunters, and the few exceptions were invariably abandoned by the others as by the Brentano Government. . . . What applied to the officers was true of the soldiers too. . . . The whole 'revolution' ended in a real comedy and the only consolation was that the six times stronger enemy had six times less courage.

¹ F. Engels, "The German Campaign for a Reich Constitution." 4. Die for the Republic.—*Ed.*

² On June 13, 1849, the French petty-bourgeois Republicans in Paris made an abortive sally against the bourgeois counter-revolution.—*Ed.*

"But this comedy had a tragic end owing to the counter-revolution's thirst for blood. The very fighters who time and again were seized with a panicky fear on the march or on the field of battle died heroic deaths in the vaults of Rastatt. Not one of them begged for mercy. . . ."

3

So the comedy was not quite so comical; and the very fact that the rising was doomed from the start by circumstances gives it the halo of a tragedy. But it was not the failure of June 13, 1849, that sealed the fate of the Reich Constitution campaign. Incidentally, the Reich Constitution was of ridiculously little or no importance for nine-tenths of the participants. All we volunteers, and the soldiers too, sang:

For the *Republic* our lives to give
Is a noble and glorious fate
Worthy of our striving.

And clumsy as the verses of our Girondin song were, they were sung with all the more earnestness. . . .

June 13 itself was foredoomed to a ridiculous failure. Just like the whole of the German Revolution, it was the flare-up of a fire the main fuel of which was already burnt out. The only difference was that in Paris the fuel was consumed in the blaze of a conflagration while in Germany most of it smouldered quietly away.

The blazing conflagration was the *June battle* in 1848. There the bourgeoisie and the proletariat parted for ever, the dream of harmony vanished in blood, and the bourgeoisie, which, like the princes and other rulers, had been international long before the workers, became henceforth reactionary, threw away its "youthful follies" of ideals together with the muskets of the revolution and left both to the proletariat. . . .

With the June battle the last possibility of joint action in the revolution by the bourgeoisie and the workers disappeared. The French Radicals, who, on June 13, 1849, wanted to remove from the scene the "Elected of December 10"¹ and in his person the threatening emperor, had calculated without the

¹ Louis Bonaparte, elected president on December 10, 1848, subsequently proclaimed himself Emperor of the French under the name of Napoleon III.—*Ed.*

workers. The proletariat was not there when it came to blows. Twelve months before the bourgeoisie had drained away the best of the proletariat's blood and one cannot get over such a bleeding within a year. . . .

The conditions for victory failed in the German Reich Constitution campaign as on June 13 in France.

But I have already spoken too much about those times. My theme is my excuse. This episode in the life of Engels is comparatively little known. And as Engels, just like Marx, is often reproached—by democrats and democratic “revolutionaries”—with being a man of advice but not of deeds, it seemed to me appropriate to show all the ridiculousness of that ridiculous reproach by bringing out their activity in the rising of the people in 1849.

Why at all this distinction between advice and deeds, between theory and practice? Is not the *Communist Manifesto* a deed? Is not *Capital* a deed? Is not Marx and Engels's scientific work eminently *practical*?

4

After a short stay in Switzerland with Engels I met him in the following year in London whither he had at first proceeded. After that I was in constant touch with him. He did actually leave London, where I lived, in 1850 for his father's business in Manchester, for like other Rhine manufacturers, his father had an English branch office; but he paid us frequent visits, sometimes rather long ones, in London. He also wrote almost daily to Marx, who regularly communicated as much of his letters as was not strictly private to us, i.e., the more trusted members of the frequently changing “Marx clique.” It is true that I never had such close relations with Engels as with Marx, in whose house I was an almost daily guest, almost a member of his family, for twelve years.

Marx's death brought me nearer to Engels, who now had the double task of replacing Marx and of executing his will.

Only now did he, who so far, to use his own words, had been second fiddle, show all he was capable of. He showed that he could play first fiddle too. The energy that he had been obliged for a score of years to devote mostly to business now went entirely to that double task. He completed *Capital*, as far as was possible, developed astonishing activity in scien-

tific work of his own and owing to his extraordinary capacity for work still found time for a voluminous international correspondence. And Engels's letters were often treatises, guides and directions in politics and economics.

He helped everywhere he was needed; he stirred up all around him. As adviser, exhorter, warner, he took part until shortly before his death like an active soldier in the battles of the great international working-class movement which was carrying out the motto that he and his friend Marx, scenting the morning breeze of the February Revolution, had proclaimed to the workers at the beginning of 1848:

Proletarians of all countries, unite!

They have united.

And no power in the world can bar the road to the united proletariat of the world.

5

On November 28, 1890, we celebrated Engels's seventieth birthday in London. He was as fresh, witty and ready for the fight as ever in his merriest, warmest youth. And when three years later he called out to the Berlin workers in Konkordia Hall:¹ "Comrades, I am convinced that you will do your duty in the future too!" there was not one among the thousands listening to him with enthusiasm and contemplating him with love and gratitude who did not ask in astonishment, "Can that young man be 73 already?"

Not quite two years later, on August 6, 1895, on my return from the big trade-union festival in Bremen, I found the sad telegram on my desk in the editorial office of *Vorwärts*:

"General died yesterday night 10.30. No struggle, unconscious since noon. Please inform Soldat, Singer."

"Soldat" (soldier) meant me.

Since the spring we, that is three persons in Germany,² had known that the "General" was suffering from an incurable cancerous infection of the

¹ Engels made a speech at a Social-Democrat meeting in Berlin on September 22, 1893.—*Ed.*

² W. Liebknecht, A. Bebel and P. Singer.—*Ed.*

throat. But although the stroke was not unexpected, it was a hard one, a terrible one.

So he was laid low, that titanic mind who together with Marx laid the foundations of scientific socialism and taught the tactics of socialism, who at the early age of 24 wrote the classical work *The Condition of the Working-Class in England*, the co-author of the *Communist Manifesto*, Karl Marx's *alter ego* who helped him to call to life the International Working Men's Association, the author of *Anti-Dühring*, that encyclopaedia of science of crystal transparency accessible to anybody who can think, the author of *The Origin of the Family* and so many other works, essays and newspaper articles, the friend, the adviser, the leader and the fighter—he was dead.

But his spirit lives wherever class-conscious proletarians live and fight.

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Translated from the German



Friedrich Lessner

BEFORE 1848 AND AFTER

(Reminiscences of an old Communist)

D

1

uring the storms of the latter half of the forties I was already a Communist, a passionate fighter for social ownership of the means of production and for brotherly co-operation between men. . . .

When, as a young tailor's journeyman, I heard a communist speech for the first time in Hamburg in 1846 and then read Weitling's *Guarantees of Harmony and Freedom* I thought communism would be a reality in a couple of years. . . . But when I heard Karl Marx in 1847 and read and understood the *Communist Manifesto* it was clear to me that the enthusiasm and good-

will of individuals are not enough to effect a transformation of human society. . . . What I lost in enthusiasm and fancy I gained in consciousness of the aim and knowledge. . . .

In the workshop in which I found employment I made friends with a few colleagues who had already worked in Switzerland, Paris and London. There they had become acquainted with communist ideas. . . .

* * *

There was at that time in Hamburg a Workers' Educational Society which was the meeting-place of all progressive workers. They met every evening to read the newspapers, hold discussions or sing and learn foreign languages. Most of the newspapers were of oppositional trend; the discussions centred mainly on questions of communism and the songs that the song section favoured were radical freedom songs. . . .

The Hamburg Workers' Educational Society was a centre for the culture of revolutionary thought. Granted, the revolutionary ideas of the forties—the striving for German unity and freedom, for the republic and brotherhood among peoples, for freedom of thought, original Christianity and communism: all those ideas interwove and united to form the vaguest and most indefinite ideals. . . .

In the Workers' Educational Society Wilhelm Weitling was considered as the man of the future. The respect he enjoyed in our circles was boundless. He was the idol of his followers.

I was introduced to the Workers' Educational Society by my colleagues in November 1846 and was soon admitted as a member. From then on I attended the discussion evenings regularly. . . .

One of my colleagues gave me Wilhelm Weitling's *Guarantees of Harmony and Freedom* to read. This book was then much read among workers. It passed from one to another, for few had their own copy. I read it once, twice, three times. It was then that it first occurred to me that the world could be different from what it was. . . .

That period, during which the discussions at the Workers' Educational Society and Weitling's *Guarantees* revolutionized my views and considerably widened my horizon, was decisive for my political opinions. . . .

When, on April 1, 1847, instead of going to the barracks in Weimar, I boarded a ship that was to take me to England, I felt as though I had left

my past behind me on the continent to begin a new life in England—a life that I made up my mind to devote to the fight for the emancipation of mankind.

* * *

When I had decided to go to London, Martens gave me a recommendation for the London Workers' Educational Society in which I was given a friendly welcome.

The London Workers' Educational Society was founded on February 7, 1840. Its founders were Karl Schapper, Heinrich Bauer and Joseph Moll. They went to London at the end of 1839 after being expelled from France for participation in the Blanquist conspiracy. . . .

Schapper was a Communist more out of enthusiasm than knowledge. . . . Heinrich Bauer was a shoemaker by trade. He was small of stature but had great penetration, cunning and resolution. Joseph Moll was born in Cologne and by trade was a watchmaker. He was of medium height and strong build and possessed remarkable intelligence, heroism and fearlessness. He knew no fear when it was a case of serving the interests of the proletariat. When the Baden Revolution broke out in 1849 he hastened to the battle-field. . . . An enemy bullet put an end to his heroic life. In *Neue Rheinische Zeitung. Politisch-ökonomische Revue* (Issue 1, London, 1850) Frederick Engels wrote him an honourable memorial. "In him," he wrote, "I lost an old friend and the Party one of its most indefatigable, fearless, and most reliable soldiers."

Karl Pfänder and Georg Eccarius also took a lively part in the discussions of the Workers' Educational Society. Pfänder was a painter, Eccarius a tailor. . . .

After a few days I managed to find work and then I regularly attended the society of which I was a member. I was also admitted to the League of the Just, which precisely at that time was changed to the Communist League. The influence of Weitling continued to decline in London, while the names of Marx and Engels came to the fore.

2

So far I did not know these two men. I only knew that they lived in Brussels, where they edited *Deutsche-Brüsseler Zeitung*. I then had no idea that the appearance of these men would be the beginning of a new era in the history of socialism. . . .

A few months after my arrival in London—in the summer of 1847—the First Congress of the League took place. Engels and Wilhelm Wolff came to it, but Marx was not present. The Congress reorganized the League. “What remained of the old mystical name of the time of conspiracy was done away with,” said Engels. “Henceforth it was called the Communist League.”...

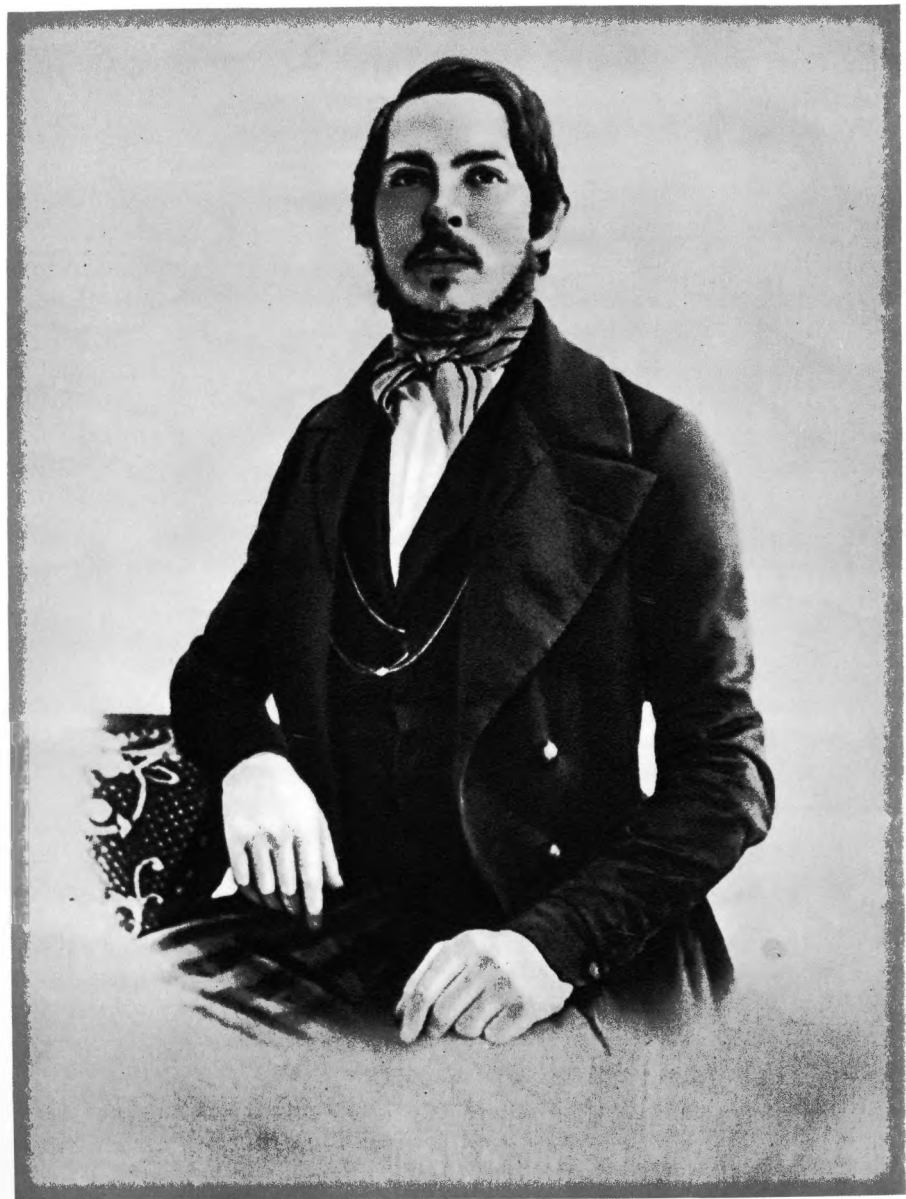
In summer 1847, Étienne Cabet, the famous author of *Voyage en Icarie*, published an appeal to the French Communists in which he said: “As we here (in France) are persecuted, calumniated and slandered by the government, the priests, the bourgeoisie and even the revolutionary Republicans, as attempts are even made to deprive us of our existence, to ruin us physically and morally, let us leave France and go to Icaria to found a Communist colony there.” Cabet then expressed the hope that about 20-30 thousand Communists would be found to carry out that plan.

This appeal was also addressed to the London Workers' Educational Society. About September 1847 Cabet himself came to London to win us over to his idea. The discussion of his proposal lasted a whole week. In the end the Society decided against all experiments. We answered that we could not decide to follow Cabet because in our opinion he was taking the wrong path. We respected Cabet personally but opposed his emigration plan. . . . Every fighter for justice and truth must consider it his duty to remain in the country, to enlighten the people and to inspire new courage in those who were drooping, to lay the foundation for a new organization of society and to offer keen resistance to rascals. If upright men, fighters for a better future went away and left the field to the ignorant and the rascals, the whole of Europe would necessarily be doomed. . . .

Those were the main grounds on which we considered Cabet's proposal as fatal and called to Communists in all countries: “Brothers, let us stand in the breach here in old Europe; let us act and fight, for only here will the conditions for the foundation of common ownership be to hand; here or nowhere will it first be established.”

That was our rejection of Cabet's proposal. . . . It showed that Communists who reflected, who were already under the influence of Marx and Engels, condemned all utopian attempts even at that early period. . . .

Cabet left London. Soon afterwards, at the end of November 1847, the Second Congress of the Communist League met, and Karl Marx was present.



Frederick Engels. 1840's

He and Engels came from Brussels to expound at the Congress the principles of modern socialism. The Congress lasted ten days.

Only delegates attended the sittings, and I was not one of them. But we others knew what it was all about and waited with no little suspense for the results of the discussion. We soon heard that the Congress had unanimously declared for the principles expounded by Marx and Engels and had charged them with writing a Manifesto. When at the beginning of 1848 the manuscript of the *Communist Manifesto* arrived from Brussels I was to play a modest part in the publication of this epoch-making document: I delivered the manuscript to the printer and took the proof-sheets from him to Karl Schapper for checking.

About this time I saw Marx and Engels for the first time. I shall never forget the impression they made upon me.

Marx was then still a young man, about 28 years old, but he greatly impressed us all. He was of medium height, broad-shouldered, powerful in build and energetic in his deportment. His brow was high and finely shaped, his hair thick and pitch-black, his gaze piercing. His mouth already had the sarcastic line that his opponents feared so much. Marx was a born leader of the people. His speech was brief, convincing and compelling in its logic. He never said a superfluous word; every sentence was a thought and every thought was a necessary link in the chain of his demonstration. Marx had nothing of the dreamer about him. The more I realized the difference between the communism of Weitling's time and that of the *Communist Manifesto*, the more clearly I saw that Marx represented the manhood of socialist thought.

Frederick Engels, Marx's spiritual brother, was more of the Germanic type. Slim, agile, with fair hair and moustache, he was more like a smart young lieutenant of the guard than a scholar.

Although Engels always stressed the importance of his immortal friend, he himself had an enormous share in the founding and spreading of modern socialism. He was a man you respected and loved once you knew him intimately. . . .

* * *

We in the Workers' Educational Society were in a certain state of excitement at that time. We firmly believed that it must "start" soon and we still had no idea how much education and organization work had yet to be done to make the proletariat capable of shattering the bourgeois world.

The *Communist Manifesto* left the press in February 1848. We received it at the same time as the news of the outbreak of the February Revolution in Paris.

I cannot render the powerful impression that this news produced upon us. We were intoxicated with enthusiasm. Only one feeling, one thought filled us: to stake our life and all we had for the liberation of mankind!

The London Central Committee of the League immediately delegated its powers to the leading body in Brussels, which in its turn delegated them to Marx and Engels, empowering them to constitute a new Central Authority in Paris.

Immediately after this decision Marx was arrested in Brussels and compelled to leave for France, which was precisely where he intended to go.

3

The Paris events deeply impressed the working class in England. The Chartist movement, which had occupied the minds of the English proletariat since the middle of the thirties, received a new impulse from the victorious course of the February Revolution. The very outbreak of that revolution was welcomed by the London workers with a big demonstration. The members of the Communist League took part in the demonstration just as they had supported the Chartist movement by all means at their disposal.

Ernest Jones, the most popular and efficient leader of the Chartists, occasionally visited our Society, where I had the opportunity to get to know that courageous and self-sacrificing agitator. Jones was small but well-knit. His finely-carved, serious and energetic features at once betrayed the resolute and fearless leader of the people. He could both write and speak German and he was one of the few Chartists who at the same time understood and preached socialism.

On March 13 there was a meeting on Kensington Common in London. Jones spoke at it. He called on the people not to fear the pitiful men of the law, the police, the soldiers or the shopkeepers sworn in as special constables who ran away from a couple of street urchins. "Down with the ministry! Dissolve Parliament! The Charter and no capitulation!"

At the beginning of April a Chartist Covenant was formed in London which was to show more energy in support of the Petition that had so far

been sent to Parliament every year for the introduction of the political freedoms demanded by the workers. The Petition was to be handed in on April 10, not as formerly by a few delegates, but by the masses of the workers themselves. It was intended to impress on Parliament the determination of the proletariat to put its demands into effect by force if necessary.

London offered a curious sight on the morning of April 10. All factories and shops were closed. The London bourgeois were armed to maintain "order." Among them was Napoleon the Little, later the burgher of Wilhelmshöhe.¹

The members of the Communist League had decided to take part in the demonstration. We armed ourselves with all sorts of weapons. I can still quite well remember the comical impression made on me by Georg Eccarius when he showed me a big pair of tailor's scissors, sharpened till they glistened, with which he intended to defend himself against the attacks of the constables.

The workers assembled on Kensington Common to join the procession to Parliament. But suddenly we heard that Feargus O'Connor, the leader of the demonstration, was against a mass procession because the Government was ready to oppose it with armed force. . . . Many followed O'Connor's advice, others pushed forward, and as a result there were bloody clashes between the police and the Chartists. As O'Connor's attempts at appeasement had destroyed the unity of the demonstrators, success could no longer be counted upon. . . . Bitterly disappointed, we left the scene of the demonstration, where we had assembled so full of expectation an hour earlier.

* * *

At the same time as these stormy events in West Europe, the revolution broke out in Central Europe. This particularly aroused us. The discussions at the Workers' Educational Society's evenings became more and more excited and heated. Everybody was ready to hurry to the battle-fields in Germany, but most of us had not the means to carry out their intention immediately. It was not until July 1848 that I had saved up enough to be able to undertake the journey to Germany.

¹ *Wilhelmshöhe*—a castle near Kassel (Hesse-Nassau) where Louis Napoleon was held captive by the Prussian Government after the defeat of his army at Sedan (1870).—*Ed.*

During these preparations we received the discomfoting news of the terrible defeat of the June Revolution. Its effect upon us cannot be expressed in words. I can still vividly remember that I read a good twenty times the article that Marx wrote about this event in *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* (June 29, 1848), for it was the best expression of what we felt.¹

4

I arrived in Cologne at midsummer, 1848. This city had a special attraction for me because of the men who were serving the revolution there—Marx, Engels, Wilhelm Wolff, Freiligrath, Schapper and Moll were then in Cologne where *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* was published.

The first thing I did was to look for work so as to be able to remain in Cologne. This I could not, of course, do under my real name since, as I said earlier, I was a deserter. So one of my Hamburg friends got me a travelling workman's book made out in the name of Carstens, and I am still known by that name in Cologne and the vicinity. As the description coincided fairly well I had no difficulties with the police. . . .

When I had got work I joined the Workers' Society, the leaders of which were Dr. Gottschalk, Lieutenant Anneke, Schapper, Moll, Nothjung and D'Ester. Besides this there was also a "Democratic Society"² frequented by Wilhelm Wolff, Marx, Freiligrath and others. There I got to know Wilhelm Wolff, who often gave talks on current political events. It was a real pleasure to hear that man speak. His vigorous, humorous way of giving a "political survey" was admired by everybody; he could group even the better known and less exciting events so skilfully and deal with a matter seriously or satirically according to its nature. Occasionally Freiligrath also came and later I made friends with him. . . .

In September 1848, Moll called an open-air meeting in protest against the disarming of the militia, the declaration of a state of siege and the suspending of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*. After the meeting there was an attempt to build barricades but it did not, however, come to a clash.

¹ Karl Marx, "The June Slaughter in Paris and Its Influence on Germany." News from Paris.—*Ed.*

² *The Democratic Society* was founded in Cologne in spring 1848. Its members were petty-bourgeois democrats, craftsmen and workers. Marx, Engels and their supporters joined it in order to influence its members, especially the proletarian elements.—*Ed.*

In November 1848, there was a meeting of the Democratic Society at which Marx broke the news that Robert Blum had been shot by sentence of a field court-martial in Vienna. The meeting was in full swing when Marx appeared. Silence immediately fell over the hall. Marx went up to the rostrum and read out the despatch from Vienna on Blum's death. We were horrified. Then a storm seemed to blow through the hall. I thought the German people would now rise like one man to fight the revolution to the end. I and the others were mistaken. It happened quite differently. The Burgermeisters kissed the hands of the tyrants who had had the noblest sons of the people murdered.

* * *

The intensification of reaction was manifested above all by persecution of the opposition press, particularly *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, which was inflexible and fearless in the defence of freedom and justice. On February 7, 1849, the first lawsuit against the editors of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* took place, followed on the next day by the second and finally, on May 18, 1849, the paper was completely suppressed. The last issue appeared in red type. . . .

Marx did not defend himself, he accused the ministry. Karl Marx, editor-in-chief and Frederick Engels were charged with "insulting in an article printed in *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* the Chief Procurator and the gendarmes in the discharge of their duties." The court was crowded. When the State Procurator and the attorneys had spoken Marx made a speech. He spoke for about an hour, his legal arguments ringing calm, dignified and energetic, attacking with ever-increasing force the State Procurator, the old bureaucracy, the old army, the old courts, the old judges who were born and educated and had grown old in the service of absolutism. "The first duty of the press," Marx said, "is now to *undermine all the foundations of the existing political system.*"

After a few months Marx was expelled from Prussia, Engels went to Baden . . . while those who remained in Cologne extended their agitation to the countryside, for we already understood the importance of agitation among the peasants. (When I attended the Cologne Party Congress in 1893 I was invited by some peasants to Worringen, near Cologne. They still remembered me from 1848 and 1849.)

Our spare time was spent in making cartridges which were sent to Baden. They were naturally made in secret. Red Becker¹ procured the shot and powder and each did what he could to promote the revolution. . . .

5

Counter-revolution was victorious all along the line. . . . The Communist League was revived and took steps to organize the Party of the proletariat in secret. As all kinds of doubtful elements had made their way into the League in London the Central Committee was transferred to Cologne on Marx's proposal. My task in Mainz was to revive the local organization of the League and to win the workers over to our aims. Outwardly our propaganda consisted only in spreading leaflets. We were so well organized that we could flood Mainz with leaflets within an hour. The police did not succeed once in catching the "culprits."

In October 1850, the Frankfort comrades gave me the assignment of reorganizing the League in Nuremberg, which I succeeded in doing. Unfortunately our agitation did not go on for long. In our German Fatherland the only thing one heard of at that time was arrests. The police official was the hero of the day. Reaction did not shrink from any means capable of suppressing the freedom movement.

In June 1851 I too was arrested in Mainz.

* * *

When I entered a prison cell for the first time I had no idea that my detention would last years. Young and full of life as I was, I was conscious that I had only done what was my duty as a proletarian.

Three charges were issued against me: the first, of spreading subversive and treasonable literature; the second, of going under an assumed name, the third and most serious, of membership of the Communist League. The text of the last charge was as follows:

"Accusation against Friedrich Lessner, aged 27, tailor's journeyman, born in Blankenheim in the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, lately residing in Mainz. Details on the personal circumstances of the accused Friedrich Less-

¹ Nickname for Hermann Becker.—Ed.

ner, the relations he maintained from the summer of 1847 to the spring of 1848 in London, his stay in Cologne during 1848, 1849 and 1850, the relation in which he stood during that time to the leaders of the Communist League and finally the activity which he developed as President of the Socialist Workers' Society in Mainz have already been given in the charge against the accused Röser and his accomplices, which is referred to here. At the time of his arrest last year (June 18, 1851) a complete communist library was found in his possession, containing among other things the Statutes of the London Workers' Educational Society, the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848, the Statutes of the Workers' Educational Society in Cologne, Wiesbaden and Mainz, the *Demands of the Communist Party*, the *Red Catechism*, the *Appeal to Democrats of All Nations*, the *Toast of Blanqui* and the leaflet *German Men and Prussian Subjects*. . . . Friedrich Lessner is accordingly accused of having formed a plot jointly with several persons from 1848 to 1851, the purpose of which was to overthrow the state constitution and to arm the citizens and inhabitants against the royal power and against one another in order to start a civil war. Crimes against Articles 84, 89 and 91 of the Statute Book of the Rheinland State and against § 61 No. 2 and § 63 of the Statute Book of the Prussian State.

"Cologne, Sept. 28, 1852

the General Procurator: Nicolovius."

The accusation was presented to me only after fifteen months' imprisonment on remand. . . .

During most of that period of torment I was in isolation.

The worst experience I had was the transfer from the prison of Mainz to that of Cologne. The journey, which I was obliged to make on foot, lasted nine days. I was generally transferred from one town to another with twenty to thirty criminals. On each stage I was kept in isolation at night like a particularly dangerous man. . . . I was in chains during the whole of the journey. Gendarmes, zealous in their service, handcuffed me so tightly that the blood oozed out of my hands. When I protested against these inhuman practices I was beaten. . . .

On October 4, 1852, I appeared before the Cologne jury. There were others accused besides me: Nothjung, Bürgers, Röser, Dr. Daniels, Dr. Becker, Dr. Abraham Jacoby, Dr. Klein, Otto Reiff and Erhardt. The case lasted more

than five weeks. I shall not enter into details of the trial here, for they were given by Marx in his *Revelations about the Cologne Communist Trial*...

The sentence was a heavy blow for me. I had to serve three years detention in a fort... However I soon regained my calm. I was glad that the detention on remand was over. At least I now knew how long I had to serve...

The nearer the day of my release came, the more impatient I grew. During my stay in Silberberg Fort there was a change of sovereigns in Saxe-Weimar accompanied by the usual amnesty... That was lucky for me... The four and a half years in prison seemed to me a terrible nightmare... On January 27, 1856, I was released.

"Free!" as if Germany then had not been a vast prison! That was the impression I immediately got when, after a visit to relatives of my fellow-prisoners in Breslau, Erfurt and Freiburg, I arrived in Weimar. Here I tried to do some agitation, but the people were so terrified that they shrank at the very word "communism."

I myself was homeless. The authorities to whom I applied for a travel permit would not recognize me, a disreputable Communist, as one of their countrymen. Only after going from one to another many times and great insistence did I manage to get some papers. Then I went to London via Hamburg...

6

In May 1856 I arrived in London. Soon afterwards I paid a visit to Freiligrath... and then went to see Karl Marx, who presented me with the works of his so far published to replace my collection of books which had been confiscated. I also sought out my old friends of 1848, Karl Pfänder, Georg Ecarius and others. Here I also made acquaintance with German emigrants, of whom many were staying in London, Wilhelm Liebknecht among them. When I had found work I again attended the Communist Workers' Educational Society which was then in a very sorry plight. The reason for this was the following: after the collapse of the revolutionary movement of 1848 many members had left the Society and the remaining ones had gradually turned petty bourgeois. There was no longer any trace of communist views in the Society, which had become through and through spiritless, exactly to the liking of our liberals...

This situation in the Communist Workers' Educational Society grieved me. I began to study the members and make friends with some of them. After I had succeeded in this we began our spade-work. . . . Wilhelm Liebknecht began attending the Society again and so did Marx, who delivered a series of lectures on political economy without accepting any compensation, for he never accepted a penny from the workers in his whole life. The membership increased. . . .

At the time of these events a movement of freethinkers attracted attention in London. It was headed by Charles Bradlaugh, a man of the people, a very capable speaker and agitator. He made public speeches which at the beginning were directed not only against religion and the church but against exploitation and oppression. My wife and I immediately joined the movement. . . . Mrs. Marx and her children also attended Bradlaugh's Sunday lectures and Marx came sometimes too. On a visit to Marx's family about that time I heard Mrs. Marx praise Bradlaugh and say she expected much of him for the proletarian movement. Marx smiled and expressed the opinion that Bradlaugh would sooner or later sell himself to the bourgeoisie. . . .

Marx's words came true in full. Hardly had Bradlaugh won a certain popularity in England when he became a traitor to the proletariat. Elected to Parliament, he went through thick and thin with the bourgeoisie and calumniated and vilified socialism. . . . He wanted to gain admittance into the International Working Men's Association too, but he met resistance from Marx, who knew how to keep place-hunters like him at a distance.

From 1859 the German weekly paper *Hermann*, founded and headed by Gottfried Kinkel, was published in London. It was of a liberal, philistine trend. We therefore decided to found a paper to fight it and to request Marx and Engels to write for it. The first number of our paper, which was called *Das Volk*, appeared on May 7, 1859. I was entrusted with dispatching it. . . . Only 16 numbers of *Das Volk* were published; they contained several articles by Marx and Engels.

From 1860 to 1864 I spent my time extending my knowledge. I regularly attended lectures at London University by Professors Huxley, Tyndall and Hofmann on physiology, geology and chemistry. These eminent scientists' lectures were much attended by the German workers generally. Here again it was Karl Marx who urged us to do so and he himself occasionally attended them.

* * *

In 1864 the old disintegrated Communist League celebrated its rebirth, although in another form. The International Working Men's Association was founded. Socialism began to occupy the workers again, and more intensely than ever. The fruits of our former activity were maturing. . . .

After the Commune difficult times set in for the International. The British press, which controlled public opinion, calumniated and vilified us. A state was reached when we could not get premises in London for our meetings. When we wanted to celebrate the first anniversary of the Commune on March 18, 1872, we found the hall we had rented cordoned off. Then I arranged for a special house, in which we held the sittings of the General Council, to be rented. The English press, of which most people on the continent think highly, is in reality no better than the German. This has been particularly evident in the past few years. The English newspapers, for instance, either hushed or distorted any favourable news coming from German Social-Democracy. The tsar, on the other hand, as well as Bismarck and Crispien, it praised to the skies. The English bourgeoisie is no better than the German either, though it is cleverer and more crafty: it does not fight against the working-class movement, but it neglects no means of corrupting it.

After 1870, the fight against the International from the outside continued to gain in intensity, and most governments took measures against its supporters. In France a special law was even passed and there were men in the English trade unions who agitated against it. Besides this, there were Mikhail Bakunin's filthy intrigues within the organization. Marx's position at this time was no enviable one. He was overloaded with work for the International. He wrote all the manifestos, addresses and other material that was published for the International. Besides there was his very bulky correspondence and the great demand made on his time by the emigrant Communards who came to London. Marx satisfied all these claims without any compensation, although he had to struggle desperately for his own existence. His household expenses kept on increasing, especially after the Commune. In his house one could always meet a number of French emigrants who had to be accommodated and maintained. That was an especially difficult time for Mrs. Marx. She often came to my wife and myself for advice or to discuss some family trouble. But all that could not deter her from sincere and lively participation in the proletarian movement.

The struggle against Bakunin was to be fought out at the Hague Congress. Bakunin promised to be there and this decided Marx to go too in order

to settle the dispute with him. The Hague Congress was the only congress of the International which Marx attended. In other cases he remained in London and left others the opportunity of distinguishing themselves at congresses. If he finally decided to go to the Hague it was only to put an end once for all to Bakunin's intrigues. Frederick Engels also went and Mrs. Marx and her children profited by the occasion to go there.

The Congress took place at the beginning of September 1872. There were 65 delegates present, Germany being represented by Bernhard Becker, Cuno and Hugo Friedländer, Dr. Kugelmann, Ad. Hepner, Rittinghausen, Schumacher (Solingen), Heinrich Scheu and Joseph Dietzgen.

Mikhail Bakunin did not keep his word, he did not come to the Congress. But his creatures were there and played a miserable role. The Congress had mainly two questions to settle: 1) the transfer of the seat of the General Council, and 2) Bakunin's expulsion from the International. Frederick Engels spoke on the first point and favoured the transfer of the seat of the General Council to New York. His proposal was adopted. The expulsion of Bakunin took place at a closed sitting: even the opponents of Marx condemned Bakunin's intrigues and voted for his expulsion. . . .

While in the Hague, Marx was stormed by journalists from literally every civilized country: everybody wanted to see him and to know his opinion on the aims and desires of the International. . . .

The 1872 Hague Congress was the last event of the old International. Individual federations gradually dissolved and were replaced by larger national organizations.

The International had fulfilled a good proportion of its tasks: socialism had been economically and philosophically vindicated by its leader, Karl Marx, and the International had been the first body to spread those teachings in all directions in the civilized world, where they asserted themselves here more rapidly, there less, according to economic and intellectual conditions. Even Marx had not expected more of the International.

7

About this time I made frequent visits to Marx's family. His house was open to every reliable comrade. I shall never forget the pleasant hours which, like many others, I spent among Marx's family. Mrs. Marx produced a partic-

ularly vivid impression. She was a tall, very beautiful woman, very distinguished and yet so good-natured, lovable, witty and so free from pride and stiffness that one felt as much at ease and at home in her presence as with one's own mother or sister. . . . As I have already said, she was full of enthusiasm for the working-class movement, and every success, no matter how small, against the bourgeoisie gave her the greatest satisfaction and pleasure.

Marx always attached particular importance to meetings and talks with workers. He considered it highly important to hear their opinion of the movement and sought the company of those who spoke frankly to him and spared him flattery. He was always ready to discuss the most important political and economic problems with them. He was quick in ascertaining whether they understood those questions well enough, and the more they did, the greater was his joy.

During the time of the International he never missed a sitting of the General Council. After the sittings Marx and most of us members of the Council generally went to a decent public-house for a glass of beer and a chat. On the way home Marx often spoke of the normal working-day in general and of the eight-hour day in particular. He often said, "We are fighting for the eight-hour working-day, but we frequently work more than twice as long. . . ."

In fact, Marx unfortunately worked far too much. It is beyond the conception of outsiders how much labour power and time the International alone cost him. And yet he had to work hard for his living and to study for hours in the British Museum to collect material for his works on history and economics. On his way home to Maitland Park Road, Haverstock Hill, in the north of London, he often dropped in to see me, for I lived not far from the Museum, to discuss some question concerning the International. When he got home he would have his meal, after which he rested for a while and then resumed his work. Often, too often, he worked late into the night or even the early hours of the morning, especially as his short evening rest was frequently cut short by visits from Party comrades.

Like all really great men, Marx was not at all conceited. He appreciated every honest striving and every opinion based on self-reliant thinking. As I have already said, he was always keen to hear the opinion of the most ordinary workers on the working-class movement. Thus he often came to me in

the afternoon, took me with him on his walk, and spoke to me about all sorts of things. I naturally let him do as much of the talking as possible, for it was a real pleasure to hear him talk and develop his arguments. I was always fascinated by his conversation and found it hard to leave him. In general he was splendid company and exerted a powerful attraction and even fascination on all who came into contact with him. His wit was inexhaustible and his laughter came right from the heart. When our Party comrades managed to achieve a victory in any country he would express his joy in the most unconstrained way and rejoice noisily, his joy infecting all those around him.

From their early youth Marx's three daughters also took a most heartfelt interest in the working-class movement of the time, which was always the main topic in Marx's family. Relations between Marx and his daughters were the most intimate and unconstrained that one can imagine. The girls treated their father more as a brother or friend, for Marx scorned the exterior attributes of paternal authority. In serious matters he was his children's adviser, otherwise, according as his time allowed, their playmate.

Marx had an extreme liking for children generally. He often said that what he liked most in the Christ of the Bible was his great love for children. Often, when he had nothing to do in town and went for a walk to Hampstead Heath, the author of *Capital* could be seen bustling about with a lot of children.

The death in 1883 of his eldest daughter, who had all the qualities of her mother—and she had only good ones—was a new blow to Marx at a time which was most difficult and fateful for him. Hardly twelve months earlier, on December 2, 1881, he had lost the faithful companion of his life. These were blows from which he never recovered.

Marx already had a nasty cough. When you heard it you thought his broad powerful figure would burst. This cough troubled him all the more as his constitution had been undermined by years of continuous overworking. In the middle of the seventies the doctors forbade him to smoke and as Marx was a heavy smoker, this was a terrible sacrifice. On my first visit to him after the doctors' order he was quite pleased and proud to be able to tell me that he had not smoked for so and so many days, and that he would not do so until the doctors allowed him to. On every subsequent visit he would tell me how long it was since he had given up smoking and that he had not

smoked all that time. He did not seem able to believe himself that he would manage it. His pleasure was all the greater when some time later the doctor allowed him a cigar a day. . . .

* * *

On March 15, 1883, I got a letter from Engels informing me of Marx's death. The news shattered me. Marx's trusted acquaintances knew what the working-class movement had lost. It had lost not only a man of great intelligence and vast learning, but a man of consistent, iron character. What an abundance of knowledge was laid with him in the grave was proved by the works he left behind him, although they did not contain a tenth of what he had intended to write. The proof of his heroic character is his whole life, rich in struggle and sacrifice.

Marx was firmly convinced that the working masses would sooner or later understand him and draw from his teachings the strength to overthrow bourgeois society and work with clear consciousness to build a new society.

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Translated from the German



Friedrich Lessner

**A WORKER'S REMINISCENCES
OF KARL MARX**

Since the death of our great leader much has been written about him, his life and his work, by supporters as well as opponents.

Most of the authors of those works, however, were not "bona fide workers," as a certain section of trade-unionists in "free" England would say. They belonged by birth or situation to what is called the middle class.

That is why it may not seem inappropriate if, on the occasion of the anniversary of our immortal leader's death, I, as a worker, a plebeian knight of the needle, write out for the benefit of my younger comrades a few reminiscences of my years of personal association with Karl Marx, some of which will convey the impression that Marx made on me and other people, while others will complete in some respects the story of his life. . . .

In 1848, after the revolution broke out, *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* began to appear in Cologne, edited by Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, with the collaboration of various members of the Communist League and resolute democrats. At that period I also went to Cologne from London and did all in my power to support our comrades in their propaganda.

I used to distribute *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* at the places where I worked, and during working hours I often read out articles from it. They were listened to with enthusiasm. In May 1849, after the Prussian Government had staged dozens of lawsuits against *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, it suppressed the paper by force and expelled Marx from Cologne. I soon suffered the same fate. In 1851 I was arrested in Mainz and after two years in prison pending investigation, I was sentenced at the infamous Cologne Communist Trial to a further three years in a fortress which I served in Graudenz and Silberberg (on the Silesian border).

During the investigation Marx did his utmost from London to save us, but his efforts and those of his friends were frustrated by the way Police Commissar Stieber and other "saviours of the state" used sworn evidence, by the class prejudices of the jury and, I must unfortunately add, by the stupid tricks of other people for whose doings we were made answerable.

There were already a considerable number of so-called men of action, ultra-revolutionaries for whom nothing was radical enough and who fostered the illusion that the revolution could be brought about at any time by *putsches* and similar means. But nine-tenths of those people were heroes only in words and never did anything useful for the movement; those who shouted loudest and raved the most among them and wanted if possible to grab every exploiter by the scruff of the neck later became the worst exploiters themselves. . . .

After my release from the fortress in 1856 I returned to London. . . .

In 1850 Marx and his comrades had left the Communist Workers' Educational Society because the "revolution-makers" led by Willich had got the upper hand in it. Now that Kinkel, who in his time had played the "revolution-maker," had been expelled, I persuaded Marx to frequent it again and give talks on political and economic questions. Liebknecht and other Party comrades then likewise re-entered the Society.

In spring 1859 the workers' newspaper *Das Volk* was founded in opposition to *Hermann* which had been founded by Kinkel and had spread Bonaparte's slogans during the Italian war. Marx was invited to contribute to it

and he wrote some very interesting articles on the stand taken by Prussia. He also collected money among his friends to support the paper. The first issue of *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy* appeared in the same year, and in 1860 Marx published *Herr Vogt*, in which he disclosed the Bonapartist intrigues of that gentleman and his "patrons and associates." This work, which Marx wrote because of the shameless calumnies spread by Vogt and his friends, contains abundant material on the history of the 1848 emigration and most valuable revelations on the diplomatic intrigues of the European cabinets.

Finally, in 1864 the International was founded and, as I took an active part in the founding of it and became a member of its General Council, I immediately came into still closer association with Marx. . . .

How Marx rejoiced at every success our comrades in Germany had at the elections and every victorious strike. How he would have rejoiced if he had seen the gigantic May demonstrations. The attacks of our opponents only amused him. It was a treat to hear the irony and sarcasm with which he spoke of them. He showed amazingly little concern for his own works after they had served their purpose. When the conversation turned on his earlier works he would say to me: "If you want to have my complete works you must go to Lassalle, he has collected them all. I have not got a copy of most of them." The truth of that statement could be seen from the fact that he often requested me to lend him my copy of one or the other of his works.

A good portion of Marx's work remained completely unknown to the broad masses for decades and is still not appreciated¹ at its worth, particularly the works he wrote before and during the 1848 Revolution and a few years later and which could be spread only with very great difficulty. . . . It sounds quite comical to those who worked with Marx and Engels in the early days to hear the founding of the General German Workers' Association called the beginning of the present working-class movement. For that Association was not founded until the beginning of the sixties, when Marx, Engels and others had already been carrying on intensive propaganda and obstinate struggle for twenty years. This I say naturally not as an opponent of Lassalle, whom I knew personally as early as 1848, 1849 and 1850. I have always highly appreciated his great force and I willingly acknowledge the great efficacy of his agitation, which advanced the movement so much. The last time I saw

¹ Lessner wrote his *Reminiscences* in 1893.—*Ed*

Lassalle was in October and November 1852, during the Cologne Communist Trial, which he attended in the public gallery. I never had an opportunity of seeing him during his repeated visits to London. He did not come to the Workers' Society and I did not meet him at Marx's.

Marx informed me with great joy at the beginning of October 1868 that the Russian translation of the first book of *Capital* was being printed in Petersburg. He attached great importance to the movement in Russia at the time and spoke with great respect of those who made such great sacrifices for the study and spreading of theoretical works and of their understanding of modern ideas. When he at last received the final copy of *Capital* in Russian from Petersburg¹ he considered the event an important sign of the times and an occasion for him, his family and his friends to celebrate.

After every defeat of the workers in their fight against the exploiting class Marx took up the cause of the defeated with great enthusiasm and brilliantly defended the oppressed against the never failing abuse of the victors. This was the case after the Paris insurrection in June 1848, after the defeat of the 1848 Revolution in Germany and also after the defeat of the Commune in 1871, when reactionaries the whole world over and even a large proportion of the unenlightened workers turned with savage violence against the defenders of the Commune. Marx was the first to take immediately the side of the butchered and persecuted fighters of the Commune, and the Address of the General Council of the International Working Men's Association, *The Civil War in France*, shows with what force and energy he did so. How true it is that after a defeat one can tell one's true friends! . . .

Every revolution brings to the surface as well as the mass of brave fighters a number of unworthy elements, adventurers of all kinds who hope to further their personal interests in one way or another. There were some of them even among the emigrants of the Commune, and as they were disappointed in their calculations they availed themselves of every opportunity to foment differences. They were helped by the lack of unity in the very ranks of the Communards. Blanquists, Proudhonists, Autonomists, Anarchists and all kinds of other "ists" were continually at loggerheads. This spread even to the sittings of the General Council, which were often so stormy that Marx had great difficulty in making the squabblers see reason. The patience he

¹ The first book of *Capital* in Russian, published in March 1872, reached Marx in April of the same year.—Ed.

generally displayed on such occasions beggars all description. But sometimes he, too, lost his temper at the crooked views and insane plans of the frustrated Communards.

The most impatient and those who were the most difficult to bring to reason at that time were the Blanquists. They once again imagined they had the revolution in their pockets and passed death sentences right and left.

At first it was only amusing, but the quarrels between the Frenchmen soon involved delegates of other countries. Added to this were the intrigues instigated by Bakunin, and as a result the sittings of the General Council in High Holborn were the stormiest and most galling one could imagine. The chaos of languages, the profound differences in temperament and the varieties of views were such that it was a Herculean task to get over them. Those who reproached Marx with intolerance should have seen just once how he could grasp people's thoughts and prove the falseness of their inferences and conclusions.

From a certain point of view every political fighter must be intolerant, and in my view it must be put down as a great credit to Marx that he did all he could to keep all dubious self-seeking elements out of the International. In the early days all sorts of rag-tag, including the high priest of the atheists, Charles Bradlaugh, were milling round, and it was mainly thanks to Marx that such people were given to understand that the International Working Men's Association was no nursery for religious and other sectarianism.

To Marx's great satisfaction his eldest daughters Jenny and Laura married capable fellow-thinkers. Jenny became the wife of Charles Longuet, and Laura, of Dr. Paul Lafargue. Unfortunately neither the good Mrs. Marx nor Marx himself lived to see their youngest daughter, Eleanor, marry the talented Social-Democrat Dr. Edward Aveling. With what sympathy they would have followed their children's work for the emancipation of the working class and with what pleasure they would have greeted the magnificent advance made in the last ten years by the modern working-class movement! . . .

That Karl Marx unfortunately died too early must be the unanimous opinion of all. Those who were more closely associated with him had long been worried over his health, for he could not spare himself when it was a question of his scientific work or the interests of the working class. None of his friends, not even any of his family, could prevail on him in that respect. . . .

It is no mean satisfaction for us that Karl Marx's oldest and best friend,

Frederick Engels, is still among us, hale in body and fresh in mind. Through him the Party will receive much of the work left behind by Marx.

While Marx is thus, even after his death, offering us ever new knowledge and new points of view, his doctrine is spreading ever wider among the fighting proletarians; everywhere the working-class movement comes under the influence of that doctrine. Marx not only launched among the masses the mighty call: "Proletarians of all countries, unite!", he provided in his doctrine the basis on which that union can take place and is taking place.

The International, of which Karl Marx was the soul, has risen again, still more powerful and mightier than before. The banner around which the battalions of the international working-class movement rally is the banner that Marx raised in 1848 and carried in front of the fighting proletariat during his whole life. Under that banner the army of the working class is now marching on from victory to victory.

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Friedrich Lessner

**A WORKER'S REMINISCENCES
OF FREDERICK ENGELS**

May I, before I close my eyes for ever, bequeath my reminiscences of a long acquaintance and friendship with the great fighter Frederick Engels. Although much has been written and said about him since his death, I still think it justifiable to relate my experience of the association I had with him since 1847.

My account will, admittedly, not be so complete as I should wish. Half a century has passed since I made Engels's acquaintance and I must write everything from memory. My advanced age is an obstacle too, my hand is no longer as steady as I could wish it to be for writing; that is why I hope I shall be excused if my account is not so good as it should be.

My first acquaintance with Frederick Engels, and also with Karl Marx, dates from the interesting period at the end of 1847, in London. It was in the Communist Workers' Society, the only association of that time that still exists and still champions the working-class movement of today.¹ It was at the memorable meeting at which the international working-class movement of today was founded. Marx, Engels, and W. Wolff came with the Belgian comrade Tedesco to London in order to agree on the principles and the tactics of the new movement. Today the whole world knows that Marx and Engels were charged at that Communist Congress with composing a Communist Manifesto. I had already heard of Marx and Engels before then, through *Deutsche-Brüsseler Zeitung*, which appeared in 1847 and 1848. Engels's book *The Condition of the Working-Class in England*, the first edition of which was published in 1845, was on sale in the Communist Workers' Society in London. That was the first book which I bought, and from it I got my first view of the working-class movement. The other book from which I learned at that time was Weitling's *Guarantees of Harmony and Freedom*.

The presence of Marx, Engels, W. Wolff and others in London produced a great impression not only on the members of the Communist Workers' Society, but also on those of the Communist League. Much was expected from this meeting and hopes were not frustrated but, on the contrary, greatly exceeded. The publication of the *Communist Manifesto*, which was the momentous outcome of this memorable meeting, is the factual proof of my statement.

Engels differed from Karl Marx in outward appearance. He was tall and slim, his movements were quick and vigorous, his manner of speaking brief and decisive, his carriage erect, giving a soldierly touch. He was of a very lively nature; his wit was to the point. Everybody who associated with him inevitably got the impression that he was dealing with a man of great intelligence. . . .

With strangers Engels was reserved, more so in his later years. You had to know him well in order to form a correct opinion of him. just as he too gave a man his confidence only when he knew him thoroughly. . . .

¹ By the end of the 19th century the Society had degenerated into an ordinary club.
—Ed.

With him you could not pretend: he immediately saw whether he was being importuned with tales or told the truth without detour. Engels was a good judge of men, although he was mistaken in some cases. . . .

Engels's portrait would be incomplete if the words of his old English friend George Julian Harney, the editor of the Chartist paper *The Northern Star*, who knew him since 1843, were not quoted. After Engels's death Harney wrote: "It was in 1843 that Engels came over from Bradford to Leeds and enquired for me at *The Northern Star* office. A tall handsome young man, with a countenance of almost boyish youthfulness, whose English, in spite of his German birth and education, was even then remarkable for its accuracy. He told me he was a constant reader of *The Northern Star* and took a keen interest in the Chartist movement. Thus began our friendship over 50 year ago."

In spite of all his work, Harney wrote, Engels always found time for his friends, and gave them advice and help when necessary. His vast learning and his influence never made him "stand-offish"; on the contrary, at 75 he was just as modest and ready to give credit for the work of others as at 22. He was extraordinarily hospitable, liked a joke, and his laugh was contagious. He was the soul of the conversation and had the knack of making his guests—he associated with Owenites, Chartists, trade-unionists, and Socialists—feel at home and at ease.

2

My closer acquaintance with Engels and Marx dated back to Cologne, where I arrived from London at the end of June 1848. There I was introduced to the editorial board of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, who then knew me under the name of Friedrich Carstens. Engels knew that I was a tailor and he named me his court tailor, but the only work I did for him was to restore and retouch his wardrobe. Neither Engels nor Marx attached much importance to dress and their money situation at the time was far from brilliant.

I was then quite young, and had never been in the habit of pushing myself to the fore. We therefore met mostly at popular meetings or on other occasions and greeted one another as battle comrades. Short as our association was, I learned at that time to appreciate the two rare men and I expected much from them in the future.

The *Communist Manifesto* left no room for doubt about the accuracy of their knowledge of the existing society, and the easily understandable way in which it was written brought the class antagonisms within the comprehension of the ordinary worker. But it was in *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* that Marx and Engels first really showed that besides knowledge they also had an indomitable will.

The black-and-white reaction¹ soon found out what superior opponents they were up against and did all in their power to get *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* out of their way. Not succeeding in this, they resorted to still more drastic measures to suppress the paper. Two lawsuits were conducted, the first on February 7, the second on February 8, against the Rhine Committee of the Democrats. I attended both with great interest and it was a delight to see and hear with what great superiority the black-and-white reaction was opposed. Even these two men's opponents could not help admiring them!

After the suppression by force of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* and the illegal banning of Karl Marx, the members of the editorial board scattered in all directions. Marx went to Paris, Engels to Pfalz, where the movement for a Reich Constitution had flared up. What Engels did in Pfalz can be seen from the article on the Reich Constitution campaign which he wrote for *Neue Rheinische Zeitung. Politisch-ökonomische Revue*, London, Hamburg and New York, 1850, of which Karl Marx was editor.

3

After the defeat of the revolution in Baden Engels and many other fighters had to flee to Switzerland. Engels only stayed there for a short time and then went to London. There he found Marx and a large number of German emigrants.

Very hard times set in both for Engels and for Marx and his family in London, as neither had any means. Eleanor Marx told of those hard times in one of her many essays.

It was at that time that Marx, Engels, Liebknecht, Wilhelm Wolff and others took an active part in the Communist Educational Society, in which there were then many political emigrants of all trends. There were such di-

¹ The Prussian counter-revolution: black and white were the colours of the Prussian flag.—Ed.



Frederick Engels. 1862

vergencies over recent political events and over the future, and life in emigration was attended with so much unpleasantness that it was no wonder friction soon set in.

As a result of the foundation of the new Communist League organization for which Marx, Engels and their comrades were mainly responsible, there were heated arguments between them and Willich, Schapper and their associates, especially on the tactics of the working-class party. In the end they led to a break, the reason for which was explicitly and clearly given by Marx in his *Revelations about the Cologne Communist Trial*.

The appearance of the already mentioned *Neue Rheinische Zeitung. Politisch-ökonomische Revue*, edited by Karl Marx, in which Engels's description of the Baden Revolution and his *Peasant War in Germany* were published, also dates from this time.

As far as I remember, Engels must have left London in 1850 to take up work in a cotton mill in Manchester in which his father was a partner. In 1864 he became co-proprietor of the firm; he left Manchester in 1870 to devote all his time to study and collaboration with Marx.

In Manchester Engels associated mainly with Wilhelm Wolff, Samuel Moore and Karl Schorlemmer. He occasionally came to London to see Marx, or else Marx went to Manchester. Visits were rare, however, and were not long, but correspondence was all the more lively.

Engels and Marx were both contributors to the German weekly *Das Volk*, that we founded in 1859 in London to counteract Kinkel's paper.

In 1859 I wrote a letter to Engels, asking him incidentally for a photograph, which I received together with an excellent letter. I should have liked to quote the letter here, but in spite of much seeking I have not been able to find it.

In autumn 1870 Engels went to London with his wife and settled not far from Marx in the well-known house near Primrose Hill where he lived till shortly before his death.

The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War (1870) aroused Engels's interest and consequently took up much of his time. His articles on the war in *Pall Mall Gazette* proved his knowledge of military matters and won him the nickname the "General." He foretold many of the defeats of the French army. While the German troops were concentrating around the French northern army, Engels foretold in *Pall Mall Gazette* that unless MacMahon succeeded in breaking through to Belgium with his army the iron ring of the German

forces in the Sedan depression, which was closing ever tighter, would force him to capitulate. That is what actually did happen two weeks later.

After the defeat of the Paris Commune in 1871, the situation in the General Council of the International Working Men's Association became very difficult and strained, especially for Marx and Engels, who had still more work, as a large number of the international members of the Commune emigrated to London.

The Hungarian comrade Leo Frankel must not be forgotten: he had been a member of the Government of the Commune and had managed to get through the Prussian lines as a match seller. He was one of the few who were completely clear and conscious about their aim. Frankel returned to Paris after the amnesty and continued his propaganda there. He died a few years ago in Paris. In him I lost a personal friend and the Party, one of its best members. Respect to his memory!

The Commune emigrants, who belonged to different trends, opposed one another and laid the blame for the downfall of the Commune on one another. The disappointed hopes and the difficult conditions in which nearly all of them were contributed more than anything else to the friction. The base attacks of the capitalist press and the general ignorance about the Commune and its significance and besides that the regrettable baiting from the anarchists—everything seemed to conspire to wipe out the international movement.

The transfer of the General Council to New York on the decision of the Hague Congress gave Marx and Engels time for their study of economics. Marx was able to devote himself entirely to his great work—*Capital*. From then on Engels was secretary of the International. Besides a number of articles on topics of actuality, translations of the *Communist Manifesto* or other translations which were sent for him to supervise or correct, not to speak of pamphlets for special occasions, took up a large part of his time. The number of scientific works our old friend nevertheless found time to write proves what a great capacity and love for work he had. . . .

In 1878 a great sorrow struck Engels: his wife, an Irishwoman who had been heart and soul in the Sinn Fein movement, died. They had no children, and for Engels the loss of his wife was a heavy blow. . . .

Then came sad times for the Marx family—Marx's illness, the illness of his wife and his daughter and the death of both of them.

In March 1883 came the not unexpected but all the same sorrowful news of Marx's death.

Engels wrote me the following letter:

"London, March 15, 1883

"Dear Lessner,

"Our old friend Marx closed his eyes for ever yesterday at three o'clock, softly and calmly. The immediate cause of his death was probably internal hemorrhage.

"The funeral will take place on Saturday at 12 o'clock. Tussy¹ requests your attendance.

"Excuse my haste.

"Yours, F. Engels."

After the death of Marx, Lenchen Demuth, who since Mrs. Marx's marriage had shared all the joys and sorrows of the Marx family for many years, ran Engels's household. She died on November 4, 1890. This was a great loss for Engels. Fortunately Mrs. Freyberger, formerly Mrs. Kautsky, decided shortly after to leave Vienna for London and take over Engels's household.

Who does not know that Engels eagerly took part in the new trade-union movement and supported the eight-hour movement although he himself often worked sixteen hours a day and late into the night. He always attended the May celebrations in spite of his age and even climbed on to the cart that was used as a rostrum. And who can ever forget the May parties that followed those meetings? . . .

I was a member of the Communist Educational Society as well as of the Social-Democratic Federation and the Socialist League. I also helped to form the Independent Labour Party. That was why Engels always welcomed my visits, for I could give him news of the feelings in those different trends. All those who had any association with Engels knew full well that he disagreed with the tactics of the Social-Democratic Federation on various points. Were he alive today he would disagree still more.

Engels's capacity and love for work persisted till his death. His great knowledge of foreign languages is well known. He knew ten languages

¹ Eleanor Marx.—*Tr.*

thoroughly: he began to study Norwegian when he was over 70 years old in order to be able to read Ibsen and Kielland in the original.

Like Marx, Engels seldom made public speeches. . . . He spoke in public for the last time in 1893. He delivered addresses at the Zürich Congress, in Vienna and in Berlin. He was deeply moved, as he often told me later, by the reception and the spontaneous manifestations of gratitude and joy he was the object of in Zürich. His visit to Austria, Germany and Switzerland was a triumph for our ideas, and Engels often expressed regret that Marx had not lived to see the new Germany, the Germany of the workers.

Until his very death Engels showed as much calm as resolution and was simple and sincere in all his dealings. No matter what he was questioned about he always gave a brief but authoritative answer. He always spoke his mind frankly, whether people liked it or not.

When Engels disagreed with anything in the Party, he expressed his disapproval immediately and without reserve. He would have no part in shifts or compromises. . . . He received very many visits, Party comrades and others often coming to see him. When *Sozialdemokrat* had to move from Zürich to London at the end of the eighties the number of visits increased. Engels's house was still open to all.

After Marx's death I went to see Engels oftener. He showed me as much confidence as Marx had done. When he had too many visitors, I went to see him less often; he immediately asked me why he no longer saw so much of me.

4

Engels went to Eastbourne for his health for the last time in summer 1895. He came back without any improvement at the end of July. Tussy, who seemed very worried about him, informed me by letter. I made up my mind not to worry Engels with my visits for some time. I was afraid of exciting him by my presence, for he was very excitable by nature. As a result I never saw our great friend alive after his return to London.

On August 5, I was informed through Bernstein that if I wanted to see Engels again before he died I must do so quickly, for his condition was very bad. I still had no idea that his death was so near, and I decided to go and see him the next day, August 6, as early as possible.

To my horror the first post next day brought me news from Mrs. Freyberger that our friend had died in the night of August 5 between 11 and 12.

I cannot convey in words the impression made upon me by that sad and unexpected news. . . . I immediately went to his house and found him lying dead on his bed, just as I had found our friend Marx on March 15, 1883.

Mrs. Freyberger, who took me into Engels's room, was so affected that she had difficulty in telling me about his last hours.

Engels's last will was that his ashes be sunk out at sea. This last desire was executed on August 27 by Eleanor Marx, Dr. E. Aveling, E. Bernstein and me. We went to Eastbourne, Engels's favourite summer resort, hired a two-oared boat and rowed about two miles out to sea with the urn containing the ashes of our unforgettable friend. I cannot express in words the feeling this trip produced in me. . . .

* * *

Marx and Engels have been departed for years; but their work lives. The millions of workers in all countries show that the principles as well as the tactics of our leaders in the fight are understood, grasped and followed, and the ranks of those workers are increasing every day. . . .

This is an immense satisfaction for me, and I end these reminiscences by proclaiming with the millions of the proletarians:

"The immediate future belongs to the socialist movement!"

London, June 1902

Published in the journal
Die Hütte, 1902

Translated from the German



Eleanor Marx-Aveling

FREDERICK ENGELS

On November 28, 1890, Frederick Engels will be 70 years old. All Socialists in the world will celebrate that birthday. On this occasion my friend Dr. Victor Adler asked me to write a short essay for the readers of *Sozialdemokratische Monatsschrift* on the acknowledged head of the present Party.

Of all the various qualities necessary for such a difficult task I can claim only one: that I have known Engels all my life. And yet it is still questionable whether long and close intimacy enables one to portray somebody. Of all persons the most difficult to describe is oneself.

To write a biography of Marx and Engels—for the life and work of these two men are so closely associated that they cannot be separated—one would have to write not only a history of the development of socialism “from utopia to science”; one would have to write the history of the whole working-class movement over nearly half a century. For these two men were not

just leaders in ideas, teachers of theory, philosophers who held themselves isolated and aloof from the working life of every day. They were always fighters, always in the front line of battle, soldiers as well as members of the General Staff of the revolution. . . .

The details of the life of Engels are now so well known that it seems necessary only to recall them briefly. His literary and scientific works are so well known that it would be pretentious of me to try and give any analysis of them; here a mere chronological summary will be sufficient. But I wish to attempt a short sketch of Engels as a man and of the way he lives and works. Thus I think I shall provide pleasure for many. . . . For it is my opinion that the study of a life like that of Engels can only help and fire us, who are younger and are following the path he showed us.

* * *

Frederick Engels was born on November 28, 1820, at Barmen in Rhineland. His father was a manufacturer (it must not be forgotten that the Rhine provinces were then well ahead of the rest of Germany economically); his family was a very distinguished one. Probably no son born in such a family ever struck so entirely different a path from it. Frederick must have been considered by his family as the "ugly duckling." Perhaps they still do not understand that the "duckling" was in reality a "swan." One thing is clear to those who heard Engels speak about his family: he inherited his cheerful disposition from his mother.

His schooling was the usual one and he attended the Elberfeld Gymnasium for a time. At first he intended to go to university but his intention was not put into effect. A year before his final Gymnasium examination he entered a business in Barmen and then served a year as a volunteer in the army in Berlin.

In 1842 he was sent to Manchester to work in the business in which his father was a partner. He spent two years there and the importance of those two years in the classical country of capitalism, the heart of modern industry, cannot be overestimated. It was typical of him that while he was collecting material for his *Condition of the Working-Class in England* he took an active part in the Chartist movement and was a regular contributor to the Chartists' *Northern Star* and Owen's *New Moral World*.

In 1844 Engels returned to Germany via Paris, where for the first time he met a man with whom he had long been corresponding and who was to become his lifelong friend—Karl Marx.

The immediate fruit of this meeting was the joint publication of *The Holy Family* and the beginning of a work which was later finished in Brussels and whose fate Marx tells us about in his *Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy* and Engels in his *Ludwig Feuerbach*. In his preface to the work mentioned Marx wrote: "The manuscript,¹ two large *octavo* volumes, had long reached its place of publication in Westphalia when we received the news that altered circumstances did not allow of its being printed. We abandoned the manuscript to the gnawing criticism of the mice all the more willingly as we had achieved our main purpose—self-clarification."²

In the same year Engels wrote his *Condition of the Working-Class in England*, a book that is still so true today, although it is forty years old, that when the English translation appeared English workers thought it had been written just a few years ago.³ During the same period Engels wrote various essays, articles, etc.

From Paris he went back to Barmen, but only for a short time.

In 1845 he followed Marx to Brussels, where their joint work really began. Besides their enormous literary activity the two friends founded a German Workers' Society, but the most important of all was their entering the "League of the Just," out of which the famous Communist League later emerged, bearing in it the kernel of the International.

Marx, still in Brussels, and Engels in Paris became in 1847 the theoretical teachers of the "League of the Just" and in summer the same year the first congress of the League was held in London. Engels was there as the delegate of the Paris members. The League was completely reorganized. That autumn the second congress took place, at which Marx too was present. The result of it is now known to the whole world—the *Communist Manifesto*.

From London the two friends went to Cologne and immediately plunged into practical activity. The history of this activity is recorded in *Neue Rhei-*

¹ *German Ideology*.—Ed.

² K. Marx and F. Engels, *Selected Works*, Vol. I, Moscow 1955, p. 364.

³ The American edition of 1887.—Ed.



Frederick Engels. 1839

nische Zeitung and in Marx's *Revelations about the Cologne Communist Trial*.

As a result of the closing down of the newspaper and Marx's expulsion the friends were parted for a time. Marx went to Paris, Engels to Pfalz: he took part in the Baden insurrection as adjutant to Willich. He was in action three times and a long time afterwards all who saw him in battle still spoke of his extraordinary coolness and absolute scorn of danger.

In *Neue Rheinische Zeitung. Politisch-ökonomische Revue* Engels wrote a report on the Baden insurrection. After its complete defeat he was the last to leave for Switzerland. Then he went to London, where Marx also proceeded after his expulsion from Paris.

A new period in Engels's life now began. Political activity became impossible for the time being. Marx settled down in London and Engels went to Manchester to the cotton mill in which his father was a partner. There he resumed his work as a clerk.

For twenty years Engels was doomed to the forced labour of business life and for twenty years the two friends had but rare, brief, occasional meetings. But their association did not discontinue. One of my first memories is the arrival of letters from Manchester. The two friends wrote to each other almost every day, and I can remember how often Moor, as we called our father at home, used to talk to the letters as though their writer were there. "No, that's not the way it is"; "You're right there," etc., etc. But what I remember best is how Moor used sometimes to laugh over Engels's letters until tears ran down his cheeks.

In Manchester Engels was not, of course, isolated. First of all there was Wolff, "the intrepid, faithful, noble protagonist of the proletariat" to whom the first book of *Capital* is dedicated and whom we at home called *Lupus*; later came my father's and Engels's devoted friend Sam Moore (who translated *Capital* into English in collaboration with my husband), and Professor Schorlemmer, one of the most prominent chemists of today. But it is terrible to think that, apart from these friends, a man like Engels had to spend twenty years in that way. Not that he ever complained or murmured. Far from it! He was as cheerful and composed at his work as though there were nothing in the world like "going to the shop" or sitting in the office. But I was with Engels when he reached the end of this forced labour and I saw what he must have gone through all those years. I shall never forget the

triumph with which he exclaimed: "For the last time!" as he put on his boots in the morning to go to the office for the last time.

A few hours later we were standing at the gate waiting for him. We saw him coming over the little field opposite the house where he lived. He was swinging his stick in the air and singing, his face beaming. Then we set the table for a celebration and drank champagne and were happy. I was then too young to understand all that and when I think of it now the tears come to my eyes.

Then in 1870 Engels came to London and immediately took upon himself a part of the abundant work that the International had undertaken. He was at the same time a member of the Executive and corresponding member for Belgium and later for Spain and Italy. Besides, Engels's literary activity was extraordinarily great and varied. From 1870 to 1880 he wrote articles and leaflets without end. But his most important work in all respects was *Herr Eugen Dühring's Revolution in Science*, which appeared in 1878. It is just as unnecessary to speak of the influence and importance of this work today as it is to speak of that of *Capital*.

During the following ten years Engels came to see my father every day; they sometimes went for a walk together but just as often they remained in my father's room, walking up and down, each on his side of the room, boring holes with his heel as he turned on it in his corner. In that room they discussed more things than the philosophy of most men can dream of. Frequently they walked up and down side by side in silence. Or again, each would talk about what was then mainly occupying him until they stood face to face and laughed aloud, admitting that they had been weighing opposite plans for the last half hour.

How much could be written about those times if space and time allowed! About the International, the Commune, and the months when our house was like a hotel where every emigrant was welcome and found help!

In 1881 my mother died, and my father, whose health was failing, did not see Engels for a few months. In 1883 he died.

Everybody knows how much Engels has done since then. He devoted most of his time to the publication of my father's works, reading proofs of new editions or supervising translations of *Capital*. I need not speak of this work or of his own original writings: only those who know Engels can appreciate the amount of work he did every day. Italians, Spaniards, Dutchmen, Danes

and Rumanians (he has a thorough knowledge of all those languages), not to speak of Englishmen, Germans and Frenchmen, all come to him for help and advice.

At every difficulty that we who work in the vineyard of our master, the people, come across, we go to Engels. And never do we appeal to him in vain. The work this single man has done in recent years would have been too much for a dozen ordinary men. And Engels still works, for he knows, as we all do, that he and he alone can give to the world what Marx left behind. Engels has still a lot to do for us and he will do it!

This is a mere outline of his life. It is, so to speak, the skeleton of the man, not the man himself. To animate that skeleton one would have to be more capable than I, perhaps than any of us. We are too near him to be able to see him well.

* * *

Engels is now seventy years old. But he bears his three score and ten years with great ease. He is vigorous in body and soul. He carries his six foot odd so lightly that one would not think he is so tall. He wears a beard that grows curiously to one side and is beginning to turn grey. His hair, on the contrary, is brown without a streak of grey; at least a careful inspection was not able to detect any grey hairs. Even as far as his hair is concerned he is younger than most of us. And although Engels looks young, he is even younger than he looks. He is really the youngest man I know. As far as I can remember he has not grown any older in the last twenty hard years.

In 1869 I accompanied him to Ireland and it was very interesting to see the country with him, as he wanted to write the history of Ireland, "the Niobe of the nations." Then in 1888 I accompanied him to America. In 1869 and in 1888 he was the life and soul of every party and every group in which he found himself.

On the liners *City of Berlin* and *City of New York*, he was always ready in any weather to go for a walk on deck and have a glass of lager. It seemed to be one of his unshakable principles never to go round an obstacle but always to jump or climb over it.

Here I must dwell for a while on one side of my father's character and of Engels's and stress it more as it is unknown to the outside world and seem-

ingly unbelievable to most people. My father was always described as a kind of cynical, sardonic Jupiter, always ready to fulminate against friend and foe alike. But whoever looked, if only once, into his beautiful brown eyes, which were penetrating and yet at the same time so gentle, so full of humour and kindness; whoever heard his infectious, heart-warming laughter, knows that the jeering Jupiter is pure imagination. The same for Engels. There are people who represent him as an autocrat, a dictator, a carping critic. There is no truth at all in that. . . .

I do not need to speak of Engels's inexhaustible kindness to young people: there are enough people in every country who can bear witness to it. All that I can say is that I saw him often enough put his work aside to render a friendly service to some young person and that his own work was often neglected for the sake of a beginner.

There is one thing that Engels never forgives—deceit. A man who is deceitful towards himself, and all the more towards his Party, finds no mercy with Engels. For him those are unforgivable sins. . . .

Here I must note another feature of Engels. Although he is the most exact man in the world and has a stronger sense of duty and above all of Party discipline than anybody, he is not in the least puritanical. . . .

Nothing besides Engels's youthful spirit and kindness is as remarkable as his versatility. He is in his element in every branch of knowledge: natural history, chemistry, botany, physics, philology ("he stutters in twenty languages," *Figaro* wrote of him in the seventies), political economy, and, last but not least, military tactics. In 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, the articles that Engels published in *Pall Mall* made a great impression, for he foretold exactly the battle of Sedan and the shattering of the French army.

A propos, it is from that time that he was nicknamed the "General." My sister proclaimed him the "General Staff." The name stuck to him and ever since we have called him the "General." But today the name has a broader meaning: Engels is in reality the general of our working-class army. . . .

Another feature of Engels's, perhaps the most essential, must be noted. It is his absolute selflessness.

"In Marx's lifetime," he used to say, "I played second fiddle, and I think I have attained virtuosity in it and I am damned glad that I had such a good

first fiddle as Marx."¹ Today Engels is the conductor of the orchestra, but he is just as modest, unpretentious and unaffected as if, as he himself said, he were "second fiddle."

I have had the opportunity, like many other people, to speak of the friendship between my father and Engels. It was one which will become as historical as that of Damon and Pythias in Greek mythology.

These notes cannot be complete without mention of two other friendships which resulted from his association with Marx and influenced his life and work. . . . The first is his friendship with my mother and the second, with Hélène Demuth, who died on November 4 this year and was laid to rest in the same grave as my parents.

Here is what Engels said about my mother at her graveside:²

"Friends!

"The noble-hearted woman whom we are burying was born in Salzwedel in 1814. Her father, the Baron of Westphalen, was sent shortly afterwards as Government Councillor to Trier and there developed a close friendship with Marx's family. The children grew up together. The two richly gifted natures found each other. When Marx went to university the community of their future life was already a settled matter.

"In 1843, after the suppression of the first *Rheinische Zeitung*, of which Marx was editor for a time, their marriage took place. Thenceforth Jenny Marx not only shared the fate, the work and the struggle of her husband, she took part in them with the greatest understanding and the most ardent passion.

"The young couple went to Paris, into a voluntary exile that only too soon became a real one. There, too, the Prussian Government persecuted Marx. Unfortunately it must be added that a man like Alexander von Humboldt stooped so low as to take a hand in obtaining an order of expulsion against Marx. The family was forced to leave for Brussels. Then came the February Revolution. During the troubles that broke out as a result in Brussels not only Marx was arrested, but the Belgian police went so far as to throw his wife into prison without any grounds.

"The revolutionary upsurge of 1848 collapsed within the next few years.

¹ Engels, Letter to Becker, October 15, 1884.—*Ed.*

² Eleanor Marx here quotes an article by Engels in *Der Sozialdemokrat* "Jenny Marx, née von Westphalen." The first and last sentences are from his "Speech at the Grave-side of Jenny Marx" published in *L'Egalité*.—*Ed.*

Exile again, first in Paris and then, as a result of a further intervention of the French Government, in London. And this time it was indeed a real exile with all its horrors for Jenny Marx. In spite of this, she would have overcome the material hardship which led to the death of her two boys and a little girl, but the government and the bourgeois opposition, from the vulgar liberals to the democrats, joined in a great conspiracy against her husband and showered on him the most wretched and base calumnies; the entire press united against him and deprived him of every means of defence, so that for a time he was helpless against enemies that he and she could not but despise. All this deeply wounded her. And it lasted a long time.

“But not for ever. The European proletariat again secured conditions of existence that allowed it a certain liberty of movement. The International was founded. The class struggle of the proletariat spread from country to country and her husband fought among the foremost, he was the foremost of all. Then a time began for her which compensated for some of her hardships. She lived to see the calumny which had lashed her husband dissipated like chaff before the wind; to see his teaching, which all reactionary parties, feudal as well as democratic, had exerted such great efforts to suppress, preached from the house-tops in all civilized countries and in all tongues. She lived to see the proletarian movement, which had become one with her own existence, shake the old world from Russia to America and press forward ever more confident of victory in spite of all resistance. *And one of her last joys was the striking proof of inexhaustible vitality that our German workers gave at the last Reichstag elections.*

“What this woman of such penetrating critical intellect, of such political tact, of such an energetic and passionate character and such devotedness to her comrades in the struggle did for the movement for nearly forty years has not come to the knowledge of the public or been recorded in the annals of the contemporary press. One must have lived through it. But I know this much: If the wives of the emigrants of the Commune often think of her, we others will often enough miss her keen and clever advice, keen without pretension, clever without yielding on any point of honour. . . .

“I need not speak of her personal qualities, her friends know them and will not forget them. If there was ever a woman whose greatest happiness was to make others happy, it was this woman.”

At Hélène Demuth's funeral Engels said:

"Marx often asked her advice on difficult and complicated Party matters, and, for my part, I owe all the work I have been able to do since Marx's death largely to the sunshine and help that her presence brought to my house, where she did me the honour of coming to live after Marx's death."

We alone can measure what she was to Marx and his family, and even we cannot express it in words. From 1837 to 1890 she was the true friend and helper of every one of us.

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Translated from the German



George Julian Harney

ON ENGELS¹

I knew Engels, he was my friend and occasional correspondent over half a century. It was in 1843 that he came over from Bradford to Leeds and enquired for me at *The Northern Star* office. A tall, handsome young man, with a countenance of almost boyish youthfulness, whose English, in spite of his German birth and education, was even then remarkable for its accuracy. He told me he was a constant reader of *The Northern Star* and took a keen interest in the Chartist movement. Thus began our friendship over fifty years ago.

In later years he was the Nestor of International Socialism. Not more natural was it for Titus to succeed Vespasian than for Frederick Engels to take the place of his revered friend when Karl Marx had passed away.

He was the trusted counsellor whose advice none dared to gainsay.

¹ Harney's Reminiscences of Engels are taken from the article by E. Aveling "George Julian Harney. A Straggler of 1848," published in *The Social-Democrat*, No. 1, London, January 1897.—Ed.

Probably the private history of German socialism could tell how much the Party is indebted to his wise counsels in smoothing acerbities, preventing friction, mildly chastening ill-regulated ambition, and promoting the union of all for each and each for all.

The author of *Capital* was supremely fortunate in having so devoted a friend. The friendship of Marx and Engels was something far from the common, if not positively unique. We must go back to ancient legends to find a parallel. Either would have emulated Pythias's sacrifice for Damon. In their public work as champions of their ideas they were like the "Great Twin Brethren who fought so well for Rome."

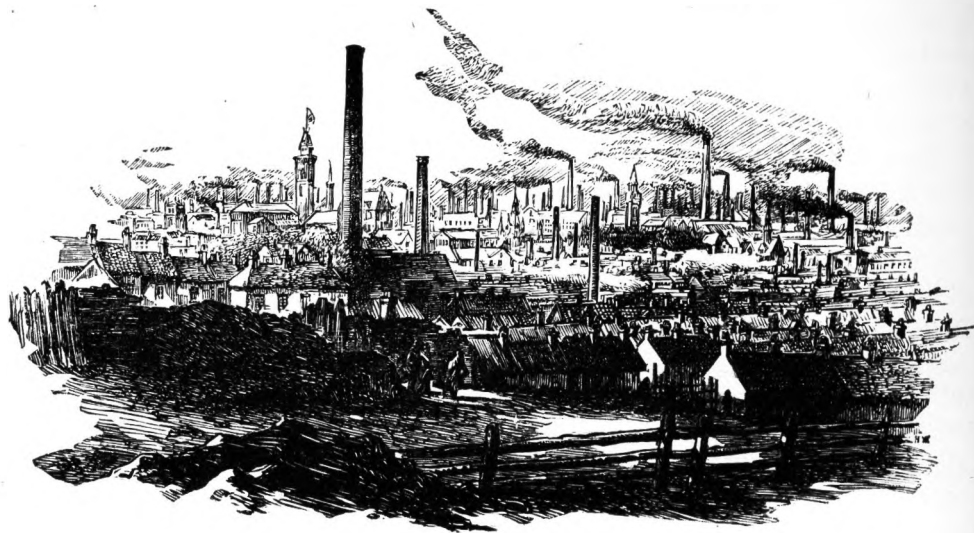
Engels, like, I believe, most short-sighted people, wrote a very small hand, but his caligraphy was very neat and clear. His letters were marvels of information, and he wrote an immense number in spite of his long hours of original composition or translation.

He attended most of the large Eight Hours Demonstrations in Hyde Park but I doubt if sixteen hours covered his average day's work when he was at his best.

With all his knowledge and all his influence, there was nothing of the "stuck up" or "stand-offishness" about him. He was just as modest and ready for self-effacement at the age of seventy-two as at the age of twenty-two when he called at *The Northern Star* office.

Not only his intimate friends, but dependents, servants, children, all loved him. Although Karl Marx was his great friend, his heart was large enough for other friendship and his kindness was unfailing.

He was largely given to hospitality, but the principal charm at his hospitable board was his own "table talk," the "good Rhine wine" of his felicitous conversation and genial wit. He was himself laughter-loving, and his laughter was contagious. A joy-inspirer, he made all around him share his happy mood of mind.



Georg Weerth

FROM A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER

July 19, 1845

Moreover, in the future I may do many things which are contrary to your will and views. I must ask you once for all to let me go my own way; you can be sure, however, that I do everything with the purest of intentions. I am one of the *Lumpen-Kommunisten* at whom so much mud is thrown and whose only crime is that they fight a mortal combat for the poor and oppressed. Let the gentlemen of property look out: the mighty arms of the people are on our side and the best minds in all nations are gradually coming over to us.

My very dear friend Frederick Engels from Barmen, for example, has written a book in defence of the English workers and fearfully but justly scourged the manufacturers. His own father has factories in England and Germany. He is now at terrible variance with his family; he is considered

godless and impious, and the rich father will not give his son another pfennig for his keep. But I know that son to be a heavenly kind man who has extraordinary intelligence and penetration and fights night and day with all his might for the good of the working class. It often makes me think of what the noble Ulrich von Hutten once sang:

*And though my loving mother weeps
Because I've taken up this cause,
I must go on, etc.*

Ulrich's mother wept then, but Ulrich broke the priests' necks and the mighty Luther never had a better knight at his side.

From Karl Weerth: *Georg Weerth,
der Dichter des Proletariats,*
Leipzig, 1930

Translated from the German

Friedrich Adolf Sorge

ON MARX

On March 14, 1883, I got the following cable from London:
"Marx died today. Engels."

The leader of the proletariat's struggle, the man who forged the weapons for the emancipation of the working class, was dead. The titanic mind which flashed lightning into the world, the bourgeois world, to dissipate the ignorance born of darkness and breeding darkness and to open up prospects of a new era and new conditions for the whole of mankind, had passed away.

Marx was dead, and millions mourned at the news that the heart of their most faithful and most reliable adviser had ceased to beat!

What Marx, the man of science and the defender of the working class, achieved does not need to be engraved on tables of bronze or celebrated in words of fire. No monument of metal or stone proclaims it, but the countless multitudes of the proletariat in all countries and all parts of the world feel it and know it, and prove it by the growth of their fighting ranks under the immortal slogan given them by Marx: "Proletarians of all countries, unite!"

Only a few people know what sacrifices Marx and the true companion of his life made to their convictions; how many privations and hardships they endured while he created his immortal works, blazed new paths in the most

important branches of science and by his advice and his deeds helped all who genuinely and sincerely desired the advancement of the working class.

Despite this, calumny was ceaselessly spread against Marx, and aspersions were cast on the motives of his actions. That is why fifty years ago, on November 7, 1853, three of his old comrades-in-arms published a document,¹ a few passages of which are given here:

"Marx, as every one knows, has never bored the public with a single line about his own sacrifices for the revolution. On the contrary, nothing would have roused his indignation more than the pity of the petty bourgeois. . . . May the Party at least be informed of the worth of attacks on his person.

"Marx and Engels have worked gratis from 1843 to the present day for Owen's *New Moral World*, O'Connor's *Northern Star*, Harney's *Democratic Review*, *Republican* and *Friend of the People*, Jones's *Notes to the People* and *People's Paper*, the Paris *Réforme* (before the revolution), and a number of journals in Belgium and Paris (*Deutsche-Brüsseler Zeitung*, etc.). . . . In consideration of this, Flocon, a member of the Provisional Government, offered them both money at their discretion but they refused. Instead, Marx, as we well know, spent several thousand thalers of his own money at the outbreak of the February Revolution partly for the arming of the workers in Brussels, where a revolution was imminent, for which he and his wife were imprisoned by the Belgian authorities, partly to help friends to go to Germany and to prepare for the revolution there, and the rest for the initial costs of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*. In 1848 and 1849 Marx spent about 7,000 thalers on this newspaper and for revolutionary agitation, partly in cash from his own money and that of his wife, partly in deeds made out against his inheritance.

"How comes it that the newspaper used up a large part of these sacrifices? At the beginning, the number of shareholders was large, but when the June Revolution broke out and *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* was at first the only newspaper in Germany to support it, the bourgeois naturally fell away from it. The desertion of the petty bourgeois took place after a state of siege was declared in Cologne. That is why Marx took over the newspaper from the share-

¹ The letter written by Weydemeyer, Cluss and Jacoby to *Belletristisches Journal und New-Yorker Criminal-Zeitung* was published on November 25, 1853.—Ed.

holders as his "personal property," that is, he took upon himself all its debts and liabilities. . . . When the paper was again paying it was suppressed by force. In May 1849, when Marx returned from a journey to Hamburg, his wife had already received his expulsion order. . . .

"The paper was closed. Its assets consisted of 1) a steam printing press, 2) a newly set-up compositor's room, 3) 1,000 thalers subscription fees in the Post Office. Marx left all that in order to cover the paper's debts. . . .

"With 300 thalers which he borrowed, Marx paid the type-setters and printers and enabled the editors to get away. Not a *pfennig* went into his own pocket. . . .

"Thus Marx arrived in London in a sorry plight and it was only through his energy that he got out of it. If he was bankrupt when he arrived in London, it was the revolution that had made him bankrupt. If he did not amend his position earlier it was because he preferred to serve the workers gratis. . . . When one of his children died in London . . . he had no money to pay for its burial. . . .

"The Cologne arrests¹ were attended for Marx, the man with the 'biting pen,' as opposed to the men 'with good intentions,' by the following consequences: Hermann Becker had undertaken the publishing of all his works. The first volume appeared and had 15,000 subscribers, as the Cologne process noted.² Moreover, he had accepted the publishing of a monthly review by Marx in Liège. Both these came to nought as a result of Becker's arrest, and thus Marx lost the fruit of at least a year's work. A Frankfort bookseller was about to undertake the publication of Marx's *Critique of Political Economy* (90 signatures), but the trial of the Communists intimidated him, thus causing Marx a loss of money.

"As a result, Marx, who with his family was used to better conditions and can and should live decently in the public eye, only managed with great difficulty and was moreover 'civilly' undermined by frauds:

"If the German Workers' Party allows men like Marx—and he was a bourgeois by birth and the bourgeoisie greeted him enthusiastically as

¹ On May 10, 1851, Nothjung, plenipotentiary of the Communist League, was arrested in Leipzig. This was followed by the arrest in Cologne of H. Becker and P. Röser on May 19 and later of a number of others.—*Ed.*

² The volume referred to here is the first edition of the works of Karl Marx, Cologne 1851 (*Gesammelte Aufsätze von Karl Marx*, herausgegeben von Hermann Becker, I. Heft, Köln 1851).—*Ed.*

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writer at the time of the old *Rheinische Zeitung*—men who have sacrificed for it not only their work and their position, but their fortune and the comfort of their family, to be knavishly calumniated, then let each one pass sentence upon it.

“New York, November 7, 1853

“*J. Weydemeyer, Adolf Cluss, Dr. A. Jacoby.*”

Marx has been accused of ambition and reproached with heartless, inhumane conduct. What injustice!

He never showed ambition or sought to dominate, and it was only thanks to his superior knowledge, his vast erudition, his all-round learning and his imposing character that he won the influence that he had, especially in the old General Council of the International in London, about four-fifths of which were Englishmen or Frenchmen, only two or three members being Germans in the most important period.

In Paris, Brussels, Cologne and London he spoke to workers and delivered addresses in Workers' Societies. . . . In the General Council too, he vindicated his views and proposals—which as a rule set the general line for the Council—with well-sustained arguments, the logic of which was irresistible even to his opponents. And not the logic alone, but the warmth of his tone too. The last sentences of *The Civil War in France* illustrate this.

In personal associations Marx was a friendly, pleasant, likable man, as all will agree who had the happiness of any close relations with this extraordinary man.

But he was relentless towards hypocrites, and ignorant or pretentious people, and it was these who blackened Marx's character and invented and spread the legend of his ambition, etc.

Anybody with Marx's experience of the hardships of life was always ready to help and did help when he could. Countless cases could be quoted. Let one suffice. When the Congress of the North-American Federation of the International Working Men's Association closed its session in July 1872 and elected delegates to the Hague Congress, a worker went up to one of those delegates and gave him a sum of money for Marx. He was a Rhineland worker, a strict follower of Lassalle, who had been obliged to leave his family

and home in 1864 or 1865, had arrived in London penniless and asked Marx for help to continue his journey to America. Marx had helped him, although he was in by no means a good situation at the time.

When the emigrants of the Commune arrived in London Marx and his family made extraordinary efforts to help and support them. And besides the emigrants who came and went, one could often meet in his house workers from the provinces, from Manchester and Liverpool, from the continent, from America and other distant parts.

First published in
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Vol. 1, 1902-03

Translated from the German



F. A. Sorge



H. A. Lopatin

FROM A LETTER TO N. P. SINELNIKOV

February 15, 1873

Most of my time abroad I spent in Paris or London, where I earned my living in the same capacity as in Russia—that of a literary day-worker. In my leisure hours I studied the working-class movement and other interesting aspects of social life abroad.

During my stay in London I came into contact with a certain Karl Marx, one of the most remarkable writers on political economy and one of the most widely educated men in the whole of Europe. Some five years ago it occurred to him to study Russian; having done so he came across Chernyshevsky's notes on Mill's¹ famous treatise and some other articles by Chernyshevsky.

¹ The reference is to N. G. Chernyshevsky's book: *Additions and Notes to John Stuart Mill's First Book on Political Economy*. Vol. III, Geneva 1869.—Ed.

Marx read those articles and felt great respect for Chernyshevsky. He told me several times that Chernyshevsky was the only contemporary economist who had really original ideas, while all the others were in fact only compilers; that his works were full of originality, force and depth and were the only modern works on that science which really deserved to be read and studied. He said the Russians should be ashamed that not one of them had so far cared to make such a wonderful thinker known in Europe and that the political death of Chernyshevsky was a loss for the world of science not only in Russia but in the whole of Europe, etc. Although I had so far greatly respected Chernyshevsky's works on political economy, my knowledge in that field was not broad enough to distinguish which thoughts were original and which ones he had taken from other authors. Naturally, such an opinion from a judge of Marx's competence only increased my respect for Chernyshevsky. And when I compared this opinion of him as a writer with the opinions on his great nobleness of character and personal self-sacrifice that I had heard from people who were closely acquainted with him and could never speak of him without profound emotion, I conceived a burning desire to give back to the world that great publicist and citizen, of whom, as Marx said, Russia should be proud. I could not bear to think that one of the best citizens of Russia, one of the most remarkable thinkers of his time, a man who deserved a place in the Russian Pantheon was fated to a fruitless, miserable life of torment, buried away in some god-forsaken place in Siberia. I swear that I was ready then as I am now to change places with him without hesitation if I had been able and if by that sacrifice I could have returned to the cause of my country's progress one of its most influential protagonists. I would have done so without hesitating a second and with the same joyful readiness as a private soldier throws himself before his beloved general to protect him with his body. But that romantic dream was never to come true. At the same time, I then thought that there was another, more practical and feasible way of helping that man.¹ Judging by my own experience in similar circumstances and also by other cases I had heard of, I thought there was nothing essentially impossible in such an undertaking: all that was needed was a certain amount of fearless enterprise and a little money. So shortly afterwards I wrote and asked for the help of two of my personal friends in Petersburg and they offered to give me the necessary money, accepting to be repaid in

¹ Lopatin intended to organize Chernyshevsky's escape from exile.—*Ed.*

case of success but to forget all about it in case of failure. When I passed through Petersburg three of my friends there added somewhat to that sum, making a total of 1,085 rubles.

When I left London I did not even tell anybody where I was going, with the exception of the five men with whom I had corresponded earlier and from whom I had received money and also Elpidin in Geneva, who already knew of my intention before that through circumstances not worth mentioning. I did not even tell Marx of my venture, in spite of the closeness of my association with him and my friendship and respect for him. I was sure that he would consider me mad and would try to dissuade me, and I do not like to go back on an already well-considered step.

Not being acquainted with Chernyshevsky's relatives or his friends on the *Sovremennik* staff, I did not even know exactly where he was. Having no acquaintances in Siberia, or even any letters of introduction, I had to spend almost a month in Irkutsk before I found out what I needed. That long stay in Irkutsk, together with other blunders I committed and certain circumstances not depending upon me, attracted the attention of the local administration. What still more contributed to my failure, if I am not mistaken, was Elpidin's indiscretion, for he gave away the news of my departure for Siberia to a government detective living in Geneva. Whatever the case, I was arrested and found myself in prison for the fourth time. Seeing that my attempt had failed and that the prospects were not particularly pleasant for me and also noting that the court proceedings were being put off in the expectation that I would make certain confessions which I did not consider myself entitled to make, I attempted to escape but failed and was jailed in Irkutsk.¹

From *Hermann Alexandrovich Lopatin. Autobiography, Testimony and Letters, Articles and Verse*, Petrograd, 1922

Translated from the Russian

¹ Lopatin escaped from Irkutsk prison for the first time on June 3, 1871, but was immediately recaptured. Only at the second attempt, on July 10, 1873, did he manage to make good his escape. In August 1873 he was already in Paris.—*Ed.*

H. A. Lopatin

FROM A LETTER TO M. N. OSHANINA

London, September 20, 1883

I cannot refrain from telling you of the result of my first meeting with Engels,¹ for I think that some of his opinions will be agreeable to you.

We spoke a lot about Russian affairs, of the probable course of our political and social rebirth. As was to be expected, our views turned out to coincide completely, each one of us now and then completing the other's thoughts and sentences. Engels also thinks (as do Marx and I) that the task of a *revolutionary* party or party of *action* in Russia at present is not to propagate a new socialist ideal or even to strive to carry out that ideal, which as yet is far from being completely elaborated, with the help of a provisional government consisting of our comrades. It must be to direct all efforts either: 1) to force the tsar to convoke a *Zemsky Sobor*, or, 2) by intimidating the tsar, and so forth, to stir up profound disturbances which would lead in another way to the convocation of a *Sobor* or something of the kind. He thinks, as I do, that such a *Sobor* would *inevitably* lead to a radical, not only political, but also social reorganization. He believes in the immense significance of the electoral period, in the sense of the far greater success of propaganda than all booklets and oral information. He considers a purely liberal constitution

¹ In March 1883, soon after Marx's death.—*Ed.*

impossible without profound economic reorganization, and therefore is not afraid of the danger of that. He believes that in the *actual* conditions of the life of the people enough material for a reorganization of society on a new basis has accumulated. He naturally does not believe in the instant implementation of communism or anything like it, but only of what has already matured in the life and the soul of the people. He believes that the people will manage to find eloquent spokesmen to voice their needs, desires, etc. He believes that once this reorganization or revolution has started no force will be capable of stopping it. Hence, one thing alone is important: to shatter the fatal force of inertia, to get the people and society to shake off their sluggishness and inertness and to bring about disturbances which will force the government and the people to set about the interior reorganization, stir the placid ocean of the people and arouse the attention and *enthusiasm* of the whole nation for a complete social upheaval. The results will come of themselves, whatever results are possible, desirable and realizable for the epoch in question.

All this is drastically summarized, but I cannot go into details now. And then perhaps you will not like it all. That is why I am giving you word for word other opinions of Engels's which are very flattering for the Russian revolutionary party: Here they are:

"All depends now on what is done in the immediate future in Petersburg, on which are now fixed the eyes of all thinking, far-sighted and penetrating people in the whole of Europe."

"Russia is the France of the present century. To her belongs rightfully and lawfully the revolutionary initiative of a *new* social reorganization. . . ."

First published in *Fundamentals
of Theoretical Socialism and Their
Application to Russia*,
I, Geneva, March 1893

Translated from the Russian



Theodor Cuno

REMINISCENCES¹

TO THE TOILING MILLIONS OF RUSSIA

My dear Brothers and Fellow-Fighters for Freedom from Capitalistic Robbery and Oppression: —

Greeting and Love: From far-away America, over thousands of miles of Land and Ocean, I today stretch my hands . . . wishing that your splendid work since 1917 may bring freedom to the rest of the Proletarians living

¹ Theodor Cuno's *Reminiscences* were written at the end of 1932 on the request of the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the C.C., C.P.S.U. We here publish fragments referring to Marx and Engels.—*Ed.*

upon the soil of this our still so mysterious globe: I rejoice in still being able to see the glorious progress you have been making ever since you struck out to unite, as we all were bidden when Karl Marx and Frederick Engels wrote their grand *Manifesto*, to throw off your shackles of slavery and win the World. . . .

"Oh that Marx and Engels were still living!" I cried to my wife when I read the news of your wonderful uprising in 1917; what a reward it would have been for those two great men whose call you were obeying! But they were then resting in their graves, only to be resurrected, in mind, by the sound of your tocsin of battle. . . .

. . . I, a contemporary of Marx and Engels, am still living and writing, though 86 years and 8 months old, still hale and hearty, still filled with the fervour of youth and warm blood in my unconquered body. . . . And I want to tell you what I know, and still remember, of our two great teachers and brothers, Marx and Engels, with whom I lived and worked and fought when I was a young man. . . .

* * *

. . . It was in 1869 when I had to flee from Austria for having taken part in the demonstration before the Austrian Parliament demanding universal suffrage for all persons above 21 years of age, and I went to Italy to keep from being sent to an Austrian jail. Being a member of the International Association of Workmen, the comrades at Triest, Venice, Verona and Milan assisted me in finding work and when I had at last firmly settled with the Fonderia Elvetica at Milan, constructing machinery for harvesting and threshing rice, I resumed my work of agitating for socialism and organizing local sections. As I was a German, I sent my reports to Col. Philipp Becker, in Switzerland, who was then secretary for the German part of the International, but Becker referred me to Frederick Engels, in London, as Engels was secretary for the Italian part of the organization. I therefore corresponded with Engels, who was living at Regents Park Road. As I could not write under his address, I had to give the name of a young girl living in the same house.

That was the beginning of my personal acquaintance with Engels and Marx. Aside from what he wrote me relating to my duties as agitator and organizer, Engels appeared, in his letters, to be a hail-fellow-well-met, as he

wrote me about his remembrances of Milan, where he had been studying the Italian silk industry when a young man.

As soon as I had mastered the Italian language, I caused my Fascio Operaio (Workers' Union) to publish a weekly paper, which we called *Il Martello* (*The Hammer*). When six issues had been published, all of them confiscated by the police, I was arrested; the followers of Bakunin, some of them being members of our union, betrayed me to the police and I was arrested, kept in prison at Verona for 3 months, and my correspondence with Marx and Engels was taken from my rooms, translated into Italian and never returned to me. The Italians turned me over to the Austrians who kept me in prison at Innsbruck for several days, then handed me over to the Bavarians and they let me go where I pleased, because there were no charges against me in Germany, although the Italians had told them that I was a "dangerous international revolutionist." From Munich I went to Leipzig, where I met Bebel and Liebknecht. Having renounced my citizenship in Germany, I went to Liège, in Belgium, addresses having been given me by Engels. But soon the Belgian police, who had been notified by the Italians, put me into France, from where I went to Barcelona, in Spain. There Bakunin's men had me given into the hands of the Spanish police and I had to return to Germany, my parents living at Düsseldorf. There I organized a section of the International who sent me as their delegate to the International Congress at the Hague. . . .

One of the highest periods of my life as a social outcast was my participation in the proceedings of the International Congress. . . .

* * *

I arrived at the Hague when the Congress had just been called to order. The meeting took place in a common dancing hall in Lombard Straat, about 50 by 20 feet, with a balcony on one side, where a few spectators were sitting, among them reporters of several local and foreign papers. . . .

When I entered the hall I saw a number of tables arranged like a horseshoe, around which the most interesting assembly had gathered I have ever seen in my life. Many of them I knew personally, of others I had seen pictures, others again had been described to me and others I recognized from their typical national exterior as the representatives of Spain, Italy, France, England and America. . . . I saw Johann Philipp Becker, as he had been des-

cribed to me: a giant with a long black beard, high forehead, broad shoulders. . . .

Then I saw Engels: He was sitting to the left of the presiding officer, smoking, writing, and eagerly listening to the speakers. When I introduced myself to him he looked up from his paper, and seizing my hands he joyfully said: "Everything goes well, we have a big majority."

It was the deciding battle, you know, between Marx and Bakunin—the question had to be decided, whether the International was to be a well-disciplined army, able to fight an organized enemy, or whether it was to be split up into a hundred thousand particles every one of the members imagining himself to be a general, and Bakunin the great, infallible dictator leading them all by the nose by flattering their vanity and thereby making them his blindly obeying tools.

Engels's face I knew from a photograph, but he was thinner than the picture showed him to be. He is a tall, bony man with sharp-cut features, long, sandy whiskers, ruddy complexion and little blue eyes. His manner of moving and speaking is quick, determined and convinces the observer that the man knows exactly what he wants and what will be the consequences of his words and actions. In conversation with him one learns something new with every sentence he utters. His brain contains a mighty treasury of scientific knowledge; Engels speaks more than a dozen languages, acquired for the sole purpose of carrying the movement into as many countries of the old world.

Opposite Engels sat Paul Lafargue, Marx's son-in-law, who had been conducting the fight against Bakunin's secret society in Spain. Introducing me to Lafargue, Engels exclaimed: "Here we have them both, our fighters from Spain and Italy!"

Marx was sitting behind Engels. I recognized him immediately with his big, woolly head. His complexion was dark, his hair and beard were grey. He wore a black broadcloth suit, and when he wanted to look at anybody or anything intently he pressed a monocle into his right eye. Engels took me to him; and he received me affably, requesting me to give him an account of different occurrences in Spain and Italy when the session was adjourned.

The next man to whom my attention was called was a young man with Hebrew features and southern German accent; he was translating what the German speakers had been saying into French. Engels told me that he was Leo Frankel, the Minister of Education of the Paris Commune. Frankel was

a Hungarian of great intelligence and extensive knowledge. His career of persecution and suffering in France and Hungary are well known to the older men in the movement. . . .

And now the Congress could proceed with its regular business. . . . Then the report of the General Council was read, Marx, Engels and other members of the Council alternating in the reading. The report was written in English, French, and German. As the delegates from Italy and Spain did not speak any other language but their own, I was appointed to be interpreter for Italian and Spanish and it was a big job for me to translate the contents of the report as well as any remarks made regarding it from the floor, Marx and Engels replying extensively. When speaking, Marx was not very fluent; in fact he was not a practical orator, while Engels spoke in a conversational tone, often sarcastic and humorous, "*burschicosally*," as we Germans are in the habit of describing the conversation among college students. When Marx was speaking he from time to time dropped his monocle and then slowly reinserted it in its place at his right eye. Being fifty-five years at that time, Marx was still in a vigorous physical condition, his bushy hair and beard being only in part streaked with grey or white. His complexion was a pale yellow. . . . His fellow-students had conferred upon him the nickname "Der Mohr," American boys would probably call him "Nigger." His wife and children always called him "Der Mohr," considering him to be more of a jolly comrade than a stern and bossy parent.

When the Council's report had been read and translated it was referred to the committee on the state of the organization and then the reports from the various countries were read and partly discussed, many of the delegates submitting only verbal reports. You may imagine that my job as a translator was not sinecure, as it kept me on the "qui-vive" all of the time; added to which was my work as chairman of the special committee appointed to report its conclusions regarding the charges of destructionism the General Council had preferred against Bakunin and Guillaume. Our committee, which had to meet after adjournments in the evening, was composed of delegates Lucain, Walter, Splingard, Vichard, and myself. An enormous amount of letters, printed documents, reports, etc., had been referred to this committee and it took us until late at night, for five days, to go through all that "stuff" to arrive at a definite conclusion. . . .

While the committee on Bakunin's affairs was drudging through its tedious work of reading letters, documents, papers, excerpts from books un-

til we were tired and sleepy, the other members of the Congress enjoyed their leisure, at their hotels, or going to theatres, concerts, parks, the seashore. . . .

Well, our committee, when through with its tedious work, on the closing day of the Congress, reported that Bakunin had been guilty of trying to destroy the International by organizing his anarchistic "Alliance de la Démocratie Socialiste," a misnomer, as there was neither any democracy nor any socialism about that fake organization, whose evident purpose was to be the disruption and destruction of the International. . . .

The committee found Bakunin guilty and recommended his expulsion from the International by a vote of 3 against 2.

One of the Spaniards drawing his gun and pointing it at me, exclaimed: "*Un homme comme ça devrait être traité à coups de revolver!*" (A man like that should be treated with shots from a revolver), because I had voted, as chairman, against Bakunin. . . . The man used to wear a red silken flag around his waist, evidently expecting to unfurl it the moment the Social Revolution had been proclaimed throughout the world. . . . The furious Spaniard was disarmed. . . .

The committee's report was adopted by an overwhelming majority of the delegates and Bakunin and Guillaume were expelled. . . .

When I was talking and drinking at the hotel with Marx and Engels, Rudolf Schramm, former Prussian Consul at Milan, sent his visiting card to Marx requesting an interview with him, to get a recommendation to the voters of some district in Germany, that should send him as their representative to the German Parliament. Marx refused to see Schramm. . . .

After adjournment of the first day's session of the Hague Congress I requested the delegates to remain a few minutes before leaving the hall, as I wanted to make a personal statement. I then called out: "Rudolf Schramm, as Prussian Consul at Milan, not only failed to protect me from an outrage perpetrated upon my person by the Italian police, but also helped them to steal my property. Therefore he is a scoundrel and a thief! What has he got to say about it? He is present here, at the Hague, and he has attempted to obtain the assistance of Karl Marx to be elected a member of the German Parliament." . . . I publicly requested Schramm to have my correspondence with Marx and Engels returned to me by the Italian police.

Well, Mr. Schramm excitedly appeared at the next morning's session of the Congress demanding that the fellow who called him a thief be compelled to publicly apologize or fight a duel with him. I have told Comrade Barton

what happened the morning after that. My encounter with Schramm and his turning tail when I refused to fight with him, as I had renounced duelling as a ridiculous remnant of the Dark Ages, although as a college student I had fought a number of so-called *mensuren*, with long, thin, sharp blades, some of which struck me on top of my head, where you may still see the scars left. . . .

Schramm left the Hague, saying that I was a "coward," although the fact that I fought eleven duels, when at college, proves the contrary. . . .

So that was that and we proceeded to resume the routine business of the Congress. . . .

* * *

From the Hague most of us went to Amsterdam, where the local members had hired a hall to hold a public propaganda meeting. The hall was small and there were no chairs nor benches so that the small attendance had to listen to the speakers *stante pede*. . . . Marx was the first and principal speaker. What he said, I don't remember. Anyhow I did not stay long but with some of the French comrades went out to take in the sights of old canal-cut Amsterdam. . . .

When the Congress had adjourned the delegates were invited by Marx and Engels to a shore dinner at Scheveningen, the watering resort near the Hague. We all went there and before dining had a swim in the sea. Never having bathed in sea-water, I went out nearly a quarter of a mile, and could not return as the tide was going out and the rushing waves were too strong for me. But there was Frederick Engels, who had seen that I was in danger. Being a stronger man and a better swimmer than I was, he swam out to me, grabbed me by one arm and thus enabled me to safely return to the shore.

At Scheveningen Marx also introduced me to his daughters, the one married to Paul Lafargue and the other to one of the French delegates (I don't remember his name,¹ old age playing tricks on me). Eleanor Marx, whom we used to call "Tussy," being the third daughter. When Marx introduced me to Lafargue, he said: "Cuno, I am told that you are going to America, so you may do there what one of my daughters has done towards solving the colour question, by marrying a nigger, for Lafargue is of coloured descent." I promised to do my best, but circumstances prevented me from carrying out

¹ Charles Longuet.—Ed.

my promise, as there were no Negro ladies at New York, where I lived for over 50 years, for me to marry. . . .

While I was in London, I frequently met Marx, his family and Engels. We had dinners and theatre parties, and I often conversed with Marx, particularly about how to organize the International in America. . . .

Taking a few trips through the streets of London, visiting the Houses of Parliament, the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, all of which did not impress me as much as the sight of the chair at the reading-room of the British Museum where, for years, Marx sat reading and taking notes, preparing to write his immortal *Das Kapital*. It was Eleanor, Marx's youngest daughter, who showed me that chair. . . .

What became of the documents of the Hague Congress, or those of its predecessors, for that matter, I do not know. To be sure Sorge did not carry them in his little traveller's valise when we boarded the big White Star Line steamer *Atlantic*, at Liverpool. Nor have I seen any of those documents later on when the General Council was in New York. In fact, I could not have attended its meetings because I was elsewhere, and too busy working for my living.

Of my letters from Marx and Engels I cannot send you any, because I gave them to August Bebel and Professor Richard T. Ely, both of whom wanted to publish them. Whether or not they did, I do not know.

I am with fraternal greeting

Yours for the Social Revolution

Theo Y. Cuno.

Printed from
the manuscript: T. Cuno,
Reminiscences

Published for the first time



August Bebel

GOING TO CANOSSA

It was towards the end of 1869, in prison, that I first found time and quiet for a serious reading of the first book of Marx's *Capital*, which had come out in the late summer of 1867. Five years earlier I had tried to study Marx's *Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*, which appeared in 1859, but had got no farther than the attempt. Overwork and the fight for existence deprived me of the leisure necessary for the intellectual digestion of such a difficult work. The *Communist Manifesto* and the other works of Marx and Engels became known to the Party¹ only at the end of the sixties and beginning of the seventies. The first work of Marx's that I came by, and which I read with pleasure, was his *Inaugural Address* at the foundation of the International Working Men's Association. I

¹ The German Social-Democratic Workers' Party.—Ed.

read that in 1865. At the end of 1866 I joined the International Working Men's Association. . . .

It was not until 1880 that I was able to undertake the trip to London, where Marx and Engels were living. I had long intended to do so but had always been obliged to put it off.

The circumstances in which Hirsch was elected editor of *Sozialdemokrat* and the misgivings of the majority of the Party leadership at this choice made me deem it expedient to undertake the journey to London. Hirsch was also in London, so I would be able to have an explanation with him too. I also wanted Bernstein, to whom Marx and Engels and also Hirsch were opposed,¹ to go with me to London to the lion's den to show that he was not so bad as the two old men thought. I even entertained the secret hope that if Hirsch were to refuse the editorship of *Sozialdemokrat* I would manage to get Bernstein appointed instead. Were I to succeed in that, there had to be tolerable relations between the new editor and Marx and Engels. I therefore requested Bernstein to "go to Canossa" with me and he immediately accepted. As Bernstein had all reasons to avoid Germany,² we met in Calais.

On our arrival in London we first went to see Engels, who was having his breakfast when we got there between 10 and 11. Engels never went to bed before two o'clock in the morning. He gave us a friendly reception and was at once on familiar terms with me. So was Marx, whom we visited in the afternoon. Engels, who shortly before had lost his wife, invited me to live with him and the time of my stay was naturally used for a thorough exchange of opinion on all subjects, during which Bernstein clearly won the confidence of both of them.

During our stay in London Engels, who was more free in his movements and time, acted as our guide and took us sightseeing. Paul Singer also arrived during that time, returning from Manchester to London on his annual business trip. On the only Sunday that we spent in London on that occasion we were all invited to a meal with Marx.

I had already made Mrs. Marx's acquaintance. Her appearance was very distinguished and she entertained her guests in the most charming way. She

¹ Bebel means Marx and Engels's distrust of Bernstein, one of the Right opportunist "Zürich three" of 1879. The others were Höchberg and Schramm.—*Ed.*

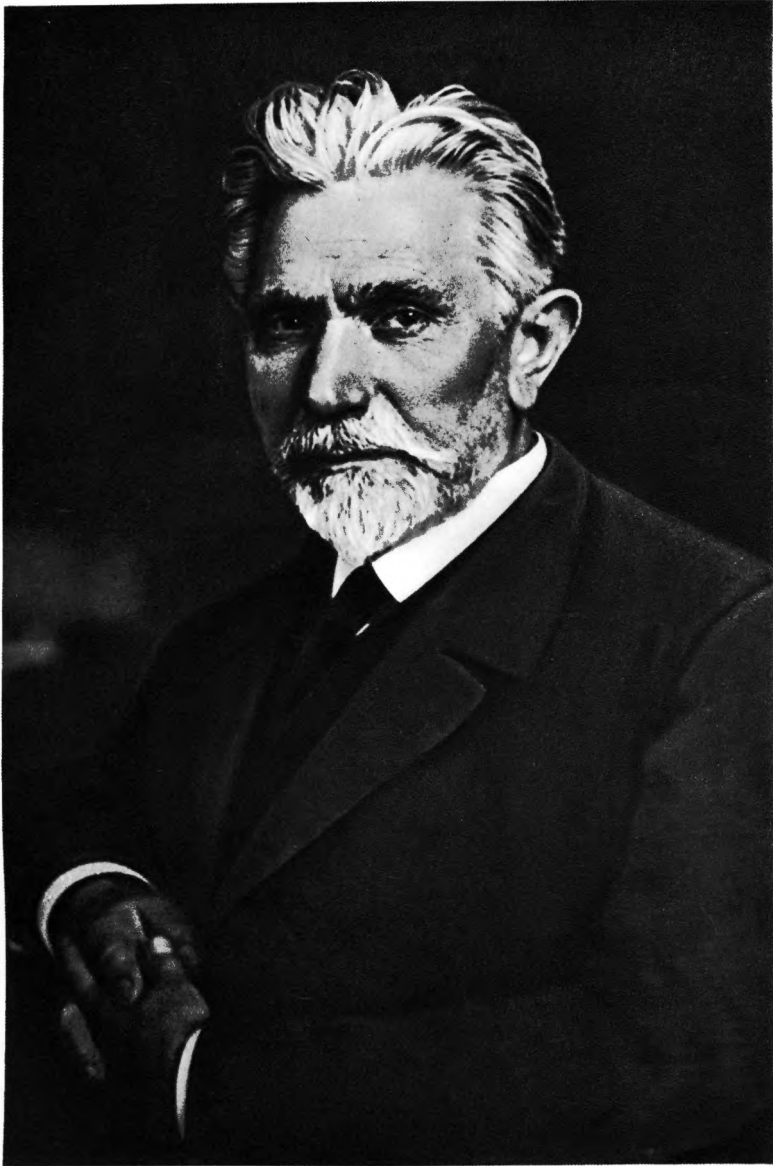
² The Anti-Socialist Law passed in 1878 was then in vigour in Germany. It prohibited the Social-Democratic Party and press and instituted repression against its members.—*Ed.*

had immediately won my sympathy. On that Sunday I also made acquaintance with the Marxes' eldest daughter, whose name was also Jenny and who had married Longuet. She came on a visit with her children. I was most pleasantly surprised to see with what warmth and affection Marx, who was described everywhere in those days as the worst misanthrope, could play with his grandchildren and what love the latter showed for their grandfather. Besides Jenny, the eldest daughter, the two younger ones, Tussy, later Mrs. Aveling, and Laura, Lafargue's wife, were there. Tussy with her black hair and coal-black eyes was the very image of her father, while Laura, blonde and dark-eyed, was more like her mother. Both were pretty and lively.

Strangers were struck by the name "Moor" that Marx was always given by his wife and children, as if he had no other name. The reason was his pitch-black hair and beard, which at that time was sprinkled with white, though his moustache was still black. Engels too had his nickname. The Marx family and his closer acquaintances called him the General, the word being always pronounced in English. His studies of military matters, for which he had a special liking, had earned this nickname. His opinion on military matters and war was considered authoritative.

When I called on the Marx family the day before my departure, Mrs. Marx was in bed. Marx took me to her to bid her good-bye but with the strict injunction not to chat more than a quarter of an hour with her. But we immediately engaged in such a lively conversation that I completely forgot about her condition, and stayed more than half an hour. Marx got impatient and came in and severely asked whether I wanted to be the death of his wife. I bade farewell in sorrow, for the disease she was suffering from was incurable. I never saw her again. She died the following year. . . .

Personally Engels was charming and likable. He agreed with Luther's motto that wine, women and song are the joy of life, but he never forgot the seriousness of work. To his very death he was a most hard-working man. Even when he was seventy years old he learned Rumanian and showed the keenest interest in all events. Always gay and good-humoured, he had an astonishing memory for all kinds of small happenings and comical situations in his eventful life and he would tell them in company to add life to the conversation. An evening in his company was among the best remembrances of the friends and comrades who associated with him. Conversation was always lively, whether the subject was serious or merry. Engels was a



August Bebel

good drinker, too. He had a good cellar and liked his guests to do honour to it.

On Sundays Engels would throw open his house. On those puritanical days when no merry man can bear life in London Engels's house was open to all, and no one left before two or three in the morning. I was several times his guest up to 1895, and he was once mine—in 1893 when he gave way to my insistence and made up his mind to take a trip to the continent, profiting by the occasion to go to the International Congress in Zürich and then to Vienna.

When he died at the age of 75 in 1895 I felt as though a part of myself had died. And many others had the same feeling.

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Translated from the German


II


Jenny Marx. SHORT SKETCH OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE

JENNY MARX TO JOSEPH WEYDEMEYER

JENNY MARX TO ADOLF CLUSS

JENNY MARX TO LUISE WEYDEMEYER

Eleanor Marx-Aveling. KARL MARX

Eleanor Marx-Aveling. REMARKS ON A LETTER BY THE YOUNG MARX

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CONFESSION





Jenny Marx

SHORT SKETCH OF AN EVENTFUL LIFE¹

June 19, 1843, was my wedding-day.

We went from Kreuznach to Rhein-Pfalz via Ebernburg and returned via Baden-Baden. Then we stayed at Kreuznach till the end of September. My dear mother returned to Trèves with my brother Edgar. Karl and I arrived in Paris in October and were met by Herwegh and his wife.

In Paris Karl and Ruge edited *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*, Julius Fröbel being the publisher. The enterprise came to grief after the very first issue. We lived in rue Vanneau, Faubourg St. Germain and associated with

¹ Jenny Marx's autobiographical notes date back to 1865 and reached us uncompleted. The manuscript was in the Longuet family archives and after the death of Marx's grandson Edgar Longuet (in 1950) it was given to the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the C.C., C.P.S.U. by the C.C. of the French Communist Party.—Ed.

Ruge, Heine, Herwegh, Mäurer, Tolstoi, Bakunin, Annenkoy, Bernays and *tutti quanti*. There was a lot of gossip and quarrels over bagatelles. Our little Jenny was born on May 1, 1844. I went out for the first time after that to Laffitte's burial and six weeks later I took the mail coach to Trèves with my mortally sick child. . . . In September I returned to Paris with a German nurse. By then little Jenny had four teeth.

During my absence Karl had had a visit from Frederick Engels. During the autumn and winter Karl worked at his *Kritik der Kritischen Kritik*, which was published in Frankfort.¹ Our circle comprised Hess and his wife, Ewerbeck and Ribbentrop and especially Heine and Herwegh. Suddenly, at the beginning of 1845, the police commissioner came to our house and showed us an expulsion order made out by Guizot on the request of the Prussian Government. "Karl Marx must leave Paris within 24 hours," the order ran. I was given a longer delay, which I made use of to sell my furniture and some of my linen. I got ridiculously little for it, but I had to find money for our journey. The Herweghs gave me hospitality for two days. Ill and in bitter cold weather, I followed Karl to Brussels at the beginning of February. There we put up at Bois Sauvage Hotel and I met Heinzen and Freiligrath for the first time. In May we moved into a small house that we rented from Dr. Breuer in rue de l'Alliance, outside Porte du Louvain.

Hardly had we settled down when we were followed by Engels. Heinrich Bürgers, who had already visited us in Paris with his friend Dr. Roland Daniels, was also there. Shortly afterwards Hess arrived with his wife, and a certain Sebastian Seiler joined the small German circle. He set up a correspondence bureau and the small German colony lived pleasantly together. Then we were joined by some Belgians, among them Gigot, and several Poles. In one of the attractive cafés that we went to in the evenings I made the acquaintance of old Lelewel in his blue blouse.

During the summer Engels worked with Karl on the criticism of German philosophy. The external impulse for this work was the publication of *Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum*.² The criticism was a bulky work and was to be published in Westphalia.³

¹ *The Holy Family, or a Critique of Critical Criticism. Against Bruno Bauer and Co.*—Ed.

² Max Stirner's *Der Einzige und sein Eigenthum (The Ego and his Own)* was published at the end of 1844.—Ed.

³ The reference is to *The German Ideology*, which Marx and Engels did not succeed

In the spring Joseph Weydemeyer paid us his first visit, remaining for some time as our guest. In April my dear mother sent her own trusty maid to Brussels to help me. I went with her once more to see Mother, taking little Jenny who was then fourteen months old. I stayed with her six weeks and returned to our small colony two weeks before Laura was born, on September 26. My brother Edgar spent the winter with us in Brussels, hoping to find work there. He entered Seiler's correspondence bureau. Later, in spring 1846, our dear Wilhelm Wolff also joined the bureau. He was known as "Kasemattenwolff," having escaped from a fortress in Silesia where he had been four years for a violation of the law on the press. His coming to us was the beginning of the close friendship with our dear "Lupus" that was dissolved only by his death in May 1864. During the winter we had visits from Georg Jung and Dr. Schleicher. . . .

In the meantime the storm-clouds of the revolution had been piling higher and higher. The Belgian horizon too was dark. What was feared above all was the workers, the social element of the popular masses. The police, the military, the civil guard, all were called out against them, all were kept ready for action. Then the German workers decided that it was time to arm themselves too. Daggers, revolvers, etc., were procured. Karl willingly provided money, for he had just come into an inheritance. In all this the government saw conspiracy and criminal plans: Marx receives money and buys weapons, he must therefore be got rid of. Late at night two men broke into our house. They asked for Karl: when he appeared they said they were police sergeants and had a warrant to arrest him and take him to be questioned. They took him away. I hurried after him in terrible anxiety and went to influential men to find out what the matter was. I rushed from house to house in the dark. Suddenly I was seized by a guard, arrested and thrown into a dark prison. It was where beggars without a home, vagabonds and wretched fallen women were detained. I was thrust into a dark cell. As I entered, sobbing, an unhappy companion in misery offered to share her place with me: it was a hard plank bed. I lay down on it. When morning broke I saw at the window opposite mine, behind iron bars, a cadaverous, mournful face. I went to the window and recognized our good old friend Gigot. When he saw me he beckoned to me, pointing downwards. I looked in that direction and

in having printed. It was published in full for the first time by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the C.C., C.P.S.U. in 1932.—*Ed.*

saw Karl being led away under military escort. An hour later I was taken to the interrogating magistrate. After a two hours' questioning, during which they got little out of me, I was led to a carriage by gendarmes and towards evening I got back to my three poor little children. The affair caused a great sensation. All the papers reported on it. After a short while Karl too was released and ordered to leave Brussels immediately.

He had already intended to return to Paris and had applied to the Provisional Government in France for a repeal of the expulsion order issued against him under Louis Philippe. He at once received a paper signed by Flocon by which the Provisional Government cancelled the expulsion order in very flattering terms. So Paris was open to us again. Where could we feel more at ease than under the rising sun of the new revolution? We had to go there, we just had to! I hastily packed my belongings and sold what I could, but left my boxes with all my silver-plate and my best linen in Brussels in charge of the bookseller Vögler, who was particularly helpful and obliging during the preparations for my departure.

Thus we left Brussels after being there for three years. It was a cold, dull day and we had difficulty in keeping the children warm, the youngest of them was just a year old. . . .

* * *

At the end of May¹ Karl put out the last issue of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, printed in red—the famous “red number,” a real firebrand in form and content. Engels had immediately joined the Baden rising in which he was adjutant to Willich. Karl made up his mind to go to Paris again for a while, as it was impossible for him to stay on in Germany.² Red Wolff followed him there. I went with the three children via Bingen . . . to see my old home town and my dear Mother. I made a detour a little after Bingen in order to convert into ready money the silver-plate which I had just redeemed from the pawnbroker's in Brussels. Weydemeyer and his wife again gave us hospitality and were very helpful to me in my dealings with the pawnbroker. Thus I managed again to get money for the journey.

¹ 1849.—*Ed.*

² Profiting by the fact that Marx had relinquished Prussian citizenship in 1845, the government expelled him in May 1849 as a “foreigner” who had violated the “law of hospitality.”—*Ed.*



Jenny Marx. Née von Westphalen

Karl went with Red Wolff to Baden-Pfalz and then on to Paris. There the Ledru-Rollin affair of June 13 soon put an end to the short dream of revolution. Reaction came on the scene in all its fury everywhere. The Hungarian revolution, the Baden insurrection, the Italian rising, all collapsed. Courts-martial were rife in Hungary and Baden. During the presidency of Louis Napoleon, who was elected with an enormous majority at the end of 1848, 50,000 Frenchmen entered the "city of the seven hills" and occupied Italy.¹ "*L'ordre règne à Varsovie*" and "*Vae victis!*" were the mottos of the counter-revolution in the elation of victory. The bourgeoisie breathed relieved, the petty bourgeois went back to their business, the Liberal petty philistines clenched their fists in their pockets, the workers were hounded and persecuted and the men who fought with sword and pen for the reign of the poor and oppressed were glad to be able to earn their bread abroad.

While in Paris Karl established contacts with many of the leaders of clubs and secret workers' societies. I followed him to Paris in July 1849 and we stayed there a month. But we were to get no rest there either. One fine day the familiar police sergeant came again and informed us that "Karl Marx and his wife had to leave Paris within 24 hours." By an act of clemency he was given permission to take up his residence in Vannes, in the Morbihan.

Karl did not, of course, accept such an exile. I packed my goods and chattels again to look for a sure place of rest in London. Karl hastened there ahead of me and established close contact with Blind. Georg Weerth also came later on. It was he who met me when I arrived, sick and exhausted with my three poor persecuted small children. He found accommodation for me in a boarding-house in Leicester Square belonging to a master-tailor. We looked in haste for a larger lodging in Chelsea, for the time was approaching when I would need a quiet roof over my head. On November 5, while the people outside were shouting "Guy Fawkes for ever!", small masked boys were riding the streets on cleverly made donkeys and all was in an uproar, my poor little Heinrich was born. We called him Little Fawkes, in honour of the great conspirator.

Shortly afterwards Engels also arrived in London via Genoa, fleeing from Baden. Willich had preceded him and immediately settled down among us like a Communist frère and comrade. He made his appearance in our bed-

¹ Allusion to the French armed intervention against the Roman Republic in 1849. Its aim was to restore the temporal power of the Pope.—*Ed.*

room early in the morning like a Don Quixote, dressed in a grey woollen doublet with a red cloth round his waist instead of a belt, roaring with laughter in real Prussian style and ready to expatiate in a long theoretical discussion on so "natural" communism. Karl hastily put an end to his attempts. . . . While we were in Chelsea we also had our first visit from W. Pieper, and W. Liebknecht. The Red Wolff had come to London with Karl.

Thousands of emigrants arrived daily. Few of them had any means of their own, all were in more or less dire straits, needing and looking for help. This was one of the most unpleasant periods of our life in emigration. Emigrant committees were founded to help them, meetings were arranged, appeals made, programmes drawn up and great demonstrations prepared. In all emigrant circles dissensions broke out. The various parties gradually split up completely. It came to an official separation between the German Democrats on the one hand and the Socialists on the other, and there was a clear rift even among the Communist workingmen. The leaders of the groups attacked one another most viciously and a band of petty-bourgeois raffle eager for "deeds" and "action" pushed to the fore and were most hostile towards the section of the workers and their leaders who saw more clearly through the situation and knew that the era of the revolution could not dawn for a long time. Karl above all was persecuted beyond measure, calumniated and defamed. It was at this time that the duel between Conrad Schramm and August Willich took place.

Karl had started negotiations in the autumn of 1849 for a new journal to be edited in London and published in Hamburg. The first 3 or 4 issues appeared after countless difficulties under the title: *Revue der Neuen Rheinischen Zeitung*. It was a great success, but the bookseller, bought over by the German Government, was so negligent and inefficient over the business side of it that it was soon obvious that it could not go on for long.

In the spring of 1850 we were forced to leave our Chelsea house. My poor little Fawkes was always ill and the anxieties about our daily life were also ruining my health. Harassed on all sides and pursued by creditors, we put up for a week in a German hotel in Leicester Square. But we did not stay there long. One morning our worthy host refused to serve us our breakfast and we were forced to look for other lodgings. The small help I got from my Mother often saved us from the bitterest privations. We found two rooms in the house of a Jewish lace dealer and spent a miserable summer there with the four children.

That autumn Karl and some of his closest friends broke completely off from the doings of the bulk of the emigrants and never took part in a single demonstration. He and his friends left the Workers' Educational Society. . . . Engels, after trying in vain to earn his living by writing in London, went to Manchester and worked as a clerk in his father's textile business on very hard terms. All our other friends tried to pay their way by giving lessons, etc. This and the next two years were for us a time of the greatest hardships, of continual acute anxiety, great privations of all kinds and actual need.

In August 1850, although I was not at all well, I made up my mind to leave my sick child and go to Holland to get consolation and help from Karl's uncle. I was desperate at the prospect of a fifth child and of the future. Karl's uncle was very ill-disposed by the unfavourable effect the revolution had had on his business and his sons'. He was embittered against the revolution and revolutionaries and in a very bad temper. He refused to give me any help. However, as I was going he pressed into my hand a present for my youngest child and I saw that it hurt him not to be able to give me more. The old man could not realize my feelings as I took leave of him. I returned home in despair. My poor little Edgar came leaping towards me with his friendly face and Little Fawkes stretched his tiny arms out to me. I was not to enjoy his caresses for long. In November the child died from convulsions caused by pneumonia. My sorrow was great. He was the first child I had lost. I had no idea then what other sufferings were in store for me which would make all others seem as nothing. Shortly after the child had been laid to rest we left the small flat for another one in the same street. . . .

On March 28, 1851, our daughter Franzisca was born. We gave the poor little thing to a nurse, for we could not rear her with the others in three small rooms. That year there was a world exhibition and visitors were streaming to London. Freiligrath came from Cologne in the spring to look for a situation in London. Later Lupus came from Switzerland and so did Dronke, Imandt and Schily. Seiler had returned earlier and Götz had joined the group of emigrants round Karl. 1851 and 1852 were the years of the greatest and at the same time the most paltry troubles, worries, disappointments and privations of all kinds.

In the early summer 1851 an event occurred which I do not wish to relate here in detail, although it greatly contributed to increase our worries, both personal and others. During the spring the Prussian Government charged all Karl's friends in the Rhine province with the most dangerous revolution-

ary intrigues. They were all thrown into prison and treated in the most appalling way. The public trial did not start until the end of 1852. That was the famous Cologne Communist Trial. All the accused except Daniels and Jacoby were sentenced to from 3 to 5 years prison. . . .

* * *

At first W. Pieper was Karl's secretary, but soon I took over that post. The memory of the days I spent in his little study copying his scrawly articles is among the happiest of my life.

Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* took place at the end of 1851 and the following year Karl wrote his *Eighteenth Brumaire*, which was published in New York. He wrote the book in our small lodgings in Dean Street amidst the noise of the children and the household bustle. By March I had copied the manuscript out and it was sent off, but it did not appear in print till much later and brought in next to nothing.

At Easter, 1852, our little Franzisca had a severe bronchitis. For three days she was between life and death. She suffered terribly. When she died we left her lifeless little body in the back room, went into the front room and made our beds on the floor. Our three living children lay down by us and we all wept for the little angel whose livid, lifeless body was in the next room. Our beloved child's death occurred at the time of the hardest privations, our German friends being unable to help us just then. Ernest Jones, who paid us long and frequent visits about that time, promised to help us but he was unable to bring us anything. . . . Anguish in my heart, I hurried to a French emigrant who lived not far away and used to come to see us, and begged him to help us in our terrible necessity. He immediately gave me two pounds with the most friendly sympathy. That money was used to pay for the coffin in which my child now rests in peace. She had no cradle when she came into the world and for a long time was refused a last resting place. With what heavy hearts we saw her carried to her grave!

In August 1852 the trial of the Communists, since become famous, came to an end. Karl wrote a pamphlet disclosing the infamy of the Prussian Government. It was printed in Switzerland by Schabelitz but was confiscated at the frontier by the Prussian Government and destroyed. Cluss had it printed again in America and many copies of the new edition were spread on the continent.

During the year 1853 Karl used to write two articles regularly for the *New York Daily Tribune*. They attracted great attention in America. This steady income enabled us to pay off our old debts to a certain extent and to live a less anxious life. The children grew up nicely, developing both physically and mentally, although we were still living in the poky Dean Street flat. Karl kept up contact with the Chartists all the time he was in London. He contributed to Ernest Jones's journal, the *People's Paper*, and in the summer of 1853 he passed on to that journal articles which had already appeared in the *Tribune*. . . . In answer to a vicious article against him published by Willich in America, Karl wrote a short pamphlet, *The Knight of the Noble Conscience*, which was also printed in America. It reduced that knight and his barking pack to silence.

Christmas that year was the first merry feast we celebrated in London. We were relieved from nagging daily worries by Karl's connection with the *New York Tribune*. The children had romped about more in the open air in the parks during the summer. There had been cherries, strawberries and even grapes that year, and our friends brought our three little ones all sorts of delightful presents: dolls, guns, cooking utensils, drums and trumpets. Dronke came late in the evening to decorate the Christmas tree. It was a happy evening.

A week later our little Edgar showed the first symptoms of the incurable disease which was to lead to his death a year later. Had we been able to give up our small unhealthy flat then and take the child to the seaside, we might have saved him. But what is done cannot be undone. . . .

In September 1855 we returned to our old headquarters in Dean Street, firmly resolved to move out as soon as a small English inheritance freed us from the chains and ties in which the baker, butcher, milkman, grocer and greengrocer and all the other "hostile forces" held us. At last, in spring 1856 we received the small sum that was to release us. We paid all our debts, redeemed our silver, linen and clothes from the pawnbroker's and I went newly clothed with my little ones to my beloved old home for the last time. . . .

We spent that winter in great retirement. Nearly all our friends had left London and the few that remained lived a long way from us. Besides, our attractive little house, though it was like a palace for us in comparison with the places we had lived in before, was not easy to get to. There was no smooth road leading to it, building was going all around, one had to pick

one's way over heaps of rubbish and in rainy weather the sticky red soil caked to one's boots so that it was after a tiring struggle and with heavy feet that one reached our house. And then it was dark in those wild districts, so that rather than have to tackle the dark, the rubbish, the clay and the heaps of stones one preferred to spend the evenings by a warm fire.

I was very unwell that winter and was always surrounded with stacks of medicine bottles and it was a long time before I could get used to the complete solitude. I often missed the long walks I had been in the habit of making in the crowded West-End streets, the meetings, the clubs and our favourite public-house and homely conversations which had so often helped me to forget the worries of life for a time. Luckily I still had the article for the *Tribune* to copy out twice a week and that kept me in touch with world events.

In the middle of 1857 another great trade crisis faced the American workers. The *Tribune* again declined to pay for two articles a week and as a result there was another considerable ebb in our budget. Luckily Dana was then publishing an encyclopaedia and Karl was asked to write articles on military and economic questions. But as such articles were very irregular and the growing children and the larger house led to greater expenses, this was by no means a time of prosperity. It was not positive need, but we were permanently hard up and worried by petty fears and calculations. No matter how much we cut down expenses, we could never make ends meet and our debts mounted from day to day and year to year. . . .

On July 6 the seventh child was born to us, but it lived only long enough to breathe a while and then be carried to join its brothers and sisters.

In the summer of 1857 our good old Conrad Schramm came back from America too, but in such a poor state of health that we saw at the first glance that he was beyond saving. He spent six weeks in the German hospital and then went to Jersey. He there met Frederick Engels who had also been very ill for a year and had gone there to recuperate. Karl visited the two friends there in September of that year and came back loaded with fruit, nuts and grapes. In January 1858 our friend Julian Harney, who was editor of a paper in Jersey, informed us of the death of our dear friend Schramm.

1858 brought us neither good nor evil, one day was just like any other. . . . That winter Karl worked at his book *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy* for which he had been collecting material for years. Lassalle, with whom he had entertained friendship since 1848, found a pub-

lisher for the book in the person of Franz Duncker in Berlin. In spring Karl sent in the manuscript after I had copied it out and the proofs kept coming in to be read, which naturally delayed the printing considerably. But what delayed it still more was that Lassalle was in a hurry to have his "inflammatory work," the drama *Franz von Sickingen*, published. Being a particular friend of his, Duncker published the drama before Karl's book.

In the summer of 1859 the "via sacra," the Italian war between France and Austria, broke out. Engels published a pamphlet *Po and Rhine*, the success of which urged Lassalle to write a pamphlet *The War in Italy*.

In London Elard Biskamp published a weekly called *Das Volk*, to which Karl contributed and for which Engels also wrote several articles. A leaflet composed by K. Blind, reprinted in *Das Volk* and later passed on to *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung* by Liebknecht, was seized on by K. Vogt as a pretext for a defamatory attack on Karl. Vogt published a pamphlet in which he told the vilest lies about Karl. During 1860 Karl collected material to refute at a single blow the calumny which was being peddled *con amore* from town to town and village to village by the whole of the German press under the halo of the "new era. . ."

In spring 1860 Engels's father died. After that Engels's situation considerably improved although he remained bound by the unfavourable contract signed with Ermen, which was valid until 1864, from which time Engels became a co-partner in the management of the firm.

In August 1860, I again spent a fortnight at Hastings with the children. On my return I began to copy the book Karl had written against Vogt and his associates. It was printed in London and did not appear till the end of December 1860 after much annoyance. At the time I was very ill with pox, having just recovered enough from the terrible disease to be able to devour *Herr Vogt* with half blinded eyes. That was a most dismal time. The three children had found a home and hospitality with the faithful Liebknecht.

Just then appeared the first forebodings of the great American Civil War that was to break out the next spring. Old Europe with its petty, old-fashioned pigmy-struggles ceased to interest America. The *Tribune* informed Karl that it was forced by financial circumstances to forego all correspondence and that it would not need his collaboration for the time being. The blow was felt all the more as all other sources of income had completely dried up and all efforts to undertake something had proved to be failures. The hardest thing about it was that this complete helplessness came as our eldest

daughters entered the beautiful golden age of maidenhood. So we had again to fight the same sorrows, troubles and privations as of old, the difference being that what the children had been unconscious of at the age of five and six, they had consciously to bear up with ten years later when they were fifteen and sixteen. Thus we learned in practice the German proverb "Small children, small troubles, big children, big troubles."

In the summer of 1860 we took in Eccarius for two months, for he was very poorly. In spring 1861 Karl went to Germany because it was absolutely necessary to get financial help. The King of Prussia, called the "genial," had died at Christmas and left his throne to "handsome Wilhelm."¹ The corporal proclaimed an amnesty and Karl availed himself of it to make a trip to Germany and see the new lie of the land. In Berlin he lived at Lassalle's and saw a lot of Countess Hatzfeldt. Then he went to Holland to visit his uncle Leon Philips who had the real magnanimity to advance him a sum of money interest-free. Karl came home accompanied by Jacques Philips von Bommel just in time for Jennychen's seventeenth birthday. The loan put our finances afloat and we sailed on for a time happily, although always between rocks and sand-banks, drifting between Charybdis and Scylla.

Our eldest daughters left school in the summer of 1860 and attended only a few lessons held in the college for non-pupils too. They continued to learn French and Italian with M. de Colme and Signor Maggioni and Jenny also took drawing lessons with Mr. Oldfield until 1862. In autumn the girls began to take singing lessons with Mr. Henry Banner.

In September 1861 Karl, with the help of A. Dana, managed to get an article a week accepted by the *Tribune* on the same conditions as before. At the same time he was introduced to the editor of *Wiener Presse* by a cousin of Lassalle's and was invited to contribute to the "liberal" paper. Unfortunately both these jobs only lasted the winter. In spring 1862 Karl gave up contributing to the *Tribune* and let all his work with the *Presse* die away slowly. . . .

Jenny's health was poor during the whole of spring 1863 and she was continually under the care of doctors. Karl was also extremely unwell. He was no better when he came back from a visit to Engels, one of his regular annual visits since 1850. We again spent three weeks at the seaside at Has-

¹ In 1861 Frederick-William IV of Prussia died and was succeeded by William I.—Ed

tings, being with H. Banner twelve days. Karl came to fetch us but he looked very bad and continually felt unwell, until in November of that year it turned out that he had terrible illness called the "carbuncle disease." On November 10 a terrible abscess was opened and he was in danger for a fairly long time afterwards. The disease lasted a good four weeks and caused severe physical sufferings. These were accompanied by rankling moral tortures of all kinds. Just as we were on the edge of the abyss we suddenly got the news of my mother-in-law's death. The doctor decided that a change of air would be very beneficial for Karl, and on his advice Karl, although not yet quite recovered, left in the middle of the winter cold for Germany accompanied by our anxious and heartfelt wishes in order to see to his mother's legacy in Trevès. He stayed there a short time with his brother-in-law Conradi and sister Emilie and then made a detour to Frankfurt to see his aunt, his father's sister. From there he went to Bommel to see his uncle. He was very well looked after by his uncle and Nettchen. For unfortunately he required medical attention and careful nursing again, the illness, which had not been cured, breaking out very badly again as soon as he reached Bommel and forcing him to remain in Holland from Christmas until February 19.

That lonely disconsolate winter was terrible! The small share in the legacy that Karl brought back in ready money enabled us to free ourselves from obligations, debts, pawnbroker, etc. We were lucky enough to find a very attractive and healthy dwelling which we fitted out very comfortably and relatively smartly. At Easter 1864 we moved into the pleasant sunny house with the spacious airy rooms.

On May 2, 1864, we received a letter from Engels telling us that our good and faithful old friend Lupus was seriously ill. Karl hastened to go and see him and his faithful friend recognized him for a while. On May 9 Lupus breathed his last. In his will he made Karl, the children and myself his main legatees along with a few minor ones. It turned out that by his excessive industry and effort the homely, simply living man had saved up the appreciable sum of £1,000. He did not have the consolation of enjoying the fruit of his life in a quiet, comfortable old age. He afforded us help and relief and a year free from worry. A stay at the seaside was absolutely necessary for Karl's health, which was still precarious. He went to Ramsgate with Jenny, Laura and Tussy followed later. . . .

During the year he managed to find a publisher for his big work on economics.¹ Meissner in Hamburg promised to publish it on fairly favourable conditions. Karl is now working intensely to finish the book. . . .

* * *

In July 1862 we had a visit from Ferdinand Lassalle. He was almost crushed under the weight of the fame he had achieved as a scholar, thinker, poet and politician. The laurel wreath was fresh on his Olympian brow and ambrosian head or rather on his stiff bristling Negro hair. He had just victoriously ended the Italian campaign—a new political coup was being contrived by the great men of action—and fierce battles were going on in his soul. There were still fields of science that he had not explored! Egyptology lay fallow: “Should I astonish the world as an Egyptologist or show my versatility as a man of action, as a politician, as a fighter, or as a soldier?” It was a splendid dilemma. He wavered between the thoughts and sentiments of his heart and often expressed that struggle in really stentorian accents. As on the wings of the wind he swept through our rooms, perorating so loudly, gesticulating and raising his voice to such a pitch that our neighbours were scared by the terrible shouting and asked us what was the matter. It was the inner struggle of the “great” man bursting forth in shrill discords. He was in London when he received news of his father’s serious illness. He parted with his faithful companion Lothar Bucher, who during the exhibition of 1862 performed for him the duties of messenger, informer, errand-boy and entertainer. . . .

Having found little sympathy for his great man’s ideas among us, Lassalle hastened away to Switzerland where he found more receptivity and greater admiration in the society of “great men” that his soul was hankering for. There he found a congenial atmosphere among sycophants and parasites. He returned to Berlin and instead of showing his worth as an Egyptologist, a soldier, a politician, a poet or a thinker, he chose to follow the yet untrodden path of the Messiah of the workers. Years before Schulze-Delitzsch had led a savings-bank working people’s movement. He was attacked and there began the “new era of the emancipation of the workers, a movement such as Europe had never seen, the great and only liberation of the oppressed classes through direct suffrage and equality for all.” As a Messiah

¹ *Capital*.—Ed.

and an Apostle, Lassalle went over the whole of Germany; pamphlet followed upon pamphlet and a working-class movement took shape which, being a godsend for the government's political fight against the rather annoying aspirations of the Progressive Party, was silently tolerated and thus indirectly favoured by that government.

As for his "Lassallean doctrines," they consisted of the most brazen plagiarisms of the doctrines that Karl had developed twenty years before and a few additions of his own which were frankly reactionary, the result being an astonishing mixture of truth and fiction. And yet all this impressed the working class. The best among the workers kept to the correct kernel of the cause and the crowd of boorish philistines supported with fanatic admiration the new doctrine, the deceptive glamour of the affair and the new Messiah for whom there arose a cult the like of which history never knew. The incense of the boors inebriated half of Germany and even now that Lassalle lies in a quiet Jewish cemetery in Breslau after being shot in a duel in Geneva by a Wallachian youth, the waving of censers, flags and laurel wreaths still persists. Lassalle left a testament in which he made Countess Hatzfeldt his principal legatee and bestowed considerable legacies on his "new Swiss friends." This will was contested by his mother and sister, and the lawsuit is still going on. At the same time he declared Bernhard Becker to be his successor in the management of the affairs of the working class.

Christmas saw the publication of a *Sozialdemokrat* newspaper as a "Lassallean paper" by Schweitzer and Hofstetten. Karl and Engels promised to contribute to it. But in a very short time they found themselves obliged to denounce that reactionary enterprise which was sold lock, stock and barrel to the government. A further baiting of Karl was the result of that declaration and to this very day the boors are still barking, howling and raving to their hearts' content in their papers and pamphlets. Wilhelm Liebknecht, who has been in Berlin since August 1862, has involved himself too deeply with the band and been duped by it and Countess Hatzfeldt, its fellow intriguer, and is now paying a heavy price for having been so credulous.

Printed with a few abridgements
from the manuscript: Jenny Marx,
*Kurze Umriss eines bewegten
Lebens*

Translated from the German,
Printed for the first time

JENNY MARX TO JOSEPH WEYDEMEYER

London, May 20, 1850

Dear Herr Weydemeyer,

It will soon be a year since I was given such friendly and cordial hospitality by you and your dear wife, since I felt so comfortably at home in your house. All that time I have not given you a sign of life: I was silent when your wife wrote me such a friendly letter and did not even break that silence when we received the news of the birth of your child. My silence has often oppressed me, but most of the time I was unable to write and even today I find it hard, very hard.

Circumstances, however, force me to take up my pen. I beg you *to send us as soon as possible any money that has been or will be received from the Revue*.¹ *We need it very, very much.* Certainly nobody can reproach us with ever having made much case of the sacrifices we have been making and bearing for years, the public has never or almost never been informed of our circumstances; my husband is very sensitive in such matters and he would rather sacrifice his last than resort to democratic begging like officially recognized "great men." But he could have expected active and energetic support for his *Revue* from his friends, particularly those in Cologne. He could have expected such support first of all from where his sacrifices for *Rheinische Zeitung* were known. But instead of that the business has been completely ruined by negligent and disorderly management, and one cannot say whether the delays of the bookseller or of the business managers or

¹ *Neue Rheinische Zeitung. Politisch-ökonomische Revue.—Ed.*

acquaintances in Cologne or the attitude of the Democrats on the whole were the most ruinous.

Here my husband is almost overwhelmed with the paltry worries of life in so revolting a form that it has taken all his energy, all his calm, clear, quiet sense of dignity to maintain him in that daily, hourly struggle. You know, dear Herr Weydemeyer, the sacrifices my husband has made for the paper. He put thousands in cash into it, he took over proprietorship, talked into it by worthy Democrats who would otherwise have had to answer for the debts themselves, at a time when there was little prospect of success. To save the paper's political honour and the civic honour of his Cologne acquaintances he took upon himself the whole responsibility; he sacrificed his printing-press, he sacrificed all income, and before he left he even borrowed 300 thalers to pay the rent of the newly hired premises and the outstanding salaries of the editors, etc. And he was to be turned out by force. You know that we kept nothing for ourselves. I went to Frankfurt to pawn my silver—the last that we had—and I had my furniture in Cologne sold because I was in peril of having my linen and everything sequestered. At the beginning of the unhappy period of the counter-revolution my husband went to Paris and I followed him with my three children. Hardly had he settled down in Paris when he was expelled and even my children and I were refused permission to reside there any longer. I followed him again across the sea. A month later our fourth child was born. You have to know London and conditions here to understand what it means to have three children and give birth to a fourth. For rent alone we had to pay 42 thalers a month. We were able to cope with this out of money which we received, but our meagre resources were exhausted when the *Revue* was published. Contrary to the agreement, we were not paid, and later only in small sums, so that our situation here was most alarming.

I shall describe to you just *one* day of that life, exactly as it was, and you will see that few emigrants, perhaps, have gone through anything like it. As wet-nurses here are too expensive I decided to feed my child myself in spite of continual terrible pains in the breast and back. But the poor little angel drank in so much worry and hushed-up anxiety that he was always poorly and suffered horribly day and night. Since he came into the world he has not slept a single night, two or three hours at the most and that rarely. Recently he has had violent convulsions, too, and has always been between life and death. In his pain he sucked so hard that my breast was chafed and

the skin cracked and the blood often poured into his trembling little mouth. I was sitting with him like that one day when our housekeeper came in. We had paid her 250 thalers during the winter and had an agreement to give the money in the future not to her but to her landlord, who had a bailiff's warrant against her. She denied the agreement and demanded five pounds that we still owed her. As we did not have the money at the time (Naut's letter did not arrive until later) two bailiffs came and sequestered all my few possessions—linen, beds, clothes—everything, even my poor child's cradle and the best toys of my daughters, who stood there weeping bitterly. They threatened to take everything away in two hours. I would then have had to lie on the bare floor with my freezing children and my bad breast. Our friend Schramm hurried to town to get help for us. He got into a cab, but the horses bolted and he jumped out and was brought bleeding back to the house, where I was wailing with my poor shivering children.

We had to leave the house the next day. It was cold, rainy and dull. My husband looked for accommodation for us. When he mentioned the four children nobody would take us in. Finally a friend helped us, we paid our rent and I hastily sold all my beds to pay the chemist, the baker, the butcher and the milkmen who, alarmed at the sight of the sequestration, suddenly besieged me with their bills. The beds which we had sold were taken out and put on a cart. What was happening? It was well after sunset. We were contravening English law. The landlord rushed up to us with two constables, maintaining that there might be some of his belongings among the things, and that we wanted to make away abroad. In less than five minutes there were two or three hundred persons loitering around our door—the whole Chelsea mob. The beds were brought in again—they could not be delivered to the buyer until after sunrise next day. When we had sold all our possessions we were in a position to pay what we owed to the last farthing. I went with my little darlings to the two small rooms we are now occupying in the German Hotel, 1, Leicester St., Leicester Square. There for £5 a week we were given a human reception.

Forgive me, dear friend, for being so long and wordy in describing a single day of our life here. It is indiscreet, I know, but my heart is bursting this evening, and I must at least once unload it to my oldest, best and truest friend. Do not think that these paltry worries have bowed me down; I know only too well that our struggle is not an isolated one and that I, in particular, am one of the chosen, happy, favoured ones, for my dear husband, the

prop of my life, is still at my side. What really tortures my very soul and makes my heart bleed is that he had to suffer so much from paltry things, that so little could be done to help him, and that he who willingly and gladly helped so many others was so helpless himself. But do not think, dear Herr Weydemeyer, that we make demands on anybody. The only thing that my husband could have asked of those to whom he gave his ideas, his encouragement and his support was to show more energy in business and more support for his *Revue*. I am proud and bold to make that assertion. That little was his due. I do not think that would have been unfair to anybody. That is what grieves me. But my husband is of a different opinion. Never, not even in the most frightful moments, did he lose his confidence in the future or even his cheery humour, and he was satisfied when he saw me cheerful and our loving children cuddling close to their dear mother. He does not know, dear Herr Weydemeyer, that I have written to you in such detail about our situation. That is why I ask you not to refer to these lines. All he knows is that I have asked you in his name to hasten as much as you can the collection and sending of our money.

Farewell, dear friend. Give your wife my most affectionate remembrances and kiss your little angel for a mother who has shed many a tear over her baby. Our three eldest children are doing splendidly for all that, for all that. The girls are pretty, healthy, cheerful and good, and our chubby little boy is full of good humour and the most amusing notions. The little goblin sings the whole day long with astonishing feeling in a thunderous voice. The house shakes when he rings out in a fearful voice the words of Freiligrath's Marseillaise:

Come, June, and bring us noble feats!
To deeds of fame our heart aspires.

Perhaps it is the historic destiny of that month, as of its two predecessors,¹ to open the gigantic struggle in which we shall all join hands again. Farewell!

Printed in *Die Neue Zeit*,
Vol. 2, 1906-07

Translated from the German
according to the text of the
journal checked with a photo-
copy of the manuscript

¹ The reference is to June 1848—the defeat of the Paris proletariat, and June 1849—the failure of the campaign for a Reich Constitution in south-west Germany.—*Ed.*

JENNY MARX TO ADOLF CLUSS

WASHINGTON

London, October 28, 1852

Dear Mr. Cluss,
You have probably been following the monster trial of the Communists in the *Kölnische Zeitung*. The session of October 23 gave the whole thing an imposing and interesting turn so favourable for the accused that we are all beginning to feel a little better. You can imagine how the "Marx Party" is active day and night and has to work with head, hands and feet. This overwork is also the reason why I am writing to you today, replacing my husband as your correspondent.

Herr Dietz, who is Herr Willich's bosom friend, and is now also in America, *allowed* all the documents, letters, minutes, etc., of the Willich clique *to be stolen*. They were used by the prosecution to prove the dangerous activity of the Party. In order to implicate the accused in this, connections have been imagined between my husband and the notorious spy Cherval. Thus my husband was represented as the go-between, the connecting link between the Cologne theoreticians and the men of action, the incendiaries and the plunderers in London. Stieber and the prosecution placed immense hopes on this trick. But it fizzled out. Some new sensation had therefore to be contrived and therefore the tissue of lies of the 23 October sitting was made up.



Jenny Marx

All the allegations of the police are lies. They steal, forge, break open desks, swear false oaths, give false testimony claiming they are privileged so to act against the Communists who are beyond the pale of society! It is truly hair-raising to see all this, and the manner in which the police, particularly their most villainous specimen, are taking over all the functions of the Ministry of Justice, pushing Saedt into the background, introducing unauthenticated slips of paper, mere rumours, reports, and hearsay as actual, judicially proven facts, as evidence. All the proofs of forgery had to be submitted from here; thus my husband had to work all day at it and far into the night. Affidavits by the landlords, duly acknowledged, had to be procured and the handwritings of Liebknecht and Rings, the men alleged to have written the minutes, had to be officially certified to prove the forgery by the police. Then all the papers had to be sent in six to eight copies to Cologne by the most devious channels, via Frankfurt, Paris, etc., as all letters addressed to my husband, as well as all letters sent from here to Cologne, are opened and confiscated. The whole thing is now a struggle between the police and my husband, who is being blamed for everything, the whole revolution, even the conduct of the trial.

Now Stieber has accused my husband of being an Austrian spy. So my husband hunted up a splendid letter written to him by Stieber in the period of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* which is really compromising for Stieber. We also found a letter from Becker making fun of Willich's stupidities and "military conspiracies." In his hatred for Becker, Willich gave his instructions to a witness here in London, Lieutenant Hentze, from whom he has so far been receiving alms. In a word, things are going to come out which would be incredible if we did not know them from our own experience. All these police stories divert the public and thereby the jury from the real accusation against the Communists, and the hatred which the bourgeoisie has for the frightful incendiaries is paralysed by their horror at the baseness of the police, so that we can now even think that our friends may be acquitted. The struggle against this official power supplied with money and all the implements of combat is, of course, very interesting and the glory of it will be so much the greater should we emerge victorious, since on the one side stand money and power and everything, while we often did not know where to get the paper for the letters that had to be written, etc., etc.

Freiligrath, Marx, Engels, and Wolff today issued the enclosed statement. We are sending it to the *Tribune* today. You too can publish it. Excuse the

muddle of my letter, I have had my share of work in the matter too, and my fingers are stiff with copying material. Hence the confusion. Your article in *Turnzeitung* was greatly appreciated here. My husband thinks it is excellent and especially brilliant as far as style is concerned. Others prefer you when you write less about theory, would like you to remain the witty and humorous Cluss of old.

We have just received whole stacks of business addresses and fake business letters from Weerth and Engels for use in sending the documents, letters, etc. This very minute some issues of the *Kölnische Zeitung* have come in, carrying the news of a fresh load of incredible outrages. Two despatches are going off at once to business addresses. A whole office has been established at our flat. Two or three write, others run errands and still others scrape the pennies together to make it possible for the writers to continue their existence and furnish proof against the old official world of this most unprecedented outrage. In-between, my three gleeful children sing and whistle and often get a good scolding from their papa. What a hubbub!

Good-bye, dear Mr. Cluss. Don't forget to write to your friends again soon. With permission of the higher authorities,

Jenny Marx

From a photo-copy
of the manuscript

Translated from the German

**JENNY MARX
TO LUISE WEYDEMEYER**

Hampstead, March 11, 1861

Dear Mrs. Weydemeyer,
I received your kind letter this morning and to show you how glad I was I wish to sit down and write you a long letter at once, for I know from your friendly letter that you like to hear from us sometimes and still have friendly memories of us, as we have of you. And how could such old Party comrades and friends that destiny has brought about the same sorrows and joys, the same sunny and gloomy days, ever feel estranged though time and the ocean separate them. So I stretch out my hand to you from afar as to a brave and faithful companion in sorrow, a fighter and a sufferer. Yes, dear Mrs. Weydemeyer, our hearts have often been heavy and sad, and I can well imagine what you must have gone through recently. I can imagine all your struggles, worries and privations, for I have often suffered the same myself. But suffering steels us and love keeps us up!

We had a bitterly hard time in the first years of our stay here, but I do not wish to dwell today on all the melancholy memories and all the losses we have suffered, nor on the sweet departed loves whose images we still carry in silent grief in our hearts.

Let me tell you today about a new period in our lives, which has had more than one sunny spell as well as cloudy days.

In 1856 I went to Trier with the three girls. My dear mother's joy was too great for words when I arrived with her grandchildren. But unfortunately it did not last long. That truest and best of mothers fell ill and after eleven days' suffering bestowed her blessing on the children and me and closed her dear tired eyes. Your dear husband, who knew how affectionate my mother was, will best be able to fathom my bereavement. When we had laid her beloved head in its last resting-place I saw to my mother's modest legacy, dividing it between my brother Edgar and myself, and then we left Trier. So far we had lived in London, in miserable furnished rooms. With the few hundred thalers that Mother had left us after all her sacrifices for us, we rented a small house not far from beautiful Hampstead Heath (you who translated *The Woman in White*¹ certainly remember that name) and we still live there now. It is a truly princely dwelling compared with the holes we used to live in, and although it did not cost us more than £40 to furnish it from top to bottom (second-hand junk helped a lot) I really felt magnificent at first in our snug parlour. All the linen and other small remains of past grandeur were redeemed from "Uncle's" and I again had the pleasure of counting the old Scottish damask napkins. Although the wonder did not last long—for one article after another soon had to go back to the pop-house—it was a real pleasure for us to be comfortable. Then came the first American crisis and our income was halved. We were again hard up and fell into debt. This could not be avoided because we had to carry on the education of the three girls as it had been begun.

Now I come to the bright aspect of our existence, the light side of our life—our dear children. I am sure that if your kind husband loved our daughters when they were children it would be a real joy for him to see them now that they have grown into budding maidens. I must now run the risk of your taking me for a doting mother by singing the praises of my darling daughters. They both have a very kind heart and good nature, really lovable modesty and maidenly virtue. Jenny will be seventeen on May 1. She is particularly attractive, and even pretty, with thick, dark, glossy hair, equally dark, shining, gentle eyes and a dark, creole complexion which, however, has a typically English freshness. The pleasant, good-natured expression of her apple round childish face makes one overlook the not so pretty turned-up nose and it is a pleasure when the smiling mouth opens and shows her beautiful teeth

¹ A novel by William Collins.—Ed.



K. Marx, F. Engels and Marx's daughters—Jenny, Eleanor and Laura (1860's)

Laura, who was fifteen years old last September, is perhaps prettier and has more regular features than her sister and is a direct contrast to her. She is just as tall, as slim and as delicately built as Jenny, but she is in all respects fairer, lighter and more limpid. You could call the upper part of her face beautiful, so charming is her wavy chestnut hair, so sweet her lovely green-shimmering eyes, always sparkling with joy, so noble and well-shaped her brow. But the lower part of her face is not so regular and has not yet reached full development. Both sisters have a truly blooming complexion and they are so free from any vanity that I often admire them in silence, all the more as the same could not be said of their mother when she was younger and still in flowing frocks.

At school they always won the first prizes. They are quite at home in English and know a fair amount of French. They understand Dante in Italian and can read a little in Spanish. It is only with German that they have big difficulties, although I do all I can to give them a lesson now and then; but they are not at all keen and I have no great authority with them or they much respect for me. Jenny is particularly good at drawing and her pencil drawings are the best ornaments in our rooms. Laura was so negligent as regards drawing that we discontinued her lessons to punish her. On the other hand, she applies herself to piano exercises and sings duets with her sister very charmingly in English and in German. Unfortunately it was not until late—about a year and a half ago—that they were able to begin taking music lessons. It was beyond our means to pay for them and, besides, we had no piano. The one we have now is only hired and is hardly worth calling a piano. Both the girls give us many a joy because of their lovable, modest disposition. But their younger sister is petted and pampered by the whole house.

The child was born just as my poor dear Edgar was taken away from us and all the love for the little brother, all affection for him, was transferred to the baby sister. The elder girls fostered and fondled her with almost motherly care. It is true that there can hardly be a more lovable child, so pretty, simple and good-humoured. The most striking thing about her is her love for talking and telling stories. This she got from the Grimm Brothers, with whom she does not part night or day. We all read her those tales till we are weary, but woe betide us if we leave out a single syllable about the Noisy Goblin, King Brosselbart or Snow-White. It is through these tales that the child has learned German, besides English which she breathes here with the air, and

that her speech is most correct and precise. She is Karl's real pet and her chatter dispels many of his worries.

As far as the household is concerned, Lenchen is still as steadfast and conscientious as ever. Ask your husband about her, he will tell you what a treasure she has been for me. She has sailed with us through fair and foul for sixteen years.

In the past year we were terribly annoyed by the infamous attacks about the "rounded off nature," the base attitude of all the German, American, etc., press. You cannot imagine how many worries and sleepless nights the affair brought us.¹ The lawsuit against *Nationalzeitung* cost a lot of money, and when Karl had finished his book he could find no publisher for it. He was obliged to get it printed at his own expense (£25) and now that it has appeared it is passed over in silence by the base, cowardly, mercenary press. I am awfully glad to know that you liked it. Your opinion of it is the same, almost word for word, as that of all our friends. As a result of the deliberate silence of the press, the sale of the book is, of course, far from being as successful as we were entitled to expect. However, the appreciation of all people who matter must be enough for us at the present. Even opponents and enemies recognize it as being of great significance. Bucher calls it a compendium of contemporary history and Lassalle writes that such a work of art was an indescribable pleasure for him and his friends, who could not stop expressing their joy and delight at its wit. Engels considers it to be Karl's best book, so does Lupus. Congratulations pour in from all sides and even the old cur Ruge calls it a "good piece of nonsense." I am curious to know whether the same silence will be kept over it in America. It would be outrageous, all the more as all columns were open to worthless lies and calumnies. Perhaps your husband could help to spread it in some way?

Hardly had I finished copying the manuscript—it was still at the press—when I suddenly began to feel very poorly. A terrible fever came over me and a doctor had to be called in. He came on November 20 and examined me at length and with great care. After a long silence he said to me: "My dear Mrs. Marx, I am sorry to say you have got the smallpox—the children must leave the house immediately." You can imagine the terror and the wailing

¹ The allusion is to the slander campaign against Marx conducted during 1860 by the petty-bourgeois democrat Vogt and his clique in German, Swiss, French and American papers. Marx's *Herr Vogt*, which appeared in November 1860, was the answer to those attacks.—Ed.

that these words caused in the house. What could we do? The Liebknecchts did not hesitate to take in our children and that very noon the girls, carrying their few belongings, went into exile.

I got worse from hour to hour, pockmarks broke out fearfully. I was in great suffering. I had severe burning pains in my face and was completely unable to sleep. I was mortally anxious about Karl, who took the most tender care of me. In the end I lost all use of my outward senses although I was fully conscious all the time. I lay constantly by the open window so that the cold November air would blow over me, while there was a raging fire in the stove and ice on my burning lips, and I was given drops of claret from time to time. I could hardly swallow, my hearing was getting weaker, and finally my eyes closed, so that I did not know whether I would remain enveloped in eternal night.

My constitution, helped by the tenderest and truest care, took the upper hand, however, and so I am sitting here now in perfect health but with my face disfigured by pockmarks and of a red which is just the "Magenta" that is now in fashion. The children were not allowed back to the paternal home that they had been so longing for until Christmas eve. Our reunion was indescribably moving. The girls were overwhelmed with emotion and could hardly keep back their tears when they saw me. Five weeks before I had looked quite respectable beside my healthy-looking girls. Surprisingly, I had no grey hair and my teeth and figure were good and therefore people used to class me among the well-preserved women. But that was all a thing of the past now and I seemed to myself a kind of cross between a rhinoceros and a hippopotamus whose place was in the zoo rather than among the members of the Caucasian race. But do not be too terrified. It is not so bad now, the marks are beginning to heal.

No sooner was I able to leave my bed than my dear Karl fell ill. The excessive anxiety, worries and torments of all sorts forced him to take to his bed. His chronic liver disease took an acute turn for the first time. But thank God he got better after four weeks' suffering. In the meantime the *Tribune* had again halved our income and instead of getting money for Karl's book we had to pay a bill of exchange. Added to that came all the enormous expenses of that terrible disease. In a word, you can imagine our situation that winter.

As a result of all this Karl decided to make a flying trip to Holland, the land of his fathers, tobacco and cheese. He wants to see whether he can get

any money out of his uncle. So I am a grass widow for the time being, waiting for what success the trip to Holland will bring. On Saturday I got the first letter with some hope and sixty gulden. Such a matter cannot, of course, be hurried; tact, diplomacy and skill must be used. All the same, I hope that Karl will manage to rake something together there. As soon as he has any success in Holland he wants to make a secret detour to Berlin to see the lie of the land and if possible to arrange a monthly or weekly journal. We have been only too well convinced by late experiences that no progress is possible unless we have our own paper. If Karl succeeds in founding a new Party paper he will certainly write to your husband to ask him for reports from America.

Almost immediately after Karl's departure our faithful Lenchen fell ill and she is still in bed, though on the way to recovery. So I have my hands full and have written off this letter in the greatest hurry. But I was unable and unwilling to remain silent, and it has done my heart good to have emptied it to my oldest and truest friends. That is why I do not beg your pardon for having written at such great length about everything. My pen ran away with me and I only hope and wish that these scribbled lines will bring you some of the pleasure I had in reading your letter.

I immediately settled the matter of the bill of exchange and put everything in order just as if my lord and master had been here.

My daughters send love and kisses to your children—one Laura to the other—and I send each of them a kiss. Friendliest remembrances to your dear self. Be brave and courageous in these hard times. The world belongs to the fearless. Be a faithful and firm support for your husband and keep agile in body and in mind and the true "unrespectful" comrade of your dear children. And let us hear from you again when the occasion offers.

Yours,

Jenny Marx

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Eleanor Marx-Aveling

KARL MARX

(A Few Stray Notes)

My Austrian friends ask me to send them some recollections of my father. They could not well have asked me for anything more difficult. But Austrian men and women are making so splendid a fight for the cause for which Karl Marx lived and worked, that one cannot say nay to them. And so I will even try to send them a few stray, disjointed notes about my father.

Many strange stories have been told about Karl Marx, from that of his "millions" (in pounds sterling, of course, no smaller coin would do), to that of his having been subventioned by Bismarck, whom he is supposed to have constantly visited in Berlin during the time of the International (!).

But after all, to those who knew Karl Marx no legend is funnier than the common one which pictures him a morose, bitter, unbending, unapproachable man, a sort of Jupiter Tonans, ever hurling thunder, never known to smile, sitting aloof and alone in Olympus. This picture of the cheeriest, gayest soul that ever breathed, of a man brimming over with humour and good-humour, whose hearty laugh was infectious and irresistible, of the kindest, gentlest, most sympathetic of companions, is a standing wonder—and amusement—to those who knew him.

In his home life, as in his intercourse with friends, and even with mere acquaintances, I think one might say that Karl Marx's main characteristics were his unbounded good-humour and his unlimited sympathy. His kindness and patience were really sublime. A less sweet-tempered man would have often been driven frantic by the constant interruptions, the continual demands made upon him by all sorts of people. That a refugee of the Commune—a most unmitigated old bore, by the way—who had kept Marx three mortal hours, when at last told that time was pressing, and much work still had to be done, should reply "*Mon cher Marx, je vous excuse*" is characteristic of Marx's courtesy and kindness.

As to this old bore, so to any man or woman whom he believed honest (and he gave of his precious time to not a few who sadly abused his generosity), Marx was always the most friendly and kindly of men. His power of "drawing out" people, of making them feel that he was interested in what interested them was marvellous. I have heard men of the most diverse callings and positions speak of his peculiar capacity for understanding them and their affairs. When he thought anyone really in earnest his patience was unlimited. No question was too trivial for him to answer, no argument too childish for serious discussion. His time and his vast learning were always at the service of any man or woman who seemed anxious to learn.

* * *

But it was in his intercourse with children that Marx was perhaps most charming. Surely never did children have a more delightful playfellow. My earliest recollection of him is when I was about three years old, and "Mohr" (the old home name will slip out) was carrying me on his shoulder round our small garden in Grafton Terrace, and putting convolvulus flowers in my brown curls. Mohr was admittedly a splendid horse. In earlier days—I can-

not remember them, but have heard tell of them—my sisters and little brother—whose death just after my own birth was a lifelong grief to my parents—would “harness” Mohr to chairs which they “mounted,” and that he had to pull. . . . Personally—perhaps because I had no sisters of my own age—I preferred Mohr as a riding-horse. Seated on his shoulder, holding tight by his great mane of hair, then black, with but a hint of grey, I have had magnificent rides round our little garden, and over the fields—now built over—that surrounded our house in Grafton Terrace.

One word as to the name “Mohr.” At home we all had nicknames. (Readers of *Capital* will know what a hand at giving them Marx was.) “Mohr” was the regular, almost official, name by which Marx was called, not only by us, but by all the more intimate friends. But he was also our “Challey” (originally I presume a corruption of Charley!) and “Old Nick.” My mother was always our “Mohme.” Our dear old friend H el ene Demuth—the lifelong friend of my parents, became after passing through a series of names—our “Nym.” Engels, after 1870, became our “General.” A very intimate friend—Lina Sch oler—our “Old Mole.” My sister Jenny was “Qui Qui, Emperor of China” and “Di.” My sister Laura (Madame Lafargue) “the Hot-tentot” and “Kakadou.” I was “Tussy”—a name that has remained—and “Quo Quo, Successor to the Emperor of China,” and for a long time the “Getwerg Alberich” (from the *Nibelungen Lied*).

But if Mohr was an excellent horse, he had a still higher qualification. He was a unique, an unrivalled story-teller. I have heard my aunts say that as a little boy he was a terrible tyrant to his sisters, whom he would “drive” down the Markusberg at Trier full speed, as his horses, and worse, would insist on their eating the “cakes” he made with dirty dough and dirtier hands. But they stood the “driving” and ate the “cakes” without a murmur, for the sake of the stories Karl would tell them as a reward for their virtue. And so many and many a year later Marx told stories to his children. To my sisters—I was then too small—he told tales as they went for walks, and these tales were measured by miles not chapters. “Tell us another mile,” was the cry of the two girls. For my own part, of the many wonderful tales Mohr told me, the most wonderful, the most delightful one, was “Hans R ockle.” It went on for months and months; it was a whole series of stories. The pity no one was there to write down these tales so full of poetry, of wit, of humour! Hans R ockle himself was a Hoffmann-like magician, who kept a toyshop, and who was always “hard up.” His shop was full of the most wonderful things—of

wooden men and women, giants and dwarfs, kings and queens, workmen and masters, animals and birds as numerous as Noah got into the Arc, tables and chairs, carriages, boxes of all sorts and sizes. And though he was a magician, Hans could never meet his obligations either to the devil or the butcher, and was therefore—much against the grain—constantly obliged to sell his toys to the devil. These then went through wonderful adventures—always ending in a return to Hans Röckle's shop. Some of these adventures were as grim, as terrible, as any of Hoffmann's; some were comic; all were told with inexhaustible verve, wit and humour.

And Mohr would also read to his children. Thus to me, as to my sisters before me, he read the whole of Homer, the whole *Nibelungen Lied*, *Gudrun*, *Don Quixote*, the *Arabian Nights*, etc. As to Shakespeare he was the Bible of our house, seldom out of our hands or mouths. By the time I was six I knew scene upon scene of Shakespeare by heart.

On my sixth birthday Mohr presented me with my first novel—the immortal *Peter Simple*. This was followed by a whole course of Marryat and Cooper. And my father actually read every one of the tales as I read them, and gravely discussed them with his little girl. And when that little girl, fired by Marryat's tales of the sea, declared she would become a "Post-Captain" (whatever that may be) and consulted her father as to whether it would not be possible for her "to dress up as a boy" and "run away to join a man-of-war" he assured her he thought it might very well be done, only they must say nothing about it to anyone until all plans were well matured. Before these plans could be matured, however, the Scott mania had set in, and the little girl heard to her horror that she herself partly belonged to the detested clan of Campbell. Then came plots for rousing the Highlands, and for reviving "the forty-five." I should add that Scott was an author to whom Marx again and again returned, whom he admired and knew as well as he did Balzac and Fielding. And while he talked about these and many other books he would, all unconscious though she was of it, show his little girl where to look for all that was finest and best in the works, teach her—though she never thought she was being taught, to that she would have objected—to try and think, to try and understand for herself.

And in the same way this "bitter" and "embittered" man would talk "politics" and "religion" with the little girl. How well I remember, when I was perhaps some five or six years old, feeling certain religious qualms and (we



Eleanor, K. Marx's youngest daughter

had been to a Roman Catholic Church to hear the beautiful music) confiding them, of course, to Mohr, and how he quietly made everything clear and straight, so that from that hour to this no doubt could ever cross my mind again. And how I remember his telling me the story—I do not think it could ever have been so told before or since—of the carpenter whom the rich men killed, and many and many a time saying, “After all we can forgive Christianity much, because it taught us the worship of the child.”

And Marx could himself have said “suffer little children to come unto me” for wherever he went there children somehow would turn up also. If he sat on the Heath at Hampstead—a large open space in the north of London, near our old home—if he rested on a seat in one of the parks, a flock of children would soon be gathered round him on the most friendly and intimate terms with the big man with the long hair and beard, and the good brown eyes. Perfectly strange children would thus come about him, would stop him in the street. . . . Once, I remember, a small schoolboy of about ten, quite unceremoniously stopping the dreaded “chief of the International” in Maitland Park and asking him to “swop knives.” After a little necessary explanation that “swop” was schoolboy for “exchange,” the two knives were produced and compared. The boy’s had only one blade; the man’s had two, but these were undeniably blunt. After much discussion a bargain was struck, and the knives exchanged, the terrible “chief of the International” adding a penny in consideration of the bluntness of his blades.

How I remember, too, the infinite patience and sweetness with which, the American war and Blue Books having for the time ousted Marryat and Scott, he would answer every question, and never complain of an interruption. Yet it must have been no small nuisance to have a small child chattering while he was working at his great book. But the child was never allowed to think she was in the way. At this time too, I remember, I felt absolutely convinced that Abraham Lincoln badly needed my advice as to the war, and long letters would I indite to him, all of which Mohr, of course, had to read and post. Long long years after he showed me those childish letters that he had kept because they had amused him.

And so through the years of childhood and girlhood Mohr was an ideal friend. At home we were all good comrades, and he always the kindest and best humoured. Even through the years of suffering when he was in constant pain, suffering from carbuncles, even to the end. . .

* * *

I have jotted down these few disjointed memories, but even these would be quite incomplete if I did not add a word about my mother. It is no exaggeration to say that Karl Marx could never have been what he was without Jenny von Westphalen. Never were the lives of two people—both remarkable—so at one, so complementary one of the other. Of extraordinary beauty—a beauty in which he took pleasure and pride to the end, and that had wrung admiration from men like Heine and Herwegh and Lassalle—of intellect and wit as brilliant as her beauty, Jenny von Westphalen was a woman in a million. As little boy and girl Jenny and Karl played together; as youth and maiden—he but seventeen, she twenty-one,—they were betrothed, and as Jacob for Rachel he served for her seven years before they were wed. Then through all the following years of storm and stress, of exile, bitter poverty, calumny, stern struggle and strenuous battle, these two, with their faithful and trusty friend, Hélène Demuth, faced the world, never flinching, never shrinking, always at the post of duty and of danger. Truly he could say of her in Browning's words:

Therefore she is immortally my bride,
Chance cannot change my love nor time impair.

And I sometimes think that almost as strong a bond between them as their devotion to the cause of the workers was their immense sense of humour. Assuredly two people never enjoyed a joke more than these two. Again and again—especially if the occasion were one demanding decorum and sedateness, have I seen them laugh till tears ran down their cheeks, and even those inclined to be shocked at such awful levity could not choose but laugh with them. And how often have I seen them not daring to look at one another, each knowing that once a glance was exchanged uncontrollable laughter would result. To see these two with eyes fixed on anything but one another, for all the world like two schoolchildren, suffocating with suppressed laughter that at last despite all efforts would well forth, is a memory I would not barter for all the millions I am sometimes credited with having inherited. Yes, in spite of all the suffering, the struggles, the disappointments, they were a merry pair, and the embittered Jupiter Tonans a figment of bourgeois imagination. And if in the years of struggle there were many disillusiones, if they met with strange ingratitude, they had what is given to few—true friends. Where the name of Marx is known there too is known that of Frederick Engels. And those who knew Marx in his home remember also

the name of as noble a woman as ever lived, the honoured name of Hélène Demuth.

To those who are students of human nature it will not seem strange that this man, who was such a fighter, should at the same time be the kindest and gentlest of men. They will understand that he could hate so fiercely only because he could love so profoundly; that if his trenchant pen could as surely imprison a soul in hell as Dante himself it was because he was so true and tender; that if his sarcastic humour could bite like a corrosive acid, that same humour could be as balm to those in trouble and afflicted.

My mother died in the December of 1881. Fifteen months later he who had never been divided from her in life had joined her in death. After life's fitful fever they sleep well. If she was an ideal woman, he—well, he “was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again.”

Printed from the manuscript

Written in English

Eleanor Marx-Aveling

**REMARKS ON A LETTER
BY THE YOUNG MARX¹**

Karl was a young man of seventeen when he became engaged to Jenny. For them, too, the path of true love was not a smooth one. It is easy to understand that Karl's parents opposed the "engagement" of a young man of his age. . . . The earnestness with which Karl assures his father of his love in spite of certain contradictions is explained by the fairly stormy scenes his engagement had caused at home. My father used to say that at that time he had been a really furious Roland. But the question was soon settled and shortly before or after his eighteenth birthday the "engagement" was formally accepted. Seven years Karl waited for his beautiful Jenny, but "they seemed but so many days to him, because he loved her so much."

On June 19, 1843, they were wedded. Having played together as children and become engaged as a young man and girl, the couple went hand in hand through the battle of life.

And what a battle! Years of bitter pressing need and still worse, years of brutal suspicion, infamous calumny and icy indifference. But through all that, in unhappiness and happiness the two lifelong friends and lovers never

¹ Written on the occasion of the publication of a letter of the young Marx written to his father on November 10, 1837.—*Ed.*

faltered, never doubted, they were faithful till death. And death has not separated them.

His whole life long Marx did not only love his wife, he was in love with her. Before me is a love letter the passionate youthful ardour of which would make one think it was written by an eighteen-year-old. Marx wrote it in 1856, after Jenny had borne him six children. Called to Trier, by the death of his mother in 1863, he wrote from there that he had made "daily pilgrimages to the old house of the Westphalens (in Römerstrasse) that interests me more than the whole of Roman antiquity¹ because it reminds me of my happy youth and once enclosed my dearest treasure. Besides, I am asked daily on all sides about the former 'most beautiful girl in Trier' and 'Queen of the ball.' It is damned pleasant for a man when his wife lives on in the imagination of a whole city as a delightful princess."...

Marx was deeply attached to his father. He never tired of telling about him and always carried an old daguerreotype photograph of him. But he would never show the photo to strangers, because, he said, it was so unlike the original. I thought the face was very handsome, the eyes and brow were like those of his son but the features were softer about the mouth and chin; the type was generally definitely Jewish, but beautifully so. When, after the death of his wife, Marx undertook a long, sad journey to recover his health—for he wanted to complete his work—he took with him everywhere the photo of his father, an old photo of my mother on glass (in a case) and a photograph of my sister Jenny. We found them after his death in his breast pocket. Engels laid them in his coffin.

Published in *Die Neue Zeit*,
Vol. 1, 1897-98

Translated from the German

¹ Römerstrasse means "street of the Romans."—Tr.



Edgar Longuet

SOME ASPECTS OF KARL MARX'S FAMILY LIFE¹

In sketching this outline of Karl Marx's family life I should have liked to be able to illustrate it with many personal remembrances. Unfortunately those remembrances are blurred by the years and above all by the fact that I was only three years old when I saw my grandfather for the last time.

But it is curious that among the many events that go to fill one's life certain facts remain engraved, one knows not why, in the memory.

Thus, I remember quite clearly a walk that my grandfather took my brother Jean and me for in the Bois de Champroux, which in that year 1882 still gave Argenteuil with its asparagus fields and vineyards the aspect of a

¹ These notes were written by Edgar Longuet, a member of the French Communist Party and grandson of Karl Marx (son of his daughter Jenny and Charles Longuet), in March 1949 for the 66th anniversary of Karl Marx's death.—*Ed.*

remote countryside. It was during a visit Marx paid to my parents in July 1882, for since the return of my father, Charles Longuet, an ex-member of the Commune, from exile at the end of 1880, my parents lived in that country district.

I bear my grandfather no ill-will for the regrettable but, I am afraid, well-deserved, reputation that he made me during my childhood. It appears that when I was about eighteen months old I was very gourmand and for that reason my grandfather called me the "Wolf." Marx gave me the name because one day I was surprised biting at a raw kidney which I thought was a piece of chocolate and which I continued to devour despite my mistake.

In a letter to my mother, however, my grandfather mitigated his judgement on me: "Remember me to Jean, Harry" (my younger brother) "and the good Wolf, who is really a splendid child."

I shall come back to Marx's relations with his grandchildren later. I now want to give a brief description of his family life, without touching on his political life.

* * *

Briefly, I recall that Marx was born at Trèves in 1818, shortly after the annexation of that town by France was ended.

His father, who was of Jewish extraction and had a long line of rabbis as ancestors, had embraced the Protestant faith, which, he thought, would facilitate him his profession as lawyer.

At the age of eighteen Marx was engaged to Jenny von Westphalen, who was considered the "most beautiful girl in Trèves." Her family came from Brunswick.

I shall leave out the first part of my grandfather's life, which is well known from the political point of view, and simply recall that he arrived in Paris in 1843 and was expelled in January 1845. (It was during that stay in Paris that my mother was born, so that she was a Parisian by birth.)

He then lived in Brussels but was expelled from there too and returned to Paris on March 5, 1848, at the call of Flocon, in the name of the Provisional Government formed on February 24.

In April he left Paris and went to Germany, persuaded that the February Revolution, which had been carried out by the proletariat, had been used once more by the bourgeoisie to seize power against the working class.

In Germany he raised the standard of the revolution and fought fiercely

until the day when reaction was victorious and he was again forced to go into exile.

He returned to Paris at the beginning of June 1849 and was there when the Legislative Assembly, the majority of whose members were royalists, met.

Hardly a month later he was politely given twenty-four hours to leave the city. Then, at the end of August 1849, he went to England and it was in that country, which *at that time* was the refuge for all the banished of the world, that he spent the rest of his life, thirty-four years. To start with I must recall that if, in spite of his continually declining health (liver disease, attacks of asthma, frequently repeated outbreaks of furunculosis) and of the material hardships he had to suffer, he was able to achieve what he had undertaken, it was Frederick Engels he owed it to.

The friendship of Marx and Engels deserves to go down in history like the ancient legend of Orestes and Pylades. Engels did himself violence most of his life to manage a branch of his father's business in Manchester and to ply a trade which weighed heavily upon him. His only reason for doing so was to be able to help Marx and allow him to carry out his work. There is no doubt that without Engels Marx and his family would have starved.

I wish to say a few words, too, about a second person who played an important role in Marx's life and family. I mean the excellent H el ene Demuth, familiarly called *Lenchen*.

She entered the service of my great grandmother, the Baroness von Westphalen, at the age of eight or nine and followed my grandmother everywhere, to Paris, Brussels, London, from her marriage till her death. She saw the birth and the death of the children, went with Marx's family through the horrors of poverty, hunger and distress, watched over the children, the friends and the emigrants deprived of everything, managed to feed them when everything was pawned, spent nights sewing, washing, or at their bed-side when they were ill. I have the most touching memory of her.

This admirable woman perfectly deserved to be buried with Marx, his wife and their grandson Harry in the grave at Highgate, London.

POVERTY OF THE EMIGRANTS IN LONDON

I should now like to give a short description of the life of an emigrant and a family of emigrants arriving in London without any resources. For Marx and his family there began a life of misery, sufferings and bereave-

ments and I cannot give a better idea of it than by quoting a letter from Marx to Engels saying that he "could no longer bear the horrible nights that his wife spent in tears."...

In June 1850, Marx and his family, evicted from their house, took refuge in a furnished hotel in Leicester Square and later in Dean Street, where their dwelling was still very poor—a room with a small closet, so that one of the rooms was at the same time kitchen, study and drawing-room.

And the difficulties went on.

In 1851, at the birth of Franzisca, Marx wrote to Engels: "At the same time, my wife has had a child. The birth was easy, but she is still in bed for domestic reasons more than physical ones. I have literally not a farthing in the house, but I have no shortage of bills from shopkeepers, the butcher, the baker, etc. . . ."

"You will agree that all this does not make a very nice picture and that I am up to my neck in the petty-bourgeois mire. And then into the bargain I am accused of exploiting the workers and striving for a dictatorship. How horrible! . . ."

In a letter dated September 8, 1852, he wrote:

"My wife is ill. Jenny" (my mother) "is ill. Hélène has a sort of nervous fever. I have been and still am unable to call the doctor because I have no money to pay for medicine.

"For the past week I have been feeding my family on bread and potatoes and I wonder whether I shall manage to get some more for today."

In January 1855 a sixth child was born. They called it Tussy (my aunt Eleanor Aveling). It was so puny that it was expected to die every day. A few months later Marx had one of the greatest griefs of his life: his only boy, Edgar, his Mush, "Colonel Mush," died in his arms. The child had been struggling with death for weeks and Marx's letters had been reporting the changes for better and for worse in its condition. But in a letter on March 30 Marx wrote to Engels: "the disease has finally turned out to be phthisis of the lower abdomen, a hereditary disease in my family, and the doctors have given up all hope. . . . My heart is bleeding and my head on fire, although I must of course keep cool. During its illness the child has been true to itself—good and yet full of personality."

The child was indeed very intelligent and had its father's love for books.

On April 12, 1855, my poor grandfather wrote to Engels:

"Our house is of course quite empty and desolate after the death of the child who was the soul of it. I cannot tell you how much we miss the boy everywhere. I have already been through all kinds of sufferings, but only now have I found out what real unhappiness is. I feel quite broken. Luckily, I have had such a headache since the day of the burial that I am no longer living.

"In the horrible sufferings that I have been through these days I have always been held up by the thought of your friendship and the conviction that we two still have an intelligent job to do on this earth."

A few weeks later, my grandmother lost her mother and inherited a few hundred thalers so that the family was able to settle in a more healthy apartment in Grafton Square.

Marx had another child who died very young. The circumstances that accompanied this death were atrocious and made such a tragic impression on my grandfather that "he was out of his wits for several days."

For many years life continued just as hard for Marx and his family except for the bereavements.

His contributions to the *New York Tribune* improved his situation a little financially for a few years, and then poverty came again, so cruel that Marx wrote to Engels that he intended to confide his children to some friends, to dismiss H el ene Demuth, to go into furnished rooms with his wife and look for employment as a common cashier.

The death of his mother brought a small inheritance in 1863. A little later his old friend Wilhelm Wolff died and left him his little fortune. This allowed Marx to clear his debts, including those contracted for *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, and to devote himself exclusively to scientific work as far as his health allowed. But his health did not improve and his life was several times in danger.

From then on a year seldom went by without Marx suffering from abscesses or anthraxes, added to which he had troubles caused by a liver disease.

A PRODIGIOUS LIFE OF WORK AND STRUGGLE

It would have been interesting to show how Marx, harassed by material, moral and health difficulties, succeeded in achieving such a gigantic task.

Not wishing to make these notes too long, I shall just mention at first that Marx spent whole days, from ten in the morning till seven in the evening,

at the British Museum looking through Blue Books, parliamentary documents, social and economic studies, etc., and spent whole nights working at home.

He made numerous attempts to earn his living by his intellectual work but it was generally impossible for him to find publishers—besides, Engels could not countenance him wasting his time on works of secondary importance and urged him to devote every available minute to the preparation for the great work on economics that he planned. For that purpose he offered him constant help.

But that help was insufficient.

Neue Rheinische Zeitung only brought Marx debts.

That was why he accepted to work for the *New York Tribune* from 1851. This obliged him to undertake numerous studies, which, however, partly fitted in with his main scientific work. Those articles were certainly valuable contributions to the general and economic history of modern times.

Unfortunately, from the financial point of view, he received payment for only one-third of those articles, the others were suppressed by the editor, who therefore did not consider himself obliged to pay for them.

Marx, it must be said, resigned himself with great misgivings to this thankless literary work that did not even allow him to feed his family.

In 1852 most of his time was taken up in connection with the arrest of the Cologne and other members of the Communist League and the legal proceedings against them.

Marx worked untiringly with his London friends to prove that the trial was nothing but a machination of the police and the government. . . .

Let it be recalled, finally, that it was at the very time when Marx was weighed down by hardships, that he wrote the painstaking, profound and penetrating work *The Eighteenth Brumaire*.

And all this time Marx could not leave his house because he had pawned his clothing.

The years went by, still with the same material hardships, the long days of sickness, the spells of unrelenting work, and notwithstanding everything the great work was carried on. It was the work of a fighter, a thinker, and a creator, for not limiting himself to work in his study, Marx unceasingly devoted himself to directing the International Working Men's Association as well as to his tremendous theoretical work.

In spite of everything, his house, especially when he was living in Mait-

land Park (which was not spared by Nazi bombs), was an asylum for all emigrants and all fighters, whether English or foreign.

In my childhood I find the memory of the atmosphere that prevailed in that house where Marx lived with his wife—who, in spite of deaths and afflictions, always had a smiling welcome for her guests, most of them emigrants—and with his daughters Jenny, Laura (later the wife of Paul Lafargue) and Eleanor, the three of them remarkable for their intelligence and culture, and each deserving a separate biography.

Marx, who was worshipped by his daughters, adored children, and it is easy to imagine how terrible for him were the losses which afflicted him. Yes, Marx adored children and he was always loving and merry with them.

At the bottom of his heart this dauntless fighter had a store of sensitiveness, kindness and tender devotedness.

He would play with children as though a child himself without any thought of compromising his dignity. In the streets of his district he was known as “Daddy Marx,” a gentleman who always had a sweet in his pocket for the youngsters.

Later he transferred this affection to his grandchildren. “Lots of kisses to you and your little men,” he wrote to my mother.

He never wrote a letter without speaking of the children:

“And now give me a long account of all that Jean and the others have been doing.”

In a letter written in 1881 he told my mother:

“Tussy, with the help of Engels, had just taken the case of Christmas presents for the children to the Parcel Company. Hélène asks specially to tell you that it is she who sends the frock for Harry” (he died shortly after Marx), “one for Eddy” (myself) “and a little beret for Pa” (my brother Marcel). “Laura is sending Pa a little blue suit too. From me there is a sailor suit for my dear Jean. Mama used to laugh so merrily in the very last days of her life when she told Laura how you and I went to Paris with Jean to choose a suit for him that made him look like a *‘Bourgeois Gentleman.’*”

Jean went to see him more than the rest of us because he was the eldest.

“Tell Jean,” he said in another letter to my mother, “that yesterday as I was going for a walk in Maitland Park the keeper came in all his dignity to ask me about Johnny.”

The expressions he used when talking about his grandchildren were often as original as they were charming:



Karl Marx. 1866

"Lots and lots of kisses to Jean, Harry and the noble 'Wolf.' As for the 'great unknown,' I cannot take such a liberty with him." (He meant my brother Marcel, who was born in April 1881 and whom he had not yet seen.)

I know no better way of showing his affection for his grandchildren than to quote the last sentence of a letter to his daughter a short time after the death of my grandmother:

"I hope to spend many a fine day with you and to fulfil worthily my duties as a grandfather."

Alas, Karl Marx was not able to put his desire into effect.

Exhausted by successive illnesses and greatly affected by the death of his wife, he had the terrible sorrow a few months later, in January 1883, of seeing his eldest daughter, my mother, Jenny Longuet, die. This last blow, on top of so many years of suffering and misery led, on March 14, 1883, to the death of this man of genius who had consecrated his life to prepare the emancipation of the proletariat and fought till his last breath for the happiness of men.

As Frederick Engels said at his tomb:

"His name will endure through the ages, and so also will his work!"

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Translated from the French

CONFESSIONS

Your favourite virtue	Simplicity.
Your favourite virtue in man	Strength.
Your favourite virtue in woman	Weakness.
Your chief characteristic	Singleness of purpose.
Your idea of happiness	To fight.
Your idea of misery	Submission.
The vice you excuse most	Gullibility.
The vice you detest most	Servility.
Your aversion	Martin Tupper.
Favourite occupation	Book-worming.
Favourite poet	Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Goethe.
Favourite prose-writer	Diderot.
Favourite hero	Spartacus, Kepler.
Favourite heroine	Gretchen.
Favourite flower	Daphne.
Favourite colour	Red.
Favourite name	Laura, Jenny.
Favourite dish	Fish.
Favourite maxim	<i>Nihil humani a me alienum puto.</i>
Favourite motto	<i>De omnibus dubitandum.</i>

Karl Marx

From a manuscript by Marx's
daughter Laura

Written in English



P. Annenkov. FROM THE ESSAY "A WONDERFUL TEN YEARS"

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P. Annenkov

**FROM THE ESSAY
"A WONDERFUL TEN YEARS"**

On my way to Europe I got a letter of introduction to Marx from our steppe landlord.¹ He turned out to be on most friendly terms with the future head of the International Association. He assured Marx that having given himself body and soul to his radiant teaching and the cause of establishing economic order in Europe, he was returning to Russia with the intention of selling his whole estate and plunging with the whole of his capital into the crater of the coming revolution.² His enthusiasm could go no further than that, but I am convinced that the impulsive land-owner was quite sincere when he made all those promises. When, in fact, he did return to his native land, first to his estate and then to

¹ The Kazan land-owner Grigory Mikhailovich Tolstoi.

² Marx made the following comment in French to this sentence in his copy of Annenkov's reminiscences: "That is a lie! He did not say anything of the sort. On the contrary, he told me that he was going back home for the greater good of his own peasants! He was even so naïve as to invite me to go with him!"—*Ed.*

Moscow, he did not even give a thought to his ardent words that had so impressed the astounded Marx. He died not long ago, an aged but still dashing bachelor, in Moscow.

... However, I availed myself of the recommendation of my enthusiastic land-owner, who was still under the influence of his ardour when he gave me it, and I was welcomed in a most friendly way by Marx in Brussels. . . . Marx himself was the type of man who is made up of energy, will and unshakable conviction. He was most remarkable in his appearance. He had a shock of deep black hair and hairy hands and his coat was buttoned wrong; but he looked like a man with the right and power to demand respect, no matter how he appeared before you and no matter what he did. His movements were clumsy but confident and self-reliant, his ways defied the usual conventions in human relations, but they were dignified and somewhat disdainful; his sharp metallic voice was wonderfully adapted to the radical judgements that he passed on persons and things. . . . He was a most striking contrast to the type of man I had recently left in Russia.

At our very first meeting Marx invited me to a conference he was to have at his house next day with Weitling, who had left a fairly large group of supporters in Germany. The conference was intended to determine, if possible, a common line of action for the leaders of the working-class movement. I eagerly accepted the invitation.

The tailor-agitator Weitling was a handsome fair-headed young man in a coat of elegant cut, a coquettishly trimmed small beard, more like a commercial traveller than the stern, embittered worker that I had expected to meet. We introduced ourselves to each other rather casually, with a touch of elaborate courtesy on Weitling's side, however, and took our places at the small green table. Marx sat at one end of it with a pencil in his hand and his leonine head bent over a sheet of paper, while Engels, his inseparable fellow-worker and comrade in propaganda, tall and erect and as dignified and serious as an Englishman, made the opening speech. He spoke of the necessity for people, who have devoted themselves to transforming labour, of explaining their views to one another and agreeing on a single common doctrine that could be a banner for all their followers who lacked the time and opportunity to study theory. Engels had not finished his speech when Marx raised his head, turned to Weitling and said: "Tell us, Weitling, you who have made such a noise in Germany with your preaching: on what grounds do you justify your activity and what do you intend to base it on in the future?"

I remember quite well the form of the blunt question, because it was the beginning of a heated discussion, which, as we shall see, was very brief. Weitling apparently wanted to keep the conference within the bounds of commonplace liberal talk. With a serious, somewhat worried face he started to explain that his aim was not to create new economic theories but to adopt those that were most appropriate, as experience in France had shown, to open the eyes of the workers to the horrors of their condition and all the injustices which it had become the motto of the rulers and societies to inflict on them, and to teach them never more to believe any promises of the latter, but to rely only upon themselves, and to organize in democratic and communist associations. He spoke for a long time, but to my astonishment and in contrast to Engels, confusedly and not too well from the literary point of view, often repeating and correcting himself and arriving with difficulty at his conclusions, which either came too late or preceded his propositions. He now had quite different listeners from those who generally surrounded him at his work or read his newspaper and printed pamphlets on the contemporary economic system: he therefore lost his ease of thought and speech. Weitling would probably have gone on talking had not Marx interrupted him with an angry frown and started his reply.

His sarcastic speech boiled down to this: to rouse the population without giving them any firm, well-thought-out reasons for their activity would be simply deceiving them. The rousing of fantastic hopes just spoken of, Marx continued, leads only to the final ruin and not to the saving of the sufferers. To call to the workers without any strictly scientific ideas or constructive doctrine, especially in Germany, was equivalent to vain dishonest play at preaching which assumes an inspired prophet on the one side and on the other only gaping asses. . . . People without constructive doctrine cannot do anything and have indeed done nothing so far except make a noise, rouse dangerous flares and bring about the ruin of the cause they had undertaken. Weitling's pale cheeks coloured and he regained his liveliness and ease of speech. In a voice trembling with agitation he started trying to prove that a man who had rallied hundreds of people under the same banner in the name of justice, solidarity and mutual brotherly assistance could not be called a completely vain and useless man; he, Weitling, consoled himself for the attacks of today by remembering the hundreds of letters and declarations of gratitude that he had received from all parts of his native land and by the thought that his modest spade-work was perhaps of greater weight for the common

cause than criticism and armchair analysis of doctrines far from the world of the suffering and afflicted people.

At the last words Marx finally lost control of himself and thumped so hard with his fist on the table that the lamp on it rung and shook. He jumped up saying: "Ignorance never yet helped anybody!" We followed his example and left the table. The sitting ended, and as Marx paced up and down the room, extraordinarily irritated and angry, I hurriedly took leave of him and his interlocutors and went home, amazed at all I had seen and heard.

...My association with Marx did not cease even after I left Brussels. I met him again with Engels in 1848 in Paris, where they arrived immediately after the February Revolution. . . .

But before then I had minutes of conversation by correspondence with Marx which were of great interest to me. One such occasion was in 1846, when Marx wrote me a long letter in French on Proudhon's *Philosophy of Poverty*, giving me his view of Proudhon's theory.¹ That letter was most remarkable: it was ahead of its time by two features—a criticism of Proudhon's theses which foresaw absolutely every objection to be made subsequently, and the novelty of the view on the significance of the economic history of peoples. Marx was one of the first to say that the forms of statehood and the whole social life of peoples with their morals, philosophy, art and science are but the direct results of the economic relations between people, and that they themselves are changed or even abolished with changes in those relations. The whole point is to find out and determine the laws which give rise to changes in the economic relations of people which are of such enormous consequence. But in Proudhon's antinomies, in his opposing some economic phenomena to others, arbitrarily brought together and, as history proves, not in any way following one from the other, Marx saw only a tendency of the author to quieten the conscience of the bourgeoisie by raising the facts of the modern economic system which displeased it to the status of harmless abstractions after the style of Hegel and to laws alleged to be inherent in the very nature of things. On these grounds he calls Proudhon a theologian of socialism and a petty bourgeois from the top of his head to the soles of his feet.

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Translated from the Russian

¹ See K. Marx and F. Engels, *Selected Correspondence*, Moscow, pp. 39-51.



Franziska Kugelmann

**SMALL TRAITS
OF MARX'S GREAT CHARACTER¹**

When a young student, my father was an enthusiastic admirer of Karl Marx. He wrote to him, after getting his London address through Miquel, who was a member of the same students' club as he, the Normannia. To my father's immense pleasure Marx answered him, and gradually a regular correspondence was established between them. Letters were addressed to Marx under the name of A. Williams, for his correspondence was watched by the government, opened and often not forwarded. For the same reason my father was careful not to address Marx

¹ Franziska Kugelmann's reminiscences were written at the request of the Institute of Marxism-Leninism of the C.C., C.P.S.U., in 1928.—*Ed.*

by his name in his letters but used the form of address "My esteemed and dear Friend!"

Several years later, when Marx wrote that he intended to go to the continent, my father, who in the meantime had married, invited him to be his guest and Marx accepted the invitation for a few days.

My mother, a gay young Rhineland woman, was rather worried about the visit. She expected to see a great scholar, completely absorbed with political ideas and hostile to the contemporary system of society. My father was busy the whole of the morning and part of the afternoon with his work as a doctor, how could she entertain a man like Marx? My father assured her that she would remember those days with pleasure for the rest of her life. Never was a prophecy more exactly fulfilled.

When the men arrived from the station, instead of the morose revolutionary she had expected my mother was greeted by a smart, good-humoured gentleman whose warm Rhinish accent at once reminded her of home. Young dark eyes smiled at her from under a mane of grey hair, his movements and his conversation were full of youthly freshness. He would not let my father make the slightest allusion to politics. He silenced him with the remark: "That is not for young ladies, we'll speak of that later." On the very first evening his conversation was so entertaining, witty and merry that the hours seemed to fly.

It happened to be the beginning of Holy Week and my parents asked Marx to go and hear Bach's Passion according to Saint Matthew with them on Good Friday. Marx refused saying that, although he was a great lover of music and particularly of Bach's, he must leave on Maundy Thursday at the latest.

However, he stayed in Hanover¹ for four weeks. It was such a pleasure for my parents to recall those days in detail with all the conversations they had with him that they were like a sunny hilltop rising above their everyday life and never shrouded in the mist of oblivion. . . .

It was not only in our family circle that Marx was unpretentious and amiable. With my parents' acquaintances, too, he took an interest in everything and when he was particularly attracted by anybody or a witty remark was made he would adjust his monocle and survey the person in question with a friendly interest.

¹ Marx was in Hanover from April 17 to the middle of May 1867.— *Ed.*

He was somewhat short-sighted but he wore spectacles only when he had to read or write for a long time.

My parents took particular pleasure in recalling the conversations they had with him in the early hours of the day, when they were least disturbed. My mother used even to get up earlier to finish her work about the house before breakfast. They would often sit for hours at the coffee table and my father was always sorry when he was called away by his work.

The subjects of conversation included not only the interior and exterior life of Marx, but all fields of art, science, poetry and philosophy. Marx, who was as noble and amiable as he was great, never showed the slightest trace of pedantry. My mother took a great interest in philosophy, although she had not made a deep study of it. Marx spoke to her about Kant, Fichte and Schopenhauer and also alluded to Hegel, whose enthusiastic follower he had been in his youth. He quoted Hegel himself as having said that Rosenkranz was the only one of his students who had understood him, and incorrectly at that. . . .

Marx had a deep hatred for sentimentality, which is but a caricature of real feeling. On occasion he would cite Goethe's words: "I have never had much of an opinion of sentimental people; if anything happens they are sure to prove bad comrades." When anybody showed exaggerated feeling in his presence he liked to recall Heine's lines:

Ein Fräulein stand am Meere,
Ihr war so weh und bang,
Es grämte sie so sehre,
Der Sonnenuntergang.¹

Marx had known Heine and visited the unfortunate poet during his last illness in Paris. Heine's bed was being changed as Marx entered. His sufferings were so great that he could not bear to be touched, and the nurses carried him to his bed in a sheet. But Heine's wit did not forsake him and he said to Marx in a feeble voice: "See, my dear Marx, the ladies still carry me aloft."

1

A girl stood by the seashore
In such great pain and dread.
What was all her grief for?
Because the sun had set.

Marx was of the opinion that all Heine's wonderful songs about love were the fruit of his imagination, that he had never had any success with ladies and had been anything but happy in his married life. His lines:

Um sechse ward er gehenkt,
Um sieben ward er ins Grab gesenkt,
Sie aber schon un achte
Trank roten Wein und lachte.¹

Marx thought, applied perfectly to his death.

Marx's opinion of Heine's character was by no means a good one. He blamed him in particular for his ingratitude to friends who had helped him. For instance, the completely unjustified irony of the lines on Christiana: "For a youth so amiable no praise is too great," etc.

For Marx friendship was sacred. Once a friend visiting him allowed himself the remark that Frederick Engels, being a well-to-do man, could have done more to save Marx his serious money troubles. Marx cut him short with the words: "Relations between Engels and me are so intimate and affectionate that nobody has the right to interfere." When somebody said a thing that displeased him he generally answered with a joke. In general he never resorted to coarse means of defence but retaliated with sharp thrusts which never missed their mark.

There was probably no field of science into which he had not penetrated deeply, no art for which he was not an enthusiast, no beauty of nature which did not arouse his admiration. But he could not bear truthlessness, hollowness, boasting or pretence.

For about an hour and a half before lunch he would write letters, work or read newspapers in the room that he had at his disposal besides his bedroom. It was there too that he looked through the first volume of *Capital*. There was a statue of Minerva Medica with her symbolical little owl. Marx, who had a great admiration for my mother, her kind-heartedness, ready wit and good humour and her knowledge, which was extensive for her age, particularly in the fields of poetry and literature, once said to her jokingly that she was a young goddess of wisdom herself. "No, I am not," my mother answered, "I am only the little screech-owl that sits listening at her feet."

At six he was executed,
At seven laid in the grave
And lo! as eight was striking
She drank red wine in high glee.

That was why he sometimes called her his dear little owl, a name which he later gave to a little girl whom he loved very much and who used to sit on his knee for hours playing and chatting with him.

He used to call my mother "Madame la Comtesse" because of her self-assurance in society and because she attached great importance to good manners. Soon he never gave her any other name, no matter who happened to be present.

It was a habit in the Marx family to give nicknames to people. He himself was called Moor, by his daughters as well as by his friends. His second daughter Laura, Mrs. Lafargue, was generally called "das Laura" or Master Kakadou, after a fashionable tailor in an old novel, because of the exceptional taste and smartness with which she dressed. Marx called his eldest daughter Jenny "Jennychen." My mother also mentioned her nickname but I have forgotten what it was. Eleanor, the youngest daughter, was always called "Tussy."

He gave my father the name Wenzel. The reason was that my father once said that a guide in Prague had bored him with details about two Bohemian rulers, the good Wenzel and the bad one. The bad one had St. John Nepomucen thrown into the Moldau, the good one was very pious.¹ My father was very outspoken in his sympathies and antipathies and Marx would call him the good or the bad Wenzel according to his attitude. Later he also sent him his photo dedicated to "his Wenzel."

He often gave my parents' friends and acquaintances other names in their absence and said they should be their real names, although he often chose names that were not very typical but common ones. As a result, every time Marx was introduced to any of our acquaintances my father would afterwards ask: "Well, Marx, what should their name really be?..."

He was always merry, ready to joke and tease, and he was never more bored than when someone tactlessly asked him about his doctrine. He never answered such questions. In the family he called this curiosity about him "travelling opinion." But it was a rare occurrence.

Once a gentleman asked him who would clean shoes in the future state. He answered vexedly, "You should." The tactless questioner understood and was silent. That was perhaps the only time that Marx lost his temper. . . .

¹ The allusion is to the Czech Prince Saint Wenzel (circa 908-929) and the Czech King Wenzel IV (1361-1419) who had John of Nepomucen executed.—*Ed.*

Party comrades from everywhere, often from the most distant parts, came to visit Marx. He received them all in his room. Long conversations on politics often ensued and they were continued in my father's study. . . .

Marx's taste was most refined in poetry as well as in science and the imitative arts. He was extraordinarily well-read and had a remarkable memory. He shared my father's enthusiasm for the great poets of classical Greece, Shakespeare and Goethe; Chamisso and Rückert were also among his favourites. He would quote Chamisso's touching poetry *The Beggar and His Dog*. He admired Rückert's art in writing and especially his masterly translation of Hariri's *Maqāmas*, which are incomparable in their originality. Years later Marx presented it to my mother in remembrance of that time.

Marx was remarkably gifted for languages. Besides English, he knew French so well that he himself translated *Capital* into French,¹ and his knowledge of Greek, Latin, Spanish and Russian was so good that he could translate from them at sight. He learned Russian by himself "as a diversion" when he was suffering from carbuncles.

He was of the opinion that Turgenev wonderfully renders the peculiarities of the Russian soul in its veiled Slavonic sensitivity. Lermontov's descriptions, he thought, were hardly to be excelled and seldom equalled.

His favourite among the Spaniards was Calderon. He had several of his works with him and often read us parts of them. . . .

In our flat there was a large room with five windows which we called the hall and where we used to play music. Friends of the house called it Olympus because of the busts of Greek gods around the walls. Throned above them all was Zeus Otricolus.

My father thought Marx greatly resembled the last mentioned and many people agreed with him. Both had a powerful head with abundant hair, a magnificent thoughtful brow, an authoritative and yet kind expression. Marx's calm yet warm and lively nature, knowing no absent-mindedness or excitement, my father thought, also made him resemble his Olympian favourites. He liked to quote Marx's pertinent answer to the reproach that "the gods of the classics are eternal rest without any passions." On the contrary, Marx said, they were eternal passion without any unrest. My father could get very irritated when expressing his opinion of those who

¹ Marx did not translate Book I of *Capital* into French, but carefully edited J. Roy's translation with which he was not satisfied.—Ed.

tried to drag Marx into the agitation of their political party undertakings. He wanted Marx, like the Olympian father of the gods and of men, only to flash his lightning into the world and occasionally hurl his thunder against it but not to waste his precious time in everyday agitation. The days thus flowed quickly by, filled with serious or merry conversation. Marx himself often called that period an oasis in the desert of his life.

Two years later my parents again had the pleasure of entertaining Marx for a few weeks, this time with his eldest daughter Jenny. The latter, an attractive slender girl with dark curly hair, greatly resembled her father in nature and appearance. She was merry, lively and amiable and most refined and tactful in her manners; she hated anything noisy and showy.

My mother quickly made friends with her and maintained her affection for her as long as she lived. She often said how well-read Jenny was, how broadminded and how enthusiastic for all that was noble and beautiful. She was a great admirer of Shakespeare and must have possessed dramatic talent, for she once played Lady Macbeth in a London theatre. Once at our house, but only in the presence of my parents and her father, she played that role in the diabolical scene of the letter. With the money that she earned on the occasion mentioned in London she bought a velvet coat for the faithful maid who had left Trier with the family for England and in joys, sorrows and privations remained firm in her love and attachment to them.

None of the Marx family had the gift of being economical or practical in money affairs. Jenny related that when, shortly after her marriage, her mother inherited a small sum, the young couple had it paid out to them entirely, and put it in a little chest with two handles. They had it in the coach with them and during their wedding journey they took it to the different hotels at which they stayed. When they had visits from friends or fellow-thinkers in need they put the chest open on the table in their room and any one could take as much as he pleased. Needless to say it was soon empty. They later suffered frequent and bitter want in London. Marx related how they were obliged to pawn or sell everything valuable that they had. The von Westphalen family were distant relations to the family of the Dukes of Argyll. When Jenny von Westphalen married Marx, her dowry included silver bearing the arms of the Argylls which had been in the family for a long time. Marx himself took a few heavy silver spoons to the pawnshop and was immediately asked to explain how those objects with the well-known crest came into his possession. This of course he easily did. When his only son died,

their need was so great that they were unable to pay the burial expenses and buried him themselves in the yard of their house. Marx's hair went grey that night. . . .

During her stay in Hanover, Jenny made my mother a present of what was called a *Confession Book*. They were then the fashion in England and later they appeared in Germany under the name *Erkenne Dich Selbst*.¹ Marx was to be the first to write in it, and Jenny wrote the prescribed questions for him on the first page. But they are still unanswered.² Jenny wrote on the second page and my parents found the confession so characteristic of her and her peculiar nature that I shall copy it.

She wrote it in English, being better able to write that language than German. She said she could write as much on one page in English as on four in German, English being briefer, more precise and to the point. She wrote her intimate letters in French, which she considered warmer and more suitable to express thoughts and feelings. In German her pronunciation was pure Rhinelandish, like that of her father. She had never lived in the Rhine province but she had always heard that accent from her childhood in the speech of her parents and the faithful maid from Trier.

A few explanations are necessary to understand the confession. Jenny says that her favourite virtue in woman is devotion. The conversation on the evening on which she wrote it had been about religion. Marx, Jenny and my father were freethinkers whereas my mother, although disliking any kind of bigotry or dogmatic narrow-mindedness, was of a different opinion. . . . My mother spoke so simply, profoundly and sincerely and without any sentimentality that everybody was moved. It was remembering this that Jenny wrote that her favourite virtue in women was devotion.

Both father and daughter hated Napoleon I, whom they simply called Bonaparte, but they despised Napoleon III so much that they never even pronounced his name. That is why Jenny wrote that the historical characters she disliked most were "Bonaparte and his nephew."

This reminds me of a witticism that Marx used to tell: "*Napoléon le premier a eu génie,—Napoléon le troisième a Eugénie.*"³

Jenny shared her father's enthusiasm for classical music. She thought

¹ Know yourself.—*Tr.*

² Marx's answers to similar questions are given on page 266 of the present collection.—*Ed.*

³ Napoleon I had genius, Napoleon III has Eugénie.—*Ed.*



Karl Marx and his eldest daughter Jenny

Händel's works definitely revolutionary. She did not yet know Wagner: she heard *Tannhäuser* for the first time in Hanover, excellently performed, and was so delighted with it that she included Wagner in her favourite composers. Her maxim in the confession seems to be a quotation, being given in quotation marks. She did not fill in her idea of happiness and misery. I shall not translate, but shall just copy the original.

- My favourite virtue Humanity.
- My favourite quality of man . . . Moral courage.
- My favourite quality of woman . . Devotion.
- Ideal of happiness
- Ideal of misery
- The vice I excuse Prodigality.
- The vice I detest Envy.
- My aversion Knights, priests, soldiers.
- Favourite occupation Reading.
- Characters of history I most
dislike Bonaparte and his nephew.
- Favourite poet Shakespeare.
- Favourite prose-writer Cervantes.
- Favourite composer Händel, Beethoven, Wagner.
- Favourite colour Red.
- Favourite maxim "To thine own self be true."¹
- Favourite motto *Alle für Einen, Einer für Alle.*²

When we had company, Joseph Rissé, an excellent concert singer, used sometimes to sing. He had a baritone voice of remarkable power and scale and was very talented. Among other things he published a collection of Irish folk songs by Thomas Moore in his own translation and musical adaptation under the title *Erin's Harp*. One book was dedicated to my father. Marx, like the whole of his family, had great sympathy for unfortunate oppressed Ireland and loved to listen to these moving songs. Tussy manifest-

¹ Shakespeare, *Hamlet*.—Ed.

² All for one and one for all.—Tr.

ed her sympathy for Ireland by making green her favourite colour and dressing mostly in green.

O'Donovan Rossa, an Irish freedom fighter, was put in prison and odiously treated by the English. Jenny, who had never seen him, wrote to him under her pen-name, J. Williams, full of admiration for his steadfastness. Mrs. Rossa, hearing that the writer of the letters was a girl, is said to have been extremely jealous. This greatly amused Marx. If I am not mistaken, O'Donovan later went to America but did not particularly distinguish himself there. . . .

Party friends often came to see Marx during this period. One of them was Herr Dietzgen, a calm, distinguished man whom Marx and Jenny held in high esteem. It was his quiet way accompanied by a great capacity for work and action that inspired their sympathy. They jokingly called him "*das Dietzchen*," *chen* and *lein* being neuter suffixes in German.

One day a visitor behaved in a rather obstinate and autocratic way. "To hear him," Marx said, "you wonder why nobles are not worse than they are, considering their education and surroundings."

We once came to talk about the wretched Emperor Maximilian of Mexico who had been so shamelessly abandoned by Napoleon III. "He should have had the sense to go as soon as he saw that a large proportion of his people did not want him, as Gotlieb did in Spain," Marx observed. He meant Prince Amadeo of Savoy, and translated his name from Italian into German.¹ Meeting revolutionary opposition, Amadeo gave up the Spanish throne and is said to have stated that the people need not get excited, as he had no intention of forcing himself upon them. It seems that Marx did not have a high opinion of that considerate, reasonable prince; otherwise he would not have called him Gotlieb.

It was rather ironically that he called people by their Christian names. Kinkel, for instance, he always called Gotfried. He had a poor opinion of him and considered that his capture after his adventurous share in the Baden insurrection which cut short his insignificant teaching career, and then his romantic rescue by the faithful and courageous Karl Schurz, had so well set off his pleasant but by no means outstanding talent as a poet that he should have been thankful to fate for it.

Sometimes, though seldom, he also called Liebknecht by his Christian name. He held him in high esteem and thought that his talent as a reformer

¹ In Italian—Ama-deo—love god, in German—Got-lieb—God love.—Ed.

was a direct legacy from Luther. But he sometimes disagreed with him. He would then say with a smile, as a slight reproach: "Yes, yes, Wilhelm."

He said that Edgar and Bruno Bauer had founded a mutual admiration society. He never violently or insultingly manifested his displeasure during a conversation. He would unhorse his opponent, as in a tournament, but he never knocked him down. . . .

Contrary to his habit of sparing people in his judgements, he spoke very disapprovingly of Bakunin. He said his motto was "Everything must be ruined" and that it was absolute nonsense to destroy values, to pull down one's own and other people's houses and then run away without knowing where and how to build another one.

He acknowledged Lassalle's talents but he definitely had no sympathy with him. Even his eloquence amused Marx because of his lisp. He used to relate how Lassalle once recited a passage from Sophocles' *Antigone* with great fire as follows:

She shows herself fierth child of a fierth thire,
And before troubleth knowth not how to bend.

Marx thought Lassalle's attitude to H el ene von Doenniges ridiculous in all respects and the duel which he provoked because of a person whom he professed to despise, senseless. He wanted to show off as an aristocrat in the whole affair and thus proved that he had chosen a wrong way of imitating the aristocracy. If he had taken his mission seriously he would not have exposed his life for a farce of the kind.

Considering Lassalle's extraordinary vanity, one could not conjecture how he would have behaved had he lived longer. It was typical of him to dream of marching into Berlin with the red-haired H el ene at the head of battalions of workers. . . .

* * *

Marx and Jenny's long stay with us naturally led to lively correspondence when they returned to London.

It has already been mentioned that Jenny preferred to use French for letter-writing and English for brief notes. Eleanor always wrote in English, Marx and his wife in German. Mrs. Marx wrote perfectly charming letters giving not only a vivid description of her life but even mentioning details about the life of my parents that showed how well she had got to know them

from what her husband and Jenny told her and what cordial interest she took in all that concerned us. My mother could read and speak both French and English, but her mother tongue came more naturally and fluently in correspondence.

Marx once told us about a silly Rhineland boy who always said: "If only I had learned French instead of Latin." "Why, young man," Marx rejoined, "you can probably hardly decline *mensa*?" "What's *mensa* got to do with it," the boy answered. "I learned *tabula*."

Thanking Jenny for a letter my mother once wrote: "*Vivat sequens!*" and then in brackets: "If only I had learned French instead of Latin!" At the bottom of Jenny's next letter Marx added in French: "I beg Madame la Comtesse not to regret having preferred Latin to French. It not only shows a classical and highly developed taste, it explains why Madame is never *au bout de son latin*." ¹

For Christmas the whole of the Marx family sent us fondly chosen keepsakes and pretty pieces of needlework. One was a silk theatre hat of their own making decorated with flowers. It could not be worn in Germany but my mother kept it for a long time as a souvenir. Several times they sent us a huge home-made plum-pudding. . . .

In order to see Marx again and make acquaintance with Mrs. Marx and the Lafargues my father overcame his dislike for occasions and meetings of the sort and went to the Hague to the Congress of the Social-Democrats.²

My father described Mrs. Lafargue as a beautiful, elegant and amiable woman. Mrs. Marx, slim and young-looking, he said, took a passionate interest in Party life and seemed to have given herself up to it entirely. . . .

A few years later my parents met Marx and Eleanor in Karlsbad, thus making personal acquaintance with the latter, with whom they had often chatted by letter. Jenny was already Mrs. Longuet and could not leave her husband and child.

Eleanor—Tussy as they called her—was very much unlike her elder sister both in character and figure. Her features were not so fine, but she too had her father's intelligent brown eyes. Although she was not beautiful she was certainly attractive. She had beautiful dark blond hair with a golden shimmer. . . .

¹ In French the expression *au bout de son latin* means at a loss.—*Ed.*

² The Hague Congress of the First International in September 1872.—*Ed.*

My mother had the impression that the youngest daughter, being the pet of the family, was spoilt by everybody and followed all her caprices like a pampered child. She worshipped her father just as Jenny did. She was very intelligent and warm-hearted and so boundlessly frank that she told everybody what she thought without any ceremony whether it pleased them or not. . . .

I think she was then nineteen years old and considered herself engaged to Lissagaray, with whom she kept up a lively correspondence. Once she showed my mother a letter from him which began with "*Ma petite femme.*"

My father saw Lissagaray in the Hague and was not very favourably impressed. He was insignificant in his appearance and considerably older than Tussy. He was a count, but had given up his title and had been cast out by his whole family because of his socialist opinions. Marx did not seem to recognize the engagement and never spoke about it.

Marx was the same as before—unchanged even in his appearance. He watched with interest the international life of the health-resort and conferred the usual witty nicknames on a few of the more conspicuous passers-by.

He was delighted at the various beautiful walks in the wooded mountains, especially the romantic Egertal. Legend has personified some curiously shaped rocks there and given them the name of Hans Heiling's Rocks.

Hans Heiling is related to have been a young shepherd who won the heart of the beautiful nymph Eger. She demanded eternal faithfulness under pain of terrible vengeance. Hans Heiling swore never to abandon her, but after a few years he violated his vow and married a girl from the village. The wrathful nymph suddenly appeared out of the river at the wedding and turned the whole company into stone.

Marx took pleasure in looking for the figures of the musicians walking at the head of the wedding cortège with their horns and trumpets, the bride's coach and a festively attired old woman gathering her skirts together to step into the coach. At the same time he would listen to the quick-flowing seething river whose gurgling in the magic valley was supposed to represent an immortal being ever weeping over the fickleness of man.

In Dallwitz we visited the Oaks of Körner, under which the famous poet often spent his time while recovering from serious wounds and composed the beautiful poem *The Oaks*.

Marx greatly enjoyed a visit to the Aich porcelain works where he watched porcelain being made. First a soft grey mass is cut through with threads; then it is pressed into various moulds. One worker was tending a

peculiar turning machine like a spinning-wheel on which most delicate cups were made.

"Is this always your job?" Marx asked him, "or have you some other?" "No," the man answered, "I have not done anything else for years. It is only by practice that one learns to work the machine so as to get the difficult shape smooth and faultless." "Thus division of labour makes man an appendage of the machine," Marx said to my father as we went on. "His power of thinking is changed into muscular memory."

The baking and certain details and finally the painting and gilding of the finished objects in a large well-lit room, a further baking and lastly the careful sorting into defect-free and less perfect products, even the packing room—everything was excellently organized. We bought various articles as souvenirs.

Marx took pleasure in listening to the excellent resort orchestra which was conducted by Master Labitsky. As for serious talks on politics or discussion of Party affairs, he confined them to an absolute minimum during the short morning walk he had with my father or other men of his acquaintance. Among the latter was a Polish revolutionary, Count Plater, who was so taken up with his ideas that he obviously found it difficult to take part in a light conversation, which was what Marx insisted upon in broader society or in the pleasant company of ladies. The Count was under average height, black-haired and somewhat clumsy. The historical artist Otto Knille, a friend of my father's, was of the opinion that if anybody was asked which of the two was the count, Marx or Plater, the answer would certainly be the former. Marx liked frequent conversations on art with Knille. Thus the days went by in a variety of pleasant occupations.

Suddenly, during a long walk Marx and my father had together towards the end of our stay, a difference occurred between them which was never smoothed down. My father only made vague allusions to it. It seems that he tried to persuade Marx to refrain from all political propaganda and complete the third book of *Capital* before anything else. . . . "Marx was a hundred years ahead of his time," he often said later, "but they are more likely to have immediate success who are in step with their time: those who look too far ahead miss things near at hand which shorter-sighted people see more clearly."

Perhaps my father was over-zealous at the time, rather like the "bad Wenzel." This Marx could not countenance in a man so much younger than

he and took for an encroachment upon his freedom. As a result their correspondence broke off. Tussy indeed wrote now and again but I do not know whether Jenny did. Tussy always gave wishes from her father, who also sent my mother books in memory of earlier talks together: Rückert's translation of Hariri's *Maqāmas*, Chamisso's works, and E. T. A. Hoffmann's *Klein Zaches*. This satire in the form of a legend particularly amused Marx. He himself never wrote any more. He probably did not intend to hurt my father by ignoring him and yet he could not forget the past.

My father never got over the pain that the break with a friend whom he still respected to the same degree caused him. However, he never made any attempt at a reconciliation, for he could not go back on his conviction. After Marx's death my mother seldom received letters from Tussy. . . .

The association between my parents and Marx, whom they held so dear that they always lovingly remembered every detail of it, can be described in the words of Schiller:

Unaufhaltsam enteilet die Zeit—Sie sucht das Beständige;
Sei getreu, and Du legst ewige Fesseln ihr an."¹

Printed in abridged form from
the manuscript: Franzisca Kugel-
mann, *Kleine Züge zu dem grossen*
Charakterbild von Karl Marx

Translated from the German.
Published for the first time

¹ Time hurries without tarrying, seeking what is permanent. Be faithful, and you will enchain her for ever.—*Tr.*



Anselmo Lorenzo

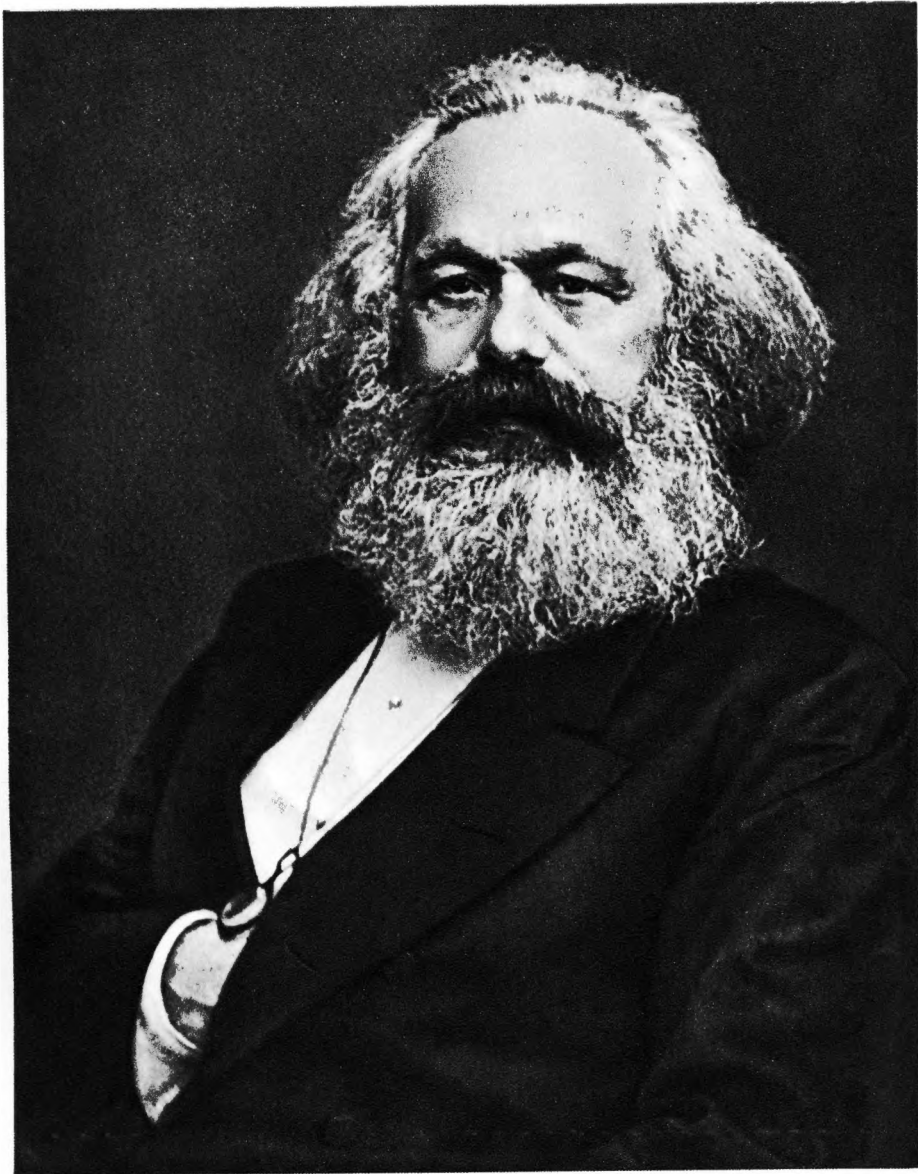
REMINISCENCES OF THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL

I AM ELECTED A DELEGATE

It was an enormous surprise for me to be informed that I had been chosen as a delegate to the London Conference.¹ When the delegates to the Valencia Conference² were assembled in Workers' Centre after dinner before the evening session, some of the comrades came to talk to us. I had the misfortune of being involved with one of them in a long and tedious conversation. I could not get rid of him and in

¹ The London Conference of the First International took place from September 17 to 23, 1871.—*Ed.*

² *The Valencia Conference* of the Spanish Federation of the First International took place from September 10 to 18, 1871.—*Ed.*



Karl Marx. Late 1870's

the end he invited me to go for a walk with him. Afterwards he left me alone in the street, supposing that I would easily find my way back to the Centre, which was not far away. But I lost my way and wandered through the streets until at last I decided to ask a passer-by to direct me, which I had so far cautiously avoided doing.

When I got to the Conference the sitting was already ending and my comrades immediately informed me that I had been elected a delegate to the London Conference and had to leave by train the next day. . . .

PARIS AFTER THE COMMUNE

A journey across France via Paris, when the persecution of the Communards was at its highest and courts-martial were sitting without interruption, passing death and deportation sentences wholesale, was a very dangerous affair and required great precautions. . . .

Great was the impression which I got from my visit to Paris, where we stopped for two hours. Going from the Orleans Station to the St. Lazare Station I saw the Hotel de Ville in ruins. . . , part of the Louvre burnt out, the pedestal from which the column had been knocked down in Place de Vendôme and various buildings and private houses showing traces of the week of bloodshed.

As we left Paris I saw the Prussians camped between Asnières and Colombes. . . .

It was already night when I landed in England and an hour and a half later I arrived in London. . . .

AT MARX'S

In a short time we stopped before a house. Framed in the doorway appeared an old man with a venerable patriarchal appearance.

I approached him with shy respect and introduced myself as a delegate of the Spanish Federation of the International. He took me in his arms, kissed me on the forehead and showed me into the house with words of affection in Spanish. He was Karl Marx.

The family had already retired and he himself served me an appetizing refreshment with exquisite amiability. Then we had tea and spoke for a long

time of revolutionary ideas, propaganda and organization. Marx showed great satisfaction with what we had achieved in Spain. . . .

Whether we had exhausted the subject or whether my honourable host desired to expand on some subject of his preference I do not know, but he spoke about Spanish literature, of which he had a detailed and profound knowledge. I was surprised at all he said about our ancient theatre, the history, vicissitudes and progress of which he was perfectly familiar with. Calderon, Lope de Vega, Tirso and other great masters, not only of the Spanish theatre, he said, but of European drama, were given a concise analysis and what seemed to me a very correct appraisal.

In the presence of that great man I could not help feeling very, very small. However, I made a tremendous effort not to give a deplorable impression of my ignorance and made the usual comparisons between Calderon and Shakespeare and also recalled Cervantes. Marx spoke of all that with great brilliance and expressed his admiration for the Ingenious Hidalgo de la Mancha. It must be noted that the conversation was in Spanish, which Marx spoke correctly although with pronunciation defects, due mainly to the difficulty of our *cc*, *gg*, *jj* and *rr*.

In the early hours of the morning he took me to the room reserved for me. . . .

Next day I was introduced to Marx's daughters and then to various delegates and other people. His eldest daughter, a girl of ideal beauty, differed from all the types of feminine beauty I had so far met. She knew Spanish but pronounced it badly like her father. She asked me to read something for her so that she could hear the correct pronunciation. I went to the bookcase and took out *Don Quixote* and a collection of Calderon's dramatic works. From the former I read Don Quixote's speech to the shepherds and from the latter a few noble and sonorous passages from *Life Is a Dream* which are acknowledged to be gems of Spanish and sublime conceptions of human thought. The explanations that I tried to give about content and form proved superfluous, for my young and beautiful interlocutor had abundant knowledge of and feeling for the work, as she showed by the many pertinent remarks which she added to my explanation and which would never have occurred to me.

When I expressed my desire to send a telegram to Valencia to report my safe arrival in London, Marx's youngest daughter was sent with me to show me the way. I was most surprised and touched by the alacrity with which

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the young lady helped a foreigner whom she did not know, this being contrary to the customs of the Spanish bourgeoisie.

This young lady, or rather girl, as beautiful, merry and smiling as the very personification of youth and happiness, did not know Spanish. She could speak English and German well but was not very proficient in French, in which language I could make myself understood. Every time one of us made a blunder we both laughed as heartily as if we had been friends all our life.

AT THE GENERAL COUNCIL

The preparatory sitting of the Conference was to take place that evening. Before it the General Council was to meet and the delegates to be presented to it.

Marx accompanied me to the Council. At the door I met Bastélica, a Frenchman who had presided at the first sitting of the Barcelona Congress,¹ and other members of the Council. He welcomed me with great demonstrations of joy and introduced me to his companions, some of whom were already known in the history of the International. Among them I remember Eccarius, Jung, John Hales, Serrailier, and Vaillant (an emigrant from the Paris Commune).

Marx introduced me to Engels, who offered me hospitality till the end of my stay in London.

In the session hall I saw the Belgian delegates, among them César de Paepe, some Frenchmen, the Swiss Henry Perret and the Russian Utin. . . .

The Conference opened that evening.

From Anselmo Lorenzo's
El Proletariado Militante,
Vol. 1, Barcelona 1923

Translated from the Spanish

¹ *The Barcelona Congress* of the Spanish Federation of the International took place in June 1870.—Ed.



M. Kovalevsky

MEETINGS WITH MARX

After his expulsion from Paris by Guizot's ministry, Marx lived a while in Brussels. He returned to Germany after the events of March 1848, was editor of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* for about a year, was twice brought before court and acquitted and in the end was obliged to leave Germany.

Attempts to settle in Paris proved unsuccessful and Marx chose London as his permanent residence. . . .

After the defeat of the 1848 Revolution Marx gradually came to the conclusion that the revolutionary upsurge had for the time being exhausted its strength. In his review of Adolf Chenu's book on the conspirators he very definitely stated his disapproval of those who considered it possible to accelerate the course of events by conspiracy. He called such people

alchemists of the revolution. They indulge in inventions with which they intend to work miracles and do not wish to take into account the requisite conditions without which no movement has ground for existence. . . .

When he took up his residence in London, Marx had to earn his livelihood by contributing to American newspapers. In December his wife wrote to acquaintances of hers that Marx worked the whole day as a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* to earn his bread, while at night he pored over books to complete his *Political Economy*, that is, he prepared the first book of *Capital*. Mrs. Marx expressed the hope that he would find some publisher for the book. Five years earlier Marx had not shared that hope. We read in one of his letters in 1852 that no publishers in Germany would then dare to publish his writings. The only alternative was to publish it at his own expense, which in his circumstances was impossible. Although apparently there was no assurance in 1857 either that an editor would be found, Marx devoted a large part of his time to preparatory work in the British Museum and the editing of the first book, for he was sure that he would best promote the interests of the working-class party by building what he called "scientific socialism." In one of his letters to Kugelmann we read that scientific attempts to revolutionize science can never be popular. But once the scientific foundations are laid, it is easy to make them popular. . . .

In 1873 Marx and Engels published an extraordinarily severe accusation against the anarchist youth organization of the Romance countries headed by Bakunin, who was expelled from the International with his supporters. . . .¹

Marx did not fail to answer the attacks made on him by writers of the socialist camp such as Dühring. Engels's well-known pamphlet, *The Revolution in Science* effected by a Berlin private docent,² was doubtless inspired by Marx and reflected his views.

I had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of the author of *Capital* when this polemic with Bakunin and Dühring was in full swing. At the very first acquaintance Marx presented me with both pamphlets. I passed them on to Professor Sieber who made use of them in a number of articles, some of which were published in *Yuridichesky Vestnik* (*Juridical Herald*) and *Kriticheskoye Obozreniye* (*Critical Review*) of which I was the publisher later in Moscow, some in *Otechestvenniye Zapiski* (*Notes of the Fatherland*).

¹ The reference is to the work *The Alliance of Socialist-Democracy and the International Working Men's Association*.—Ed.

² Engels's *Anti-Dühring* is meant.—Ed.

I owed my acquaintance with Marx to a man who saved the life of his son-in-law Longuet, a member of the Paris Commune. I got a recommendation from one of the two authors of a diary kept all through the insurrection and entitled: "The Revolution of March 18"¹. . . .

Our first talks were mainly about Bakunin, whom Marx himself had introduced into international emigrant circles in London and who intended to translate the first book of *Capital* into Russian. We know that it was later Nikolai—on² who did this work with the help of Hermann Lopatin.

I was at Marx's only a few times in the first winter. He lived not far from Regent's Park, to be more exact, the continuation of it called Maitland Park, in a crescent. I can still remember the number of his house—41. Marx occupied the whole of the house. On the ground-floor was his library and drawing-room where he usually received his guests. His two eldest daughters were already married, one to a member of the Paris Commune, Longuet, the other to Paul Lafargue, now a well-known writer. Eleanor, the youngest, known in the family as Tussy, was then very keen on the theatre, especially on Irving's acting of Shakespeare and at one time she even considered going on the stage.

It was especially at the waters at Karlsbad that I got to know Marx closely. We went for walks in the mountains together almost every day and we became so intimate that in his letters at that time, which have recently been published in the journal *Byloye*³ (*The Past*), Marx counted me among his "scientific friends."

Marx was then working on the second book of his work, a large portion of which he intended to devote to the accumulation of capital in two relatively new countries, America and Russia. For this purpose he was receiving numerous books from New York and Moscow. Marx could be considered a polyglot. He not only fluently spoke German, English and French but could also read Russian, Italian, Spanish and Rumanian. He read an extraordinary lot and often borrowed books from me, including a two-volume treatise on the history of land-ownership in Spain and Morgan's well-known work *Ancient Society*, which I brought back from my first journey to Amer-

¹ The author means Paul Corier, one of the authors of a diary published in Paris in 1871 under the title *Histoire de la révolution du 18 Mars*.—Ed.

² Pseudonym of the Russian economist and Narodnik N. F. Danielson.—Ed.

³ The allusion is to Marx's letter to Danielson published in *Minvshiye Godi* (*Past Years*), No. 1. 1908. It replaced *Byloye*, which was closed down in October 1907.—Ed.

ica. It provided material for Engels's sensational work *The Origin of the Family*.

To know Marx meant also to be invited to Engels's on Sunday evenings. . . .

Marx himself was discriminate in his associations. Many European writers of note, including Laveleye, vainly expressed the desire to be introduced to him. He kept aloof from them and complained of the indiscretion of newspaper and journal reporters if they were ideologically opposed to him.

He had good, though distant relations at the time with some members of an English positivist society, particularly Professor Beesley who at that time helped to run the democratic paper *Beehive*. I also met the famous English Socialist Hyndman at Marx's several times. He was then a supporter of the Tories and greatly sympathized with Disraeli.

It cannot be said that Marx was well known in English literary society at that time. *Capital* had not been translated into English and so far it was a success only in two countries—Germany and Russia. The appearance of the first book gave the present Petersburg University professor Illarion Ignatievich Kaufmann¹ the occasion to write a most erudite and generally favourable review. Much was later written about Marx's *Capital* by the Russian economist Sieber, author of *David Ricardo and Karl Marx*. But of all that was written about *Capital* in Russia Marx appreciated Kaufmann's article most.

He was interested in Russian literature on economics and history. References can be found in his works to A. I. Chuprov's *Railroading*. One of his letters to me gave a review of Kareyev's *Peasant Question in France in the 18th Century*, and after Marx's death Engels showed me a bulky notebook containing extracts from my *On Communal Land-Ownership*.

Marx worked a long time in the British Museum and this to a certain extent undermined his health. He got used to reading official reports like the English Blue Books and therefore he willingly received official publications from Russia on railways, credit operations, etc. Nikolai—on and I sent him what we could, and his wife, who was anxious that he should finish his work as soon as possible, jokingly threatened not to give me any more mutton chops if I prevented him from completing it by sending him material. Marx rewrote the second and third books of *Capital* several times. He intended to

¹ The article meant is that of I. Kaufmann "Karl Marx's Point of View in Political Economic Criticism" published in *Vestnik Yevropy*, No. 5, May 1872.—Ed.

crown the work with a "critical history of economic doctrines"¹ but that intention was never fulfilled.

Marx's weekdays were taken up with work. He reserved relatively few hours for his correspondence for the *New York Tribune*. The rest of the time he worked at home, revising and correcting the parts of his work that he had already written.

His library, which was in a room with three windows, was composed exclusively of books for his work. They frequently lay in disorder on his desk or armchairs. I sometimes found him at work when I arrived. He was so engrossed that he was not able at once to engage in conversation on a subject other than the one immediately interesting him.

On Sundays he liked to go to a park with his family, but even during his walks the conversation was often on subjects far removed from actuality.

This does not mean, however, that he was not keen on politics. He would sit for hours reading newspapers, and not only the English ones, but papers from all over the world. I once found him reading *Romanul* (Rumanian) and was able to convince myself that he managed very well with Rumanian, a language few people know.

During all the time of my association with him he only once left London for a few weeks in Karlsbad. He was allowed to pass through Germany only on condition that he would not be there any longer than required for transit. He had been forbidden to enter Paris since Guizot came to power. Thiers and MacMahon would hardly have been willing to allow him into France after publication of his *Civil War in France*, which was an attempt to defend the Commune that had just been drowned in blood by the Versailles Government.

What was most astounding in Marx was his passion for all political questions. . . .

From the letters of Nikolai—on and Kaufmann's and Sieber's articles Marx could see that the young economists in Russia were enthusiastic over his views and were ready to follow him in his criticism of the prevailing economic doctrines. This comforting impression of Russia was to be intensified by contrast with the way in which English economists systematically ignored his works up to the very last. Hyndman informed Marx of the

¹ The reference is to Marx's *Theories of Surplus Value*, which he left in the manuscript stage.—Ed.



Laura, daughter of Karl Marx

following fact in my presence. After a popular lecture by Levi, a well-known English economist, on the "harmony of interests" a talk was arranged at which Hyndman expressed doubts about agreement, harmony, between the interests of all classes of society. He backed his scepticism with references to Marx's *Capital*. "I know of no such work," Levi retorted. . . . *Capital* was translated into English only after the death of its author and penetrated little into English economic circles. . . .

In the years during which I attended the Sunday evenings at Marx's in Maitland Park or met Marx at Engels's, the author of *Capital* devoted himself entirely to scientific work, to which he attributed extensive tasks. He was often obliged to devote weeks and months to the reading of works on the history of economics, especially of land-ownership, which had but an indirect bearing on his main theme. He also resumed his studies in mathematics, including differential and integral calculus, in order to be better informed of the mathematical trend in political economy of the time. The head of the movement in Marx's time was Jevons, now it is Edgeworth.

Marx was surprisingly well versed in literature on economics, especially in English. But his was nothing like the "*Belesenheit*" for which German professors were so "distinguished," especially Roscher, Marx's "*bête noire*." The author of *Capital* often made remarks in his work like the following: "Herr Roscher was eager to support the quoted banality with his authority." Marx knew how to find in his remote predecessors vital principles admitting of further development. If of late economists have shown an interest in *Political Arithmetic* and other works by William Petty, a contemporary of King Charles II, if we have not only had a new collection of his works but also a number of memoirs on him, and in nearly all languages of the civilized world at that, it is to a certain extent to Marx that we owe it.

Knowledge of the history of economic doctrines enabled the author of *Capital* to determine at once the degree of originality of writers who forced themselves on the attention of the public by the striking form of their works. In saying this I have in mind mainly George, for whom almost as much enthusiasm was shown at one time in England as for the person and doctrines of Rousseau in the 18th century. Marx was almost the first to notice that the teaching of the author of *Progress and Poverty* repeated the physiocrats' views on agriculture as the only source of net income and on the uniform agricultural tax as liable to absorb the greater part of the rent to the benefit of the state. An article was found in Marx's papers criticizing

George and proving the one-sidedness and inadmissibility of his conclusions. It was not published until after Marx's death. . . .¹

Marx was no gloomy and haughty negator of bourgeois science and bourgeois culture. From his association with Heine he derived a mirth resulting from a capacity for witty satire. He was full of the joy of life because his personal affairs were as good as they possibly could be. Marx, more than anybody else I have ever met, not excluding Turgenev, had the right to say of himself that he was a man of one love. In his early youth he met a girl of society and fell in love with her as one can fall in love only in one's student years. The von Westphalen family was of Scottish descent and related to the Duke of Argyll. This circumstance very nearly did Marx a bad turn. Once when he had no money he decided to pawn the family silver that his wife had received as dowry. The coat of arms of the Argylls was found on the silver and Marx was detained for being in possession of goods not belonging to him. I was told this by Marx himself who laughed loudly and good-naturedly as he related it.

In their childhood Jenny and Karl had been playmates. Jenny was four years older than he. She was healthy, merry and beautiful, the "most beautiful girl in Trèves" as she was called, and when still a girl she was made queen of the ball. Marx fell in love with her while he was still at the Gymnasium and he became secretly engaged to her before he left for university. The old von Westphalen, Marx told me, was a fervent supporter of the doctrine of Saint-Simon and one of the first to speak to the future author of *Capital* about it. Fate scattered his children far and wide: one became a member of a reactionary Prussian Government, another a fighter for the freedom of the Negroes in the Civil War against the southern states of America. . . .

Bruno Bauer once wrote to Marx, speaking of Jenny who was then Marx's fiancée: "She is capable of bearing with you anything that can happen." These words were prophetic. Marx was never well off and often enough he was hard up; but Jenny bore the vicissitudes of fortune philosophically and at the same time cheerfully, her only concern being that her "dear Karl" should not spend too much of his time earning their living.

Few people could entertain so cheerfully in such modest circumstances or combine a simple life with the manners and outward appearance of what

¹ The author means Marx's letter to Sorge dated June 20, 1881, published in *Die Neue Zeit*, Vol. 2, 1891-92.—Ed.

the French call "*une grande dame*." Even when his beard was grey Marx loved to bring in the new year dancing with his wife or with Engels's friend. I myself once saw him smartly leading his ladies in step to a solemn march. . . .

Another family dinner at the Marxes' occurs to me. They were entertaining Karl's sister who had come from the Cape Colony with her two sons. She could not countenance her brother being the leader of the Socialists and insisted in my presence that they both belonged to the respected family of a lawyer who had the sympathy of everybody in Trèves. Marx took it joking and burst into youth-like laughter. . . . Marx liked to go to the theatre with his friends to see Salvini playing Hamlet, or again Irving, whom he appreciated incomparably more. I also remember how in the Egyptian Hall Marx and I enjoyed the exact reproduction of all the tricks of the spiritists by a man who said he had been in their society and was repeating all he had learned. But he was not so naïve as to say how he did them, for then people would not have come to see his performances any more.

Marx shared his affection between the families of his two married daughters and his old friend Engels, from whom he got ample return, and devoted all his spare time to them. The whole day he was engaged in serious absorbing scientific work but he still found time to show a keen interest in every question that had anything to do with the working-class party generally and German Social-Democracy in particular. The German leader he most esteemed was Bebel, and after him Liebknecht. He frequently complained that the latter had been spoiled by Lassalle, adding with angry humour that it was hard to put a new thought into the head of a German private docent (which was the way Marx qualified Liebknecht).

The following fact will show the passionate attitude which Marx adopted, even when he was advanced in years, towards any attempt to check the advance of the working-class party. I happened to be in Marx's library when he got news of Nobiling's unsuccessful attempt on the life of the aged Kaiser William. Marx's reaction was to curse the terrorist, explaining that only one thing could be expected from his attempt to accelerate the course of events, namely, new persecutions of the Socialists. His prophecy was unfortunately not long in coming true: Bismarck published laws which considerably delayed the successful development of German Social-Democracy.

My almost weekly exchange of ideas with the author of *Capital*, which had lasted for two years, ended when I obtained a professorship in Moscow

University. At first we wrote to each other occasionally after that. When I went to London in summer I resumed my visits, generally on Sundays, and every meeting provided me with a new stimulus for research into the history of economic and social development in Western Europe. It is most probable that had I not known Marx I would not have studied the history of land-ownership or the economic growth of Europe but would have concentrated my attention more on the development of political institutions, the more so as such themes corresponded directly to the subject I taught.

Marx acquainted himself with my works and frankly gave his opinion on them. It was partly because of his unfavourable opinion that I deferred the printing of my first big work on administrative justice in France, in particular the legal aspect of taxation there. He expressed more approval of my attempt to disclose the past of the agricultural community or to expound the development of the family system from antique times on the basis of comparative ethnography and comparative history of law.

He also took a great interest in scientific criticism and was an attentive reader—perhaps the only one in England—of *Kriticheskoye Obozreniye*, of which I was at one time editor.

The years which I spent in Italy, Spain and later America, were the last years of Marx's life. On my return to Europe I heard of the double blow which had struck him: the death of his wife and of his eldest daughter. I also heard that because of his failing health Marx was obliged to spend the whole winter in Algiers. In earlier years, when I was a regular visitor, he had complained of pains in the chest, but as his physical build gave no reason to think he was suffering from consumption, those around him put his complaints down to his fancy. But it turned out that Marx had ruined his health by overwork in the British Museum library. The winter he spent in the south was an unfortunate one: he caught a chill and returned to London worse than before.

Engels told me about the last days of Marx's life. . . . In vain Marx sought oblivion in more intense work to finish his *Capital*. His health got worse and worse. After his wife's death he was forced to go to the south. He came back ill and soon got news of the death of his daughter. He was unable to bear this new blow. . . .

My reminiscences of Marx belong to the period following the publication of his most complete and substantial work—the first book of *Capital*. He was already in the sixties, but he was still cheerful and in good spirits. . . .

Marx once said quite bluntly that one could think logically only by the dialectical method, the positive method could do only for those not concerned with logic. . . . He was deeply convinced of the irrefutability of the method of reasoning that he had got from Hegelian philosophy as interpreted by its most radical students, including the famous Feuerbach. . . .

I cannot remember anything during the two years of my fairly close association with the author of *Capital* that in any way approximated the treatment an older man gives to a younger one, which was the impression I got of Chicherin and Lev Tolstoi in my casual meetings with them. Karl Marx was very much a European and although he had perhaps not a very high opinion of his "scientific friends" and preferred his friends in the class struggle of the proletariat, he did not manifest that bias in his conduct. For twenty-five years I have kept a grateful memory of him as of a dear teacher, my association with whom largely determined the direction of my scientific work. Close to this idea is another one: I was fortunate to meet in him one of the intellectual and moral leaders of mankind who are entitled to be called great because they are the truest mouthpieces of the progressive tendencies of their time.

From M. Kovalevsky's "Two Lives"
published in *Vestnik Yevropy*,
No. 7, July 1909

Translated from the Russian



N. Morozov

VISITS TO KARL MARX

In December 1880 I made a trip to London and went to see Marx with Lev Hartmann, one of my *Narodnaya Volya*¹ comrades who had often been at Marx's. We went by the London Metropolitan Railway, which was then powered by steam-engines. Marx was alone with his daughter Eleanor at the time.

"Mr. Marx in?" Hartmann asked the young maid when she opened the door in response to his three knocks.

She recognized him and answered that Marx was still at the British Museum, but that his daughter was in.

Almost immediately on our entry into the parlour, his daughter, a slim

¹ *Narodnaya Volya*—a secret Narodnik society founded in 1879 for revolutionary struggle against tsarist autocracy.—*Ed.*

attractive girl of the German type, came in. She reminded me of the romantic Gretchen, or Margaret, in *Faust*.

Our conversation started in English, but noticing that I had difficulty over some English word and used a French one instead, Eleanor immediately switched over to French, and we continued in that language.

She repeated that her father was at the British Museum and would not come home till evening. We went away after half an hour and returned at the agreed time next day.

I remember quite well that my first impression on seeing Marx was: How like his portrait he is! After the first introductions we sat down at a small table on a couch against the wall and I laughed as I told Marx my impression of him. He also laughed and said he was often told that and that it was rather a curious feeling to be like one's portrait instead of one's portrait being like oneself.

He seemed to me to be of rather medium stature but of broad build. He was most affable to us both. One at once felt in all his motions and words that he fully understood his outstanding importance. I did not notice in him any of the moroseness or unapproachableness that somebody had spoken to me about. There was a fog in London at the time and lamps were lit in all the houses. The lamp at Marx's, I distinctly remember, had a green shade. But even by that light I could see him and his study quite well. Three of the walls were lined with books and there were portraits on the fourth.

Nobody except Eleanor came into the room and I formed the impression that there were no other members of the family at home. Eleanor kept running in and taking part in the conversation, sitting a little aside on the couch. She also brought us tea and biscuits.

The conversation was mainly on Narodnaya Volya matters, in which Marx showed a great interest. He said that he, like all other Europeans, imagined our struggle with the autocracy as something fabulous, like a fantastic novel.

I went to see Marx two days later, before leaving London, and again spent a while with him and his daughter. When I said good-bye he gave me five or six books which he had ready for me. He also promised to write a foreword to the one we chose to be printed as soon as we sent him the first proofs of our translation.

When he heard that I was going back to Russia in two or three weeks he heartily shook hands with me and wished me a happy return from Russia. We both promised to write but our promise did not materialize. On my re-

turn to Geneva I found a letter from Perovskaya telling me that a number of events that were being prepared demanded my prompt return. I packed my things and left, but on February 28, as I was crossing the frontier under the name of Lockier, a student of Geneva University, I was arrested and taken to the Warsaw citadel. There I learned of the events of March 1¹ from Tadeusz Balicki, a comrade who was in the cell next to mine and tapped the information on the wall.

I was imprisoned first in the Alexeyevsky Ravelin, Peter and Paul Fortress, and then in Schlisselburg. Until my release in 1905 I did not know the outcome of my conversation with Marx. In fact I did not really know until 1930, when, in a publication of the political convicts' society, *Literature of the "Narodnaya Volya" Party*, I suddenly saw Marx's Preface to the *Communist Manifesto* published by the "Social Revolutionary Library" to the foundation of which I had contributed. That awoke in me many reminiscences.

I remembered my visits to Marx and his daughter; how, leaving Geneva in haste for Russia, I gave one of the "Social Revolutionary Library" workers who were remaining (I think it was Plekhanov) Marx's *Manifesto* and the other books to be translated into Russian.

It caused me particular joy to read in the Preface by Marx which I have just mentioned the words:

"The tsar was proclaimed the chief of European reaction. Today² he is a prisoner of war of the revolution, in Gatchina, and Russia forms the vanguard of revolutionary action in Europe."

That was word for word what he had said to me when we bade farewell.

Published in *Izvestia*,
No. 260, November 7, 1935

Translated from the Russian

¹ On March 1, 1881, Tsar Alexander II was killed by members of Narodnaya Volya.—*Ed.*

² In 1881.—[*Note by Morozov.*]



Ernest Belfort Bax

MEETINGS WITH ENGELS

The first half of the eighty decade was an important turning-point in the intellectual and social life of England. It was in the spring of 1881 that Hyndman founded the "Democratic Federation," which subsequently became the "Social-Democratic Federation" and in later years "The British Socialist Party. . ."

In 1882 I joined the Democratic Federation, rather more than a year after its foundation. . . .

About this time I began seriously to study Marx's great work *Das Kapital*, and towards the end of 1881 I wrote a short monograph on the subject of Marx and his work in a monthly review called *Modern Thought*, now long since defunct. This notice, although by no means faultless as regards its accuracy, pleased Marx and Engels. Marx himself, being at the time too ill

to write, sent me his thanks and many appreciative messages in a letter written by his daughter Eleanor. The great founder of the theoretic basis of modern scientific socialist economy lived for more than a year after this incident, but he was away for his health during a considerable portion of the time, and I never met him. The circumstance of the article referred to, however, led to an invitation a short time after Marx's death in March 1883 from Friedrich Engels to visit him, a visit which began an acquaintance and friendship lasting till his own death in 1895.

Friedrich Engels I consider to be one of the most remarkable men of his time—a man of encyclopaedic reading and of considerable up-to-date knowledge in all branches of science—anything that Engels had to say or to write always had its points and was worth consideration, even in subjects of which he was not complete master, as he was of Political Economy. . . .

If you spoke with Engels on some purely philosophical or psychological problem, he could only envisage it as the expression of some social antagonism, or as the point of view of some special economic class at some special moment of its development—it might be the decaying feudal class, or the rising capitalist class, or what not. He could not, it seemed, see that the problem had an intrinsic quality, meaning, and interest of its own and in itself. The whole historical course of speculative thought was to be interpreted economically as the varying expression of class aspiration or antagonism. I remember one day, when discussing with him the materialist doctrine of history, challenging him to deduce the appearance, in the Roman Empire of the second century, of the Gnostic sects, and the success of many of them for a time among the populations of the larger cities of the Mediterranean basin, from the economic conditions of the Roman world at the time. He admitted he could not do this, but suggested that by tracing the matter further back you might arrive at some economic explanation of what he granted was an interesting side problem of history. What he meant by this retrospective interpretation I am unable to say, for the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of visitors and was not resumed.

Marx and Engels, as is well known, were always recognized as a sort of court of ultimate appeal by the Social-Democratic Party, in spite of the fact that on one occasion, that of the negotiations with the Lassalleans before the Erfurt Congress, their views were overridden by the actual leaders of the Party in Germany, Bebel and Liebknecht. But this was quite exceptional, and I believe, indeed, the only case of such a thing occurring. As a general

rule, Marx and Engels were final arbiters in questions of Party policy. After Marx's death this rôle became naturally concentrated in the person of Engels. Though prepared to give due weight to the practical exigencies of the situation on all occasions, the old colleague and survivor of Marx till the last held to the view that the social revolution could not be inaugurated otherwise than by the methods of forcible insurrection—least of all in Germany. I have more than once heard him say that as soon as one man in three, i.e., one-third, of the German army actually in service could be relied on by the Party leaders, revolutionary action ought to be taken. Engels would certainly not have recognized the socialism (?) of Scheidemann, Südekum, Noske, and the rest of the present "Revisionist" crew constituting the actual majority of the Party representation in the Reichstag as anything else than reaction in its worst form. . . .

From his residence in Manchester, dating from when he was quite a young man, Engels acquired a thorough acquaintance with English life, manners, and thought. He had some interesting experiences to relate concerning English society and ways during the first half of the nineteenth century—the time, as he was wont to express it, before salad-oil appeared on English dinner-tables. He related to me how, smoking at that time being regarded as more or less "bad form" in society, he was on one occasion requested by the master of the house where he was dining, who, notwithstanding the shocked proprieties of his daughters, was addicted to his pipe after dinner, to join him for the purpose of a tranquil smoke in the kitchen!—and this was a well-to-do Manchester manufacturer who lived in a good house! . . .

He had a story also of how he, wearing a beard, at that time regarded as a great eccentricity, being worn by few Englishmen, when he went out for a stroll on Sunday morning would meet occasionally a fellow bearded man, who would greet him with something like a religious fervour. . . .

As illustrating the universality of church- and chapel-going on a Sunday in the England of the forties and fifties of the last century, Engels told of a conversation which took place at the house of one of his Manchester acquaintances during a midday dinner (they did not call it luncheon in those days in middle-class circles) to which he was invited one Sunday. The talk, as was then inevitable, turned on the morning's preachers, and Engels, on being asked what "place of worship" he attended, replied that he always took a walk in the country on Sunday morning, that being, he found, the best way of spending the early hours of his leisure day. On hearing

this, his host addressed him with the remark, "You seem to hold peculiar religious views, Mr. Engels—somewhat Socinian, I think!" The observation is amusingly significant of the notions prevalent at that period, when "somewhat Socinian" was about the extreme limit of theological heterodoxy conceivable to the respectable middle-class mind. The notion of the devout atheist Engels being "somewhat Socinian" is also very funny. . . .

From: Ernest Belfort Bax,
Reminiscences and Reflexions,
London, 1918



Edward Aveling, Dr. Sc.

ENGELS AT HOME

The newspapers, Socialist and otherwise, all over the world have given an account of the life and works of the great Socialist who has just died. In this article something will be said of the inner side of his life.

The most impressive personalities I have ever met were Karl Marx, Charles Darwin, Frederick Engels, and, in quite another direction of life, Henry Irving. In all four cases great intellectual power was combined with great physical qualities. In the two cases of Marx and Darwin, although their works, written and active, have been more or less known to me, I had the great privilege of meeting them in the flesh on only one or two occasions. The only time that I saw Marx alive was when, as a young man, I gave a lecture to the children of the Orphan Working School, Haverstock Hill, on

"Insects and Flowers." It was a fête day at the school, and, besides the children, there was an audience of people interested in the school. When the lecture was over, an old gentleman with a very leonine head, together with a lady and a young girl, came up and introduced themselves to me. The gentleman was Karl Marx, the lady his wife, Jenny von Westphalen, and the young girl their daughter Eleanor. I remember to this day the kind and generous words of too generous appreciation and encouragement that Marx said to me. The next time I saw him he was dead. But I have still the impression of great bodily strength that he made upon me. . . .

Engels was just upon six feet in height, and, until his last illness, an erect, soldierly man, bearing his burden of over seventy years lightly. This military bearing, with the quick, springy step, had some relation with the name by which he was always known to his intimate friends—the "General." The actual origin of the name was his remarkable letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette* during the Franco-German war in 1870. In one of these he prophesied, some eight days before September 2, the decisive victory of the Germans over the French at Sedan. The letters altogether showed such a knowledge of the art of war that the public believed they were written by a great military authority. As indeed they were. But the great military authority was the Manchester cotton-spinner and Socialist. Of course, the name had later on also the inner significance that he was the leader in the fight of the Socialist army against capitalism, after the death of the commander-in-chief, Marx.

2

Who that was present, only once even, will ever forget those wonderful Sundays at 122, Regent's Park Road! The friend of Marx and his wife and of Engels, Hélène Demuth, was alive and acting as his housekeeper and as his trusted counsellor and adviser, not only in the matters of daily life, but even in politics, where her shrewd common sense, transparent honesty, and judgement of men, women, and things, made her a helpmate even to the two giants Marx and Engels. . . .

It was a little like the Tower of Babel business. For not only those of us that were really of his family were present, but the Socialists from other countries made 122, Regent's Park Road their Mecca.

Engels could converse with all of them in their own language. Like Marx, he spoke and wrote German, French, and English perfectly; nearly as

perfectly Italian, Spanish, Danish; and also read, and could get along with, Russian, Polish, and Rumanian, not to mention such trivialities as Latin and Greek.

Every day, every post, brought to his house newspapers and letters in every European language, and it was astonishing how he found time, with all his other work, to look through, keep in order, and remember the chief contents of them all. When anything of his writings, or of Marx's writings, was to be translated into other languages, the translators always sent the translations to him for supervision and correction. And who shall say there is nothing in phrenology, when it is recorded that a phrenologist at Yarmouth, examining Engels's head for bumps, said, to the huge delight of his companions, that the gentleman was a "good man of business" (which was true enough), "but had no talent for languages" (which was not strictly true).

Besides his language qualifications, Engels was in all other respects an admirable host. He was hospitality itself, and of very good breeding. . . . During the week days, unless some of us went over to see him, and lunch or dine, he lived with singular frugality. But on the Sundays, with his friends around him, his delight in seeing them enjoying themselves with the best of everything he could provide was itself a delight.

A list of those who were always welcome at 122, Regent's Park Road, reads like a condensed epitome of the Socialist movement. In this article I only give the names of those who I personally know visited Engels in the twelve years during which I had the high honour of being regarded as one of his household.

Of the Germans, Wilhelm Liebknecht, the oldest friend in Germany of Marx and Engels, "the old soldier of the Revolution," as the Germans call him, "Library," as the Marx family always called him, the kindest, the most genial, and most boon companion among able men; August Bebel, the splendid tactician, fighter, and orator; the huge, hearty, frank, reliable Paul Singer.

Of those Germans that lived in London during the past few years, mention must be made of Richard Fischer, who on his return to Germany in 1890 was one of the secretaries of the Executive of the German Social-Democratic Party. . . . And also of that most delightful fellow, whom we miss much in England, Tauscher, the snuff-taker, whose nose, probably from this habit, has grown to such portentous dimensions that he is nicknamed "Naso."

Of those Germans still living in London, the veteran Internationalist, Frederick Lessner, the dependable, incorruptible man, with Liebknecht and the gentle, modest, and yet energetic Lochner (one of the oldest friends of Marx and Engels), the only survivor of the old Communist "Bund"; Julius Motte-ler, the businessman of the German Social-Democratic Party, absolutely trusted by them, and his honest, outspoken wife; Eduard Bernstein, editor of *Sozialdemokrat* in the years of the Anti-Socialist Law, the representative of the German party in England at present, and one in whom Engels had so much confidence that he made Bernstein one of his executors, and his wife, two of the truest and best friends Engels or anyone else ever had.

Of the French, there were always there when in England the children of Jenny, the eldest daughter of Marx, who died two months before her father in 1883; Charles Bernard,¹ when he was in London, who was not by any means the last in the affections of Engels; Delcluze, of Calais, and Roussel, of Paris, both active members of the *Parti Ouvrier*, when they came over to the May demonstrations. And this was the case also with Emile Vandervelde and Anseele, of Belgium.

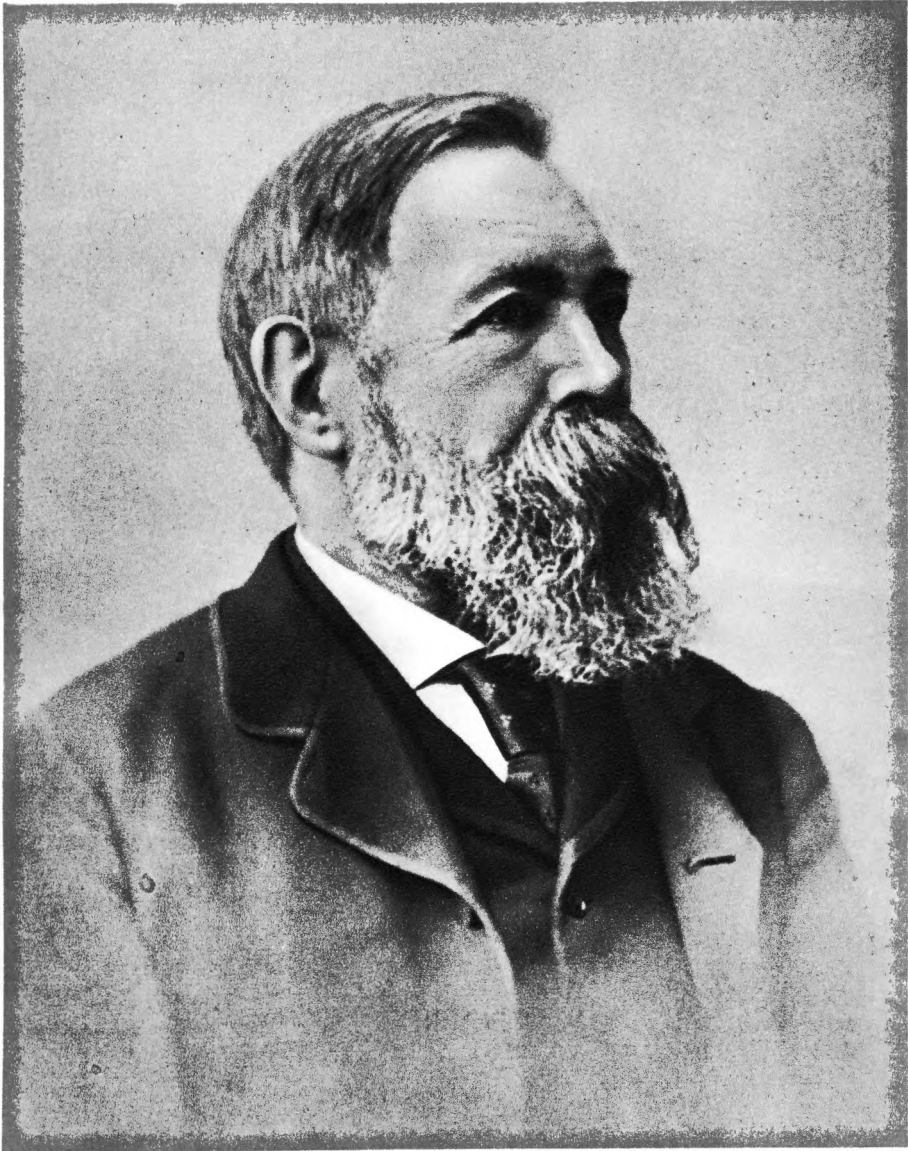
Of the Austrians, there were, in addition to Mrs. Freyberger, who looked after his house after H el ene Demuth's death, and Dr. Freyberger, who attended him in his last illness, Victor Adler, editor of *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the witty orator and profound thinker of the Austrian party, and Karl Kautsky, who, with Bernstein, is the only man who can in any way carry on the economic and literary work of Marx and Engels. Stanislas Mendelson and Marie Mendelson, both of whom can be charming and brilliant, and also thoughtful and faithful in at least four languages, represented the Poles.

Stepnyak came occasionally, and Vera Zasulich, since she came to England, was one of the constant visitors that needed no invitation. Georgy Plekhanov, her faithful friend and fellow-worker, one of the most able thinkers and wittiest men in the Party, whom the anarchists dread more than perhaps any other living writer, was, of course, during his short stay in England, always at Engels's.

From America came, when international congresses were taking place, yet another Russian, Abraham Cahan, clear-headed, energetic organizer of the Jews in every land.

There was another foreign American whom the Atlantic kept away from

¹ Pseudonym of the French Socialist Charles Bonnier.—Ed.



Frederick Engels. 1890

Engels's house, but who was one of his most welcome and constant correspondents, one who was, perhaps, of all men the closest intimate in the later years of both Marx and Engels. His name is Friedrich Adolf Sorge of Hoboken, near New York. Our meeting and association with him is amongst the most beautiful memories of the journey that my wife and I made with Engels and that prince of chemists, Socialists, and good fellows, the late Professor Schorlemmer, in 1888.

Of the English, William Thorne was the most welcome visitor of those outside the family circle. For him Engels had the very greatest admiration, respect, and affection; of his character, and his value to the movement, the very highest opinion. John Burns also, who was unable to come so often, he thought very highly of indeed. He liked him very much. He believed that Burns had that true proletarian instinct, which, in spite of the blunders to which all of us in politics are liable, would bring him out right end uppermost at last.

My young friend and Burns's young friend, William Sanders, will, I am sure, remember as long as he lives the privilege of being an admitted guest at Engels's house. Belfort Bax, also, when in England, was an occasional visitor, and had many a friendly passage-of-arms with Engels over Bax's monomania, the woman question. Hunter Watts came once or twice, and recently I had what was to me the great pleasure of taking up and introducing to the "General" H. Quelch, the editor of *Justice*, who impressed Engels very favourably. William Morris, as far as I remember, came once. His mediaevalism Engels regarded with good-humoured toleration. For Cuninghame Graham he had a very great liking. Don Quixote he called him; and no one was more hearty in regret that Graham was not returned to the last Parliament, to balance the somewhat conflicting elements, Hardie and Burns. . . . Henry Champion and Keir Hardie, as far as I know, only saw him once.

Among the English must not be forgotten the old Chartist, George Julian Harney, who, in spite of his inveterate punning, was one of the oldest and closest friends of Engels. . . .

Naturally, here, there is no need to mention in detail those, like the daughters of Marx, their husbands, Paul Lafargue and the present writer, Sam Moore, a very old, tried, and trusty friend of both the authors of the *Communist Manifesto*, and Karl Schorlemmer.

Time and space would fail me to speak of all the casual Socialists, if I may call them so, who, on flying visits to England, went to see Engels. And it

must be borne in mind that he received not only the more prominent men and women; every soldier in the army was welcome at the "General's."

At the same time we must not think that his hospitality or friendship was, in any sense at all, general. He would not receive, and did not receive any whom he mistrusted. On one occasion at least, I remember when someone had come in with a deputation of foreigners, Engels made no bones whatever about instantly having him shown off the premises. . . .

3

I think there is scarcely one of those I have mentioned who would not say with me that Engels was one of the most helpful men in the world. His very presence was an inspiration. So was his indomitable courage and hopefulness. When some of the younger were for despairing and giving way, this unconquerable fighter never lost heart, although he gave it again and again to the weaker ones. For those of us who saw him every Sunday of our lives of late years, and very often several times in the week, I may say that the loss of him is quite irreparable.

In all difficulties of every kind he was the man to be consulted—his was the advice to be followed. His encyclopaedic knowledge was always at the service of his friends. Everyone who had some special subject of his own found that Engels knew it better than himself. Thus, as to natural science, no matter what branch of it or what part of that branch he was asked about, he was always able to give some new idea, some further help.

As to politics, the one subject that all his friends had in common, all of them went to him for guidance. He knew not only the general principles, but the most minute details, of the economic, historical, political movement in every country.

His knowledge of the English movement, e.g., was extraordinarily profound and acute. It is something for the English to remember that he was upon the international platform of the Legal Eight Hours Demonstration Committee at every demonstration from the first in 1890 until in 1895 his failing health prevented him from coming.

To the last he kept up his interests in and study of contemporary politics. His acute criticisms upon the war between China and Japan¹ were as far-see-

¹ In 1894-95.—*Ed.*

ing as all of the many we have heard him make upon the events of the past few years. These were criticisms that simply astounded one by their profundity and astonishing grasp of everything and the bearing of everything, and that when they cautiously took the shape of prophecy upon political events were singularly accurate.

The very last political talk that he had was with the wife of the present writer, when she came back from Nottingham upon July 28th (he died on August 5th), and told him of the Independent Labour Party movement there. He was then far past speaking, but he kept up an energetic and most interested conversation upon the matter, asking pertinent and searching questions by the aid of his slate and pencil.

Engels was a good hater, as, indeed, everyone must be who is a good lover. He had at times, when he felt something wrong had been done, outbursts of anger; but he generally "did well to be angry."

Oddly as it may sound, in some things he was conservative. He was a man of habit. He liked certain things done at the same time and in the same way each day.

But there are no words to speak of his reliability, his integrity, the strict business habits, and accuracy, which he seemed, in the best sense, to carry into his political and social relations. As Vera Zasulich said the other day, many a time he kept some of us from doing and saying the wrong thing by our thought—what would the General think of this?

It is difficult to conceive a more clear and luminous intellect. Whatever subject he touched he threw a flood of light upon. You saw what you had not seen before, and you saw more accurately that which you had seen. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, wrote Johnson of Oliver Goldsmith. His friends may write of Engels, "he touched nothing that he did not throw light upon." And his style as a writer, both in German and English, was, what is especially rare in a German, lucid, bright, and trenchant.

4

With all these remarkable qualities, he had the rare and saving grace of humour. He enjoyed a joke in every language. He was the most jovial of companions. Upon those immortal Sundays necessarily most of the talk ran upon political and Party matters. We had all come to learn something. But

much of the talk was of the lightest nature, and the fun was sometimes fast and furious.

When there were only a few of us there, he loved a game of cards for counters at the high price of a halfpenny a dozen, and was as keen about making "matrimony" or "nap" as if the fate of nations depended upon it. . . .

Our field nights were those of the German elections. Then Engels laid in a huge cask of special German beer, laid on a special supper, invited his very intimates. Then, as the telegrams came pouring in from all parts of Germany far on into the night, every telegram was torn open, its contents read aloud by the General, and if it was victory we drank, and if it was defeat we drank.

In 1888, as I have said, we had a journey with him and Schorlemmer to America and Canada. Engels was the youngest of the party. He preferred, on board ship, leaping over a seat to walking round it. He never once, like the ordinary traveller, got out of temper, except when he counted sixty-eight mosquito bites before breakfast (his breakfast), and when our luggage was at New York and we were at Boston. . . .

During his last illness at Eastbourne, in spite of all the pain and weakness, there were flashes of the old geniality and joviality, and never, to the very end, did his kindness to and thoughtfulness for everyone for a moment cease. Of that kindness and generosity this is not the place to speak. Every one of his friends can think of that unparalleled generosity and kindness silently, and will have much food for thought.

I know that the readers of the *Labour Prophet* will understand and forbear when it is necessary, in the interests of historic truth, to say that Engels was an atheist. That is, he was absolutely without God, and therefore with hope in the world. He had no sympathy whatever with the Labour Church, and recognized it as a distinct clog upon the movement—a clog, of course, only possible in this country. Socialism as a science was to him quite outside speculative beliefs. Whether a man was Christian or atheist had nothing to do with his socialism. He held, of course, that Christian socialism was a contradiction in terms, and felt very strongly that Christians have no more right to label socialism with the limiting adjective of their shibboleth, than we should dream of speaking of atheistic socialism.

His life was a beautiful one, and he loved it. . . . With his knowledge, his good work well done, his certainty of the future of the movement, his troops of friends—among whom of course Marx was the first, the last, the be-all and

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the end-all—his intense joy of living, he, more than most men, rightly enough loved and clung to life. Not, of course, that he had for a moment the slightest fear of death. No one who knew him but would give all they possessed in the world to be at the end of such a life as his.

It is something for English people to remember that the work of Marx and Engels was mainly done for the world in this little country, and that both of them died here. That is a higher honour than can be conferred by the tombs and mausoleums of all the kings and conquerors in the world. The places for the dead that will be most visited hereafter will be the grave at Highgate, and the simple little building among the pines of Woking.

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Published in
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Vol. IV, Nos. 45 and 46,
London, 1895



N. S. Rusanov

MY ACQUAINTANCE WITH ENGELS

The name of Sergeevsky awakens in me private reminiscences which also have a certain interest for the public. I chose that name as a pseudonym for the sketches on Russian economic life which I wrote in 1890 and 1891 for the official organ of the German Social-Democrats, *Vorwärts*. At the same time Lavrov wrote articles on purely political subjects under the pen-name of Semyon Petrov. We were asked to contribute to that socialist paper—which was then very oppositional—by the old Liebknecht. He asked Lavrov personally and me through Lavrov. So about every fortnight *Vorwärts* published Lavrov's and my articles alternatively and, as far as we could judge from afar, our articles attracted the attention of socialist readers in Germany.

One of my articles was even a particular success through a certain course of circumstances. I had already published in *Vorwärts* a number of articles on the true economic position in Russia, including the famine¹ and summing them up I had come to general conclusion that the autocracy, having reduced the people to poverty, would be obliged, though against its will, to prohibit the export of grain from Russia, so desperate was the plight of millions and millions of the population. But the tsarist government most vigorously refuted all rumours of the possibility of such a measure, fearing they would jeopardize its financial tactics of negotiating big loans abroad, particularly in France.

In one of its issues—I think it was in August 1891—*Vorwärts* published my article as the leader with my signature and reprints of recent officious Russian denials and a telegram from Petersburg reporting the sudden issue of a decree on the “temporary cessation of exports of grain, flour and other food products.” The editorial board gave its views on this in its political bulletin. It commented with visible satisfaction on the fact that while Russian official circles and their friends in the German Government were continuing to deceive the European public as to the seriousness of the famine and assuring that all rumours of an imminent export prohibition were but malignant imaginations of the tsarist government’s enemies “our contributor Sergejevsky,” with his typical knowledge of affairs, had already unmasked that ostrich policy of deception. . . .

From then on the Russian Comrade Sergejevsky enjoyed among the readers of *Vorwärts* the reputation of a serious and conscientious correspondent. I had personal experience of this a few months later, in spring 1892, in a conversation with Engels whom I went to see in London, on the request of my comrades, in the following circumstances.

In the gloomy picture of the Russian people dying of hunger there was only one bright spot, but it was continually spreading and flaring brighter. That was the arousing of public interest and the growth of oppositional thought. . . . And the tsarist government’s resistance to the slightest manifestation of public initiative to help the hungry people only intensified the oppositional tendency. Hope was arising in socialist and revolutionary circles, which was effectively helping the people at the same time to make use of the situation to rally all the vital forces of the country for the

¹ In 1890-91.—*Ed.*

overthrow of tsarist despotism. In that sense, we thought, a political revolution would be the best remedy for hunger in the present, and more so the best prevention of its recurrence in the future. . . .

Both Narodniks and Marxists readily spoke of the necessity for concerted activity and even for a temporary alliance. . . . And then arose among the leaders of German Social-Democracy, who were closely following the progress of the famine and of the opposition in Russia, the idea of promoting such a rapprochement practically.

Bebel was particularly insistent on this plan and a proposal was made by the Executive of the Social-Democratic Party to the Emancipation of Labour group¹ and to our circle² to elect plenipotentiaries for an exchange of views, Bebel declaring himself prepared to attend the conference if the Russian comrades so desired. At first the matter seemed to go well and the meeting was intended to be held in London, at Engels's house. The Marxists were to send Plekhanov and our circle the author of these lines.

* * *

I do not know exactly why the plan aborted, but neither Bebel nor Plekhanov came to the conference and I was the only one present at Engels's on the appointed date.

I must admit that I was only half disappointed. My trip allowed me to make the acquaintance of such a great man as Engels.

Some particulars of this meeting were impressed for ever in my memory.

I was shown into a large well-lit room in a fairly roomy flat not far from some park.³ Two or three men were sitting drinking ale, and some distance, away, by the window, was a young woman. I was told it was Kautskaya.

The men were conversing now in German, now in English. One of them, a tall elderly man with an energetic face framed in a great beard heavily streaked with grey, rose as I came in and, hearing my name, came up to me and heartily shook hands.

¹ *The Emancipation of Labour group*—the first Russian Marxist group, was organized by Plekhanov in Geneva in 1883. It did much to spread Marxism in Russia.—*Ed.*

² The author means "The Circle of Old Members of Narodnaya Volya" which centred round Lavrov.—*Ed.*

³ Regent's Park.—*Ed.*

"My name is Engels," he said in English. "I have already heard a little about you. My friend Lavrov told me you were coming." Then he asked what language I would rather talk in.

I said I preferred French and immediately felt the irresistible desire to tell Engels what profound respect I had for him. I was no longer a Marxist, but had already calmed down from my militant anti-Marxism. I was able to appreciate the historic significance of the man in front of me.

"Citizen Engels, allow a Russian Socialist to express genuine admiration for a man who was a worthy friend of the great Marx and is still the spiritual leader of the Socialist International. . . . Personally, I read your work on the condition of the working class in Britain when I was quite young. It impressed me greatly, and since then, like every Socialist in the world, I set great store by your judgement and read every new work of yours as soon as it is published. . . . I see in you the living continuation and the living personification of Marx. . . ."

The tall man laughed and stopped me with a wave of his hand.

"Tut-tut-tut, young Comrade. Enough of that! Why all these compliments between Socialists? Can't we show a little more simplicity? Your mouth must be dry from your oratorical exertion. . . . Come and sit down and wet it with some beer." And he offered me a seat at his side.

Meanwhile, the other guests left and Engels and I remained alone, except for the young woman sitting by the window, apparently completely absorbed in sorting out the letters, pamphlets and books on the round table in front of her.

Engels questioned me very carefully on the reports which we Russian Socialists were getting from starving Russia and inquired about the plans for "Lavrov's group" as he called us. On the whole he was very nice, but he stressed the "genuine socialist activity of Plekhanov and his friends," opposing it to the "political romanticism" of their opponents. . . .

"With a few exceptions you Russians are too backward in your understanding of the social evolution of your own country," he said. "For you political economy is still an abstract thing because so far you have not been drawn sufficiently into the whirlpool of industrial development which will knock out of your heads all abstract views of the course of economic life. . . . The position is now changing. . . . The cogwheels of capitalism have already cut deep in places into Russian economy. . . . But in the majority of cases

you have not yet given up anarchistic conceptions. . . . Still, I repeat, it is not your fault, conscience lags behind being. . . .”

Suddenly Engels quickly rose and exclaimed:

“By the way, I’ll read you something out of Marx’s old Russian library. . . . I gave most of his Russian books to other institutions and people who can make better use of them. . . . But I kept a few things for myself. . . .”

In a friendly way he asked me to go with him into the next room. That was just as light and spacious—the library, judging by the long bookcases fixed to the walls. Engels went as quickly as before up to one of the shelves, looked at it a second and then, without any hesitation, took down a book in an old binding and showed it to me: it was one of the first editions of Pushkin’s *Yevgeny Onegin*.

It was as if somebody had pressed a button in my memory, which was then good. I wanted to show Engels that we, victims of “political romanticism,” had read a few things and knew something:

“Dear citizen, you apparently want to read me something out of that? Allow me to read you the very passage that you wanted to draw my attention to.”

Engels looked askew at me in a friendly mocking way:

“Please do.”

He gave me the book.

I held it shut and recited from memory:

...Читал Адама Смита
И был глубокий эконо-
м, То есть умел судить о том,
Как государство богатеет,
И отчего и почему
Не нужно золота ему,
Когда *сырой продукт* имеет...
Его отец понять не мог
И земли отдавал в залог.¹

1

For having tackled Adam Smith,
And knowing all the means wherewith
A state may prosper, what it needed
To live, and how it might abide
The lack of gold if it provide
Itself with *simple product*; heeded
He wasn’t by his father, who
Mortgaged his lands without ado.

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"Donnerwetter!... Potztausend..." Engels exclaimed several times. "Hell! you guessed right... That's it, that's the very passage I wanted to read out to you. What put you on to it?"

"Association of ideas."

"Which?"

"You obviously wanted to quote something on the inevitable backwardness of Russian life. When I saw *Yevgeny Onegin* in your hands I immediately remembered that Marx quoted that very passage in his *Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy* and in Russian at that:

Его отец понять не мог
И земли отдавал в залог, —

to prove that the ideas of bourgeois political economy cannot be applied to a society based on serf labour..."

The mocking expression on Engels's face changed into a completely friendly one:

"Oh, you're a very attentive reader, Citizen Rusanov! When did you read *A Contribution*?"

We went on to talk about the spreading of Marxist ideas in Russia and I told Engels how I myself, owing to a favourable concourse of circumstances, had earlier had the opportunity of reading the most important works of his illustrious friend... .

Engels listened to me with great interest and broke in with the question:

"And yet you are not with Plekhanov?"

I sensed a certain irritation in the question. I knew that the members of the Emancipation of Labour group spoke in very unfriendly terms of the "Circle of Old Members of Narodnaya Volya" to their fellow Marxists in the West and had inspired them with great mistrust for us, as if we were utopians and conspirators of the old type, saturated with petty-bourgeois ideas. I answered Engels on very broad lines and tried to show him the differences between our views.

The conversation turned again on to Russia and her contemporary situation. Differences soon arose between us on the appraisal of some fact or other in Russian economic life. Engels appeared hardly able to suppress his vexation and he exclaimed:

"You should have read an article by a certain Sergeyevsky on the subject in *Vorwärts*. He writes fairly often in that paper... He appears to be a man

of knowledge. . . . And he happens to say exactly the same as I do. Haven't you seen his articles?"

I felt embarrassment and a certain satisfaction. After a moment's hesitation I said, not very bravely, I admit:

"Yes. . . . It was even I who wrote them. . . . I am Sergejevsky of *Vorwärts*. That's a pseudonym that I chose on Lavrov's advice for some of my articles. . . ."

Engels burst out laughing.

"Really, there's no understanding you Russians. You must have partitions in your brain. The same man is quite clever in some things and. . . ." He paused for a while.

"Don't mince your words, Citizen,—quite stupid in others. Isn't that what you mean?" I asked, smiling.

"And has not the faintest idea about other things which seem to belong to the same field," Engels concluded.

I had to defend Rusanov against the authority of Sergejevsky and show Engels the reason for the apparent contradiction between Sergejevsky's articles and the appraisal of the question that I had just given. . . .

As he bade me a friendly farewell Engels regretted that we had not had the opportunity of a meeting with Plekhanov and Bebel and hoped that the alliance between the Russian Marxists and the followers of Narodnaya Volya would materialize all the same in the fight against hunger and in opposition to the government. He gave me a short letter to the same effect in French for Lavrov. He ended in Russian, thus showing his rare talent for languages.

From N. S. Rusanov's book
In Emigration,
Moscow, 1929

Translated from the Russian

A. Voden

TALKS WITH ENGELS

1

By the middle of March 1893 I had earned enough by giving mathematics lessons in Lausanne to be able to realize a long-fostered dream—that of spending some time in London. I had a very definite aim—to work on the history of English philosophy, and the most appropriate place for that was the British Museum.

When I asked G. V. Plekhanov for a recommendation—and not only to the Russians in London—he offered to give me letters to Stepanyak and Bernstein and also to Engels himself.

I thanked him for that honour and asked him what would be the best way of preparing for my interview with Engels. But Plekhanov immediately embarked on a thorough examination of my knowledge of Marx's philosophy of history, Hegel's philosophy of history, and the subjective Narodniks, insisting that my exposition should be concise and not captious; then on the second book of *Capital*—after which Vera Ivanovna Zasulich, his assistant, objected that it was time to give me a rest; on Proudhon—not making use of *The Poverty of Philosophy*—and finally on Feuerbach, Bauer, Stirner,

the Tübingen school,¹ Strauss and the whole of Hegel to finish up with. . . Vera Ivanovna was present at this "vigil." . . . On the next day Plekhanov gave me a letter to Engels² and wished me luck. . .

Plekhanov asked me to copy out for him extensive excerpts from *The Holy Family* in the British Museum. He gave me much helpful advice on the most appropriate way of spending my time in London.

To begin with, I found myself penniless in London: my purse was stolen while I was having a rest in Hyde Park after leaving Victoria Station. As a result I was obliged to go immediately to *Free Russia*.³ There I saw V. Cherkezov and he was so kind as to help me to find a cheap room and even credit. I was immediately advanced money first from Paris and then from Russia.

That same day I sent off the sealed letter from Plekhanov to Engels, requesting Engels to inform me, if possible, when it would be least inconvenient for him to see me. I wrote in English. After that Engels always wrote to me in the same language.⁴

While awaiting Engels's reply I went to see Stepnyak and he gave me a recommendation for the British Museum. Later, when I was in a position

¹ A school devoted to research and criticism of the Bible, founded in Tübingen during the first half of the 19th century.—*Ed.*

² Plekhanov did not tell me what he had written to Engels, so I did not know what was in the letter until it was shown to me a few days before being printed in the journal *Pod Znamenem Marxizma* (*Under the Banner of Marxism*). [Note by Voden.] Plekhanov's letter to Engels dated April 2, 1893, was published in *Pod Znamenem Marxizma*, Nos. 11-12, 1923.—*Ed.*

³ A Narodnik journal published in London in English from 1890 by Stepnyak-Kravchinsky.—*Ed.*

⁴ Unfortunately I was obliged to burn Engels's letters in Paris in the autumn of 1893 when I was warned of a search a few minutes before the arrival of the police. The reason for the search was most probably that I had just received a large package from *Free Russia* in London and had thus drawn the attention of the French officials, and not only customs officials; although, as I pointed out, the publications I received, which dated mostly from the 70's, had no actual, but only historical interest. The agents who carried out the search threatened me with expulsion for monographs on the history of the French Revolution which they found. They also considered it suspicious that I wore dark spectacles, which gave my face a "nihilist expression." I asked to be shown the law which forbade the study in France of the main facts of French history, and as far as the colour of my spectacles was concerned, I asked the police agents to go to an eye clinic with me to find out whose directions I should follow in that respect. [Note by Voden.]

to spend four years (1896-1900) in London, I got a recommendation from Eleanor Marx-Aveling. . . .

During the three months that I spent in London on that occasion (from April to the beginning of July 1893) I went to see Engels no fewer than ten times—each time on his special invitation, oral or written.

2

I must note that there were few persons with whom I felt so much at ease all the time from my first visit to my departure as with Engels.

On my way I thought out turns of speech and sought most suitable constructions, but this proved to be perfectly superfluous. The fascination of Engels's conversation did not prevent me from being myself in his presence. . . .

For reasons which are self-evident I preferred to listen to Engels. But I had to speak sometimes too, and not in detached phrases but in whole periods; I had to give a précis of the Marxist and Narodnik views on a number of theoretical programme points, and Engels gave me access to Marx's manuscripts only after having made sure, not by an "examinaton" such as Plekhanov had submitted me to, but in unconstrained conversation, that I was capable of taking an interest in the details of the history of German thought.

Besides this, Engels showed an interest in many matters concerning Russia, not only her economy, but ideologies too: which works of Marx's were read in Russia, what was the usual standard of readers of *Capital*, what utopian authors were read; he expressed interest in the varieties of Russian liberalism in the capital and in the provinces, in the concrete forms of *Tolstoism*, in the literary productions of the Narodniks and Russian literary critique, the classic representatives of which he held in high esteem.

Engels did not think it appropriate to start the study of political economy with *Capital*, as Marx intended it for readers having a certain knowledge of the subject. He expressed disapproval of popular expositions of *Capital*.

In his first letter, which was very affable, Engels told me that he would expect me in the evening on any of the following days.

When I went to his house the first time, he began by showing me his huge cat and then asked me about Plekhanov, Vera Ivanovna and Lavrov. His

attitude towards the last-mentioned was one of friendly irony. He expressed a high opinion of Plekhanov's talent ("not inferior to Lafargue or even Lassalle") and inquired about his literary plans: he agreed on the expediency of works on the history of French materialism and of articles on Russian Narodnik literature.

Engels then said he was persuaded the most necessary thing of all for the Russian Social-Democrats was to work seriously on agrarian problems in Russia; research in that field held prospects of substantially new results which would be of importance for the history of the forms of land-ownership and land tenure and for the application and testing of economic theory, especially of differential rent, provided extensive material was brought to light. He mentioned that he was expecting any day a work by Danielson, his Russian correspondent for whom he had great respect, in spite of which, however, he did not think that his book would exhaust the question. Engels mentioned his opinion that it was highly desirable that Plekhanov should be the one to deal with that question, which was the main one for Russia, and that he should do so in serious research work, not in polemic articles.

At that moment I wanted to convey Plekhanov's wishes, but Bernstein arrived and immediately asked me to go to see him. I was on the point of leaving when I was asked to stay for supper, during which Engels related episodes from the period before March and from the 1848 Revolution.

When he said good-bye to me, Engels suggested that we should continue our conversation on the agrarian question in Russia in the near future, promising to invite me to his house as soon as he had managed to carry out an urgent task—the writing of a few letters.

Our conversations were mostly in German: a proof of how remarkably conscientious was his thinking was that in the notes he wrote to me he always hastened to correct any quotations he had made the previous time if, after careful checking, he found he had quoted wrongly. Once, for instance, when he had attributed to Tkachev thoughts which in substance were those of Bakunin, he lost no time in writing to me that after going to the source at Mendelson's he had come to the conclusion that he had taken one muddler for another. I remember that he used the German *Konfusionsrat*¹ in a letter in English. . . .

¹ Muddler.—Tr.

In our second conversation Engels asked me outright whether Plekhanov had not given me any definite messages for him. I passed on Plekhanov's wishes, representing the matter as if Plekhanov had been forced to defend himself and to defend from distortion by the Narodniks the fundamental principles of Marxism and the practical conclusions from them. In respect of Plekhanov's complaint Engels smiled and quoted the Latin saying: *Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?*¹ and even added in Russian: "Who ever could hurt Plekhanov? Isn't it rather that Plekhanov could hurt anyone?"...

I hastened to stress that the followers of Narodnaya Volya were indignant at Plekhanov because of his speech at the Paris International Congress² and for the penetration he showed in respect of Tikhomirov. Engels said that he and many other comrades liked the speech at the Paris Congress, but that he was convinced that one should not identify Tikhomirov with the followers of Narodnaya Volya or even with H. Lopatin. . . .

Then Engels said that he was expecting from me the "usual" question on the idea of Marx's letter to *Otechestvenniye Zapiski*³ and wondered what was not clear in that letter, since Marx had clearly stated his own and Engels's conviction that it was important that the achievement of power by Social-Democracy in the West should coincide with the political and agrarian revolution in Russia. Besides, Engels wished that the Russians—and not only the Russians—would not pick quotations from Marx or from him, Engels, but would think as Marx would have thought in their place, and that it was only in that sense that the word "Marxist" had any *raison d'être*. . . .

3

The next time Engels asked me for a summary of the philosophical differences between Plekhanov and the Narodniks. He frowned at the mention of the "subjective method in the social sciences" and dispensed me from giving an account of Lavrov. . . . But when I gave voice to Plekhanov's views

¹ Who would listen to the Gracchi complaining about sedition?—*Ed.*

² In his speech at the First Congress of the Second International in Paris in 1889 Plekhanov said: "the revolutionary movement in Russia will triumph only as a revolutionary movement of the workers, or it will not triumph at all."—*Ed.*

³ See K. Marx and F. Engels, *Selected Correspondence*, Moscow, pp. 376-79.

on the works of N. I. Kareyev, Engels led me to one of the bookcases, showed me a copy of Kareyev's thesis on the peasant question in France which Marx had received from the author and said that Marx and he both considered that work very conscientious. He advised me, and Plekhanov too, to note that, no matter what lack of clarity the esteemed historian showed in questions of principle and even of method. I was compelled to admit that Engels was right and I drew the appropriate conclusions. Engels said that he would be interested to read "*sachliche*" (objective) answers to the subjective Narodniks in *Neue Zeit*. . . .

Our next conversation was on early works by Marx and Engels. At first Engels was embarrassed when I expressed interest in those works. He mentioned that Marx too had written poetry in his student years, but that it could hardly interest anybody.¹ Then he asked which of Marx's and his works interested Plekhanov and his fellow-thinkers and what was the exact reason for that interest. Was not the fragment on Feuerbach,² which Engels considered the most meaty of those "old works," sufficient?

I gave all Plekhanov's arguments in favour of publishing as soon as possible the whole of Marx's philosophical legacy and his and Engels's joint works. Engels said he had heard that more than once from certain Germans, the seriousness of whose interest in those "old works" he had no reason to doubt; but he asked me for an honest answer to the question: which was more important—for him, Engels—to spend the rest of his life publishing old manuscripts from publicistic work of the 40's or to set to work, when Book III of *Capital* came out, on the publication of Marx's manuscripts on the history of the theories of surplus value?

As I did not answer, Engels gave me a brief summary of the contents of those manuscripts of Marx's (Book IV of *Capital*).

Then Engels expressed interest in the question which of the philosophers, besides fashionable ones like Schopenhauer, were most read in Russia. When I mentioned the neo-Kantians he asked me whether I had read Riehl and what was my opinion of Cohen and Natorp. At my mention of Riehl's derision of Hegel's philosophy of nature he livened up and gave me a brilliant

¹ When I gave Plekhanov a detailed account of my conversations with Engels, he explained Engels's embarrassment, which I could not understand, by saying that Engels had presumed that I was referring to his early poetical works which one of the Germans was threatening to dig up. [*Note by Voden.*]

² *Theses on Feuerbach*, written by Marx in 1845.—*Ed.*

lecture on the philosophy of nature, bringing out the wealth of content hidden under Hegel's awkward and elaborate formulation.

I availed myself of what seemed to me the most favourable moment to urge Engels to redeem from undeserved oblivion at least the most essential of Marx's early works, Feuerbach alone being insufficient. Engels said that in order to penetrate into that "old story" one needed, in fact, to have an interest in Hegel himself, which was not the case with anybody then, or, to be exact, "neither with Kautsky nor with Bernstein."

Engels then spoke of his personal relations with the Bauer brothers, showing contempt for *The Last Judgement on Hegel*.¹

On the following days Engels asked me to come in the morning, and giving me a magnifying glass he allowed me to read one manuscript of Marx after the other: *Saint Max*,² a more detailed criticism of Hegel's philosophy of law, and parts of *German Ideology*.

Engels there and then laid aside for himself the pages on Bruno Bauer, for he wished to read them in connection with the thought he then had of writing a more detailed review of the critique of the sources of the history of early Christianity since Bauer. He thought that what was said about Bauer in *The Holy Family* was enough for me.

Then Engels admitted that he had presumed that if he left me alone with a magnifying glass and the manuscripts he would find me asleep over them or that if I simulated interest, boredom would be punishment enough for me and I would not hold out but would run away. However, he found me busy reading manuscripts which had been more carefully rewritten or deciphering Marx's writing, which his Latin teacher in the Trèves days appreciated at its worth, and he helped me in that work, which I did not find easy. At first I was loath to take up the time of a man of such marvellous delicacy, but I could not help noticing how Engels livened up at the memory of days long gone by. . . . He gave me oral explanations of *The Holy Family* and permitted me to pass them on to Plekhanov. He also allowed me to summarize *Saint Max* without any quotations from memory. He gave me some issues of *Deutsche Jahrbücher*³ and *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher* to take home.

¹ An anonymous pamphlet by the Young Hegelian Bruno Bauer, published in Leipzig in 1841.—Ed.

² A section of Marx and Engels's *German Ideology*.—Ed.

³ *Deutsche Jahrbücher* (*German Year Books*)—a Young Hegelian literary and philosophical journal published in Leipzig and edited by A. Ruge from July 1841 to January 1843.—Ed.

When I drew attention to the remarkable similarity of the views of the "Free" and the "Critical Critics"¹ with the ideology of the Russian subjectivists, Engels explained that the resemblance was due not to an unconscious reproduction of the German pre-March ideologies by the Russian intelligentsia, but mainly to a direct adoption of those ideologies by Lavrov and even Bakunin.

4

In answer to my farewell letter as I was about to leave London I received an amiable invitation from Engels to go and see him again. The conversation which I had on that occasion is particularly deeply engraved in my memory.

Engels asked me whether I was interested in the history of Greek philosophy and then offered to expound for me Marx's first philosophical work. He gave me an account of Marx's doctor's thesis, with many details but without the help of the manuscript, quoting by heart not only Lucretius and Cicero but a great number of Greek texts (from Diogenes Laertius, Sextius Empiricus, and Clement). Then he drew my attention to the fact that even in Epicurus's view of the causal connection which is generally interpreted as a lack of desire on Epicurus's part to arouse a striving to "cognize the cause of things" in actual fact, we can, in spite of the naïveness and clumsiness of the original formulation, see a call to investigate the causal connections from various sides, provided they were not in contradiction to the basic thesis. Engels wondered why Lange's history of materialism was still considered satisfactory, although it did not bring out what was most substantial even in Kant's point of view.

When I asked whether Marx was ever a Hegelian in the strict sense of the word, Engels answered that the very thesis on the differences between Democritus and Epicurus allows us to state that at the very beginning of his literary career, Marx, who had completely mastered Hegel's dialectical method and had not yet been obliged by the course of his studies to replace it by the materialist dialectical method, showed perfect independence

¹ Groups of Young Hegelians in Germany in the first half of the forties of the 19th century who were vigorously criticized by Marx and Engels.—*Ed*

of Hegel¹ in the application of Hegel's own dialectics, and that in the very sphere in which Hegel was strongest—the history of thought. Hegel gives not a reconstruction of the immanent dialectics of the Epicurean system, but a series of scornful opinions of that system. Marx, on the other hand, gave a reconstruction of the immanent dialectics of Epicurism, not idealizing it, but bringing out the poverty of its content compared with Aristotle.

Engels explained to me in detail the profound difference in this respect between Marx, who immediately manifested such independence of Hegel, and Lassalle's schoolboy attitude to Hegel.

Engels defined philosophy as the science of thinking and maintained that everything else had but a historical interest and had long been a kind of survival. Engels expected nothing good from an attempt to express the substance of Marxism in the terms of Riehl's criticism. . . .

He mentioned that Marx had intended to continue to study the history of Greek philosophy and had even subsequently spoken to him on the matter. In doing so he had not displayed any one-sided preference for the materialist systems, but had dwelt particularly on the dialectics in Plato and Aristotle, and in modern philosophy in Leibnitz and Kant.

When we parted Engels presented me with a copy of *Essays* by N—on,² mentioning that he himself had not had time to read that study properly. . . .

He said in concluding that he hoped energetic leaders would soon come to the fore in Russia herself. . . .

He told me to give to Plekhanov his friendly advice to engage mainly in scientific pursuits worthy of him, particularly on the agrarian question, and not in the form of a polemic, but on the substance of the question. . . .

As I left, Engels expressed the wish, as far as my scientific and literary activity was concerned, that I should not be in a hurry to get my works

¹ Plekhanov was of the opinion that when Engels spoke of the materialists Democritus and Epicurus I should have shifted the conversation on to the "more interesting" French materialists of the 18th century. I noted that I could not forego the delight of hearing Engels's account of Marx's first philosophical work. . . . Engels, by the way, expressed the desire that I should find out and report to him whether any viewpoint resembling Marx's in any way was current in literature on the subject. [*Note by Voden.*]

² N. F. Danielson, author of *Ocherki Nashego Poreformennogo Obshchestvennogo Khozyaistva* (*Essays of Our Post-Reform Social Economy*), 1880.—Ed.

printed and should always have more arguments in stock than I immediately advanced. . . .

At Engels's, especially at supper, I met his usual company and people who had come to London to see him. I have particularly vivid remembrance of the night of May 1, 1893. It was dawn by the time Mendelson and I left. The drink had been delightful. We had sung the *Marseillaise*—the classical French one. That hymn then sounded different on the lips of the leaders of international socialism than in France. And when I absently started singing the words of the German translation Engels whispered to me: "Why mumble that Lassallean imitation?"

From A. Voden's article:
"At the Dawn of 'Legal Marxism' "
in the journal *Letopisi Marxizma*
(*Annals of Marxism*), No. 4, 1927

Translated from the Russian.

F. M. Kravchinskaya

REMINISCENCES

Plekhanov knew Sergei Mikhailovich¹ and kept up correspondence with him. Sergei Mikhailovich once got a letter from him in which, among other things, he wrote: "You are living in London. What are you doing there? Do you know that Engels lives there? It is not often that such men are born. That is why I insist that you make his acquaintance and send me an account. It is outrageous that you have not yet been to see him. You absolutely must go."

Engels lived in a large house which was open on a Sunday to those who wished to see him. You could meet him in his large hall every Sunday surrounded by Socialists, critics and writers. Anybody who wanted to see Engels could just go.

One Sunday my husband and I went to Engels's with Marx's daughter Eleanor.

The charming old man made the most favourable impression on me. I was very shy, and to my discomfort he gave me a seat quite near him. I kept drawing nearer to Marx's daughter and avoided talking to Engels, but he, like the courteous man that he was, naturally started to entertain me. I could not speak any foreign languages and therefore had but one wish—to be left in peace. Engels spoke French, German and English. The

¹ S. M. Kravchinsky (Stepnyak)—Narodnik, the author's husband.—*Ed.*

conversation was on all possible subjects, mainly political. There were arguments.

His housekeeper sat as usual at the opposite end of the table. All that she did was to give every new arrival a fairly "liberal" helping of meat and salad and keep the glasses full of wine.

There were heated arguments among the guests, who got excited, shouted, and asked Engels for the answer to the question.

Suddenly Engels turned to me and, taking into account the fact that I knew no foreign languages, spoke Russian. He quoted from Pushkin:

V

Мы все учились понемногу,
Чему-нибудь, и как-нибудь,
Так воспитаньем, слава богу,
У нас немудрено блеснуть.
Онегин был, по мнению многих
(Судей решительных и строгих),
Ученый малый, но педант.
Имел он счастливый талант
Без принужденья в разговоре
Коснуться до всего слегка,
С ученым видом знатока
Хранить молчанье в важном споре
И возбуждать улыбку дам
Огнем нежданных эпиграмм.

VI

Латынь из моды вышла ныне:
Так, если правду вам сказать,
Он знал довольно по-латыни,
Чтоб эпиграфы разбирать,
Потолковать об Ювенале,
В конце письма поставить *vale*,
Да помнил, хоть не без греха,
Из Энеиды два стиха.
Он рыться не имел охоты
В хронологической пыли
Бытописания земли;
Но дней минувших анекдоты,
От Ромула до наших дней,
Хранил он в памяти своей.

VII

Высокой страсти не имея
 Для звуков жизни не щадить,
 Не мог он ямба от хорея,
 Как мы ни бились, отличить.
 Бранил Гомера, Феокрита;
 Зато читал Адама Смита
 И был глубокий эконоом,
 То есть умел судить о том,
 Как государство богатеет,
 И чем живет, и почему,
 Не нужно золота ему,
 Когда *простой продукт* имеет.
 Отец понять его не мог
 И земли отдавал в залог.¹

He recited the whole by heart in wonderful Russian. I clapped, but Engels said: "Alas, that's as far as my knowledge of Russian goes!"

The impression he produced on me was indelible, he was so hospitable and open-hearted. A few days later he returned our visit. He did not stay long, obviously merely wanting to make acquaintance. I never saw him again in a large company. He and my husband used to see each other and meet to talk about various political subjects; they sometimes had arguments and misunderstandings.

1

V

Since but a random education
 Is all they give us as a rule
 With us, to miss a reputation
 For learning takes an utter fool.
 The strict and never doubting many
 Maintained the notion that Yevgeny
 Was "quite a learned lad," you see,
 But "with a turn for pedantry."
 Our hero had the lucky talent
 Of making witty repartees,
 Of speaking with unwonted ease,
 Of looking wise and keeping silent
 And of provoking ladies' smiles
 By unpremeditated guiles.

* * *

My attitude to Engels was perhaps a sentimental one and it was shared by Vera Zasluch, who was a friend of mine. She and I used to meet sometimes and when we spoke of Engels we were on the point of crying: Engels was very ill at the time.

Once Kautskaya came and said that she had to go somewhere and would I go to Engels for a couple of hours. I spent about three hours with Engels and the very sight of him hurt me. He was glad when he recognized me and he showed me all the armchairs on which Marx had ever sat. He also showed

VI

None really care for Latin lately:
Our friend's sufficed him to translate,
Although not very adequately,
An epigraph, at any rate;
To say a word on Juvenale,
To wind a letter up with *Vale*
And cite, with just a slip or two,
A pair of Virgil's lines to you.
He had no itch to dig for glories
Deep in the dust that time has laid,
He let the classic laurel fade.
But all the most amusing stories
Of every century and clime
He could recall at any time.

VII

Unable to divine the pleasure
Of sacrificing life on rhyme,
He couldn't tell a single measure
However much we wasted time.
He chid Theocritus and Homer,
But might have won a Grand Diploma
For having tackled Adam Smith,
And knowing all the means wherewith
A state may prosper, what it needed
To live, and how it might abide
The lack of gold if it provide
Itself with *simple product*; heeded
He wasn't by his father, who
Mort gaged his lands without ado.

me letters from Karl Marx, his photographs and some caricatures of him. All this he did with the greatest warmth. And there was I, looking at him and suffering, for he had been so hale and hearty when I first met him and now he was ill and helpless. His disease was a dangerous one—cancer of the throat.

However, Engels kept up his interest in all events to the very end and wrote much. Vera Zasulich often went to see him and shared impressions with me. All those who loved him often visited him and spent hours with him, but all knew that he was doomed. . . .

From the manuscript

Translated from the Russian.
Published for the first time

IV

FREDERICK ENGELS'S LETTERS ON THE DEATH OF KARL MARX

Frederick Engels. KARL MARX'S FUNERAL

Frederick Engels. ON THE OCCASION OF KARL MARX'S DEATH

OVER ENGELS'S COFFIN

Franz Mehring. FREDERICK ENGELS

**FREDERICK ENGELS'S LETTERS
ON THE DEATH OF KARL MARX**

ENGELS TO F. A. SORGE, HOBOKEN

(TELEGRAM)

London, March 14, 1883

Marx died today. Engels.

ENGELS TO E. BERNSTEIN, ZURICH

London, March 14, 1883

Dear Bernstein,
You must have received my telegram. It all happened so terribly quick. After the best prospects there was a sudden collapse of strength this morning, then he simply fell asleep. In two minutes this genius had ceased to think, and exactly at the time when the physicians encouraged us to hope for the best. The value of this man in the theoretical field, and at decisive moments also in the practical, can be gauged only by one who constantly was with him. His wide horizons will disappear with him from the scene for many years. These are things still beyond the ken of the rest of us.

The movement will proceed along its course but it will miss his calm, timely and considered intervention, which hitherto saved it from many a long and wearisome erroneous path.

More information soon. It is now 12 o'clock at night and I have had to write letters and attend to all kinds of things the whole afternoon and evening.

Yours,
F. E.

From a photo-copy
of the manuscript

Translated from the German

ENGELS TO W. LIEBKNECHT, LEIPZIG

London, March 14, 1883

Dear Liebknecht,

My telegram to Mrs. Bebel, the only one whose address I have, will have informed you of the tremendous loss the European Socialist-Revolutionary Party has suffered. As recently as last Friday the doctor—one of the best in London—told us that there were all prospects of making him as healthy again as he had ever been before, provided his strength could be maintained through nourishment. And from that time he began to eat with greater appetite. And then after two o'clock this afternoon, I found the house in tears: he was terribly weak, I was told. Lenchen called me up, saying that he was half asleep, and when I went up—it was not two minutes since she had left the room—he was asleep, but for ever. The greatest brain of the second half of our century had ceased to think. I shall not allow myself any opinion on the immediate causes of death without medical advice; the whole case was so complicated that it would take sheets for even medical people to describe it adequately. And now that it is over it is no longer so important. I have endured anxiety enough in the last six weeks and all I can say is that in my opinion first his wife's death and then Jenny's at a very critical period did their share in bringing about the final crisis.

Although I have seen him laid out on his bed this evening, his features frozen in death, I still cannot believe that that brain of genius has ceased to fructify by its mighty thoughts the proletarian movement in both worlds.

It is through him that we all are what we are; and it is through his theoretical and practical activity that the movement is what it is today; without him we would still be plunged in confusion.

Yours,

F. Engels

Printed according to the text
published in the book
by W. Liebknecht, *Karl Marx*
zum Gedächtniss, Nuremberg, 1896

Translated from the German

ENGELS TO JOHANN PHILIPP BECKER, GENEVA

London, March 15, 1883

Dear old friend,

Rejoice that you saw Marx as recently as last autumn. You will never see him again. Yesterday afternoon at 2.45, when he had been left alone for hardly two minutes, we found that he had gently passed away in his armchair. The mightiest brain in our Party had ceased to think, the stoutest heart that I have ever known had beaten its last. He probably died from an internal haemorrhage.

We two are now pretty well the last of the old guard of before 1848. Well, we are still standing in the breach. Bullets are whistling, friends are falling, but we have seen that before. And when a bullet strikes one of us, that will be all right, provided it hits us in the right way so that the agony is not too long.

Your old battle friend,

F. Engels

From a photo-copy of the manuscript

Translated from the German

ENGELS TO F. A. SORGE

London, March 15, 1883, 11.45 p.m.

Dear Sorge,

Your telegram arrived this evening. Heartfelt thanks!

It was not possible to keep you regularly informed about Marx's state of health because it was constantly changing. Here, briefly, are the main facts:

In October 1881, shortly before his wife's death, he had an attack of pleurisy. After he recovered, he was sent to Algiers in February 1882; he encountered cold, wet weather on the journey and arrived with another attack of pleurisy. The atrocious weather continued, and when he got better he was sent to Monte Carlo (Monaco) to avoid the heat of the approaching summer. Again he arrived with an attack of pleurisy, milder this time. Again abominable weather. Cured at last, he went to Argenteuil near Paris to stay with his daughter, Mme. Longuet. He took the sulphur springs at near-by Engghien for the bronchitis he had had for so long. Here again the weather was frightful, but the treatment did some good. Then he went to Vevey for six weeks and came back in September, apparently almost fully recovered. He was allowed to spend the winter on the south coast of England. And he himself was so tired of wandering about doing nothing that another period of exile to the south of Europe would probably have harmed him morally as much as it would have benefited him physically. When the foggy season commenced in London, he was sent to the Isle of Wight. There it did nothing but rain; he caught another cold. Schorlemmer and I were planning to pay him a visit around New Year's Day when news came that made it necessary for Tussy to join him at once. Immediately after that came the death of Jenny, and he returned with another attack of bronchitis. After all that had gone before, and at his age, this was dangerous. A number of complications set in, particularly an abscess of the lung and a terribly rapid loss of strength. Despite this, the general course of the illness was favourable, and last Friday the chief physician in attendance, who was one of the most prominent young doctors in London and specially recommended to him by Edwin Ray Lankester, gave us the most brilliant hope for his recovery. Yet anyone who has ever examined lung tissue under the microscope knows how great is the danger of the wall of a blood vessel being broken through in a suppurating lung. And that is why I had a deathly fear, every morning for the past six weeks, of finding the curtains down when I turned the corner of the street. Yesterday afternoon at 2.30, the best time for visiting him during the day, I arrived to find the house in tears. It seemed that the end was near. I asked what had happened, tried to get at the bottom of the matter, to offer comfort. There had been a slight haemorrhage, but suddenly he had begun to sink rapidly. Our good old Lenchen, who had been looking after him better

than any mother cares for her child, went upstairs and came down again. He was half asleep, she said, would I go up with her. When we entered the room he was lying there asleep, but never to wake again. His pulse and breathing had stopped. In those two minutes he had passed away, peacefully and without pain.

All events occurring of natural necessity bring their own consolation with them, however dreadful they may be. So in this case. Medical skill might have been able to assure him a few more years of vegetative existence, the life of a helpless being, dying—to the triumph of the physicians' art—not suddenly, but inch by inch. Our Marx, however, would never have borne that. To live, with all the unfinished works before him, tantalized by the desire to complete them and unable to do so, would have been a thousand times more bitter to him than the gentle death that overtook him. "Death is not a misfortune to him who dies but to him who survives," he used to say, quoting Epicurus. And to see this mighty genius lingering on as a physical wreck for the greater glory of medicine and the mockery of the philistines whom he had so often reduced to dust in the prime of his strength—no it is a thousand times better as it is, a thousand times better that we bear him, the day after tomorrow, to the grave where his wife lies at rest.

And after what had gone before, and what even the doctors do not know as well as I do, there was in my opinion no other alternative.

Be that as it may. Mankind is shorter by a head, and that the greatest head of our time. The movement of the proletariat goes on, but gone is the central point to which Frenchmen, Russians, Americans, and Germans spontaneously turned at decisive moments to receive always that clear indisputable counsel which only genius and consummate knowledge of the situation could give. Local lights and small talents, if not humbugs, obtain a free hand. The final victory remains certain, but the detours, the temporary and local deviations—unavoidable as they are—will now grow more than ever. Well, we must see it through; what else are we here for? And we are far from losing courage because of it.

Yours,

F. Engels

Frederick Engels

KARL MARX'S FUNERAL

On Saturday, March 17, Marx was laid to rest in Highgate Cemetery, in the same grave in which his wife had been buried fifteen months earlier.

At the graveside *G. Lemke* laid two wreaths with red ribbons on the coffin in the name of the editorial board and dispatching service of *Sozialdemokrat* and in the name of the *London Workers' Educational Society*.

Frederick Engels then made the following speech in *English*:

"On the 14th of March, at a quarter to three in the afternoon, the greatest living thinker ceased to think. He had been left alone for scarcely two minutes, and when we came back we found him in his armchair, peacefully gone to sleep—but forever.

"An immeasurable loss has been sustained both by the militant proletariat of Europe and America, and by historical science, in the death of this man. The gap that has been left by the departure of this mighty spirit will soon enough make itself felt.

"Just as Darwin discovered the law of development of organic nature, so Marx discovered the law of development of human history: the simple fact, hitherto concealed by an overgrowth of ideology, that mankind must first of all eat, drink, have shelter and clothing, before it can pursue politics, science, art, religion, etc.; that therefore the production of the immediate

material means of subsistence and consequently the degree of economic development attained by a given epoch form the foundation upon which the state institutions, the legal conceptions, art, and even the ideas on religion, of the people concerned have been evolved, and in the light of which they must, therefore, be explained, instead of vice versa, as had hitherto been the case.

“But that is not all. Marx also discovered the special law of motion governing the present-day capitalist mode of production and the bourgeois society that this mode of production has created. The discovery of surplus value suddenly threw light on the problem, in trying to solve which all previous investigations, of both bourgeois economists and socialist critics, had been groping in the dark.

“Two such discoveries would be enough for one lifetime. Happy the man to whom it is granted to make even one such discovery. But in every single field which Marx investigated—and he investigated very many fields, none of them superficially—in every field, even in that of mathematics, he made independent discoveries.

“Such was the man of science. But this was not even half the man. Science was for Marx a historically dynamic, revolutionary force. However great the joy with which he welcomed a new discovery in some theoretical science whose practical application perhaps it was as yet quite impossible to envisage, he experienced quite another kind of joy when the discovery involved immediate revolutionary changes in industry and in historical development in general. For example, he followed closely the development of the discoveries made in the field of electricity and recently those of Marcel Deprez.

“For Marx was before all else a revolutionist. His real mission in life was to contribute, in one way or another, to the overthrow of capitalist society and of the state institutions which it brought into being, to contribute to the liberation of the modern proletariat, which *he* was the first to make conscious of its own position and its needs, conscious of the conditions of its emancipation. Fighting was his element. And he fought with a passion, a tenacity and a success such as few could rival. His work on the first *Rheinische Zeitung* (1842), the *Paris Vorwärts*¹ (1844), *Deutsche-Brüsseler Zeitung* (1847), the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* (1848-49), the *New York*

¹ *Vorwärts*—a German newspaper which appeared in Paris in 1844. Under the influence of Marx, who took part in the editing of it from summer 1844, it began to develop a communist tendency.—Ed.

Tribune (1852-61), and in addition to these a host of militant pamphlets, work in organizations in Paris, Brussels and London, and finally, crowning all, the formation of the great International Working Men's Association—this was indeed an achievement of which its founder might well have been proud even if he had done nothing else.

“And, consequently, Marx was the best hated and most calumniated man of his time. Governments, both absolutist and republican, deported him from their territories. Bourgeois, whether conservative or ultra-democratic, vied with one another in heaping slanders upon him. All this he brushed aside as though it were cobweb, ignoring it, answering only when extreme necessity compelled him. And he died beloved, revered and mourned by millions of revolutionary fellow-workers—from the mines of Siberia to California, in all parts of Europe and America—and I make bold to say that though he may have had many opponents he had hardly one personal enemy.

“His name will endure through the ages, and so also will his work!”

Then Marx's son-in-law *Longuet* read the following addresses which had been received in *French*.

I. FROM THE RUSSIAN SOCIALISTS

“In the name of all Russian Socialists I send a last farewell greeting to the outstanding Master among all the Socialists of our times. One of the greatest minds has passed away, one of the most energetic fighters against the exploiters of the proletariat has died.

“The Russian Socialists bow before the grave of the man who sympathized with their strivings in all the fluctuations of their terrible struggle, a struggle which they shall continue until the final victory of the principles of the social revolution. The Russian language was the first to have a translation of *Capital*, that gospel of contemporary socialism. The students of the Russian universities were the first to whose lot it fell to hear a sympathetic exposition of the theories of the mighty thinker whom we have now lost. Even those who were opposed to the founder of the International Working Men's Association in respect of practical organization questions were obliged always to bow before his comprehensive science and lofty power of thought which penetrated the substance of modern capital, the development of the economic forms of society and the dependence of the whole history of mankind on those forms of development. Even the most vehement opponents

that he found in the ranks of the revolutionary Socialists could not but obey the call that he and his lifelong friend sent into the world thirty-five years ago: *'Proletarians of all countries, unite!'*

"The death of Karl Marx is mourned by all who have been able to grasp his thought and appreciate his influence upon our time.

"I allow myself to add that it will be still more deeply mourned by those who associated closely with Marx, especially by those who loved him as a friend.

"*P. Lavrov.*"

Paris, March 15, 1883

II. TELEGRAM

"The Paris branch of the French Workers' Party expresses its grief at the loss of the thinker whose materialist conception of history and analysis of capitalist production founded scientific socialism and the present revolutionary Communist movement. It also expresses its respect for Marx as a man and its complete agreement with his doctrines.

"The secretary, *Lépine.*"

Paris, March 16, 1883

III. TELEGRAM

"In my own name and as a delegate of the Spanish Workers' Party (Madrid Branch) I share the immense grief of the friends and daughters of Marx at the cruel loss of the great Socialist who was the master of us all.

"*José Mesa y Leompart.*"

Paris, March 16, 1883

Then *Liebknecht* made the following speech in *German*:

"I have come from the heart of Germany to express my love and gratitude to my unforgettable teacher and faithful friend. Karl Marx's greatest friend and colleague has just called him the best-hated man of this century. That is true. He was the best-hated but he was also the best-loved. The *best-hated* by the oppressors and exploiters of the people, the *best-loved* by the oppressed and exploited, as far as they are conscious of their position. The oppressed and exploited people love him because *he* loved them. For the deceased whose loss we are mourning was great in his love as in his hatred. His hatred had

love as its source. He was a great *heart* as he was a great *mind*. All who knew him know that.

"But I am here not only as a pupil and a friend, I am here as the representative of *German Social-Democracy*, who have charged me with expressing their feelings for their *Teacher*, for the man who *created* our Party, as much as one can speak of creating in this connection.

"It would be out of place here to indulge in fine speeches. For nobody was a more vehement *enemy of phrasemongering* than Karl Marx. It is precisely his immortal merit that he *freed* the proletariat, the working people's Party, *from phrases* and gave it the solid foundation of *science* that nothing can shake. A revolutionary in science and a revolutionary *through* science, he scaled the highest peak of science in order to come down to the people and to make science the common good of the people.

"Science is the liberator of humanity.

"Natural sciences free us from *God*. But God in heaven still lives on although science has killed him.

"The science of society that Marx revealed to the people kills capitalism, and with it the idols and masters of *the earth* who will not let God die as long as they live.

"Science is not *German*. It knows no barriers, and least of all the barriers of *nationality*. It was therefore natural that the creator of *Capital* should also become the creator of the *International Working Men's Association*.

"The basis of science, which we owe to Marx, puts us in a position to resist all attacks of the enemy and to continue with ever-increasing strength the fight which we have undertaken.

"Marx changed Social-Democracy from a *sect*, a *school*, into a *party*, the party which is now fighting undaunted and which will be victorious.

"And that is true not only of us *Germans*. Marx belongs to the *proletariat*. It was to the proletariat of all lands that his life was dedicated. Proletarians who can think and do think in all countries have grateful reverence for him.

"It is a heavy blow that has fallen on us. But we do not mourn. The deceased is not dead. He lives in the *heart*, he lives in the *head* of the proletariat. His memory will not perish, his doctrine will be effective in ever broader circles.

"Instead of mourning, let us act in the spirit of the great man who has died and strive with all our strength so that the great doctrine which he



Marx's grave in Highgate Cemetery

taught and for which he fought *will be put into practice* as soon as possible. That is the best way to honour his memory!

"Deceased, living friend, *we shall follow to the final aim the way you showed us. We swear it on your grave!*"

Besides those mentioned there were also present at the grave, among others, Karl Marx's other son-in-law, *Paul Lafargue*, *Friedrich Lessner*, who was sentenced at the Cologne Communist Trial in 1852 to five years' imprisonment in a fortress, and *G. Lochner*, also an old member of the Communist League. Natural sciences were represented by celebrities of the first magnitude, the zoologist Ray Lankester and the chemist Professor Schorlemmer, both members of the Royal Society.

Printed in
Der Sozialdemokrat,
No. 13, March 22, 1883

Translated from the German

Frederick Engels

ON KARL MARX'S DEATH

I have subsequently received several demonstrations on the occasion of this bereavement which show what general sympathy it aroused and about which I must give an account.

On March 20 Miss Eleanor Marx received from the *Daily News* editorial board the following telegram in French.

“Moscow, March 18.

Editor, *Daily News*, London.

“Oblige us by conveying to Mr. Engels, author of *The Working Class in England* and intimate friend of the deceased Karl Marx, our request to lay on the coffin of the unforgettable author of *Capital* a wreath with the following inscription:

“‘To the defender of the rights of the workers in theory and of their realization in practice. The students of the Petrovsky Agricultural Academy, Moscow.’

“Mr. Engels is requested to inform us of his address and the price of the wreath; the cost will be immediately forwarded to him.

“*Students of the Petrovsky Academy, Moscow.*”

The dispatch was in any circumstances too late for the funeral, which took place on March 17.

Further, our friend *P. Lavrov* in Paris sent me on March 31 an order for 124.50 francs, equivalent to £4.18.9, from the students of the Technological Institute in *Petersburg* and from the Russian women students, also for a wreath to be laid on Karl Marx's grave.

Thirdly, *Sozialdemokrat* reported last week that Odessa students equally wish a wreath to be laid on Marx's grave in their name.

As the money received from Petersburg is amply sufficient for the three wreaths, I took the liberty of buying the Moscow and Odessa wreaths out of it too. . . .

From Solingen we have received through the intermediary of the Communist Workers' Educational Society here a beautiful large wreath "For the grave of Karl Marx from the workers of the scissors, knife and sword industry in Solingen." . . .

A Slav society in Switzerland¹ "hopes that a special memorial to Karl Marx will be raised by the institution of an international fund in his name for the support of the victims of the great struggle for emancipation and for the promotion of that struggle itself" and sends a first contribution, which I am keeping for the time being. The fate of this suggestion naturally depends first and foremost on whether it wakes a response, and that is why I am here making it public.

In order to oppose by facts the false rumours that are circulating in the press, I give the following brief details on the course of the illness and the death of our great theoretician and leader.

Almost completely cured of a long-standing liver disease by a thrice repeated treatment at Karlsbad, Marx was suffering only from a chronic stomach complaint and nervous exhaustion the effect of which was headaches and mostly persisting insomnia. Both these complaints more or less disappeared after a stay at a seaside or climatic health-resort in summer and did not reappear in a more alarming form till after the New Year. Chronic throat ailments, a cough, which also contributed to sleeplessness, and chronic bronchitis troubled him less on the whole. But that was precisely what he was to succumb to. Four or five weeks before the death of his wife he had a sudden attack of pleuritis complicated with bronchitis and a beginning of pneumonia. The complaint was very dangerous, but it took a favourable

¹ The Slavia Society, whose members were youths from the Slav countries living in Zürich.—*Ed.*

course. Then Marx was sent first to the Isle of Wight (at the beginning of 1882) and then to Algiers. The weather was cold on the voyage and he arrived in Algiers with a fresh pleuritis. That would not have made much difference under normal circumstances. But the winter and spring in Algiers were unusually cold and rainy; in April futile attempts were made to heat the dining-room! As a result Marx's condition as a whole worsened instead of improving.

From Algiers Marx was sent to Monte Carlo (Monaco), where he arrived with a third, but milder pleuritis. Added to that was the continual bad weather which he seemed to have brought with him from Africa. So here too it was a fight with further illness instead of convalescence. Towards the beginning of summer Marx went to his daughter Mrs. Longuet, at Argenteuil, and took the sulphur baths at near-by Enghien for his chronic bronchitis. In spite of the continually rainy summer, the cure, though slow, proceeded to the doctors' satisfaction. They then sent Marx to Vevey, on the Lake of Geneva, and there he made the best recovery, so that he was allowed to spend the winter, if not in London, at least on the south coast of England. There he wanted to begin his work again at last. When he came back to London in September he looked well and he often climbed Hampstead Hill (about 300 feet higher than his house) in my company without any inconvenience. When the November fogs drew near he was sent to Ventnor, on the southern tip of the Isle of Wight. Rainy weather immediately set in and there was fog again: the inevitable result was a fresh cold, cough, etc., in a word: weakening confinement to his room instead of invigorating movement in the open. Then Mrs. Longuet died. On the following day (January 12) Marx came to London with a definite bronchitis. To that was soon added a laryngitis that made it almost impossible for him to swallow. He who could support the greatest pains with the most stoic calm would drink a litre of milk (which had been torture for him his whole life long) rather than eat the equivalent in solid food. In February a lung ulcer developed. Medicine would have no effect on that body which had had more than enough and over of it for fifteen months; its only effect was an extreme weakening of the appetite and the digestive function. He could be seen getting thinner almost from day to day. Despite this the illness on the whole went relatively well. The bronchitis was almost cured, swallowing became easier. The doctors gave the best hopes. And then,—between two and three o'clock, the best time to visit him,—I suddenly find the whole house in tears: he is so weak, I am told,

the end must be near. And yet he had taken wine, milk and soup with an appetite that morning. The old faithful Lenchen Demuth, who reared all his children from the cradle and has been in his house for forty years, goes up to him, but immediately comes down again: "Come with me, he is half asleep." When we went in he was fast asleep, but never to awake. A gentler death than Karl Marx died in his armchair no man can wish for. . . .

Printed in the newspaper
Der Sozialdemokrat,
No. 19, May 3, 1883

Translated from the German

OVER ENGELS'S COFFIN

Simple and earnest was the character of our immortal leader, and simple and deadly earnest was the solemnity that marked the end of his activity and fruitful career.

It was the will of Engels that his corpse should be cremated and his ashes cast into the sea. On Saturday, August 10, at 11 a.m., the corpse was to be taken from Waterloo Station to the crematorium at Woking, about thirty miles from London. . . .

For ever unforgettable for us all will be the moment, full of profound emotion, when, at 2 p.m., we entered the waiting-room of Necropolis Station and saw the coffin decked with countless flowers. . . . There were wreaths from all parts of Germany, from Austria, France, England, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Russia, Poland, Bulgaria and Armenia.

The broad red ribbons bore touching dedications in which the fighting proletariat most eloquently voiced its profound bereavement, its deepest gratitude to its spiritual father and master, its teacher, leader and unforgettable friend. Countless were the telegrams and letters received from all parts of the world.

In grief round the coffin stood representatives of all the civilized peoples: Germans, Austrians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutchmen, Italians, Russians, Poles, Armenians. Differences of nationality and race were effaced

by that single mighty feeling that humanity, striving for freedom and brotherhood, for light and happiness, had lost its bravest and most noble leader. . . .

* * *

There stood the imposing figure of Dr. Samuel Moore, an old man of about 65, strong, energetic and thoughtful: he is an English Justice of the Peace and the translator of Marx's *Capital*. . . . Dr. Moore said:

"Friends, we are standing here at the coffin of a man such as one seldom meets. I made the acquaintance of Frederick Engels in the year 1863 in Manchester; we soon became intimate friends. From every conversation that I had with him I learned a lot. His knowledge and his kind-heartedness were inexhaustible."

The noble old man bade a tearful farewell to his deceased friend and invited Herr Schlachtendal, nephew of Frederick Engels and representative of the religious and profoundly conservative Engels family. . . .

Then a speech was made by Wilhelm Liebknecht, praising the departed as a man of faith to duty, as a hero of the pen and of the sword, as Marx's collaborator and the co-founder of modern socialism.

Paul Lafargue's address was brief, for he was overcome with sorrow and burst into tears:

"Farewell, dear Friend! Never shall I find a friend so loving, so good and so considerate. In union with Marx, you gave us the *Communist Manifesto*; you gave the French proletariat the programme that awoke us to class consciousness and leads us in the daily fight for the conquest of political power. Farewell, Frederick Engels. The workers of France will never forget the behest that you gave us in 1847: Proletarians in all countries, unite! You showed us the battle-field, you gave us the weapons and the slogan—we will fight and triumph."

In the person of August Bebel¹ the Austrian workers had an eloquent interpreter of their feelings and thoughts. Bebel praised the deceased as a man of encyclopaedical knowledge, as the most profound scholar of the social history of the present, as a wise politician and the zealous friend of the Austrian proletariat.

¹ The Austrian Social-Democratic Party charged August Bebel, a member of the Executive of the Social-Democratic Party of Germany, to represent them at the funeral of Frederick Engels.—*Ed.*

Anseele gave an address in the name of Belgium. . . . Dr. Aveling spoke in the name of the English comrades, Van der Goes as the delegate of Dutch Social-Democracy, and a Russian for the Russian freedom fighters.¹

At 3.30 p.m. the corpse was put in the railway carriage and the special train left for the Crematorium in Woking. Only a few persons attended the cremation.

Printed in *Der Sozialdemokrat*,
No. 33, August 15, 1895

Translated from the German

¹ *Vorwärts* reported that wreaths were laid on Engels's coffin in the name of the Russian Social-Democrats by Vera Zasulich and in the name of Narodnaya Volya by F. V. Vokhovsky.—*Ed.*

Franz Mehring

FREDERICK ENGELS

It will be ten years on August 5 since Frederick Engels closed his eyes for ever, not so much at the end as at the zenith of a happy and fruitful life. He was favoured to preserve youth even in biblical old age and the culmination of his historic influence came with his old age, while in Lassalle it coincided with youth and in Marx with maturity.

Of course it would be incorrect to conclude from this that Engels's mind was slow to reach maturity. On the contrary, his was a premature mind, like that of Lassalle and of Marx. For even at a more youthful age than the latter he wrote an epoch-making work, a book of lasting significance, the first great document of scientific socialism. He was only twenty-four when he wrote his work on the condition of the working class in England. Such a brilliant entry into science at such a youthful age is a rare success and is all the more indubitable proof of genius and might as it was the starting point of a half-century's constant development. The old man did but fulfil the promises of the youth.

Engels already knew Marx when he wrote his first pioneering work. The two men had not only corresponded with each other, they had spent several days together and draughted the plan of a joint work which was later published under the title *The Holy Family*. . . .

A few years later, when they together wrote the *Communist Manifesto*, Engels was in the second rank, as he himself always stressed. During the

years of the revolution¹ he was still but the helper of his friend, though the most capable and faithful one and then he disappeared from the public scene for almost a generation.

Later, when he was almost sixty years of age, Engels wrote his second great work, which was also epoch-making in the history of scientific socialism.² Taking up the weapons which were slipping out of the weary hand of his dying friend, Engels led the international working-class movement for many years.

What was denied him in the morn and at the noon of his life, evening granted him in abundance, even in superabundance, as Engels himself said, although he admitted that destiny was still his debtor. Indeed, his friendship with Marx was the greatest happiness, and at the same time the secret suffering of his life. He sacrificed much to it that even the bravest man has difficulty in sacrificing; but it is a greater credit to him than the keenest intellectual feat could have brought that he subordinated himself willingly, without regret or reluctance, to the greater genius. And if many a talent of no mean magnitude was wasted through envy of genius, Engels became the peer of the master because he remained at his side without any trace of envy.

It would be idle dreaming to try to speculate what would have become of Engels or of Marx if life had not brought them together. They could not but come together, as they did indeed, and the grateful heirs of their common life's work must appreciate those two mortal men by their immortal work.

Engels's life seems bright and cheerful compared with the storms which buffeted Lassalle and Marx, but it was not without its eddies and whirlpools. . . .

Towards the end of his life Engels used to say that the exaggerated—as he thought—recognition paid to him, would come into the right proportion when he was dead.

And that is what has happened: today there is more danger of underestimating than of overestimating him. The figure of Marx towers higher and mightier in spite of—or perhaps because of—the Lilliputians who are trying in their helpless vanity to swarm up the base of his pedestal to snatch the laurels from his brow. And Marx seems to tower above Engels too. But Marx

¹ 1848-49.—*Ed.*

² *Anti-Dühring* is meant here.—*Ed.*

cannot rise without Engels rising with him. For Engels was never just Marx's assistant or interpreter as were many both during Marx's life and after his death. He was his self-dependent collaborator, not his equal, but still his peer intellectually. . . . We cannot speak of Engels without speaking of Marx. And we cannot speak of both of them without a word about their friendship one for the other. It was not Engels's way to grumble over what destiny had denied him. "History will settle all that in the end," he used to say, "and by then we shall have happily lived our time and shall not know any more about anything."

Far from worrying about his fame, Engels rejoiced to see how splendidly the seed he had sown sprouted. The only bitter drop in the cup of his happiness was that Marx was no longer by his side to enjoy the sight.

And so Engels's fruitful life was a happy one, too: years and decades passed over him leaving no trace, and after a short illness, the sufferings of which his cheery temper helped him to bear, he died a gentle death at the age of seventy-five.

We too now grieve that Engels is no longer with us to enjoy the sight of the revolution, the splendid fruits of which are now forming.¹ Engels would certainly not have approved of everything that has taken place in the last ten years in international, particularly German, Social-Democracy.² And true as it is that no man is irreplaceable, it is no less true that had he lived longer his penetrating eye and his wise advice would have saved the modern working-class movement many a detour. More than at anything else he would have rejoiced at the historic sight of revolutionary Russia, the mighty blaze of the flames which it was not the least of Marx and Engels's services to the cause of the international working-class movement to kindle.

As the revolutionaries from head to foot that they were their whole life long, Marx and Engels considered the overthrow of tsarist despotism as a great turning-point in the proletarian revolution. As far back as in *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* they called for war against that bloody, filthy regime. To deal it the fatal blow was a task they never lost sight of. The core of the Russian revolutionary forces has been nourished on their spirit and their doctrine, and

¹ This article was written in the early period of the First Russian Revolution (1905-07).—*Ed.*

² The author means the intensification of opportunism in the Second International and German Social-Democracy.—*Ed.*

as the dawn is spreading over the East we turn our eyes to the grave in the English metropolis where the revolutionary Marx lies, over the waves of the sea in which the ashes of the revolutionary Engels were scattered.

Their spirit always shone the brightest, their thought was always the keenest and their words the boldest when senile Europe shuddered under the mighty tread of the Revolution. That is the memory of them that lives among those for whom they lived, fought and created their immortal work. Every anniversary of their birth and their death revives and freshens that memory. And we hear the ring of their voice as clearly as if they were still living among us every time that over the agonizing world of misery that knows only oppressors and oppressed we see the dawn of a new revolutionary epoch.

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Translated from the German

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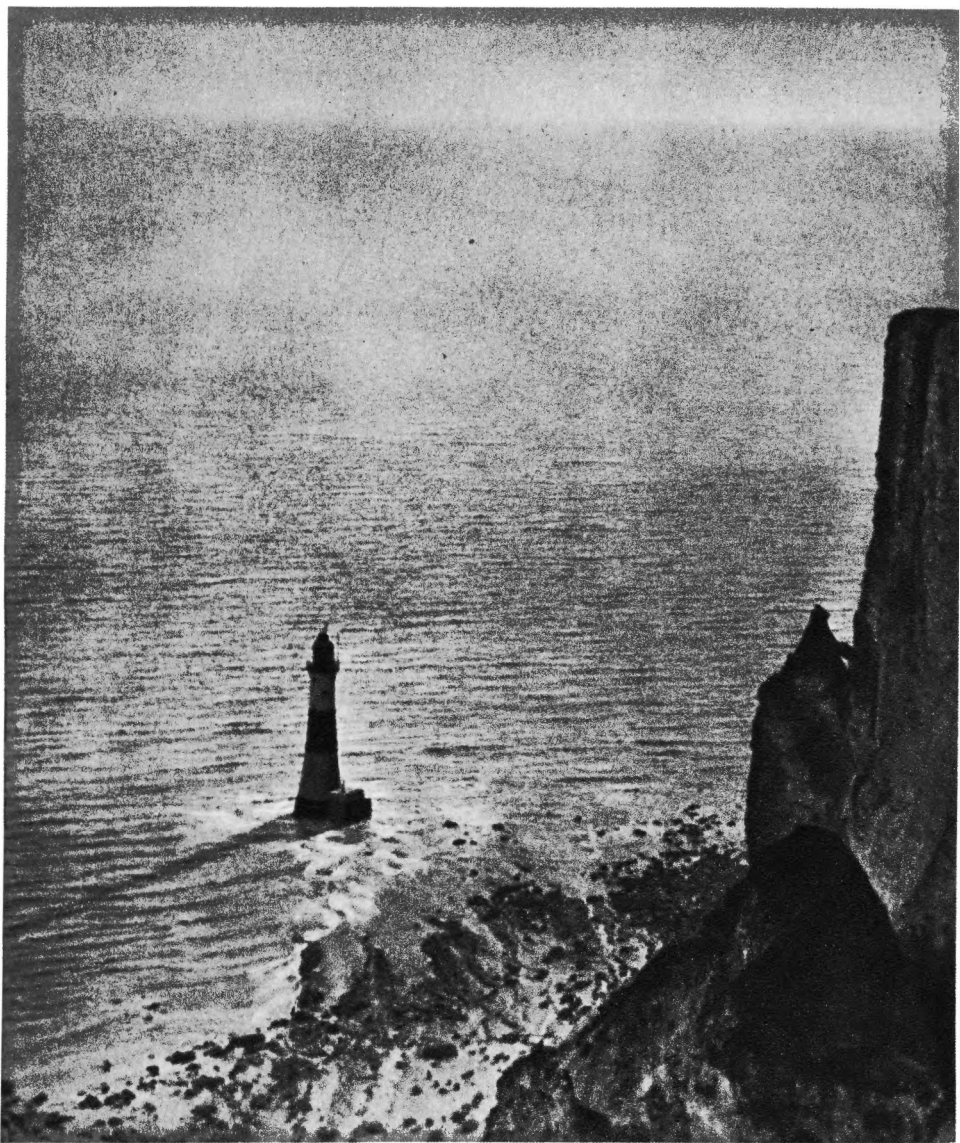
PRINCIPAL DATES IN THE LIFE AND ACTIVITY
OF KARL MARX AND FREDERICK ENGELS

- 1818, May 5 Karl Marx is born in the family of a barrister at Trèves (Trier) in the Rhine province of Prussia.
- 1820, November 28 Frederick Engels is born in the family of a textile manufacturer at Barmen in the Rhine province of Prussia.
- 1830, Autumn-September 24, 1835 Marx attends the Gymnasium at Trèves and passes his *Abitur*.
- 1834, October 20-
September 15, 1837 Engels attends the Gymnasium in Elberfeld; when in the last form he leaves on the insistence of his father and takes up business studies.
- 1835, October 15 Marx enters Bonn University, law faculty.
- 1836 to 1838 Marx goes to Berlin and on October 22 he registers as a student in Berlin University, law faculty. At the same time he privately studies history, literature, history of art and philosophy; makes the acquaintance of the Young Hegelians.
- 1838, mid-July-March
1841 Engels learns business practice in a Bremen firm. During his free time he studies philosophy and literature. He writes the article "Letters from Wuppertal" for *Telegraph für Deutschland*, exposing the exploitation of workers by the Wuppertal manufacturers; writes a number of reviews and sketches for journals of literary criticism.

- 1839-March 1841 Marx writes his doctor's thesis: "Differences between the Natural Philosophy of Democritus and the Natural Philosophy of Epicurus."
- 1841, March 30 Marx ends his studies at Berlin University.
- April 6-15 Marx sends his thesis to Jena University and receives the diploma of Doctor of Philosophy.
- About July Marx studies Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity* which has just been published.
- 1841, second half of September-1842, October 8 Engels does his military service in Berlin. In his free time he attends lectures at Berlin University as a non-registered student; establishes close contact with the Young Hegelians; writes a number of works against the reactionary idealistic philosophy of Schelling and contributes to *Rheinische Zeitung*. Studies Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity*.
- 1842, January 15-February 10 Marx writes the article "Notes on the Latest Prussian Censorship Instructions," which cannot be printed in Germany because of censorship rules and is published in Switzerland in February 1843 in the collection: *Anekdoten zur neuesten deutschen Philosophie und Publicistik*.
- April Marx begins to contribute to *Rheinische Zeitung*.
- First half of October Marx goes to Cologne and becomes editor of *Rheinische Zeitung*. Under his leadership the paper becomes more and more markedly revolutionary-democratic. In his articles Marx ardently defends the interests of the people.
- Second half of November Engels goes to study business at the Manchester "Ermen and Engels" cotton spinning mill. On his way to England he goes to the editorial office of *Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne where he meets Marx for the first time.
- December 1842-August 1844 Engels studies social and political relations in England and the living and working conditions of the English workers, makes the acquaintance of the Chartist movement, establishes contact with the leaders of the secret German workers' society, the League of the Just, and contributes to the socialist and democratic press. Engels studies the

- works of bourgeois economists and exponents of utopian socialism.
- 1843, January 19 The sharp oppositional tendency of *Rheinische Zeitung* leads the Prussian Government to decide on its prohibition from April 1; until then special rigorous censorship measures are introduced against it.
- March 17 Marx leaves the editorial board of *Rheinische Zeitung* because its shareholders intend to give it a more moderate tone in order to get its prohibition revoked.
- Summer Marx writes a treatise criticizing Hegel's philosophy of law.
- June 19 Marx marries Jenny von Westphalen.
- End of October Marx goes to Paris where he begins to edit the journal *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*.
- Autumn 1843-
January 1844 Marx writes the articles "On the Jewish Question" and "A Criticism of Hegel's Philosophy of Law, Introduction" for *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*.
- November 1843-
January 1845 Marx establishes contact in Paris with the French democrats and Socialists, the leaders of the German secret society, the League of the Just, and the leaders of most of the French secret workers' societies, and often attends meetings of German and French workers and craftsmen.
- End of 1843-January
1844 Engels writes "Outline of a Critique of Political Economy" and "The Position of England. Thomas Carlyle, *Past and Present*" for *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*.
- 1844, end of February The first, double number of *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher* is published in Paris. Marx's and Engels's works occupy the central place in it. Marx and Engels start to correspond with each other.
- April 16 On publication of Marx's articles in *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher* the Prussian Government accuses Marx of "high treason and insulting His Majesty" and orders his arrest in the event of his crossing the Prussian frontier.

- April-August* Marx continues the systematic study of political economy started at the end of 1843 and gives the first outline of a critique of bourgeois political economy in his manuscripts on economics and philosophy.
- Second half-year* Marx contributes to the German paper *Vorwärts*, published in Paris, and takes part in the editing of it. Under Marx's influence the paper begins to be communistic.
- About August 28-September 6* Meeting of Marx and Engels in Paris, the beginning of their great friendship, joint scientific work and revolutionary struggle for the cause of the proletariat.
- September-November* Marx works on *The Holy Family or a Critique of Critical Criticism*, which he began jointly with Engels during the latter's ten days stay in Paris.
- Second half of September. 1844-March 1845* Engels works at Barmen on *The Condition of the Working-Class in England*. At the same time he actively spreads socialist ideas and takes part in the organization of the democratic and socialist movement in the Rhine province.
- 1845, January 16* Expulsion from France of Marx and a number of collaborators of *Vorwärts* decreed by the French Government under pressure from Prussia.
- February 3* Marx goes to Brussels.
- About February 24* Publication of Marx and Engels's *The Holy Family or a Critique of Critical Criticism. Against Bruno Bauer and Co.*
- Spring* Marx writes his *Theses on Feuerbach*.
- After April 5* Engels moves to Brussels to join Marx.
- End of May* Engels's *Condition of the Working-Class in England* is published in Leipzig.
- About July 12* Marx and Engels make a trip to England to study English literature on economics and make closer acquaintance with the economic and political life of England and the working-class movement. In London they meet figures in the Chartist movement and the leaders of the League of the Just.



The place near Eastbourne where the ashes of Engels were consigned to the sea

- About August 24* Marx and Engels return from England to Brussels.
- September 1845-Summer 1846* Marx and Engels work on *German Ideology*.
- September 1845-March 1848* Engels contributes articles to the Chartist paper *The Northern Star*, on the political situation in France and Germany.
- 1846, beginning of the year* Marx and Engels set up in Brussels a communist correspondence committee for the ideological and organizational rallying of progressive representatives of the working-class and socialist movements in various countries. Preparing the ground for the founding of the international proletarian party, they take steps to set up correspondence committees in London, Paris and Germany.
- March 30* At a sitting of the Brussels Communist Correspondence Committee Marx and Engels sharply criticize petty-bourgeois "true socialism" and Weitling's vulgar equalitarian communism.
- August 15* Engels is sent to Paris by the Brussels Communist Correspondence Committee to organize a correspondence committee, propaganda of scientific socialism among the workers and the fight against Weitlingism, Proudhonism and "true socialism."
- 1847, January-June 15* Marx writes *The Poverty of Philosophy. Answer to the "Philosophy of Poverty" by M. Proudhon*, which appears at the beginning of July 1847.
- End of January-February* The London Committee of the League of the Just sends its representative J. Moll to Marx in Brussels and to Engels in Paris to urge them to join the League and take part in its reorganization and the elaboration of its programme. Marx and Engels agree to join the League.
- Beginning of June* The first congress of the Communist League takes place in London. Engels takes an active part in its work as a delegate of the Paris branches of the League.
- End of August* Marx and Engels organize the German Workers' Society in Brussels and develop in it propaganda of the ideas of scientific communism.

- September 1847-
February 1848
- September 27, 1847-
February 1848
- End of October-
November
- November 29-Decem-
ber 8
- Second half of De-
cember
- 1848, January 29
- About February 24
- March 4
- March 5
- About March 21
- Marx and Engels contribute to *Deutsche-Brüsseler Zeitung*, which, under their influence, becomes the organ of revolutionary-democratic and communist propaganda.
- Marx and Engels take an active part in the foundation and work of the Democratic Association in Brussels. Under the leadership of Marx, who is elected vice-president, the Association establishes contact with the democratic movement in other countries, in particular with the "Fraternal Democrats" Society in London.
- By order of the Paris district committee of the Communist League Engels draws up a draft programme of the League under the title, "Principles of Communism."
- Marx and Engels take an active part in the Second Congress of the Communist League in London. The views of Marx and Engels get complete recognition at the Congress and they are charged with composing a programme for the League in the form of a manifesto.
- Marx lectures on wage labour and capital to the German Workers' Society in Brussels.
- The French Government expels Engels from France for his revolutionary activity among the workers. He arrives in Brussels on January 31.
- Publication in London of Marx and Engels's *Manifesto of the Communist Party*, the first programme document of scientific communism.
- Marx is arrested and expelled from Belgium for his active share in the republican movement which developed in Brussels under the influence of the February Revolution in France.
- Marx arrives in Paris, where, in accordance with the powers given him by the Central Committee, he sets up a new Central Committee of the Communist League and is elected its president.
- Engels arrives in Paris, where he immediately joins in the work of the Central Committee of the Communist League to which he was elected in his absence.

- Between March 21 and 29 In connection with the revolution in Germany Marx and Engels elaborate the political platform of the Communist League, "Demands of the Communist Party in Germany," which is distributed in leaflet form with the *Manifesto of the Communist Party* to the workers going to Germany.
- About April 6 Marx and Engels leave Paris for Germany to take a direct part in the revolution.
- June 1 Marx and Engels start the publication of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in Cologne. In it they pursue the struggle for a unified democratic German republic. They write numerous articles defending the insurgent workers in Paris and the mass risings of the people in Prague and Vienna and calling for support for the national-liberation movement of the Poles, Italians and Hungarians.
At the same time Marx and Engels do extensive practical revolutionary work, particularly in the Cologne Democratic Society and the Cologne Workers' Union.
- End of September-December Being in danger of arrest, Engels leaves for Belgium where he is arrested and directed to the French frontier. After a few days in Paris he sets out for Switzerland and settles in Berne. He is active in the Swiss working-class movement and writes articles for *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*.
- 1849, mid-January-February 7 Engels returns to Cologne.
Marx and Engels speak at the proceedings instituted against *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* on the charge of insulting the authorities. The jury acquits them.
- February 8 Accused, as a member of the Rhine District Committee of Democrats, of "incitation to revolt," Marx defends himself in court and is acquitted.
- May 10-15 Engels takes part in the Elberfeld rising, directs the defence work and supervises all the barricades and artillery in the town.
- May 19 The publication of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* is discontinued as a result of Marx's expulsion from Prussia and the proceedings against Engels and other editors. The last

<p>number, printed in red, is put out in many thousands of copies. In a farewell appeal to the Cologne workers the editors declare that "their last word is and will be always and everywhere: <i>emancipation of the working class!</i>"</p>	
<p><i>May 20-21</i></p>	<p>Marx and Engels go to South-West Germany then in the throes of an insurrection.</p>
<p><i>About June 2</i></p>	<p>Marx leaves for Paris, where great revolutionary events were impending.</p>
<p><i>June 6</i></p>	<p>The Prussian Government orders the arrest of Engels.</p>
<p><i>June 13-July 12</i></p>	<p>Engels takes a direct part in the revolutionary battles in Baden and Pfalz. After the defeat of the Baden-Pfalz insurgent army he is one of the last to cross the Swiss border with insurgent units.</p>
<p><i>August 24</i></p>	<p>Marx refuses to submit to the decree of the French Government banning him from Paris to a swampy, unwholesome place in Brittany; he emigrates to London.</p>
<p><i>Beginning of October</i></p>	<p>Engels leaves Switzerland and goes to London via Italy to join Marx.</p>
<p><i>About November 10</i></p>	<p>Engels arrives in London and takes up work with the Central Committee of the Communist League.</p>
<p><i>1850, March</i></p>	<p>Marx and Engels write the "Address of the Central Committee to the Communist League" calling for the strengthening of the League and the foundation of an independent proletarian party and outlining the tactics of the proletarians' struggle in the forthcoming revolution. The <i>Address</i> contains the idea of uninterrupted revolution.</p>
<p><i>March-November</i></p>	<p>Marx and Engels put out six numbers of <i>Neue Rheinische Zeitung. Politisch-ökonomische Revue</i> carrying Marx's work "<i>The Class Struggles in France, 1848 to 1850,</i>" Engels's works "The German Campaign for a Reich Constitution" and "<i>The Peasant War in Germany</i>" and a number of their international reviews and other articles. In the works published in this journal Marx and Engels draw the conclusions from the 1848-49 Revolution and further develop their revolutionary teaching.</p>

- September 15* At a sitting of the Central Committee of the Communist League Marx severely criticizes the "Left" opportunist tactics of the C.C. members Willich and Schapper. A split takes place, the majority of the C.C. supporting Marx and Engels's line; it is decided to move the C.C. to Cologne.
- End of September* Marx resumes his work on political economy; henceforth he works almost daily in the British Museum, where he reads an enormous quantity of books and makes extensive extracts from them.
- Middle of November* Engels arrives in Manchester and resumes work in the firm "Ermen and Engels" mainly from a desire to afford material assistance to Marx and allow him to proceed with the elaboration of his economic theory.
- 1851, June-May 1856* Marx and Engels contribute to the Chartist publications *Notes to the People* and *People's Paper* and help in the editorial work.
- August 1851-March 1862* Marx works for the progressive *New York Daily Tribune*. Engels continually helps Marx in this work; he writes for the paper a series of articles under the title "Revolution and Counter-Revolution in Germany" and many other articles. Over a period of ten years Marx and Engels write for the *New York Daily Tribune* numerous articles on the national-liberation movement in India and China, on the revolutionary war in Spain, the Crimean War and events in England, Germany, France, Italy and other countries.
- December 1851-March 1852* Marx writes *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* which is published in May 1852 in the German communist journal *Die Revolution* published in the U.S.A.
- 1852, October-December* In letters and articles Marx and Engels expose the action of the Prussian Government in framing the lawsuit against members of the Cologne C.C. of the Communist League. Marx writes a special pamphlet entitled *Revelations about the Cologne Communist Trial*, which is published in January 1853.
- November 17* In connection with the changed conditions of the class struggle of the proletariat after the defeat of the 1848-49 Revolution and with the arrest of the leading core of the

- Communist League in Germany, the League, on Marx's suggestion, declares itself dissolved.
- 1855, January-December
Marx works for the democratic *Neue Oder Zeitung*, publishing in it articles on the situation in England and France and on the Crimean War.
- 1857, January-May
Marx and Engels write a series of articles for the *New York Daily Tribune* against the British colonialists' wars of plunder in China.
- June 30, 1857-
September 1858
On the occasion of the national-liberation rising against British colonial oppression in India Marx and Engels write a large number of articles for the *New York Daily Tribune* exposing the colonialist policy and the cruelty of the British towards the people of India.
- July 1857-November
1860
Marx writes for *Nova Encyclopaedia Americana*. On his request Engels also writes for it a large number of articles on military matters.
- August-September
Marx writes Preface to *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*.
- October 1857-
February 1858
Marx and Engels attentively follow the development of the economic crisis that has set in in America and the European countries, considering it the prologue to a new revolutionary upsurge. Marx writes a number of articles for the *New York Daily Tribune* on the course of the crisis in different countries.
- October 1857-
March 1858
Marx intensifies his study of political economy. His *Basic Features of the Critique of Political Economy* (about fifty signatures) written at this time was in substance the first rough outline of the three books of *Capital*.
- 1859, January-September
1860
In their articles in the *New York Daily Tribune* and other publications and in Engels's pamphlets *Po and Rhine* and *Savoy, Nice and Rhine*, Marx and Engels champion the democratic-revolutionary unification of Italy and of Germany.
- Beginning of June
Publication of Marx's *Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*, Volume I.

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- Beginning of July-August 20* Marx collaborates closely in the publication of the German workers' paper *Das Volk* published in London. Publication was discontinued through lack of funds.
- 1860, December 1* Publication of Marx's pamphlet *Herr Vogt*.
- 1861, August-June 1863* Marx continues work on *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*. He recasts the plan and decides to publish the work separately under the title *Capital*, with the sub-title *A Critique of Political Economy*. A large portion of the manuscript written in these years forms the historical-critical section "Theories of Surplus-Value."
- October 1861- November 1862* Marx and Engels write for the progressive Vienna paper *Die Presse* and other papers articles on the Civil War in America, supporting the war of liberation of the Northerners against the slave-owners of the South.
- 1863, January 6* Death of Engels's wife, Mary Burns.
- July 1863-December 1865* Marx works on the editing of the three books of *Capital*.
- 1864, September 28* Foundation of the International Working Men's Association (First International) at a meeting in St. Martin's Hall, London. Marx is elected a member of the Provisional Committee.
- October 21-27* Marx writes the *Inaugural Address* and the *Provisional Rules* of the International Working Men's Association.
- 1865, end of January-February 23* Marx and Engels contribute to the German *Sozialdemokrat* in the hope of using it to spread the revolutionary principles of the International among the German workers and to reveal Lassalle's royal-Prussian-governmental socialism. Convinced that its editor, the Lassallean Schweitzer, was a supporter of Bismarck's policy of unifying Germany from above by means of dynastic wars, Marx and Engels broke with the paper.
- June 20 and 27* Marx makes a report to the sitting of the General Council of the International Working Men's Association on wages, price and profit.
- September 25-29* Marx takes an active part in the First Conference of the International Working Men's Association held in London.

- 1866, January-March 1867 Marx works on the final editing of the first book of *Capital* and prepares it for printing.
- March-April Engels writes a series of articles "What Have the Working Classes To Do with Poland?" aimed against the Proudhonists, who ignored the national question. Not being in a position to take a direct part in the General Council's work, Engels continually helps Marx in his fight against hostile trends in the working-class movement.
- July 25-31 Marx writes the instruction for delegates of the General Council to the Geneva Congress of the First International.
- 1867, April 10 On finishing work on the first book of *Capital* Marx in person takes the manuscript to the publisher in Hamburg.
- May 19 Marx returns to London.
- August 16 At two o'clock at night Marx finishes reading through the proofs of the last signature of Book I of *Capital* and writes to thank Engels for the disinterested help received from him in writing that work.
- September 14 Publication of Book I of Marx's *Capital*.
- October 12, 1867-end of June 1868 Engels writes a number of reviews on *Capital* to draw the attention of the public to it.
- 1868, April-May Marx resumes work on Books II and III of *Capital* and continues it till his death.
- 1869, July 1 Engels leaves the business in Manchester to devote his time entirely to political, scientific and publicistic work.
- End of July 1869-July 1870 Engels works at a book upon Ireland which remained unfinished.
- November In connection with his work on Book III of *Capital*, particularly with the elaboration of the theory of ground-rent, Marx begins to study Russian and Russian literature on economics. In the seventies he reads Flerovsky, Chernyshevsky, Skrebitsky, Koshelev, Skaldin and others, statistical collections and many other documents in the original. These he receives from Russian scientists and politicians with whom he corresponds.

November-December

In his speeches at sittings of the General Council on the Irish question Marx defends the principle of proletarian internationalism and proves the necessity for the working class to support the national-liberation movement of oppressed peoples.

1870, March 24

In a letter to the Russian section of the First International in Geneva Marx intimates his agreement to represent it at the General Council.

July 23

On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war Marx in the name of the General Council writes an appeal to the members of the International in Europe and America, exposing the character of the war and stressing that an alliance of the workers in all countries will, in the final account, do away with all wars whatsoever.

July 27, 1870-February 1, 1871

Engels writes a series of articles on the Franco-Prussian war for *Pall Mall Gazette*.

September 9

After the defeat of the French army near Sedan and the setting up of the republic in France Marx writes the Second Address of the General Council on the Franco-Prussian war.

About September 18

Engels leaves Manchester for London and settles down not far from Marx's house.

October 4

Engels is elected to the General Council of the International in which he is given the duties of corresponding secretary for Belgium, later for Spain and Italy; provisionally he acts as secretary for a number of other countries.

1871, after March 18 to May

On the victory of the revolution in Paris and the establishment of the Commune Marx and Engels organize mass demonstrations of workers in various countries in defence of the Paris Commune. They maintain contact with the Communards and help them with their advice and directions. In letters to Kugelmann Marx points out the historic significance of the Commune and discloses its mistakes.

May 30

The General Council adopts the address *The Civil War in France*, written by Marx and revealing the world-his-

- toric significance of the Paris Commune as the first attempt to set up a new, proletarian state.
- September 17-23* Marx directs the London Conference of the First International. In the fight against the Bakuninists Marx and Engels succeed in getting the Conference to adopt a resolution on the necessity of the political struggle of the working class and the establishment in every country of an independent proletarian party.
- 1872, March 5* Marx and Engels's confidential circular "Imaginary Splits in the International" is adopted at a sitting of the General Council. It exposes the intrigues, duplicity and splitting activity of the Bakuninists in the First International.
- Beginning of April* Marx receives from Danielson a copy of the Russian translation of Book I of *Capital*.
- Second half of May
1872-January 1873* Engels writes for *Der Volksstaat*, the organ of German Social-Democracy, the series of articles *The Housing Question* which are also published in a separate edition.
- September 1-7* Marx and Engels take part in the Fifth, practically the last, Congress of the First International at the Hague. They succeed in having included in the Rules a point about the formation in every country of independent proletarian parties; the Congress decisively condemns the anarchists and expels from the International Bakunin and Guillaume, their leaders. On Marx's and Engels's proposal the General Council is transferred to New York.
- 1875, March 18-28* In view of the impending union of the Eisenachers and Lassalleans at the Gotha Congress and on the occasion of the publication of the future party's programme, Engels, in a letter written to Bebel, in his own and Marx's name severely criticizes the Eisenachers for their concessions to the Lassalleans on questions of principle concerning revolutionary theory.
- May 5* Marx writes his *Critique of the Gotha Programme*.
- 1878, beginning of July* Publication in a separate edition of Engels's *Anti-Dühring*, printed in *Vorwärts* in 1877-78.
- September 12* Death of Engels's wife, Lizzi Burns.

- 1879, September 17-18
Marx and Engels send Bebel, Liebknecht, Brakke and other figures of the German Social-Democratic Party a circular letter exposing the opportunism of Bernstein, Höchberg and Schramm and criticizing the Party leaders' conciliatory attitude towards them.
- 1880, March 20-May 5
In order to spread the ideas of scientific communism among the French workers Engels publishes in *Revue Socialiste* his work *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific* consisting of three chapters of *Anti-Dühring*.
- April
Marx and Engels help Guesde and Lafargue, the founders of the French Workers' Party, to draw up the Party programme.
- 1880-1882
Engels continues work on *Dialectics of Nature*, started as early as 1873.
- 1881, about May 1-beginning of August
Engels writes a number of articles for the organ of the British Trade Unions, *Labour Standard*.
- December 2
Death of Marx's wife.
- 1882, January 21
Marx and Engels write the foreword to the Russian edition of *The Manifesto of the Communist Party*, in which they describe Russia as a forward section of the revolutionary movement in Europe.
- February-October
Serious worsening of Marx's health. He goes for treatment to Algiers, France and Switzerland.
- 1883, January 11
Death of Marx's eldest daughter Jenny Longuet.
- 1883, March 14
Karl Marx dies at 2.45 p.m.
- March 17
Funeral of Karl Marx at Highgate Cemetery, London. At his grave Engels pronounces a speech which he ends with the prophetic words: "His name will endure through the ages. And so also will his work!"
- Second half of March-April
Engels receives from working-class movement leaders in various countries letters expressing profound grief at Karl Marx's death. They also express confidence that Engels will carry out the gigantic task of completing Marx's unfinished works and will continue to lead the international socialist movement.

- April-June* Engels studies the manuscripts left by Marx. The completing of Marx's theoretical works, in the first place the publishing of Books II and III of *Capital*, becomes the main task of his life.
- 1884, May-February 1885* Engels works to prepare for printing Book II of *Capital*, which is published in 1885. On finishing this work Engels immediately begins to prepare for the press the manuscript of Book III.
- Beginning of October* Publication of Engels's *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State*.
- December* Engels upholds Eleanor Marx-Aveling and Edward Aveling in their fight against the opportunist leadership of the Social-Democratic Federation. Later also Engels continues to fight sectarianism and reformism in the British working-class movement, giving continual help to its progressive representatives in their fight for the establishment of a mass proletarian party.
- 1886, November 29* In a letter to F. A. Sorge, a figure in the American and international working-class movement, Engels severely criticizes the German Socialists in America because of their failure to apply the theory of scientific communism to the concrete conditions in the country, for their dogmatism and doctrinarianism, for their sectarian tactics towards the American working-class movement.
- 1887, January 26* Engels writes the Foreword to the American edition of his *Condition of the Working-Class in England*. In it he analyses the condition of the working-class and socialist movement in America in the eighties and sets the American working class the task of creating a mass political working-class party capable of leading its fight against the bourgeoisie.
- 1888, March-1889* In letters to Paul and Laura Lafargue, Engels explains the danger of Boulangism for France and criticizes Lafargue for underestimating the fight against that chauvinist movement.
- Middle of May* Publication in a separate edition of Engels's *Ludwig Feuerbach and the End of Classical German Philosophy*, written in 1886 and printed in *Neue Zeit*.

- August 8-September 29* Engels makes a trip to the U.S.A. and Canada.
- 1889, January-July* Engels takes part in the preparations for the International Socialist Congress in Paris. To ensure the leading role of the Marxists at this congress Engels sends dozens of letters to various countries unmasking the opportunists and calling on the working-class parties to fight with determination against them.
- *August-September* Engels keenly follows the London dockers' strike which promotes a revival of the British working-class movement and leads to the organization of unskilled workers' unions. Engels supports Eleanor Marx-Aveling and Edward Aveling in their agitation among the East-End workers and establishes contact with the leaders of the new trade unions.
- 1890, October 5* Engels writes in *Berliner Volksblatt* a severe criticism of the "Left" opposition in German Social-Democracy, called "the young ones."
- October 27* Steadily watching the development of the French Workers' Party, Engels warns Lafargue of the danger of opportunist degeneration of the Party as a result of the penetration of petty-bourgeois elements into its ranks.
- 1891, end of January* On the occasion of the forthcoming discussion at the Party congress of the draft programme of German Social-Democracy, Engels publishes in *Neue Zeit* Marx's *Critique of the Gotha Programme*, holding that the spreading of that most important theoretical document of Marxism will help the Party to work out a programme free from opportunist errors and to overcome the opportunist vacillations of some German Social-Democratic leaders.
- March 18* Engels writes the introduction to the jubilee edition of Marx's *Civil War in France*, severely criticizing the opportunists among the German Social-Democrats for their "superstitious respect" for the bourgeois state, their fear of the dictatorship of the proletariat.
- End of June* Engels writes observations on the draft Party programme to be discussed at the Erfurt Social-Democratic Congress.
- 1893, August-September* Engels attends the International Socialist Congress in Zürich and delivers an address of welcome. On his way

back from Zürich Engels stops at Vienna and Berlin where he also speaks to large meetings of workers gathered on the occasion of his arrival.

1894, January

Engels criticizes the Narodniks in a special afterword to the article "On Social Relations in Russia" which he had published in 1875.

November 15-22

Engels writes *The Peasant Question in France and Germany* in which he criticizes opportunist views on the agrarian question.

End of the year

Publication of Book III of *Capital* the preparation of which demanded of Engels ten years of unrelenting work.

1895, March 6

Engels writes the introduction to the new edition of Marx's *The Class Struggles in France, 1848 to 1850*; in it he analyses the changes in the conditions and means of the proletariat's class struggle since the French Revolution of 1848.

March

Engels is seriously ill. The doctors diagnose a cancer of the digestive system.

1895, August 5

Frederick Engels dies at 10.30 p.m.

August 10

Civil funeral, attended by the close friends and colleagues of Engels from various countries. Cremation of Engels's body.

August 27

In accordance with Engels's will the urn containing his ashes is sunk at sea off the rocky coast at Eastbourne in the south of England—Engels's favourite holiday resort.

NAME INDEX

A

- Adler, Victor* (1852-1918): one of founders of Austrian Social-Democracy; subsequently a reformist leader in Second International—64, 312.
- Aeschylus* (525-456 B.C.): outstanding Greek dramatist—74, 99, 266.
- Amadeo, Ferdinando Maria, Duke of Aosta* (1845-1890): King of Spain (1870-1873)—282.
- Anneke, Friedrich* (1818-1872): Prussian artillery officer, dismissed from army in 1846; member of Cologne branch of Communist League, took part in 1848-49 Revolution in Germany and the American Civil War—156.
- Annenkov, Pavel Vasilyevich* (1812-1887): Russian liberal landlord and man of letters—222, 269-272.
- Ansele, Eduard* (b. 1856): Belgian Socialist, one of founders and prominent figures in Belgian Workers' Party—312, 360.
- Aristotle* (384-322 B.C.): great ancient Greek philosopher, stood midway be-

tween materialism and idealism; ideologist of slave-owners—99, 333.

- Aveling, Edward* (1851-1898): English writer; member of Social-Democratic Federation and subsequently of Socialist League; husband of Eleanor Marx—32, 132-136, 171, 181, 185, 216, 309-311, 312-316, 360.

B

- Bach, Johann Sebastian* (1685-1750): great German composer—274.
- Bakunin, Mikhail Alexandrovich* (1814-1876): ideologist of anarchism, resolute opponent of Marxism—31, 162, 163, 171, 209-211, 222, 283, 293, 294, 332.
- Balicki, Tadeusz* (b. c. 1858): Polish engineer and revolutionary—304.
- Balzac, Honoré de* (1799-1850): great French critical realist writer—75, 252.
- Barbès, Armand* (1809-1870): French petty-bourgeois revolutionary, one of leaders of secret Republican societies during July monarchy, participant in 1848-49 Revolution—112.
- Barthélémy, Emmanuel* (c. 1820-1855): French worker, Blanquist, took part in

- June insurrection of 1848 in Paris—112-113.
- Bastélica, Andre* (c. 1846-1885): member of First International, anarchist, took part in Paris Commune; printer—291.
- Bauer, Bruno* (1809-1882): German idealist philosopher and prominent Young Hegelian, bourgeois Radical; after 1866 National-Liberal—28, 29, 62, 283, 298, 326, 331.
- Bauer, Edgar* (1820-1886): German publicist, Young Hegelian; brother of B. Bauer—62, 283, 331.
- Bauer, Heinrich*: German shoemaker, figure in German and international working-class movement, a leader in League of the Just, member of Central Committee of Communist League; emigrated to Australia in 1851—151.
- Bauer, Karl Friedrich* (1824-1889): took part in Baden-Pfalz uprising (1849) after which he emigrated to U.S.A. where he worked as journalist—110.
- Bax, Ernest Belfort* (1854-1926): English Socialist, one of leaders of Social-Democratic Federation; later reformist and social-chauvinist—305-307, 313.
- Bebel, August* (1840-1913): outstanding representative of German and international working-class movement, one of founders and leaders of German Social-Democracy; turner; friend and associate of Marx and Engels—147, 208, 213, 214-217, 299, 311, 320, 324, 359.
- Becker, Bernhard* (1826-1882): German publicist and historian, Lassallean, later Eisenacher; delegate to the Hague Congress of First International (1872)—163, 235.
- Becker, Hermann* ("Red Becker") (1820-1885): German publicist, member of Communist League (from 1850), one of accused at Cologne Communist Trial (1852); afterwards National-Liberal—157, 159, 198, 241.
- Becker, Johann Philipp* (1809-1886): German brush-maker, prominent figure in German and international working-class movement, took part in Revolution of 1848-49, member of First International, founded German Sections of International in Switzerland, editor of *Vorbote* (1866-1871); friend and associate of Marx and Engels—64, 82, 85, 207, 208, 345.
- Beesley, Edward Spencer* (1831-1915): English historian and politician, petty-bourgeois Radical, Positivist; took active part in democratic movements of 60's—80, 295.
- Beethoven, Ludwig van* (1770-1827): great German composer—281.
- Bernard, Charles*. See *Bonnier, Charles*.
- Bernays, Karl Ludwig* (1815-1879): German radical publicist; in 1844 member of editorial board of *Vorwärts*, newspaper of German emigrants in Paris, to which Marx contributed; after 1848-49 Revolution emigrated to U.S.A.—222.
- Bernstein, Eduard* (1850-1932): German Social-Democrat; after Engels's death renegade, advocated revision of Marxism—180, 181, 215, 312, 325, 328, 331, 343.
- Bignami, Enrico* (1846-1921): Italian publicist, participant in Italian national-liberation movement under leadership of Garibaldi; member of First International, editor of socialist newspaper *La Plebe*—92.
- Biskamp, Elard*: German publicist and democrat, took part in Revolution of 1848-49; member of editorial board of *Das Volk*, German emigrant newspaper

- published in London in 1859, to which Marx contributed—231.
- Bismarck, Otto* (1815-1898): Prussian statesman, Minister-President from 1862, Chancellor of German Reich from 1871—57, 85, 162, 299.
- Blanc, Louis* (1811-1882): French petty-bourgeois Socialist and historian, prominent in 1848-49 Revolution, advocated policy of agreement with bourgeoisie—107.
- Blanqui, Louis Auguste* (1805-1881): outstanding French revolutionary, utopian Communist, took part in revolutions of 1830 and 1848-49; elected member of Paris Commune in 1871, while in jail—112, 159.
- Blind, Karl* (1826-1907): German publicist, petty-bourgeois democrat, took part in Baden insurrection in 1848; afterwards National-Liberal—225, 231.
- Blum, Robert* (1807-1848): German petty-bourgeois democrat; journalist; headed Left wing in Frankfort National Assembly; in October 1848 took part in defence of Vienna, shot after capture of city by counter-revolutionary troops—156.
- Bonaparte, Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul* ("Plon-Plon") (1822-1891); cousin of Napoleon III—21.
- Bonnier, Charles* (pen-name Bernard) (b. 1863): French Socialist and journalist—312.
- Bradlaugh, Charles* (1833-1891): English bourgeois politician, radical, atheist—161, 171.
- Brentano, Lorenz* (1813-1891): German lawyer and petty-bourgeois democrat; head of Baden Provisional Government in 1849; afterwards emigrated—139, 144.
- Browning, Robert* (1812-1889): English poet—254.
- Bucher, Lothar* (1817-1892): Prussian official and publicist; deputy of Prussian National Assembly in 1848; Left Centrist; subsequently National-Liberal—234, 246.
- Büchner, Ludwig* (1824-1899): German physician, popularized natural science, vulgar materialist—34.
- Buffon, George Louis* (1707-1788): outstanding French naturalist—103.
- Bürgers, Heinrich* (1820-1878): German radical publicist, member of Communist League, one of accused at Cologne Communist Trial (1852); later Liberal—159, 222.
- Burns, John* (1858-1943): figure in British labour movement, in 80's organizer of a number of strikes including big dockers' strike (1889), from 1892 member of Parliament where he collaborated with bourgeoisie—313.
- Burns, Lizzi* (d. 1878): Irish worker, participant in Irish national-liberation movement, Engels's second wife—87, 88, 177, 178.
- Burns, Mary Ellen*: niece of Engels's wife—87.
- Burns, Robert* (1759-1796): great Scottish poet and democrat—74.

C

- Cabet, Etienne* (1788-1856): French publicist, representative of utopian communism, author of *Voyage en Icarie*—100, 152.
- Calderon de la Barca, Pedro* (1600-1681): prominent Spanish dramatist—278, 290.

- Camphausen, Ludolf* (1803-1890): German banker, one of leaders of Rhenish liberal bourgeoisie; Minister-President of Prussia from March to June, 1848; pursued policy of conciliation with reaction—17.
- Carnot, Lazare Nicolas* (1753-1823): French mathematician, political and military figure, bourgeois Republican; during Great French Revolution joined Jacobins, took part in *coup d'état* of Thermidor 9, 1794—139.
- Carstens, Friedrich*. See *Lessner, Friedrich*.
- Cervantes de Saavedra, Miguel* (1547-1616): great Spanish realist writer—75, 99, 104, 119, 252, 281, 290.
- Chamisso, Adelbert von* (1781-1838): German poet, fought feudal reaction—278, 287.
- Champion, Henry Hyde* (1857-1928): English Social-Reformist, member of Social-Democratic Federation; was expelled from Federation in 1887 for election deal with Conservatives—313.
- Charles II* (1630-1685): King of England (1660-1685)—297.
- Chenu, Adolf*: member of secret societies in France during July monarchy, agent-provocateur of secret police—292.
- Cherkezov, Varlaam Nikolayevich* (1846-1925): Russian revolutionary, anarchist—326.
- Chernyshevsky, Nikolai Gavrilovich* (1828-1889): great Russian revolutionary democrat, one of outstanding forerunners of Russian Social-Democracy—201-203.
- Chicherin, Boris Nikolayevich* (1828-1904): Russian liberal-bourgeois sociologist and jurist—301.
- Chuprov, Alexander Ivanovich* (1842-1908): Russian bourgeois economist, publicist and statistician—295.
- Cicero, Marcus Tullius* (106-43 B.C.): distinguished Roman orator and statesman, eclectic philosopher—332.
- Clement of Alexandria* (c. 150-c.215): Christian theologian, idealist philosopher—332.
- Cluss, Adolf*: German engineer, member of Communist League, emigrated to U.S.A. after 1849—199, 228, 240, 242.
- Cobbett, William* (1762-1835): English politician and publicist, prominent representative of petty-bourgeois radicalism, fought for democratization of British political system—74.
- Cohen, Hermann* (1842-1918): German idealist philosopher, Neo-Kantian—330.
- Collins, William Wilkie* (1824-1889): English novelist—244.
- Conradi, Emilie* (1822-1888): Marx's sister—233.
- Conradi, Johann Jakob* (1821-1892): Trier engineer, Marx's brother-in-law—233.
- Cooper, James Fenimore* (1789-1851): American novelist—252.
- Crispi, Francesco* (1818-1901): Italian statesman, Prime Minister (1887-91 and 1893-96), one of instigators of Italy's imperialist ventures in Africa—162.
- Cuno, Friedrich Theodor* (1846-1934): German engineer and Socialist, delegate to Hague Congress of First International (1872); later active in labour movement in America; associate of Marx and Engels—163, 206-213.
- Cuvier, Georges* (1769-1832): great French naturalist, zoologist and palaeontologist—74, 139.

D

- Dana, Charles Anderson* (1819-1897): American bourgeois progressive journalist, publisher of *New-York Daily Tribune* in which Marx's and Engels's articles appeared in 1851-62—230, 232.
- Daniels, Roland* (1819-1855): German physician, member of Communist League, one of accused at Cologne Communist Trial—159, 222, 228.
- Danielson, Nikolai Frantsevich* (pseudonym "Nikolai-on") (1844-1918): Russian man of letters and economist, one of ideologists of Narodism in 80's and 90's; translated Marx's *Capital* into Russian (Vol. I jointly with H. Lopatin)—93, 294, 295, 296, 328, 333.
- Dante, Alighieri* (1265-1321): great Italian poet—17, 74, 101, 103, 104, 120, 245, 255.
- Darwin, Charles* (1809-1882): great English naturalist, founder of doctrine on origin and development of species—74, 106, 109, 309, 350.
- D'Ester, Karl* (1811-1859): German physician and petty-bourgeois democrat; member of Communist League, deputy of Prussian National Assembly in 1848, took part in Baden-Pfalz uprising (1849); subsequently emigrated to Switzerland—140, 142, 156.
- Delcluze, Alfred*: a figure in French Workers' Party, delegate to Paris Congress of First International (1889)—312.
- Democritus* (c. 460-c. 370 B.C.): great Greek materialist philosopher, one of founders of atomistic theory—333.
- Demuth, Hélène* (Lenchen, "Nym" (1823-1890): faithful servant and close friend of the Marxes—82, 83, 84, 96, 107, 113, 115-120, 122, 124, 125, 127-131, 133-134, 136, 179, 189, 190, 191, 223, 246, 248, 251, 254, 255, 260-262, 264, 279, 280, 310, 312, 344, 347, 357.
- Demuth, Marianne* (d. 1862): younger sister of Hélène Demuth—130.
- De Paepe, César* (1842-1890): a figure in Belgian working-class movement, member of First International, one of founders of Belgian Workers' Party (1885)—291.
- Deprez, Marcel* (1843-1918): French physicist, worked on problems of distant transmission of electricity—349.
- Dickens, Charles* (1812-1870): great English realist writer—97, 117.
- Diderot, Denis* (1713-1784): outstanding French materialist philosopher, atheist, one of ideologists of French revolutionary bourgeoisie, representative of Enlightenment, leader of Encyclopaedists—266.
- Dietzgen, Joseph* (1828-1888): German leather worker and Social-Democrat, self-taught philosopher who independently arrived at dialectical materialism—163, 282.
- Diogenes Laertius* (III cent.): ancient Greek historian of philosophy, author of large compilation on ancient philosophers—332.
- Disraeli, Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield* (1804-1881): English statesman and writer; leader of Conservatives, Prime Minister (1868 and 1874-80)—295.
- Donkin*: English physician who treated Marx's family in 1881-83—127.
- Dronke, Ernest* (1822-1891): German publicist, "true Socialist," later member of Communist League and one of editors of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*; emigrated

to England after 1848-49 Revolution and withdrew from political activity—227, 229.

Dühring, Eugen (1833-1921): German vulgar materialist and positivist, eclectic, ideologist of reactionary petty-bourgeois socialism, enemy of Marxism—63, 293.

Dumas, Alexandre (senior) (1803-1870): French novelist of renown—74.

Duncker, Franz (1822-1888): German publisher and bourgeois political figure; one of founders of reformist trade unions in 60's—21, 231.

E

Eccarius, Johann Georg (1818-1889): German tailor, participant in international working-class movement, member of Communist League and General Council of First International, later joined English reformist trade-union leaders—151, 155, 160, 232, 291.

Edgeworth, Francis (1845-1926): British bourgeois economist and statistician, representative of vulgar political economy—297.

Erhardt, Johann Ludwig (b. c. 1820): member of Communist League, one of accused at Cologne Communist Trial (1852)—159.

Elpidin, Mikhail Konstantinovich (1835-1908): took part in Russian revolutionary movement at the beginning of 60's, then emigrated to Switzerland; later an agent of tsarist secret police—203.

Ely, Richard Theodore (1854-1943): American economist, professor of political economy at Wisconsin University—213.

Engels, Friedrich (1796-1860): father of F. Engels—60, 61, 146, 177, 183, 185, 194, 195, 227, 231.

Engels, Louise Franzisca (1797-1873): mother of F. Engels—183.

Epicurus (c. 341-270 B. C.): famous Greek materialist philosopher, atheist—28, 332, 333, 348.

Ewerbeck, August Hermann (1816-1860): German physician and man of letters, headed Paris branch of League of the Just, member of Communist League until 1850—222.

F

Fawkes, Guy (1570-1606): participant in English "gunpowder plot" organized by Catholics in 1605—129, 225.

Feuerbach, Ludwig (1804-1872): great German materialist philosopher—28, 29, 32, 33, 34, 64, 301, 326, 330.

Fichte, Johann Gottlieb (1762-1814): notable German philosopher, representative of German classical philosophy, subjective idealist—275.

Fielding, Henry (1707-1754): great English realist writer, prominent figure in English Enlightenment—74, 252.

Fischer, Richard (1855-1926): German Social-Democrat, Secretary of Board of Social-Democratic Party (1890-1893) headed Party book-publishing (1893-1903)—311.

Flaubert, Gustave (1821-1880): great French realist writer—78.

Flocon, Ferdinand (1800-1866): French politician and publicist, petty-bourgeois democrat, editor of newspaper *Réforme*, member of 1848 Provisional Government—19, 197, 224, 259.

Frankel, Leo (1844-1896): Hungarian jeweller, figure in Hungarian and international working-class movement, asso-

ciate of Marx, member of Paris Commune and General Council of First International, one of founders of Hungarian Social-Democratic Party (1890)—178, 209.

Frederick II (called "The Great") (1712-1786): King of Prussia (1740-86)—119.

Frederick William III (1770-1840): King of Prussia (1797-1840)—17.

Frederick William IV (1795-1861): King of Prussia (1840-61)—232.

Friedländer, Hugo: member of First International, delegate to Hague Congress (1872)—163.

Freiligrath, Ferdinand (1810-1876): German poet, at first romantic, then revolutionary, in 1848-49 member of editorial board of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, member of Communist League; withdrew from revolutionary struggle in 50's—156, 160, 222, 227, 239, 241.

Freyberger, Louise. See *Kautsky, Louise*.

Freyberger, Ludwig: Vienna physician, husband of Louise Kautsky—312.

Fröbel, Julius (1805-1893): German publicist and publisher of progressive literature; petty-bourgeois radical, participant in 1848-49 Revolution, subsequently Liberal—138, 221.

Frost, John (1784-1877): English petty-bourgeois Radical, joined Chartist movement in 1838, sentenced to life transportation to Australia for organizing Welsh miners' uprising in 1839; amnestied, he returned to England in 1856—111.

G

Gellert, Christian Fürchtegott (1715-1769): German writer, representative of burgher Enlightenment—119.

George, Henry (1839-1897): American publicist and petty-bourgeois economist—297.

Gigot, Philippe (1820-1860): took part in Belgian working-class and democratic movement, member of Communist League, in 40's was close to Marx and Engels—222, 223.

Goes, Frank van der (b. 1859): Dutch Socialist and publicist—360.

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang (1749-1832): great German writer and thinker—74, 104, 266, 275, 278, 303.

Gogol, Nikolai Vasilievich (1809-1852): great Russian writer—75.

Goldsmith, Oliver (1728-1774): English writer, representative of Enlightenment in England—315.

Goncourt (brothers)—*Jules* (1830-1870) and *Edmond* (1822-1896): French naturalist writers—78.

Gottschalk, Andreas (1815-1849): German physician, member of Cologne branch of Communist League, Chairman of Cologne Workers' Union from April to June, 1848; adopted bourgeois sectarian stand in opposition to the strategy and tactics of Marx and Engels in German revolution—156.

Gracchus, Gaius (Gaius Sempronius Gracchus) (153-121 B. C.): Roman tribune, (123-122 B. C.) fought for agrarian legislation in favour of peasants—81, 329.

Gracchus, Tiberius (Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus) (163-133 B. C.): Roman tribune (133 B. C.) fought for agrarian legislation in favour of peasants—81, 329.

Grimm, brothers—*Wilhelm* (1786-1859) and *Jakob* (1785-1863): semi-romantic

German philologists, well-known authors of popular versions of German folk-lore and medieval epos—99, 245.

Guillaume, James (1844-1916): Swiss anarchist, one of organizers and leaders of Bakuninist secret alliance; was expelled from First International at Hague Congress (1872); Social-Chauvinist during First World War—210.

Guizot, François-Pierre-Guillaume (1787-1874): French bourgeois historian and statesman, practically directed France's home and foreign policy from 1840 to 1848, advocated the interests of big financial bourgeoisie—18, 39, 89, 222, 292, 296.

H

Hales, John: English worker, member of General Council of First International, one of Right-wing trade-union leaders, after Hague Congress (1872) conducted slanderous campaign against Marx—291.

Händel, George Frederick (1685-1759): great German composer—280, 281.

Hansemann, David (1790-1864): big capitalist, one of leaders of Rhenish liberal bourgeoisie; Prussian Finance Minister in March-September, 1848, pursued policy of conciliation with reaction—17.

Hardie, Keir (1856-1915): British miner and labour leader, Reformist, leader of Independent Labour Party, one of founders of Labour Party—313.

Harney, George Julian (1817-1897): prominent figure in British working-class movement, one of Left-wing leaders in Chartist movement; editor of *Northern Star* and other Chartist organs; friend of Marx and Engels—111, 175, 192, 193, 197, 230, 313.

Hartman, Lev Nikolayevich (1850-1913): Russian revolutionary, Narodnik—302.

Hatzfeldt, Sophie, Countess (1805-1881): friend and follower of Lassalle—232, 235.

Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich (1770-1831): great German objective idealist philosopher; gave most thorough analysis of idealist dialectics—28, 32-35, 60, 74, 76, 272, 275, 326, 330-333.

Heine, Heinrich (1797-1856): great German revolutionary poet—74, 82, 222, 254, 275, 276, 298.

Heinzen, Karl (1809-1880): German publicist, petty-bourgeois Republican—138, 222.

Hepner, Adolf (1846-1923): German Social-Democrat; one of editors of *Volksstaat*, delegate to Hague Congress of First International (1872)—163.

Herwegh, Georg Friedrich (1817-1875): German poet and petty-bourgeois democrat—221, 222, 254.

Hess, Moses (1812-1875): German petty-bourgeois publicist, one of chief representatives of "true socialism" in the middle of forties—222.

Hirsch, Karl (1841-1900): German Social-Democrat and journalist, editor of a number of Social-Democratic newspapers—215.

Hoffmann, Ernst Theodor Amadeus (1776-1822): German reactionary romantic author—251, 252, 287.

Hofmann, August Wilhelm (1818-1892): outstanding German organic chemist, worked in London for about twenty years—161.

Hofstetten, Johann Baptist: Lassallean,

edited *Social-Demokrat* in conjunction with Schweitzer—235.

Homer: semi-legendary epic poet of ancient Greece, author of *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—130, 252, 337.

Hugo, Victor (1802-1885): great French writer—105.

Humboldt, Alexander (1769-1859): great German naturalist—18, 189.

Hume, David (1711-1776): English subjective idealist philosopher, agnostic; bourgeois historian and economist—33, 34.

Hutten, Ulrich von (1488-1523): German humanitarian poet, supported Reformation, participant in and ideologist of Knights' Revolt in 1522-23—195.

Huxley, Thomas Henry (1825-1895): English naturalist, close associate of Charles Darwin and propagator of his theory—34, 106, 161.

Hyndman, Henry Mayers (1842-1921): English lawyer and publicist, in 80's one of founders and outstanding personages of Social-Democratic Federation; social-chauvinist—295, 296, 297, 305.

I

Ibsen, Henrik (1828-1906): great Norwegian dramatist—180.

Imandt, Peter: German teacher, took part in 1848-49 Revolution after which he emigrated to London; adherent of Marx—227.

Irving, Henry (1838-1905): well-known English producer and actor; played in Shakespeare's tragedies—294, 299, 309.

J

Jacoby, Abraham (b. 1832): member of Communist League, one of accused at

Cologne Communist Trial (1852); afterwards emigrated to America—159, 199, 228.

Jevons, William Stanley (1835-1882): English bourgeois economist and philosopher, representative of vulgar political economy—297.

Johan of Saxony (pen-name Philaethes) (1801-1873): King of Saxony (1854-1873)—17.

Jones, Ernest Charles (1819-1869): prominent in English working-class movement, proletarian poet and publicist, one of leaders of Left-wing Chartism, editor of Chartist *Notes to the People* and *People's Paper*; friend of Marx and Engels—111, 154, 197, 228.

Jung, Georg (1814-1886): German publicist, Young Hegelian, one of publishers of *Rheinische Zeitung*, petty-bourgeois democrat; National-Liberal after 1866—223.

Jung, Hermann (1830-1901): Swiss watchmaker, active member of international working-class movement; took part in 1848-49 Revolution in Germany, member of General Council of First International—291.

Juvenal (Decimus Iunius Iuvenalis (born about middle of 1st cent., died after 127): famous Roman satirist—103, 336.

K

Kant, Immanuel (1724-1804): outstanding German philosopher, father of German idealism of late 18th and early 19th centuries—33, 275, 332, 333.

Kareyev, Nikolai Ivanovich (1850-1931): Russian liberal bourgeois historian and publicist—295, 330.

- Kaufmann, Illarion Ignatievich* (1848-1916): Russian bourgeois economist, professor at Petersburg University, wrote works on money circulation and credit and one of first reviews of Marx's *Capital*—295, 296.
- Kautsky, Louise*: Austrian Socialist, first wife of Karl Kautsky, became Engels' secretary in 1890—93, 179, 181, 312, 320, 321, 338.
- Kautsky, Karl* (1854-1938): one of leading theoreticians of German Social-Democracy and Second International, Centrist, Social-Pacifist during World War I, renegade to Marxism, sworn enemy of the Soviet Union—312, 331.
- Kepler, Johann* (1571-1630): German astronomer, basing himself on Copernican teachings discovered laws of planetary movements—266.
- Kielland, Alexander* (1849-1906): famous Norwegian writer—180.
- Kinkel, Gottfried* (1815-1882): German poet and publicist, petty-bourgeois democrat, took part in Baden-Pfalz insurrection (1849), after revolution emigrated to London, waged struggle against Marx—161, 168, 177, 282.
- Klein, Johann Jacob*: Cologne physician, one of accused at Cologne Communist Trial—159.
- Körner, Theodor* (1791-1813): German romantic poet and dramatist; killed in war against Napoleon—285.
- Kock, Paul de* (1794-1871): French novelist—74.
- Kovalevsky, Maxim Maximovich* (1851-1916): Russian sociologist, historian and jurist; liberal politician—292-301.
- Kravchinskaya, Fanni Markovna*: took part in revolutionary Narodnik movement of 70's; wife of S. M. Kravchinsky (Stepnyak)—335-339.
- Kravchinsky, Sergei Mikhailovich* (pen-name Stepnyak) (1851-1895): Russian publicist and author, leader of revolutionary Narodniks of 70's—312, 325, 326, 335, 338.
- Kugelmann, Franzisca*: Ludwig Kugelmann's daughter—273, 276, 277, 285.
- Kugelmann, Gertrud*: Ludwig Kugelmann's wife—273-280, 283, 284, 287.
- Kugelmann, Ludwig* (1830-1902): German physician, took part in 1848-49 Revolution, member of First International; friend of Marx and Engels—57, 163, 273-275, 277-280, 281, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287.

L

- Lafargue, Paul* (1842-1911): prominent propagator of Marxism in France, one of founders of French Workers' Party, prominent figure in international working-class movement; friend and follower of Marx and Engels; husband of Laura Marx—32, 71, 73, 76-77, 82-84, 87, 88, 89-93, 131, 171, 209, 212, 216, 251, 264, 284, 294, 313, 328, 353, 359.
- Lafitte, Jacques* (1767-1844): big French banker and politician, Orleanist—222.
- Lamartine, Alphonse* (1790-1869): French poet, historian and bourgeois politician; Minister of Interior and actual head of Provisional Government in 1848—19.
- Lange, Friedrich Albert* (1828-1875): German bourgeois neo-Kantian philosopher—332.
- Lankester, Ray* (1847-1929): English biologist—346, 353.
- Lassalle, Ferdinand* (1825-1864): German petty-bourgeois Socialist, publicist and

- lawyer, headed General Association of German Workers (1863); supported the policy of unification of Germany "from above" under the hegemony of Prussia, originator of opportunism in German Social-Democracy—56, 57, 85, 169, 170, 230-232, 234, 235, 246, 254, 283, 299, 328, 333.
- Laveleye, Emile Louis Victor* (1822-1892): Belgian bourgeois historian and economist, exponent of vulgar political economy—295.
- Lavrov, Pyotr Lavrovich* (1823-1900): Russian sociologist and publicist, one of ideologists of Narodism, member of First International, participant in Paris Commune—92, 318, 320, 321, 324, 327, 329, 332, 351, 355.
- Ledru-Rollin, Alexandre-Auguste* (1807-1874): French publicist and politician, one of leaders of petty-bourgeois democrats, editor of *Réforme*, member of 1848 Provisional Government—225.
- Leibnitz, Gottfried Wilhelm* (1646-1716): great German mathematician; idealist philosopher—333.
- Lelewel, Joachim* (1786-1861): outstanding Polish historian and revolutionary; took part in Polish uprising of 1830-31, one of leaders of Polish democratic emigrants—222.
- Lemke, Gottlieb* (1844-1885): member of London Communist Educational Society of German Workers—348.
- Lépine, Jules*: secretary of Paris branch of French Workers' Party—351.
- Lermontov, Mikhail Yuryevich* (1814-1841): great Russian poet—278.
- Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim* (1729-1781): great German writer, critic and philosopher, representative of 18th century Enlightenment—104.
- Lessner, Friedrich* (1825-1910): German tailor journeyman, active figure in German and International working-class movement; member of Communist League, took part in 1848-49 Revolution, member of General Council of First International; friend and close associate of Marx and Engels—110, 115, 132, 149-170, 173-176, 177-181, 312, 353.
- Lever, Charles* (1806-1872): Irish realist writer—74.
- Levi, Leone* (1821-1888): English bourgeois economist, statistician and jurist—297.
- Liebig, Justus* (1803-1873): outstanding German scientist, founder of agricultural chemistry—106.
- Liebknecht, Wilhelm* (1826-1900): prominent figure in German and international working-class movement, one of founders and leaders of German Social-Democracy; friend and close associate of Marx and Engels—57, 95-125, 130-139, 144-147, 160, 161, 168, 176, 208, 226, 231, 235, 241, 282, 299, 311, 312, 318, 344, 351, 352, 359.
- Lincoln, Abraham* (1809-1865): prominent American bourgeois statesman, U.S. President (1861-65); Republican, champion of Negro emancipation—253.
- Lissagaray, Prosper Olivier* (1839-1901): French journalist, participant in and historian of Paris Commune—285.
- Lochner, Georg* (born c. 1824): German carpenter, participant in German working-class movement, member of Communist League and General Council of First International; supporter and friend of Marx and Engels—110, 115, 312, 353.

- Longuet, Charles* (1833-1903): French journalist; Socialist, Proudhonist; member of General Council of First International and of Paris Commune; Jenny Marx's husband—32, 82, 116, 171, 212, 216, 258, 259, 284, 294, 350.
- Longuet, Edgar* (1879-1950): French physician, figure in French labour movement, member of Socialist Party, member of French Communist Party from 1938; son of Jenny Marx, Marx's grandson—258, 259, 264, 265.
- Longuet, Harry* (1878-1883): son of Jenny Marx, grandson of Marx—131, 259, 260, 264, 265.
- Longuet, Jean* (Johnny) (1876-1938): son of Jenny Marx, and Marx's grandson, became a Reformist leader of French Socialist Party and Second International—32, 116, 128, 129, 258, 259, 264, 265, 284.
- Longuet, Jenny*. See *Marx, Jenny*.
- Longuet, Marcel* (b. 1881): son of Jenny Marx, Marx's grandson—264, 265.
- Lopatin, Hermann Alexandrovich* (1845-1918): Russian revolutionary, Narodnik, member of General Council of First International; friend of Marx and his family—201-205, 294, 329.
- Lope de Vega, Felix* (1562-1635): great Spanish writer, dramatist—290.
- Lorenzo, Anselmo* (1841-1915): Spanish printer, figure in Spanish working-class movement, member of First International—288-291.
- Louis Philippe* (1773-1850): King of France (1830-48)—75, 224.
- Lucain*: pseudonym (real name unknown) of one of French delegates to Hague Congress (1872), member of investigation committee on subversive activities of secret Bakuninist Alliance in First International—210.
- Lucretius* (Titus Lucretius Carus) (c. 99-c. 55): outstanding Roman philosopher and poet, materialist, atheist—332.
- Lupus*. See *Wolff, Wilhelm*.
- Luther, Martin* (1483-1546): well-known Reformer, founder of Protestantism (Lutherism) in Germany—195, 283.

M

- MacCulloch, John Ramsay* (1789-1864): English bourgeois economist, representative of vulgar political economy—106.
- MacMahon, Patrice Maurice* (1808-1893): French politician, marshal, capitulated at Sedan (1870), President of Republic (1873-79), suppressed Paris Commune—177, 296.
- Marryat, Frederick* (1792-1848): English sailor and author of adventure stories—252, 253.
- Marx-Aveling, Eleanor* (Tussy) (1855-1898): Marx's youngest daughter, wife of Edward Aveling; took active part in British and international working-class movement—32, 73-75, 80-83, 84, 91, 108, 115, 126-129, 131-136, 165, 171, 176, 179, 180-183, 184-189, 210, 212, 219, 229, 231, 233, 243, 245, 248, 249-254, 256, 257, 261, 264, 277, 281, 283-287, 290-291, 294, 302-304, 306, 310, 315, 316, 327, 335, 346, 351, 354.
- Marx, Edgar* ("Mush") (1847-1855): Marx's son—82, 115, 130, 131, 135, 189, 224, 227, 228, 229, 237, 238, 239, 245, 250-251, 261, 262, 279.
- Marx, Esther* (c. 1787-1865): sister of Marx's father—233.
- Marx, Franzisca* (1851-1852): daughter of

- Marx—82, 129, 131, 135, 189-190, 198, 226-229, 261.
- Marx, Heinrich* (1782-1838): K. Marx's father; lawyer, afterwards Justizrat in Trèves—28, 81, 130, 257, 259.
- Marx, Heinrich Guido* (1849-1850): Marx's son—82, 115, 129, 131, 135, 189, 225-227, 237-239.
- Marx, Henrietta* (1787-1863): K. Marx's mother—81, 233, 257.
- Marx, Jenny* (née von Westphalen) (1814-1881): Karl Marx's wife—18, 29, 31, 73, 75, 81-83, 84-86, 96, 107, 108, 111, 112-117, 119, 120, 121, 122, 124, 125-132, 135, 136, 161, 163-165, 171, 179, 186, 190, 191, 197, 210, 215-216, 221-234, 236-248, 251, 253-257, 259-262, 264, 265, 279, 280, 283, 284, 285, 293, 296, 298, 299, 300, 310, 344, 346, 348.
- Marx, Jenny* (1844-1883): Marx's eldest daughter, wife of Charles Longuet—32, 73-75, 80-83, 84-86, 87, 91, 94, 96, 114, 115, 117, 119, 121-126, 127-129, 131, 135, 161, 164, 171, 178, 188, 210, 212, 216, 222-224, 228, 229, 231-233, 237, 239, 243, 244, 245, 248, 250, 251, 257-259, 261, 264, 265, 277, 278-282, 283-284, 286, 290, 294, 299, 300, 312, 344, 346, 356.
- Marx, Laura* (1845-1911): Marx's second daughter, wife of Paul Lafargue; participant in French working-class movement—32, 73-75, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 87, 91, 96, 115, 117, 119, 121-125, 129, 131, 135, 161, 164, 171, 210, 212, 216, 223, 224, 228, 229, 231-233, 237, 239, 243, 244, 245, 248, 250, 251, 264, 265, 277, 284, 294, 299, 313, 351.
- Maximilian Habsburg* (1832-1867): Emperor of Mexico (1863-1867)—282.
- Mazzini, Giuseppe* (1805-1872): Italian bourgeois revolutionary, one of leaders and ideologists of republican and democratic bourgeoisie in the struggle for the unification of Italy—31.
- Mäurer, Hermann* (1813-c. 1882): German democratic author, member of League of the Outcasts and League of the Just—222.
- Mehring, Franz* (1846-1919): German historian and publicist, Left-wing leader of German Social-Democracy, a founder of Communist Party of Germany; wrote Marx's biography—361.
- Meissner, Otto*: Hamburg publisher, published Marx's *Capital*—91, 234.
- Mendelson, Marie* (1850-1909): figure in Polish socialist movement of 80's and 90's; wife of S. Mendelson—312.
- Mendelson, Stanislas* (1858-1913): Polish publicist, one of founders of Polish Socialist Party—312, 328, 334.
- Mesa y Leompart, José* (1840-1904): Spanish printer, member of Spanish working-class movement, a leader of Spanish Federal Council of First International, one of founders of Spanish Socialist Workers' Party; follower of Marx and Engels—92, 351.
- Mignet, François Auguste* (1796-1884): French liberal bourgeois historian during Restoration—39.
- Mill, John Stuart* (1806-1873): English bourgeois economist and positivist, epigone of classical school of political economy—201.
- Miquel, Johannes* (1828-1901): German politician, member of Communist League in 40's; afterwards National-Liberal—273.
- Moleschott, Jacob* (1822-1893): Dutch-born physiologist, vulgar materialist—34, 106.

- Moll, Joseph* (1812-1849): prominent figure in German and international working-class movement, watchmaker, a leader of League of the Just, member of Central Committee of Communist League, took part in 1848-49 Revolution, killed during Baden insurrection—143-144, 151, 156.
- Moore, Samuel* (c. 1830-1912): English jurist, member of First International, translated into English first volume of *Capital* (in collaboration with Aveling) and *Manifesto of the Communist Party*; friend of Marx and Engels—88, 177, 185, 313, 359.
- Moore, Thomas* (1779-1852): romantic poet, Irish by birth; wrote a number of poems on national-liberation movement of Irish people—281.
- Morgan, Lewis Henry* (1818-1881): great American ethnologist, archeologist and historian of primitive society—294.
- Morozov, Nikolai Alexandrovich* (1854-1946): active member of Russian revolutionary movement, Narodnik; chemist and astronomer, honorary member of U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences—302-304.
- Morris, William* (1834-1896): English poet, artist and public figure, took part in English working-class movement of 80's—313.
- Most, Johann* (1846-1906): German Social-Democrat; later anarchist, expelled from Social-Democratic Party in 1880—57.
- Motteler, Julius* ("Red Postmaster") (1838-1907): German Social-Democrat; when Exceptional Anti-Socialist Law was in force he distributed illegal Social-Democratic literature in Germany—132, 312.
- N
- Napoleon I (Bonaparte)* (1769-1821): Emperor of the French (1804-1814 and 1815)—280.
- Napoleon III (Louis Bonaparte)* (1808-1873): French Emperor (1852-1870)—21, 75, 87, 94, 105, 107, 145, 155, 168, 225-228, 280, 282.
- Napoleon, Prince.* See *Bonaparte, Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul.*
- Natorp, Paul* (1854-1824): German reactionary philosopher and teacher, Neo-Kantian—330.
- Naut, Stephan Adolf:* Cologne merchant, administrator of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*—238.
- Nekrasov, Nikolai Alexeyevich* (1821-1878): great Russian poet, revolutionary democrat—58
- Nettchen.* See *Philips, Antoinette.*
- Nikolai—on.* See *Danielson, Nikolai Frantsevich.*
- Nobiling, Karl* (1848-1878): German anarchist, attempted on the life of William I in 1878—229.
- Noske, Gustav* (1868-1946): German Right-wing Social-Democrat, enemy of the working class, bourgeois agent in working-class movement—307.
- Nothjung, Peter* (c. 1823-1866): German tailor, member of Cologne Workers' Union and of Communist League, one of accused at Cologne Communist Trial (1852)—156, 159.
- O
- O'Connor, Feargus* (1794-1855): Left-wing Chartist leader, founder and editor of the *Northern Star*; withdrew from political struggle after 1848—155, 197.

O'Donovan Rossa, Jeremiah (1831-1915): one of Fenian leaders, in 1865 sentenced by English court to convict labour; amnestied in 1870, he emigrated to America—282.

Oshanina, Maria Nikolayevna (née Olovennikova) (1853-1898): Russian revolutionary, member of Narodnaya Volya (People's Will)—204.

Otto, Karl (born c. 1809): German chemist, member of Cologne Workers' Union and of Communist League, one of accused at Cologne Communist Trial (1852)—159.

Owen, Robert (1771-1858): great English utopian Socialist—111.

P

Palmerston, Henry John (1784-1865): English statesman, first Tory, then (from 1830) one of Whig leaders, Prime Minister (1855-58 and 1859-65)—21.

Perovskaya, Sophia Lvovna (1853-1881): Russian revolutionary, prominent figure in "People's Will"; executed by tsarist government—304.

Perret, Henry: active member of First International in Switzerland—291.

Petty, William (1623-1687): well-known English economist and statistician, founder of classical school of bourgeois political economy in England—297.

Pfänder, Karl (c. 1818-1876): German miniature artist, active member of German working-class movement, member of Central Committee of Communist League and General Council of First International; follower of Marx and Engels—115, 151, 160.

Pieper, Wilhelm (born c. 1826): German philologist and journalist, member of Communist League, London emigrant; was close to Marx in 1850-53—226, 228.

Philips, Antoinette (Nettchen): cousin of Marx—233.

Philips, Jacques: cousin of Marx—232.

Philips, Leon (d. 1866): uncle of Marx—227, 232, 233, 247.

Plater, Wladyslaw, Count (1806-1889): Polish publicist, took part in 1830-31 uprising, after its defeat emigrated—286.

Plato (c. 427- c. 347 B.C.): ancient Greek idealist philosopher, ideologist of slave-owning aristocracy—333.

Plekhanov, Georgi Valentinovich (1856-1918): prominent figure in Russian and international socialist movement, outstanding propagator of Marxism; founded abroad first Russian Marxist group named "Emancipation of Labour" in 1883, later Menshevik—64, 304, 312, 320, 321, 323-333, 335.

Proudhon, Pierre-Joseph (1809-1865): French publicist, ideologist of petty bourgeoisie, one of founders of anarchism—18, 30, 31, 85, 99, 272, 325.

Pushkin, Alexander Sergeyeovich (1799-1837): great Russian poet—75, 322, 323, 336-338.

Q

Quelch, Harry (1858-1913): English typesetter, figure in English and international working-class movement, representative of Left-wing English Socialists—313.

R

- Rabelais, François* (c. 1494-1553): great French humanist writer of Renaissance—121.
- Red Becker*. See *Becker, Hermann*.
- Red Wolff*. See *Wolff, Ferdinand*.
- Reiff, Wilhelm Josef* (born c. 1823): member of Cologne Workers' Union and of Communist League, one of accused at Cologne Communist Trial—159.
- Ricardo, David* (1772-1823): English economist, one of the greatest representatives of classic bourgeois political economy—47, 106.
- Riehl, Alois* (1844-1924): German Neo-Kantian philosopher—330.
- Rittinghausen, Moritz* (1814-1890): German publicist, petty-bourgeois democrat; wrote for *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in 1848-49, delegate to Basel (1869) and Hague (1872) congresses of First International; subsequently (up to 1884) member of Social-Democratic Workers' Party of Germany—163.
- Rodbertus, Johann Karl* (1805-1875): German bourgeois economist, propagator of reactionary "state socialism" ideas—47.
- Roscher, Wilhelm* (1817-1894): German bourgeois economist, representative of so-called historical school of political economy—297.
- Rosenkranz, Karl* (1805-1879): German Hegelian philosopher and literary historian—275.
- Röser, Peter Gerhardt* (1814-1865): German cigar-maker, figure in German working-class movement, member of Communist League, one of accused at Cologne Communist Trial (1852); later Lassallean—159.
- Rousseau, Jean-Jacques* (1712-1778): outstanding representative of French Enlightenment, democrat, ideologist of petty bourgeoisie—130, 297.
- Roussel, Edouard*: French tinsmith, member of First International, French Workers' Party—312.
- Rückert, Friedrich* (1788-1866): German romantic poet and translator of oriental poetry—278, 287.
- Ruge, Arnold* (1802-1880): German publicist, young Hegelian, bourgeois Radical; National-Liberal after 1866—18, 29, 62, 138, 221, 246.
- Rusanov, Nikolai Sergejevich* (pen-name Sergejevsky): Russian publicist, member of Narodnaya Volya; afterwards Socialist-Revolutionary—318-324.

S

- Saedt, Otto Joseph Arnold* (1816-1886): Prussian Public Prosecutor at Cologne Communist Trial (1852)—241.
- Saint-Simon, Henri* (1760-1825): great French utopian Socialist—298.
- Saltykov, Mikhail Yevgrafovich* (pen-name Shchedrin) (1826-1889): great Russian satirist, revolutionary democrat—75.
- Salvini, Tommaso* (1829-1915): famous Italian tragic actor—298.
- Sanders, William* (b. 1871): English Socialist, Fabian, Secretary of Independent Labour Party, took part in international socialist congresses—313.
- Schabelitz, Jakob* (1827-1899): German publisher and bookseller—228.
- Schapper, Karl* (c. 1812-1870): prominent figure in German and international

- working-class movement, a leader in League of the Just, member of Central Committee of Communist League, took part in 1848-49 Revolution; headed "Left" faction (1850) during split in Communist League; became close to Marx again in 1856; member of General Council of First International—56, 112, 143, 151, 153, 156, 177.
- Scheidemann, Philipp* (1865-1939): one of Right-wing leaders of German Social-Democracy, social-chauvinist, traitor to the working-class—307.
- Scheu, Heinrich* (1845-1926): Austrian Social-Democrat, delegate to Hague Congress of First International (1872); spent greater part of his life as emigrant in London and Zürich, delegate to a number of congresses of Second International—163.
- Schiller, Friedrich* (1759-1805): great German poet and dramatist—287.
- Schily, Victor* (1810-1875): German lawyer and democrat, took part in Baden-Pfalz insurrection (1849), member of First International—227.
- Schöler, Lina*: friend of Marx's family—251.
- Schopenhauer, Arthur* (1788-1860): German reactionary idealist philosopher—275, 330.
- Schorlemmer, Karl* (1834-1892): well-known German chemist, professor in Manchester; Communist; friend of Marx and Engels—88, 177, 185, 313, 316, 346, 353.
- Schramm, Conrad* (1822-1858): German journalist and revolutionary, member of Communist League; friend of Marx and Engels—113, 115, 133, 226, 230, 238.
- Schramm, Rudolf* (1813-1882): German publicist, petty-bourgeois democrat; Prussian consul in Milan in 1865-66; supporter of Bismarck—211-212.
- Schulze-Delitzsch, Hermann* (1808-1883): German bourgeois economist and politician, a leader of bourgeois Progressive Party in sixties, attempted to divert working-class revolutionary movement into channel of cooperatives and savings banks—234.
- Schumacher, Gustav*: German worker, member of First International, delegate to Hague Congress (1872)—163.
- Schurz, Karl* (1829-1906): German petty-bourgeois democrat, took part in Baden-Pfalz uprising (1849); afterwards emigrated to America, where he took part in Civil War, Secretary of State for the Interior (1877-81)—282.
- Schweitzer, Johann Baptist* (1833-1875): one of Lassallean leaders in Germany, after Lassalle's death headed General Association of German Workers; supported Bismarck's policy of unification of Germany under leadership of Prussian junkers—85, 235.
- Scott, Walter* (1771-1832): famous Scottish novelist—74, 252-253.
- Seiler, Sebastian*: German publicist, member of Brussels Communist Correspondence Committee in 1846, member of Communist League, took part in 1848-49 Revolution in Germany—222, 223, 227.
- Sergeyevsky*. See *Rusanov, Nikolai Sergeyevich*.
- Serraillier, Auguste* (b. 1840): French worker, member of General Council of

- First International and of Paris Commune (1871)—291.
- Sextius Empiricus* (II A.D.): Greek sceptic philosopher—332.
- Shakespeare, William* (1564-1616): great English poet and dramatist—71, 74, 103, 104, 120, 130, 252, 266, 278, 279, 281, 290, 294.
- Shchedrin*. See *Saltykov, Mikhail Yevgrafovich*.
- Sieber, Nikolai Ivanovich* (1844-1888): well-known Russian economist; one of first propagators of Marx's economic theory in Russia—293, 295, 296.
- Sinelnikov, Nikolai Petrovich* (1805-1894): Russian statesman, Governor of Eastern Siberia (1871-73)—201.
- Singer, Paul* (1844-1911): figure in German working-class movement, one of leaders of Social-Democratic Party of Germany, prominent practical organizer—147, 215, 311.
- Smith, Adam* (1723-1790): English economist, outstanding representative of classical bourgeois political economy—44, 106, 322, 337.
- Sophocles* (c. 497-c. 406 B. C.): Greek dramatist—283.
- Sorge, Friedrich Adolf* (1828-1906): German Communist, prominent figure in American and international working-class movement, active member of First International; friend and associate of Marx and Engels—57, 196, 213, 313, 343, 345.
- Spartacus* (d. 71 B.C.): Roman gladiator, headed big uprising of slaves in Rome in 73-71 B.C.—266.
- Splingard, Roch*: member of First International, Belgian delegate to Hague Congress (1872), member of investigation committee on subversive activities of Alliance in First International, adherent of Bakunin—210.
- Stein, Lorenz* (1815-1890): German jurist and state law expert, secret agent of Prussian Government—6.
- Stepnyak*. See *Kravchinsky, Sergei Mikhailovich*.
- Stieber, Wilhelm* (1818-1882): chief of Prussian political police, organizer of Cologne Communist Trial in 1852—168, 240, 241.
- Stirner, Max* (pen-name of Kaspar Schmidt) (1806-1856): German philosopher, Young Hegelian, one of ideologists of bourgeois individualism and anarchism—326.
- Strauss, David Friedrich* (1808-1874): German philosopher and publicist, one of prominent Young Hegelians; National-Liberal after 1866—326.
- Struve, Gustav* (1805-1870): German journalist and petty-bourgeois democrat; one of leaders of Baden (1848) and Baden-Pfalz (1849) uprising; after its defeat emigrated to England and then to America where he took part in Civil War—138.
- Südekum, Albert* (1871-1944): one of opportunist leaders of German Social-Democracy—307.

T

- Tacitus, Publius Cornelius* (c. 55-c. 120 A.D.): famous Roman historian—103.
- Tauscher, Leonard* (1840-1914): figure in German working-class movement, in the years of Exceptional Anti-Socialist-Law collaborated in publishing *Socialdemocrat*—311.

- Techow, Gustav Adolph* (1813-1893): Prussian officer, petty-bourgeois democrat, took part in Revolution of 1848-49—142.
- Tedesco, Victor* (1821-1897): Belgian lawyer, revolutionary democrat and Socialist, took part in working-class movement, was close to Marx and Engels in 1847-48—174.
- Theocritus* (III B.C.): Greek poet—337.
- Thierry, Augustin* (1795-1856): French liberal-bourgeois historian of Restoration—39.
- Thiers, Adolphe* (1797-1877): French bourgeois historian and statesman, Prime Minister (1836, 1840), President (1871-73), hangman of Paris Commune—39, 296.
- Thorne, William* (b. 1857): figure in English trade-union movement—General Secretary of Gas and Unskilled Workers' Union—313.
- Tikhomirov, Lev Alexandrovich* (1850-1923): Russian petty-bourgeois publicist, Narodnik, later Monarchist—329.
- Tirso de Molina* (pen-name of Gabriel Tellez) (1571-1648): Spanish dramatist—290.
- Tkachov, Pyotr Nikitich* (1844-1886): Russian publicist, one of ideologists of Narodism—328.
- Tolain, Henri-Louis* (1828-1897): French labour leader, Right-wing Proudhonist, member of First International, expelled from International as renegade and enemy of Paris Commune in 1871; later Senator—71.
- Tolstoi, Lev Nikolayevich* (1828-1910): great Russian writer—301.
- Tupper, Martin* (1810-1889): English writer, whom Marx considered the personification of vulgarity aimed at easy success—266.
- Turgenev, Ivan Sergeevich* (1818-1883): great Russian writer—278, 298.
- Tyndall, John* (1820-1893): English physicist, promoted propagation of science among the people—161.

U

- Utin, Nikolai Isaakovich* (1845-1883): Russian revolutionary, emigrant in Switzerland, one of organizers of Russian Section in First International, fought against Bakunin and his adherents, withdrew from revolutionary struggle in the middle of 70's—291.

V

- Vaillant, Eduard* (1840-1915)—French Socialist, Blanquist, prominent in First International and Paris Commune; subsequently Reformist—291.
- Van der Goes*. See *Goes, Frank van der*.
- Vandervelde, Emile* (1866-1938): opportunist leader of Belgian working-class movement, one of Second International leaders; social-chauvinist—312.
- Van Heddeghem* (pseudonym—Walter): delegate to Hague Congress of First International (1872); exposed as agent of French police in 1873—210.
- Vichard*: French delegate to Hague Congress (1872), member of investigation committee on subversive activities of Bakuninist secret Alliance in First International—210.
- Voden, Alexei Mikhailovich* (1870-1939): Russian man of letters and translator; took part in Social-Democratic circles of 90's—325-334.

Vogt, Karl (1817-1895): German naturalist, vulgar materialist, bourgeois democrat, exposed by Marx as mercenary agent of Napoleon III—21, 22, 30, 169, 231, 246.

Volkhovsky, Felix Vadimovich (1846-1914): Russian revolutionary, Narodnik; afterwards Social-Revolutionary—360.

Voltaire, François-Marie (1694-1778): French deist, satirist and historian, outstanding representative of 18th century Enlightenment, fought against absolutism and catholicism—130.

W

Wagner, Richard (1813-1883): famous German composer—280, 281.

Walter. See *Van Heddeghem*.

Weerth, Georg (1822-1856): German proletarian poet and publicist, member of Communist League, an editor of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in 1848-49, friend of Marx and Engels—194, 195, 225, 242.

Weitling, Wilhelm (1808-1871): German tailor, prominent figure in early German working-class movement, a theoretician of equalitarian utopian communism—100, 149-151, 153, 174, 270, 271.

Wellington Arthur, Duke of (1769-1852): English field-marshal and Tory statesman, Prime Minister (1828-30)—121.

Westphalen, Edgar von (1819-c. 1890): brother of Jenny Marx; member of Brussels Communist Correspondence Committee in 1846—127, 130, 221, 223, 244.

Westphalen, Ferdinand von (1799-1876): Prussian statesman, Minister of Inte-

rior (1850-58); step-brother of Jenny Marx—18, 29, 82.

Westphalen, Karolina von (d. 1856): mother of Jenny Marx—129, 221, 223, 226, 244, 257, 260, 262, 279, 298.

Westphalen, Ludwig von (1770-1842): father of Jenny Marx, Government Councillor in Trèves—130, 189, 257, 279, 298.

Weydemeyer, Joseph (1818-1866): prominent figure in German and American working-class movements, member of Communist League; took part in 1848-49 Revolution in Germany and Civil War in U.S.A.; propagator of Marxism in U.S.A.; friend and associate of Marx and Engels—199, 223, 224, 236, 237, 239, 244, 245-248.

Weydemeyer, Luise: wife of Joseph Weydemeyer—224, 236, 237, 239, 243-246, 247, 248.

William I (1797-1888): King of Prussia (1861-1888), *Kaiser* (1871-1888)—232, 299.

Willich, August (1810-1878): Prussian officer, member of Communist League, participator in Baden-Pfalz insurrection (1849); one of "Left"-faction leaders during the split in Communist League in 1850; emigrated to U.S.A. in 1853 and took part in Civil War—56, 112, 113, 139, 142, 144, 168, 177, 185, 224, 226, 229, 240, 241.

Wolff, Ferdinand ("Red Wolff"): German publicist, member of Brussels Communist Correspondence Committee in 1846, member of Communist League, one of editors of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in 1848-49; emigrated from Germany after Revolution of 1848-49; subsequently withdrew from political activity—115, 124, 133, 224-226.

Wolff, Wilhelm ("Lupus") (1809-1864): German proletarian revolutionary, active member of Communist League, an editor of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in 1848-49; friend and associate of Marx and Engels—73, 90, 110, 152, 156, 174, 176, 185, 223, 227, 233, 241, 246, 262.

Z

Zasulich, Vera Ivanovna (1851-1919): began as Narodnik, later became Social-Democrat, active member of Marxist "Emancipation of Labour" group; afterwards joined Mensheviks—64, 312, 315, 325, 327, 338 339.

ВОСПОМИНАНИЯ
О МАРКСЕ и ЭНГЕЛЬСЕ

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