

**KARL
MARX
FREDERICK
ENGELS**

**Collected
Works**



Volume 46
Marx and Engels
1880 - 1883

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Preface

Volume 46 of the *Collected Works* of Karl Marx and Frederick Engels contains letters dating from January 1880 to March 1883. It was during these last few years of Marx's life that Engels assumed the main burden of corresponding with leaders of the international working-class movement.

Marx concentrated on his economic research; he also studied the history and culture of primitive society, world history, agriculture and peasant conditions in different countries, notably socio-economic relations and the state of the peasant commune in Russia after the abolition of serfdom. He also pursued his interest in higher mathematics and collected new facts for *Capital*. His plans to complete *Capital*, however, were not destined to be realised by him. His health deteriorated rapidly, compelling him to devote much time to medical treatment and often live out of London. Deprived of his library, he could not work on the second and third volumes of *Capital* (see this volume, pp. 158, 161) and even failed to finish reading the proofs of the third German edition of the first volume (pp. 425, 434). All this is reflected in this volume.

Responding to Paul Lafargue's request and prompted by the vital need of the workers' movement, Engels in this period wrote *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific* (see present edition, Vol. 24, pp. 281-325), destined to become the most widely read Marxist book alongside the *Manifesto of the Communist Party*.

Socialism: Utopian and Scientific, produced in the spring of 1880, was based on three chapters of *Anti-Dühring*. The introduction to the

French edition was written by Marx and published over the signature of Paul Lafargue (see pp. 16, 332). The pamphlet played a conspicuous role in imparting the Marxist outlook to the French socialists. '... I have seen what a regular revolution the thing has wrought in the minds of many of the better people in France,' wrote Engels (p. 300). This encouraged Engels to prepare a separate German edition (1882). To make it more comprehensible to factory workers (pp. 335, 352, 369), he revised the text, added a few new passages, and wrote a special preface (p. 331). An essay on the history of landownership in Germany from the ancient commune to the 1870s, 'The Mark' (see present edition, Vol. 24, pp. 439-56), was appended.

The essay, which later appeared under separate cover, entitled, *Der deutsche Bauer. Was war er? Was er ist? Was könnte er sein?*, completed Engels' research of 1881-82 into the social system of the ancient Germans. Its inclusion as a supplement in the German-language edition of *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific* was meant to arouse the German Social-Democrats' interest in the peasantry as the working class's potential ally. The importance Marx and Engels attached to this is reflected in Engels' letter of 23 September 1882, urging Bebel to read up on the subject, thus gaining 'solid foundations to go on in any debate [in the Reichstag] about landownership or agrarian questions' (p. 336).

Engels tried to resume his study of the philosophy of natural science he had begun in 1873 and dropped owing to his work on *Anti-Dühring* (see present edition, Vol. 25). But only short spells of time were available to him, though, as he put it, the book (*Dialectics of Nature*), 'has also long been pending' (p. 350). He managed to write a few fragments in 1880-82 (see Vol. 25, p. 660). The problems raised in *Dialectics of Nature*, and the history of primitive society which Engels studied in the early 1880s, were only partly reflected in his letters of that period.

By the 1880s, socialist workers' parties had sprung up in Austria, France, Denmark, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, and the United States of America. The emergence of national working-class parties was an objective trend that had begun in the 1860s. The letters in this volume produce a fairly good cumulative picture of the help that Marx and especially Engels had given them in drawing up their programme and in their strategy and tactics.

Marx and Engels took the emergence of self-dependent national working-class parties as a sign of the times. They were critical of the untimely attempts at re-establishing the International and working out a single legislative political and economic programme for all countries where socialists could come to power. Since the matter had been put on the agenda of the impending international congress in Switzerland, called on the initiative of the Belgian socialists, the Dutch Social-Democrat Ferdinand Domela Nieuwenhuis requested Marx in January 1881 to give his opinion on this score.

The reply to Nieuwenhuis (see p. 61) and Engels' letter to Johann Philipp Becker of February 10, 1882, stressed it would be not only useless but also harmful to restore the International or hold international congresses at the time 'in so far as they do not relate to the immediate, actual conditions obtaining in this or that specific nation' (p. 67). The formation of mass socialist parties was still far from completed. Indeed, it had only just begun in some countries, so that a new, 'reorganised International ... would only give rise to fresh persecution' (p. 196). As Marx and Engels saw it, international contacts between socialist organisations were then, in fact, maintained through the socialist and workers' press, and through contacts between recognised workers' leaders (see p. 197). This meant new ways of consolidating the workers' international unity were coming to the fore. Not until later, when the workers' movement attained a higher level and the ideas of scientific socialism spread, would the ground be ready for 'the establishment of an *official*, formal International' (p. 198).

Marx's and Engels' contacts with the German working-class movement were especially strong. The Socialist Workers' Party of Germany was then the largest proletarian political organisation in the world. It had proved its viability despite the difficult climate created by the Anti-Socialist Law of October 1878. Continuously persecuted, it managed to maintain its membership, establish an underground organ, the newspaper *Sozialdemokrat*, in Switzerland, and to keep alive its contacts with the masses.

The letters in this volume give a good idea of the diversity of Marx's and Engels' aid to the German Social-Democrats. They urged them to combat the reformist sentiment introduced by bourgeois intellectuals who, admitted to the party before the enactment of the

Anti-Socialist Law, opposed the revolutionary tactics of the left wing, and tried, as Engels wrote, 'to get rid of the Anti-Socialist Law at any cost and to do so ignominiously by means of moderation and meekness, tameness and toadyism' (p. 279).

Engels countered this by examining the situation in the party and in Germany, and stressing that this course of action had no hope of succeeding. 'After 3 years of unprecedented persecution...', he wrote to Eduard Bernstein on 30 November 1881, 'our lads have returned, not only in all their former strength, but actually stronger than before' (p. 153). And he amplified: 'the movement ... from being restricted to a few local centres, has *only now come to be a national movement*. And that is what frightens the bourgeois most of all' (p. 154).

Engels had deep faith in the perseverance of the German workers. Bismarck's policy, which amounted to war against the workers (a state of siege had been declared in a number of cities, and the like), he noted, only helped the German Social-Democrats' influence to grow. 'The infamies to which socialist workers everywhere have been subjected,' Engels wrote Sorge on 20 June 1882, 'have everywhere made them much more revolutionary than they were even 3 years ago' (p. 279). Not submission, as suggested by the right-wing leaders (Blos, Hasenclever, and others), but workers' pressure, Engels held, could force the government to repeal the Anti-Socialist Law.

The clash with the reformist elements in the party and division on fundamental and tactical issues were objectively unavoidable, because the right and left wings of the German Social-Democratic movement reflected the interests of different social groups. In principle, Marx and Engels considered a break with the reformists desirable because, as Engels wrote Bebel on 21 June 1882, the schism would 'serve to elucidate the situation and we shall be rid of an element that in no way belongs to us' (pp. 281-82). But considering the Anti-Socialist Law, Engels advised against needless haste, because in the circumstances the workers might think the break would weaken the party and augur loss of its gains. Division over controversial issues, he held, called for a public discussion, which, however, was practically impossible owing to the Anti-Socialist Law. All the same, Marx and Engels promised the party's revolutionary leaders public support if matters should come to 'a show-down with these gentry and the party's left wing declares itself' (p. 282).

Engels wrote a large number of letters to Bernstein, editor of the *Sozialdemokrat*, the party's central organ. He offered advice as to the

tactics the paper should follow to suit the conditions of that time. Engels commended the paper's opposition to the reformist stance of the right-wing Social-Democratic deputies in the Reichstag (pp. 173, 203, 244), and advised its editors to seek workers' support and apply for help to correspondents 'from amongst the genuine workers — not those who have become "leaders"' (p. 188). This tactic, worked out jointly by Marx and Engels (see, e. g., p. 393), proved successful. 'I am delighted,' Engels wrote Bernstein on 22 February 1882, 'that subscriptions should have passed the 4,000 mark and that the paper should find regular distribution in Germany, despite the police, etc. It is an *incredible* feat for a German paper that is *banned*' (p. 203).

At a difficult time for the German Social-Democrats, Marx and Engels undertook to represent the party in the international workers' movement, explaining its political tactics. In their letters to various countries, they called on the working class to give its moral and material aid to the German Social-Democrats. Marx started collecting funds for victims of the Anti-Socialist Law, addressing himself, among others, to Friedrich Adolph Sorge and journalist John Swinton, who was close to the socialists in the United States. 'Even if the monetary result were not important,' he wrote Swinton on 4 November 1880, 'denunciations of Bismarck's new *coup d'état* in public meetings held by you, reported in the American press, reproduced on the other side of the Atlantic — would sorely hit the Pomeranian *hobereau* [Junker] and be welcomed by all the socialists of Europe' (p. 41).

The letters in this volume show the part Marx and Engels played in organising the French Workers' Party. They established contact with Jules Guesde and the editors of the *Égalité* through Paul Lafargue. This gave them an opportunity to influence the French labour movement. A big role here, as we have said, was played by Engels' *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific*. In March 1880, Engels contributed an article, 'The Socialism of Mr Bismarck', to the *Égalité*. It struck out against the Bonapartist social demagoguery of that time. At the request of Benoît Malon, Marx drew up a *Workers' Questionnaire* (see present edition, Vol. 24). More important still, he participated in drawing up the Workers' Party programme, whose theoretical part he simply dictated to Guesde in the presence of Engels and Lafargue (see pp. 43-44). Later, Engels commented: 'A masterpiece of cogent reasoning, calculated to explain things to the masses in a few words;

I have seldom seen its like and, even in this concise version, found it astonishing' (p. 148). This, indeed, was the programme the Workers' Party congress adopted in the autumn of 1880 in Le Havre. Its adoption, Marx pointed out, opened an entirely new stage in the French workers' struggle. This was when '*the first real workers' movement*' began in France, he said (p. 44).

The theoretical views of the members of the newly formed Workers' Party, however, were still immature. The revolutionary wing headed by Guesde and Lafargue (Collectivists) and the reformist followers of Malon and Brousse (Possibilists) were entangled in a controversy. It had begun before the congress and was especially heated after it. Contrary to any revolutionary transformation of society, the Possibilists advanced the idea of the workers' gradually winning a majority in the municipalities, thus paving the way for broader public services (*services publics*) and the gradual transfer of the means of production into the possession of the municipal authorities (municipal socialism).

In letters to Bebel and Bernstein, Engels predicted that a conflict within the Workers' Party was objectively unavoidable. 'It would seem,' he wrote, 'that *any* workers' party in a large country can develop only through internal struggle, as indeed has been generally established in the dialectical laws of development.... Such being the case, it would be sheer folly to advocate unification. Moral homilies are of no avail against teething troubles which, circumstances being what they are today, are something that has got to be gone through' (p. 343).

Marx and Engels sided with the Collectivists, who controlled the *Égalité* (p. 173). In his letters, Engels informed socialists in different countries of the reasons for the turmoil within the French Workers' Party, and stressed the fundamental nature of the controversy (see pp. 196-97, 332-33, 370). The argument concerned diametrically opposite attitudes to the party's political programme: whether the struggle against the bourgeoisie should be fought as a class struggle or whether the class nature of the movement and the revolutionary programme should be opportunistically renounced in all cases where such renunciation would win it more followers and more votes in elections. Engels pointed out that the Possibilists were 'sacrificing the proletarian class character of the movement' (p. 350).

In addition, Marx and Engels also called attention to the Guesdists' theoretical faults and the many tactical mistakes they made in the heat of the struggle. To begin with, Guesde and Lafargue negated

reforms in bourgeois society. They denied the need of fighting for democratisation, and of combining struggle for society's social reorganisation with struggle for democratisation. In the absence of insight, Engels pointed out, 'party politics cannot be pursued with success' (p. 333). Engels therefore faulted Guesde's utterances against the Radicals (Clemenceau) (*ibid.*), who had in the early 1880s worked for democratisation of the French Republic and thereby furthered the vital tasks of the working-class movement in the country.

Engels deplored the Guesdists' lack of political skill. He censured them for having involved themselves in a polemic on personal grounds which only obscured the fight for fundamental aims, and also for their contentiousness, quick temper, failure to wait for the right time of action, and for phrase-mongering (pp. 181, 154-55 et seqq.). These blunders prevented Marx and Engels from giving their full support publicly to the Collectivists.

All the greater was the importance that Marx and Engels attached to correct coverage in the socialist press of Germany of the state of affairs in the French Workers' Party. They called on the French and German socialists regularly to exchange their newspapers—*Égalité* and *Sozialdemokrat* (pp. 360-61). In his many letters to the leaders of the German Socialist Workers' Party, Engels never failed to refer to the struggle inside the French party. This was doubly necessary, because, having failed to grasp its substance, the editors of the *Sozialdemokrat* had initially backed the Possibilists (pp. 386-87). His letters to Bernstein, Bebel, and others, showing the social and political similarity of possibilism and reformist currents in the workers' and socialist movements in other countries, finally prompted the editors of the *Sozialdemokrat* to back the Guesdists.

Marx and Engels were aware that the two distinct currents could no longer coexist within one party, it was time the Guesdists and Possibilists parted ways (see pp. 343, 350-51). At the St-Étienne congress in September 1882 the Possibilists had not only emasculated, but in effect totally rejected, the Havre programme by proclaiming local party branches fully autonomous as concerned programme issues (p. 341). That was why neither Engels nor Marx were discouraged by the fact that only a minority followed Guesde and Lafargue as a result of the split. Engels observed: 'The whole of the "workers' party", both factions included, constitutes only a small and dwindling portion of the Parisian working-class masses' (p. 333). The party, he said,

was in the first stage of the internal struggle that the socialists in Germany had already passed (p. 351).

Marx and Engels believed that being champions of revolutionary principles, the Guesdists had a far better future than the Possibilists, even though the latter were in the majority. 'To be momentarily in the minority — *quoad* [as to] organisation — and have the right programme,' Engels wrote to Bernstein in November 1882, 'is at least better than having no programme and a large, though almost entirely nominal and bogus, following' (p. 389). Years later, he was proved right.

The correspondence of Marx and Engels in 1880-83 is evidence of their unflagging interest in the British labour movement, which was experiencing change, however slow, due to Great Britain's changing economic situation. The prolonged depression had shaken the Empire's industrial monopoly. The condition of the working people deteriorated. Radical workers' clubs sprang up in London. This was a new symptom, Marx wrote to Pyotr Lavrov at the end of January 1882 (p. 185), and evidence of the appeal socialist ideas had won among a section of the working class which began to oppose the Liberal Party, Gladstone's government, and 'official trades-unionism' (*ibid.*).

The labour movement's vitalisation in the early 1880s also stimulated interest in scientific socialism among a part of the democratic intelligentsia. 'The English,' Marx wrote to Sorge in December 1881, 'have latterly begun to take rather more notice of *Capital*' (p. 162). He had been asked for permission to translate it into English or to translate it himself (*ibid.*). In letters to his friends, Marx said the first honest reviews had appeared in the British press. He commended young English philosopher Belfort Bax's article, 'Karl Marx', in the journal *Modern Thought* of December 1881, and described it as the first English publication 'pervaded by a real enthusiasm for the new ideas themselves' and standing up boldly against British philistinism (p. 163).

Engels' letters contain the story of his association with *The Labour Standard*, a trades union newspaper, in 1881. The attempt at addressing trades union members directly, setting forth the basics of the Marxian political economy and propagating the ideas of scientific socialism, proved unsuccessful. In letters to the *Labour Standard* editor George

Shipton of August 10 and 15, 1881, Engels deplored that the impact his articles had made on readers was very weak (pp. 123 and 121). He explained: 'The British working man just doesn't want to advance; he has got to be galvanised by events, the loss of industrial monopoly' (p. 121).

Despite its various setbacks, Marx and Engels noted, the British bourgeoisie was able to offer more favourable conditions to more highly qualified workers thanks to Britain's enormous colonial possessions and its supremacy in the world market. They saw this as the reason for the weakness of the British labour and socialist movement, the slow spread of socialist ideas in the labour movement, and the protracted formation of an independent labour party. But Engels' contributions to *The Labour Standard* had not passed without influence. George MacDonald, a British socialist with Marxist leanings, pointed out, among others, that it had been Engels' articles in *The Labour Standard* that prompted him to accept scientific socialism (see *How I Became a Socialist*, London, 1896, pp. 61-62).

Letters showing Marx's and Engels' relationship with Henry Mayers Hyndman, a prominent English radical, are of considerable interest. Marx tried to explain what factors he thought created possibilities for power to pass peacefully into the hands of the British working class. In December 1880, he wrote: 'If you say that you do not share the views of my party for England I can only reply that that party considers an English revolution not *necessary*, but—according to historic precedents—*possible*. If the unavoidable evolution turn into a revolution, it would not only be the fault of the ruling classes, but also of the working class. Every pacific concession of the former has been wrung from them by "pressure from without"' (p. 49).

Marx's letter to Hyndman of 2 July 1881 shed light on the reasons for their estrangement. Hyndman had put out a pamphlet, *England for All*, as a kind of commentary on the programme of the Democratic Federation he had founded the month before, in which he set out the content of a number of sections from the first volume of *Capital* without crediting Marx. The latter objected to this publication, chiefly because the Federation's bourgeois democratic goals conflicted with the ideas borrowed from *Capital*. The pamphlet would have made sense, Marx pointed out, 'for the foundation of a distinct and independent Working Class Party' (p. 103). Later, however, even though he was strongly critical of Hyndman (pp. 161-62, 234, 347), Marx admitted the objective usefulness of Hyndman's pamphlet because it propagated the ideas of *Capital* (p. 163).

Numerous letters from 1880 to 1883 show Marx's and Engels' continual interest in Ireland. At the end of 1880 in a letter to John Swinton, Marx stressed the connection between the land questions in Ireland and England. Defeat of English landlordism in Ireland, he believed, would bring about the collapse of the land system in England (p. 40). But the Land League's peasant war against English landlordism and Gladstone's rule, and the heightened activity of Irish M.P.s under Charles Parnell, led Marx to conclude that Home Rule was the only possible solution of the Irish problem. This he wrote to Jenny Longuet at the end of April 1881 (see p. 90) and Eduard Bernstein in July 1882. 'In the absence of a foreign war or the threat thereof,' he wrote, 'an Irish uprising has not the remotest prospect of success' (p. 287), and amplified: 'The only recourse remaining to the Irish is the constitutional method of gradual conquest, whereby one position is taken after another' (pp. 287-88).

The letters also show that Marx and Engels followed events in North America. Engels noticed 'the colossal speed with which the concentration of capitals' was taking place there (p. 251). The two friends were aware that the labour movement in the United States followed a specific and anything but easy road. Apart from objective conditions (free land in the West, and so on), the spread of socialist ideas was hindered by strong sectarian tendencies imparted by German socialist immigrants, on the one hand, and the dissociation of socialist propaganda from the daily struggle of the workers, on the other, leaving the stage free for the spread of various radical bourgeois theories. Highly popular, for example, were the ideas of the radical economist Henry George. Nationalisation of landed property, which he considered the lever of social reconstruction, found a following among farmers and those workers who still dreamed of returning to the land and were angered by the plunderous ways of real estate profiteers, railroad companies, and the like. Marx, however, thought the attempt at blaming all social evils on private landownership wholly groundless. Contrary to George's theory, cheap land in the United States was contributing to the growth of the capitalist system at a rate unheard of in Europe. In June 1881, writing of George's ideas to Swinton and Sorge, Marx described them as 'merely an attempt, tricked out with socialism, to *save the capitalist régime* and, indeed, to *re-establish it on an even broader basis* than at present' (p. 101).

Marx's and Engels' ties with Russian revolutionaries and public leaders continued to expand. Their letters of 1880 to 1883 to Lavrov, Vera Zasulich, Danielson, Hartmann, Minna Gorbunova and others, reflect their lasting interest in the social-economic and political processes underway in Russia and in the life of their Russian acquaintances. Revolution was in the air in Russia. Marx and Engels held that the country stood 'on the threshold of a world historical crisis' (p. 18). As before they believed that events in Russia would create a revolutionary situation in Europe (see p. 209). And even though they were wrong about the time the crisis would break out, Engels predicted quite correctly in 1882 that the collapse of the Russian Empire would be a long process that would 'go on for years' (p. 208).

Intensive ideological search was under way within the Narodnik (Populist) movement, leading to its split and the emergence of two groups, Narodnaya Volya (People's Will) and Chorny Peredel (General Redistribution), whose members (Georgi Plekhanov and Vera Zasulich) founded the Emancipation of Labour group, the first Russian Marxist group, in 1883, after Marx's death. The future of the peasant commune and its place in the social reorganisation, that is, the idea of non-capitalist development in Russia, was the central problem that occupied the Russian revolutionary movement at that time. Marx's works, notably *Capital*, were fairly well known in Russia (see p. 45), and he was repeatedly asked to give his views on the matter (see, e. g., pp. 71-72).

The volume contains Marx's letter to Vera Zasulich, outlining his ideas about the future of the peasant commune in Russia. The analysis in *Capital*, he observed, 'does not adduce reasons either for or against the viability of the rural commune', and added that it might become 'the fulcrum of social regeneration in Russia' provided 'the deleterious influences which are assailing it from all sides' are eliminated, and it is ensured normal conditions for spontaneous development (pp. 71-72). To be sure, the letter did not speak of the long reflections that led up to this answer. This we see from the drafts of the letter examining the development of the peasant commune after the abolition of serfdom in 1861 (see Vol. 24).

Marx had ties with the Executive Committee of Narodnaya Volya, which he and Engels considered a revolutionary party 'of exceptional devotion and vigour' (p. 18). They had always opposed terrorism as a means of political struggle, but regarded its terrorist acts in Russia's

specific conditions of the time as a reaction to governmental terrorism and the absence of elementary democratic freedoms for open political struggle.

The volume contains a number of letters concerning the question of national independence and the views of Marx and Engels on concrete independence struggles of oppressed peoples. Engels pointed out in a letter to Kautsky in February 1882 that 'it is historically impossible for a great people to discuss this or that internal question in any way seriously so long as national independence is lacking' (p. 191).

Marx and Engels considered the work of setting the West European proletariat free a priority, at least for Europe, with everything else being subordinate to that aim (see p. 205). They took the example of the liberation struggle of the Slav peoples to show that the value of any movement of oppressed nations in the historical setting of the time depended on whether it clashed with the interests of the working class. They were convinced that only 'the victory of the proletariat will liberate them [the oppressed nations] in reality and of necessity' (*ibid.*).

Until the end of his life, Marx followed developments in India. In February 1881, in a letter to Danielson, he observed that serious complications had arisen there for the British government, if not a general outbreak, caused by merciless exploitation of the indigenous population (see p. 63). It was the duty of the proletariat of Europe, Marx and Engels held, to back the liberation struggles of the oppressed peoples. Marx commended the meetings organised by the French followers of Guesde in defence of the popular movement in Egypt (see p. 297).

At the same time, Marx and Engels warned the European socialists against indiscriminate acceptance of national movements and their leaders, calling attention to the intrinsic contradictions of social processes. 'As I see it,' Engels wrote in reference to the National Party of Egypt and its leader Arabi Pasha in August 1882, 'we can perfectly well enter the arena on behalf of the oppressed fellaheen without sharing their current illusions (for a peasant population has to be fleeced for centuries before it learns from experience), and against the brutality of the English without, for all that, espousing the cause of those who are currently their military opponents' (p. 302).

Reflecting on the future of the colonies, Engels said he was sure

they would all become independent. But he refused to predict how exactly this would occur. As he saw it, revolutions could win in India and Algeria and Egypt. That, he added, 'would certainly suit *us* best' (p. 322), meaning the revolutionary proletariat in the advanced countries. Engels assumed, however, that the proletarian revolution would first occur in Europe, and the colonial countries would 'have to be temporarily taken over by the proletariat and guided as rapidly as possible towards independence' (*ibid.*).

Marx's and Engels' letters to each other in the last few years of their joint activity produce an inspiring picture of intellectual collaboration and intimacy. Engels, naturally, saw to it that Marx had the best doctors and the best health resorts in Europe, and even Algeria. 'Your altruistic concern for me is unbelievable,' Marx wrote in September 1882 (p. 326). But bereavements occurred one after the other: Marx's wife died in 1881, and his eldest daughter Jenny in January 1883. This was a blow Marx could not survive. He passed away on 14 March 1883.

'Mankind is the poorer for the loss of this intellect — the most important intellect, indeed, which it could boast today,' wrote Engels (p. 462), who was destined to outlive his friend and carry on the cause to which they had both devoted their lives.

* * *

Volume 46 contains 257 letters by Marx and Engels, of which 138 are published in English for the first time and 119 were published in this language earlier, 45 of them in part only. Those previously published in English are indicated in the notes. The Appendices present four letters of Jenny Longuet's and one of Jenny Marx's. They contain thoughts expressed by Marx at one time or another and show his attitude towards various events. All the letters in the Appendices appear in English for the first time.

Obvious slips of the pen have been silently corrected. Proper and place names and separate words the authors had abbreviated, are given in full. Defects in the manuscripts are indicated in the footnotes, while passages of lost or illegible texts are indicated by omission points. Texts crossed out by the authors are reproduced in footnotes only where they substantially affect the meaning.

Foreign words and expressions are retained in the form in which they were used by the authors, with a translation where necessary in the footnotes, and are italicised (if underlined by the authors, they are given in spaced italics). English words and expressions used by Marx and Engels in texts written in German and French are printed in small caps. Longer passages written in English in the original are placed in asterisks.

The numbers of notes relating to the same facts and events given in the texts of different letters, are duplicated.

The texts of the letters and the notes were prepared by Alexander Zubkov. He also wrote the preface. The volume was edited by Valentina Smirnova. The name index and the indexes of quoted and mentioned literature and of periodicals were prepared by Victoria Reznikova (Institute of the History and Theory of Socialism).

The translations were made by Rodney Livingstone, Peter and Betty Ross and Stanley Mitchell and edited by Nicholas Jacobs (Lawrence & Wishart), K. M. Cook, Stephen Smith, Margarita Lopukhina, Andrei Skvarky and Yelena Vorotnikova (Progress Publishers) and Norire Ter-Akopyan (USSR Academy of Sciences).

The volume was prepared for the press by the editor Margarita Lopukhina (Progress Publishers).

KARL MARX
and
FREDERICK ENGELS

LETTERS

January 1880-March 1883

1880

1

ENGELS TO WILHELM LIEBKNECHT
IN LEIPZIG

London, 10 January 1880

Dear Liebknecht,

Your letter arrived slap in the middle of the festive hurly-burly which, in view of the multiplication of the Marx family¹ and also because two of our friends^a from Manchester were staying with us, assumed pretty formidable proportions. In order to forward your letter I had to consult the *latest* POST OFFICE DIRECTORY which was not to be had except at some distance from this house. *Enfin*^b I laid my hands on it at the beginning of this week and sent your letter to

Alexander Macdonald Esq. M.P.

Well Hill (according to the DIRECTORY, Well hl.)

by Hamilton, North Britain (N.B.)

Macdonald is the bigger scoundrel of the two² but more deeply involved officially with the coal miners. Maybe you will get his reply before mine. As soon as Parliament opens, you can address your letters simply: Alexander Macdonald, House of Commons.

Since you say you have asked Macdonald for the documents mentioned in the main body of your letter, I shall of course do nothing further on this score until I hear from you again.

The silver and/or bimetallism³ affair is the chimera of a few cotton speculators in Liverpool. Since it is virtually only silver that circulates among the Indian and Chinese traders, and silver has fallen from $1/15.5$ to $1/17.5-1/18$ of the value of gold over the past 10 years, this circumstance has, of course, further accentuated the crisis in the said article brought about by the over-export of cotton goods to the Far East. In

^a Probably Carl Schorlemmer and Samuel Moore - ^b Finally

the first place, prices fell as the result of increased supply, and then, on top of that, these depressed prices represented an even lower gold value than hitherto so far as the English exporter was concerned. The crafty men of Liverpool, to whom it was quite inconceivable that cotton could ever fall in price as well, now blamed everything on the difference in the currency and thought that all would be in order and the Indo-Chinese trade would flourish, once it had been decreed here that silver should again be $1/15.5$ of the value of gold; i. e. that the British public must put up with silver at 13%-15% above its value so that cotton goods exporters might profit by that amount. That's all there is to the swindle, and a few more CROTCHEMONGERS have latched on to it. It was never of any significance. Not long ago *The Times* was philanthropic enough to opine that gold currency was unsuited to so poor a country as Germany and that it would be preferable to revert to the more convenient silver currency—in the unspoken hope of creating an outlet for the London money market where the latter could dispose of its depreciated silver at a price higher than its value. Again a pious hope, of course, just like our friend Bismarck's childish fancy not long since to go back to bimetallism and reissue the taler as good for all payments, although it is worth 15% less than the amount it is supposedly good for. However, the German money chaps have grown *so* crafty under friend Bismarck that this no longer proved an attraction and the talers that had been issued came hurtling back at lightning speed into the Bank and the imperial treasuries.

I, too, wish you and all the others success in the New Year, as I do *the Russian revolution* which will surely get under way in the course of it and at once impose a quite different character upon Europe. For this too we are largely indebted to our friend Bismarck. With his ostentatious trip to Austria and the alliance he concluded there⁴ he presented the Russian government at precisely the right moment (*for us!*) with the alternative: war or revolution. *Quel génie!*^a

Your
F. E.

First published, in Russian, in *Marx-Engels Archives*, Vol. I (VI), Moscow, 1932

Printed according to the original

Published in English for the first time

^a What a genius!

2

MARX TO CHARLES WALSTONE (WALDSTEIN) ⁵

IN LONDON

[London,] 26 January 1880

Dear Waldhorn,^a

If I don't find you in, I shall leave this note for you. I am prepared to come at 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening, WIND AND WEATHER PERMITTING. THAT IS TO SAY, IF IT BE NOT TOO COLD FOR THE PRESENT CONDITIONS OF MY *corpus delicti*.^b For in this world all promises are relative.

Meanwhile, *salut*

Your

Moor

First published in: Marx and Engels, *Works*, Second Russian Edition, Vol. 50, Moscow, 1981

Printed according to the original

Published in English for the first time

3

ENGELS TO CARL HIRSCH

IN LONDON

[London,] 17 February 1880

Dear Hirsch,

Many thanks for the banker's letter which I return herewith. But I have not the faintest idea what can be meant by 'negotiated à 340^c'. I can discover no rational connection whatever between this figure and German or Austrian currency. If the man would tell us how many marks he thinks he will be able to get for 200 Austrian gulden,

^a Waldhorn (French horn) is a jocular name given to Walstone by Marx. - ^b A pun on *corpus* (body) and *corpus delicti* (substance of the offence).

Borkheim could decide what to do, and I think he would probably send them to him for realisation.

Your
F. E.

First published in Marx/Engels, *Werke*,
Bd. 39, Berlin, 1968

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

4

MARX TO BERNHARD KRAUS ⁶

IN LONDON

[Copy]

[London,] 26 March 1880

Dear Dr Kraus [Kranz?],

I had quite forgotten that today was Good Friday; hence found the Café Royal shut on arriving there with my daughter Eleanor at 12 o'clock, waited until 1 o'clock and, not seeing you arrive, [proceeded?] to your hotel. Would you be so kind as to write to me today — so that I have your reply tomorrow — and let me know whether you might honour us with your company at dinner this Sunday at 5 o'clock (not 2).

With best wishes from Miss Eleanor.

Yours,
Karl Marx

First published in: Marx and Engels,
Works, First Russian Edition, Vol. XXVII,
Moscow, 1935

Printed according to a copy in an
unknown hand
Published in English for the first
time

5

ENGELS TO JOHANN PHILIPP BECKER ⁷

IN GENEVA

London, 1 April 1880

Dear Old Man,

This is to notify you that I have taken out a money order for you at the post office for four pounds sterling—should amount to 100 frs 80 cts—and hope it will reach you safely. I trust that your health and that of your wife has improved now that the bitter winter is happily behind us. Here things are so-so. Mrs Marx is still not quite up to the mark and Marx, too, could be better. When winter's over, he always has his worst time; his coughing fits prevent him from sleeping.

For the rest, things have reverted to what they were in 1850. The Workers' Society has split up into a multitude of parties ⁸—Most here, Rackow there—and it is as much as we can do not to get drawn into this maelstrom.^a So many storms in a teacup, which may have an altogether salutary effect on some of the participants in that they contribute to their development but, so far as the march of events is concerned, whether 100 German working men here declare themselves for this side or for that is pretty immaterial. If they could exert any influence on the English—but there's no question of that. In his thirst for action Most cannot keep still but nor, for that matter, can he get anything done; people in Germany just won't see that, because Most has been statutorily slung out of the country, the moment of revolution is at hand. The *Freiheit* is to become, by hook or by crook, the most revolutionary paper in the world, but this cannot be achieved simply by repeating the word 'revolution' in every line. Luckily it matters very little what's in the paper and what isn't. The same thing applies to the Zurich organ,^b which advocates revolution one day, only to declare on the next that a violent upheaval is the greatest of misfortunes, which is afraid on the one hand of being outdone by Most's rhetoric and fears on the other that the workers may take its own rhetoric to heart. Well, take your pick between the empty rantings of the *Freiheit* and the narrow philistinism of the *Sozialdemokrat*.

^a See this volume, p. 9. -^b *Der Sozialdemokrat*

I fear that our friends in Germany are deluding themselves as to the kind of organisation that ought to be maintained under present circumstances. That elected members of parliament should wish to place themselves in the van because there would otherwise be no leadership—to that I have no objection. But they can neither demand nor impose the implicit obedience that could be demanded by the former party leadership, *specifically* elected for the purpose. Least of all under present circumstances, without a press, without mass meetings. The more loose-knit the organisation now seems to be, the more tightly-knit it is in reality. Instead of this, the old system is to be retained, the party leadership is to have the final say (although there is no congress to discipline or, if necessary, dismiss it), and anyone who attacks one of its members is branded a heretic. At the same time, the best of them are themselves aware that they have in their midst all sorts of incapable and otherwise not very savoury persons, and they must be obtuse indeed if they fail to see that it is not they who are in control of their organ, but Höchberg, thanks to his money-bags, and with him his fellow philistines Schramm and Bernstein. In my view, the *old* party, together with its former organisation, is finished. When, as may be expected, the European movement shortly gets going again, then it will be joined by the vast mass of the German proletariat, of which the 500,000 men of 1878⁹ will form the trained and educated nucleus, and then, too, the old ‘rigorous organisation’ deriving from the Lassallean tradition will become a brake which, though it might hold back a waggon, no one could hope to apply to an avalanche.

At the same time, these men are doing a number of things which may wholly disrupt the party. First, the party is to go on maintaining its former agitators and editors by saddling itself with a mass of papers which contain nothing more than may be found in any middle-class local rag. And the workers are supposed to tag along with that indefinitely! Secondly, their bearing in the Reichstag and in the Saxon Diet is for the most part so meek as to discredit both them and the party in the eyes of the whole world; they make ‘positive’ suggestions to the existing government as to how it might do better in minor questions of detail, etc. And the workers, who have been declared outside the law and delivered up, bound hand and foot, to the tender mercies of the police, are expected to regard this as adequate representation! Thirdly, there is their tolerance of the philistine petty bourgeoisie of the *Sozialdemokrat*. In *every* letter we are told that we must

on no account believe any reports of splits or differences of opinion within the party, but everyone who comes here from Germany assures us that our people are completely bewildered by this conduct on the part of their leaders and that they by no means agree with it. Nor could it be otherwise, given the character of our workers which has so splendidly stood the test. It is a peculiarity of the German movement that all the mistakes committed by the leadership are invariably put right by the masses, and no doubt such will again be the case this time.¹⁰

Well, keep your pecker up and drop us a line occasionally. Borkheim is still in pretty well the same helpless condition as before.^a

Your
F. E.

First published in: F. Engels, *Vergessene Briefe (Briefe Friedrich Engels' an Johann Philipp Becker)*, Berlin, 1920

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first time

6

ENGELS TO H. MEYER

IN LONDON

[London,] 3 April 1880
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Mr H. Meyer,

Your favour of 25 March¹¹ did not come into my hands until late at night on Saturday, 27 March, and hence, if only for that reason, I could not accept your invitation.

In view of the rifts and differences of opinion that have recently occurred among German Social-Democrats here and elsewhere, I am unable for the time being to declare myself in favour either of one party or of the other, especially as I cannot but reprobate, not only the policy of the Zurich *Sozialdemokrat*, but also and no less that of the London *Freiheit*.^b

^a See present edition, Vol. 45, p. 349.-^b See this volume, p. 7.

I would request you to be good enough to convey this to the executive, and meanwhile remain

Yours very truly,

F. Engels

First published in: Marx and Engels, *Works*, First Russian Edition, Vol. XXIX, Moscow, 1946

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7

ENGELS TO AUGUST BEBEL

IN LEIPZIG

[London, after 27 April 1880]¹²

[...] ^a so as to make the whole thing impossible without actually prohibiting it.

Mr Hasselmann will soon become harmless if you people bring to light *really* compromising facts about him and take the wind out of his sails in the Reichstag, i. e. proceed in a frankly revolutionary way, which can be done by using quite temperate language, as you yourself did in exemplary fashion in your speech on the persecutions.¹³ If, however, a person is constantly afraid of being thought by the philistine, as often happens, to be a bit more extreme than he really is, and if in fact the enclosed cutting from the *Kölnische Zeitung* is correct in reporting that the Social-Democrats have brought a motion intended to restore the *guild privilege* of trading in home-made goods, then the Hasselmanns and Mosts will have an easy task.

None of this, however, is really of much consequence. What is now keeping the party alive is unobtrusive, spontaneous activity on the part of individuals; like its organisation, it is kept going by their irrepressible journeyings. In Germany we have fortunately reached the stage when every action of our adversaries is advantageous to us; when all historical forces are playing into our hands, when nothing,

^a The beginning of the letter is missing.

absolutely nothing, can happen without our deriving advantage from it. For that reason we can quietly allow our adversaries to work for us. Bismarck is working for us like a real Trojan. He has now won Hamburg for us¹⁴ and will shortly also make us a present, first of Altona, and then of Bremen. The National Liberals¹⁵ are working for us, even though all they do is submit to kicks and vote taxes. The Catholics are working for us, even though they voted first against, and then *for*, the Anti-Socialist Law,¹⁶ in return for which they, too, have simply been delivered by Bismarck over to the tender mercies of the government, i. e. also placed outside the law. Anything we can do is a mere drop in the ocean compared with what events are doing for us at this moment. Bismarck's feverish activity, which is throwing everything into disorder and putting everything out of joint without achieving anything of a remotely positive nature; which is stretching the philistine's tax-paying potential to the utmost limit, and this for nothing and worse than nothing; which wants one thing one day and the opposite the next and is forcibly driving into the arms of the revolution the philistine who would so gladly grovel at his feet — this is our strongest ally, and I'm delighted at your being able to confirm from actual observation that there has in fact been a shift to the left, as was inevitable in the circumstances.

In France, too, things are progressing well. Our communist viewpoint is breaking new ground everywhere and the best of those advocating it are all of them former anarchists who have come over to us without our raising a finger.^a Unanimity has thus been established among European socialists; any who are still shilly-shallying aren't worth mentioning now that the last remaining sect, the anarchists, has melted away. There, too, we find increasingly a general shift to the left among the bourgeois and peasants, as you have already remarked; but there's one snag here: this shift to the left is primarily tending towards *a war of retribution* and that must be avoided.

The victory of the Liberals here has at least *one* good aspect in that it puts a spoke in the wheel of Bismarck's foreign policy.¹⁷ Since he might just as well dismiss the Russian war from his mind now, he will, as usual, doubtless sell his ally — Austria — to the first comer. After all, the bitter experiences of 1864-66 have already shown the Austrians that Bismarck seeks allies only to betray them¹⁸ — but they're too stupid and will again fall into the trap.

^a Engels probably means, above all, Paul Brousse and Benoît Malon.

In Russia, too, everything is proceeding splendidly, despite judicial murder, banishments and an appearance of calm. You can't banish sheer lack of money. *Not one banker will make a loan* without a guarantee from the Imperial Assembly. Hence the present desperate recourse to an *internal loan*. *On paper* it will be a success, in reality a total failure. And then they will have to convene some assembly or other if only to obtain cash—always supposing something else doesn't happen in the meantime.

Kindest regards to you and Liebknecht from Marx and

Yours

F. E.

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8

ENGELS TO PAUL LAFARGUE ¹⁹

IN LONDON

London, 4 May 1880

My dear Lafargue,

What are we to do about the introduction Malon has submitted? ²⁰ Grateful as I am for his good intentions, what is needed here are facts, and where would he get them from? The history of German socialism from 1843 to 1863 is not yet in print, and Malon's German friends in Zurich know hardly anything about that period, which preceded their entry into political life. So it is natural enough that Malon's introduction should omit the most important facts while going into details which can hardly interest the French reader and should, besides, be riddled with mistakes of a fairly serious kind. To mention only one—Lassalle was never editor of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*. He never so much as contributed to it, if one excepts a feuilleton in a single issue—a feuilleton which was, moreover, completely rewritten by the editorial staff. At that time Lassalle was almost wholly taken up with the adulteries and divorce proceedings of Countess Hatzfeldt and her

Frederick Engels, *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific*, Paris, 1880

Bibliothèque de la REVUE SOCIALISTE

I

SOCIALISME UTOPIQUE

ET

SOCIALISME SCIENTIFIQUE

PAR

FRÉDÉRIC ENGELS

Traduction française par

PAUL LAFARGUE

Prix: 50 centimes



PARIS

DERVEAUX LIBRAIRE-ÉDITEUR

32, Rue d'Angoulême, 32

1880

husband² 1; and had he offered to join the editorial department, we should have refused outright to associate ourselves with a man up to his eyes in the filth necessarily arising from the conduct of such a scandalous case. Neither Marx nor I have ever collaborated with Lassalle. In about 1860 he suggested we should join him in founding a big daily newspaper in Berlin, but the conditions we laid down were such that he was bound to find them unacceptable.²²

Come to that, if someone is needed to introduce me to the French public, as is very possible, it seems to me that it could only be you, who have taken the trouble to translate my articles^a and who *alone* are in a position to get hold of the necessary information which I have asked Marx to let you have. To my mind, I owe it to you as much as to myself to take on no one else.

Yours ever,
F. Engels

First published in F. Engels, P. et L. Lafargue, *Correspondance*, t. I, Paris, 1956

Printed according to the original
Translated from the French

9

MARX TO PAUL LAFARGUE²³

IN LONDON

[London, circa 4-5 May 1880]

Dear Lafargue,

Here is the fruit of my consultation (of yesterday evening) with Engels. Polish the phrases, leaving the gist intact.

Yours ever,
Karl Marx

First published as a facsimile in: Marx and Engels, *Works*, Second Russian Edition, Vol. 19, Moscow, 1961

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^a F. Engels, 'Le Socialisme utopique et le socialisme scientifique', *La Revue socialiste*, Nos. 3, 4 and 5, 20 March, 20 April and 5 May 1880.

10

MARX TO FERDINAND DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS ²⁴

IN THE HAGUE

London, 27 June 1880
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

Dear Sir,

At the urgent insistence of my doctor I must refrain from work of any kind for some time to come; [indeed]^a I should already have left London on a recuperative trip to the seaside or mountains had I not been prevented from doing so by the very serious illness of my wife. Letters sent to the above address, however, will always find me, as they will be forwarded.

But my present state of health apart, I could not have complied with your request,²⁵ if only because I don't know enough Dutch to be able to judge whether this or that expression is appropriate.

Nevertheless, to go by the essays of yours I have read in the *Jahrbuch der Sozialwissenschaft* (Volume I, Second Half),²⁶ I have not the slightest doubt that you are the right man to provide the Dutch with a résumé of *Capital*—I would also mention *en passant* that Mr Schramm (C. A. S., p. 81)^b *misconstrues my theory of value*. From a note in *Capital* to the effect that A. Smith and Ricardo are mistaken in *lumping together value and price of production*²⁷ (let alone *market prices*, therefore)—he could already have gathered that the connection between 'value' and 'price of production', hence also between 'value' and the market prices that oscillate about the 'price of production', has no place whatever in the theory of value as such, still less can it be anticipated by cliché-ridden, scholastic generalisations.

Under present circumstances the 2nd part of *Capital*²⁸ cannot appear in Germany, which I am quite glad of inasmuch as certain economic phenomena are, at this precise moment, entering upon a new phase of development and hence call for fresh appraisal.

With kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,
[Karl Marx]

First published, in Russian, in the magazine *Istoriĭ-marksisť*, Vol. 6 (40), Moscow, 1934

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^a Manuscript damaged. - ^b [C. A. Schramm,] 'Zur Werttheorie', signed 'C.A.S.', *Jahrbuch für Sozialwissenschaft und Sozialpolitik*, 1880.

11

ENGELS TO MINNA GORBUNOVA

IN BIARRITZ

London, 22 July 1880
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Dear Madam,

After a number of vagaries, your letter from Biarritz ²⁹ has safely reached me here, where I have been living for the past 10 years, and I hasten to let you have such information as it is within my power to give.

I have talked over the matter with my friend Marx, and we both take the view that no better sources on the English industrial school system are to be had over here than the official reports ^a you already possess. The content of other non-official literature on the subject amounts to little more than window-dressing, where it is not expressly designed to provide an advertisement for some humbug or other. I shall have a look round and see if I can find anything that might interest you among the reports of the SCHOOL BOARDS and the Education Department in recent years, and shall send you further details if you would be so kind as to let me know to what address I should write or send packages, either within the next fortnight or so, or else in the autumn (since I shall be away from London for some time ³⁰). The industrial education of young people is in an even worse state here than in most countries on the Continent and what is being done, is done mostly for appearances' sake. You will have seen from the actual reports that the 'INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS' are by no means on a par with continental industrial schools, but are a kind of penal institute where neglected children are committed for a given number of years by order of court.

On the other hand, the efforts made in America might perhaps be of greater interest to you. The United States has sent a wealth of material connected with this to the Paris Exhibition, ³¹ material which must be lodged in the big library in the rue Richelieu ³² and of which

^a *Reports of the Commissioners Appointed to Inquire into the State of Popular Education in England and Reports of Reformatory and Industrial School.*

you will find details in the catalogue of the exhibition at the said library.

I am further endeavouring to find out for you the address of a Mr Da Costa^a in Paris; his son^b played a part in the Commune in 1871, and the father is himself employed in education, is passionately interested in his profession and would be more than willing to be of assistance to you.

Again, the schools for the further education of adult working men over here are not as a rule up to very much. Where anything worth while is done, it is usually thanks to special circumstances and individual personalities, i. e. local and temporary. In all such matters, the only element that systematically recurs here is humbug. The best of establishments relapse after a short while into a stultifying routine and the avowed purpose increasingly becomes a pretext for the employees to earn their keep as comfortably as possible. So much is this the rule that even establishments for the education of the children of the middle classes—bourgeoisie—form no exception. Indeed I have latterly come across a number of notable instances of this very kind.

I am sorry that at this stage I should not myself be able to place any fresh material at your disposal; for a number of years it has unfortunately been impossible for me to follow the course of public education in any detail. Otherwise I should have been only too delighted to be able to offer you more. Everything that furthers public education and hence the movement, however indirectly, in a country such as Russia, which stands on the threshold of a world historical crisis, and has produced a dynamic party of exceptional devotion and vigour—everything of this nature commands our most ardent sympathy.

I am, Madam,

Yours truly,
F. Engels

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^a Eugene François Da Costa - ^b Charles Nicolas Da Costa

12

MARX TO PHILIP STEPHEN KING ³³

IN LONDON

[London,] 27 July 1880
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

Dear Sir,

Please send me:
Part IV of *Reports from Her M's Consuls*.

Yours truly,
Karl Marx

First published in the language of the original (English) in *Marx-Engels Jahrbuch*, Nr. 8, Berlin, 1985

Reproduced from the original

13

ENGELS TO MINNA GORBUNOVA

IN BIARRITZ

London, 2 August 1880
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Dear Madam,

In all haste — for several days my house has been full of friends, come on a visit from the provinces — herewith the address:

M. Da Costa, 40 rue Gay-Lussac, Paris. Since I have only seen the old gentleman once and very briefly, he will certainly not remember me. But all you need say by way of introduction is that Marx obtained the address expressly for you through his son-in-law Longuet — who is a friend of young Da Costa's. ^a

^a Charles Nicolas Da Costa

In the course of this week I shall have time to write to you at greater length, and shall address my letter to Paris, *poste restante*.
 Meanwhile I remain,

Yours faithfully,
 F. Engels

First published in Russian and in the language of the original (German) in the book *Neizdannyye pisma F. Engelsa* (F. Engels' Unpublished Letters), Leningrad, 1924

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14

ENGELS TO MINNA GORBUNOVA ³⁴

IN PARIS

London, 5 August 1880
 122^a Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Dear Madam,

Further to my brief note sent to Biarritz,^b all I can tell you is that I don't in fact know of any documents or reports I could recommend to you other than those first enumerated by yourself in your previous esteemed letter.³⁵ However, after the school holidays, when the various people I'm acquainted with return, I shall make further inquiries, and if I find anything new, shall send it to you in Moscow³⁶ or report to you further. In order that such correspondence should appear perfectly innocuous, I shall write in English and sign myself E. Burns. When communicating with me from there, you could address your letters: Miss E. Burns, 122 Regent's Park Road, N. W., London. An inner envelope is unnecessary; she is my niece.

I was most interested to hear about your activities in Moscow and about the prospect of your setting up an industrial school with the help of the president of the земство^{c 37}; we, too, have the statistical reports of all the Russian земства over here, as in general quite excel-

^a 112 in the manuscript. - ^b See previous letter. - ^c Zemstvo

lent material on economic conditions in Russia, but unfortunately I cannot look it out at this moment as it is at Marx's house and he and all his family are away at the seaside.³⁸ However it wouldn't be much help to me in answering your inquiry,³⁹ since this calls for a knowledge of the relevant branches of the cottage industry, its operation, products and competitiveness, and that can only be acquired on the spot. All in all it seems to me that most, at any rate, of the branches of industry you mentioned would probably be capable of competing with large-scale industry for some time yet. Industrial revolutions such as these progress extremely slowly; even the handloom has not yet been entirely superseded in some branches in Germany, whereas in England those same branches did away with it 20 or 30 years ago. In Russia that process might well be even slower. After all, the long winter provides the peasant with a great deal of spare time, and even if he only earns something during the day, that is still so much gain. Admittedly these primitive forms of production cannot escape their ultimate demise, and in a highly developed industrial country, as here, for example, one might claim that it would be more humane to accelerate this process of dissolution rather than prolong it. In Russia the situation may well be different, especially as there is some prospect there of violent changes in the political situation as a whole. The minor palliatives which have proved virtually useless in Germany, as you yourself have of course discovered, and also elsewhere, might in Russia help the people on occasion to surmount the political crisis and keep their industry going until such time as they also have a say. The schools, however, might perhaps enable them to get at least some idea of *what* they ought to say. And all genuine educative elements that are dispersed among the people will, to a greater or lesser extent, contribute to that end. Technical instruction might perhaps best achieve its aim if it sought, on the one hand, to organise the operations at any rate of the more viable branches of traditional industry in a more rational way and, on the other, to provide the children with sufficient training in general technology to facilitate their transition to other industries. Aside from such generalisations there is, at this distance, little to be said. Except that this much seems pretty clear to me: The Moscow *gouvernement* is unlikely to become a seat of large-scale industry in the near future, since it is remote from the coal-mining areas, and wood fuel is already in short supply. Cottage industry in some, if not always the same, form might persist there for a bit longer even if protective tariffs were to make feasible the introduction of this or that

large enterprise, such as the cotton industry of Shuya and Ivanovo in the Vladimir *gouvernement*. And, after all, the only way one can really help the peasants is to see that they get more land and cultivate it in associations.

Your report about the incipient decay of the община^{a 40} and the artel⁴¹ confirms news that has also come to us from another quarter. Nevertheless this process of disintegration may go on for a very long time. And since the general current in Western Europe is flowing in precisely the opposite direction and, with the next convulsion, must acquire a strength of a quite different order, it may be expected that in Russia, too, which has certainly produced a great many critical minds over the past 30 years, this current will still be strong enough to make a timely appeal to the people's innate, millennial urge to associate before that urge is completely extinguished. For this reason, productive associations and other means of promoting the associate system among the people in Russia should also be looked at from an aspect other than the Western one. Admittedly they still remain no more than minor palliatives. I remain,

Yours most respectfully,

F. Engels

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15

MARX TO JOHN SWINTON

IN LONDON

[Postcard]

Ramsgate, 15 August 1880
10 Cumberland Road

Dear Sir,

I got only today your letter.⁴² I am staying here with my family,

^a obshchina

and, if your time allows, shall be very glad to see you in Ramsgate.⁴³

Yours truly
Karl Marx

[On the side reserved for the address]

John Swinton, Esq.
12 Norfolk Street, Strand, London

First published in the language of the original (English) and in Japanese in: Suzuki Koichiro, *Sihonron hekireki*, Tokyo, 1971

Reproduced from the original

16

ENGELS TO JOHANN PHILIPP BECKER ⁴⁴

IN GENEVA

Ramsgate, 17 August 1880

Dear Old Man,

Your postcard was not forwarded to me here³⁰ until today and I immediately took out a money order for you for two pounds sterling, i. e. 50 frs and a few centimes (on which I wrote my *London* address). It goes without saying, of course, that we wouldn't let you be thrown out of your house while we were restoring our health at the seaside here. There's no need for you to make such a to-do about a few pence; that sort of thing is a matter of course between old comrades-in-arms who have been fighting under the same flag for forty years and who hearken to the same trumpet-calls.

We are all here — Marx, his wife and his daughters, together with husbands and children,^a and the visit is proving especially beneficial to Marx, who, I hope, will be completely refreshed. His wife has unfortunately been ailing for some time, but is as cheerful as could be expected. I shall be returning to London next week but Marx ought to stay here as long as he possibly can.

^a Laura and Paul Lafargue; Jenny and Charles, Jean, Henri and Edgar Longuet

Apropos, I should perhaps add that there's been a great muddle over the letters. Marx has never had letters of yours for safe-keeping, whereas Borkheim was supposed to have had some of yours and, when Mrs Marx was still in Geneva with you, you got her to ask Marx to get Borkheim to give them to him.^a But now Borkheim denies ever having got any from you; so what the actual facts of the case are, we over here are unable to fathom.

Well, I hope that, for the time being at least, you have extricated yourself from the worst of your predicament and will get a bit of peace. Kindest regards from us all, and in particular from,

Your
F. Engels

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17

MARX TO FRIEDRICH ADOLPH SORGE
IN HOBOKEN

[Ramsgate,] 30 August 1880

Dear Sorge,

I am writing from Ramsgate, where I now am with my wife³⁸; before that I took her up to Manchester for a consultation with my friend Dr Gumpert. She is suffering from a *dangerous* liver complaint.

In consequence of our wanderings I only got your letter very belatedly. I am entirely of your opinion. If you can't get hold of any money—i. e. \$200—in YANKEELAND, the matter will have to be dropped.⁴⁵ What the position is here will be evident to you if only from the fact that the *Égalité* went under for want of 3,000 francs.⁴⁶ I will, for form's sake, let Liebknecht know about the affair.

The article from *The Sun* received with many thanks.⁴⁷ Though he

^a See present edition, Vol. 45, p. 443.

may have the best of intentions, the man nevertheless shows that he doesn't understand the first rudiments of the matter about which he writes.

De minimis non curat lex,^a and among those *minima* I number, *inter alia*, the priestly Douai.⁴⁸

With warmest regards,

Your
Karl Marx

First published in *Briefe und Auszüge aus Briefen von Joh. Phil. Becker, Jos. Dietzgen, Friedrich Engels, Karl Marx u. A. an F. A. Sorge und Andere*, Stuttgart, 1906

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18

ENGELS TO LAURA LAFARGUE ⁴⁹

IN LONDON

[Bridlington Quay,] 3 September 1880

My dear Laura,

I have only a few minutes to reply to your amiable letter—we have been inspecting a geological amateur's collection this evening and tomorrow we are off to an excursion to Flamboro' Head. The weather here continues grand: regular Rhenish October weather, that is the acme of fine weather as far as I know, not a cloud on the sky, hot sun, cool bracing air at the same time. Why cannot you and Lafargue come for a week, the place is getting empty, plenty of apartments and accommodation of every sort.

I have not heard from Pumps since the letter I had at Ramsgate dated, I believe, 15th August. I wrote her at once, and since then, on arrival in London, last Friday^b this day week, a postcard, but no reply. Now I am almost certain that she has written to Sarah or her mother Mrs Nicholls who stays in our house during my absence.

^a The law does not concern itself with trifles. - ^b 27 August

Would it be too much trouble for you to call there and inform me of the result of your inquiries as I am getting rather anxious and as I am sure there is some misunderstanding abroad by which I am kept without news?

It is now half past nine at night, all windows wide open and yet the fine cool air outside will not come in rapidly enough to enable me to keep my coat on. The beer — oh the beer, it would be worth your while to come here only in order to drink one glass of beer at the Pier refreshment rooms, a nice little café — such splendid beer!

Moore and Beust are off to the 'Parade' (such a thing you know is *de rigueur*^a at every seaside place) to hear the music and hunt *backfishes*, of which there are excellent specimens here; you know the *backfish*^b lives on dry land. At all events before leaving they wished to be kindly remembered to both of you.^c

Yours affectionately
F. Engels

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19

ENGELS TO PAUL LAFARGUE ⁵⁰

IN LONDON

Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire,
3 September 1880
7 Burlington Place

My dear Lafargue,

Why Geneva?⁵¹ The seat of the Swiss Federal Government is Berne and, besides, any other Swiss town would do as well as Geneva. Unless you have specific objections, of which I may be unaware, the

^a the form - ^b See this volume, p. 29. Engels puns on the German *Backfisch* (Anglicised here) which means both 'adolescent girl' and 'fried fish'. - ^c Laura and Paul Lafargue

stuff might just as well be deposited in Zurich where someone could undoubtedly be found to take charge of the business. If it suits you, send the things to me here and we will readdress them to someone who will immediately attend to them.

May the soil rest lightly
On the egalitarian *Égalité*.⁴⁶

Yours ever,
F. Engels

First published in F. Engels, P. et
L. Lafargue, *Correspondance*, t. I, Paris, 1956

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Translated from the French

20

ENGELS TO PAUL LAFARGUE¹⁹

IN LONDON

Bridlington Quay, 9 September 1880

My dear Lafargue,

I had to write to you in haste the day before yesterday⁵² because we were due to leave at 9.30 for an excursion to Flamboro' Head where our two naturalists^a botanised in the sea. In case I didn't express myself clearly enough, let me summarise.

The more serious aspect of Grant's scheme is that he alone has the right to raise or lower the value of your shares, if not make them virtually worthless. To begin with, he is deducting 12% per annum for the first 4 guides. If the gross profit amounts to 15%, that leaves a net profit, the shareholders' dividend, of only 3%; if 20% it leaves 8%, etc. But with the generous salaries Grant proposes to pay the local directors, can one count on such profits? That seems to me exceedingly doubtful.

Let us suppose, however, that the gross profit amounts to 20% or even 25%. What will Grant do then? He will propose to borrow yet

^a Samuel Moore and Adolph Beust

more money so as to launch the remainder of the guides. And he will claim that he can only obtain that money at 15% or 20%. Since he will have a ready-made majority, the vote will go his way. And since you and Jervis won't be able to obtain the money at a cheaper rate, you will get nowhere at all by opposing him. Well then, £ 3,000 at 12%, £ 3,000 at 20%, gives an average of 16% — just imagine how a business can function if it is saddled with interest at that rate before so much as a thought can be paid to dividends.

There is nothing to prevent Grant providing you with funds, as soon as there is a further need of them, at still higher interest, the rate of which will depend upon him alone. Since it is he who pockets the interest, at least the greater part thereof, it is in his interest to approach as closely as possible the rate of gross profit generated by the firm. He shares the interest only with the man who advances this money — the net profit he shares with all the other shareholders.

So in fact the value of your PAID UP shares goes down and down and Grant alone has the right to reduce it to nothing. In other words he pays the two of you for your literary property 1. £ 400; 2. £ 300 each the moment it suits him to get rid of you; 3. in virtually worthless shares carrying no dividend; total £ 500 each, always provided Grant does not find a way of avoiding payment of the £ 300 — which wouldn't be too difficult — by accusing you of breach of contract, in which case there would be a fine old lawsuit costing you much more than £ 300, even if you won.

Grant cannot invoke your letter. Even if it contains what he alleges, that letter ceases to be valid after the month during which you were bound by it.

Jervis' interest is not identical with yours. If he has neglected his affairs and is prepared to sacrifice the lot of them for £ 300 a year, that goes to show that they weren't worth the trouble of discussing. Jervis is staying in London. Once launched by Grant on this enterprise, it is in his interest to be launched by him on other enterprises, to act as his *UNDERSTRAPPER* until such time as he has enough money and enough financial contacts to do without him. You have an entirely different interest. You are going to Paris, you hope to find an assured existence in this enterprise. Ask yourself if such is to be found under the terms proposed by Grant.

It is likewise in the interests of your SOLICITOR, evidently another underling, to pay court to Grant. And this applies to everyone save yourself. All the more reason not to conclude anything in haste.

Jervis has undertaken to find the necessary capital; well and good, but this must obviously be on terms acceptable to you, and not on such as would deliver you over bound hand and foot to a money-lender of the first water.

You would do well to sound Bradshaw. The latter has a twofold interest in coming to an arrangement with you in respect both of this country and of the Continent. If only as a means of putting pressure on Grant. It would be better still to have a choice between the two. And Bradshaw cannot allow himself to go in for the sharp practices that are the other man's stock-in-trade. Unfortunately you can no longer have full confidence in Jervis, once he claims to have tired of the matter and advises you to accept forthwith.

That is, of course, the gloomier aspect of the affair. Grant may possibly have more generous intentions, but once the contract has been signed you will be at his mercy, of that you may be certain.

With a man like Grant I see no means of safeguarding oneself. You could insert a condition that all net profits must be used to pay off the £ 3,000 and that no dividends are distributed so long as the company is paying interest of more than 6% — they would either not accept it or find a way of deleting it at the first shareholders' meeting. And that would merely safeguard the first £ 3,000; as regards subsequent borrowings it would do nothing of the kind; it would be nonsensical to repay with one hand and borrow with the other.

My advice is *try to manage without Grant* and, if you can't, at least try to make him fear that you can do without him, so that he robs you a little less UNMERCIFULLY than he intended. He will rob you anyhow.

The weather here continues magnificent, sunshine all the time, bracing air, north-east breeze, sea-bathing already somewhat bracing, but this evening I fear I shall have to wear an overcoat as at Ramsgate. The visitors are quite different from those at Ramsgate. Here we have the SHOPKEEPER, the small manufacturer, the TRADESMAN from Leeds, Sheffield, Hull, etc., an atmosphere decidedly more provincial yet at the same time more solid than at Ramsgate; no 'ARRYS. What strikes you most is the fact that all the young girls are *backfish*^a between 14 and 17 years — what you call the ugly age, although there are some very pretty ones here. Of young girls fashioned to perfection there are none or virtually none. No sooner have they ceased to be backfish than they're put into long skirts and, so it would seem,

^a Properly *Backfische* — adolescent girls

get married. All the women of 18 and over that one sees are accompanied by their husbands and even by children. Nor did poor Beust, who casts tender glances at the backfish, succeed in initiating any amorous exchanges, however brief. Papa and mama, like the Prussians of Frederick II, are 'constantly on sentry go'.

My best wishes to Laura. The two herbalists^a send their compliments. The thing has been sent to Beust's father^b in Zurich. The newspapers will be returned to you. I don't know Marx's whereabouts, for I have not had word from him.

Yours ever,
F. Engels

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21

MARX TO NIKOLAI DANIELSON⁵³

IN ST PETERSBURG⁵⁴

Ramsgate, 12 September 1880

My dear Sir,

I need not tell you that I should feel only too happy to do anything you consider useful,⁵⁵ but a short statement of the circumstances in which I find myself at this moment will convince you that I am at present unfit for theoretical labour. Having been sent here by the medical men in order to 'do nothing' and to restore my nervous system by the '*far niente*',^c an illness of my wife, under which she suffered long time since, has suddenly been aggravated to a degree which menaces to tend to a *fatal* termination. Whatever little time I may snatch for work, is necessarily limited to things which I *must* get rid of.

However, the most important part for the *public in general* is that

^a Moore and Beust - ^b Friedrich Beust - ^c Abbreviated from *dolce far niente* (sweet doing nothing), which originates from a similar Latin expression used by Pliny the Younger in Epistle VIII.

which you have already performed — the drawing up of the statistical tables and the interpretation of the *facts* which they imply. It would be a pity if you delayed the publication which I expect myself with the greatest impatience.⁵⁶

Whatever you may have found useful in my letters for that purpose, you may freely dispose of. Only I fear it is not much, since I sent you only a few fragmentary scraps.

The present crisis was the greatest England has passed through with regard to duration, extent and intensiveness,⁵⁷ but despite the failures of some Scotch and English provincial banks — the crowning of the past English great periodical crises, I mean the financial crash in London, shone by its absence. This most extraordinary incident — the absence of the *monetary panic* properly so called, was due to a concatenation of circumstances the analysis of which would lead me too far at present. One of the most decisive circumstances was, however, this: The heavy bullion drain of 1879 was to a great extent met by the cooperation of the Banque de France and the Imperial Bank of Germany. On the other hand, the sudden revival in the United States — since the spring of 1879 — reacted on England like a *deus ex machina*.^a

As to the agricultural crisis, it will gather strength, develop itself, and, by the bye, come to a head, carrying with it quite a revolution in the relations of landed property, — quite independent of the cycles of the commercial-industrial crises. Even such optimists as Mr Caird have commenced 'to smell a rat'. Most characteristic of English blockheadedness is this: since two years there have been published letters of farmers — in *The Times* as well as in agricultural papers — giving the items of their expenses in cultivating their farms, comparing them with their returns at present prices, and winding up with a positive *deficit*. Would you believe that not one of the specialists — expatiating upon these accounts — has thought of considering *how these accounts* would stand if *the item of rent* was struck out in many cases or reduced 'most feelingly' in many other cases? But this is a delicate point which must not be touched. The farmers themselves, though become unbelievers in the *nostrums* proposed by their landlords or the '*plumitifs*'^b of the latter, dare not yet assume attitudes of bold vi-

^a *deus ex machina* — a god from the machine (by which in ancient theatre gods were shown in the air); a power or an event that comes in the nick of time to solve a difficulty -

^b hired scribblers

rility, considering that they, on their part, are denounced by the rustic 'labouring class'. A nice pickle it is altogether.

I hope there will be no general war in Europe. Though, ultimately, it could not check, but would rather intensify, the social, I mean thereby the *economical*, development, it would certainly produce a useless exhaustion of forces for some longer or shorter interval.

Please to send your letters as before to my London address, from where I shall always receive them even in case of momentary absence.

Yours most sincerely

A. Williams^a

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22

ENGELS TO PAUL LAFARGUE ⁵⁸

IN LONDON

Bridlington Quay, 12th September 1880

My dear Lafargue,

How can I advise you on business if you give me all the information afterwards? If you had sent me the draft articles ⁵⁹ before, I should have known better what to say. Do not say that you had not got it; it was your business to have had it as soon as printed. *Mais on dirait que vous brûlez de vous faire voler.*^b

You say the articles *forbid* to borrow at more than 10%. Whoever told you that, reckoned upon your credulity. Article 74 says distinctly that the directors can raise money *upon such terms and conditions in all respects as they think fit*. Now I do not know and cannot be expected to know whether the acts of parliament forbid limited companies to raise money at more than 10%. I doubt it. But if it be the fact, you have before your eyes the proof that that is no use whatever. Have

^a Marx's pseudonym - ^b But anyone would think you were begging to be robbed.

you not written to me that Grant wanted to raise £ 3,000 — at 10% and a bonus of 20% at the end of five years? 20% divided by 5 is 4, and 10 + 4 are 14; thus, you pay really 14% for your money. Why do you not speak of that when people want to make you believe that Grant cannot get more than 10% out of your company in interest?

Then you say, Jervis and Mason had pris des garanties contre Grant, en ce que rien de nouveau pouvait être décidé sans qu'on ait au moins le vote des $\frac{4}{5}$ des actionnaires, et que Grant n'avait que 55% et que par conséquent il ne pouvait rien faire sans votre consentement.

Décidément on se moque de vous.^a In the whole agreement *not a word* about $\frac{4}{5}$ of the shareholders. All resolutions by *simple majorities*. It may be in the acts of parliament that $\frac{4}{5}$ are required *to alter the original deed of association*. But that is not the question. I have shown you the way how Grant by his system of loans at 10% and any bonus he likes, can suck all the profits out of the company. And Article 74 gives him the right to do so, without even consulting anybody but his directors who, whatever they may be, are sure to be his puppets.

Secondly. All the capital being subscribed you have

1) 5,000 votes for original capital—£ 5,000.-

2) 3,000 votes for preference shares 3,000 at £ 5 each (Art. 49). 8,000 votes in all. Out of these you, Jervis and Mason have together 2,250 votes, that is to say not 45% against 55%, but 28% against 72%. Still more than $\frac{1}{5}$, but not very far off. Let a few shares be sold by one of you, and the power to stop even alterations of deed of association is lost by you. You will be told that it is not intended to issue all the preference shares. But how long that remains so, will depend upon Grant.

There is another article which may affect you and alter the case. Art. 21 says that for calls not yet made, but paid up by the shareholder voluntarily, interest up to 10% shall be paid. I should presume that this applies to your *paid up* shares, only, if it was so, Jervis and Mason would have pointed it out to you; at least I should think so. If that be the case and you can secure 10% on the greater part of your shares that would be so much in your favour. *See whether it is so or not.*

^a safeguarded themselves against Grant in that no new decision could be taken without the consent of at least $\frac{4}{5}$ of the shareholders and that Grant had only 55% and hence could do nothing without your consent.—They're having you on, no doubt about that.

Upon the whole I think, after your last letter, a little more favourably of the business. If the money raised at such ruinous interest can be limited to the first £ 3,000.- and these repaid after the 5 years or before, the thing may work well. But it strikes me that it will require very large profits indeed to pay all these lavish expenses. £ 50.- to each director, £ 100.- to the Chairman, £? to the Manager, £ 300.- to the directors in London and Paris and so forth. All that with a working capital of £ 3,000.-, less than three times the salaries named above! And 14% interest besides.

I cannot write to you about Jervis as you say you read my letters to him and Mason. Else I should have something to say to that. Anyhow, the honesty of a financier is different from that of some people, be it ever so honest in its own way.

I must conclude; dinner is going to be laid. Si vous ne voyez pas d'autre voie, naturellement vous vous êtes trop avancé pour reculer tout seul. Mais réfléchissez bien, et rassurez-vous sur les points indiqués ci-dessus.

Je n'ai que l'argent absolument nécessaire pour mon voyage et même peut-être pas cela. Mon CHEQUE-BOOK est à Londres où je serai de retour samedi soir ³⁰; jusque là, je ne pourrai rien faire.

Si vous pouvez retarder l'affaire G. jusqu'à mon arrivée, on pourrait peut-être avoir plus de renseignements.

Bien des choses à Laura de la part de nous tous.

Bien à vous

F. E.

Je rapporterai les articles d'association à moins que vous n'avez un besoin immédiat.^a

First published, in the languages of the original (English and French), in F. Engels, P. et L. Lafargue, *Correspondance*, t. I, Paris, 1956

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^a Unless you can see some other way out you have, of course, gone too far to withdraw all on your own. But think it over carefully and make sure about the points outlined above.

I only have such money as is absolutely essential for my journey, and maybe not even that. My cheque-book is in London, whither I shall return on Saturday evening ³⁰; until then I shall be unable to do anything.

23

ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

Bridlington Quay, 13 September 1880
7 Burlington Place

Dear Moor,

Have received the enclosed from Liebknecht. I am writing to tell him that, provided he hears nothing to the contrary within the next few days, we shall be back in London again from next Sunday, 19 September,³⁰ and shall be expecting them (him and Bebel).⁶⁰ So if you should be prevented in any way, kindly let me know.

I haven't had an answer to a postcard sent from here to your address in Ramsgate³⁸ on 29 August; no doubt it didn't arrive. Yesterday I heard from Lafargue, who said you would be returning to London today.

We shall be returning at the end of this week; wet weather since the day before yesterday, before which the weather was splendid.

I hope your wife is better.

Warmest regards to all, likewise from Moore and Beust.

Your
F. E.

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Berlin, 1931

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time

If you can postpone the Grant business until my arrival, it might be possible to obtain more information.

Best wishes to Laura from us all.

Yours ever,
F. E.

I shall bring the articles of association with me unless you need them at once.

24

MARX TO FERDINAND FLECKLES

IN KARLSBAD

[London,] 29 September 1880

My Dear Friend,

My best thanks for your letter.⁶¹ Ladies have their own ideas about things. Which is why my wife^a didn't want to reply on this side of the form, nor indeed, in accordance with any formula, but after her own fashion. Not having read her letter, I don't know whether her answer is appropriate; however, women will have their way.^b

Eleanor sends her kind regards.

Tout à vous,^c

Karl Marx

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25

ENGELS TO EUGEN OSWALD
AND AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT⁶²

IN LONDON

[London,] 5 October 1880
122 Regent's Park Road

Dear Oswald,

Many thanks for the recommendations for Beust,^d which have all been attended to. As regards Kaulitz, I got an identical letter—

^a Jenny Marx - ^b Marx paraphrases the German proverb 'Des Menschen Wille ist sein Himmelreich' corresponding to the English 'The will of man is the arbiter of his fortune'. - ^c All yours - ^d Adolf von Beust

my reply on the reverse. As regards Br.,^a we are unlikely to quarrel.

Ever yours
F. Engels

[On the reverse of the letter]

* (Copy) Confid.

Sir,

Mr Kaulitz was introduced to me on his arrival in England last spring, by a letter from an old friend in Germany. The letter stated that Mr Kaulitz was of a very good family, his father being one of the first notaries in Brunswick (a position of much importance and great trust in Germany), and recommended him warmly to me. From what I have seen of him since, he appears to be a man of very great business abilities and to have succeeded very well, so far, in the scholastic line; but on this point no doubt the professional gentleman to whom Mr K. may have referred you, will be able to give you more satisfactory information.

I am etc.
F. E.*

First published in: Marx and Engels,
Works, Second Russian Edition, Vol. 34,
Moscow, 1964

The letter to Oswald is printed according to a typewritten copy and that to the unknown correspondent reproduced from a photocopy of the original

Published in English for the first time

^a Presumably Bennet Burleigh (cf. this volume, p. 38).

26

ENGELS TO JOHANN PHILIPP BECKER

IN GENEVA

London, 12 October 1880

Dear Old Man,

I've heard from Liebknecht that you're still short of cash but that they can't help you just now. By a lucky chance I was on the point of putting a five pound note on one side for you and have lost no time in changing it into a money order for 126 frs. I trust it reaches you safely and soon and will tide you over your initial difficulties until such time as the Leipzigers can do something for you. And so they damned well ought. You're certainly as much a victim of the Exceptional Law ¹⁶ as the agitators in Germany who have been deprived of their livelihood.

Liebknecht was here ⁶⁰ and promised that the Zurich paper ^a would adopt a different attitude in keeping with the party's former attitude. If that is done, it's all we ask.

Adieu and keep your pecker up.

Your old friend

F. Engels

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27

ENGELS TO HARRY KAULITZ

IN LONDON

[Draft]

[London,] 28 October 1880

Mr H. Kaulitz

I return herewith Mr Burleigh's letter.

As to the matter of Mr Lafargue, you concede the chief point,

^a *Der Sozialdemokrat*

namely that you have given his name as a reference without his permission. The rest is beside the point.

With regard to Beust,^a I do not propose to go into the question of *when* you offered to give the said lessons elsewhere. This much is certain: that after our return from Bridlington Quay³⁰ you again offered to give lessons to Beust, that you promised, in the presence of myself and Schorlemmer, to set about the thing in the manner stipulated, that you did the opposite of what you had promised, and that Beust, far from attacking his 'very dear friend Kaulitz' behind his back, told him in Trafalgar Square exactly what he thought of him, adding quite rightly that all three of us had been convinced from the outset that you wouldn't do a single thing you had promised. I should have written you off there and then had it not been for the fact that I avoid making *private* matters a cause for breaking with people with whom I have been in any way connected *politically*.

Concerning the tittle-tattle in the Central News, I will not labour the point as to whether it was you or Most who disseminated it, since I am not permitted to divulge my sources, and since, on the other hand, I lay no store at all by the agent's letter.

If one is compelled to make a decision such as mine in regard to yourself, one bases it not on this or that particular indiscretion, but rather on the other's whole mode of behaviour, observed over a considerable period. And in any case your almost daily intercourse with Most and Co., which you freely admit, is quite enough to supply, in place of the fact you contest, another that is no less convincing.

Yours very truly

First published in: Marx and Engels,
Works, First Russian Edition, Vol. XXVII,
Moscow, 1935

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time

^a Adolf von Beust

28

MARX TO JOHN SWINTON

IN NEW YORK

London, 4 November 1880
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

My dear Sir,

I have sent you today a copy of the French edition of the *Capital*.⁶³ I have at the same time to thank you for your friendly article in *The Sun*.⁴³

Apart Mr Gladstone's 'sensational' failures abroad⁶⁴ — political interest centres here at present on the Irish 'Land Question'. And why? Mainly because it is the harbinger of the *English 'Land Question'*.

Not only that the great landlords of England are also the largest landholders of Ireland, but having once broken down in what is ironically called the 'Sister'-island, the English landed system will no longer be tenable at home. There are arrayed against it the British farmers, wincing under high rents, and — thanks to the American competition — low prices; the British agricultural labourers, at last impatient of their traditional position of ill-used beasts of burden, and — that British party which styles itself '*Radical*'. The latter consists of two sets of men; first the *ideologues* of the party, eager to overthrow the political power of the aristocracy by mining its material basis, the semi-feudal landed property. But behind these principle-spouters, and hunting them on, lurks another set of men — sharp, close-fisted, calculating *capitalists*, fully aware that the abolition of the old land laws, in the way proposed by the ideologues, cannot but convert land into a commercial article that must ultimately concentrate in the hands of capital.

On the other side, considered as a national entity, John Bull has ugly misgivings lest the aristocratic English landed garrison in Ireland once gone — England's political sway over Ireland will go too!

Liebknecht has to enter prison for 6 months. — The *Anti-Socialists' Law*¹⁶ having failed to overthrow or even to weaken the German Social-Democratic organisation, Bismarck clings the more desperately to his panacea, and fancies that it *must* work, if only applied on a large-

er scale. Hence he has extended the *state of siege*⁶⁵ to Hamburg, Altona, and 3 other Northern towns. Under these circumstances the German friends have written me a letter of which one passage runs thus:

‘The Socialist Law, though it could not break and never will break our organisation, does impose pecuniary sacrifices almost impossible to bear. To support the families ruined by the police, to keep alive the few papers left to us, to keep up the necessary communications by secret messengers, to fight the battle on the whole line — all this requires money. We are nearly exhausted and forced to appeal to our friends and sympathisers in other countries.’

So far this extract.

Now, we, here at London, Paris, etc., will do our best. At the same time, I believe that a man of your influence might organise a subscription in the United States. Even if the monetary result were not important, denunciations of Bismarck’s new *coup d’état* in public meetings held by you, reported in the American press, reproduced on the other side of the Atlantic — would sorely hit the Pomeranian *hobereau*^a and be welcomed by all the socialists of Europe. More information you might get from Mr Sorge (Hoboken). Any money forthcoming to be sent over to Mr *Otto Freytag, Landtagsabgeordneter*,^b *Amtmannshof, Leipzig*. His address ought of course not to be made public; otherwise the German police would simply *confiscate*.

À propos. My youngest daughter^c — who was not with us at Ramsgate — just tells me that she has cut my portrait from the copy of the *Capital* I sent you, on the pretext that it was a mere caricature. Well, I shall make up for it by a photogram to be taken on the first fine day.

Mrs Marx and the whole family send you their best wishes.

Yours most sincerely,

Karl Marx

First published in *Science and Society*, Vol. II,
No. 2, New York, 1938

Reproduced from the original

^a Junker - ^b deputy to the Provincial Diet - ^c Eleanor Marx

29

MARX TO FRIEDRICH ADOLPH SORGE ⁶³

IN HOBOKEN

[London,] 5 November 1880
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

Dear Sorge,

You must excuse my long silence on the grounds 1. of excessive pressure of work, 2. of my wife's exceedingly grave illness which has now lasted for something over a year.

You have yourself seen what JOHN Most has blossomed out into and, on the other hand, how wretchedly the so-called party organ, the Zurich *Sozialdemokrat* (not to mention the *Jahrbuch*^a of that place) — *duce*^b Dr Höchberg, has been run. As a result Engels and I have been constantly engaged in acrimonious exchanges with the Leipzigers in the course of which many a hard word has been said.^c But we have eschewed any kind of *public* intervention. It does not befit those who are peacefully — *comparativement parlant*^d — ensconced abroad to contribute to the gratification of government and bourgeoisie by doing anything to aggravate the position of those who are operating in the homeland under the most difficult circumstances and at considerable personal sacrifice. Liebknecht was here a few weeks ago⁶⁰ and promised 'improvement' in every respect. The party organisation has been revived, something that could only be done by secret means, i. e. in so far as 'secret' denotes secret from the police.

It was, believe it or not, in a *Russian* socialist paper^e that I first discovered what a blackguard Most is. He has never dared print in *German* what is to be read here in the *Russian* VERNACULAR. This isn't just an attack on individual persons but a dragging-through-the-mire of the *entire German workers' movement*. At the same time *his utter incomprehension* of the doctrine in which he used to traffic is grotesquely in evidence. It's idle chatter, so silly, so illogical, so abysmal that it finally dissolves into *the inane*, namely into Johannes Most's unbounded personal vani-

^a *Jahrbuch für Sozialwissenschaft und Sozialpolitik* - ^b chief - ^c See present edition, Vol. 45, pp. 366-68, 379-80, 394-408, 416-21, 423-26, 429-31. - ^d comparatively speaking - ^e *Чёрный передель* (Cherny Peredel)

ty.^a Having failed, for all his caterwauling, to achieve anything in Germany—save, perhaps, among certain hoodlums in Berlin—he has allied himself with the Parisian successors of the Bakuninists, the group which publishes the *Révolution Sociale* (its circulation = 210 EXACTLY, but possesses allies in the shape of *Pyat's Commune*. *Pyat*, that cowardly, melodramatic farceur—in whose *Commune* I figure as *Bismarck's* right-hand man—has a grudge against me for having always treated him with the utmost contempt and frustrated all his attempts to use the *International* for his sensation-mongering). At all events there's one good thing Most has done, namely to bring together in one group all the brawlers—Andreas Scheu, Hasselmann, etc., etc.

In view of *Bismarck's* new emergency decrees⁶⁵ and the persecution of our party members, it is absolutely essential that there should be a *whip-round* for the party. Yesterday I wrote and said as much to *John Swinton*^b (for a well-disposed bourgeois is best suited to this job), at the same time telling him that he should refer to you for further information about conditions in Germany.

Apart from the inanities mentioned on the previous page—and during our long years of exile how many of the same have we not seen explode like squibs and then fizzle out again!—things in general are going splendidly (I mean the course of events in Europe as a whole), as they are within the confines of the genuinely revolutionary party on the Continent.

You will probably have noticed that the *Égalité*, in particular, (thanks *en première instance*^c to *Guesde's* having come over to us and to the efforts of my son-in-law, Lafargue) has become the first 'French' *workers' paper* in the true sense of the term. Even *Malon*—albeit with the inconsistencies inseparable from his eclectic nature—has felt bound, in his *Revue socialiste*, (we used to be enemies, he being one of the original co-founders of the *Alliance*⁶⁷) to espouse *le socialisme moderne scientifique*,^d i. e. the *German* variety. I drew up a 'questionneur'[sic]^e for him which was first published in the *Revue socialiste* and then reprinted in quantity for distribution throughout France. Shortly afterwards *Guesde* came to London to collaborate with us (MYSELF, Engels and Lafargue) in drafting an electoral programme⁶⁸ for the use of the workers in the forthcoming general elections. With the exception of

^a [J. Most] [I. Мосгъ,] *Нѣмецкая социаль-демократія* in *Четвертый передѣлъ*, No. 2, September 1880, pp. 11-13. -^b See previous letter. -^c in the first place -^d B. Malon, 'Les Débuts du Parti ouvrier', *La Revue socialiste*, No. 11, 5 August 1880. -^e K. Marx, 'Workers' Questionnaire'

some foolishnesses such as *minimum wages* fixed by law, etc., which despite our protests Guesde thought fit to dole out to the French workers (I told him that if the French proletariat was so puerile as to require these sops SO IS IT NOT WORTH WHILE DRAWING UP ANY PROGRAMME WHATSOEVER), the economic section of this very short document consists (apart from some introductory words which define the communist aim in a few lines) solely of demands that have, in fact, arisen spontaneously out of the workers' movement itself. To bring the French workers down to earth out of their verbal cloud-cuckoo land was a tremendous step forward, and therefore aroused much resentment among all those French intellectual frauds who make a living as 'cloud-assemblers'. The programme was first adopted, after most vigorous opposition on the part of the anarchists, in the *Région centrale*—i. e. Paris and all its purlieus, and later in many other working-class areas. The simultaneous formation of opposing workers' groups—which (*sauf les anarchistes*,^a not made up of genuine workers, but of déclassé people with a few misguided workers for their rank-and-file) nevertheless adopted most of the 'practical' demands in the programme—as also the ventilation of the most diverse points of view in relation to other matters, is to my mind proof that this is *the first real workers' movement* in France. Hitherto there have been nothing but sects there which, of course, received their *mot d'ordre*^b from their founders, while the bulk of the proletariat followed the radical or pseudo-radical bourgeois and fought for them when the day came, only to be slaughtered, deported, etc., on the morrow by the very laddies they had placed at the helm.

The *Émancipation*, which first came out a few days ago at Lyons, will be the organ of the '*parti ouvrier*'^c—a party that has arisen on the basis of German socialism.

Meanwhile we have also had—and still have—our pioneers in the very camp of the enemy—i. e. in the radical camp. *Theisz* has taken on the workers' question in the *Intransigeant*, Rochefort's organ; after the defeat of the 'Commune' he, like all 'thinking' French socialists, came to London as a Proudhonist and, while there, changed completely as a result of personal intercourse with myself and of a conscientious study of *Capital*. My son-in-law,^d for his part, gave up his teaching post at King's College,⁶⁹ went back to Paris (his

^a save for the anarchists - ^b word of command - ^c workers' party - ^d Charles Longuet

family, I'm glad to say, is remaining here for the time being), where he became one of the most influential editors of *Justice*, owned by Clemenceau, the leader of the extreme left. He has laboured to such good purpose that Clemenceau who, only last April, publicly entered the arena as the opponent of socialism and the advocate of the American-democratic-republican viewpoint, recently made an anti-Gambetta speech^a at Marseilles, in which, to judge by its general tenor no less than its references to the most essential points in the *minimum programme*, he came over to our side. Whether he sticks to what he promised doesn't really matter. At all events, he has introduced an element of ours into the radical party whose organs, comically enough, now admire AS SOMETHING WONDERFUL, ON Clemenceau's lips, what had been ignored or sneered at by them when merely a catchword emanating from the '*parti ouvrier*'.

I need hardly tell you—for you know what *French chauvinism* is like—that the secret strings whereby the LEADERS—from Guesde-Malon to Clemenceau—have been set in motion, must remain *entre nous*. *Il n'en faut pas parler. Quand on veut agir pour Messieurs les Français, il faut le faire anonymement, pour ne pas choquer le sentiment 'national'*.^b *As it is, the Anarchists denounce our co-operators already as Prussian agents, under the dictatorship of the 'notorious' Prussian agent*—Karl Marx.

In Russia—where *Capital* is more widely read and acclaimed than anywhere else—our success is even greater. On the one hand, we have the *critics* (mostly young university professors, some of them personal friends of mine,^c SOME also *littérateurs*), on the other, the *terrorist Central Committee*,⁷⁰ whose recent *programme*, clandestinely printed and published in St Petersburg,⁷¹ aroused considerable ire among the anarchist Russians in *Switzerland*, who bring out *The Black Redistribution*^d (to translate literally from the Russian) in Geneva. Unlike the terrorists, who risk life and limb, these men—most of whom (but not all) left Russia *of their own accord*—constitute the so-called Propaganda Party. (In order to disseminate *propaganda in Russia*—they remove to Geneva! What a *quid pro quo!*) These gentry are all of them opposed to politico-revolutionary action. Russia is to leap

^a 'Discours de M. Clémenceau', *La Justice*, No. 291, 1 November 1880. -^b *between ourselves*. You mustn't talk about it. If one wants to act on behalf of *Messieurs les Français*, this must be *done anonymously* so as not to offend 'national' sentiment. -^c N. I. Sieber, M. M. Kovalevsky -^d Черный переполох

head-over-heels into the anarchist-communist-atheist millennium! Meanwhile they pave the way for that leap by tedious doctrinarianism of which the self-styled *principes courent la rue depuis le feu Bakounine*.^a

Well, that's enough for now. Let us [hear] from you soon. Warmest regards from my wife.

Totus tuus,^b

Karl Marx

I should be most grateful if you could unearth for me some sound stuff (meaty) on economic conditions in *California*, OF COURSE AT MY EXPENSE. California is of great moment to me because in no other place has revolution by capitalist centralisation been effected with such effrontery at such great speed.

First published in *Briefe und Auszüge aus Briefen von Joh. Phil. Becker, Jos. Dietzgen, Friedrich Engels, Karl Marx u. A. an F. A. Sorge und Andere*, Stuttgart, 1906

Printed according to the original

30

MARX TO FRIEDRICH ADOLPH SORGE

IN HOBOKEN

[London,] 5 November 1880

IN HASTE

Dear Sorge,

I had just sent off a longish letter to you^c when, after the event — *post festum* but not before the post office closed — another point occurred to me in connection with that poor devil Borkheim. Last summer, when I went from Ramsgate³⁸ to see him in Hastings, where I found him ill in bed, he requested me to ask you to dun a certain *Francis Murhard* (215 Washington Street, Hoboken). This man owes our

^a principles have been current since the late Bakunin's time. - ^b Ever yours - ^c See previous letter.

friend Borkheim some money — £10 if I remember aright — which he lent Murhard for the journey to America and in respect of which he possesses a promissory note.

Salut.

Your
K. M.

First published in *Briefe und Auszüge aus Briefen von Joh. Phil. Becker, Jos. Dietzgen, Friedrich Engels, Karl Marx u. A. an F. A. Sorge und Andere*, Stuttgart, 1906

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31

MARX TO FERDINAND FLECKLES

IN CARLSBAD

[London,] 12 November 1880

IN HASTE

Dear Friend,

Herewith a card of introduction to my son-in-law Longuet who is to introduce you to Rochefort.

No doubt you will by now have received the letter my wife eventually sent off; like all female invalids, she always despairs of the doctors who happen to be attending her.

With kindest regards,

Yours very sincerely,
Karl Marx

[Address on the envelope in Marx's hand]

Dr. F. Fleckles, Carlsbad (Austria)

First published in full in: Marx and Engels, *Works*, Second Russian Edition, Vol. 50, Moscow, 1981

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32

MARX TO ACHILLE LORIA ⁷²

IN MANTUA

London, 13 November 1880
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

Dear Mr Loria,

Domestic upsets resulting from my wife's very dangerous illness have delayed my reply to your letter of 14 September. ⁷³ I regret that my lack of personal means does not allow me to provide for your stay in London, the more so since I have the highest opinion of your talent, your learning and your scientific future. ⁷⁴

Being of a somewhat solitary disposition and eschewing as I do all contact with the English press, I have very little influence and few connections to place at your disposal. I know from experience that Italian competition, as regards both contributions to the press and private lessons, is *OVERDONE* in London, as in every other sphere of the struggle for existence.

Nevertheless, on the re-opening of Parliament—until which time everyone, i. e. *THE UPPER TEN THOUSANDS*, deserts the metropolis—I shall consult some well-meaning and influential men. In the meantime, perhaps you would be so kind as to let me know whether you speak French and a modicum of English.

Yours very faithfully,

Karl Marx

First published abridged in A. Loria, *Ricordi di uno studente settuagenario*, Bologna, 1927 and in full in: Marx and Engels, *Works*, Second Russian Edition, Vol. 34, Moscow, 1964

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Translated from the French

33

MARX TO HENRY MAYERS HYNDMAN ^{7 5}

IN LONDON

[London,] 8 December 1880

My dear Sir,

Mrs Marx, like most sickly people whose illness has assumed a chronic character, becomes sometimes suddenly unable to leave her bedroom and then fit again for social intercourse. Believing she could within a few days pay a visit to Mrs Hyndman, she did not write to her at once, but as we are this week inundated with visitors from the Continent, she begs me to write you that she will give herself the pleasure to call upon Mrs Hyndman next week.

I welcome the prospect of the journal you speak of. If you say that you do not share the views of my party for England I can only reply that that party considers an English revolution not *necessary*, but—according to historic precedents—*possible*. If the unavoidable evolution turn into a revolution, it would not only be the fault of the ruling classes, but also of the working class. Every pacific concession of the former has been wrung from them by 'pressure from without'. Their action kept pace with that pressure and if the latter has more and more weakened, it is only because the English working class know not how to wield their power and use their liberties, both of which they possess legally.

In Germany the working class were fully aware from the beginning of their movement that you cannot get rid of a military despotism but by a Revolution. At the same time they understood that such a Revolution, even if at first successful, would finally turn against them without previous organisation, acquirement of knowledge, propaganda, and [word illegible]. Hence they moved within strictly *legal* bounds. The illegality was all on the side of government, which declared them *en dehors la loi*.^a Their crimes were not *deeds*, but *opinions* unpleasant to their rulers. Fortunately, the same government—the working class having been pushed to the background with the help of the bourgeoisie—becomes now more and more unbearable to the

^a beyond the law

latter, whom it hits on their most tender point—the pocket. This state of things cannot last long.

Please to present my compliments to Mrs Hyndman.

Yours very truly,
Karl Marx

First published in: H. M. Hyndman, *The Record of an Adventurous Life*, London, 1911

Reproduced from the book

34

ENGELS TO JOHANN PHILIPP BECKER

IN GENEVA

London, 24 December 1880

Dear Old Man,

This is to advise you in all haste that I have taken out a money order for you for five pounds sterling = 126 frs, which I trust you will receive.

When Liebknecht was here ⁶⁰ I hauled him over the coals for having failed so much as to consider you when distributing the relief fund. I told him you were just as much, if not more, a victim of the Anti-Socialist Law ¹⁶ as many of the Berliners, amongst whom there are some notorious blackguards. Now he has written to say: *Becker will be cared for*. So make sure this is done and, if not and supposing it embarrasses you to dun them, drop me a line and I'll see to it for you.

Better luck in the New Year.

Your old friend,
F. Engels

First published in: F. Engels, *Vergessene Briefe (Briefe Friedrich Engels' an Johann Philipp Becker)*, Berlin, 1920

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35

MARX TO CARL HIRSCH
IN LONDON

[London,] 29 December 1880

Dear Hirsch,

You would oblige me by coming here next Friday evening
(7 o'clock) to dine with us and to celebrate the New Year.

Salut.

K. M.

First published in: Marx and Engels,
Works, Second Russian Edition, Vol. 39,
Moscow, 1966

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time

1881

36

MARX TO CHARLES LONGUET

IN PARIS

[London,] 4 January 1881

Dear Longuet,

With the immense agglomerate of old newspapers it would take me too much time to find out *The Eastern Post* which contains the controversy of the General Council (inclus. its Communard members) with the illustrious Bradlaugh.^{a 7 6} However, I suppose Lessner will have the *Post* ready at hand. This, however, is for you the least important thing. That Bradlaugh denounced the Communards, that he reproduced the worst calumnies, as you told him then in the *Post*,^b of such papers as the *Liberté*, the *Soir*, that he fell foul of the manifesto of the General Council on 'The Civil War in France',^c etc., this will hardly damage him in the eyes of the Paris bourgeoisie. Still the thing may be shortly hinted at as characteristic of the man. In an answer of the General Secretary of the General Council (it was *Hales*, but that man must not be honoured by naming him) to Bradlaugh (in *The Eastern Post*, *September 1871*), he said amongst other things:

'...The wanton destruction of private dwellings (by Thiers' bombardment) was the work of Mr Bradlaugh's friends... Rochefort has been sentenced under the Republic to transportation for life for a press offence. Fancy Mr Bradlaugh being transported for life for his utterances!'^d

The important thing is that Bradlaugh was denounced by the General Council (extracts of whose sittings were reported by *The*

^a 'Mr Bradlaugh and the International', *The Eastern Post*, No. 173, 20 January 1872. -

^b 'Mr Bradlaugh and the Communists', *The Eastern Post*, No. 168, 16 December 1871. - ^c K. Marx, *The Civil War in France. Address of the General Council of the International Working Men's Association.* - ^d J. Hales, 'To the Editor of *The Eastern Post*', *The Eastern Post*, No. 158, 7 October 1871.

Eastern Post) as a Courtesan of Plon-Plon (he was at London then) and because of his suspect relations in Paris.^a In the sitting of the General Council of *December 19, 1871 I* (informed by the Frenchman, who wrote under the name Azamouth or another Turkish name, and who was informed by a lady—probably the Brimont, present at social gathering later on referred to) denounced a recent trip of Bradlaugh's to Paris, where he associated with Détroyat and Émile de Girardin. In his honour the latter gave a dinner where equivocal, i. e. *Bonapartist*, ladies assisted and where Bradlaugh rendered himself ridiculous by the boastful display of his pretended London influence.

If Bradlaugh says that the Brimont was a great patriot, at the time he made her acquaintance, he may be fully believed. Before the battle of Sedan all Bonapartists were so far patriots that they wished victory to their Emperor.^b After the battle of Sedan they still remained patriots, because, from their standpoint, *France could only be saved* by Louis Bonaparte's restauration, even if that restauration must be accomplished by the aid of Bismarck.

It is self-understood that you must *not name* me. As to the details of Bradlaugh's intimacy with the Brimont, Blanc (*le vieux*)^c is the man to furnish them.

In his controversy with the General Council Bradlaugh got the help — of the *Soir* (Paris journal). In the Council's sitting of *January 2, 1872* Serraillier communicated:

'He had read an article in *Le Soir* written in defence of Bradlaugh. It said he (Bradlaugh) *had honoured the Journal (Le Soir) by contributing to it* and was a safe governmental man, and had nothing to do with demagogic intrigues.'

When Gladstone dissolved Parliament (the occasion on which he was overthrown by Disraeli), Bradlaugh's lecturing room was decorated by immense placards with the inscription 'Farewell to Iconoclast, the People's Redeemer! Welcome to the great dreadnaught of St Stephen's!'⁷⁷ But he had counted without his host. He was not elected member of Parliament, despite his public begging letters (for a good testimonial) to Bright and other leaders of the 'great liberal party', who replied in a very cool way. It was also no use boasting of having dined with a life-Bishop (of the church of England).

^a 'International Working Men's Association', *The Eastern Post*, No.169, 23 December 1871. - ^b Napoleon III - ^c old man

In the last election ^a Bradlaugh was happier for this reason: He was one of the noisiest demagogic supporters of Gladstone's pro-Russian campaign against Disraeli — in fact one of the most turbulent tools of the Party who wanted to get in 'Place and Pelf' again, *coûte que coûte*. ^b Moreover, no constituency was to be hazarded in the impending, decisive electoral battle. The prudery of the Whig and radical party had to be thrown overboard. Now Bradlaugh's election at Northampton was not safe, despite the strong contingent of shoemakers in that town who belong to his 'sect'; but these shoemakers had before voted for him like one man, and he had failed. But then there was another liberal candidate, difficult to place, because notorious for his '*affaires véreuses en matière de finances*' ^c and moreover damaged by some scandals of another sort (*des gifles reçus*). ^d This man was Labouchere. He is one of the three proprietors of *The Daily News*, hence the partner of that *gros bonnet* ^e of the liberal party — the *pietist* capitalist Samuel Morley. Difficult as it was to carry through either Bradlaugh or Labouchere, it was feasible to do so by making a *couple* of them. Samuel Morley's — the pietist's — public recommendation (by printed letter) of the atheist Bradlaugh secured him the religious element of Northampton, while Bradlaugh secured to Labouchere the infidel shoemakers of that town. Thus both together passed as members for Northampton.

The utter meanness of Bradlaugh shines most in the manoeuvres by which he has succeeded to oust all the other popular preachers of free thought (the scientific preachers address themselves to other *couches sociales* ^f) such as Mrs Law, who wanted not to be his personal *séides*, ^g by appropriating to himself all the funds of the party. He even succeeded to have all lecturing halls in London shut to them, while he built out of the party's funds a lecturing hall for his own personal use. Mrs Law etc. were so confined to lecturing in the provinces. If it interests you (but I think it is not worth while entering into details), you can have full information on this point from the persons concerned.

Salut

K. M.

(Verte) ^h

^a in 1880 - ^b at any cost - ^c shady dealings in financial matters - ^d slaps in the face - ^e bigwig - ^f social strata - ^g henchmen - ^h (Turn over)

Can you give me some information on a person named *E. Fortin* who has written me several letters addressing me as: '*Mon cher maître.*' His demand is very 'modest'. While he studies the *Capital* he proposes to make monthly *résumés* which he is kind enough to be willing to send over to me monthly, whereupon I shall correct them monthly, elucidating the points he might have misunderstood. In this quiet way, when he had done with the last monthly *résumé*, and I sent it back corrected—he would have a manuscript ready for publication and—as he says—inundate France with torrents *de lumière*.^a

Now I shall—even for mere want of time—not answer to his call, but at all events I must reply to his letter. He may be a well-intentioned man. Before writing him I should like to have some information. He resides at present at Beauvais, 22, rue de la Porte de Paris.

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37

MARX TO AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT⁷⁸

IN LONDON

[London,] 31 January 1881
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

Dear Sir,

Please to forward me the papers etc. enumerated in the enclosed list. At the same time you would greatly oblige me by the information whether there exists a short compendium of the 'Factory and Workshops' Acts?

I possess myself the several Acts, but a member of the French Chamber of Deputies has asked me to procure him such a compendium where he might find the whole matter together. Has not been

^a of light

something of the sort been published by Mr Redpath, Factory Inspector?^a

Yours truly,
Karl Marx

First published in: Marx and Engels, *Works*, Second Russian Edition, Vol. 35, Moscow, 1964

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38

ENGELS TO KARL KAUTSKY⁷⁹

IN VIENNA

London, 1 February 1881
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Dear Mr Kautsky,

Having been long prevented, I am at last able to reply to your letter.⁸⁰

Now, in view of the fact that you intend to come here shortly, it would be a somewhat unnecessary labour to let you have a detailed critique *in writing* of the book you have been good enough to send me; since I shall, in all probability, have the pleasure of discussing it with you in person, I shall confine myself to just a few points.

1. What you say on p. 66 etc. is invalidated by the fact that other, real differences exist between surplus value and profit on capital besides the percentage estimate based on the variable or total capital. The main passages from *Capital* relating to this are summarised in *Anti-Dühring*, p. 182.⁸¹

2. Even if the armchair socialists⁸² persist in demanding that we proletarian socialists should help them solve the problem of how to avoid what looks like imminent over-population and the threat of collapse this poses to the new social order, that is very far from being a reason why I should do them such a favour. To resolve all the

^a Presumably A. Redgrave, *The Factory and Workshop Act, 1878*, London, 1879.

doubts and scruples of these chaps which they owe to the excess of their own muddle-headed wisdom, or even to refute, for example, all the monstrous twaddle which Schäßle alone has assembled in his many fat tomes,⁸³ is, in my opinion, a sheer waste of time. It would fill a fair-sized book were one merely to attempt to put right all the *misquotations* from *Capital* inserted by these gentlemen between inverted commas. They should first learn to read and copy before demanding to have their questions answered.

Moreover, I do not regard the question as in any way a burning one at a moment when American mass production, as yet only in its infancy, and *really* large-scale agriculture are threatening to all but suffocate us by the sheer volume of the means of subsistence produced; on the eve of an upheaval of which one of the first consequences must be to *populate the globe*—what you say on the subject on pp. 169-70, skates too lightly over this point—and which, moreover, will *of necessity call for* considerable demographic growth in Europe.

Euler's calculation⁸⁴ has about as much merit as the one concerning the kreutzer which, invested at compound interest in the year dot, doubles every 13 years and therefore now amounts to some $\frac{1 \times 2^{144}}{60}$ gulden, a silver nugget larger than the earth. When you say on p. 169 that social conditions in America are not very different from those in Europe, this holds good only so long as you consider nothing but the large coastal cities, or even the outward legal forms those conditions assume. There can be no doubt that the vast mass of the American people live in conditions that are exceedingly favourable to demographic growth. The stream of immigrants is proof of this. And yet it has taken more than 30 years to double itself. Alarmism doesn't come into it.

The abstract possibility that mankind will increase numerically to such an extent that its propagation will have to be kept within bounds does, of course, exist. But should communist society ever find itself compelled to regulate the production of humans in the same way as it has already regulated the production of things, then it, and it alone, will be able to effect this without difficulty. In such a society it would not, or so it seems to me, be particularly difficult to obtain deliberately a result which has already come about naturally and haphazardly in France and Lower Austria. At all events, it's for those chaps to decide whether, when and how it's to be done and what

means they wish to use. I don't consider myself qualified to supply them with suggestions and advice about this. Indeed, these chaps will, presumably, be every bit as clever as we are.

Incidentally, as early as 1844 I wrote (*Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*, p. 109): 'For even if Malthus were completely right, this' (socialist) 'transformation would have to be undertaken straight away; for only this transformation, only the education of the masses which it provides, makes possible that moral restraint of the propagative instinct which Malthus himself presents as the most effective and easiest remedy for over-population.'^a

That must suffice until I am able to discuss the other points with you in person. You are quite right to come over here. You are one of the few among the younger generation who really tries to learn something, and hence it will do you a lot of good to get out of the atmosphere of non-criticism in which all the historical and economic literature currently being produced in Germany is going to wrack and ruin.

With sincere regards,

Yours,
F. Engels

First published, in Russian, in *Marx-Engels Archives*, Vol. I (VI), Moscow, 1932

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39

ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN

IN ZURICH

London, 2 February 1881

Dear Mr Bernstein,

Enclosed a letter to Kautsky,^b which kindly forward; I don't know whether the Vienna address I was given is still the right one.

^a F. Engels, *Outlines of a Critique of Political Economy* (present edition, Vol. 3, p. 439).-

^b See previous letter.

The 5 nos. of the *Sozialdemokrat* since the year began testify to a significant step forward. Gone are the melancholy, despairing tones of a 'beaten man', the complementary grandiloquence of stuffy respectability, the incessant revolutionary rhetoric à la Most alternating with philistine tameness, finally the constant preoccupation with Most. The tone has become lively and purposeful. The paper will no longer act as an opiate if it stays like this; rather it will put new heart into our people in Germany. As you have the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* you would do well to take a look at it occasionally. The mockery and contempt with which we treated our opponents were precisely what brought us in almost 6,000 subscribers in the 6 months prior to the state of siege⁸⁵ and, although we started again from scratch in November, we again had the full tally and more by May '49. The *Kölnische Zeitung* has now admitted that in those days it *only had 9,000*.

As it seems that you are short of material for your feuilleton, you might, sometime, reprint the poem from No. 44 of 1848: 'This morning I went to Düsseldorf'; possibly with the title 'A Socialist-Eater of 1848' (feuilleton to the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* of 14 July 1848) and, under it, the author: Georg Weerth (died Havana, 1856).⁸⁶ So just keep it up!

Yours,
F. E.

'Thou shalt not steal' and the apology for the execution of Louis XVI⁸⁷ are very good.

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Published in English for the first time

40

MARX TO CARL PEARSON ⁸⁸

IN LONDON

[London,] 15 February 1881
41 Maitland Park, N.W.

My dear Sir,

I should have answered before but for great pressure of work during the last days.

Will you give me the pleasure to call on me on Thursday next, ^a 8 o'clock p. m.?

Yours truly,
Karl Marx

First published in *Neues Deutschland*,
15./16. Dezember 1984 as a facsimile and
in German translation

Reproduced from the original

41

MARX TO NIKOLAI DANIELSON ⁷

IN ST PETERSBURG

London, 19 February 1881

My dear Sir,

In all haste these few lines in answer to your friendly letter.

Since my return from Ramsgate ³⁸ my health was generally improving, but the detestable weather, lasting for months, we are passing through, has blessed me with a perpetual cold and coughing, interfering with sleep, etc. But the worst is that Mrs Marx's state becomes daily more dangerous notwithstanding my resort to the most celebrated medical men of London, and I have besides a host of

^a 17 February

domestic troubles, which it would be tedious entering upon. On the other hand, I had and have to struggle through an immense lot of blue books⁸⁹ sent to me from different countries, above all from the United States, so that my working time is hardly sufficient for the task, since all night labour has for many years absolutely been interdicted by my medical advisers. Hence an awful correspondence-indebtedness starts me in the face. Just now my whole family is in a hubbub because of the removal of my eldest daughter, Madame Longuet, with her children,^a from London to Paris, where her husband^b—(since the amnesty; he was in the interval Professor of King's College, London)⁶⁹—has become one of the editors of the *Justice* (he inspired Clemenceau's semi-socialistic speech at Marseilles^c). You understand how painful—in the present state of Mrs Marx—this separation must be. For her and myself our grandchildren, three little boys, were inexhaustible sources of enjoyment, of life.

Now first as to the enclosed manuscript.⁹⁰ Its author, Mr Lafargue, is the husband of my second daughter,^d and one of my direct disciples. He has requested me to try whether through your interference he could become a contributor to a Petersburg Review, the *Отечественныя Записки* or the *Слово*. (I think they are the only ones where he might have a chance.) If so, you would be empowered to change or suppress anything not suitable to the St Petersburg Meridian. As to his 'name', the initials would do. At all events it will interest you to read the manuscript.

I have read with the greatest interest your article⁵⁶ which is in the best sense of the word 'original'. Hence the Boycotting. If you break through the webs of routine thought, you are always sure to be 'boycotted' in the first instance; it is the only arm of defence which in their first perplexity the *routiniers* know how to wield. I have been 'boycotted' in Germany for many many years, and am still so in England, with that little variation that from time to time something so absurd and asinine is launched against me that I would blush to take any public notice of it. But try on: The next thing to do—in my opinion—is to take up the wonderfully increasing *indebtedness of the landlords*, the upper class representatives of agriculture, and show them how they are 'crystallised' in the retort under the control of the 'new pillars of society'.

^a Jean, Henri and Edgar - ^b Charles Longuet - ^c 'Discours de M. Clémenceau', *La Justice*, No. 291, 1 November 1880. - ^d Laura

I am very anxious to see your polemics with the *Слово*.⁹¹ As soon as I shall sail in more quiet waters I shall enter more fully upon your *Esquisse*.^a For the present I cannot omit one observation. The soil being exhausted and getting not the elements — by artificial and vegetable and animal manure, etc. — to supply its wants, will with the changing favour of the seasons, of circumstances independent of human influence — still continue to yield harvests of very different amounts, though, summing up a period of years, as f. i. from 1870-80, the stagnant character of the production presents itself in the most striking character. Under such circumstances the favourable climatic conditions pave the way to a *famine year* by quickly consuming and setting free the mineral fertilizers still latent in the soil, while *vice versa* a *famine year*, and still more a series of bad years following it, allow the soil-inherent minerals to accumulate anew, and to work efficiently with returning favour of the climatic conditions. Such a process goes of course everywhere on but *elsewhere* it is checked by the modifying intervention of the agriculturist himself. It becomes *the only regulating factor* where man has ceased to be a 'power' — for want of means.

So we have 1870 an excellent harvest in your country, but that year is a *climax year*, and as such immediately followed by a very bad one; the year 1871, the very bad harvest, must be considered as the starting point for a new little cycle, till we come to the new climax year 1874, which is immediately followed by the famine year 1875; then the upwards movement begins again, ending in the still worse famine year 1880. The summing up of the years during the whole period proves that the average annual production remained the same and that the mere natural factors have alone produced the changes comparing the single years and the smaller cycles of years.

I wrote you some time ago,^b that if the great industrial and commercial crisis England has passed through went over without the culminating financial crash at London, this *exceptional* phenomenon was only due to — French money. This is now seen and acknowledged even by English *routiniers*. Thus *The Statist* (January 29, 1881) says:

'The money market has only be[en] so easy as it has been during the past year through an accident. The *Bank of France* in the early autumn permitted its stock of gold

^a [N. F. Danielson,] *Очерки нашего пореформенного общественного хозяйства*. Signed: Николай — онъ. - ^b See this volume, p. 30.

bullion to fall from £30 Millions to £22 Millions... *Last autumn undoubtedly there was a very narrow escape.* (!)

The *English railway system* rolls on the same inclined plane as the European *Public Debt system*. The ruling magnates amongst the different railway-nets directors contract not only — progressively — new loans *in order to enlarge their networks*, i. e. the ‘territory’, where they rule as absolute monarchs, but they enlarge their respective networks *in order to have new pretexts for engaging in new loans* which enable them to pay the interest due to the holders of obligations, preferential shares, etc., and also from time to time to throw a sop to the much ill-used common shareholders in the shape of somewhat increased dividends. This pleasant method must one day or another terminate in an ugly catastrophe.

In the *United States* the railway kings have become the butt of attacks, not only, as before this, on the part of the farmers and other industrial ‘*entrepreneurs*’ of the *West*, but also on the part of the grand representative of commerce — the *New York Chamber of Commerce*. The octopodus railway king and financial swindler *Gould* has, on his side, told the New York commercial magnates:

You now attack the railways, because you think them most vulnerable considering their present unpopularity; but take heed: after the railways *every sort of corporation* (means in the Yankee dialect *joint stock company*) will have its turn; then, later on, *all forms of associated capital*; finally, *all forms of capital*; you are thus paving the way to — *Communism* whose tendencies are already more and more spreading among the people.

M. Gould ‘*a le flair bon*’.^a

In *India* serious complications, if not a general outbreak, is in store for the British government. What the English take from them annually in the form of rent, dividends for railways useless to the Hindoos, pensions for military and civil servicemen, for Afghanistan and other wars, etc. etc. — what they take from them *without any equivalent and quite apart* from what they appropriate to themselves annually *within India*, speaking only of the *value of the commodities* the Indians have *gratuitously* and annually to send *over* to England, it amounts to *more than the total sum of income of the 60 millions of agricultural and industrial labourers of India!* This is a bleeding process, with a vengeance! The famine years are pressing each other and *in dimensions* till

^a has a good nose

now not yet suspected in Europe! There is an actual conspiracy going on wherein Hindus and Mussulmans cooperate; the British government is aware that something is 'brewing', but this shallow people (I mean the governmental men), stultified by their own parliamentary ways of talking and thinking, do not even desire to see clear, to realize the whole extent of the imminent danger! To delude others and by deluding them to delude yourself—this is: *parliamentary wisdom* in a nutshell! *Tant mieux!*^a

Can you tell me whether Prof. Lankester's '*Chapter on Deterioration*'⁹² (I have seen it quoted in your article) is translated into Russian? He is a friend of mine.

Last month we had here Russian visitors, amongst others Prof. Sieber (now settled at Zurich) and Mr Kablukoff (Moscow). They were all day long studying at the British Museum.

No news of our 'mutual' friend^b?

Apropos. *Janson's* last statistical work^c—comparing Russia with Europe—has made much sensation. I should be glad to see it.⁹³

With best compliments

Yours very truly,
Karl Marx

Should Lafargue's article find no 'home' in Petersburg, be so kind as to return it to me.⁹⁴

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^a All the better! - ^b Hermann Lopatin - ^c [Janson] Ю. Э. Янсонъ, *Сравнительная статистика России и западно-европейскихъ государствъ*, т. 1-2, С.-Петербургъ, 1878-1880.

42

MARX TO FERDINAND DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS ⁹⁵

IN THE HAGUE

London, 22 February 1881
41 Maitland Park Road, N.W.

Dear Comrade,

My prolonged silence is due to the fact that I wished to enclose in my reply to your letter of 6 January a conspectus of the amendments that you might care to make in the event of a 2nd edition of *Kapitaal en Arbeid*. ⁹⁶ As a result of domestic disturbances, unforeseen labours and other disruptions, I have not yet got this done and shall therefore be sending off this letter without the enclosure for the present, lest my continued silence be misconstrued by you. The amendments I consider necessary relate to details; the main thing, the spirit of the thing, is there already.

I have to thank you for the kind dedication, ⁹⁷ since you, personally, have thereby thrown down the gauntlet before our bourgeois antagonists.

The author ^a of *Mannen van beteekenis*, ⁹⁸ an inspector of schools or SOMETHING OF THAT SORT, wrote to me requesting material for a biographical memoir and, in addition, got his publisher to approach my brother-in-law, Juta, with a view to his persuading me to accede to a request of the kind I habitually turn down. The gentleman — the author of *Mannen* — wrote to me saying he did not share my views but recognised their importance, protested his esteem, etc. The selfsame individual subsequently had the effrontery to embody in his pamphlet a libellous fabrication by that notorious Prussian spy, Stieber, and likewise, — on the inspiration, no doubt, of one of the armchair socialists ⁸² in Bonn, — to accuse me of deliberate misquotation, nor, in so doing, did the estimable fellow even go to the trouble of reading up my polemic against the worthy Brentano in the *Volksstaat*, ⁹⁹ where he would have seen that Brentano, who had originally denounced me in the *Concordia* (manufacturers' sheet) for 'formal and substantive falsification', later extricated himself with the lie that he

^a Arnold Kerdijk

had misunderstood me, etc. A Dutch journal proposed to open its columns to me for the chastisement of the 'inspector of schools', but *on principle* I do not reply to pin-pricks of this kind. I have never, even in London, taken the slightest notice of such literary yapping. Any other course would mean wasting the better part of my time on making rectifications all over the place, from California to Moscow. In my younger days I sometimes did some hard hitting, but wisdom comes with age, at least in so far as one avoids USELESS DISSIPATION OF FORCE.

The forthcoming Zurich Congress's 'question' which you mention would seem to me a mistake.¹⁰⁰ What is to be done, and done *immediately* at any given, particular moment in the future, depends, of course, wholly and entirely on the actual historical circumstances in which action is to be taken. But the said question, being posed *out of the blue*, in fact poses a fallacious problem to which the only answer can be a *critique of the question* as such. We cannot solve an equation that does not comprise within its terms the elements of its solution. Come to that, there is nothing specifically 'socialist' about the predicaments of a government that has suddenly come into being as a result of a popular victory. On the contrary. Victorious bourgeois politicians immediately feel constrained by their 'victory', whereas a socialist is at least able to intervene without constraint. Of one thing you may be sure — a socialist government will not come to the helm in a country unless things have reached a stage at which it can, before all else, take such measures as will so intimidate the mass of the bourgeoisie as to achieve the first desideratum — time for effective action.

You may, perhaps, refer me to the Paris Commune but, aside from the fact that this was merely an uprising of one city in exceptional circumstances, the majority of the Commune was in no sense socialist, nor could it have been. With a modicum of COMMON SENSE, it could, however, have obtained the utmost that was then obtainable — a compromise with Versailles beneficial to the people as a whole. The appropriation of the Banque de France alone would have rapidly put an end to the vainglory of Versailles, etc., etc.

The general demands of the French bourgeoisie before 1789 were, *mutatis mutandis*,^a just as well-defined as are today, with a fair degree of uniformity, the primary, immediate demands of the proletariat in all countries where there is capitalist production. But could any 18th-

^a the necessary changes being made

century Frenchman, *a priori*, have the least idea of the manner in which the demands of the French bourgeoisie would be implemented? A doctrinaire and of necessity fantastic anticipation of a future revolution's programme of action only serves to distract from the present struggle. The dream of the imminent end of the world inspired the struggle of the early Christians against the Roman Empire and gave them confidence in victory. Scientific insight into the inevitable disintegration, now steadily taking place before our eyes, of the prevailing social order; the masses themselves, their fury mounting under the lash of the old governmental bogies; the gigantic and positive advances simultaneously taking place in the development of the means of production—all this is sufficient guarantee that the moment a truly proletarian revolution breaks out, the conditions for its immediate initial (if certainly not idyllic) *modus operandi*^a will also be there.

My own conviction is that the critical conjuncture for a new international working men's association has not yet arrived; hence I consider all labour congresses and/or socialist congresses, in so far as they do not relate to the immediate, actual conditions obtaining in this or that specific nation, to be not only useless but harmful. They will invariably fizzle out in a host of rehashed generalised banalities.

Yours most cordially,

Karl Marx

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43

ENGELS TO JENNY LONGUET¹⁰¹

IN PARIS

[London,] 24 February 1881

My dear Jenny,

Well may the illustrious Regnard recommend his factum to your 'charity'.¹⁰² This Jacobin defending English respectable Protestant-

^a mode of operation

ism and English vulgar Liberalism with the historical *appareil* of that same vulgar Liberalism is indeed an object of deepest charity. But to his 'facts'.

1) The 30,000 protestants' massacre of 1641. The Irish Catholics are here in the same position as the Commune de Paris. The Versailles massacred 30,000 Communards and called that the horrors of the Commune. The English protestants under Cromwell massacred at least 30,000 Irish and, to cover their brutality, *invented* the tale that this was to avenge 30,000 protestants murdered by the Irish Catholics.

The facts are these.

Ulster having been taken from its Irish owners who at that time 1600-1610 held the *land in common*, and handed over to Scotch protestant military colonists, these colonists did not feel safe in their possessions in the troublous times after 1640. The puritan English Government officials in Dublin spread the rumour that a Scotch Army of Covenanters¹⁰³ was to land in Ulster and exterminate all Irish and Catholics. Sir W. Parsons, one of the two Chief Justices of Ireland, said that in a 12-month there would not be a Catholic left in Ireland. It was under these menaces, repeated in the English Parliament, that the Irish of Ulster rose on 23rd October 1641. But no massacre took place. All contemporaneous sources ascribe to the Irish merely the intention of a general massacre, and even the two protestant Chief Justices (proclam. 8th February 1642) declare that 'the chief part of their plot, and amongst them a general massacre, had been *disappointed*.' The English and Scotch however, 4th May 1642, threw Irish women naked into the river (Newry) and massacred Irishmen. (Prendergast, *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, 1865.)

2) *L'Irlande la Vendée de l'Angleterre*.¹⁰⁴ Ireland was Catholic, Protestant England Republican, therefore Ireland—English Vendée. There is however this little difference that the French Revolution intended to *give* the land to the people, the English Commonwealth intended, in Ireland, to *take* the land from the people.

The whole Protestant reformation, as is well known to most students of history save Regnard, apart from its dogmatical squabbles and quibbles, was a vast plan for a confiscation of land. First the land was taken from the Church. Then the Catholics, in countries where Protestantism was in power, were declared rebels and their land confiscated.

Now in Ireland the case was peculiar.

'For the English,' says Prendergast, 'seem to have thought that god made a mistake in giving such a fine country as Ireland to the Irish; and for nearly 700 years they have been trying to remedy it.'

The whole agrarian history of Ireland is a series of confiscations of Irish land to be handed over to English settlers. These settlers, in a very few generations, under the charm of Celtic society, turned more Irish than the aborigines. Then a new confiscation and new colonization took place, and so *in infinitum*.

In the 17th century, the whole of Ireland except the newly Scotchified North, was ripe for a fresh confiscation. So much so, that when the British (puritan) Parliament accorded to Charles I an army for the reduction of Ireland, it resolved that the money for this armament should be raised *upon the security of 2,500,000 acres to be confiscated in Ireland*. And the 'adventurers'¹⁰⁵ who advanced the money should also appoint the officers of that army. The land was to be divided amongst those adventurers so that 1,000 acres should be given them, if in Ulster for £ 200.- advanced, in Connaught for £ 300, in Munster for £ 450, in Leinster for £ 600. And if the people rose against this beneficent plan they are Vendéens! If Regnard should ever sit in a National Convention, he may take a leaf out of the proceedings of the Long Parliament,¹⁰⁶ and combat a possible Vendée with these means.

The Abolition of the Penal Laws¹⁰⁷! Why the greater part of them were repealed, not in 1793 but in 1778, when England was threatened by the rise of the American Republic, and the second repeal, 1793, was when the French Republic arose threatening and England required all the soldiers she could get to fight it!

The Grant to Maynooth by Pitt.¹⁰⁸ This pittance was soon repealed by the Tories and only renewed by Sir R. Peel in 1845. But not a word about the other *c a d e a u que faisait à l'Irlande ce grand homme (c'est la première fois qu'il trouve grâce devant les yeux d'un Jacobin)*,^a that other 'dotation' not only 'considérable' but actually lavish — the 3 Million £ by which the Union of Ireland with England¹⁰⁹ was bought. The parliamentary documents will show that the one item of the purchase money of rotten and nomination boroughs alone cost no less a sum than £ 1,245,000 (O'Connell, *Memoir on Ireland addressed to the Queen*).

^a present this great man gave to Ireland (it is the first time that grace has been bestowed upon him in the eyes of the Jacobins)

Lord Derby instituted *le système des écoles nationales*.¹¹⁰ *Very true* but why did he? Consult Fitzgibbon, *Ireland in 1868*, the work of a staunch Protestant and Tory, or else the official Report of Commissioners on Education in Ireland, 1826. The Irish, neglected by the English government, had taken the education of their children into their own hands. At the time when English fathers and mothers insisted upon their right to send their children to the factory to earn money instead of to the school to learn, at that time in Ireland the peasants vied with each other in forming schools of their own. The school-master was an ambulant teacher, spending a couple of months at each village. A cottage was found for him, each child paid him 2d. a week and a few sods of turf in winter. The schools were kept, on fine days in summer, in the fields, near a hedge, and then known by the name of hedge-schools. There were also ambulant scholars, who with their books under the arm, wandered from school to school, receiving lodging and food from the peasants without difficulty. In 1812 there were 4,600 such hedge-schools in Ireland and that year's report of the Commissioners says that such education

was 'leading to evil rather than good', 'that such education *the people are actually obtaining for themselves*, and though we consider it practicable to correct it, *to check its progress appears impossible*: it may be improved *but it cannot be impeded*'.

So then, these truly *national* schools did not suit English purposes. To suppress them, the *sham* national schools were established. They are *so little secular* that the reading-book consists of extracts both from the Catholic and Protestant Bibles, agreed upon by the Catholic and Protestant Archbishops of Dublin. Compare with these Irish peasants the English who howl at compulsory school attendance to this day!

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Published in English in full for the first time

44

MARX TO VERA ZASULICH¹¹¹

IN GENEVA

London, 8 March 1881
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

Dear Citizen,

A nervous complaint which has assailed me periodically over the last ten years has prevented me from replying any sooner to your letter of 16 February. I am sorry that I cannot provide you with a concise exposé, intended for publication, of the question you have done me the honour of putting to me. Months ago I promised the St Petersburg Committee to let them have a piece on the same subject.¹¹² I hope, however, that a few lines will suffice to dispel any doubts you may harbour as to the misunderstanding in regard to my so-called theory.

In analysing the genesis of capitalist production I say:

'At the core of the capitalist system, therefore, lies the complete separation of the producer from the means of production ... the basis of this whole development is the *expropriation of the agricultural producer*. To date this has not been accomplished in a radical fashion anywhere except in England... But *all the other countries of Western Europe* are undergoing the same process' (*Capital*, French ed., p. 315).

Hence the 'historical inevitability' of this process is *expressly* limited to the *countries of Western Europe*. The cause of that limitation is indicated in the following passage from Chapter XXXII:

'*Private property*, based on personal labour ... will be supplanted by *capitalist private property*, based on the exploitation of the labour of others, on wage labour' (l. c., p. 341).

In this Western movement, therefore, what is taking place is the *transformation of one form of private property into another form of private property*. In the case of the Russian peasants, *their communal property* would, on the contrary, have to be *transformed into private property*.

Hence the analysis provided in *Capital* does not adduce reasons either for or against the viability of the rural commune, but the special study I have made of it, and the material for which I drew from

original sources, has convinced me that this commune is the fulcrum of social regeneration in Russia, but in order that it may function as such, it would first be necessary to eliminate the deleterious influences which are assailing it from all sides, and then ensure for it the normal conditions of spontaneous development.

I have the honour to be, dear Citizen,

Yours very faithfully,

Karl Marx

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45

ENGELS TO S. F. KAUFMANN
IN LONDON

[Draft]

[London,] 11 March 1881
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Dear Mr Kaufmann,

In reply to your esteemed note of the 9th inst. I regret that I am unable to fall in with your wishes regarding the guarantee. My experiences with guarantees have been such that I have resolved once and for all to advance the money straight away myself, if I can, rather than give a guarantee. However the money is not available; if I had it and could do without it, I should regard it as my prime duty to hand it over to the party in Germany to whom we now owe every penny we can spare.^a

^a Here Engels deleted the following passage: 'There is, however, another reason. Over the past 10 years I have seen all too often how rapid is the turnover here of the people who go to make up the local German working men's associations and, such being the case, it might well come about that the Society⁸ adopted a line quite different from its present one before my guarantee expired and that in the last resort I was standing guarantee for Mr Most, which surely cannot be asked of me.'

Trusting that you will find elsewhere the means of obtaining the funds you need,

I remain,

Yours very truly

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46

ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN ¹¹³

IN ZURICH

London, 12 March 1881

Dear Mr Bernstein,

Herewith some material on the anti-adultery commandment. ¹¹⁴ Whether you'll be able to use it, I confess I don't know. It's a ticklish subject and you must know whether more harm than good will be done by touching on it. At all events I wanted to show you one way of dealing with this commandment without relapsing into moral philistinism, and it may be useful to you anyway to have the historical material on the case, in so far as it was available to me.

For the rest, the paper ^a is doing very well on the whole and some of the nos. are very good; rather less doctrinaire articles, like the one on state socialism, ^b would do no harm. How can one lump together Turgot, one of the leading economists of the 18th century, with Necker, that highly practical man of *haute finance*, ^c precursor of your Laffittes and Péreires and, worse still, the wretched Calonne, the man of hand-to-mouth expedients, who was a genuine *après moi le déluge* ^{d 115} aristocrat? How can one place these—Turgot in particular and even Necker—cheek by jowl with Bismarck who, at the most, wants money regardless, *à la Calonne*, and the said Bismarck in his turn quite summarily cheek by jowl with Stoecker on the one hand and Schäffle and Co. on the other, every one of whom in his turn pursues quite different lines? If the bourgeois lump them all together,

^a *Der Sozialdemokrat*-^b [K. Kautsky,] 'Der Staatssozialismus und die Sozialdemokratie', signed: Symmachos, *Der Sozialdemokrat*, No. 10, 6 March 1881.-^c high finance-^d after me the deluge

that is no reason why we should proceed as uncritically. Here, precisely, are the roots of doctrinairism, in that one *believes* the self-interested and narrow assertions of one's opponent and proceeds to construct on those assertions a system which naturally stands or falls with them. With Bismarck it is a case of money, money and again money, and the pretexts he gives change in accordance with purely external considerations. Give him a differently composed majority in the Reichstag and he'll jettison all his present plans and prepare conflicting ones. That's why one can never ever infer a declaration of modern society's bankruptcy from anything that is done by an animal as irrational in theory and inconsistent in practice as Bismarck. Still less from the intellectual St Vitus dance of a fool like Stoecker. Nor yet from the twaddle of 'thinking men' *à la* Schäffle. Their 'thinking' (and this is pretty well all they do 'think') is not directed towards declaring modern society bankrupt. On the contrary, they are, of course, simply living in the hope of patching it up again. But what kind of a thinking man is e. g. Schäffle? In his *Quintessenz*^a the silly Swabian admits that he pondered one of the (simplest) points in *Capital* for ten years before getting to the bottom of it; in fact the bottom he got to was pure nonsense.¹¹⁶

It is nothing but self-interested misrepresentation on the part of the Manchester bourgeois to describe as 'socialism' all interference by the state with free competition: protective tariffs, guilds, tobacco monopoly, nationalisation of branches of industry, the Overseas Trading Company,¹¹⁷ royal porcelain factory. That is something we should *criticise*, but not *believe*. If we do the latter and base a theoretical argument thereon, this will collapse together with its premisses,—simply upon it's being proved, that is, that this alleged socialism is nothing but feudal reaction on the one hand and, on the other, a pretext for extortion, its secondary object being to turn as many proletarians as possible into officials and pensioners dependent on the state, and to organise, alongside the disciplined army of officials and military, a similar army of workers. Compulsory suffrage imposed by senior functionaries instead of by factory overseers—fine socialism that! This is where you get if you believe what the bourgeois himself doesn't believe but only pretends to, namely that the state = socialism.

Otherwise I find that your views on the attitude to be adopted by

^a [A. Schäffle,] *Die Quintessenz des Socialismus*, Gotha, 1875.

the paper coincide entirely with my own, and I'm also glad that of late there has no longer been such liberal use of the *word* revolution as there was at the outset. That was quite all right earlier on, after the sorry opiate-mongering of 1880, ¹¹⁸ but it would be preferable, and this, too, with an eye to Most, to be wary of high-flown rhetoric. One may express revolutionary thoughts without forever harping on the *word* revolution. The pitiful Most is, by the way, quite beside himself; he's at a loss where to pull in and now, on top of that, the success of Fritzsche and Viereck in America ¹¹⁹ has taken the last bit of wind out of his sails.

The paper can now really serve to encourage and cheer up our people in Germany, something a number of them, or at least their so-called leaders, are much in need of. I've received a few more jeremiads and answered them in accordance with their deserts. Viereck was very down in the mouth at the start, but a few days in the fresh air of London were enough to restore his resilience. The paper must import that fresh air into Germany and by far the best way of doing so is to mock our adversaries, treat them with contempt. Once the people learn to laugh at Bismarck & Co. again, much will have been gained. But it mustn't be forgotten that this is the first time such a thing has happened to the people, at any rate the vast majority, or, more especially, that a large number of agitators and editors will have the discomfort of being jolted out of their very comfortable berths. Such being the case, it is just as necessary to cheer people up as it is constantly to remind them that Bismarck & Co. are still the same jackasses, the same scoundrels and the same poor wretches, impotent in face of the historical movement, as they were before the attempted assassinations. ¹²⁰ So any joke at the expense of this rabble is of value.

As regards Ireland, only this much: The people are far too canny not to know that an uprising would spell their ruin; it would stand no chance save in the case of war between England and America. ¹²¹ Meanwhile the Irish have forced Gladstone to introduce continental standing orders in Parliament, ¹²² thus undermining the whole of the English parliamentary system. They have further forced Gladstone to forswear all his cant and to become more Tory than even the worst of TORIES. The Coercion Bills ¹²³ have gone through, the Land Bill ¹²⁴ will either be thrown out by the Upper House, or else it will be castrated, and then the fun will begin, in other words, the covert disintegration of the parties will become overt. Since Gladstone's nomination,

the WHIGS and moderate TORIES, i. e. the big landowners generally, have been secretly combining to form a big landed property party. As soon as this comes to fruition, and family and personal interests have been adjusted, or as soon as the new party is driven out into the open in consequence of, say, the Land Bill, the administration and the present majority will disintegrate. Then the new bourgeois-radical party will come out in opposition to the new conservative party, but with nothing to fall back on save the workers and the Irish peasants. And so that there may be no recurrence of bilking and trickery here, a proletarian-radical party is in process of formation under the leadership of Joseph Cowen (M. P. for Newcastle), an old Chartist who is half, if not wholly, communist and a very worthy chap. Ireland is responsible for all this, Ireland is the driving force in the realm. This for your private information. More on the subject anon.

Regards,

Yours

F. E.

Since Kautsky — will you give him my regards? — will be coming over here soon, there's no point in answering him at length. My regards to Beust should you see him.

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47

ENGELS TO JOHANN PHILIPP BECKER ¹²⁵

IN GENEVA

London, 28 March 1881
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Dear Old Man,

I shall send you some money the instant you put me in a position to do so by letting me have *your new address*. For I have to produce this,

and such addresses as I find in the *Précurseur* do not seem to me really fit to be produced if they are not to create difficulties. The moment I have had a reply you will at once get 100 frs and a lengthy reply from

Your
F. Engels

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ENGELS TO AUGUST BEBEL

IN LEIPZIG

London, 30 March 1881

Dear Bebel,

Viereck (a postcard from whom I enclose) wants me to give you an account of the Boston meeting; but here too, as commonly in combined operations, there has been hitch after hitch; 1. Harney wrote a week later; 2. he forgot to enclose the newspaper report which I did not get till yesterday. Today I gave this to Kautsky, who is over here, for him to work on for the *Sozialdemokrat*.¹²⁶

The meeting in Boston was first-rate; ill-advertised but nevertheless attended by 1,500 people, $\frac{1}{3}$ German. The first speaker was Swinton, an American communist who came to visit us here last summer⁴³ and is the proprietor of a big New York paper.^a Then Fritzsche. Finally, Wendell Phillips, the great anti-slavery man who, with the exception of John Brown, did more than anyone else for the abolition of slavery and the prosecution of the war, and is the foremost speaker in America — maybe in the world. He returned thanks to the Germans and gave them credit for the fact that in 1861, in every large city, it was the German gymnasts who shielded him with their own bodies from the American mob, and who kept St Louis in the Union.¹²⁷ To give you just one example of how he spoke:

^a *The Sun*

'Being as far as I am away from the field of battle, I would not presume to criticise the method of combat. I look at Russia, 4,000 miles away, and see what a nightmare weighs on the shoulders of the people there. I only hope that someone will be found to relieve them of it. And if the dagger alone can do it, I say: Welcome to the dagger! Is there any American here who would disapprove? If he would, then he should look (pointing to a picture on the wall) at Joe Warren who died at Bunkers Hill.'^a

That was on the 7th of March. On the 13th a bomb did what the dagger had been unable to do.¹²⁸

According to today's *Standard*, *Most* is to be prosecuted by the British government because of the article on the assassination attempt!¹²⁹ If the Russian Embassy and Gladstone are absolutely intent on making a great man out of the silly nincompoop, no one can stop them. At the same time, it's far from certain that *Most* will be found guilty. The moral indignation about the bomb in the big newspapers was largely a matter of observing the proprieties, something your bourgeois here never omits to do, if only for appearances' sake. The humorous papers, which reflect public opinion far more faithfully, have taken an altogether different view of the case and, by the time the trial draws to a close, much may have changed in this respect, so that it's far from certain whether the 12 jurymen will reach the unanimous verdict that is called for.

To return to our American friends, Wendell Phillips' championship (induced by a young American journalist, Willard Brown, who was over here last year, when he consorted much with Marx and generally did his utmost for them with the American press and gave them the boosting they needed) is of the first importance. Their success has altogether exceeded my expectations and shows that Bismarckery has fallen greatly in the esteem of the Germans, even middle-class Germans, in America. However 's^b hopes of a *second* trip with Liebknecht would hardly seem practicable; it is inadvisable to turn up twice in rapid succession. Moreover, such a trip — anyhow inadmissible before next year — ought to have been rendered unnecessary by the great event in Petersburg and its inevitable consequences. Alexander III, whether he wants to or not, will have to take some decisive step to get things moving, but before that there might be a short period of intensive persecution, and Switzerland will no doubt soon embark on mass expulsions. Meanwhile old William,^c if not actually on his last legs, becomes dottier and dottier, Bismarck

^a Retranslated from the German. - ^b Viereck in German means quadrangle. - ^c William I

grows daily more rabid and seems absolutely intent on playing the part of a rampaging Prussian Roland, the bourgeois parties go further off the rails every day, while the government's taxation mania sees to the rest. Even if we all sat with our hands in our laps, events would forcibly propel us to the fore and pave the way for victory. It is a real pleasure to see a revolutionary world situation we have long predicted mature into a general crisis, blinkered opponents do our work for us, and the inexorability of a development that is heading for universal collapse prevail in, and as a result of, the general confusion.

Regards from Marx and from your
F. E.

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ENGELS TO GOTTLIEB LEMCKE

IN LONDON

[London,] 2 April 1881
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Dear Mr Lemcke,

I have just heard that one of my brothers^a will be passing through London with his family this evening, and this will mean my spending with them the few hours they will be pausing here. I therefore greatly regret that I shall be unable to take advantage of your kind invitation to the opening ceremony of the new club-house.¹³⁰ Hoping that the club will prosper and flourish, I remain

Yours very truly,
F. Engels

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^a Apparently Hermann Engels

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ENGELS TO JOHANN PHILIPP BECKER ¹³¹

IN GENEVA

London, 4 April 1881

Dear Old Man,

I am writing to you just before the post goes, having only this moment got the money order, four pounds sterling = 100 frs 80 cts, which I trust will be paid over to you without delay. Your address was indispensable,^a as the post office here *insists* on it, otherwise no money order. I shall press Liebknecht about his false promises^b; those fellows *must* do something for you. I'm glad, by the way, that our people have plucked up courage again; for a time most of them were suffering from a bad attack of *cold feet*; the paper,^c too, is giving a good account of itself. That philistine Most is definitely in luck; his *Freiheit* was on its last legs, whereupon the British government felt impelled to give it a helping hand, and did so in the most brilliant manner.¹²⁹ Such colossal stupidity passes all belief, but it so happens that we have the liberals at the helm and they are capable of any stupidity, any dirty trick. They went ahead in such a hurry that so far they don't even know under which Act they will charge Most! But Bismarck needed this coup for his socialist debate in the Reichstag¹³² and, since Gladstone, our premier, is an enthusiastic admirer of the bumped-off Alexander,^d there was no difficulty about the thing. It will be all the more difficult for them to draw up an indictment, let alone produce a jury that will find Most guilty. So Most will become famous on the cheap, even if only for a brief spell, while Bismarck, even though he, too, may be gently rubbing his hands just now, will ultimately find himself discredited yet again.

Kindest regards from Marx and your

F. Engels

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^a See this volume, p. 76. - ^b Ibid., p. 50. - ^c *Der Sozialdemokrat* - ^d Alexander II

51

MARX TO JENNY LONGUET¹³³

IN ARGENTEUIL

[London,] 11 April 1881

My dear Jennychen,

It's been boring ever since you left — without you and Johnny and Harra! and MR 'TEA!'^a Sometimes I hurry across to the window when I hear children's voices which sound like those of our children, momentarily oblivious of the fact that the little chaps are on the other side of the Channel!

One comfort is that you have found a nice place to live and that it suits the children; otherwise everything seems to be RATHER WORSE than in London, with the exception, however, of the climate, whose beneficial effect — beneficial also to asthma — you will discover BY AND BY.

I have found yet another doctor for Mama, one recommended to me by Prof. Lankester, namely Dr Donkin; HE SEEMS A BRIGHT AND INTELLIGENT MAN; but for Mama's complaint it does indeed strike me that ONE MAN [is] AS GOOD, AND PERHAPS BETTER, THAN ANOTHER MAN. However, the CHANGE OF MEDICAL ADVISERS serves to distract her and, during the initial period — which doesn't usually last long — she is full of praise for the new Aesculapius. Longuet's eyeglass turned up immediately after his departure; it was, in fact, tucked away in your bedroom. Hirsch has been selected to bring it to you, but that gossip-hunter seems hardly able to tear himself away from London at a moment when there is so much to be smelt out. The 'great' Most affair¹²⁹ alone is an inexhaustible source of fresh water (if by no means a 'cooling stream') for the said hart.^b Now he threatens to postpone his departure till 18 April. Then, too, he has found a kindred spirit in Kautsky — on whom he had frowned so grimly; even Engels takes a much more tolerant view of this joker^c since the latter gave proof of his considerable drinking ability. When the charmer — the little joker,^c I mean — first came to see me, the first question that rose to my lips was — are you

^a Marx' grandsons: Jean, Henri and Edgar Longuet - ^b A pun on the name Hirsch — hart. ('As pants the hart for cooling streams / When heated in the chase'.) - ^c Kautz (diminutive Käützchen), an untranslatable pun on the name Kautsky.

like your mother^a? Not in the least, he exclaimed, and silently I congratulated his mother. He's a mediocrity, narrow in outlook, over-wise (only 26 years old), a know-all, hard-working after a fashion, much concerned with statistics out of which, however, he makes little sense, by nature a member of the philistine tribe, for the rest, a decent fellow in his own way; I unload him onto *amigo*^b Engels as much as I can.

The day before yesterday the Dogberry CLUB¹³⁴ was here; yesterday, besides the 2 Maitland girls^c—and, briefly, Lankester and Dr Donkin—we were invaded by Hyndman and his wife,^d both of whom have too much staying-power. I quite like the wife on account of her brusque, unconventional and determined manner of thinking and speaking, but it's amusing to see how admiringly she hangs on the lips of her complacent chatterbox of a husband! Mama grew so weary (it was close on half past ten at night) that she withdrew. But there was some BYPLAY which tickled her. For Tussy has discovered a new infant prodigy amongst the Dogberries—one Radford; this youth is already a BARRISTER-AT-LAW, yet looks down upon the *jus*^e and works in the same LINE as Waldhorn. HE LOOKS WELL, CROSS between Irving and the late Lassalle (but has nothing in common with the latter's cynical, smarmily importunate mannerisms *à la* marquis-cum-Jew), AN INTELLIGENT AND SOMEWHAT PROMISING BOY. WELL, that's him in a nutshell. So shockingly did Dolly Maitland pay court to *him* that during supper Mama and Tussy were constantly exchanging signals. Finally, Mr Maitland also turned up, pretty well sober, and began a verbal duel with his instructive neighbour, Hyndman, on the subject of Gladstone in whom Maitland, a spiritualist, believes. *I—rather annoyed by a bad throat—felt glad when the whole lot vanished. It is a strange thing that one cannot well live altogether without company, and that when you get it, you try hard to rid yourself of it.*

Hartmann is working hard in Woolwich as a COMMON WORKMAN; it is becoming increasingly difficult to converse with him in any language. The RUSSIAN REFUGEES in Geneva insist that he should disavow Rochefort and do so publicly. This he neither will nor can, even had this not been made impossible by the immoderate letter sent to Rochefort by the Petersburg Committee and published by him in the *Intransigent*.¹³⁵ The Genevans have, indeed, long been trying to convince

^a Minna Kautsky - ^b friend - ^c Dolly and Clara Maitland - ^d Mathilda Hyndman - ^e law

Europe that it was, in fact, *they* who were directing the movement in Russia; now that the *lie* they themselves had disseminated has been taken up by Bismarck *et cie* and constitutes a threat to them, they assert the opposite and vainly endeavour to convince the world of their innocence. In fact, they are mere doctrinaires, muddle-headed anarcho-socialists, and their influence on the Russian 'theatre of war' is ZERO.

Have you been following the course of the legal proceedings against the assassins in St Petersburg?¹³⁶ They are sterling chaps through and through, *sans pose mélodramatique*,^a simple, matter-of-fact, heroic. Shouting and doing are irreconcilable opposites. The Petersburg Executive Committee,⁷⁰ which took such vigorous action, issues manifestoes of exquisite 'moderation'. It is remote indeed from the bungling way in which Most and other puerile ranters advocate TYRANNICIDE as a 'theory' and 'PANACEA' (the same thing was done by ENGLISHMEN as innocent as Disraeli, Savage Landor, Macaulay and Mazzini's friend, Stansfeld); they, on the other hand, are at pains to teach Europe that their *modus operandi*^b is a specifically Russian and historically inevitable mode of action which no more lends itself to moralising—for or against—than does the earthquake in Chios.¹³⁷

In this connection there was a fine old scandal in the House of Commons (as you know, so as to oblige Bismarck and Gorchakov these miserable Gladstonites are making an onslaught, in the person of the pitiful Most,¹²⁹ on the freedom of the press in England, in which they are unlikely to succeed). Lord Churchill, a bumptious Tory youth, and member of the Marlborough FAMILY, questioned Sir Charles Dilke and Brassey, both UNDERSTRAPPERS in the CABINET, about the financial support afforded to the *Freiheit*. This was flatly denied and Churchill was compelled to name his authority. He named the ubiquitous Mr Maltman Barry! I enclose a cutting about this affair from the *Weekly Dispatch* (the Dilkes' paper, edited by the 'PHILOSOPHICAL RADICAL', Ashton Dilke, brother of the great 'Dilke'), and a statement by Maltman Barry in *The Daily News*. Clearly Dilke is lying. How pitiful that this braggart, the self-appointed future 'President of the English republic' should, for fear of losing his post, allow Bismarck to dictate upon what journals he ought or ought not to bestow £ 1! Only suppose it became known that, immediately after Hart-

^a without melodramatic posturing - ^b way of going about things

mann's arrival in London, Ashton Dilke invited him to a LUNCHEON! But Hartmann turned this down, not wanting to 'exhibit' himself.

Propos the Comtist renegade Maxse. This laddie is done far too great an honour in *La Justice* which handles him with kid gloves. In the eyes of this peculiar clique — ENGLISH LIBERALS and their even worse subspecies, the SO CALLED RADICALS — it is indeed a crime on the part of *La Justice* that, flouting all tradition and contrary to agreement, it fails to treat these SHAMS AND HUMBUGS in the accepted manner, to perpetuate the legend that is current about them in the liberal press on the Continent! If one considers the enormous effrontery with which the London press attacks socialist parties in all European countries, and how difficult it is for anyone who thinks it worth the trouble to say a word in return or even to get a brief answer into that press — it is really a bit too much to have to recognise the principle that, should a Paris newspaper venture to criticise that arch-hypocrite and CASUIST of the old-fashioned school, the 'great' Gladstone, it is duty-bound to put entire columns at the disposal of Mr Maxse and his prose, in order that he might repay Gladstone IN KIND for the *avancement*^a provided by the latter!

Assuming the policy adopted by Gladstone (man of the COERCION¹²³ and ARMS ACT¹³⁸) vis-à-vis Ireland to be as right as it is in fact wrong, would this constitute any reason to talk of that man's '*générosité*' and '*magnanimité*'? As though there was any question of *any* such things between England and Ireland! Maxse really ought to be told that, while such Pecksniffian expressions may have free currency in London, they do not have it in Paris!

Get Longuet to read *Parnell's* speech in Cork in *today's Times*.^b He will find in it the substance of *what ought to be said about Gladstone's new LAND ACT*¹²⁴; in this connection it should not be forgotten that Gladstone, by his disgraceful preliminary measures (incl. abolishing the freedom of speech of members of the Lower House),¹²² has brought about the conditions under which *mass EVICTIONS are now taking place in Ireland*, while the ACT is pure humbug, seeing that the LORDS who can get anything they want from Gladstone, and no longer have to tremble before the Land League¹³⁹ — will DOUBTLESS throw it out or else so castrate it that the Irish themselves will end up by voting *against* it.

^a advancement - ^b 'Cork, 10 April', *The Times*, No. 30165, 11 April 1881.

Give the children a hundred kisses from me; regards to Longuet. Write and tell me, DEAR CHILD, about the state of your health.

Adio.

Your
OLD NICK ^a

DEAR JOHNNY, HOW DO YOU LIKE FRANCE?^b

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ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN ¹⁴⁰

IN ZURICH

London, 14 April 1881

Dear Mr Bernstein,

Very many thanks for the excerpt—for numerous reasons, however, it is desirable that we should read the full text of the relevant speeches. Kautsky will already have asked you to let us have the shorthand report ¹⁴¹ for a day or two. So much has been said in the Reichstag and Landtags that would have been better left unsaid that we cannot express an opinion on such matters unless we are fully acquainted with the case.

Your announcement that you wished to resign from the paper^c came as a most unpleasant surprise. We can see absolutely no reason for it and it would give us *great pleasure* if you were to reconsider your decision. You have edited the paper ably from the outset, have given it the right tone, at the same time developing the humorous side it needed. Erudition in a newspaper editor is far less important than the ability speedily to interpret things from the aspect that matters, and

^a Marx's jocular nickname.-^b Written in large block letters at the beginning of the letter.-^c *Der Sozialdemokrat*

this you have nearly always done. Kautsky, for example, would never be able to do that; he always has too many secondary viewpoints, which is perfectly all right for longish articles in a *revue*, but in the case of a paper, where rapid decisions are called for, frequently makes it impossible to see the wood for the trees, and that mustn't happen in a party organ. Alongside you, Kautsky would be quite all right, but on his own he would, I'm afraid, be all too often prevented by qualms of conscience over theory from following up a crucial advantage as unswervingly as is required by the *Sozialdemokrat*. I don't see who could take your place at this juncture, so long as Liebknecht remains in jail ¹⁴² and doesn't go to Zurich, which would be senseless except in an emergency, since there's much more need of him in the Reichstag. So you'll have to stay on after all whether you like it or not.

If we have not yet come forward directly and *by name* in the *Sozialdemokrat*, the fault, I do assure you, does not lie with your editorship of this paper up till now. On the contrary. It lies with the very statements made in *Germany* I alluded to at the beginning. Admittedly, we have been promised that this won't recur and that the revolutionary nature of the party is to be plainly spelled out and adhered to. But we should like to see evidence of it first, nor do we have any great confidence (rather the reverse) in the revolutionary bent of certain of these gentlemen, and that is precisely why it is most desirable that we should have the stenographic reports of the speeches made by *all* our deputies. *After* you have used them you can easily send them over here for a day or two; I guarantee their prompt return. That will help to clear away the last obstacles that still exist — through no fault of our own — between ourselves and the party in Germany. *This in confidence.*

It would seem that Gladstone has paved the way for the triumph of Most. It's hardly likely that 12 jurors will be found who will *unanimously* find Most guilty, and, if only one finds him innocent, the case will fall to the ground. Admittedly, he can be brought before another jury, but this hardly ever happens. On top of that, however, the 1861 Act, ¹⁴³ under which Most is being charged, has never been applied before and by and large it is the opinion of jurists that the wording is inapplicable to the case.

Argyll's resignation from the Ministry because the Irish LAND BILL ¹²⁴ confers on tenants a measure of co-ownership of the land is an ill omen for the fate of the BILL in the Upper House. Meanwhile Parnell has made a successful start in Manchester to his *English* agitational

tour. The position of the grand liberal coalition is becoming ever more critical. But then over here everything moves slowly, if the more surely for that.

So don't be deterred by the initial difficulties; don't lose heart but carry on editing just as before. If the worst comes to the worst, you could write to Leipzig and ask them to send you an assistant. That would probably be the best way of overcoming the difficulties you have to contend with. Then, when you have taught the new man the ropes, there will still be time enough to talk of resigning.

Kindest regards.

Yours
F. Engels

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ENGELS TO AUGUST BEBEL
IN LEIPZIG

London, 28 April 1881

Dear Bebel,

In response to your inquiry I asked my source (a stockbroker) whether the person concerned would do better to continue paying the GREAT BRITAIN MUTUAL & CO. (Office 101, Cheapside, it's the same surely? GREAT BRITAIN MUTUAL INSURANCE?) or to stop payment of the calls, and received the reply:

* 'We fear there is no alternative but to keep on paying the calls as they are made.' **

Ede^b has sent us the stenographic reports of the Reichstag debates on the state of siege and the Accident Insurance Bill.¹⁴⁴ We congr-

^a Engels supplies this English text in parentheses after the German translation of this sentence.-^b Eduard Bernstein

tulate you on both your speeches. The one on the Accident Bill pleased us particularly. It strikes the right note—high-minded, yet based on a real knowledge of the facts, and ironically superior. Your criticism of the Bill was all that could have been said or desired. I have been expressly asked to tell you all this on Marx's behalf as well as my own. It was the best speech of yours we have ever read, and the debate gave one the impression that the turner, Bebel, was the only educated man in the whole of the Reichstag.

At the 2nd reading you might possibly include the following: You might perhaps ask us, gentlemen, how we can prevail upon our consciences to grant *money* to this government, even though it be for the relief of workers who have met with an accident? Gentlemen, after what the Prussian Landtag and you yourselves have done in the matter of subventions, the power of the Reichstag in financial affairs, its ability to wring concessions from the government by virtue of the fact that it holds the purse-strings, has gone by the board. The Reichstag and Landtag have thrown away their entire budgetary authority with nothing to show for it in return, and here it is certainly no longer a case of a paltry million or two.—All those subventions, moreover, were for purposes of exploitation (protective tariffs, purchase of the railways at 30% above their value—Rhenish Rail were standing at less than 120, rose to 150 as a result of the government's offer to purchase, now 160!), and *this time* it is, after all, at least *supposed* to be for the workers.

For the rest, the terms of acceptance you proposed fully protect you to your rear.

But what a typically inflated, maliciously stupid, Prussian Junker-cum-bureaucrat Brother von Puttkamer is! ¹⁴⁵

Your
F. E.

Marx sends kindest regards.

Ede writes to say that he is staying on for the time being.^a

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^a See this volume, p. 85.

MARX TO JENNY LONGUET¹⁴⁶

IN ARGENTEUIL

[London,] 29 April 1881
41 Maitland Park, N. W.

My dear Jenny,

I congratulate you upon the happy delivery; at least I presume that everything is right from your taking the trouble to write. My 'womankind' expected the 'newcomer' to increase 'the better half' of the population; for my own part I prefer the 'manly' sex for children born at this turning point of history. They have before them the most revolutionary period men had ever to pass through. The bad thing now is to be 'old' so as to be only able to foresee instead of seeing.

The 'newcomer'^a steps in pretty closely to your own birthday, Johnny's, and mine. He, like ourselves, patronizes the merry month of May. I am of course charged by Marna (and Tussy, though she finds perhaps yet the time to write herself) to wish you all possible good things, but I do not see that 'wishes' are good for anything except the glossing over one's own powerlessness.

I hope by and by you will find the servants you want and get your '*ménage*'^b into some quiet routine. I felt rather anxious about the too many troubles weighing upon you just now, at such a critical moment.

Johnny, according to your last letter, is recovering his health. He is in fact the most delicate of the three boys^c whom I have the honour to know personally. Tell him that while walking yesterday through the park — our own Maitland Park — that glorious person, the park-keeper, suddenly approached, asked for news about Johnny, and at last communicated me the important fact that he will 'retire' from his office and make place to a younger 'force'. With him one of the pillars of the 'Lord Southampton' disappears.¹⁴⁷

There is little going on in 'our circle' as Beesly daubed it. Pumps still awaits 'news' from Beust; has in the meanwhile thrown an eye

^a Marcel Longuet - ^b house-keeping - ^c Jenny Longuet's sons: Jean, Henri and Edgar

upon 'Kautsky' who, however, did not yet 'declare'; and she will always feel grateful to Hirsch for having not only virtually 'declared', but, after a refusal, renewed his 'declaration', just before his trip to Paris. This Hirsch becomes more and more a nuisance. My 'opinion' of him grows less and less.

The last London craze was the Disraeli exaltation which gave John Bull the satisfaction of admiring his own magnanimity. Is it not 'grand' to act the sycophant with regard to a dead man whom just before his kicking the bucket you had saluted with rotten apples and foul eggs? At the same time this teaches the 'lower classes' that however their 'natural superiors' may fall out amongst each other during the struggle for 'place and pelf', death brings out the truth that the leaders of the 'ruling classes' are always 'great and good men'.

It is a very fine trick of Gladstone—only the 'stupid party' does not understand it—to offer at a moment when landed property in Ireland (as in England) will be depreciated by the import of corn and cattle from the United States—to offer them at that very moment the public Exchequer where they can sell that property at a price it does no longer possess! ¹⁴⁸

The real intricacies of the Irish land problem—which indeed are not especially Irish—are so great that the only true way to solve it would be to give the Irish Home-rule and thus force them to solve it themselves. But John Bull is too stupid to understand this.

Engels comes just, sends you his best compliments, and as it is almost post-time, so that I cannot afterwards finish this letter, I must abruptly end it.

With my compliments to Johnny, Harry and the 'good' Wolf^a (who is indeed an excellent boy) and also to father Longuet.

Yours,
Old Nick

First published, in Russian, in the magazine *Nachalo*, No. 5, St Petersburg, 1899

Reproduced from the original

Published in English in full for the first time

^a Edgar Longuet

55

ENGELS TO JENNY LONGUET

IN ARGENTEUIL

London, 31 May 1881
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

My dear Jenny,

Many thanks for your kind letter, it is really too good of you to sit down and write to us in the midst of the trouble you have to pass through. But let me at once pass to the main thing. I have every reason to hope that unless unforeseen accidents occur, you still will soon have your Mama^a with you. Mohr told me on Sunday that the doctor^b thinks she is getting strong enough for the journey. There are great changes in her state from time to time, sometimes she goes about in the day and even to theatres in the evening, but at other times she suffers from very bad pains and scarcely leaves her bed for a couple of days. But these attacks seem to pass off as they come and not to leave her visibly worse. Still she is upon the whole losing flesh and this seems to be the only constant symptom which if not arrested may turn out serious. What the nature of the complaint is I am totally ignorant of and am apt to conclude that the doctors are equally in the dark, anyhow they don't seem to agree at all about it. When Tussy wrote to you, your Mama was just suffering from one of these attacks, and I believe there was a slight misunderstanding about what the doctor said, namely that she was *then* temporarily not in a fit state to travel. The doctor himself wishes her very much to go, as he anticipates a good effect from the change.

Now about Mohr's Turkish baths, they need not frighten you, he is taking them merely for the sake of his rheumatically stiff leg which bothers him in walking. As to his cold, the present warm weather will soon reduce it to an infinitesimal quantity and a change to the seaside will finish it off—that is my opinion. I have just taken him up to Hampstead Heath, I hope the walk will do him good. Your Mama was out, so she cannot be so very bad just now.

I am glad that amidst all the *petites misères de la vie de campagne*^c you still are well pleased with house, garden and climate which after all

^a Jenny Marx - ^b Donkin - ^c petty inconveniences of country life

are the main thing, to the rest you will either gradually find remedies or — get used to them. My especial envy is directed of course to the wine cellar and the cellars generally for which we may sigh in vain here in London.

You must indeed have risen tremendously in the eyes of old Collett since you and Longuet have got Clemenceau round to the only 'correct' view about Tunis.¹⁴⁹ I can very well imagine the old man's enthusiasm at seeing the truly orthodox policy preached in a large Paris daily. Fancy the old buffer, who all his life has defended the power of the *Crown*, now talking of a saviour of the *Republic*.

We are going on here much in the usual way, excepting that we have Mrs Pauli here who brings her eldest step-daughter to Manchester where she is going to stay some time with an old friend of Pauli's. She is not quite so stout as she was but quite as lively. Last Sunday by a godsend we got some *waldmeister*,^a and with the help of a dozen of Moselle we brewed three bowls of *Maitrank*^b which were duly emptied by a — rather numerous — company. There were fourteen of us, and they were very jolly. Lenchen was there also and told me this morning it had not very well agreed with her: 'she never had such a *Katzenjammer*^c in her life' (please don't let it out!). Mrs Pauli is very sorry she cannot see you here this time and wishes to be most kindly remembered to you.

Hartmann called yesterday with the news that he is off to America, it is a good thing for him, he could never settle down here properly until he got work for a short time in Siemens' electric factory in Woolwich but that is at an end now too. He talks of coming back in a few months.

Pumps is going on as usual, suffers now and then from headaches, my only complaint is an increasing left-ear deafness, I hope the summer may cure it.

Kind regards to you and Longuet. Pumps sends her love and I join her in it.

Yours affectionately,
F. Engels

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^a woodruff, Lat. *Asperula odorata* - ^b wine flavoured with sweet woodruff - ^c hangover

56

MARX TO JOHN SWINTON

IN NEW YORK

London, 2 June 1881
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

Dear Mr Swinton,

I need hardly recommend you the bearer of these lines, my excellent friend, Mr Hartmann. I send you through him a photogram of mine; it is rather bad, but the only one left to me.

As to the book of Mr Henry George,^a I consider it as a last attempt—to save the capitalistic regime. Of course, this is not the meaning of the author, but the older disciples of Ricardo—the radical ones—fancied already that by the public appropriation of the rent of land everything would be righted. I have referred to this doctrine in the *Misère de la Philosophie* (published in 1847 against Proudhon).^b

Mrs Marx sends you her best compliments. Unfortunately her illness assumes more and more a fatal character.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

Karl Marx

The 'Viereck' was so stultified at his arrival in the US that he confounded my friend Engels with myself and transformed my compliments to you in those of Engels; he did the same with regard to another American friend of mine^c by whose letter I was informed of the *quid pro quo*.

First published in *A Souvenir from Jimmie Higgins Book Shop*, New York, 1923

Reproduced from the original

^a H. George, *Progress and Poverty: an inquiry into the cause of industrial depressions and of increase of want with increase of wealth. The Remedy*, New York, 1880.-^b See present edition, Vol. 6, p. 203.-^c G. J. Harney

57

MARX TO FRIEDRICH ADOLPH SORGE ¹⁵⁰

IN HOBOKEN

London, 2 June 1881

Dear Sorge,

I recommend to you most heartily the bearer of this card, my friend Hartmann.

First published in *The New-York Herald*,
No. 16455, 10 September 1881

Reproduced from the newspaper

58

ENGELS TO FRIEDRICH ADOLPH SORGE

IN HOBOKEN

London, 2 June 1881

My dear Sorge,

In the person of the bearer I introduce to you our friend Leo Hartmann, of Moscow celebrity. To recommend him specially to your attention could be superfluous. If during his stay in America you can in any way be of service to him you will by that render a service to the common cause and a personal favor to Marx and myself.

Yours truly,
Fr. Engels

First published in *The New-York Herald*,
No. 16455, 10 September 1881

Reproduced from the newspaper

59

MARX TO JENNY LONGUET

IN ARGENTEUIL

[London,] 6 June 1881

My dearest Don Quixote,

I am really wrong to have not written before this, but you know my good intentions and weak doings in this line. There passes, however, no day, when my thoughts are not with you and the lovely children.^a

As to my health you need not trouble you[rself]; I had a nasty cold, almost as sempiternal as was the *Stockschnupfen*^b of Seguin *selig*^c—but it is now rapidly passing away.

As to Möhmchen, you are aware that there is no cure of the illness she suffers from, and she gets indeed weaker. Fortunately the pains are not such as they mostly are in such cases, the best proof of which is that she attends still several times during the week at London theatres. She keeps in fact wonderfully up, but travelling to Paris is quite out of the question. I consider it a most happy event that Lina Schoeller surprised us yesterday and is to stay about a month.

Has Johnny got Reineke or rather Renard the Fox^d I sent him? and has the poor fellow somebody to read it for him?

To-day (Bank Holiday)¹⁵¹ and yesterday infernal rainy and cold weather, one of the bad tricks the celestial father has always in store for his London plebeian cattle and sheep. Yesterday he spoiled by the rain the Hyde Park Demonstration of Parnell's.¹⁵²

Hartmann has on Friday last left for New York and I am glad that he is out of harm's way. But foolishly, a few days before his departure, he *asked the hand of Pumps from Engels*—and this by writing, telling him at the same time that he believed he committed no mistake in doing so, *alias*, he (Hartmann) believed in his (Hartmann's) acceptance on the part of Pumps—the which girl had indeed rather hardly flirted with him, but only to stir Kautsky. I learn now from Tussy that the same Hartmann had offered himself to her before her voyage to Jersey. But the present case is the worse as the distinguished

^a Jean, Henri, Edgar and Marcel-^b chronic cold in the nose-^c the late-^d J. W. v. Goethe, *Reineke Fuchs*.

Perovskaya, the victim of the Russian movement, had lived with Hartmann in 'free' marriage. And she has hardly died on the gallows.¹⁵³ From Perovskaya to Pumps—rather too bad this, and Mama is quite disgusted with it and the whole male sex!

Longuet's article on Ireland was good. We all thought there had something happened seeing that for some time he seemed more and more to disappear from the columns of the *Justice*. Have you seen or heard anything of the illustrious Hirsch? He sent me today two New York papers.

There is only one news worth reporting. A Yankee^a is said to have invented a coal-cutting machine which would do away with the greatest part of the present labour of the colliers—viz. the 'hewing' of coal in the coal-measures and mines, leaving to the miners only the task of *breaking* the cut of coal and loading it into trucks. If this invention prove successful—as there is every reason to believe—it will give an immense stir in Yankeeland and do great damage to John Bull's industrial supremacy.

Mama also asks me to tell you that the pretext for Lina's [Schoe-ler] presence is the wedding of Lisa Green, daughter of the^b successful admirer of Martin Tupper.

Laura does everything to amuse and cheer Möhmchen.

Helen^c sends you her love.

And now kiss many many times for me Johnny, Harra and the noble Wolf^d. As to the 'great unknown' one,^e I dare not make so free with him.

How is your asthma? Does it still cling to you? I hardly understand how you manage to get breathing time with 4 children and only nominal servants.

Farewell, my dear child,

Old Nick

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^a Jeffrey - ^b This part of the sentence is in German in the original. - ^c Demuth - ^d Edgar Longuet - ^e Marcel Longuet

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ENGELS TO JENNY LONGUET

IN ARGENTEUIL

London, 17 June 1881
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

My dear Jenny,

I hasten to reply to your letter of the 15th received this morning only. When I wrote to you last, ^a the doctor ^b *insisted* upon your Mama going to Paris and it was herself who resisted, saying she did not feel strong enough for the journey. A few days later the doctor found that she had indeed become so much weaker that he could no longer advise her to go to Paris. She is indeed getting extremely thin and emaciated and complained to me today a great deal about increasing weakness, especially when dressing, she has begun to stay the greater part of the day in bed and the doctor made her get up and go out for a walk while I was there. He has now told Mohr that the best thing to do is for *both of them* to go to Eastbourne, and that at once. We tried to persuade her, but of course she offered all kinds of resistance: now she ought to go to Paris if anywhere, and so forth, so we told her that a fortnight's stay at Eastbourne would perhaps restore her forces sufficiently to enable her to go to Paris afterwards, etc., etc. I left them at it, and you will probably hear the result in a day or two from Tussy who said she would write to you soon.

Whatever the nature of the complaint may be, this constant and increasing loss of flesh and strength seems a very serious feature, especially as it does not seem to come to a stop — most of the doctors said that this was not in itself a dangerous symptom unless it went beyond a certain point; that they had known cases where the weakening all of a sudden had been arrested and strength recovered. I hope the seaside will have that effect, if we only had her there already.

To Mohr the change will be equally favourable, he wants a bit of bracing up too, his cough is not so bad at nights and he sleeps better, that is one thing.

^a See this volume, pp. 91-92. - ^b Donkin

A very great piece of good luck has been the arrival of Lina Schoeler who is now staying at your house, as lively and good-natured as ever, and a good deal more deaf. Her presence cheers your Mama up a good deal, I hope she will stay for some time.

Sam Moore has passed his final examination as Barrister successfully last week.

I hear from Tussy that you have got a fresh servant and that she seems to suit you, so your household troubles bid fair to diminish too.

I close this letter so as to send it by early mail in the morning, hoping thus it may reach you to-morrow night. Miss Parnell's letter I shall return in a few days. Kind regards to Longuet and Johnny from yours affectionately

F. Engels

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61

MARX TO FRIEDRICH ADOLPH SORGE¹⁵⁴

IN HOBOKEN

[London,] 20 June 1881

Dear Sorge,

Today I had broken off some other work I was doing, meaning to embark at long last on a lengthy letter to you and now, as ill luck would have it, I've had one visitor after another and thus hardly have time enough left to drop you a few lines before the post goes. Hence a *brief* survey.

Your son^a pleases everyone he meets here. Since I have been suffering continuously for 6 months and more from a cough, cold, sore throat and rheumatism, which only seldom permit me to go out and keep me out of society, he and I have an hour or so of private conver-

^a Adolph Sorge

sation ABOUT ONCE A WEEK and I find that he has, *au fond*,^a absorbed rather more of our views than would appear. He is an altogether capable, decent lad with, moreover, cultivated manners and a pleasant temperament. He is, besides, and that is all-important, FULL OF ENERGY.

My last visitors, only just gone, were Viereck and his newly married wife, also née Viereck.^b I had not seen the gentleman since he came back from America.¹¹⁹ A few days ago he sent Kautsky to see me with sundry scraps of paper for me to *sign* (one written by Liebknecht and also signed by him in his own and Bebel's names). All of them related to certain agreements respecting the Lingenau legacy⁴⁵ negotiated by Viereck with the '*New Yorker Volkszeitung*' *et cie*. I *refused to sign* since, in this matter, I am obliged, as I explained, to deal only with our chief executor, Sorge. At the same time I gave Viereck to understand that, in my view, the first thing to be done was to pay you the 120 dollars for the lawyer in St Louis out of what still remained of the American fund in New York. Viereck now tells me today that — upon my accepting responsibility vis-à-vis the Leipzigers — he at once sent off instructions to that effect to New York. He arrived IN THE NICK OF TIME, for otherwise a *formal protest* would have gone off from me to Leipzig tomorrow, a protest against the *modus operandi*^c of the Leipzig party leaders who had hitherto conducted themselves in this matter as if the decision rested *solely with them*.

Now, *post festum*,^d Viereck has mentioned your claim in respect of an advance of 80 dollars. I told him that, after the court decision, should this be unfavourable, we, the executors, would indemnify you, as we damned well ought.

Before getting your copy of Henry George,^e I had already had 2 others, one from Swinton and one from Willard Brown. I therefore gave one to Engels and one to Lafargue. Today I shall have to confine myself to a very brief assessment of the book. Theoretically, the man is totally *arrière*.^f He has understood nothing of the nature of *surplus value* and hence, after the English pattern, but lagging far behind the English, he loses himself in speculations about those portions of surplus value that have become independent — about the relations between profit, rent, interest, etc. His basic tenet is that *everything* would be *in order* were rent to be paid to the State. (You will also find payment of this kind among the transitional measures in the *Commu-*

^a basically - ^b Laura Viereck - ^c way of going about things - ^d after the event - ^e See this volume, p. 93. - ^f stick-in-the-mud

nist *Manifesto*.^a) This view owes its origin to the bourgeois economists; it was first advanced (if we disregard a similar postulate in the late 18th century) by the earliest *radical* disciples of Ricardo immediately after the latter's death. In 1847, in my anti-Proudhon book, I commented on it thus: '*Nous concevons que des économistes, tels que Mill*' (senior, not his son John Stuart who repeats the same thing in somewhat modified form), '*Cherbuliez, Hilditch et autres, ont demandé que la rente soit attribuée à l'État pour servir à l'acquittement des impôts. C'est la franche expression de la haine que le capitaliste industriel voue au propriétaire foncier, qui lui paraît une inutilité, une superfétation, dans l'ensemble de la production bourgeoise.*'^b

As already mentioned, we ourselves adopted the appropriation of rent by the State amongst many other *transitional measures* which, as is likewise indicated in the *Manifesto*, are and cannot but be contradictory in themselves.

But making a *socialist PANACEA* of this desideratum of the English *radical* bourgeois economists, declaring this procedure to be a solution of the antagonisms inherent in today's mode of production — this was the prerogative of *Colins*, a native of Belgium and an old, retired officer of Napoleon's Hussars who, in the latter days of Guizot and the early ones of *Napoleon le petit*,¹⁵⁵ sent out into the world from Paris bulky volumes on the subject of this, his 'discovery',^c likewise making the further discovery that, while there is indeed no God, there is an 'immortal' human soul, and that animals have 'no sensitivity'. For had they any sensitivity, i. e. soul, we would be cannibals and a kingdom of righteousness could never be set up on this earth. His 'anti-landed property theory', along with his soul, etc., theory, has for years been advocated month after month in the Paris journal *Philosophie de l'Avenir* by his few remaining disciples, mostly Belgians. They call themselves '*collectivistes rationnels*' and have applauded Henry George.

In the same vein as them, and at much the same time, one Samter, amongst others, a shallow-pated Prussian banker and lottery collec-

^a See present edition, Vol. 6, p. 505. - ^b 'We understand such economists as Mill, Cherbuliez, Hilditch and others demanding that rent should be handed over to the State to serve in place of taxes. That is the frank expression of the hatred the *industrial capitalist* bears towards the *landed proprietor*, who seems to him a useless thing, an excrescence upon the general body of bourgeois production.' See K. Marx, *The Poverty of Philosophy*, present edition, Vol. 6, p. 203. - ^c J. G. Colins, *L'économie politique. Source des révolutions et des utopies prétendues socialistes*, vols I-III, Paris, 1856-57.

tor from East Prussia, distended this 'socialism' to fill a hefty tome.^a

All these 'socialists' since Colins have this in common — they allow *wage labour* and hence also *capitalist production* to subsist, while endeavouring to delude themselves and the world into believing that the transformation of rent into taxation paid to the State must bring about the automatic disappearance of *all the abuses* of capitalist production. So the whole thing is merely an attempt, tricked out with socialism, to *save the capitalist régime* and, indeed, to *re-establish it on an even broader basis* than at present.

Again, this cloven hoof, which is at the same time an ass's hoof, is unmistakably in evidence in the declamations of Henry George. It is all the more inexcusable in his case in that he ought, on the contrary, to have asked himself the question: How comes it that in the UNITED STATES, where the land was relatively — i. e. by comparison with civilised Europe — accessible to the great mass of the people and TO A CERTAIN DEGREE (again relative) still is, the capitalist economy and the corresponding enslavement of the working class have developed more *rapidly* and *brazenly* than in any other country?

On the other hand, George's book, like the sensation it created in your midst, is significant in being a first, if unsuccessful, attempt at emancipation from orthodox political economy.

H. George, by the by, seems to know nothing of the history of the earlier *American ANTI-RENTERS*¹⁵⁶ who were men of practice rather than theory. In other respects he is a talented writer (talented, too, in the matter of boosting the YANKEES), as is shown by, e. g., his article on California in the *Atlantic*.¹⁵⁷ He also has the revolting presumptuousness and arrogance that is the unmistakable hallmark of all such PANACEA-mongers.

Between ourselves, my wife's illness is, alas, incurable. In a few days' time I shall be taking her to the SEASIDE at Eastbourne.

Salut fraternel.^b

Your
K. Marx

First published abridged in *Die Neue Zeit*, Bd. 2, Nr. 33, 1891-92 and in full in the book *Briefe und Auszüge aus Briefen von Joh. Phil. Becker, Jos. Dietzgen, Friedrich Engels, Karl Marx u. A. an F. A. Sorge und Andere*, Stuttgart, 1906

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Published in English in full for the first time

^a A. Samter, *Social-Lehre. Ueber die Befriedigung der Bedürfnisse in der menschlichen Gesellschaft*, Leipzig, 1875. -^b Fraternal greetings.

62

MARX TO HENRY MAYERS HYNDMAN

IN LONDON

[Draft]

Eastbourne, Sussex, 2 July 1881
43 Terminus Road

My dear Sir,

The state of Mrs Marx's health which becomes daily more critical and demands my continual attendance upon her, will account for my belated reply to your letter d. d. June 5.

I confess to some astonishment at the discovery that, during your stay at London, you should have so closely kept the secret of your plan, then matured and executed, to publish, with certain modifications, the rejected article of *The Nineteenth Century* as chapters II and III of *England for All*, that is to say of your *comments on the Federation's Foundation Program*.¹⁵⁸

In your letter which does not at all refer to the surprise thus kept in store for me, you say:

'If you think I ought to acknowledge your book by your name, etc.'

That question, it seems to me, ought to have preceded your publication instead of coming behind it.

You favour me with two reasons for freely using the *Capital*, a work not yet Englished, without mentioning the book itself or its author.

One reason is, that 'many (Englishmen) have an horror of Socialism and that name'. Was it with a view to assuage this 'horror' that you evoked [on] p. 86 '*the demon of Socialism*'?

Your second and last reason is, that '*the Englishmen have a dread of being taught by a foreigner*'!

I have not found it so during the times of the 'International', nor of Chartism.¹⁵⁹ But let that pass. If this dread of 'the' Englishmen frightened you, why tell them in the preface p. VI that the 'ideas' etc. of chapters II and III, whatever else they may be, bear at all events the stigma of being no home-make? The Englishmen you have to deal

with can hardly be so dense as to fancy that the above-said passage points to an—*English* author.

Apart, however, from your rather humorous reasons, I am decidedly of opinion that to have named the *Capital* and its author, would have been a big blunder. Party programs ought to keep free of any apparent dependence upon individual authors or books. But allow me to add that they are also no proper place for new scientific developments, such as those borrowed by you from the *Capital*, and that the latter are altogether out of place in a commentary on a Program with whose professed aims they are not at all connected. Their introduction might have had some fitness in the *Exposé* of a Program for the foundation of a distinct and independent Working Class Party.

You are good enough to inform me that your brochure ‘though marked “price half-a crown” is not published’, but ‘merely’ to be ‘distributed to members of the Democratic Federation, etc.’ I am quite sure that this was your intention, but I know that it is not opinion of your printer. A friend of mine saw your brochure in my study, wanted it, copied its title and place of printing, ordered it through his booksellers Williams and Norgate on the 13th of June and got it by them with their account note d. d. 14th June.

And this brings me to the only point of practical import. In case the public press should pounce upon your brochure, I might be obliged to speak, considering that chapters II and III consist in part of passages simply translated from the *Capital*, but separated by no marks of quotation from a remainder, much of which is not exact or even implies misunderstandings.

I have written with that full frankness which I consider the first condition of friendly intercourse.

Best compliments of Mrs Marx and myself to Mrs Hyndman.

Yours very truly,

K. M.

First published, in the language of the original (English), in *Annali*, an. III, Milano, 1960

Reproduced from the original

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ENGELS TO MARX

IN EASTBOURNE ¹⁶⁰

[London,] 7 July 1881
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Dear Moor,

In my last letter I quite forgot to mention money; owing to Schorlemmer's presence I have been somewhat restricted in my movements. You can now have £100 à £120, and it's simply a question of whether you want it all at one go and how much is to be sent there and how much is for here. When you get this letter, make up your mind *straight away* so that I get your answer by *tomorrow*. For Schorlemmer and Pumps are going to the theatre tomorrow evening, while I shall remain at home. I can then at once make out a CHEQUE in favour of Lenchen and take it to her. You or your wife can of course decide what is to be done with the money.

Tussy and Dolly Maitland acted very well; the girl showed a great deal of SELF POSSESSION and looked quite charming on the stage. Tussy was very good in the emotional scenes, though it was somewhat apparent that she had taken Ellen Terry for her model, as Radford had Irving, but she'll soon wean herself from that; if she really wants to make her mark in public she must unquestionably STRIKE OUT A LINE OF HER OWN, and she'll do that all right.

I hear that the sea air has not yet had the desired effect on your wife; that often happens in the early days; it may, and I trust will, come later.

Pumps is going to Manchester with Schorlemmer on Monday ^a to bring back little Lydia; I hear you have written to Tussy asking her to join you. I may perhaps come later when Pumps is back. We shall probably be going to Bridlington Quay ¹⁶¹ shortly and then to Jersey with Schorlemmer when he returns from Germany; at any rate that's what we've planned to date.

Best wishes from us all to your wife and yourself.

Your
F. E.

First published in *Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx*, Bd. 4, Stuttgart, 1913

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^a 11 July

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ENGELS TO NORRIS A. CLOWES
IN NEW YORK

[Draft]

London, 22 July 1881
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Norris A. Clowes Esq. ¹⁶²

Dear Sir,

I am sorry my time will not allow me to write to you the statement you desire.^a However, if you wish to make yourself acquainted with the present state of the Labour Movement in Great Britain, you will find the necessary information in the weekly *Labour Standard* published at 2 Whitefriars St. of which twelve numbers have up to now been issued. Most of the non-signed leaders are written by me. ¹⁶³

If you wish to enter into communication with Mr Most, you had better write to the Editor of the *Freiheit*,^b 252 Tottenham Court Road, W., London, who will be able to tell you whether such communication will be possible under present circumstances.

I shall be glad to see you in case you should come to London.

I remain

Yours very truly,
F. E.

First published in: Marx and Engels,
Works, First Russian Edition, Vol. XXVII,
Moscow, 1935

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time

^a In the manuscript the following passage is crossed out here: 'as it would require entering into the history of the British working class and its action since at least 1824, if not since the industrial revolution caused by steam, and to that my time will not allow'.^b Karl Schneidt

65

MARX TO JENNY LONGUET
IN ARGENTEUIL

[London,] 22 July 1881

*My dear Jenny,

The doctor^a has just left Mama, and we shall start on Tuesday or Wednesday next. You will be informed by telegram of the exact day.

Please *write at once*, because Mama will not get away from London before you have written her which things from London may be required by you. You know she is fond of that sort of commission-business.*

I enclose £5, since you will have to pay cash for the hire of bed-linen etc.; the remainder will be paid when I arrive. Only on these terms will I agree to the arrangement you have suggested.

As *to the story Hirsch has told you with respect to Lafargue, it is a mere *lie*. Lafargue, as I was sure from the beginning, has never written anything of the sort to his Paris correspondents.

Adio, dear child, with 1000nd kisses to the children

Old Nick*

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Published in English for the first time

^a Donkin

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MARX TO ENGELS ⁷²

IN LONDON

Argenteuil ¹⁶⁴, 27 July 1881
11 Boulevard Thiers

Dear Engels,

I can't write at any greater length today as I have a mass of letters to get off and on this, our first day, the little ones ^a have rightly laid claim to me.

The journey from London to Dover went off as well as could be expected, i. e. my wife, who was most unwell when we set out from Maitland Park, did not notice any change for the worse as a result of the journey. On the boat she at once went to the ladies' cabin where she found an excellent sofa to lie on. The sea was quite calm and the weather couldn't have been finer. She landed in Calais in better shape than when she had left London and decided to carry on. The only stations where our TICKETS allowed us to break the journey to Paris were Calais and Amiens. She thought the latter place (ABOUT 2 HOURS' journey from Paris) too close to stop at. Between Amiens and Creil she felt diarrhoea coming on, and the griping pains also grew more violent. At Creil the train stopped for only 3 minutes, but she had just enough time to do what was necessary. In Paris, where we arrived at 7.30 in the evening, we were met at the station by Longuet. However the direct train from this station to Argenteuil left too late for us to wait for it. So, after the *douaniers* ^b had examined our trunks, by CAB to St Lazare station and from there, after waiting some while, by RAILWAY to our destination which we did not reach, however, until ABOUT 10 O'CLOCK. She was in very poor shape, but this morning (at any rate now, ABOUT 10 O'CLOCK) feels better than she used to do in London at a similar hour. At all events, the return journey will be made in much easier stages.

Longuet is introducing me to his doctor ^c today, so that we can act immediately in the event of the diarrhoea recurring.

^a Marx's grandsons: Jean, Henri, Edgar and Marcel Longuet - ^b customs officers - ^c Dourlen

We found everyone well here, except that Johnny and Harry had slight colds as a result of the change of temperature (all the children, especially Johnny, had been affected by the days of extreme heat). As a *summer residence* the house is first-class, must obviously have once served as such for a *richard*.^a

WITH BEST COMPLIMENTS TO Pumps.

Your
Moor

It would seem that Tussy has written to her correspondent over there^b telling him of my arrival and hence, or so Longuet tells me, this is already an open secret. The 'anarchists', he says, will impute to me the malicious intention of swinging the vote.¹⁶⁵ Clemenceau told him that I had absolutely nothing to fear from the police.

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67

ENGELS TO MARX

IN ARGENTEUIL

Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire
29 July 1881
1 Sea View

Dear Moor,

I got your letter^c yesterday morning before we left¹⁶¹ and was very glad to hear that you did, after all, have a reasonably good journey. But you are right in proposing to break the return journey; it's far too risky, letting such an invalid remain on the go for 12 hours.

^a very rich man - ^b Carl Hirsch - ^c See previous letter.

I only hope that the change of air and scene doesn't fail to produce the desired effect.

We left at 10.30 and arrived here at 5.5, minus my trunk, which had gone astray, but turned up before evening. After perhaps a quarter of an hour's search we found lodgings that were first-rate and not too dear (2 doors away from last year's, but a great improvement in every way). We had some rain yesterday, but today it seems to be slowly clearing up. The day before yesterday, by way of insuring myself against rainy weather such as we have again become familiar with lately in London, I went to fetch the Skaldin and the first two volumes of Maurer's *Fronhöfe*^a from Tussy.

Our present plan is to remain here for 3 weeks or, perhaps, 4, depending on the weather and other circumstances. I have got some CHEQUES with me, so if you need anything, don't hesitate to let me know roughly how much you want. Your wife must not and shall not want for anything; if there's something she would like to have or something you know would give her pleasure, then have it she must.

Tussy dropped in to see us the day before yesterday, so I accompanied her home to fetch the books and drink the inevitable glass of Pilsener with her. Here one can pretty well do without German beer, for the BITTER ALE in the little café on the pier is excellent, and has a head on it like German beer.

Write again soon and tell me how things are.

Warm regards from all of us to your wife and Jenny. Pumps sends her special love to Johnny, as do I. Our regards, too, to Longuet.

Your
F. E.

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^a [Skaldin] Скалдинъ, *Въ заходусты и въ столицу*, Санкт-Петербургъ, 1870 and G. L. Maurer, *Geschichte der Fronhöfe, der Bauernhöfe und der Hofverfassung in Deutschland*, vols I-II, Erlangen, 1862.

68

MARX TO ENGELS¹⁶⁶

AT BRIDLINGTON QUAY

Argenteuil, 3 August 1881
11 Boulevard Thiers

DEAR FRED,

Drawing so heavily on your EXCHEQUER is a great embarrassment to me, but the anarchy which has wrought havoc with the housekeeping over the past 2 years and given rise to all sorts of arrears has been oppressing me for some considerable time. On the 15th of this month I have £30 to pay in London, and this has been a weight on my mind since the day we left.

When we shall return is far from clear. Every day we experience the same ups and downs here as we did in Eastbourne,¹⁶⁰ only with the difference—as for instance yesterday—that there are sudden and frightful bouts of pain. Our Dr Dourlen, who is an excellent doctor and fortunately lives quite close by, immediately intervened and used one of the powerful opiates which Donkin had been deliberately keeping up his sleeve. After that she^a had a good night and today feels so well that she got up for once as early as 11 o'clock and is finding distraction in the company of Jenny and the children.^b (The diarrhoea was STOPPED on the 2nd day after our arrival. From the start Dourlen had said that if it was merely an ACCIDENT, it didn't matter; but it might also be a symptom of an actual intestinal infection. Fortunately this was not the case, therefore.)

The temporary 'improvements' do not, of course, inhibit the natural course of the disease, but they delude my wife and fortify Jenny—despite my objurgations—in the belief that our stay in Argenteuil should last as long as possible. I know better how things stand, and my anxiety is all the greater for that. Last night, IN FACT, was the first occasion on which I had anything like a decent sleep. My thoughts, they are so dull and dead as turned a mill-wheel in my head.^c And this is why I have so far remained exclusively in Argenteuil, neither

^a Mrs Marx - ^b Jenny Longuet and her sons Jean, Henri, Edgar and Marcel - ^c A paraphrase from Goethe's *Faust* (Der Tragödie Erster Teil, 'Studierzimmer').

visiting Paris nor writing so much as a line to anybody there encouraging them to come and visit me. Longuet has already heard Hirsch,^a in the office of *La Justice*, express legitimate surprise at this 'abstention'.

And, INTO THE BARGAIN, a Kotzebue-like drama has been played out here during the past 5 days.

Jenny had, for COOK, A VERY LIVELY YOUNG GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY with whom she was satisfied in every respect, since she also behaved most amiably towards the children. Her only testimonial from her last MISTRESS, wife of Dr Reynaud (another Argenteuil doctor), was a 'negative' one to the effect that she had quitted her service *voluntarily*. Old MOTHER Longuet who, so far as she is able, exercises a dictatorship over Jenny, was by no means satisfied with this, nor could she think of anything better to do than to go and write, off her own bat, to Madame Reynaud.

Madame Reynaud is a pretty coquette and her husband a dissolute jackass; hence things happen in this couple's house that are much gossiped about in Argenteuil. *They didn't know that their former maid had again taken service in the same locality*, and with none other than Mr Longuet, an intimate friend of Dr Dourlen's whose wife was an intimate enemy of Madame Reynaud's! THIS WAS TO BE LOOKED AFTER.

So one fine morning along comes Madame Reynaud — not, hitherto, personally acquainted with Jennychen —, tells the latter that the girl had had improper affairs with men (*et Madame?*) and, what is worse, is a thief having, *dans l'espèce*,^b stolen a gold ring of hers; she assures Jenny that she means to settle the matter *en famille*,^c without appealing to the 'autorités' etc. Well and good, Jennychen SUMMONS THE GIRL, Madame Reynaud chats with and AT THE SAME TIME threatens her, the girl confesses, returns the ring — *whereat* Dr Reynaud denounces the unfortunate creature to the *juge de paix*.^d U^PSHOT: yesterday she was brought before the *juge d'instruction*^e at Versailles. As you know, the *Code*,¹⁶⁷ being a relic of Roman Law whereby *familia = servi*,^f refers to Assizes petty crimes which would ordinarily come before a police court.

In the meantime Jenny had made every imaginable representation to the *juge de paix*, an excellent man, but the matter had ceased to rest

^a Carl Hirsch - ^b Here: in this particular case. - ^c Here: in private. - ^d police court magistrate - ^e examining magistrate - ^f slaves

with him the moment he had been officially notified of it. Nevertheless, Jenny's statements, which he wrote down, and *la Reynaud's* extra-judicial procedure, which she also placed on record, will be of some benefit to the girl.

Jenny's defence of the girl surprised the *juge de paix*, but he took it all in a very light vein. *Mais vous ne voulez pas défendre le vol?* he asked her.—*Mais non, Monsieur, commencez par arrêter tous les grands voleurs d'Argenteuil, et de Paris par dessus le marché!*^a

The immediate upshot is that she has no cook. The stupid girl from London—sister of our one-time Carry—is GOOD FOR NOTHING IN THAT LINE and in any case has her hands full with the 4 children.

Apropos. Nordau—who is taking Hirsch's place on the *Vossische Zeitung*—was awarded a French order! Whereupon Hirsch denounced him to *La Justice*! The latter attacked the government for decorating such a traducer of France (he is a German-Hungarian Jew who attacked Tissot on Bismarck's behalf in his *le vrai pays des milliards*¹⁶⁸), likewise Bleichröder who wished to encumber *la belle France* with indemnities of 10 rather than 5 milliards.¹⁶⁹

That jackass Nordau, presently in Paris, replied to *La Justice*, in a letter in which he made himself out to be the CHAMPION of France. Whereupon he was unmasked in *La Justice* and, the day after, in *La République française*.

Salut.

Your
Moor

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^a You're not proposing to stand up for theft?—No, monsieur, but start off by arresting all the big thieves of Argenteuil, not to mention those of Paris.

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ENGELS TO MARX

IN ARGENTEUIL

Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire
6 August 1881
1 Sea View

Dear Moor,

Your letter arrived on the evening of the day before yesterday, to all intents open, thanks to the envelope. A trip to Flamborough Head had been arranged for yesterday, so I haven't got round to replying to you until today.

As regards the paltry £30, don't let it give you any grey hairs. Unless I hear to the contrary I shall send off *in plenty of time* a CHEQUE for that amount to Tussy whom you will be instructing. Should you need *more*, however, let me know and I shall make the CHEQUE larger. For I only brought a few CHEQUE forms with me and have to be economical with them.

Very many thanks for the news of the patient.^a If I were you, I would stick as closely as possible to the period laid down by Donkin; I'm sure the local doctor^b will also back you up there. Should the bouts of pain grow more frequent, they might well occur while you were en route and that could land you in a very serious predicament.

The business with the maid is at any rate funnier for us than for poor Jennychen. How fortunate that she should at least have Lenchen there just now. It is impossible to know which of the two French *bourgeoises* is the more admirable, old Mother Longuet who, on the pretext of finding Jennychen virtuous maids, sees to it that she is perpetually maidless, or the good doctor's wife^c who gives her word (without which she would never have got her ring back) only to break it in the interests of public morality as soon as the ring is returned to her.

Up here everything follows its usual somewhat dreary SEASIDE course, except that I've unfortunately had to give up bathing, as it

^a Mrs Marx - ^b Dourlen - ^c Madame Reynaud

was making me deafer and deafer. I find this most disagreeable, but there's nothing else for it if I'm not prematurely to go about Allsop-fashion. I am writing to Laura today, inviting her to spend some time here; she can then so arrange things that she will be back in London at the time of your return, or at any rate shortly afterwards.¹⁷⁰

Enclosed a letter from Gumpert which will surprise you. I need hardly say that the person concerned is the sister, resident in Manchester, of Berta Böcker of London.^a

The award of an order to Nordau is really incomprehensible. It was only a short while ago that I saw his vile book, *Aus dem wahren Milliardenlande*, reviewed with the utmost satisfaction in the *Kölnische Zeitung*.^b But it agrees in one respect with Bleichröder as also with Nordau's conclusions, namely that there is still a remarkable amount to be got out of the country. Of this the starving Prussian Junkers will take mental note.

My ink is running out; there is still just enough left for Laura, so I shall close, with warm regards to you all from

Your
F. E.

You're quite right not to bother about Paris any more than you think fit, whatever Hirsch and all the rest may say.

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^a See this volume, p. 117. - ^b 'Aus dem wahren Milliardenlande', *Kölnische Zeitung*, No. 189, 10 July 1881.

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MARX TO CARL HIRSCH

IN PARIS

Argenteuil, 6 August^a 1881
11 Boulevard Thiers

Dear Hirsch,

I have been here for nearly a fortnight¹⁶⁴; haven't visited Paris or any of my acquaintances. My wife's condition has permitted neither the one nor the other.

Because of her growing weakness, it is possible that I shall have to leave much earlier than I originally planned and I therefore intend (if NO ACCIDENT INTERFERES) to come to Paris TOMORROW MORNING with Lenchen and Johnny. I shall take a cab to your house and, if your time permits, count on your accompanying us.¹⁷¹

Regards to Kaub.

Your
K. Marx

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MARX TO ENGELS

AT BRIDLINGTON QUAY

[Argenteuil,] 9 August 1881

DEAR FRED,

Have just received your letter. I am registering this one; Longuet says that, while there can be no question of Stieberian tampering

^a July in the ms.

with letters, registered ones, especially at little places like Argenteuil, are handled with greater despatch.

On Saturday^a we took my wife to Paris; she watched it go by from an open carriage, which pleased her much (on myself it made the impression of a *foire perpétuelle*^b). A few pauses, of course, and SITTING DOWN BEFORE cafés. On the way back she felt momentarily sick, but wants to go there again.

Her condition is, as usual, sometimes too much to bear, sometimes better for hours on end. She grows steadily thinner and at the same time weaker. Yesterday there was slight cutaneous bleeding which the doctor^c considers a symptom of debility. I told him we must seriously consider going home; he said we could wait a day or two before finally deciding. She herself, after I had spoken to her about leaving at the end of this week, played a trick on me by sending out a mass of washing which will *not be returned until the beginning of next week*. At all events I shall let you know by telegraph when we are leaving (should there not be time SIMPLY to notify you beforehand by letter). Oddly enough, though I get damned little rest at night and my days are racked with worry, everyone tells me how well I look — as is, indeed, the case.

Jennychen's asthma is bad, the house being a very draughty one. The child is heroic, as always.

On Sunday I was to show Helen^d round Paris. I wrote and advised Hirsch^e of it beforehand — and IN THE NICK OF TIME. He was just on the point of *leaving* for Germany (to the intense annoyance of Kaub and the chagrin of his wife). He wants to show the party leaders in Germany that there's nothing out of the way about exposing oneself to apprehension by the police. He made off yesterday.

A pleasant couple, Jaclard and his Russian wife,^f came to *déjeuner*^g here yesterday. Today we expect, for the same PERFORMANCE, Lissagaray and our doctor's wife (along with her sister).

From Jaclard we learned that he had attended an election meeting at Batignolles where the following put themselves up as candidates: *Henry Maret*, our *Dr Regnard* and — *Pyat*, who turned up — SELF-UNDERSTOOD with the permission of the police — suddenly and unexpectedly. *Pyat* was frightfully jeered at. When he mentioned the

^a 6 August - ^b perpetual fair - ^c Dourlen - ^d Helene Demuth - ^e Carl Hirsch (see previous letter). - ^f Anna Korvin-Krukovskaya - ^g luncheon

Commune there was a general cry of '*Vous l'avez lâchée!*'^a Regnard fared no better. In order to appear paradoxical and profound, the idiot opened with the declaration: '*Je suis contre la liberté!*'^b GENERAL HOWLING! His subsequent declaration that it was '*liberté des congrégations*'^c he had meant availed him nothing. The champion of anti-clericalism¹⁷² was a flop, likewise Henry Maret.

It may be that the extreme left will slightly increase its numbers, but the chief upshot of this will PROBABLY be victory for Gambetta. Things being what they are in France, the shortness of the election period will decide the issue in favour of *faiseurs*^d with numerous 'strongholds' in their possession, prospective bestowers of places in the machinery of government, and the men who control the 'exchequer', etc. The 'Grévystes'^e could have licked Gambetta if, after the latter's recent FAILURES, they had had the energy to throw his appendages, Cazot, Constans and Farre, out of the cabinet. Since they didn't, the place-hunters, speculators on the Bourse, etc., etc., are saying to themselves, 'GAMBETTA IS THE MAN!' THEY HAVE NOT DARED TO ATTACK HIM IN HIS STRONGHOLDS, YOU CANNOT RELY UPON THEM. The general onslaughts daily made upon him in the radical and reactionary press CONTRIBUTE TO ENHANCE HIM DESPITE ALL HIS TOMFOOLERIES. On top of which the peasants regard Gambetta as the *nec plus ultra*^f in possible republicanism.

At the same time as this letter, another will go off to Tussychen, telling her what to do. I shall need a little more money, since this time the journey is going to cost a lot (the doctor thinks, moreover, that a few days in Boulogne might do the patient good because of the sea air), we shall have to meet a large doctor's bill and also make some compensation to Jennychen for all the expenses we have put her to.

So Gumpert is founding a 3rd (or is it 2nd?) family? Good luck to him. It seems a sensible thing for a doctor to do. My wife has heard a number of people extolling the Böcker woman of Manchester.

Salut.

Your
Moor

^a You deserted it.-^b I am against liberty.-^c liberty of the congregation-
^d humbugs.-^e Jules Grévy's followers.-^f the last word

Beesly is making ever more of an ass of himself. Weiler ought to put a stop to the glorification of Max Hirsch in *The Labour Standard*.¹⁷³

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MARX TO LAURA LAFARGUE⁷²

IN LONDON

[Argenteuil,] 9 August 1881

Dear Laurachen,

I can only write you a line or two as the post is about to go.

Mama is in a serious condition as a result of her growing weakness. It was therefore my intention (as we shall only be able to travel by easy stages this time) to set off at all costs at the end of the week, and I informed the patient accordingly. Yesterday, however, she thwarted my plan by sending out our washing. So there can be no question of our leaving before the beginning of next week.

We may — depending on the state she is in — stop in Boulogne *for a few days*. The doctor^a thinks that (given favourable conditions) the sea air might momentarily have an invigorating effect.

Next time (but for this purpose you must write *at once* giving me your latest address) I shall send you a fuller report. Best wishes to Paul.^b

Your
OLD NICK

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^a Probably Dourlen - ^b Lafargue

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ENGELS TO GEORGE SHIPTON

IN LONDON

[Draft]

Bridlington Quay,
10 August 1881

Dear Mr Shipton,

I return the proof-sheet¹⁷⁴ altered as you wish. The first passage you seem to me to have misunderstood and the second alteration is merely formal.^a Anyhow, I do not see what good such alterations can do if asked for on Tuesday, received here on Wednesday, to arrive again in London on Thursday after the publication of the paper.^b

But there is another thing. If such *very* mild and innocent things as these begin to appear to you too strong, it must occur to me that this must be the case, in a far higher degree, with my own articles, which are generally far stronger. I must therefore take your remarks as a symptom, and conclude that it will be better for both of us if I discontinue sending you leading articles. It will be far better than going on until, upon some inevitable point, we come to an open rupture. Moreover my time will certainly not allow me to go on writing leaders regularly,¹⁶³ and on this ground alone I had come to some similar resolution to be executed, as I then thought, after the Trades Union Congress.¹⁷⁵ But the sooner I stop the better will be perhaps your position before that Congress.

There is another point: I consider you ought to have sent me before publication the copy or proof of the article on the Max Hirsch Trades Unions in Germany,^c as to the only man on your staff who knew anything of the matter and could make the necessary notes to it. Anyhow it will be impossible for me to remain on the staff of a paper which, without consulting me, lends itself to writing up these Trades Unions, comparable only to those worst English ones which allow themselves to be led by men openly sold to, or at least paid by the middle class.

^a See this volume, pp. 120-21.-^b *The Labour Standard* -^c See this volume, pp. 117-18.

I need not add that otherwise I wish every success to *The Labour Standard* and if desired shall now and then contribute occasional information from the continent.

Yours truly
F. E.

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ENGELS TO MARX

IN ARGENTEUIL

Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire
11 August 1881
1 Sea View

Dear Moor,

Your registered letter arrived yesterday evening but it, too, was open, this time *completely*. I enclose the envelope for you to see; it just wasn't stuck down.

I've this moment sent Tussy a CHEQUE for £ 50, REGISTERED. If you want all or part of the remaining £ 20 (over and above the £ 30 you spoke about) sent to Paris, Tussy can arrange things more quickly than if payment was made by a CHEQUE on London posted straight to you over there. She can easily get hold of a money order on Paris.

As regards the French elections I am entirely of your opinion. This Chamber won't continue sitting much longer anyway; once the *scrutin de liste*^a has come through, it will soon be dissolved again.

Yesterday morning I informed Mr Shipton that he wouldn't be getting any more leading articles from me.^b Kautsky had sent me an insipid thing on international factory legislation in a poor translation which I corrected and sent to Shipton.¹⁷⁴ Yesterday the proof and a letter arrived from Shipton who thought 2 of the passages 'too strong', having, what's more, misconstrued one of them; he asked me

^a Here: result of the poll.-^b See previous letter.

whether I would be prepared to tone them down. I did so and replied as follows:

1. What did he mean by submitting me the request for amendments on Tuesday^a—i. e. Wednesday up here—when my reply couldn't have reached London until Thursday, *after* the paper^b had come out.

2. If he thought *this* too strong, how much more so my own far stronger articles? Accordingly it would be better for us both if I gave up.

3. My time no longer permitted me to write a leading article regularly each week and I had already planned to inform him of this *after* the TRADE UNION CONGRESS (September).¹⁷⁵ Under the circumstances, however, it would no doubt improve his position vis-à-vis that congress were I to give up then and there.

4. He damned well ought to have shown me the Max Hirsch article *before* it was printed.¹⁷³ I couldn't remain * on the staff of a paper which lends itself to writing up these German Trade Unions, comparable only to those very worst English ones which allow themselves to be led by men sold to, or at least paid by the middle class*.^c Apart from that I wished him the best of luck, etc. He will get my letter this morning.

I didn't tell him the most vital reason of all, namely, the total ineffectiveness of my articles so far as the rest of the paper and its readers are concerned. Any effect there may be takes the form of an invisible response on the part of unavowed apostles of FREE TRADE. The paper remains the same old omnium-gatherum of probable and improbable CROTCHETS; in matters of politics it is \pm ,^d but if anything more Gladstonian. The RESPONSE, which once showed signs of awakening in one or 2 nos., has died away again. The BRITISH WORKING MAN just doesn't want to advance; he has got to be galvanised by events, the loss of industrial monopoly. *En attendant, habeat sibi.*^c

We have been here for a fortnight now, weather changeable, mostly cold and often threatening, but not very often actually wet. We shall stay at least another week, perhaps a fortnight, but certainly no longer.

Since I've been here I have been taking *The Daily News* instead of the *Standard*. It is even more stupid, if that's possible. Preaches anti-vivisectionism! Also as deficient in news as the *Standard*.

^a 9 August - ^b *The Labour Standard* - ^c See this volume, p. 119. - ^d more or less - ^e In the meantime let him do as he likes.

Hirsch^a may suffer for his pleasure jaunt. But he can't help being what he is.

Best wishes to everyone.

Your
F. E.

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ENGELS TO GEORGE SHIPTON

IN LONDON

[Draft]

Bridlington Quay,
15 August 1881

Dear Mr Shipton,

I cannot make it out, how you could so strangely misunderstand Mr Kautsky's article.¹⁷⁴ To the first passage you objected because State interference went against the grain of 'many prominent men in the Unions'. Of course it does, because they are at heart Manchester School¹⁷⁶ men and so long as their opinions of such are taken into account, no working-class paper is possible. But my addition to the passage in question must have convinced you, that the State interference here alluded to, was such, and such only, as has been in England the law of the Land for years: factories and workshops' acts,¹⁷⁷ and nothing further: things not objected to by even your 'prominent men'.

As to the second passage, Mr Kautsky says: an international regulation of the *war of competition* is as necessary as that of *open warfare*; we demand a *Geneva Convention*¹⁷⁸ for the workpeople of the world. The 'Geneva Convention' is an *agreement* entered into by the various *Governments* for the protection of wounded and ambulances in battle. What therefore Mr Kautsky demands, is a similar agreement between the various *Governments* for the protection of the workpeople not of one state only, but of all, against overwork especially of women and

^a Carl Hirsch

children. How out of that you can make an appeal to the *workpeople* of the world to *meet in a Convention of delegates at Geneva*, I am utterly at a loss to understand.^a

You will own that the occurrence of such misunderstanding on your part cannot at all encourage me to alter my resolution.^b

As to the Hirsch article,¹⁷³ I do know Mr Eccarius and only too well for a traitor to the cause and it will be utterly impossible for me to write for a paper which opens its columns to him.

Moreover, I do not see any progress. *The Labour Standard* remains the same vehicle of the most various and mutually contradictory views on all political and social questions which it was, perhaps unavoidably, on the first day of its existence, but which it ought no longer to be by this time, if there was an undercurrent among the British working class tending towards emancipation from the liberal Capitalists. Such undercurrent not being shown itself up to now, I must conclude it does not exist. If there were unmistakable signs of its existence, I might make an extra effort to assist it. But I do not think that one column a week drowned as I might say amongst the remaining multifarious opinions represented in *The Labour Standard* could do anything towards producing it.

And as I told you, I had resolved to stop writing after the Trade Unions Congress,¹⁷⁵ because of want of time; so whether I write a few articles more till then, would make no difference.

So waiting and hoping for better times, I remain

Faithfully yours,

F. E.

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^a In the manuscript the following passage is crossed out here: 'If you had understood the drift of the article, you must have at once seen that here was a measure of an immediately practical nature, so easy of execution that one of the existing governments of Europe (the Swiss Government) had been induced to take it in hand; that the proposal to equalize the hours of labour in all manufacturing countries by making factory and workshop's legislation a matter of international state agreement, was one of the greatest immediate interest to the working people. Especially to those of England who, besides the Swiss, are the best protected of all against overworking and therefore are exposed to an unfair competition on the part of Belgian, French and German workpeople whose hours of work are much longer.'^b See this volume, p. 119.

76

MARX TO ENGELS
AT BRIDLINGTON QUAY

[Argenteuil,] 16 August 1881

DEAR Engels,

We shall have to leave tomorrow, as I have received a letter from Miss Maitland^a saying that Tussy is **very ill*, will not allow Miss Maitland to attend her any longer, has called no doctor,* etc. Lenchen will possibly, indeed probably, have to accompany Mama to London; I shall have to set off at once (i. e. TO-MORROW and then carry on non-stop).

Your
K. M.

I at once wrote to Dr Donkin about Tussy; however he may no longer be in London.

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77

MARX TO PYOTR LAVROV
IN PARIS

[Argenteuil,] 16 August 1881

My dear Lavroff,

I must leave to-morrow and will therefore have no occasion to see

^a Dolly Maitland

you again for this time. But having once found my way to Paris, I shall put in my appearance from time to time.

En attendant au revoir

Tout à vous^a

K. Marx

First published, in Russian, in the magazine *Letopisi marksizma*, Book V, Moscow, 1928

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78

ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire
17 August 1881
1 Sea View

Dear Moor,

Your telegram just received. I hope your wife managed the journey all right and conclude from the above that you evidently arrived by the night boat. Drop me a line to say how things are going.

As regards our departure, we ourselves were very much in the dark. Owing to a variety of circumstances we were unable to make preparations for tomorrow when our week expires. On receiving your telegram we arranged with the LANDLADY that we should pay another half week's rent and shall now be arriving back in London on Monday^b evening if nothing crops up in the meantime. The weather: pretty well continuously overcast, threatening and cold; since yesterday it has been decidedly wet and in conditions like that Bridlington Quay becomes a downright bore.

^a Meanwhile, good-bye, All yours - ^b 22 August

Gambetta HOOTED DOWN *très-bien*^a in Charonne.¹⁷⁹

Your
F. E.

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79

ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN¹⁸⁰

IN ZURICH

Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire,
17 August 1881

Dear Mr Bernstein,

Having spent the past 3 weeks at the seaside here,¹⁶¹ I am making the most of the bad weather that has set in to drop you a few lines before I leave for home on Monday, the 22nd. If I have time, I shall also write to Kautsky,^b but he will in any case very shortly be getting a reply and a copy of his article in *The Labour Standard*.¹⁷⁴

I presume the anti-Semite got back to you all right; I sent them to Kautsky as you hadn't let me have a more precise address.¹⁸¹ Never have I seen anything so stupid and puerile. This movement is of importance *only* in the sense that in Germany — thanks to the cowardice of the bourgeoisie — *any* movement instigated from above is of importance, namely as an electioneering ploy to obtain a conservative majority. As soon as the elections are over, or even earlier if the movement (as now in Pomerania) overshoots the mark set by those in higher places, it will, on orders from above, collapse like a pricked balloon and 'never more be seen'.^c Movements of this kind cannot be treated with too much contempt and I am glad that the *Sozialdemokrat* did so.¹⁸² I have, by the way, heard from C. Hirsch who, acting on a sudden whim, took a jaunt to Berlin, whence he writes¹⁸³:

'The anti-Semitic movement has been organised entirely — one might almost say

^a very nicely. ^b See this volume, pp. 140-42. ^c Goethe, 'Der Fischer'.

on orders — from above. I have gone into the poorest of haunts and no one has taken exception to my nose; nowhere, either in omnibuses or trains, have I heard a word spoken against the Jews. The semi-official papers, which hawk round anti-Semitic goods, have very few readers. Germans have a natural aversion to Jews, but I notice that the hatred felt for the government by working men as well as by petty-bourgeois and philistine progressives is far more virulent.⁷

Of the thousand and one secret police in Berlin, he says that everyone is aware who they are and

'in consequence they know nothing. They are so naive that they always frequent the same pubs and sit at the same tables'.

Your articles on the subject of 'intellects'¹⁸⁴ are *very good*. Again, your treatment of Bismarck's mania for nationalisation as something we should not endorse but which, like everything else that happens, nevertheless turns out *volens volens*^a in our favour, is quite outstanding, and likewise your treatment of 'intellects' as being those of people who, in so far as they are worth anything, come to us of their own accord but, in so far as we have first to recruit them, can only do us harm through what remains of the old leaven. There is much else of equal merit, though anyone could, of course, find occasional fault with the way things are put. The last number, too, was very good as a whole — the right kind of tone, brisk, assured, which the leaders had lost after the assassination attempts¹²⁸ and the exceptional law,¹⁶ is back again and makes up for what Frederick William IV used to call 'trouser trumpeting'. You've given Bradlaugh a first-class drubbing.^b

A few notes as to detail:

1. There's no need to be so complimentary about Vallès.¹⁸⁵ He is a wretched man of letters, or rather, literatus, an absolutely worthless peddler of stock phrases who, for want of talent, took up with extremists so as to dabble in tendencies — so-called isms — and thus find a market for his indifferent belletristic wares. During the Commune he did nothing but pontificate and, if he exerted any kind of influence, it was for the worse. Don't allow Parisian cliquishness (for which Malon also has a great proclivity) to mislead you about this *drôle de fanfaron*.^c What kind of politician he is may be seen from his letter to Grévy¹⁸⁶ when the latter became president, advising him to introduce the socialist republic *par ordre du mufti*^d, etc., a letter which retarded the amnesty by many months.

^a willy-nilly. ^b *Der Sozialdemokrat*, No. 33, 11 August 1881. ^c big-mouthed rascal. ^d by ukase

2. The Spaniards are by no means a bunch of anarchists. There's a quite outstanding nucleus in Madrid (the erstwhile *nueva federación madrileña* ¹⁸⁷) and, in addition, some very good elements, notably in Valencia and in certain of the smaller Catalonian industrial towns, not to mention others dispersed elsewhere. The most energetic and clear-sighted is our friend José Mesa, presently in Paris, a quite excellent fellow who also collaborates with Guesde and the rest of them over there, and keeps them in touch. If you want news about Spain, write to him in French (Malon will be able to forward the letter direct or through Guesde — I haven't got his address up here). You can mention my name.

On the whole I consider that a young man who is doing so well in and by his post as you, ought by rights to stick to that post. It is, I think, most questionable whether Kegel, who in any case is still in jug, would prove equally adaptable. What his theoretical standpoint is, I do not know, and in any case there is nothing to show that his qualifications are suited to anything more than a local paper, and a humorous one at that. LET WELL ALONE, as the English say; don't try and improve on what is good. I must confess that the thought of any change fills me with mistrust and uneasiness.

Well, now for the Revolutionary Congress.¹⁸⁸ Lafargue has got hold of an Italian who was a delegate but — why I don't know — was thrown out. In addition, Lafargue has met various other members of that gang, likewise anarchists, at the house of a French wine and provisions merchant. It appears that:

1. The congress consisted of *twenty-odd* people, mostly *resident in London* with mandates from elsewhere. Also a few Frenchmen and Italians and one Spaniard. They held their sessions *in public*. But not a soul turned up, neither dog, nor cat, nor reporter. After this vain wait for a public had lasted 3 or 4 days and still continued in vain, they took an heroic resolution and declared the sessions were to be *secret!*

2. The first thing that was noted was the general disappointment caused by the ineffectuality of the anarchist movement as a whole, and the certain knowledge that nowhere at all was there anyone at all behind the vociferous few. Everyone knew this to be true of himself and his own locality and, although everyone had hoodwinked everyone else into believing the most colossal lies about the colossal strides made by the movement in his *own* district, everyone had none the less believed the lies told by *everyone else*. So colossal was the collapse of

their illusions that, even in the presence of strangers, they were unable to suppress their astonishment at their own ineffectuality.

3. The congress was retrieved up to a point, first by the meeting to which, of course, they invited reporters, and next by the silly questions asked in Parliament by idiotic Tories and even more idiotic Radicals. In view of the present plague of nihilists, it was only to be expected that the press should make capital out of a meeting attended by at most 700 men.

So when the *Freiheit* speaks of delegate No. 63, etc.,¹⁸⁹ this refers to the number of the *mandate* made out by 1, 2 or 3 men, either in blank or in the name of a man wholly unknown to them and resident in London, or by 10-20 in the name of a delegate travelling to London. The number of delegates actually present was nearer 20 than 30, and of those who actually went there from elsewhere, certainly below 10.

NB. All this to be used with circumspection, as I have it *third-hand*. E. g. your allusion to it might take the form of a question — whether that was how it happened.¹⁹⁰ The gentlemen always fasten on *one* inaccurate word. It's the same old story as in the case of *all* anarchist congresses. You should read in *Fictitious Splits in the International* what the fellows wrote about their own Congress of the Fédération Jurassienne, or the account in the *Alliance of Socialist Democracy* of the first congress after the split.¹⁹¹ With those chaps, the first form anarchy assumes is that all want to be officers, and none rankers. Take, for instance, that raging anarchist Adhémar Schwitzguébel (*quel nom!*^a) whose objection to acceptance of office from the state as a betrayal of the cause doesn't prevent him from being a lieutenant *dans l'armée fédérale suisse*^b!

Kindest regards to yourself and also to Kautsky who will get a letter when next it rains.

Yours,
F. Engels

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^a what a name! - ^b in the Swiss Federal Army

80

ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

Bridlington Quay,
18 August 1881
1 Sea View

Dear Moor,

Not until last night did I get your Argenteuil letter explaining your sudden arrival. I trust Tussy's indisposition is of no real significance — she wrote me a cheery letter only the day before yesterday; at all events, I shall presumably hear further details tonight or tomorrow morning, and also whether your wife accompanied you as far as Boulogne or Calais or whether she stopped off before that.

Yesterday, then, I at last plucked up the courage to make a thorough study of your mathematical mss.¹⁹² without any reference to manuals and was glad to find I had no need of them. I offer you my congratulations. The thing is so crystal clear that one can only marvel at the obstinacy with which mathematicians insist on shrouding it in mystery. But that is what comes of those gentry's one-sided mentality.

To write firmly and categorically $\frac{dy}{dx} = \frac{0}{0}$ could never enter their heads. And yet it is obvious that $\frac{dy}{dx}$ can only be the pure expression of a process undergone by x and y when the last trace of the *terms* x and y has disappeared and all that remains is the expression, free from all quantity, of the process of variation they are undergoing.

There is no need to fear that some mathematician may have anticipated you in this. The above method of differentiating is, after all, much simpler than any other — so much so that I myself have just used it to deduce a formula that had momentarily slipped my mind, afterwards verifying it in the usual way. The process would undoubtedly create a great stir, especially since it clearly demonstrates that the usual method, ignoring dx dy, etc., is *positively wrong*. And the particular beauty of it is that *only* when $\frac{dy}{dx} = \frac{0}{0}$ is the operation absolutely correct mathematically.

So old Hegel was quite right in supposing that the basic premiss for differentiation was that both variables must be of varying powers and at least one of them must be to the power of at least 2 or $1/2$.^a Now we also know why.

When we say that in $y = f(x)$, x and y are variables, this is an assertion which, so long as we continue to maintain it, has no implications whatsoever and x and y still remain, *pro tempore*,^b factual constants. Only when they *really* change, i. e. *within the function*, do they become variables in fact, nor does the relationship implicit in the original equation—not of the two quantities as such, but of their variability—come to light till then. The first derivate $\frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x}$ shows this relation as it occurs in the course of true variation, i. e. in any *given* variation; the final derivate $= \frac{dy}{dx}$ shows it purely and simply in its generality and hence, from $\frac{dy}{dx}$ we can arrive at any $\frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x}$ we choose, while this itself never covers more than the particular case. But in order to proceed from the particular case to the general relation, the particular case as such has to be eliminated. Hence, after the function has gone through the process from x to x' with all this implies, one can simply let x' revert to x ; it is no longer the old x , a variable only in name; it has undergone *real variation*, and the *result* of that variation remains, even if we again eliminate that variation itself.

Here at last we are able to see clearly what has long been maintained by many mathematicians who were unable to produce rational grounds for it, namely that the differential *quotient* is the prototype, while the differentials dx and dy are derived: the derivation of the formula itself requires that the two so-called irrational factors should originally constitute one side of the equation and only when one has reduced the equation to this, its original form, $\frac{dy}{dx} = f(x)$, can one do anything with it, is one rid of the irrational factors, replacing them with their rational expression.

The thing has got such a hold over me that it not only keeps going round in my head all day, but last night I actually had a dream in

^a G. W. F. Hegel, *Wissenschaft der Logik*, Book I, Section II, Chapter 2. Note: Der Zweck des Differentialkalküls aus seiner Anwendung abgeleitet.-^b temporarily

which I gave a fellow my studs to differentiate and he made off with the lot.

Your
F. E.

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81

MARX TO ENGELS
AT BRIDLINGTON QUAY

[London], 18 August 1881

DEAR FRED,

No doubt you will by now have had the brief note I wrote you day before yesterday from Argenteuil and have gathered from it that I am here without my wife (not *with her* as you necessarily supposed in your letter).

On hearing the news of Tussy's condition I resolved to leave that very same day if possible; my wife, on the other hand, was to set off *to-day* with Helen^a and travel FIRST CLASS, first to Amiens and spend the night there; then, the next day, to Boulogne and rest there for at least a day, but 2 or 3 days if she wished; thence to Folkestone and, depending on circumstances, from there straight on to London or else (and this seemed to me best), by a later train of her own choosing. It was, of course, distressing to part from her, but the REAL SUPPORT FOR HER IS Helen; MY OWN PRESENCE wasn't absolutely necessary. MOREOVER, my departure compelled her finally to make up her mind to tear herself away from Argenteuil, which after all had got to happen in view of her growing weakness.

So I left Paris on Tuesday^b evening at 7.45 by EXPRESS TRAIN via Calais, and arrived in London at ABOUT 6 O'CLOCK (MORNING).

I at once telegraphed Dr Donkin who was here by 11 o'clock and

^a Demuth - ^b 16 August

had a long consultation with Tussy. HER STATE IS ONE OF UTTER NERVOUS DEJECTION. She has been eating next to nothing for weeks, less than Dr Tanner during his experiment.¹⁹³ Donkin says there's no organic trouble, HEART SOUND, LUNGS SOUND, etc.; fundamentally the whole condition is attributable to a PERFECT DERANGEMENT OF ACTION OF STOMACH which has become unaccustomed to food (and she has made matters worse by drinking a great deal of tea: he *at once* forbade her *all tea*) and a DANGEROUSLY OVERWROUGHT NERVOUS SYSTEM. Hence SLEEPLESSNESS, NEURALGIC CONVULSIONS, etc. It was a miracle, he said, that a COLLAPSE of this kind hadn't happened before. He intervened at once and, what is most important of all in this little person's case, brought it home to her that, if she was an obedient patient, *there would be no danger, but that if she insisted on having her own way, all would be perdu.*^a (Indeed he is convinced that this is so.) Fortunately she promised to do as he said, and when she makes a promise she keeps it. Later on, he says, she will have to go away in order to distract herself.

Another reason for hastening my departure was the knowledge that Donkin intended to take his HOLIDAYS in the Hebrides from 17 August. He is staying here until Saturday on Tussy's account and will then leave a *remplaçant*^b for her and my wife.

At the latest meeting of *électeurs* Mr Gambetta learnt something inside the MEETING-HALL¹⁷⁹ that he had learnt only at the hands of the crowd outside the meeting-hall at the first Belleville MEETING.¹⁹⁴ This second meeting also consisted solely of people who had been invited by his own COMMITTEE, and none of them was admitted except after a twofold *triage*^c by the stewards appointed by the *comité*. Hence the uproar was all the more significant. On both occasions *Galliffet!* was the *cri* that predominated. Thus Gambetta learnt the lesson that effrontery of the *Italian* variety is out of place in Paris. Had Rochefort been able to speak in public and had he thus been enabled to offer himself then and there as a competing candidate, Gambetta would certainly have been defeated. As a result of what happened at the time of the Commune, the Belleville working-class population lost about 20,000 men, most of whom have been replaced by lower middle-class philistines. And even the remaining or newly arrived working-class population of Belleville (both *arrondissements*) is one of *arriérés*, stick-in-the-muds, whose ideal, if it goes beyond Gambetta, stops at Rochefort; both were returned as deputies there in 1869.

^a lost - ^b locum - ^c screening process

As to the state of the *parti ouvrier*^a in Paris, someone who is wholly impartial in this respect, namely Lissagaray, admitted to me that, although only existing *en germe*,^b *it alone* counts for anything vis-à-vis the bourgeois parties OF ALL NUANCES. Its organisation, though still tenuous and *plus ou moins fictive*,^c is nevertheless sufficiently disciplined for it to be able to put up candidates in every *arrondissement*—to make its presence felt at MEETINGS and annoy the OFFICIAL SOCIETY PEOPLE. I myself have been following this aspect in Paris papers of every complexion and there's not one that doesn't grind its teeth at that GENERAL NUISANCE—*le parti ouvrier collectiviste*.^{d 195}

As regards the latest splits among the leaders of the *parti ouvrier*, it would be best if I told you about this in person later on.

With best wishes to Pumps and Mrs Rendstone.

Your
Moor

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82

MARX TO JENNY LONGUET
IN ARGENTEUIL

[London,] 18 August 1881

My dear sweet child,

I came to London, i. e.^c in Maitland Park about 7 o'clock.

Tussychen is looking pale and thin, since weeks she eats almost nothing (literally); her nervous system is in a state of utter dejection; hence continuous sleeplessness, trembling of the hands, neuralgic convulsions of the face, etc.

I telegraphed at once to Dr Donkin; he put in his presence at 11 o'clock (yesterday morning), had a long consultation with and examination of Tussy. He says that there is no organic disease, heart

^a workers' party - ^b in embryo - ^c more or less a fiction - ^d collectivist workers' party -

^c The beginning of the letter is in German.

sound, lungs sound, etc., but only action of stomach quite deranged by her foolish way of living, and nervous system fearfully overwrought.

He has succeeded to frighten her into obedience to his prescriptions, and you know, if she once gives way and promises, she will keep her promise. With all that, her recovery cannot but be slow, and I arrived in the very nick of time. There was the greatest danger in case of any further delay.

Donkin was about—as he had informed me before our departure—to leave this day London for the Hebrides. Because of Tussy, and hoping still to hear something of Maman, he will now stay till the end of the week.

Tell me about the state of Maman, whether she has left you, etc. How is Longuet and Harra ^{a?} and yourself and the other dear children ^{b?}

How do you go on with your new servant?

Apropos. Sarah ^c (Engels' Sarah), now for some hours daily the helpmate of Tussy, a girl of the best character and *fitness for every thing*, told Tussy that she had nothing liked better than to go with you, but Pumps did never tell her about Lizzy's having left you and about your want of a *remplaçant* ^d for her. She has also told Tussy and again myself, that she *is still ready* to come over to you. Only she dares not travel alone to France, but this matters little. I myself can bring her over later on.

And now *adieu*, dear child. The pleasure to be with you and the dear children has given me a more substantial satisfaction than I could have found anywhere else.

My compliments to that excellent Dr Dourlen.

With 1000 kisses for the children

Yours,
Old Nick

Tussy sends her best wishes to Wolf ^e and the whole family.

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^a Henri Longuet - ^b Jean, Edgar and Marcel - ^c Parker - ^d locum - ^e Edgar Longuet

83

MARX TO ENGELS
AT BRIDLINGTON QUAY

[London,] 19 August 1881,
11.30 p. m.

Mama and Helen^a have just arrived via Folkestone, after stopping at Boulogne.

What I didn't write and tell you — Longuet and little Harry are very ill. Nothing but misfortune in the family at the moment.

Salut.

K. M.

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84

MARX TO JENNY LONGUET¹⁹⁶
IN ARGENTEUIL

[London,] 20 August 1881
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

My Sweetheart,

You may find it difficult to make head or tail of the above scrawl. But in effect, Mama and Helen arrived safely last night.

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^a Demuth

85

ENGELS TO AUGUST BEBEL

IN LEIPZIG

London, 25 August 1881

Dear Bebel,

I would have replied sooner to your letter of 13.5.¹⁹⁷ But, after the Leipzig 'local',¹⁹⁸ I waited to see whether you might perhaps send me another forwarding address; as you haven't I am using the old one, and also enclosing a letter from Tussy Marx to Mrs Liebknecht, for whom we haven't got an address either.

Bernstein still writes to say he wants to leave the *Sozialdemokrat*, and now proposes that Kegel be taught the ropes and, once he knows them, appointed in his place. My view is that any change would be for the worse. Bernstein has made good, so greatly exceeding our expectations (for instance, his articles on 'intellects'¹⁸⁴ were, trifles apart, quite excellent and written along exactly the right lines) that it would be hard to find anyone better. Kegel hasn't proved himself, at any rate in *this* sphere, and, as things stand now, all experimentation should be avoided. I have urgently requested Bernstein to stay,^a and believe you could do no better than give him similar advice. In his hands the paper is getting better and better, and so, too, is he. He has genuine tact and is quick on the uptake — just the reverse of Kautsky, who is an exceptionally good chap, but a born pedant and hair-splitter in whose hands complex questions are not made simple, but simple ones complex. Like all the rest of us, I am very fond of him as a person and, in longer articles of the review type, he might occasionally do something pretty good, but even with the best will in the world he can't go against the grain, *c'est plus fort que lui*.^b On a newspaper, a doctrinaire of this kind is a real disaster; even Ede^c was forced to append a critical note to one of his articles in the last *Sozialdemokrat*. On the other hand, he has written a fly-sheet for the consump-

^a See this volume, pp. 85-86 and 128.-^b it's too much for him.-^c Eduard Bernstein

tion of peasants in Austria ^a in which he gives proof of something of his mother's ^b gift for short story writing; aside from one or two erudite expressions, it's really good and should be effective.

I wrote to Liebknecht about the speeches in the Landtag, and in reply ¹⁹⁹ was told that these had been a matter of 'tactics' (but I had pointed out that it was precisely those tactics that prevented us from siding openly with him) and that speeches of a different kind would shortly be made in the Reichstag. True, this has now been done by you ²⁰⁰—but what is one to think of Liebknecht's unfortunate and wholly unnecessary remark about the 'Reich Chancellor's honesty' ²⁰¹? It may have been *meant* ironically, but that's not evident from the report, and what capital the bourgeois press made out of it! I have sent no further reply—it does no good, after all. But Kautsky, too, has told us not only that Liebknecht is writing letters all over the place—e. g. to Austria—saying Marx and I are in complete agreement with him and had sanctioned his 'tactics', but also that people *believe* him. This really can't go on indefinitely! Again, the *Freiheit* has got a lot of fun of Hartmann's ^c speech on the Accident Bill ²⁰² which, if the passage they quote is genuine, was certainly a pretty wretched affair.

In France, working-class candidates obtained 20,000 votes in Paris and 40,000 in the provinces ²⁰³ and, if their leaders hadn't perpetrated one stupidity after another since setting up the collectivist workers' party, things would have gone even better. But there, too, the masses are better than most of their leaders. For instance, several Parisian candidates lost thousands of votes through using empty revolutionary verbiage (as much part of the business in Paris as patter is of trade) in the provinces as well where it was taken seriously and people asked: 'How can you make a revolution without weapons and organisation?' For the rest, developments in France are taking their regular, normal and very necessary course along peaceful lines, and that is a very good thing just now, for otherwise the provinces could not be swept earnestly into the movement.

I understand very well that your fingers should itch, when everything's going so nicely for us in Germany and you, having your hands tied, cannot reap the fruits of victories that are all but falling into your laps. But this does no harm. Many people in Germany have set

^a [K. Kautsky,] *Der Vetter aus Amerika, eine Erzählung für Landleute, erbaulich zu lesen.* -

^b Minna Kautsky - ^c Georg Wilhelm Hartmann

too much store by overt propaganda (Viereck, who was completely cast down by the impossibility of making overt propaganda, is just one striking example of this), and too little by the real impetus of historical events. It can do nothing but good if experience acts as a corrective in this case. The fact that we cannot reap the fruits of our victories *at the moment* in no way means that they are lost to us. The galvanising of the indifferent, inert masses can only be effected by actual events and even if, in present circumstances, those thus galvanised are left in a state of some considerable bewilderment, the word of deliverance will, when the time comes, strike home with all the more force; the effect upon state and bourgeoisie will be all the more drastic when the 600,000 votes²⁰⁴ are suddenly multiplied threefold, when, besides Saxony, *all* the big towns and industrial districts fall to us and even rural workers are, for the first time, so situated as to be intellectually accessible to us. To take the masses by storm in this way is of far greater value than to win them over gradually by *overt* propaganda which, under present circumstances, would in any case quickly be stamped on. As things are now, the Junkers, clergy and bourgeois *cannot* allow us to cut the ground from under their feet and hence it is better to let them take care of this themselves. For a time will surely come when a different wind will blow. Meanwhile it's you people who must in person go through the mill, it's you who must endure the infamies of the government and the bourgeoisie, and that's no laughing matter. But mind you don't forget any of the dirty tricks played on yourselves and on all our people; the day of retribution is nigh and it must be exploited to the full.

Your
F. E.

Viereck is in Copenhagen. Address *poste restante*, Copenhagen.

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ENGELS TO KARL KAUTSKY

IN ZURICH

London, 27 August 1881

Dear Mr Kautsky,

In a day or two you will be getting by post 1. *The Labour Standard* containing your article,^a in connection with which there have been sundry comic interludes, 2. a *Nature* of 18 August, 3. your ms. back.

After I had somewhat revised what was an altogether bungled translation, I sent it to Shipton for a leading article. However, the worthy Shipton got it all wrong and complained to me,^b but as usual too late. God knows what the man took the bit about 'State interference' in favour of the workers to mean — certainly not what it said, nor that such State interference has long *existed* in England in the shape of FACTORIES AND WORKSHOPS ACTS.¹⁷⁷ Still worse: into the words WE DEMAND A GENEVA CONVENTION¹⁷⁸ FOR THE WORKING CLASSES he read a demand by you for *the convening of a conference of delegates in Geneva* to settle the matter!! What can one do with such an oaf? I made this business the occasion to go ahead with my decision and break with *The Labour Standard*, as that paper is getting worse rather than better.

In *Nature* you will find a speech made by John Simon^c before the international Medical Congress here²⁰⁵ in which *the bourgeoisie is virtually put on the mat by medical science*. J. SIMON IS MEDICAL OFFICER TO THE PRIVY COUNCIL,²⁰⁶ virtual head of Britain's entire public health inspectorate, and the same who is so frequently and approvingly quoted by Marx in *Capital*, a man — perhaps the last of the old really professional and conscientious officials of the 1840-60 period who, in the performance of his duty, everywhere found that bourgeois interests were the first obstacle he was obliged to combat. Hence, his instinctive hatred of the bourgeoisie is as violent as it is explicable. Now he, a doctor, finding his own special field invaded by the Church-led bourgeoisie and their anti-vivisection movement, has turned the tables on them. Instead of preaching dull and colourless sermons like

^a [K. Kautsky,] 'International Labour Laws', *The Labour Standard*, No. 15, 13 August 1881. - ^b See this volume, pp. 122-23. - ^c J. Simon, 'State Medicine', *Nature*, No. 616, Vol. XXIV, 18 August 1881.

Virchow, he goes into the attack comparing the *few scientific* experiments made by doctors on *animals* with the *vast commercial* experiments made by the bourgeoisie upon the *popular masses*, thereby placing the question for the first time in its true perspective. An extract from this would make a splendid feuilleton for the *Sozialdemokrat*.²⁰⁷

The Congress, by the way, declared unanimously that vivisection was essential to science.

Your fly-sheet^a shows that you have inherited something of your mother's^b gift for short story writing. It pleased me more than anything you have written hitherto. A little more polishing might have enabled you to improve one or two expressions and turns of speech, and I would advise you to do this in the case of a second edition. Literary German is a very clumsy idiom for narrative prose and erudite words such as reaction, which mean nothing to the peasant, ought to be avoided. The thing is worthy of being seriously revised by you along these lines. It is the best fly-sheet I have ever seen.

Your Mostian chaps in Austria will have to learn by painful experience; there are no two ways about it. It's a process during which many otherwise good elements come to grief, but if those elements are positively intent on conspiring for the fun of it and with no particular purpose in mind, there's no helping them. Luckily the proletarian movement has an enormous reproductive capacity.

Viereck and wife^c had an awful lot of bad weather in Scotland, after which they left for Copenhagen where they have now arrived. They will be remaining there for the time being — address *poste restante*, Copenhagen.

Our French friends, it seems, are still not satisfied with the many stupidities perpetrated over the past 2 years out of officiousness, cliquism, an itch for oratory, etc. *Le Citoyen* has, it seems, been sold to the Bonapartists who have not yet unceremoniously kicked our men out, but have stopped their pay and otherwise treated them *en canaille*,^d as though trying to push them into striking and so get rid of them. On top of that, all our chaps have fallen out with one another, as so often happens when things go wrong. One of the most unhappy is Brousse, a thoroughly honest chap but a consummate muddle-head and one who positively insists that the entire movement should de-

^a [K. Kautsky,] *Der Vetter aus Amerika, eine Erzählung für Landleute, erbaulich zu lesen*. - ^b Minna Kautsky - ^c Laura Viereck - ^d like dirt

vote itself to converting erstwhile anarchist friends. It was he, too, who was originally responsible for the crazy resolution concerning the rejection of candidature.²⁰⁸ For the rest, the steady, peaceful course of events in France can, in the long run, only prove favourable to us. Not until the provinces have been drawn into the movement, as has been happening since 1871, and emerge, as they are increasingly doing, as a power in the land — along normal legal lines, that is, — can an end be put in the interests of us all to the spasmodic form hitherto assumed by developments in France, derived from coups in Paris and for years retarded by reaction in the provinces. *Then, when* the time has come for Paris to act, it will not have the provinces against it, but behind it.

Kindest regards from all,

Yours

F. Engels

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MARX TO KARL KAUTSKY²⁰⁹

IN ZURICH

[London,] 1 October 1881

In great haste

Dear Mr Kautsky,

I enclose a line to your mother^a together with the enclosed note for my daughter.^b²¹⁰ It would have saved time if you had sent me your mother's Paris address.

I would have asked your mother to spend a few days at my house and at the same time take a look round London with me. *My wife's*

^a Minna Kautsky, see next letter. - ^b Jenny Longuet

fatal illness, which day by day is drawing closer to its consummation, prevented this. I am her garde malade.^a

I get the *Arbeiterstimme* regularly; it edifies but does not surprise me, for I've known my Swiss for decades.

With regard to Mr McGuire, it would appear from your letter that he is in London. How comes it that none of our New York friends gave him letters of recommendation? I have, *prima facie*,^b always been somewhat suspicious of YANKEE socialists and know in particular that the kind that Shipton keeps in touch with are *very crotchety and sectarian. With all that, Mr McGuire may be an excellent party man.*

Yours very sincerely,
Karl Marx

My wife and daughter^c send you their compliments.

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MARX TO MINNA KAUTSKY

IN PARIS

London, 1 October 1881
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

Dear Madam,

I enclose herewith a note for my daughter.²¹⁰ Argenteuil is quite close to Paris, about 20 minutes from the Gare^d St Lazare.

I would have taken the liberty of inviting you to stay at my house in London — and your son will have told you how greatly everyone in the family admires your works — had not my wife's shocking and,

^a nurse - ^b Here: from the outset. - ^c Eleanor Marx - ^d Station

I fear, *fatal* illness put a stop, as it were, to our intercourse with the outside world.

With sincerest wishes for your future prosperity,

Yours very truly,

Karl Marx

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time

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ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN ²¹¹

IN ZURICH

London, 25 October 1881

Dear Mr Bernstein,

I am most grateful to you for having written to me about the *Égalité* business.²¹² Aside from the point at issue, this provides me with an opportunity of letting you know what is Marx's attitude, and hence also my own, towards the French movement. And from this one instance you will be able to gauge our attitude towards other non-German movements, in so far as these are in sympathy with us and we with them.

I am glad that you are not at present in a position to give financial support to the *Égalité*. Lafargue's letter was another of those *coups de tête*^a which the French, in particular those south of the line Bordeaux-Lyons, now and again find themselves unable to resist. So certain was he of perpetrating a stroke of genius and a blunder rolled into one, that he didn't even tell his wife^b (who has prevented many such things) about it until after the event. With the exception of Lafargue, who is always in favour of 'something being done', *n'importe quoi*,^c we over here were unanimously against *Égalité* No. 3.^d I confidently

^a impulsive actions - ^b Laura Lafargue - ^c no matter what - ^d Engels means the third series of *L'Égalité*.

predicted that, with their 5,000 frs (*if* as much), they would last out for 32 numbers. If Guesde and Lafargue are intent on acquiring the reputation in Paris of *tueurs de journeaux*,^a we can't stop them, but nor shall we do anything else. If, contrary to all expectation, the paper improves again, and if it gets really good, we shall always be able to see what can be done if it finds itself in a predicament. But it's absolutely essential that these gentlemen should learn at last how to stand on their own feet.

The fact of the matter is that, during the past 12 or 15 months, our French friends, who are trying to set up the *parti ouvrier*,^b have made one blunder after another, and this applies to all of them without exception. The first was committed by Guesde when, for absurdly purist reasons, he prevented Malon from accepting the editorship of the labour department on the *Intransigeant* at a salary of 12,000 frs. *That was when the whole squabble began.* This was followed by the unpardonable folly over the *Émancipation*, when Malon allowed himself to be misled by the false promises of the Lyonnais (the worst working men in France), while Guesde showed himself no less feverishly anxious to have a daily paper *à tout prix*.^c Next came the hair-splitting over the matter of candidature,²⁰⁸ in which connection it is more than probable that Guesde was guilty of the solecism you reprobate, though it is obvious to me that Malon was *seeking* to pick a quarrel. Finally, the ingress into, followed by the egress from, the *Citoyen français*, of Mr Bourbeau, alias Secondigné, an adventurer of the worst repute — his egress being due simply to non-payment of salary, *not to any political motive*. Next, Guesde, in very mixed company, joined the most recent *Citoyen*, and Malon and Brousse the miserable *Pro-létaire* which they — or Malon at any rate — had always secretly opposed as a vulgar loutish rag.

The *Pro-létaire* was the organ of the very narrowest clique of the most inveterate scribblers among the Parisian workers. It was axiomatic that access could be had and contributions made only by genuine manual workers. The most bigoted Weitlingian 'scholar'-baiting was the order of the day. The sheet was in consequence quite without substance, while preening itself on being *la plus pure expression*^d of the Parisian proletariat. Hence, for all its apparent cordiality, it always secretly looked upon other papers, including the 2 *Égalités*, as mortal enemies and intrigued against them.

^a killers of newspapers - ^b workers' party - ^c at all costs - ^d the purest expression

When Malon now maintains that the French workers' party is endeavouring to create an organ for itself in the *Prolétaire*, and questions the need for a competing *Égalité*, no one is better aware than Malon, 1. that the two first *Égalités* also existed alongside the *Prolétaire* simply because 2. nothing could be made of the *Prolétaire*, and Malon knows the *Prolétaire* people just as well as Guesde does, and 3. that the few blockheads on the *Prolétaire*, together with Malon and Brousse, don't by any means make up the whole of the French workers' party. Hence he knows that all this is a red herring and that it is *he* who is seeking to create an organ for *himself* in the *Prolétaire*, having made things too hot for himself everywhere else.

But the link that binds Malon and Brousse to this potty little sheet is their common jealousy of Marx. To the majority of French socialists it is an anathema that the nation which confers upon the world the boon of *idées françaises*^a and has a monopoly of ideas — that Paris, *centre des lumières*^b — must now all of a sudden import its socialist ideas ready-made from a German, Marx. But there's no denying the fact and, what is more, Marx's genius, his almost excessive scientific scrupulousness and his incredible erudition place him so far above all the rest of us that anyone who ventures to criticise his discoveries is more likely to burn his fingers than anything else. That is something which must be left to a more advanced epoch. If, then, French socialists (i. e. the majority) are obliged, whether they like it or not, to bow to the inevitable, it will not happen without a certain amount of grumbling. It is the *Prolétaire* people who say, of both Guesde and Lafargue, that they are Marx's mouthpieces or, translated into more familiar idiom, that *ils veulent vendre les ouvriers français aux Prussiens et à Bismarck*.^c And in everything M. Malon writes, this grumbling is most plainly audible and, what's more, in most ignoble form: Malon is at pains to find or impute other progenitors (Lassalle, Schäffle and actually De Paepel!) on whom to father Marx's discoveries. Now it is, of course, perfectly in order to disagree with party members, no matter whom, as to their mode of procedure in this or that case, or to dispute or differ on a point of theory. But thus to contest the right of a man like Marx to his own achievements is to betray a pettiness such as is found, one might almost say, only in a compositor,— a race of whose self-conceit you will surely have had ample experience. I sim-

^a French ideas - ^b centre of enlightenment - ^c they want to sell the French workers to the Prussians and Bismarck

ply cannot understand how anyone can be envious of genius; it's something so very special that we, who have not got it, know it to be unattainable right from the start; but to be envious of anything like that one must have to be frightfully small-minded. The furtive way Malon goes about it, doesn't improve matters. The fact that it is *he* who eventually comes out worst, betraying his lack of knowledge and discernment at every turn, is something of which he might at some time be made unpleasantly aware, should it at any time become necessary to scrutinise Malon's goodly *Histoire du Socialisme 'depuis les temps les plus reculés'*^a (!) and other productions with an eye to their substance.

Brousse is, I think, the most hopelessly muddle-headed man I have ever known. He has dropped the anarchy — i. e. opposition to political activity and voting — out of anarchism, while at the same time retaining all its other catchwords and, more notably, its tactics. Thus, in tedious articles in the *Prolétaire* directed against Guesde (but not naming him), he is currently brooding on the insoluble question of how to set up an organisation in such a way as to preclude a dictatorship (Guesde's!!). If this consummate literary and theoretical ignoramus, whose forte, however, is cliquism, is again able to play a part, the blame must be shared by Lafargue, Guesde and Malon.

Lastly Guesde. In matters of theory this man is by far the most lucid thinker amongst the Parisians, and one of the few who takes no exception at all to the German origins of present-day socialism. *Hinc illae lacrimae.*^b Which is why the gentlemen of the *Prolétaire* are letting it be known that he is merely Marx's mouthpiece, a rumour which, with lugubrious mien, Malon and Brousse carry further afield. Outside that clique no one dreams of such a thing. What there is to it, we shall see anon. That he is domineering may well be true. Every one of us is domineering in the sense that he would like to see his views predominate. If Guesde seeks to do this by direct and Malon by tortuous means, it says much for Guesde's character and for the superiority of Malon's worldly wisdom — especially in dealing with people like the Parisians who obstinately dig their heels in if you try to dictate to them but are only too delighted to let you lead them by the nose. Come to that, whenever I have heard anyone who is worth his salt described as domineering, I have only been able to conclude that

^a from the earliest times. See B. Malon, *Histoire du socialisme depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à nos jours.* - ^b Hence those tears (Terence, *Andria*, I, 1, 99).

there was nothing that could really be said against the man. Guesde's failings are of quite a different kind. First, the Parisian superstition that the word revolution is something one must continually bandy about. And secondly, boundless impatience. He is suffering from a nervous complaint, believes he has not much longer to live and is absolutely determined to see something worthwhile happen before he goes. That, and his morbid excitability, provide the explanation for his exaggerated and sometimes destructive thirst for action.

If, in addition, you take the inability of the French, especially the Parisians, to conceive of differences that are other than *personal*, and it is obvious enough how it was that these gentry, as soon as they had scored a few small successes, saw themselves already at the goal, sought to divide as yet inexistent spoils, and fell out with each other in the process.

Guesde's pamphlets and articles, by the way, are the best to have appeared in the French language, and he is, moreover, one of the best speakers in Paris. Also, we have always found him forthcoming and reliable.

Now for ourselves. We, i. e. Marx and I, do not even correspond with Guesde. We have only written to him for specific reasons of business. We have no more than a general idea of what Lafargue says in his letters to Guesde, nor have we by any means read everything Guesde writes to Lafargue. Heaven only knows what plans the two of them have exchanged of which we have no inkling. Every now and again Marx, like myself, has transmitted advice to Guesde via Lafargue, but it has hardly ever been taken.

It is true, however, that Guesde came over here when the question arose of *drafting* a programme for the French workers' party.⁶⁸ The *considérants* to this was dictated to him by Marx,^a here in my own room, in the presence of Lafargue and myself: the worker is free only when he is the owner of his instruments of labour — this may assume either individual or collective form — the individual form of ownership is being daily and increasingly superseded by economic developments, hence, all that remains is that of communal ownership, etc. — a masterpiece of cogent reasoning, calculated to explain things to the masses in a few words; I have seldom seen its like and, even in this concise version, found it astonishing. The remaining contents of the programme were then discussed; we added this and took out that, but

^a See K. Marx, 'Preamble to the Programme of the French Workers' Party'.

as for Guesde being Marx's mouthpiece, how little this holds water is evident from the fact that he insisted on including his nonsense about the *minimum du salaire*^a and since not we but the French were responsible for the thing, we eventually gave him his head, although he admitted that, theoretically, it was absurd.

Brousse was in London at the time and would have liked to join us. But Guesde was short of time and anticipated, not incorrectly, that Brousse would engage in tedious arguments about ill-digested anarchist terms; he therefore insisted that Brousse should not attend this meeting. *C'était son affaire*.^b But Brousse has never forgiven him for it and it's to that time that his intrigues against Guesde go back.

This programme was subsequently discussed by the French and accepted with a few alterations, including Malon's which were by no means improvements.

Then, too, I wrote 2 articles for the *Égalité* No. II on *Le socialisme de M. Bismarck*^c and that, so far as I'm aware, is the sum total of our active participation in the French movement.

But what mainly annoys the small-minded carpers who count for nothing, yet like to think themselves all-important, is the fact that Marx, thanks to his theoretical and practical achievements, has attained a position in which he enjoys the complete trust of the best people in all the labour movements in the various countries. At *critical junctures* it is to him they turn for advice, when they generally find that his advice is the best. He occupies that position in Germany, in France, and in Russia, not to speak of the smaller countries. Hence it is not Marx who imposes his opinion, let alone his will, on these people; rather it is these people who come to him of their own accord. And it is precisely on this that Marx's peculiar influence rests, an influence of the utmost importance to the movement. Malon also wished to come here, but to procure a special invitation from Marx through Lafargue, which naturally he didn't get. We were as prepared to deal with him as we are with anybody else *de bonne volonté*,^d but invite him! Why? Who has ever had an invitation of that kind from us?

Marx's attitude, and hence also my own, towards the French is the same as towards the other national movements. We are constantly in touch with them in so far as it is worth our while and opportunities

^a minimum wage - ^b It was his business. - ^c F. Engels, 'The Socialism of Mr Bismarck, I-II', *L'Égalité*, Nos. 7 and 10, 3 and 24 March 1880 (see present edition, Vol. 24). -

^d willingly

present themselves, but any attempt to influence people against their will would only do us harm, destroy the old trust that dates from the International. And we have, after all, too much experience *in revolutionaribus rebus*^a to do that.

Now for two more FACTS.

1. It was Guesde, and with him Lafargue, who, in the *Égalité*, brought quite undeserved fame to Malon, turned him, as it were, into a legend, and this simply because Guesde thought, in typically French fashion, that as a writer one had to have a *working man* beside one.

2. And here is something the recipient of the letter has authorised me to tell you: Lissagaray, who was the chairman of the meeting at which Malon arraigned that blackguard Lullier, writes to say that, just as the meeting was supposed to begin, Lullier sent word to Malon requesting a short discussion. Malon departed, didn't return, and finally *his Comité* went in search of him (Lissagaray was the chairman of the *Comité* and the meeting) only to find him toping most jovially and on the brink of a peaceable understanding with Lullier, the man he had (rightly) described as the dirtiest of blackguards. Had not Malon had to leave at 9 o'clock for the congress at Zurich,²¹³ there would have been the risk of a full reconciliation. And he describes himself as a man of politics!

Mesa's address is: J. Mesa, 36 Rue du Bac, Paris.

Marx knows nothing about this letter. He has been in bed for the past 12 days with bronchitis and all kinds of complications, but since Sunday^b — due precautions having been taken — there has no longer been any danger. I've been anxious enough, I can tell you. Now things are looking up and tomorrow, 27 October, we shall, I trust, show the world that we are still there as large as life.²¹⁴ Kindest regards to Kautsky.

Your
F. E.

As regards the *Égalité*, I think it would be best if our people were *not* to found a new paper for the time being, at any rate until the state of affairs within the party has become a little less obscure. If they do want to start one, however, neither we nor anyone else can stop them, though I don't see how it's going to be managed this time without

^a in revolutionary matters - ^b 23 October

a row between the *Égalité* and the *Prolétaire*. This wouldn't be a major disaster, but it would still be a perhaps unnecessary case of teething trouble.

What kind of operation is Kautsky having?—I trust he won't let himself be cut up into a complete Malthusian!

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ENGELS TO JOHANN PHILIPP BECKER

IN GENEVA

[London,] 4 November 1881

122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Dear Old Man,

Your postcard re the congress²¹⁵ arrived too late for me to write to you about it. Since then we have also had sundry calamities over here. Mrs Marx has been in bed for months, critically ill, and then Marx went down with bronchitis accompanied by all sorts of complications which, at his time of life and considering the general state of his health, was certainly no laughing matter. Fortunately the worst is over and, so far as Marx is concerned, all danger has been completely eliminated for the time being, though he has to spend the greater part of the day in bed and is greatly weakened.

Herewith money order for 4 pounds sterling = 100 frs 80 c. which is what I have to send you this time. I trust it will come in handy for, delighted though I am to hear that you have been able to make a start at earning a living, it is after all only a start and I'm only sorry that of late I myself have been somewhat short and therefore unable to step into the breach any sooner.

I'm always glad when a so-called international congress passes off, as it did on this occasion, without anyone making an ass of himself in public. You always get such a hotchpotch of people attending these affairs, some of whom have no other object than to look important in

public and who for that very reason are capable of any stupidity. Well, this time it went off without any mishap.

Our people in Germany have given a splendid account of themselves at the elections.²¹⁶ In 23 or 27 constituencies (I can't find out the exact number) they were in the second ballot, despite the fact that on this occasion all the other parties turned out to the very last man. And this under the stress of the exceptional law¹⁶ and state of siege,⁶⁵ without a press, without meetings, without any means of public agitation and in the certain knowledge that by way of return the livelihood of some thousands within the party would again be sacrificed. It is altogether splendid and the impression it has made throughout Europe, and particularly here in England, has been quite tremendous. How many seats we get is neither here nor there. Enough anyway to say what is necessary in the Reichstag. But the fact that we have gained ground in the larger towns instead of losing it—that is first rate and here's three cheers for our lads in Germany!

Your old friend,
F. E.

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ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN²¹⁷

IN ZURICH

London, 30 November 1881

Dear Mr Bernstein,

If any one outside event has contributed to putting Marx more or less to rights again, then it is the elections.²¹⁶ Never has a proletariat conducted itself so magnificently. In England, after the great defeat of 1848,²¹⁸ there was a relapse into apathy and, in the end, resignation to bourgeois exploitation, with the proviso that the TRADES UNIONS

fought individual battles for higher wages. In France the proletariat disappeared from the stage after the 2nd December.²¹⁹ In Germany, after 3 years of unprecedented persecution and unrelenting pressure, during which any form of public organisation and even communication was a sheer impossibility, our lads have returned, not only in all their former strength, but actually stronger than before.¹⁶ And stronger in one crucial respect, in that the movement's centre of gravity has shifted from the semi-rural districts of Saxony to the *large industrial towns*.

The bulk of our people in Saxony consist of hand-loom weavers, who are doomed to obsolescence by the power-loom and are only just enabled to keep going by starvation wages and secondary occupations (gardening, toy carving, etc.). These people find themselves in an economically reactionary situation and represent an obsolescent stage of production. So they are not born representatives of revolutionary socialism — not, at any rate, to the same degree as are the workers in large-scale industry. Hence they are not reactionary by nature (as, for instance, the remaining hand-loom weavers eventually became *over here* — the hard core of the 'CONSERVATIVE WORKING MEN') but cannot be relied upon in the long run. This is also very largely due to their appallingly miserable condition, which means that they have far less power of resistance than townsmen, and also to their dispersion, which makes them easier to enslave politically than the inhabitants of large towns. The facts reported in the *Sozialdemokrat*^a fill one with admiration for the heroism with which so many of those poor devils continued to stand firm.

But they are not the right kind of nucleus for a great national movement. In certain circumstances — as in 1865-70 — their poverty renders them more readily receptive to socialist views than the inhabitants of large towns. But this same poverty also makes them unreliable. A drowning man clutches at any straw, nor can he wait for a boat to push off from the bank and come to his rescue. The boat is socialist revolution, the straw, protective tariffs and state socialism. It is significant that there, in our old constituencies, it was almost only conservatives who stood any chance against us. And if, on a previous occasion, Kayser could talk such rubbish about protective tariffs²²⁰ without anyone's venturing any real objection, whose was the

^a 'Warum sind wir in Glauchau (Sachsen) unterlegen?', *Sozialdemokrat*, No. 47, 17 November 1881.

blame — as Bebel himself remarked in a letter to me ²²¹ — if not the constituents', and Kayser's in particular?

Now everything's different. Berlin, Hamburg, Breslau, Leipzig, Dresden, Mainz, Offenbach, Barmen, Elberfeld, Solingen, Nuremberg, Frankfurt am Main, Hanau, *as well as* Chemnitz and the Erzgebirge districts — that's backing of quite a different order. A class that is revolutionary by reason of its economic situation has come to be the nucleus of the movement. Aside from that, the movement is evenly distributed over the entire industrial area of Germany and, from being restricted to a few local centres, has *only now come to be a national movement*. And that is what frightens the bourgeois most of all.

As regards those who have been elected, we shall have to hope for the best, although I find it very difficult to do so where some of them are concerned. But it would be a disaster if, this time, Bebel were not to be returned.²²² For there will be many new elements — each armed, no doubt, with his own little schemes — whom Bebel alone, with his unerring tact, would be able to keep in order and prevent from making asses of themselves.

As regards the French, it would now be best simply to let Messrs Malon and Brousse have their head, and show what they can do. But it's unlikely to come to that. One of these days the *Égalité* will appear; Brousse will, as before, be guardedly libellous, launching attacks in the *Proletaire* without naming names, while the others, falling headlong into the snare, will, in their attacks, name names from the outset, whereupon they will be hailed as disturbers of the peace, sectarians, spreaders of dissension and budding dictators. Nothing can be done to stop this. The fellows are completely incapable of waiting until their opponents have got into a mess of their own contriving, but must perforce take issue with them and thus give them a longer lease of life. Left to their own devices Malon and, more especially, Brousse would scupper themselves (and probably each other) within 6 months. But as things are, it may take longer.

Like almost all such congresses, the Congress of Rheims ²²³ served to impress the outside world but, seen in the cold light of day, was a swindle. Of the 'federations' represented there, only the Centre, Nord and Est really exist; the others exist only on paper. The Algerian federation had elected the *bourgeois* Henry Maret (*radical deputy*) as its delegate!!, which just shows what kind of allies Malon has got. Guesde had wanted only *properly organised* federations to be re-

presented on the *Comité national* — but his proposal was turned down. This was *misrepresented*, i. e. *suppressed*, in the official account in the *Pro-létaire*.^a Thus, half the delegates to the congress and on the *Comité national* represent *nothing at all*, or at best only castles in Spain. The haste to declare the *Pro-létaire*, already completely taken over by Malon and Brousse, an official gazette was due solely to the desire to steal a march on the forthcoming *Égalité*. As usual, none of the resolutions on organisation were determined by expediency but by the opportunist considerations of the parties concerned.

Here is something that will give you an idea of Malon's Marxophobia: last spring he asked Lafargue, when the latter was in Paris, to obtain from *Marx a foreword* to the new edition of Malon's *Histoire du Socialisme*; needless to say, Lafargue laughed in his face and told him he must have a very poor idea of Marx if he thought him capable of lending himself to such humbug.

G. Howell, luckily not returned as 'labour candidate' for Stafford, is undoubtedly the biggest blackguard of all the *politicians*^b ex-working men here. He was until recently secretary of the TRADES UNIONS PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE (needless to say, a salaried post) and took occasion to cook the books, this being only hushed up with some difficulty; however, he was given the sack.

Within the next few days I shall write to K. K. of Käsburg^c about the Polish affair.²²⁴ In the meantime, give him my best regards.

Marx is still very run down, isn't allowed to leave his room or engage in any serious occupation, but he is visibly gaining weight. His wife is growing ever weaker.

With best regards,

Yours,

F. E.

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^a 'Cinquième congrès national ouvrier socialiste de Reims. Compte rendu analytique', *Le Pro-létaire*, Nos. 162 and 163, 5 and 12 November 1881. - ^b politicising - ^c Karl Kautsky's jocular nickname (*Käse* = cheese).

MARX TO JENNY LONGUET¹⁴⁰

IN ARGENTEUIL

London, 7 *Décembre* 1881

My dear, sweet Jennychen,

You will, assuredly, find it quite natural that I should not feel in the mood for 'writing' at the moment and hence only now be sending you this brief note. Since I haven't yet even left the sick room, there was no gainsaying the doctor's interdict on my attending the funeral. Moreover I resigned myself, for only the day before her death our dear departed^a had told her NURSE, apropos some neglected formality: 'WE ARE NO SUCH EXTERNAL PEOPLE!'

Schorlemmer came up from Manchester of his own accord.

I still have to paint my chest, neck, etc., with iodine and, when regularly repeated, this produces a somewhat tiresome and painful inflammation of the skin. The said operation, which is only being performed to prevent a relapse during convalescence (now complete apart from a slight cough), is therefore doing me sterling service just at this moment. There is only one effective antidote for mental suffering, and that is physical pain. Set the end of the world on the one hand against a man with acute toothache on the other.

It now gives me extraordinary happiness to recall that, despite numerous misgivings, I ventured on the trip to Paris. Not only because of the time itself that she, of undying memory, spent with you and the little ones^b — 'barely' marred by the image OF A CERTAIN DOMESTIC BULLY *et Mirabeau de la cuisine*,^c but also the reliving of that time during the final phase of her illness. There can be no doubt that during that phase the presence of you and the children could not have distracted her to such good purpose as her mental preoccupation with you all!

Her resting-place is fairly close to that of dear 'Charles'.^d

It is a comfort to me that her strength gave out before it was too late. Because of the highly unusual location of the growth — which meant that it was moveable, not static — the really typical and unbearable pain did not set in until the very last days (and even then

^a Jenny Marx - ^b Jean, Henri, Edgar and Marcel Longuet - ^c and kitchen Mirabeau - ^d son of Charles and Jenny Longuet

could still be kept within limits by the injection of morphine which the doctor had intentionally held in reserve for the end, since with protracted use it ceases to have any effect). As Dr Donkin had predicted, the course of the illness assumed the form of a gradual decline, as in the weakness that comes of old age. Even during *her last hours*, there were no death agonies, a gradual falling asleep, her eyes larger, lovelier, more luminous than ever.

Apropos. Engels — as always the truest of friends — has sent you at my request a copy of the *Irish World* in which an Irish bishop *declares himself against landownership* (private). This was *one of the last items of NEWS* I passed on to *your mamma*, and she thought you might get it into A FRENCH PAPER so as to horrify *the French clericals*. At all events it shows that such gentlemen are able to pipe any tune they like.

(In *La Justice* of 2 December 1881 a certain laddie by the name of B. Gendre^a seeks, under the title '*Le catholicisme socialiste en Allemagne*', to assuage his chauvinism by taking *au sérieux*,^b like Laveleye before him, the *fanciful statistics* of our friend R. Meyer (in his book *Emancipationskampf des 4. Standes*). The fact is that, since the German Empire came into being, the so-called *Catholic socialists* have *only once* elected a deputy to the Reichstag and that, from the moment of his election, he 'figured' only as a 'member of the Centre'.^{2,5} As to the *numerical strength of the Catholic labour unions*, on the other hand, our R. Meyer accords *France* a number disproportionately greater even than that he accords Germany.)

Have just received *La Justice* of 7 *Décembre* and see that, under the rubric *Gazette du jour*, there is an obituary, which says inter alia:

'*On devine que son* (il s'agit de votre mère) '*mariage avec Karl Marx, fils d'un avocat de Trèves, ne se fit pas sans peine. Il y avait à vaincre bien des préjugés, le plus fort de tous était encore le préjugé de race. On sait que l'illustre socialiste est d'origine israélite.*'³

Toute cette histoire^d IS A SIMPLE INVENTION, THERE WAS NO *préjugés à vaincre*.^e * I suppose, I am not mistaken in crediting Mr Ch. Longuet's inventive genius with this literary * '*enjolivement*'.^f * The same writer when speaking of the limitation of the working day and the factory acts,

^a real name Varvara Nikitina - ^b seriously - ^c 'One may suppose that her' (this refers to your mother) '*marriage to Karl Marx, son of a Trier barrister [Heinrich Marx], did not take place without difficulties. A great many prejudices had to be overcome, the strongest of all being racial prejudice.*' The illustrious socialist is known to be of Jewish origin.' - ^d The whole thing - ^e prejudices to be overcome - ^f embellishment

mentioned in another number of the *Justice*—‘Lassalle and Karl Marx’, the former having never printed or spoken a syllable on the matter in question. Longuet would greatly oblige me in never mentioning my name in *his* writings.

The allusion to your Maman’s occasional anonymous correspondence (in fact in behalf of Irving)²²⁶ I find indiscreet. At the time she wrote to the *Gazette de Francfort* (she never wrote to the *Journal de Francfort*—as the *Justice* calls it—, a simply reactionary, and philistine paper) the latter (the *Gazette*) was still on more or less friendly terms with the socialist party.

As to the ‘*von Westphalen[s]*’, they were not of Rhenish, but of* Brunswickian origin. *The father of your mother’s father^a was the factotum of the* notorious **Duke of Brunswick*^b (during the ‘seven years’ war’). As such he was also overwhelmed with favours on the part of the British government and married a near relative of the Argyll’s.^c His papers relative to the war and politics have been published by the Minister v. Westphalen.^d On the other hand,* ‘*par sa mère*,’^e *your mother descends from a small *Prussian* functionary^f and was actually born at Salzwedel in the Mark. All these things need not be known, but knowing nothing of them, one ought not to pretend correcting * *d’autres*^g ‘*BIOGRAPHIES*’.

* And now, my dear child, send me a long description of the doings of Johnny et Co. I still regret that Henry was not left to us at the time he went on so well. He is a child who wants a whole family’s attendance being singly, exclusively concentrated upon him. As it is, with so many other little ones requesting your care, he is rather an impediment.

With many kisses to you and your ‘little men’^h

Your devoted father,

K. M.

I was rather disagreeably affected by Meissner’s communication, that a new third edition of the *Capital* Vol. I has become necessary. I wanted indeed to apply all my time— as soon as I should feel myself able again— exclusively to the finishing of the 2nd volume.²²⁷

^a Christian Heinrich Philipp von Westphalen - ^b Ferdinand - ^c Jeanie Wishart of Pittarow - ^d Ch. H. Ph. von Westphalen, *Geschichte der Feldzüge des Herzogs Ferdinand von Braunschweig-Lüneburg*. - ^e through her mother - ^f Julius Christoph Heubel - ^g other - ^h Jenny Longuet’s four sons

Please write a few words in my name to *Reinhardt*. I could not find his address. He was an acquaintance of Mama's.*^a

First published, in Russian, in the magazine *Nachalo*, No. 5, St Petersburg, 1899

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93

MARX TO JOHANN PHILIPP BECKER ⁷²

IN GENEVA

[Postcard]

London, 10 December 1881

Dear Friend,

You may have already learned from the papers of my wife's death (she breathed her last on 2 December). You will find it natural enough that, during the first days following upon this irreplaceable loss, I should have been in no state to write letters; in fact, apart from her brother, Edgar von Westphalen, in Berlin you are the *only one* whom I have so far informed in person; other friends and acquaintances have been notified by my youngest daughter.^b

To the last my wife remained your loyal friend and was rightly incensed by the party's failure to help you—a man who has, for so many years, been a staunch and heroic standard bearer—and your loyal spouse^c in your struggle for existence.

I myself am still an invalid, but on the road to recovery; so serious a grip had pleurisy combined with bronchitis gained over me that for a time, i. e. several days, the doctors doubted whether I would pull through.

Farewell, dear friend. Regards to your wife.

K. M.

^a The last two paragraphs were added by Marx at the beginning of the letter. - ^b Eleanor Marx - ^c Elisabeth Becker

[On the side reserved for the address]

M. J. Ph. Becker, Chemin des Vollandes, Eaux Vives.
Genève (Switzerland)

First published in: Marx and Engels,
Works, First Russian Edition, Vol. XXVII,
Moscow, 1935

Printed according to the original

94

MARX TO NIKOLAI DANIELSON

IN ST PETERSBURG

London, 13 December 1881

My Dear Friend,

On the second of this month, after a long and painful malady, I lost my wife. I had been with her during the autumn months—as her *garde-malade*,^a first to the English seaside (Eastbourne), afterwards to Argenteuil (about 20 minutes from Paris) where she and myself enjoyed together the great pleasure to be with our eldest daughter (Madame Longuet) and her 4 little boys^b (the eldest about 5 years), all exceedingly attached to their grandparents.

It was a very risky affair, on my part, to undertake this voyage to Paris, considering the enfeebled state of my dear wife. But trusting to my excellent friend, Dr Donkin, I dared it in order to procure her this last satisfaction!

Unfortunately, my own health having been more or less shaky during all this time, I suddenly underwent—after our return to London—an attack of bronchitis complicated by a pleurisy, so that during 3 out of the last 6 weeks of her life, I could not see my wife, although we were in two rooms contiguous to each other.

Till now I was not yet able to leave my house. I was very near ‘leaving this bad world’. The doctors want to send me to the south of France or even to Algeria.

^a nurse - ^b Jean, Henri, Edgar and Marcel

The letters of condolence I have received from all sides were so far a great source of consolation for me, as there rang through them (except a single *Russian* letter) a true ring of sympathy, of true acknowledgment and understanding of the rare qualities of my dear wife.

My German editor^a informs me that a third edition of the *Capital* has become necessary. This comes at a moment anything but opportune. In the first instance I must first be restored to health, and in the second I want to finish off the 2nd vol.²²⁷ (even if to be published abroad) as soon as possible. I have now the additional interest to have it ready in order to inscribe in it a dedication to my wife.

However that may be, I will arrange with my editor that I shall make for the 3d edition only the fewest possible alterations and additions, but, on the other hand, that he must this time only draw off 1,000 copies, instead of 3,000, as was his want. When these 1,000 copies forming the 3d edition are sold, then I may change the book in the way I should have done at present under different circumstances.

Believe me always

Your true friend

A. Williams^b

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Published in English for the first time

95

MARX TO FRIEDRICH ADOLPH SORGE²²⁸

IN HOBOKEN

[London,] 15 December 1881

Dear Sorge,

Having heard our news from over here by word of mouth from your son,^c you must surely have been prepared to learn of the death of my wife, my unforgettable and beloved partner (on 2 December).

^a Otto Meissner - ^b Marx's pseudonym - ^c Adolph Sorge

I myself had not recovered sufficiently to pay her my last respects. Indeed, I have so far been confined to the house, but am to go to Ventnor (Isle of Wight) next week.

I am emerging from this last illness doubly handicapped, emotionally by the loss of my wife, physically in that I am left with a thickening of the pleura and increased sensitivity of the bronchial tubes.

I shall, alas, have to fritter away a certain amount of time on schemes for restoring my health.

Another edition of the German text of *Capital*²²⁷ has now become necessary. Most inopportune so far as I'm concerned.

Your Henry George is increasingly revealing himself to be a humbug.

I trust Sorge jun. arrived in good shape; give him my regards.

Your
K. Marx

The English have latterly begun to take rather more notice of *Capital*, etc. For instance, in last *October's* (or November's, *I am not quite sure*) issue of the *Contemporary*, there was an article by *John Rae* ON GERMAN SOCIALISM.^a (Very inadequate, full of mistakes, but 'FAIR', as one of my ENGLISH FRIENDS remarked to me day before yesterday.) And why FAIR? * Because John Rae does *not suppose* that for the forty years I am spreading my pernicious theories I was being instigated by 'bad' motives.* 'I must praise his magnanimity!' * The fairness of making yourself at least sufficiently acquainted with the subject of your criticism seems a thing quite unknown to the penmen of British philistinism.

Before this, in the beginning of June, there was published by a certain *Hyndman* (who had before intruded himself into my house) a little book: *England for All*. It pretends to be written as an *exposé* of the programme of the '*Democratic Federation*'¹⁵⁸—a recently formed association of different English and Scotch radical societies, half bourgeois, half *prolétaires*.^b The chapters on Labour and Capital are only literal extracts from, or circumlocutions of, the *Capital*, but the fellow does neither quote the book, nor its author, but to shield himself from exposure remarks at the end of his preface:

^a J. Rae, 'The Socialism of Karl Marx and the Young Hegelians', *The Contemporary Review*, Vol. XL, October 1881.-^b See this volume, pp. 102-03.

'For the ideas and much of the matter contained in chapters II and III, I am indebted to the work of a great thinker and original writer, etc., etc.'

Vis-à-vis myself, the fellow wrote stupid letters of excuse, for instance, that 'the English don't like to be taught by foreigners', that 'my name was so much detested, etc.' With all that his little book—so far as it pilfers the *Capital*—makes good propaganda, although the man is a 'weak' vessel, and very far from having even the patience—the first condition of learning anything—of studying a matter thoroughly. All these amiable middle-class writers—if not specialists—have an itching to make money or name or political capital *immediately* out of any new thoughts they may have got at by any favourable windfall. Many evenings this fellow has pilfered from me, in order to take me out and to learn in the easiest way.

Lastly, there was published on the 1st December last (I shall send you a copy of it) in the monthly review *Modern Thought* an article: '*Leaders of Modern Thought*: No. XXIII—*Karl Marx*. By Ernest Belfort Bax.'

Now this is the first English publication of that kind which is pervaded by a real enthusiasm for the new ideas themselves and boldly stands up against British philistinism. This does not prevent that the biographical notices the author gives of me are mostly wrong, etc. In the exposition of my economic principles and in his translations (i. e. quotations of the *Capital*) much is wrong and confused, but with all that the appearance of this article, announced in large letters by placards on the walls of West End London, has produced a great sensation. What was most important for me, I received the said number of *Modern Thought* already on the 30th of November, so that my dear wife had the last days of her life still cheered up. You know the passionate interest she took in all such affairs.*

First published in *Briefe und Auszüge aus Briefen von Joh. Phil. Becker, Jos. Dietzgen, Friedrich Engels, Karl Marx u. A. an F. A. Sorge und Andere*, Stuttgart, 1906

Printed according to the original

96

MARX TO JENNY LONGUET ⁷²

IN ARGENTEUIL

London, 17 December 1881
41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

My Dear Child,

Tussy, SUPPORTED BY Engels, is this moment taking the Christmas hamper for our little ones by CAB TO THE PARCEL COMPANY. *Helen*^a wants me to point out specially that 1 little jacket for Harry, 1 for Eddy,^b and a woollen bonnet for Pa^c are *from her*; again for the selfsame Pa, a 'little blue frock' from *Laura*; from myself a SAILOR'S SUIT FOR MY DEAR Johnny. On one of the last days of her life, Möhmchen^d laughed so merrily when telling Laura how you and I took Johnny to Paris, and chose a suit for him there in which he looked like a little *bourgeois gentilhomme*.^c

The letters of condolence I get from near and far, and from people of such various nationalities, professions, etc., etc., are, in their appreciation of Möhmchen, all of them animated by a spirit of truth and a depth of feeling rarely found in what are as a rule merely conventional tributes. I ascribe this to the fact that everything about her was natural and genuine, unforced and without affectation. Hence the impression she made on others was one of vivaciousness and lucidity; even Mrs Hess writes:

'In her, Nature has destroyed its own masterpiece, for never in my life have I met so witty and loving a woman.'²²⁹

Liebknecht writes to say that, without her, he would have succumbed to the wretchedness of exile,²³⁰ etc., etc.

How exceptionally healthy she was by nature, for all her delicate constitution, is evident from the fact that, despite being bed-ridden for so long, she did not have a sore spot on her body, much to the astonishment of the doctors; during my recent illness I already had a number of sore places after only two weeks of being confined to bed.

^a Demuth - ^b Edgar Longuet - ^c Marcel Longuet - ^d Pet name for Jenny Marx.-

^c a bourgeois with pretensions to gentility (from the title of a play by Molière)

The weather has been very bad since I got over my illness, so I have been under house arrest up till now, but next week, on doctors' orders, I am to go to Ventnor (Isle of Wight) and from there, later on, somewhere further south. Tussy will accompany me.

You will be getting (posted at the same time as this) an article about me in the monthly review *Modern Thought*.^a It's the first time an English critic has gone into the matter with such enthusiasm. It arrived in time to cheer Möhmchen up. Where the QUOTATIONS from the German 'text' are too bad (I MEAN TOO BADLY DONE INTO ENGLISH), I have got Tussy to write in corrections on such few copies as we are reserving for friends. The mistakes that occur under the heading 'LIFE' are indifferent.

And now, my dear child, the best service you can do me is to keep your chin up! I hope that I shall spend many more happy days with you and worthily fulfil my functions as a GRANDPA.

With a thousand kisses to you and the little ones,

Your loving

OLD NICK

I could have written much more about Vivanti, etc., but believe that Tussy has bagged this for herself.

First published, in Russian, in the magazine *Nachalo*, No. 5, St Petersburg, 1899

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97

ENGELS TO KARL KAUTSKY

IN ZURICH

London, 18 December 1881

Dear Mr Kautsky,

I got the telegram from you and Bernstein at 3.50 this afternoon and am glad to be able to inform you that Marx has now recovered to

^a See this volume, p. 163.

the extent that he can be sent—initially—to the south coast of England. He will be going there in the course of this week; as soon as he has grown a little more accustomed to the open air and there is no further fear of a relapse, he will then probably move on to the south of Europe and spend some time there.

I couldn't reply to you by telegram, as it would have meant going to the CENTRAL OFFICE and, as usual, I had Pumps, her husband^a and Sam Moore (all of whom send you their best wishes) here for a meal and later on, as you can imagine, more people dropped in. There would hardly be any point in telegraphing tomorrow as this letter will doubtless arrive just as soon (\pm).^b

About the Poles, something presently²²⁴; things here have been rather at sixes and sevens of late.

So the *Égalité* is appearing again. Almost all the articles in No. 1 begin quite splendidly and end up most disappointingly.²³¹ I haven't seen No. 2 yet.

Best wishes to Bernstein.

Yours
F. Engels

First published, in Russian, in *Marx-Engels Archives*, Vol. I (VI), Moscow, 1932

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ENGELS TO FERDINAND DOMELA NIEUWENHUIS

IN THE HAGUE

London, 29 December 1881
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

Dear Comrade,

I am glad to be able to inform you that the news according to which Karl Marx is mortally sick is wholly false and fictitious. He has

^a Percy Rosher - ^b more or less

now got over his illness (bronchitis and pleurisy) and, on the advice of his doctors, has today left for Ventnor (the Isle of Wight); they hope that the warm climate and dry air there will rapidly complete his recovery. I will forward your letter to him.

Yours sincerely,
F. Engels

First published, in Russian, in the magazine *Istoriĭ-Marksist*, Vol. 6 (40), Moscow, 1934

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Translated from the Dutch
Published in English for the first time

99

MARX TO ROLAND DANIELS²³²

IN COLOGNE

To Mr Roland Daniels
with compliments

Karl Marx

Ventnor (Isle of Wight),
31 December 1881

My daughter^a happened to bring this photogram with her when we left London; she told me of this when my letters to your esteemed mother^b and yourself²³³ had already been despatched. Hence this is being sent later.

First published in German and in Russian in: Karl Marx, Frederick Engels, *Collection of Photographs*, Moscow, 1976

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

^a Eleanor Marx - ^b Amalie Daniels

100

ENGELS TO LEV HARTMANN
IN LONDON

[Draft]

[London, end of December 1881]

I have a letter from America for you, but I am instructed to hand it to you personally.

Can you come and receive it?

Your^a

First published in: Marx and Engels,
Works, First Russian Edition, Vol. XXVII,
Moscow, 1935

Printed according to the original
Translated from the Russian
Published in English for the first
time

^a Unsigned

1882

101

MARX TO LAURA LAFARGUE ⁷²

IN LONDON

Ventnor, 4 January 1882
1 St Boniface Gardens

Dear Laurachen,

Today is our first sunny and tolerable day in Ventnor. The weather is said to have been excellent — up till the time of our arrival.²³⁴ Thereafter GALES EVERY DAY, wind raging and howling throughout the night, in the morning THE SKY OVERCAST, LEADEN, LONDONLIKE. Temperature significantly lower than in London and, on top of that, and most tiresome of all, a great deal of rain. (The air itself was of course 'purer' than in London.)

In the circumstances it was only natural that my cough, IN FACT my bronchial catarrh, should have got worse rather than better. But for all that I have progressed to the extent that for part of the night I sleep naturally, without opium, etc. However my general condition is not such as to render me fit for work. Today, ABOUT the end of the first week of our stay, it looks as though a change is setting in. Given warmer weather this would certainly be a splendid health resort for convalescents of my description.

My companion^a (this *strictly between ourselves*) eats practically nothing; suffers badly from nervous tics; reads and writes all day long, when not engaged in buying the necessary provisions or taking short walks. She is very taciturn and, INDEED, seemingly endures staying with me simply out of a sense of duty, as a self-sacrificing martyr.

Has there been no more news from Jenny about the arrival of the CHRISTMAS BOX^b? I'm worried about the thing.

^a Eleanor Marx. ^b See this volume, p. 164.

You will understand, dear child, if I have nothing positive to report to you from here, my experiences hitherto having been purely negative, unless it be the great discovery that local literature here is represented by 3 newspapers, and that there is even A SCHOOL OF ART AND SCIENCE INSTITUTION where a big lecture is to be given next Monday evening ON THE CASTES AND 'MÉTIER' OF INDIA.

Today I received a letter from Reinhardt in Paris in which he speaks of our sad bereavement^a in the MOST SINCERE and MOST SYMPATHETIC manner. The vehemence with which the bourgeois papers in Germany have announced either my demise, or at any rate the inevitable imminence thereof, has tickled me hugely, and the 'man at odds with the world' will have to get fit for action again, if only to oblige them.

Willard Brown has written to Tussy from New York; he has entrusted the business of your house to a very intimate and competent friend of his in new Orleans²³⁵; the latter has written to say that AT FIRST SIGHT there has been a great deal of underhand work but that he must first make further investigations in order to obtain actual proof.

I enclose, as a curiosity for Paul,^b a cutting from the MONEY ARTICLE in *The Times* (29 December 1881) which was obviously inserted by Messrs Say and Rothschild.^c (Regards to Paul and Helen.^d)

Adio, MY DEAR CHILD, WRITE SOON.

Your
OLD NICK

First published in the language of the original (German) in *Annali*, an. I, Milano, 1958

Printed according to the original

^a the death of Jenny Marx - ^b Lafargue - ^c 'Money-Market and City Intelligence', *The Times*, No. 30390, 29 December 1881. - ^d Demuth

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MARX TO ENGELS¹⁴⁰

IN LONDON

Ventnor, 5 January 1882
1 St Boniface Gardens

Dear FRED,

Cold and wet during the day, raging winds at night; that, by and large, is the kind of weather and climate we've been experiencing here up till today.²³⁴—The exception was yesterday, when it was dry with brilliant sunshine.—According to letters received by Tussy, it has been the same everywhere on the south coast of England; disappointment everywhere on the part of the not inconsiderable number of convalescing, etc., rabble. *Qui vivra verra.*^a Perhaps there will be a change for the better.

I now wear—(*au cas de besoin*^b)—a muzzle, alias RESPIRATOR; this makes one less dependent on the caprices of the weather when taking one's obligatory walk.

I still have a tiresome and persistent cough and bronchial catarrh; but it's an undoubted step forward that I should get a few hours sleep at night without recourse to artificial remedies, and this despite the roar of the wind across the sea close by; on the contrary, the noise helps to send me to sleep.

My companion, Tussy, is sorely plagued with nervous tics and insomnia, etc. However I hope that her frequent excursions in the fresh air—for she goes into 'town' every day to attend to this and that—will have a beneficial effect on her.

What has tickled me greatly was the announcement by the LIBERAL ASSOCIATION—I no longer recall where, Birmingham perhaps²³⁶—that, in celebration of some ANNIVERSARY or other, not only will old Bright and THE ILLUSTRIOUS VESTRYMAN AND CAUCUSMAN Chamberlain be speaking, *but that also old Obadiah's 'son', Mr Jacob Bright jun.²³⁷ and several 'Miss' Cobden, are to put in their appearance. It is not said whether one of the 'Miss' Cobden or all of them will be given away to the young Obadiah, so as to perpetuate in the most appropriate and safest way the Bright-Cobden stock.*

^a Who survives will see.—^b in case of need

A different picture is presented by the 3,000 LANDLORDS' MEETING AT Dublin,²³⁸ *duce*^a Abercorn, the sole aim of which is *'to maintain... contracts and *the freedom between man and man in this realm*'.* The ladies' rage at the ASSISTANT COMMISSIONERS is comical. Their attacks on Gladstone are, by the by, fully justified, but it is only the latter's COERCITIVE [sic] MEASURES and his 50,000 men,¹²³ not counting the police, that permit these gentlemen to confront him in so critical and threatening a manner. All this uproar is, of course, merely aimed at getting John Bull ready to pay 'compensation costs'. SERVES HIM RIGHT.

You will see from the enclosed letter from Dietzgen that the unhappy fellow has 'progressed' backwards and safely 'arrived' at the *Phänomenologie*.²³⁹ I regard the case as an incurable one.

I have also had a very kind letter of condolence from Reinhardt in Paris who asks me to give you, amongst others, his kindest regards. He always had a soft spot for my beloved partner.

I wish I were fit for action again; not yet reached that stage, alas. With best wishes from Tussy.

Your
Moor

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ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN
IN ZURICH

London, 6 January 1882

Dear Mr Bernstein,

I am writing to you in haste today in order to shed some light on the peculiar expressions that occur in the last number of the *Égalité*

^a under the leadership of

on the subject of the *Sozialdemokrat*. The point is that, out of the goodness of his heart, Guesde engaged for the German section of the paper a person known to be the mortal enemy of everything appertaining to 'Zurich',^a and the said person was unable to refrain from thus expressing his displeasure that the *Sozialdemokrat* should survive and not the *Laterne*. You would oblige us and serve the cause by taking no notice of this. If it happens again, we shall at once put a stop to it. By contrast, we were delighted that the *Sozialdemokrat* should not have hesitated to accuse the deputies of downright cowardice, thus bringing matters to a head, something which many of them, had Bebel not been there, would doubtless have sooner avoided.²⁴⁰

The *Égalité* people, by the way, have been luckier than, *au fond*,^b they deserved. Malon and Brousse made horrible fools of themselves in connection with Joffrin's candidature by putting forward a watered-down programme—in defiance of the congressional resolution passed at Rheims,²²³ and quite simply suppressed one of the points discussed there, just because it happened not to suit their book (*Égalité*, No. 4, p. 7, Paris).^c In this way they put the *Égalité* in the right which, in the circumstances and on tactical grounds, was absolutely imperative—not Guesde and Co., but Malon and Co., were the real 'autoritaires',^d the strivers after dictatorship.^e And, now that the struggle has come out into the open, I need hardly say that our sympathies lie wholly with Guesde and his friends. Moreover, the *Égalité* is, and always has been, infinitely superior to the *Prolétaire* as far as content is concerned. Malon and Brousse are again behaving like true Bakuninists: they accuse others of hankering for dictatorship and, under pretence of maintaining their 'autonomy', want to rule the roost themselves without regard for party resolutions.

Marx is at Ventnor in the Isle of Wight, but writes to say that the weather is atrocious,^f worse than here. Well, it will soon change, no doubt; at all events, there would now seem to be no real danger of a relapse. The haste the bourgeois press was in to disseminate the news of his confidently anticipated demise did him no end of good: 'Now I must live to a ripe old age, if only to spite the damned rascals.'

^a Carl Hirsch - ^b really - ^c 'Allemagne', *L'Égalité*, 3rd series, No. 4, 1 January 1882.-

^d authoritarians - ^e 'Paris', *L'Égalité*, 3rd series, No. 4, 1 January 1882.- ^f See this volume, p. 171.

Kautsky will have to be patient for a few more days. Schorlemmer is still here, which means that the most that I can do is dabble in natural science; on top of that, there's all the coming and going which won't be over until next week. Then, when time's no object, as Schorlemmer says Darmstadt-fashion, I'll write to him about the Poles.^a

Kindest regards to him and you,

from yours

F. Engels

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ENGELS TO MARX

IN VENTNOR

London, 8 January 1882

Dear Moor,

We were glad to hear that there was no reason for yours and Tussy's silence and, even though you couldn't be expected to make very much progress in view of the adverse weather, you have at least benefited to the extent that the danger of a relapse has now been pretty well eliminated, which was, after all, the main reason why you were sent to Ventnor.

The festive season here ends tomorrow. Schorlemmer will be returning to Manchester, and then it's back to the grindstone. I am looking forward to it; things were really getting too much. Tuesday with Lenchen, Friday with Pumps, yesterday with the Lafargues, today here at my house — and every morning the eternal Pilsener; it couldn't go on indefinitely. Lenchen was always one of the party, of course, and still is, so she hasn't felt too lonely.

^a See this volume, pp. 191-95.

By the time you get this note you will have been edified by old William's^a magnificent proclamation in which he avows his solidarity with Bismarck and declares all this to be the free expression of his own opinion.²⁴¹ I also liked the bit about the inviolability of the person of the monarch having persisted in Prussia since time immemorial. Particularly when one considers the shots fired by Nobiling.¹²⁰ How comforting for Alexander II and III that their persons should be inviolable! One might, by the way, imagine that one was living under a travesty of Charles X when one reads that sort of drivel.

There has been yet another nice item in *The Standard*, a letter from a Russian general about the situation and the Nihilists,²⁴² just like what used to be said and written by the Prussian generals of 1845 about demagogues,²⁴³ liberals, Jews, the bad principles of the French, and the universal and undying loyalty to the king felt by the sound core of the nation. Which didn't, of course, set the revolution back one day. You will have seen that the *zemstvos*³⁷ have rebelled against Ignatiev, partly via the medium of petitions, partly by an outright refusal to convene.²⁴⁴ That is a most important step, the first to be taken by official bodies under Alexander III.

Like you, we hope for better weather. Yesterday was very fine with a north-wester from which you will have been sheltered. Schorlemmer and I were on the go the whole day and it was not until half past midnight that we accompanied Lenchen home from Laura's, covering the whole distance on foot. Today it's been beastly and wet, though during a brighter spell we got out and about for an hour or so with Sam Moore who turned up again the day before yesterday. It's blowing good and hard again outside. How is Tussy actually? Regards to her and to you from us all.

Your
F. E.

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^a William I

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MARX TO ENGELS¹⁶⁶

IN LONDON

Ventnor, 12 January 1882
1 St Boniface Gardens

Dear Engels,

I am going to try spending one more week here (the 3rd as from today); so far there's been no improvement in the weather — if anything the reverse. On Monday, Tussy is going up to London for a theatrical performance she is taking part in, after which she will come back here.

By the time I left London, I had to pay out SOMEWHAT LESS THAN £ 20 of the £ 40 you gave me on unavoidable expenses. Here my lodgings cost me 2 GUINEAS a week and with coal and gas but excluding other EXTRAS, ABOUT £ 2 15s.; remaining weekly expenditure ABOUT 4 GUINEAS. Considering the climatic performance this hole has put up, it's a tidy sum. Including travelling expenses, I have spent ABOUT £ 17 and have still got £ 5. This will not suffice for the last week (incl. Tussy's INCIDENTAL London TRIP and our probable return together next week). So I'd be grateful if you could let me have SOME £ by Monday NEXT, if it can be done.

As for future plans, the first consideration must be to relieve Tussy of her role as my companion (when I again set forth I shall be able to dispense with an escort altogether). The girl is under such MENTAL PRESSURE that it is undermining her health. Neither travelling, nor CHANGE OF CLIMATE, NOT PHYSICIANS CAN DO ANYTHING IN THIS CASE. All one can do for her is to do as she wishes, and let her take a course of theatrical LESSONS with Madame Jung. She has an ardent desire to open up a career for herself, or so she imagines, as an independent, active artist and, once this has been conceded, she is undoubtedly right in saying that, at her age, there's no more time to be lost. Not for anything in the world would I have the girl think she is to be sacrificed as an old man's 'nurse' on the altar of family. In fact, I am convinced that *pro nunc*^a Madame Jung is the only doctor for her. She is not open

^a for the time being

with me; what I say is based on observation, not on her own statements. Nor is the above assertion in any way incompatible with the fact that the most disquieting symptoms, which notably occur at night, are of an alarmingly hysterical nature, or so Miss Maitland^a told me (she spent 2 days here). But for this, too, no remedy is available just now save an absorbing and congenial pursuit. I have certain conjectures about her affairs of the 'heart', but that is too delicate a subject to admit of discussion in black and white.

I have had a letter from the Sorge family,²⁴⁵ written by the old man, countersigned by Mrs Sorge and Sorge jun.,^b in which they invite me TO TURN OVER A NEW LEAF, i. e. go and settle with them in New York. Well meant, at any rate!

In the *Arbeiterstimme* in which C. Schramm, invoking myself, attacked Karl Bürkli,^c Bürkli now attacks Schramm,^d for whose benefit he demonstrates that everything he [Schramm] has adduced is quite beside the point since I nowhere consider the kind of money he, Bürkli, proposes, namely 'interest-bearing mortgage bank certificates'. Bürkli does, however, express surprise that I should make no mention of the Pole, August Cieszkowski (*Du crédit et de la circulation*, Paris, 1839), although in his *Système des contradictions économiques* that 'rough diamond Proudhon' frequently, if respectfully, takes issue with Cieszkowski (the 'prior inventor' of Bürkli's bank certificates). The said Cieszkowski — a count, as Bürkli, NATIVE of Switzerland, remarks, and a ['doctor of philosophy' and 'Hegelian']^e INTO THE BARGAIN, if not actually a 'fellow-countryman of Marx', i. e. as 'deputy for Posen' in the 'Prussian' National Assembly — the said count, etc., did in fact once call on me in Paris (at the time of the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*), and such was the impression he made on me that I neither wanted nor would have been able to read anything whatever of his contriving. Nevertheless, it's a notable fact that the inventors of 'real' credit money, which was meant to serve as a means of circulation at the same time, as opposed to what they call 'personal' credit money (e. g. present-day bank-notes), should have chanced their hand — albeit in vain — as far back as the founding of the Bank of England, and this in the interests and at the behest of the landed aristocracy.^f At

^a Dolly Maitland - ^b Friedrich Adolph, Katharina and Adolph Sorge - ^c C. Schramm, 'Karl Bürkli und Karl Marx', *Arbeiterstimme*, Nos. 52 and 53, 24 and 31 December 1881. - ^d K. Bürkli, 'Abschüttelungs halber', *Arbeiterstimme*, 7 and 14 January 1882. - ^e manuscript damaged. - ^f See K. Marx, *Capital*, Vol. III, Part V, Ch. XXXVI (present edition, Vol. 37).

all events, Bürkli is under a delusion as to the 'historical' date of birth of the Cieszkowskian 'idea', independently rediscovered by himself.

What has struck me from the first about the Bismarck-William manifesto²⁴¹ is the confusion as between Prussian king and German emperor! In the latter capacity, the laddie has, after all, no historical antecedents whatsoever, nor yet Hohenzollern traditions (on which a start has now been made with the 'Prince of Prussia's' ostentatious trip to England — to study the Constitution!²⁴⁶). After the nauseous protestations, expiring in submissive love, of your Mommsens, Richters, Hänel's²⁴⁷ *et tutti quanti*,^a it was charming of Bismarck to play this card — however silly his manner of doing it. With any luck we shall yet see something happen.

Your
K. M.

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ENGELS TO EMIL ENGELS
IN ENGELSKIRCHEN

London, 12 January 1882

Dear Emil,

After sundry disturbances and unforeseen events, among which the eating and drinking that goes with the festive season, I have composed myself sufficiently to send you, Lottchen, Elisabeth and her fiancé^b my heartiest congratulations on their engagement. I would never have thought, when travelling to Manchester with August Erbslöh in the late autumn of 1842²⁴⁸ (I've only seen him once or

^a and all the rest - ^b Charlotte and Elisabeth Engels, Carl Alexander Erbslöh

twice since then in Barmen), that his son would marry a niece of mine. Admittedly, neither of the two young people had been so much as thought of at that time. It is a subject that lends itself to all kinds of suitable and unsuitable remarks—which, however, I shall refrain from making since anyone can easily do that for himself and the young couple will in any case be much too preoccupied with present and future to have time for utterly useless comments on a past that is antecedent to their births.

Apart from that, I shall soon be moved to hope that engagements in our family, along with their more immediate and more remote consequences, will come at rather less frequent intervals, though admittedly in a family as numerous and prolific as ours these cases multiply proportionately to the square of the distance in time from a starting-point that lies over 60 years behind us, and there's no going against a natural law such as that.

I'm keeping quite well on the whole, except that I'm rather deaf in my left ear and regularly catch cold during the winter, but I got used to that years ago. At all events, the mild winter will help you shake off the effects of pneumonia, or at any rate alleviate them. Today it turned so warm again that I had to take my greatcoat off, despite a bit of SCOTCH MIST.

Love to you all, especially to Lottchen and the happy couple.

Your
Friedrich

I shall be glad to see Emil^a here.

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^a Emil Engels jun.

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MARX TO AMALIE DANIELS

IN COLOGNE

[Ventnor,] Isle of Wight, 12 January 1882
1 St Boniface Gardens

My dear Mrs Daniels,

On the same day as I wrote to you,²³³ my daughter^a found an even earlier photograph of mine among the papers she had brought with her from London. I at once sent it to Cologne^b in the enclosed envelope, the same in which it was returned to me by the 'Imperial Post Office'.

Perhaps you would be so good as to send me *your exact address*. I shall then despatch the *corpus delicti*^c anew.²⁴⁹

Best regards.

Yours very sincerely,

K. Marx

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ENGELS TO MARX

IN VENTNOR

London, 13 January 1882

Dear Moor,

First, I enclose £20 in 4 bank-notes à 5 GK 53969, 70, 71, 72. London, 7 October 1881. I have in addition given Lenchen £10 so

^a Eleanor Marx - ^b See this volume, p. 167. - ^c exhibit

that she can pay the RATES and still have something in hand. Next week, larger amounts will become available and then, after your return, we shall be able to make further plans.

I'm very glad that you should feel strong enough to be able to travel alone in future.

I skimmed through part of the Schramm-Bürkliade^a and was greatly tickled by it. Even before 1842, Cieszkowski had already written a book on natural philosophy (botany)^b and, if I am not mistaken, also contributed to the *Deutsche*, if not actually the *Hallische Jahrbücher*.^c

Our Parisian friends have reaped what they had sown. What we had both of us told them would happen has actually come to pass. They have, by their impatience, ruined what was a first-rate position which, if they were to have made the most of it, called precisely for discretion and the ability to wait and see. For Malon and Brousse had set a trap for them in true old Alliance style⁶⁷ — calumny in the form of mere hints, no open naming of names, and supplemented on the sly by word of mouth; they went straight into it like so many schoolboys (Lafargue in the van), inasmuch as they counterattacked *by name* and were then dubbed disturbers of the peace. Moreover, their argument is so utterly puerile; as soon as one reads their opponents' retort, this leaps to the eye. Thus Guesde suppresses important qualificative passages of Joffrin's because they don't suit his book, and *fails to mention* the fact that, despite his opposition, the Comité national²⁵⁰ declared Joffrin's programme to be *more radical* than the *programme minimum*,²⁵¹ thus giving Joffrin the party's *blessing*. A fact which he, of course, triumphantly parades before Guesde.^d Then Lafargue words his articles in such a way as to enable Malon to say in reply: 'But have we ever maintained that the struggles of the medieval *communiers*^e against the feudal aristocracy were anything but *class struggles* — and do you, Mr Lafargue, contest this?' — And now we get jeremiad after jeremiad from Paris, saying that they have been hopelessly defeated and, at the next meeting of the Comité national, would even be set upon physically, and Guesde is as despairing as he was uppish 4 weeks ago, and can see no salvation in anything short of secession by

^a See this volume, p. 177. - ^b A. von Cieszkowski, *Prolegomena zur Historiosophie*, Berlin, 1838. - ^c *Deutsche Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Kunst* and *Hallische Jahrbücher für deutsche Wissenschaft und Kunst* - ^d J. Joffrin, 'A. M. Jules Guesde, rédacteur de l'*Égalité*', *Le Prolétaire*, No. 171, 7 January 1882. - ^e commoners

the minority. And *now*, finding to their astonishment that they are having to lie on the bed they have made,—now they come to the laudable conclusion that they must eschew all personalities!

I am sending you an old *Kölnische Zeitung* which, however, contains a very interesting article on Russia.²⁵²

Incidentally, the factum (anti-Guesde) in the *Prolétaire*, written by Malon and Brousse and signed by Joffrin, is a splendid example of Bakuninist polemics and very much in the style of the 'Sonvillier circular',²⁵³ but ruder.

So the ukase has been issued *re* the reduction of *vykup*^a payments.²⁵⁴ Having regard to the colossal *nedoimki*,^b the paltry per cent or two will, no doubt, make a great deal of difference! But every million it doesn't get makes a difference to the Russian Treasury.

Bismarck, by the way, has had better luck than might have been expected: the Reichstag has endorsed his pilgrimage to Canossa by a $\frac{2}{3}$ majority.²⁵⁵ But that would seem to be about the only thing upon which this Reichstag is able to agree. A fine majority: feudalists, ultramontanes, particularists, Poles, Danes, Alsatians, a few men of Progress,²⁵⁶ demoscraunchers and socialists!

Ad vocem^c pilgrimages, this morning I met Furnivall wearing a blue ulster, belted at the waist, and a broad-brimmed hat—he looked exactly like a pilgrim going to the Holy Land on a quest for St Anthony's beard.

kindest regards to Tussy.

Your
F. E.

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^a redemption - ^b deficit - ^c As to

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN LONDON

[Ventnor,] 15 January 1882

DEAR FRED,

BEST THANKS FOR THE £20.

I have resolved to leave tomorrow as the weather is getting progressively 'colder', which does my swollen cheek no good. So I shall lose only 2 days, and this will also save Tussy the double journey.

Though repeatedly warned, our people in Paris have got themselves into a nice mess^a (SERVES Lafargue AND Guesde RIGHT); however, since they possess two papers,^b they may, with a little ingenuity, nevertheless gain command of the field.

I regard it as a major victory, not only in Germany itself but vis-à-vis the outside world GENERALLY, that Bismarck should *admit* in the Reichstag that the German workers have to some extent 'given the thumbs down' to his state socialism.²⁵⁷ London's rascally bourgeois press always sought to disseminate the opposite.

I have received an extraordinarily kind letter from OLD Frankel from the 'state prison', ditto a letter from Wróblewski who was *évidement*^c writing on behalf of his Polish party in Geneva²⁵⁸; but in his haste he forgot to append not only the party's name but also his own.

If, as Joffrin relates in his factum in the *Prolétaire*,^d he once staged a *pro-Guesde demonstration* in London against the 'International' there, it was at all events such a *platonic* demonstration that no one knew anything about it apart from Joffrin himself and perhaps a few of his closest accomplices, i. e. it was carried out entirely in 'private'.

*Salut.*Your
Moor

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^a See this volume, pp. 181 - 82. - ^b *L'Égalité* and *Le Citoyen* - ^c evidently - ^d See previous letter.

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MARX TO PYOTR LAVROV ^{7 2}

IN PARIS

London, 23 January 1882

41 Maitland Park Road, N. W.

Dear Friend,

I enclose a few lines for the Russian edition of the Communist *Manifesto*^a; as these are to be *translated* into Russian they have not been polished to the degree that would be necessary if they were to be published IN THE GERMAN VERNACULAR.

I have only been back in London for a few days. For as a result of pleurisy and bronchitis, from which I had recovered, I was left with chronic bronchial catarrh which my doctor^b hoped to clear up by sending me to Ventnor (Isle of Wight), a place that is usually warm, even in winter. On this occasion, however, —during the 3 weeks of my stay there—Ventnor was invaded by cold, wet, dull, misty weather while at the same time in London the weather turned almost summery, only to change again, however, on my return.

The intention now is to send me somewhere in the south, possibly Algiers. It is a difficult choice, because Italy is barred to me (a man was arrested in Milan for having a name like mine); I can't even go from here to Gibraltar by STEAMER, as I have no passport and even the English demand a passport there.

Despite all the urging on the part of doctors and those closest to me, I would never have agreed to such a time-wasting operation were it not for the fact that this accursed 'English' disease impairs one's intellect. Moreover a relapse, even if I pulled through, would take up still more time. All the same I intend to carry out some further experiments here first.

*I send you a number of *Modern Thought* with an article on myself; I need not tell you that the biographical notice of the author is altogether wrong. My daughter—your correspondent Eleanor, who sends you her love—has in the copy forwarded to you taken upon herself to correct the English misquotations from the *Capital*. But

^a See present edition, Vol. 24. - ^b Donkin. - ^c See this volume, p. 163.

however badly Mr Bax—I hear he is quite a young man—may translate, he certainly is the first English critic who takes a real interest in modern socialism. There is a sincerity of speech and a ring of true conviction about him which strike you. A certain John Rae—I think he is lecturer of Political Economy at some English University—has, some months ago, published in *The Contemporary Review* an article on the same subject,^a very superficial (though he affects to quote many of my writings he has evidently never seen), and full of that pretence of superiority which the true Briton is inspired with thanks to a peculiar gift of stolid blockheadedness. Still he tries hard to be so condescending as to suppose, that from conviction, and not from interested motives, I am, for almost 40 years, misleading the working class by unsound doctrines! Generally speaking, people here commence to yearn for some knowledge of socialism, nihilism, and so forth. Ireland and the United States on the one hand; on the other, the impending struggle between farmers and landlords, between agricultural labourers and farmers, between capitalism and landlordism; some symptoms of revival among the industrial working class, as f. i. at some late partial elections for the House of Commons, where the official workmen's candidates (especially the renegade of the International, miserable Howell²⁵⁹), proposed by the acknowledged leaders of Trades' Unions and publicly recommended by Mr Gladstone, 'the people's William'—were disdainfully rejected by the workmen; the demonstrative radical clubs forming in London, mostly composed of workmen, English and Irish intermingling, dead against the 'great liberal party', *official* trades-unionism, and the people's William, etc. etc.—all this induces the British philistine to want just now some information on Socialism. Unfortunately, the reviews, magazines, journals, etc., exploit this 'demand' only to 'offer' the public the expectorations of venal, ignorant, and sycophantic penny-a-liners (suppose even that they are shilling-a-liners).

There appears a 'weekly', called *The Radical*, full of good aspirations, bold in language (the boldness is in the *sans gêne*,^b not in the vigour), trying to break through the trammels of the British press, but, with all that, of feeble performance. What the paper lacks, are intelligent editors. Many months ago these people wrote to me, I was then at Eastbourne¹⁶⁰ with my dear wife, then at Paris,¹⁶⁴ etc., so that they had not yet any interview with me. I consider it in fact useless.

^a *Ibid.*, p. 162. - ^b nonchalance

The more I have read of their paper, the more I feel convinced that it is incurable.

My daughter^a reminds me that it is high time to finish this letter, the last minutes for letter delivery being near.*

Salut,
Karl Marx

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ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN ²⁶⁰

IN ZURICH

London, 25 January 1882

Dear Mr Bernstein,

Not until today have I been able to get round to answering your letter of the 12th. Marx is home from the Isle of Wight with his youngest daughter,^a both considerably better, and Marx strong enough to go walking with me yesterday for 2 hours without a break. Since he isn't working yet and the Lafargues as often as not also drop in before dinner (i. e. 5 o'clock) when a bottle of good Pilsener is served up, my hours of daylight are usually frittered away and I have never liked writing by lamplight after the warning (chronic conjunctivitis) that was given to my left eye 3 years ago.

Just now I happen to be at Marx's, so would you be so good as to thank Höchberg very much on Marx's behalf for his kind offer which, however, he is unlikely to be able to make use of; all that he knows for certain about his journey south is that he is *not* going to the Riviera or to any part of Italy, if only on account of the police. The first proviso where convalescents are concerned is that there should be no harass-

^a Eleanor

ment by the police, in which respect Italy can hold out fewer guarantees than anywhere else—save, of course, Bismarck's empire.

We were greatly interested by what you told us of the goings-on among the 'leaders' in Germany. I have never made a secret of my opinion that the masses in Germany have been far better than their leaders, particularly since the press and agitation combined to turn the party into the latter's milch cow and butter purveyor, only to see the said cow abruptly slaughtered by Bismarck and the bourgeoisie.²⁶¹ For the thousands instantly ruined thereby, it is a personal disaster not to have been placed in an immediately revolutionary situation, i. e. exile. Otherwise not a few who are now bemoaning their fate would have gone over to Most's camp or at any rate found the *Sozialdemokrat* far too moderate. The majority of our people remained in Germany, as they needs must, for the most part going to fairly reactionary places, where they remained social outcasts dependent for their living on philistines and became, to a great extent, themselves tainted with philistinism. For them, everything soon began to turn on the hope that the Anti-Socialist Law would be repealed. Small wonder that, under pressure from the philistine establishment, some of them became obsessed with the idea—in reality an absurd one—that this could be attained by the exercise of moderation. Germany is a truly infamous country for people without much will-power. The narrowness and pettiness of prevailing conditions, both civil and political, the provincial character of even the cities, the petty but cumulative harassment in the running battle with police and bureaucracy—all this enervates instead of stimulating resistance, and in this way many of those in the 'great nursery'^a grow childish themselves. Petty conditions engender a petty outlook, so that a great deal of intelligence and vigour is called for if anyone living in Germany is to look beyond the immediate future, to keep his eyes fixed on the wider context of world events and not succumb to that complacent 'objectivity' that cannot see beyond its own nose and is therefore the most blinkered subjectivity, even though it be shared by a thousand other such fellow-subjects.

True, the emergence of such a tendency, cloaking its lack of insight and resolution under the mantle of 'objective' wisdom, is natural enough; nevertheless it must be ruthlessly combated. And for this the working masses themselves provide the best purchase. They alone in

^a A paraphrase from Heine's 'Zur Beruhigung'.

Germany live in anything approaching modern conditions, all their misfortunes, great and small, are attributable to the pressure exerted by *capital* and, whereas all other struggles in Germany, both social and political, are petty and paltry and revolve round paltry issues which have long been surmounted elsewhere, the workers' struggle alone is noble, it alone is abreast of the times, it alone does not enervate the participants but is for them a constant source of fresh energy. So the more you are able to draw your correspondents from amongst the genuine workers,—not those who have become 'leaders'—the better will be your chance of counterbalancing the whines of the leadership.

This time it was inevitable that all manner of peculiar people should get into the Reichstag. All the more unfortunate, then, that Bebel should not have been elected.²²² He alone is lucid, politically far-sighted and energetic enough to prevent blunders being committed.

Could you not, *after you have done with them*, let us have for a week or two the 'stenographic reports' of debates^a in which our deputies have played a serious part? I will vouch for their return. Newspaper reports, as we have often seen, simply cannot be relied on and none of the deputies, not even Liebknecht, could be induced to send us speeches that do them no honour.

31 January

More interruptions. Amongst others, little Hepner has been here, on his way to seek refuge in America, his purse and heart alike empty of content. A poor little chap in every respect, author of a well-intentioned pamphlet on distraint, the law governing bills of exchange, the Jewish question and postal reform, dull as dull can be, all the old Jewish stuff he turned out 10 years ago,²⁶² completely gone to rack and ruin; I almost felt like advising him to get baptised. Yet he provided me with the opportunity of finding out about the new imperial judicial code.²⁶³ It really is unutterably infamous! All the dirty tricks of Prussian law combined with all the infamies of the Code Napoléon,²⁶⁴ and without any of the latter's better side. The

^a *Stenographische Berichte über die Verhandlungen des Reichstages*. V. Legislaturperiode. I. Session 1881/82 [Bd. I], Berlin, 1882.

judge has freedom of decision in all spheres, being bound by nothing save — the Disciplinary Law which, in political cases, will undoubtedly, and indeed does, grant him power of ‘discretion’. Thus — within the general German context — the judge inevitably becomes the executive official and tool of the police. Incidentally, here is a joke (originating no doubt from Windthorst) about Leonhardt, who is alleged to have said on his death-bed: ‘Now I have avenged myself on Prussia; I’ve given it a legal system that’s bound to bring it to its knees.’

Bürkli’s interest-bearing mortgage certificates, also supposed to represent money, go back much further than that thoroughly addled, old Hegelian Pole, Cieszkowski.^a Similar schemes for the general good of mankind had already been adumbrated as far back as the founding of the Bank of England. Since there is no mention whatever of credit in the first volume of *Capital* (apart from the conditions governing simple debt), credit money *admits* of consideration here only, if at all, in its very simplest form (token of value, etc.) and in relation to its lowliest monetary functions, while *interest-bearing* credit money does not admit of consideration at all. Hence Bürkli is right in telling Schramm that none of these passages in *Capital* apply to *my* particular monetary paper; and Schramm is right when he proves to Bürkli from *Capital* that he, Bürkli, hasn’t the faintest idea of the nature and function of money.^b This is not to say, however, that Bürkli’s own particular monetary proposal is actually reduced to its own absurdity; that would require, besides general proof that this ‘money’ is incapable of fulfilling the most essential monetary functions, particular proof as to the functions which such paper might really be able to fulfil. Moreover, when Bürkli says, ‘What concern have I with Marx? I stick to Cieszkowski’ — the whole argument adduced by Schramm against Bürkli falls to the ground. — How fortunate that the *Sozialdemokrat* shouldn’t have got mixed up in all this business! No doubt the whole hullabaloo will eventually die down of its own accord.

That crises are one of the most powerful levers of political upheaval has already been pointed out in the *Communist Manifesto* and was expounded in the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* Review up to and including 1848, not without the rider, however, that a recurrence of prosperity will in turn hamstring the revolutions and pave the way for the

^a See this volume, pp. 177-78. - ^b *Ibid.*

victory of reaction.^a Any detailed argument in support of this should take into consideration intermediate crises, some being of a more localised and some of a more specialised character; we are currently experiencing one such intermediate crisis which may be attributed entirely to swindle on the stock exchange; up till 1847 they were recurring middle terms, which is why, in my *Condition of the Working Class*,^b the cycle is still shown as a five-year one.

In France, there have been gross blunders on both sides. However, in the end Malon and Brousse, in their impatience to bring matters to a head and engineer the suspension of the *Égalité* (which is quite outside the competence of the Union Fédérative²⁶⁵), have put themselves so clearly in the wrong that they are likely to suffer for it. Such bungling would be incomprehensible in cabalists as wily as Malon and Brousse, unless they felt that time was against them. For the *Pro-létaire* is said to be on its last legs and, if it expires, they will have no paper at all while the others will have two.^c Hence the issue had to be decided while they still had a paper in which the resolutions were published. The scurrilities and pure fabrications they are now disseminating against Guesde, Lafargue, etc., and in particular Joffrin's concoction^d—not concocted by him, however, but by Brousse and Malon—are altogether in the style of the old Bakuninist Alliance,⁶⁷ and have awakened old memories in us. The *Sozialdemokrat* is absolutely right not to get involved until things have cleared up a bit, which they will, I think, before very long.

I had also meant to write to Kautsky about the Poles,²²⁴ but will have to drop that for today. Kindest regards,

Yours,
F. E.

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^a See present edition, Vol. 6, pp. 489-90 and Vol. 10, pp. 493-510.-^b *Ibid.*, Vol. 4, p. 382.-^c *L'Égalité* and *Le Citoyen*.-^d See this volume, p. 182.

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ENGELS TO KARL KAUTSKY¹⁴⁰

IN ZURICH

London, 7 February 1882

Dear Mr Kautsky,

I have at last got round to answering your letter of 8 November.²²⁴

One of the real tasks of the revolution of '48 (and the *real* as distinct from illusory tasks of a revolution are always carried out on the strength of that revolution) was the restoration of the oppressed and disunited nationalities of Central Europe in so far as these were at all viable and, in particular, ripe for independence. In the case of Italy, Hungary and Germany, this task was carried out by the executors of the revolution, Bonaparte, Cavour and Bismarck, in accordance with the circumstances obtaining at the time. There remained Ireland and Poland. Ireland need not be considered here; it is only very indirectly concerned with conditions on the Continent. But Poland lies in the middle of the Continent and keeping it partitioned is precisely the bond that continually re-cements the Holy Alliance²⁶⁶ and hence Poland is of great interest to us.

Now it is historically impossible for a great people to discuss this or that internal question in any way seriously so long as national independence is lacking. Prior to 1859 there was no question of socialism in Italy; even the republicans were few in number, although they constituted the most vigorous element. Not until 1861 did the republicans begin to expand,²⁶⁷ subsequently yielding their best elements to the socialists. Similarly in Germany. Lassalle was on the point of giving up the cause for lost when he was lucky enough to be shot. It was not until 1866, the year that actually decided Little Germany's Greater Prussian unity,²⁶⁸ that both the Lassallean and the so-called Eisenach parties²⁶⁹ acquired any significance, and it was not until 1870, when the Bonapartist urge to interfere had been eliminated for good, that the cause gathered momentum. If we still had the old Federal Diet²⁷⁰, where would our party be now? Similarly in Hungary. It wasn't until 1860 that it was drawn into the modern movement—sharp practice above, socialism below.²⁷¹

Generally speaking an international movement of the proletariat is

possible only as between independent nations. What little republican internationalism there was in the years 1830-48 was grouped round the France that was to liberate Europe, and *French chauvinism* was thus raised to such a pitch that we are still hampered at every turn by France's mission as universal liberator and hence by its natural right to take the lead (seen as a caricature in the case of the Blanquists but also much in evidence in that of e. g. Malon & Co.). In the International, too, the French not unnaturally took this view. They, and many others, had first to learn from events, and must still do so daily, that international co-operation is possible only among *equals*, and even a *primus inter pares*^a at most for immediate action. So long as Poland remains partitioned and subjugated, therefore, there can be no development either of a powerful socialist party within the country itself or of genuine international intercourse *between Poles other than émigrés* and the rest of the proletarian parties in Germany, etc. Every Polish peasant and workman who rouses himself out of his stupor to participate in the common interest is confronted first of all with the fact of national subjugation; that is the first obstacle he encounters everywhere. Its removal is the prime requirement for any free and healthy development. Polish socialists who fail to put the liberation of the country at the forefront of their programme remind me of those German socialists who were reluctant to demand the immediate repeal of the Anti-Socialist Law¹⁶ and freedom of association, assembly and the press. To be able to fight, you must first have a terrain, light, air and elbow-room. Otherwise you never get further than chit-chat.

Whether, in this connection, a restoration of Poland is possible *before* the next revolution is of no significance. It is in no way *our* business to restrain the efforts of the Poles to attain living conditions essential to their further development, or to persuade them that, from the international standpoint, national independence is a very secondary matter when it is in fact the basis of all international co-operation. Besides, in 1873, Germany and Russia were on the brink of war²⁷² and the restoration of *some kind* of Poland, the embryo of a later, real Poland, was therefore a strong possibility. And if these Russian gents don't soon put a stop to their pan-Slav intrigues and rabble-rousing in Herzegovina,²⁷³ they may well find themselves with a war on their hands, a war neither they, nor Austria nor Bismarck will be able to control. The only people who are concerned that the

^a first among equals

Herzegovina affair should take a serious turn are the Russian Pan-Slav Party and the Tsar; no one can really concern himself with the rapacious Bosnian riff-raff any more than with the idiotic Austrian ministers and officials who are presently pursuing their activities there. So even *without* an uprising, as a result, rather, of purely European conflicts, the establishment of an independent Little Poland would be by no means impossible, just as the Prussian Little Germany invented by the bourgeois owed its establishment not to the revolutionary or parliamentary methods they had dreamed of, but to war.

Hence I am of the opinion that *two* nations in Europe are not only entitled but duty-bound to be national before they are international—Ireland and Poland. For the best way they can be international is by being well and truly national. That's what the Poles have understood in every crisis and proved on every revolutionary battleground. Deprive them of the prospect of restoring Poland, or persuade them that before long a new Poland will automatically fall into their laps, and their interest in the European revolution will be at an end.

We, in particular, have absolutely no reason to impede the Poles in their necessary efforts to attain independence. In the first place they invented and put into practice in 1863 the methods of struggle which the Russians are now so successfully imitating (cf. *Berlin und [St] Petersburg*, Appendix 2)²⁷⁴ and, in the second, they were the only reliable and capable military leaders in the Paris Commune.²⁷⁵

Come to that, who are the people who oppose the Poles' national aspirations? First, the European bourgeoisie in whose eyes the Poles have been utterly discredited since the 1846 insurrection with its socialist tendencies²⁷⁶ and, secondly, the Russian pan-Slavs and those they have influenced, such as Proudhon, who saw this through Herzen's spectacles. But up till today few Russians, even the best of them, are free of pan-Slav tendencies and recollections; they take Russia's pan-Slav vocation for granted, just as the French do France's natural revolutionary initiative. In reality, however, pan-Slavism is an imposture, a bid for world hegemony under the cloak of a non-existent *Slav* nationality, and it is our and the Russians' worst enemy. That imposture will in due course disintegrate into the void, but in the meantime it could make things very awkward for us. A pan-Slav war, as the last sheet-anchor for Russian Tsardom and Russian reaction, is presently in preparation; whether it will actually materialise is a moot

point, but if it does there is one thing of which we may be certain, namely that the splendid progress in the direction of revolution now being made in Germany, Austria and Russia itself will be totally disrupted and forced into different and quite unpredictable channels. At best, this would set us back by 3-10 years; in all likelihood it would mean one last respite for a constitutional 'new era'²⁷⁷ in Germany and also, perhaps, Russia; a Little Poland under German hegemony, a war of retribution with France, renewed racial incitement and, finally, another Holy Alliance. Hence pan-Slavism is now more than ever our mortal enemy, despite — or perhaps just because of — its having one foot in the grave. For the Katkovs, Aksakovs, Ignatievs and Co. know that their empire will be gone for ever the moment Tsardom is overthrown and the stage taken by the Russian people. And hence this ardent desire for war at a moment when the treasury contains less than nothing and not a banker is willing to advance the Russian government so much as a penny.

That is precisely why the pan-Slavs have a mortal hatred of the Poles. Being the only *anti*-pan-Slav Slavs, they are consequently traitors to the sacred cause of Slavdom and must be forcibly incorporated into the Great Slav Tsardom of which the future capital is Tsarigrad, i. e. Constantinople.

Now you may perhaps ask me whether I have no feeling of sympathy for the small Slav peoples and fragments thereof which have been split apart by those three wedges — the German, the Magyar and the Turkish — driven into the Slav domain? To tell the truth, damned little. The Czecho-Slovak cry of distress:

Bože! ... Ach nikdo není na zemi

Kdoby Slavům (sic) spravedlivost činil?^a

has been answered by Petersburg, and the entire Czech national movement cherishes the aspiration that the Tsar should *spravedlivost činiti*^b them. The same applies to the others — Serbs, Bulgarians, Slovenes, Galician Ruthenians (at least some of them). But these are aims of a kind we cannot support. Only when the collapse of Tsardom frees the national aspirations of these diminutive peoples from their entanglement in pan-Slav hegemonic tendencies, only then can we let them do as they please and, in the case of most of the Austro-Hungarian

^a 'O God ... there's no one on earth who would see that justice be done to the Slavs'. From Jan Kollár's *Slávy dcera*, Part III, 'Dunag', p.287.-^b see that justice was done

Slavs, I am sure that six months of independence will suffice to bring them begging for re-admittance. But in no circumstances will these little nationalities be granted the right they are presently arrogating to themselves in Serbia, Bulgaria and East Rumelia — of preventing, that is, the extension of the European railway network to Constantinople.

Now as for the differences that have arisen between the Poles in Switzerland, these are émigré squabbles²²⁴ such as are seldom of any consequence, least of all in the case of an emigration which will be celebrating its centenary in 3 years' time and which, owing to the urge felt by all émigrés to do, or at any rate plan, something, has given birth to plan after plan, one new so-called theory after another. But, as you will see from the foregoing, we are not of the same opinion as the *Równość* people and, indeed, we told them as much in a message sent on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of 29 November 1830, which was read out at the meeting in Geneva.^a You will find a Polish version of it in the report (*Sprawozdanie*, etc.—Biblijoteka *Równośći*: No. 1, Geneva, 1881), pp. 30 ff. The *Równość* people have apparently allowed themselves to be impressed by the radical-sounding slogans of the Genevan Russians and are now anxious to prove that they are not open to the reproach of national chauvinism. This aberration, of which the causes are purely local and transitory, will blow over without having any appreciable effect on Poland as such, and refuting it in detail would be more trouble than it was worth.

How the Poles, by the way, will sort things out with the White and Little Russians and Lithuanians of the old Poland, or with the Germans as regards the frontier is, for the time being, no concern of ours.

Proof, by the way, of how little the workers, even in allegedly 'oppressed' countries, are tainted by the pan-Slav yearnings of the academics and bourgeois is provided by the splendid accord between German and Czech workers in Bohemia.

But enough for now. Kindest regards from

Yours,
F. E.

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^a See present edition, Vol. 24, pp. 343-45.

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ENGELS TO JOHANN PHILIPP BECKER ¹¹³

IN GENEVA

London, 10 February 1882

Dear Old Man,

We had absolutely no idea that you were so seriously ill; all we knew was that you had been suffering from erysipelas and that's something that can be cleared up pretty easily. Had I had an inkling of how matters stood, I should have raised some money for you straight away, even though I myself was very short at the time and calls were being made on me from all sides. However, it's still not too late and I've therefore taken out a money order for you for four pounds = 100 frs 80 cts. of which you will doubtless have already been advised; because of an irregularity that cropped up here I wasn't able to write until today.

Between ourselves, one might almost count it a blessing that Marx should have been so preoccupied with his own illness during his wife's last days as to prevent him being unduly preoccupied with his loss, both when it was impending and when it actually happened. Even though we had known for 6 months or more how matters stood, the event itself still came as a terribly hard blow. Marx left yesterday for the South of France ²⁷⁸; where he will go from there won't be definitely decided until he gets to Paris. Under no circumstances will he make for Italy first; at the start of his convalescence even the *possibility* of harassment by the police must be avoided.

We have thought about your proposal ²⁷⁹ and take the view that the time has not yet come, though it soon will, to put it into effect. Firstly, a new, formally reorganised International in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy and Spain would only give rise to fresh persecution and ultimately leave one with the choice either of giving the thing up, or of carrying on in *secret*. The latter option would be a calamity on account of the inevitable passion for coups and conspiracies and the no less inevitable admittance of *mouchards*.^a Even in France the renewed application of the law banning the International,²⁸⁰

^a informers

a law which has not been repealed — far from it — is by no means impossible.— Secondly, in view of the current wrangles between the *Égalité* and the *Proletaire*, there's absolutely no counting on the French; we would have to declare ourselves for one party or the other and that, too, has its disadvantages. As individuals we are on the side of the *Égalité*, but shall take good care not to support them publicly *just now* after the succession of tactical blunders they have made, despite our express warnings.— Thirdly, the English are proving more intractable than ever at present. For 5 whole months I tried, through *The Labour Standard*, for which I wrote leading articles,¹⁶³ to pick up the threads of the old Chartist movement and disseminate our ideas so as to see whether this might evoke some response. Absolutely nothing, and since the editor,^a a well-meaning but feeble milksop, ended up by taking fright even at the Continental heresies I introduced into the paper, I called it a day.^b

Thus, we should have been left with an International confined, apart from Belgium, *exclusively to refugees*, for with the possible exception of Geneva and its environs we couldn't even count on the Swiss — *vide* the *Arbeiterstimme* and Bürkli.^c It would, however, hardly be worth the trouble to set up a mere refugee association. For the Dutch, Portuguese and Danes wouldn't really improve matters either and the less one has to do with Serbs and Romanians the better.

On the other hand the International does indeed still *exist*. In so far as it can be effective, there *is* liaison between the revolutionary workers of all countries. Every socialist journal is an international centre; from Geneva, Zurich, London, Paris, Brussels and Milan the threads run criss-cross in all directions and I honestly don't see how at this juncture the grouping of these small centres round a large main centre could give added strength to the movement — it would probably only lead to greater friction. But once the moment comes for us to concentrate our forces, it will, for that very reason, be the work of a moment, nor will any lengthy preparation be called for. The names of the pioneers in one country are known in all the others and a manifesto signed and supported by them all would make a tremendous impact — something altogether different from the largely unknown names of the old General Council. But that is precisely why such a manifesto should be saved up for the moment when it can really strike home, i. e. when events in Europe provoke it. Otherwise you will de-

^a George Shipton - ^b See this volume, pp. 119-20. - ^c *Ibid.*, pp. 177-78.

tract from its future effect and will simply have put yourselves out for nothing. But such events are already taking shape in Russia where the avant-garde of the revolution will be going into battle. You should — or so we think — wait for this and its inevitable repercussions on Germany, and then the moment will also have come for a big manifesto and the establishment of an *official*, formal International, which can, however, no longer be a propaganda association but simply an association for action. For that reason we are firmly of the opinion that so splendid a weapon ought not to be dulled and blunted during the comparatively peaceful days on the very eve of the revolution.

I believe that if you think the matter over again you will come round to our view. Meanwhile we both wish you a good and speedy recovery and hope to hear before long that you are quite all right again.

Ever your old friend,
F. E.

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MARX TO ENGELS ⁷²

IN LONDON

Marseilles, 17 February 1882
Hôtel au petit Louvre,
Rue de Cannebière

DEAR FRED,

I presume that Tussy dropped you a line yesterday. I had not originally intended to leave Paris until next Monday^a; since my *state of health was rather not improving, I took at once the resolution of re-

^a 20 February

moving to Marseilles, and thence at once, on Saturday, to sail for Algiers*.²⁷⁸

In Paris, accompanied by my Johnny,^a I called upon but one mortal, namely Mesa. (In fact he, Mesa, *sollicitierte*^b me to chatter too much, in addition to which I returned to Argenteuil somewhat too late, ABOUT 7 O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING. I didn't sleep a wink all night.) I tried to persuade Mesa to ask his friends, notably Guesde, if they would be kind enough to *postpone* a meeting with me *until my return* *from Algiers. But all that in vain. In fact, Guesde is so much on all parts assailed just now, that it was important for him to have an 'official' meeting on my side*. After all, one was bound to concede that much to the party. Hence I arranged a meeting at the Hôtel de Lyon et de Mulhouse, 8 boulevard Beaumarchais, to which Guesde and Deville came with Mesa at ABOUT 5 in the afternoon. I first received them downstairs in the restaurant, having been accompanied there from Argenteuil (on Wednesday^c afternoon) by Tussy and Jennychen. Guesde was rather embarrassed on Jennychen's account BECAUSE HE HAD JUST [brought out] an acrimonious article against Longuet, ALTHOUGH SHE (Jennychen) DID NOT TAKE NO REGARD WHATSOEVER TO THAT INCIDENT. AS SOON AS THE YOUNG LADIES HAD LEFT, I *d'abord*^d went up to *ma chambre*^e with them, chatted there for ABOUT 1 HOUR, then DOWN—it being now time for Mesa to be off—to the restaurant where they still had leisure ENOUGH to empty a BOTTLE of Beauve with me. By 7 o'clock they'd 'all' gone. WITH ALL THAT, although I was in bed by 9 o'clock, a fiendish din of traffic without intermission until 1 o'clock, at which time (ABOUT 1 O'CLOCK) I had a *vomissement*,^f having again got too much engrossed in conversation.

A fine day for the journey to Marseilles, and ALL RIGHT until just beyond the STATION at Lyons. First, 1½ hours *d'arrêts* AT Cassis on account of the locomotive's DISTEMPER; then again the same mishap with the engine AT Valence, although this time the *arrêt* wasn't so long. Meanwhile it had turned bitter cold with a nasty BITING WIND. Instead of arriving *some time before* midnight, we did not reach [Marseilles] until after 2 o'clock in the morning; to some extent I WAS MORE OR LESS FREEZING, despite all my wrappings, the only antidote I found being 'alcohol' and I AGAIN AND AGAIN RESORTED TO IT. During the last quarter of an hour (if not more) in the exposed, cold and windswept *gare de Mar-*

^a Marx's grandson Jean Longuet - ^b incited - ^c 8 February - ^d first - ^e my room - ^f bout of vomiting - ^g stop

seille,^a there was one last *épreuve*^b in the shape of prolonged formalities before obtaining possession of one's LUGGAGE.

Today it's sunny in Marseilles, but the wind itself not yet warm. Dr Dourlen advised me to stay at the above-named hotel, whence I shall leave for Algiers tomorrow (Saturday) at 5 in the afternoon. The office of the Paquebots à vapeur des Postes françaises^c is located here, *in the very hotel* at which I am staying, so that I was able to take a ticket (at 80 frs FIRST CLASS) for the *paquebot*^d *Said* straight away; one's BAGGAGE is likewise ENREGISTERED here, so that everything is as convenient as can be.

Apropos. I [got] hold of a *Prolétaire* (*L'Égalité* is also SOLD here). Lafargue seems to me to be constantly fomenting further USELESS INCIDENTS — though maybe the DETAILS are *far from exact. As to his characterising *Fourier* a 'Communist', he is now that they^e make fun of him obliged to explain in *what sense* he might have called *Fourier* as a 'Communist'. * Such 'audacities' may be ignored, 'interpreted' or 'differently interpreted'; what is worse is that SUCH small FACTS BE SAVED at all. To my mind, he is far too long-winded.

My best compliments to Laura; I shall write her from Algiers. There is one single man sufficient as patron; it is a long letter written by Longuet to his friend Fermé, who has successfully made his way from being an erstwhile deportee to Algeria (under Napoleon III) to the post of *juge d'appel*^f of Algiers. No question of passports and such like. Nothing is entered on the passengers' tickets save Christian and surnames.

My compliments also to Lenchen^g AND THE OTHER FRIENDS.

Addio.

OLD MOOR

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^a Marseilles station - ^b trial - ^c Steam Ferries of the French Post Office - ^d steam ferry - ^e the editors of the *Prolétaire* - ^f appellate judge - ^g Demuth

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ENGELS TO PYOTR LAVROV

IN LONDON

[Postcard]

[London,] 18 February 1882
122 Regent's Park Road

My dear Mr Lavrov,

I am exceedingly sorry to have missed you this afternoon— however if, as I hope, this note reaches you tonight, I would ask you to be so good as to come to my house tomorrow, Sunday evening, at about 7 or 8 o'clock. You will find some friends there and we shall all be very pleased to see you.

Yours ever,
F. Engels

[On the side reserved for the address]

P. Lavrov, Esq.
13 Alfred Place
Tottenham Court Road
W. C.

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MARX TO ENGELS ⁷²
IN LONDON

[Postcard, unsigned]

Alger,^a 21 February 1882
Hôtel d'Orient

Dear Fred,

I left Marseilles on Saturday 18 February at 5 in the afternoon aboard the *Said*, EXCELLENT STEAMER; the PASSAGE WAS a fast one, so that we had already reached Algiers by half past three in the morning on Monday (20 February).²⁷⁸ However, it was a chilly crossing and, though the ship was equipped with every comfort, the 2 nights were sleepless ones for me owing to the diabolical noise of the engines, wind, etc., which were disturbing in the cabin.

Here again, I found in store for me the same *quid pro quo, mutatis mutandis*^b as in the Isle of Wight.²³⁴ This particular SEASON happens to be, for Algiers, exceptionally cold and wet, while Nice and Menton are presently luring away most of its visitors! I had in any case had some misgivings and more than once hinted at the possibility of starting off *d'abord*^c with the Riviera. However it would seem to be a *fatalité*.^d The good *juge*^e gave me a most friendly welcome yesterday; Longuet's letter had forewarned him the day before I arrived; he is calling on me today to consider future moves. Then I shall write at greater length. Kindest regards to all. Letters aren't dispatched every day to France and England.

Write to me under my name, *Aux soins de Monsieur Fermé, juge au tribunal civil*,^f No. 37, Route Mustapha Supérieur, Alger.

[On the side reserved for the address]

Fr. Engels, Esq.
122 Regent's Park Road,
Londres, N. W. Angleterre

First published in *Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx*, Bd. 4, Stuttgart, 1913

Printed according to the original

^a Algiers - ^b topsyturvydom, allowing for different circumstances - ^c first - ^d fatality - ^e judge (Fermé) - ^f Care of Monsieur Fermé, Judge in the Civil Courts.

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ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN ²⁴

IN ZURICH

London, 22 February 1882

Dear Mr Bernstein,

I am answering your letter straight away, 1. because of the increasing urgency of the pan-Slav business, and 2. because, now that Marx has left,²⁷⁸ I shall have to set seriously to work again and shall no longer have time for such lengthy dissertations.

The 'short-hand reports'^a will be returned today. Many thanks. Mostly rather dull, but I'm happy enough if it all passed off without any denial of principles or anything really discreditable happening. I should always be grateful if you could send me further consignments from time to time. I was much gratified to see that the shocking blunders perpetrated earlier in the Saxon Landtag had been retrieved.¹¹⁸ I imagine the *Sozialdemokrat* is quite satisfied with the result of its intervention. Signing the statement must have been a bitter pill for Blos.²⁴⁰ I am delighted that subscriptions should have passed the 4,000 mark and that the paper should find regular distribution in Germany, despite the police, etc. It is an *incredible* feat for a German paper that is *banned*. Before '48 such papers got in much more easily through having the support of the bourgeois and the booksellers, but no subscriptions were ever received. But in this case the workers actually *pay* — proof of their discipline and of the extent to which they live and have their being in the movement. I have no misgivings whatever about our German lads when things come to a head. They have stood the test splendidly on every occasion. And it's not *they* who are behaving like philistines but only their leaders who, from the start, have been prompted by the masses, not the masses by them.

That my letter^b should have failed to convert you is quite understandable, since you were already in sympathy with the 'oppressed' southern Slavs. For after all, everyone of us, in so far as he has first gone through a liberal or radical phase, has emerged from it with these feelings of sympathy for all 'oppressed' nationalities, and I for

^a See this volume, p. 188.-^b *Ibid.*, pp. 191-95.

one know how much time and study it took me to shake them off—but then it was for good and all.

Now, however, I must ask you not to ascribe to me opinions I have never expressed. I am in no way concerned with the official Austrian viewpoint represented for years by the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Where it was right, it's out of date, and where it isn't out of date, it's wrong. I have absolutely no cause for complaint about the centrifugal movement in Austria. A 'bulwark against Russia' becomes superfluous the moment revolution breaks out in Russia, i. e. when some sort of representative assembly meets. As from that day, Russia will be busy with its own affairs, pan-Slavism will collapse like the nonentity it is and the Empire will begin to crumble. Pan-Slavism is simply an artificial product of the 'educated classes', of the towns and universities, the army and the civil service; it is unknown in the country and even the landed aristocracy is in such a fix that it would execrate any kind of war. From 1815-59, cowardly and foolish though its policy may have been, Austria *was* indeed a bulwark against Russia. To afford it yet another opportunity—now, on the eve of revolution in Russia—of setting itself up as a 'bulwark' would be tantamount to giving Austria a new lease of life, a new historical justification for its existence, and postponing the disintegration which inevitably awaits it. And in allowing the Slavs to come to power, Austria has, with true historical irony, itself declared that what has hitherto been its sole *raison d'être* has ceased to exist. Come to that, a war with Russia would, within 24 hours, put paid to Slav domination in Austria.

You say that, as soon as the Slav peoples (always excepting the Poles!) have no further grounds for looking to Russia as their only liberator, pan-Slavism will be checkmated. That's easily said and it sounds plausible. But in the first place the danger of pan-Slavism, in so far as it exists, does not lie at the periphery but at the centre, not in the Balkans but in the 80 million slaves upon whom Tsarism draws for its army and its finances. Hence it is there that the greatest effort must be made and, indeed, *has been* made. And is it to be blighted by a war?

Again, I do not propose to go into the question of how the smaller Slav nations have come to look to the Tsar as their only liberator. Let it suffice that they do so; we cannot alter the fact and it will rest at that until Tsarism has been smashed; if there's a war, all these interesting little nations will be on the side of Tsarism, the enemy of all bourgeois progress in the West. So long as this remains the case, I can

take no interest in their *immediate* liberation here and now; they are as much our declared enemies as their ally and patron, the Tsar.

We must co-operate in the work of setting the West European proletariat free and subordinate everything else to that goal. No matter how interesting the Balkan Slavs, etc., might be, the moment their desire for liberation clashes with the interests of the proletariat they can go hang for all I care. The Alsations, too, are oppressed, and I shall be glad when we are once more quit of them. But if, on what is patently the very eve of a revolution, they were to try and provoke a war between France and Germany, once more goading on those two countries and thereby postponing the revolution, I should tell them: Hold hard! Surely you can have as much patience as the European proletariat. When they have liberated themselves, you will automatically be free; but till then, we shan't allow you to put a spoke in the wheel of the militant proletariat. The same applies to the Slavs. The victory of the proletariat will liberate them in reality and of necessity and not, like the Tsar, apparently and temporarily. And that's why they, who have hitherto not only failed to contribute anything to Europe and European progress, but have actually retarded it, should have at least as much patience as our proletarians. To stir up a general war for the sake of a few Herzegovinians, which would cost a thousand times more lives than there are inhabitants in Herzegovina, isn't my idea of proletarian politics.

And how does the Tsar 'liberate'? Ask the peasants of Little Russia whom Catherine liberated from 'Polish oppression' (pretext—religion) only to annex them later on. And what does all this Russian pan-Slav imposture amount to? The capture of Constantinople, that's all. Nothing else would act so powerfully on the religious traditions of the Russian peasant, inspire him to defend the holy city of Tsarigrad and give a new lease of life to Tsarism. And once the Russians are in Constantinople, farewell to Bulgarian and Serbian independence and liberty—the little brothers (*bratanki*) would soon realise how much better off they had been even under the Turks. It calls for the most colossal naïveté on the part of the said *bratanki* for them to believe that the Tsar is out for their good rather than his own.

You say that a Greater Serbia would be as good a bulwark against Russia as Austria. As I have already said, the 'bulwark' theory generally has ceased to hold any water for me since a revolutionary movement gained strength in Russia. I have also said that I look forward with pleasure to Austria's disintegration. But this brings us to the

quality of these exiguous nations which is, after all, a consideration when it comes to sympathising with them.

In 2-4 generations' time and after general European upheavals, Greater Serbia will certainly be feasible; today, having regard to the cultural level of its elements, it as certainly is not.

1. The Serbs are divided into 3 denominations (the figures are taken from Šafařík, *Slovanský Národopis* and are applicable to 1849): Greek Orthodox 2,880,000; Catholic, including the so-called Croats who, however, speak Serbian, 2,664,000, minus the Croats, 1,884,000; Mohammedans 550,000. Where these people are concerned, religion actually counts for more than nationality, and it is the *aim* of each denomination to predominate. So long as there's no cultural advance such as would at any rate make toleration possible, a Greater Serbia would only spell civil war. See enclosed *Standard*.

2. The country has 3 political centres—Belgrade, Montenegro, Agram. Neither the Croats nor the Montenegrins wish to submit to the supremacy of Belgrade. On the contrary. The Montenegrins and your friends, the aborigines in Krivosije and Herzegovina, would uphold their 'independence' vis-à-vis Belgrade or any other central government—Serbian or otherwise—just as much as they would vis-à-vis the Turks or the Austrians. That independence consists in demonstrating their hatred of the oppressor by stealing cattle and other valuable chattels from their own 'oppressed' Serb compatriots as they have done for the past 1,000 years, and any attack on their right of rapine is regarded as an attack on their independence. I am enough of an authoritarian to regard the existence of such aborigines in the heart of Europe as an anachronism. And even if these little folk had had a standing as high as Sir Walter Scott's vaunted Highlanders, who were also really shocking cattle thieves, the most we could do is condemn the *manner* in which they are treated by present-day society. If we were at the helm, *we too* should have to put an end to the Rinaldo Rinaldini-Schinderhannes business which, by long tradition, these laddies indulge in. And so would the government of Greater Serbia. Here too, then, Greater Serbia would mean a revival of the struggle now being conducted by the Herzegovinians, and hence civil war involving all the highlanders of Montenegro, Cattaro and Herzegovina.

On closer consideration, then, Greater Serbia does not appear anything like as simple and straightforward a matter as pan-Slavs and liberals *à la* Rasch would have us believe.

Well, go on sympathising with these aborigines as much as you like; there's certainly no denying them a sort of poetic radiance and, in fact, they do still produce folk songs that closely resemble the old Serbian ones (which are very fine); I shall even send you an article from *The Standard* by way of proof. But the fact remains that they are the tools of Tsardom, and there's no room in politics for poetical feelings of sympathy. And if the rebellion of these laddies threatens to unleash a general war that would make a complete hash of our revolutionary situation, they and their right of cattle stealing will have to be mercilessly sacrificed to the interests of the European proletariat.

Come to that, if Greater Serbia were to materialise it would only be an enlarged version of the principality of Serbia. And what has the latter achieved? Set up an educated bureaucracy on the Austrian model, consisting of chaps from Belgrade and other towns who have been to university in the West, particularly Vienna, and, knowing nothing of the conditions governing communal ownership among the peasants, make laws after the Austrian pattern that fly in the face of those conditions so that masses of peasants are impoverished and expropriated, whereas in the days of the Turks they enjoyed *full autonomy*, grew rich and paid fewer taxes.

The Bulgarians have depicted themselves in their folk songs, a collection of which, made by a Frenchman, has recently appeared in Paris.^a Fire plays a major role here. A house burns down, the young woman is burnt to death because, instead of his wife, her husband chooses to save his black mare. Another time a young woman saves her jewellery and leaves her child to burn. If, by way of exception, there is a noble and courageous act, it is invariably performed by a *Turk*. In what other part of the world would you find such a beastly lot?

Incidentally, if you take a look at a passable philological map of the district (e.g. Šafařík's, in the above-mentioned book, or Kiepert's of Austria and the countries of the Lower Danube 1867^b) you will find that the liberation of these Balkan Slavs is not an altogether simple affair and that, with the exception of Serbian territory, there are pockets of Turks all over the place, and a Greek fringe along the coast, not to mention Salonika which is a Spanish Jewish town. True, the worthy Bulgarians are now rapidly dealing with the Turks in Bulga-

^a [A. Dozon,] *Български народни песни. Chansons populaires bulgares inédites*, Paris, 1875. - ^b H. Kiepert, *Karte von Böhmen, Maehren und Oesterreich*, Berlin, 1866.

ria and East Rumelia by slaughtering them, driving them out and burning down their houses over their heads. Had the Turks adopted the same course, instead of allowing them more autonomy and fewer taxes than they have at present, the world would no longer be troubled with a Bulgarian question.

As regards war, you would seem to me to have *le coeur un peu trop léger*.^a If war breaks out, it will be easy for Bismarck to make it look as though Russia were the aggressor: he can wait, but the Russian pan-Slavs *can't*. But Germany and Austria once committed in the East, one would have to be a poor judge of Frenchmen, and particularly Parisians, not to anticipate that there would instantly arise a chauvinistic clamour for retribution which would reduce to silence the peaceful majority of the people and cause France to appear yet again as the aggressor; or that the chauvinism then prevailing would very soon demand the left bank of the Rhine. That this would soon involve Germany in a struggle for survival so that there, too, patriotic chauvinism would completely regain the upper hand, seems to me self-evident. So far, all the prospects are against us. But once a war is under way, there is no knowing what will be the outcome of this, the first such European conflict since 1813-15, and I would be the last man to wish for it. If it does come, however, then it can't be helped.

But now for the other side of the coin. In Germany we have a situation that is drifting ever more rapidly towards revolution and must before long push our party to the fore. We ourselves needn't lift a finger, just let our opponents do the work for us. On top of which a new era²⁷⁷ is impending with a new, liberalising, highly irresolute and wavering Emperor,^b who is exactly cut out to be a Louis XVI. All that is wanting is a timely impulse from without. This will be afforded by the situation in Russia where the onset of the revolution is only a question of months. Our people in Russia have virtually taken the Tsar prisoner,²⁸¹ have disorganised the government and shattered popular tradition. Even without any other major coup, a collapse must ensue in the very near future, and the process will go on for years, as it did between 1789 and '94. Hence it will allow ample time for repercussions in the West, more notably Germany, so that the movement will gradually gather momentum, unlike 1848, when reaction was already in full swing throughout Europe by 20 March. Never, in short, has there been so magnificent a revolutionary situa-

^a to be a bit too light-hearted - ^b William II

tion. Only one thing can spoil it: as Skobelev himself said in Paris, only war with another country could get Russia out of the morass into which it is sinking.²⁸² That war would repair all the damage our people, at the cost of their lives, have done to Tsarism. It would be enough at any rate to rescue the Tsar from his captivity, to expose the social revolutionaries to the general fury of the mob, to deprive them of the support they now get from the Liberals and undo all they have achieved by their sacrifices; everything would have to be begun all over again under less favourable circumstances. But a play of this kind scarcely admits of a second performance and even in Germany—upon that you may depend—our people will either have to join in the patriotic ululations, or draw down upon their heads a furore by comparison with which the one that followed the assassination attempts¹²⁰ was mere child's play; and Bismarck's riposte to the recent elections would be of quite a different order from the one he made then with his Anti-Socialist Law.¹⁶

If peace is maintained, the Russian pan-Slavs will be bilked and will soon have to retreat. Whereupon the Emperor^a can at most try one last throw with the old bankrupt bureaucrats and generals who have already once been on the rocks. That could last for a month or two at the outside, after which there would be no recourse save to call on the Liberals—i. e. a National Assembly of some kind and that, if I know my Russia, would mean revolution *à la* 1789. And then you go and suggest I want war! Not on your life, even if it means the demise of 200 noble robber nations.

But enough of that. And now for Bürkli. I haven't read his pamphlet^b and have mislaid it, but shall look and see if I can find it in Marx's house or mine. So I can't say exactly what he is after.

(25 February)

I have just been hunting high and low at Marx's and couldn't find it. With our division of labour, specialised questions of this kind fall to Marx's share and, because of his illness, we haven't even been able to discuss the matter.

I assume that Bürkli permits every Zurich real property owner to take out a mortgage of this kind on his property, and that the rele-

^a Alexander III - ^b K. Bürkli, *Demokratische Bank-Reform*, Zurich, 1881.

vant certificate is supposed to circulate as money. In this way the amount of money in circulation is dictated by the amount which the real property in question is worth, and not by the far smaller amount that would suffice for circulation. So even at this stage:

1. Either they are non-redeemable certificates, in which case they depreciate in accordance with the law expounded by Marx²⁸³;

2. Or they are redeemable, in which case the portion over and above what is needed for circulation returns to the bank for redemption and ceases to be money, which, of course, means that the bank must tie up capital.

Now a substitute for money which is interest-bearing and of which, therefore, the value fluctuates day by day is, if only for that reason, an unsuitable means of circulation; not only does one first have to agree the price of the commodity in real money, but also the price of the paper. The people of Zurich would have to be worse businessmen than I suppose if, the certificates being redeemable, they didn't all promptly surrender them to the bank for redemption, and go back to using only the old, convenient, non-interest-bearing money. Which means that the cantonal bank would have tied up in mortgages its own capital as well as everything it could borrow and would have to cast round for new sources of working capital.

But, if non-redeemable, they simply cease to be money. Metallic or good paper money is drawn from the outside world which, luckily, is a little bit larger than the Canton of Zurich, and that's what people use, for no one will accept these dreary certificates as money and in that case they are, as you rightly say, no better than Brandenburg mortgage bonds. And if the government insists on forcing the public to accept them as money, it is in for a surprise.

This between ourselves; if you make use of it, please don't mention *my* name since, as I have said, I have not read the little pamphlet or had time to read up the subject in the classic economic texts; but if one tries to criticise such things out of one's head, just like that, there's no guaranteeing that one won't make blunders. At all events, the thing is nonsensical.

Marx arrived in Algiers²⁷⁸ on Monday morning, a place I and the doctors had always wanted him to go to, though he himself wasn't very keen. He has met a judge in the *tribunal civil*^a there, a former deportee of Bonaparte's, who has made a close study of communal

^a Civil Courts (Fermé)

ownership among the Arabs and has offered to enlighten him on the subject.

Kindest regards both to yourself and Kautsky.

Yours,
F. E.

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Published in English in full for the first time

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ENGELS TO PYOTR LAVROV

IN LONDON

[London,] 23 February 1882
122 Regent's Park Road, N. W.

My Dear Friend,

The *Financial Reform Almanach 1882* gives the following addresses:
Dilke, W. Ashton, 1 Hyde Park Gate, S. W.
Ditto Sir Charles, 76 Sloane St, S. W.

When I got home from your place I found a letter from Dr Donkin (the one who treated Hartmann some time ago, and also the Marx family) in which he says:

* 'I had a letter from Hartmann a few days ago (dating from 14 Huntley St, Bedford Sq.) asking me if he might come and see me. I answered his letter directly—giving him the choice of two days—but have heard nothing of him.

'In case my letters have miscarried will you tell me if you know anything about him. If you see him perhaps you will tell him that I will see him any morning here (60 Upper Berkeley St., W.) between 11 and 12 o'clock.' *

Would you be so kind as to pass on the preceding lines to Hartmann? Since Donkin's letter failed to arrive, I fear there may be some mistake as to the *number*, of which I am not sure, since I know of it only from Donkin. Hence it is impossible for me to communicate with Hartmann direct or with any certainty, and that is why I am asking you to act as intermediary, the more so since you say it is quite close to your place.

I am replying to Donkin,²⁸⁴ saying that I hope to be able to tell him something more precise within the next few days; if possible, could you let me have some further information concerning this matter on Sunday evening?

Yours ever,
F. Engels

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Translated from the French
Published in English for the first time

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MARX TO JENNY LONGUET
IN ARGENTEUIL

[Postcard]

[Algiers,] 23 February 1882

Dearest Child,

The good weather has set in; live in a most comfortable Villa, out of the fortifications of Algiers, on the hills; only thing I want now is tranquillity, hope soon to be a 'better' man again.

Kisses to all the children; compliments to Longuet.

Yours most devoted
Old Nick

[On the side reserved for the address]

Madame Charles Longuet
11, Boulevard Thiers, Argenteuil
près Paris (France)

First published, in Russian, in the magazine *Nachalo*, No. 5, St Petersburg, 1899

Reproduced from the original
Published in English for the first time

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MARX TO ENGELS ^{7 2}

IN LONDON

Algiers, 1 March 1882
Hôtel Pension Victoria,
Mustapha Supérieur,
Boulevard Bon Accueil

(Letters can now be sent to me
direct at the above address)

DEAR FRED,

The telegram ^{2 8 4} I sent you anticipated my POSTCARD, ^a as the latter would have caused somewhat unnecessary anxiety. The fact is that thanks to an accumulation of unfavourable circumstances of a petty nature (incl. the sea crossing), I have been frozen to the marrow, my *corpus delicti* ^b having landed at Algiers on 20 February.

December was an atrocious month in Algiers, January fine, February cold when not also damp. I struck the 3 coldest days of the said last month, the 20th, 21st and 22nd of February. No sleep, no appetite, a bad cough, somewhat perplexed, not without an occasional bout of *profunda melancholia*, like the great Don Quixote. AT ONCE THEN back to Europe, no go, what with the *faux frais*, ^c on top of which the prospect of another 2 nights in one of the *cabines*, one's brain tortured by the racket from the engines! Or again, certain escape from the *quid pro quo* ^d by setting off at once for Biskra, right next to the Sahara Desert? But difficult, considering the fact that the means of communication or transport demand a further journey of 7 to 8 days and, according to the advice of someone familiar with the conditions, no small undertaking for a *pro nunc* ^e invalid in view of possible INCIDENTS before arrival in Biskra!

Anyway, as the thermometer on the *après-midi* ^f of 22 February indicated fair weather and I had already spied out the Hôtel-Pension Victoria on the day of my arrival in company with the good JUDGE

^a See this volume, p. 202. - ^b Here: offending body - ^c unforeseen expenses - ^d Here: topsyturvydom - ^e temporary - ^f afternoon

Fermé, I left the Grand Hôtel d'Orient (also *sleeping* there THE ABOMINABLE PHILOSOPHICAL RADICAL Ashton Dilke — BY THE BY, to *le Petit Colon* and other *petits journaux Algériens*^a every Englishman IS A LORD, EVEN Bradlaugh FIGURES HERE AS LORD Bradlaugh) with *bagage* to *une des collines en dehors de la fortification, du côté de l'Est de la ville.*^b Magnificent position here, from my *chambre*^c the bay of the MEDITERRANEAN, the port of Algiers, villas climbing up the *collines* as in an amphitheatre (*des ravines au dessous des collines, d'autres collines au dessus*)^d; further away, *des montagnes,*^e among those *visibles* being the snowy crests *derrière Matifou, sur les montagnes de Kabylie, des points culminants du Djurdjura.*^f (All the aforementioned *collines* are of limestone.) At 8 o'clock in the morning there is nothing more magical than the panorama, the air, the vegetation, a wonderful *mélange* of Europe and Africa. Every morning — at 10 or 9-11 or THEREABOUTS MY PROMENADE between *des ravines et les collines situées au dessus de la mienne.*^g

WITH ALL THAT one lives on nothing but dust. IN FIRST INSTANCE only FROM 23-26TH FEBR. REALLY EXCELLENT CHANGE; but now (and nevertheless I'm still *so frozen that EVEN THEN the only difference* between my clothing in the Isle of Wight²³⁴ and my clothing in the city of Algiers is that in the villa I have up till now simply replaced the rhinoceros greatcoat with my light *greatcoat*, no other change having been made so far) there began (and will doubtless last for some 9 days reckoned from the 27TH Feb.) the so-called *tempête, c. a. d. le tapage du vent sans de tonnerre et sans d'éclairs,*^h DANGEROUS AND TREACHEROUS TIME MUCH FEARED EVEN BY THE NATIVES. So in fact only 3 really fine days up till now.

Meanwhile, my cough got worse FROM DAY TO DAY, *le crachement abominable,*ⁱ little sleep, * above all a certain nasty feeling that my *left side* is once for all deteriorated by the perish, and my intellectual state most dejected. Thus I summoned Dr Stephann (best Algiers doctor). I had two interviews yesterday and to-day. What to do? I am just go[ing] to Algiers to make prepare his prescriptions given; they are, after he had very seriously examined me,* 1. *collodion cantharidal*^j

^a the *Petit Colon* and other little Algerian papers - ^b one of the hills outside the fortifications on the eastern side of the city - ^c room - ^d hills (ravines below the hills, other hills above) - ^e mountains - ^f beyond Matifu of the mountains of Kabylia, the highest peaks in the Jurjura - ^g ravines and the hills above mine - ^h tempest, in other words a roaring wind without accompaniment of thunder or lightning - ⁱ vile expectorations - ^j cantharidic collodion

applied with a *pinceau*^a; 2. *arseniate de soude*^b in a specific quantity of water; 1 tablespoon of same at every mealtime; 3. *au cas de besoin*,^c especially if the cough comes on at night, a tablespoonful of a MIXTURE of *codéine* and *julep gommeux*.^d He is coming again in a week's time; as to my BODILY EXERCISES, has ordered me * to keep within very moderate limits; no real intellectual work except some reading for my distraction.* So in fact I shan't be back AT London A BIT (RATHER A LESS) sooner! * Hence a man ought never [to] delude himself by too sanguine views! *

I must break off as I have to go to the chemist in Algiers. *By the by, you know that few people more averse to demonstrative pathos; still, it would be a lie [not] to confess that my thought to great part absorbed by reminiscence of my wife, such a part of my best part of life! Tell my London daughters^e to write to Old Nick^f instead of expecting him to write himself first.

How is Pumps going on in that serious work of man-creating? Give her my best compliments.

Give my compliments to Helen,^g ditto Moore, Schorlemmer.

Now, old good fellow,

Yours,*

Moor

* Apropos! Dr Stephann, like my dear Dr Donkin, does not forget — the cognac.*

First published abridged in *Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx*, Bd. 4, Stuttgart, 1913 and in full in *MEGA*, Abt. III, Bd. 4, Berlin, 1931

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^a paint brush - ^b arseniate of soda - ^c in case of need - ^d eucalyptus julep - ^e Laura Lafargue and Eleanor Marx - ^f Marx's jocular name in the family - ^g Demuth

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MARX TO ENGELS ⁷²

IN LONDON

[Postcard]

[Algiers,] 3 March 1882

Dear FRED,

Your letter dated 25 February ²⁸⁴ arrived yesterday together with the *Daily News* CUTS (O. N.^a tragicomical secret of politics and passion in England). I trust Tussy will at last stop playing fast and loose with her health; that Cacadou, alias Laurachen, continues to flourish, for she is subjected to a great deal of physical exertion. As yet no reply from Paris.

The *tempête*—*c'est ici l'expression sacramentale*^b—has been going on since 26 February though always with VARIABLE ASPECTS.

On 2 March confined to the house FOR THE WHOLE DAY in common with all my fellow-lodgers; pouring rain from EARLY MORNING from a SKY of a colour reminiscent of London, grey as grey; this time however the squalls were accompanied by thunder and lightning; at 4 o'clock in the afternoon an azure sky AGAIN; later on a really lovely moonlit evening. One short spell alternating with another throughout the day, now a rise in temperature, now a drop. Meanwhile I resumed inter alia the painting of my skin; that very night A REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT SETTING IN.—*This morning*, 3 March, painting first task of the day; despite wind not intimidated, from 9 o'clock to ABOUT quarter to 11 out for a stroll in the balmy sea air which I found MOST DELIGHTFUL; got back just before the wind worked itself into a fury again. I shall be SUMMONED TO *déjeuner*^c IN A FEW MINUTES and am making use of this vital moment to send these FEW LINES TO YOU.

Your
Moor

^a Olga Novikova - ^b Tempest— that's the ritual expression here - ^c luncheon

[On the side reserved for the address]

Fr. Engels
122 Regent's Park Road,
London, N. W., Angleterre

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122

MARX TO JENNY LONGUET ¹⁶⁶

IN ARGENTEUIL

[Algiers,] 16 March 1882
Hôtel Victoria
(Go on writing to me here,
aux soins de ^a Fermé)

My Dear Child,

After receiving *your letter through Fermé*, I sent a messenger to the Hôtel d'Orient to make inquiries there as well; he was handed a letter for me from you dated 24 February.

I shall now give you a short account of the state of my health.

Since my cough had become more persistent, with severe expectoration, insomnia, etc., I sent for Dr Stephann (who also looks after some of my other fellow-lodgers) and have thus been under his care since *26 February* when he first examined me. He is a very shrewd and determined man. He found that, as a result of the unfortunate concatenation of events from the time I left Paris until now, my left side, which had been weakened by pleurisy, was functioning abnormally. The chief antidote consists in *vésicatoires*^b (the drawing off of fluid by painting the left side of my back and the lefthand side of my chest with cantharidic collodion) which works well in my case, and also a 'soothing' cough mixture; lastly, an arsenical preparation (as tasteless as water) to be taken after every meal. *In so far as the weather permitted*, I was to continue taking a gentle stroll each morning.

Unfortunately (had the weather been more favourable, my violent

^a Care of - ^b vesicatories

coughing would [undoubtedly]^a have gone of its own accord) I began to spit blood on 6 March but, after 8 and 9 March, had a really serious [haemorrhage] with some residual pain until the 12th, and on the 13th *all trace of haemorrhage had gone*. So this disagreeable episode lasted a week; Dr Stephann intervened energetically, forbidding all movement (walks, needless to say); likewise ALMOST all TALK; hot foot-baths, etc., along with drastic medicaments. During this time the treatment with *vésicatoires*, cough TONICS, etc., continued and did, in fact, reduce the coughing quite amazingly. Also, the weather has gradually begun to change although not yet ALTOGETHER *comme il faut*.^b From my hill-top villa (Hôtel Victoria) I have before me the prospect of the bay and, to one side, villas rising in an amphitheatre —, [finest air],^a even without a stroll, [wafting] past the little balcony in front of my own and the adjoining *chambres*,^c or again in the verandah, the latter giving access to the first floor. The doctor will not permit me to resume my strolls until he has again examined the *corpus delicti*.^d Be it noted that latterly not only have I regained my appetite, but have at last managed to *snatch some sleep*. (From the 16th of February, IN FACT SINCE THE NIGHT IN THE hôtel in Paris, I had suffered from insomnia unremittingly until the moment referred to above.)

* Take now all in all, the upshot is, as I too reported to London,^c that in this foolish, ill-calculated expedition, I am now just arrived again at that standard of health when I possessed it on leaving Maitland Park.^f I must, however, say that many visitors here too passed, and are passing still through the same trial. Since 10 years Alger had not such a failure of the winter season. Myself had had some doubts; there was the experience of the Isle of Wight²³⁴ and other corners, but Engels and Donkin fired each other mutually into African furor, neither one nor the other getting any special information, considering that in regard to temperature this year was extraordinary. I had now and again by innuendo given to understand to begin at least by Mentone (or Nizza) as Lavrov had received from Russian friends very favourable news, but all this was ruled down by my sanguine good old Fred^g who, I repeat it, I say it amongst you and myself, may easily kill some one out of love.

I must tell you that in this Villa-Hôtel, the two ladies, its managers, did everything in my service, no care nor attention neglecting.

^a Difficult to decipher in the ms. - ^b as it should be - ^c rooms - ^d offending body - ^e See this volume, pp. 213-15. - ^f Marx's London address - ^g Engels

And as to the operations relating to the *vésicatoires*, a young *pharmacien*, Mr Casthelaz (with his mother he is here as a patient ever since December) is so kind as to tattoo me, then open the* blisters filled with fluid, *then put linen on the somewhat rough skin, etc. He does all such things in the most genteel way, and offers these voluntary services in the most delicate manner.*

Nothing could be more magical than the city of Algiers, unless it be the *campagne*^a outside that city in summertime [and] before; it would be like the *Arabian Nights*, particularly — given good health — with all my dear ones (in particular not forgetting my GRANDSONS^b) about me. I have been delighted each time you have sent me news of the staunch little fellows; Tussy, too, has written saying that she can't stop thinking about the children, and longs to have them with her again. [It is] hardly likely that I shall be able to leave this place before the month is out, for I must firstly complete the full course of treatment prescribed by Dr Stephann, and not till then (always supposing that ALL THEN AS TO WEATHER ALTOGETHER SETTLED) shall I actually be able to commence the actual fresh air treatment.

I have seen nothing of the *Justice* (polemic with *Citoyen*), nor indeed any of the Paris papers save for the *Égalité*. I was very pleased to learn from your letter that Tussy had found a tactful solution to the catastrophe.²⁸⁵ If and when Lissagaray launches his *Bataille*, you will, I presume, send me the early numbers; *I do not believe in a great result*; *mais qui vivra verra*.^c

During my very first days here (while I was still at the Hôtel d'Orient), the GOOD Fermé 'over-walked' me — I mean, set me traipsing *up hill and down dale*, and likewise *OVERTALKED* me. *All this I put at once an end to this, making him understood that I was an invalid.* But he meant very well, and now he knows rest, SOLITUDE and silence to be duties that are incumbent on me as a citizen.

Kisses to all the children. Regards to Longuet. And many kisses to yourself, dear child,

From your
OLD NICK

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^a countryside - ^b Jean, Henri, Edgar and Marcel Longuet - ^c Here: We shall see.

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MARX TO PAUL LAFARGUE ²⁸⁶

IN PARIS

[Algiers,] Monday, 20 March [1882]

My dear Paul,

Your kind letter of 16 March was delivered to me today (20th) so that it seems to have taken far less time to get here than is usual for letters from London.

First of all, my gallant Gascon, ‘what does Mustapha supérieur^a refer to?’ Mustapha is a proper name like John. If you leave Algiers by the rue d’Isly, you see a long street in front of you. On one side of it, in the foothills, rise Mauretanian villas surrounded by gardens (one of these villas is the Hôtel Victoria); on the other side—along the road—houses are spread out in descending terraces. All of this together is called Mustapha supérieur: Mustapha inférieur^b begins at the incline of Mustapha supérieur and stretches down to the sea. Both Mustaphas form a single commune (Mustapha) whose mayor (this gentleman bears neither an Arab nor a French name but a German one) communicates with the inhabitants from time to time by means of official notices—a very soft regime, as you see. New houses are constantly being constructed in Mustapha supérieur, old ones are being demolished, etc., but although the workers engaged in this activity are healthy people and local residents they go down with fever after the first three days. Part of their wages, therefore, consists of a daily dose of quinine supplied by the employers. The same practice can be observed in various places in South America.

My dear augur. You are so well informed that you write: ‘You must be consuming all the French newspapers that are sold in Algiers’; in actual fact I don’t even read the few newspapers which the other hotel residents in the Victoria receive from Paris; my political reading is entirely limited to the telegraphic announcements in the *Petit Colon* (a small Algerian paper similar to the Parisian *Petit-Journal*, the *Petite République Française*, etc.). That’s all.

Jenny wrote that she was sending Longuet’s articles which you

^a Upper Mustapha - ^b Lower Mustapha

mention too, but I still haven't received them. The only newspaper that I receive from London is *L'Égalité*, although you can't call it a newspaper.

What a strange fellow you are, St Paul! Where did you get the idea or who told you that I should 'rub my skin with iodine'? You will interrupt me and say that this is a mere trifle, but it does reveal your method of the 'material fact'. *Ex ungue leonem.*^a In reality, instead of 'rubbing my skin with iodine' I have to have my back painted with cantharidic collodion to draw out the fluid. The first time I saw my left side (chest and back) treated in this manner, it reminded me of a kitchen garden in miniature planted with melons. Since 16 March when I wrote to Engels²⁸⁴ there has not been a single dry place either on my back or my chest (the latter is also being treated) on which the operation could be repeated; this cannot happen now before the 22nd.

You say: 'A letter of invitation is enclosed which will make you laugh.' *Es regular.*^b But how do you expect me to laugh when the 'enclosed' letter is still in your hands? When the opportunity arises, I shall remind Mr Fermé of his former comrade — the Proudhonist Lafargue. At present, while Doctor^c forbids me to go out, I am using the time to refuse frequent visits and prolonged conversations.

The rains continue as before. The climate is so capricious; the weather changes from one hour to the next, going through every phase or suddenly leaping from one extreme to the other. However, there are signs of gradual improvement, but we shall have to wait. And just to think that from the moment of my departure for Marseilles and right up to the present there has been the finest weather in both Nice and Menton! But there was this insistent idea — for which I was not responsible — of the African sun and the wonder-working air out here!

Last Saturday we buried one of the residents of the Victoria, by the name of Armand Magnadère, in Mustapha supérieur; he was quite a young man sent here by Parisian doctors. He worked in a Paris bank; his employers continued to pay his salary in Algiers. To please his mother they arranged by telegraph to have his body exhumed and sent to Paris — all at their expense. Such generosity is seldom met with even among people charged with 'other people's money'.

^a Judge the lion from his claws. - ^b Of course - ^c Stephann

My sleep is gradually returning; someone who has not suffered from insomnia cannot appreciate that blissful state when the terror of sleepless nights begins to give way.

Greetings to my dear Cacadou^a and to all the others.

Yours,
K. Marx

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN LONDON

[Postcard]

[Algiers,] 23 March, Thursday [1882]

DEAR FRED,

JUST NOW — after BREAKFAST—MY HELP^b lanced, etc., the dense throng of greatly distended blisters produced on one side of my chest by yesterday's embrocation; after which [he told] me to idle away another hour or two in bed; so here I am scribbling a few lines on this postcard, as there's no time to be lost; for a messenger from this house is leaving for Algiers at an unusually early hour in order to take letters to the post office there, etc. (There's no post to France on Mondays and Wednesdays.)

Ever since Tuesday (21 March) another storm has been raging night and day save for the usual INTERVALS—thunder, not much lightning, downpours in the evening and particularly at night, *today in the morning as well*. As the storm approached on Tuesday afternoon, presaged by a sky so overcast, pitch-black and lowering, I was

^a Laura Lafargue - ^b Maurice Casthelaz

particularly struck by the rôle the TRULY AFRICAN SIROCCO played in the said storm.— Dr Stephann here yesterday; EXAMINATION *satisfactory*; progress; still *peccans*^a [are] a place at the *very bottom* of one side of my chest and a corresponding place on my back. Next week (i. e. ABOUT Wednesday or Thursday of next week), my HELP is to refrain from embrocating those spots; so Stephann is specially reserving this for himself.

Regards to all.

Your
Moor

[On the side reserved for the address]

Fr. Engels
122 Regent's Park Road,
London, N. W., Angleterre

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MARX TO JENNY LONGUET
IN ARGENTEUIL

[Algiers,] Monday, 27 March 1882

My Dear Child,

I received your letter to-day (27 March); you know how delighted I am always to hear of you. My reports to you did not conceal the worst from you; so you may also feel quite sure that I *simply tell the truth* in announcing you that since the date of my last letter to you^b my state of health is progressively improving. There is no longer insomny (the worst of all), nor want of appetite, nor any violent character of cough, the latter indeed much subdued. Of course the *vésicatoiri-*

^a at fault - ^b See this volume, pp. 217-19.

res^a can, because of their intense action, only once a week be renewed; so the process of the healing of the membranes (the essential tissue of the organ has not at all suffered) on the left side wants some time. Of course the most unsteady weather, with sudden changes, storms, heats, colds, rain, in fact only a few good intervals,— the steady *seasonable* air warm and '*sec*'^b is still the great desideratum. When we just, like yesterday, had caught the decisive turning point—it was a beautiful day, and I had a promenade,— but to-day sky grey (with a *nuance noirâtre*^c), rain pouring down, wind howling. People here get it quite tired, for, it must not again and again be repeated: this such weather since December (inclus.) quite anormous in Algier. The thing was to inform oneself before starting on such a *chasse aux oies sauvages*.^d

Entre nous^e: Though in the Isle of Wight²³⁴ the weather was unfavourable, but still my health improved so greatly that people wondered when myself returning to London. But, then, I had *tranquillity* at Ventnor; at London, on the contrary, Engels' excitement (Lafargue, too, a quack, thought 'walking', free air etc. were all I did want) in fact has upset me: I felt, I could not longer stand it; hence my impatience to get from London away on any condition whatever! People may kill some one out of real most sincere love; with all that nothing more dangerous in such cases for a convalescent!

As I told you,^f dear child, I have had the good chance of having met with well-meaning, kind and unpretending people (French-Swiss and unmixed French, no German nor English in my Villa-Hôtel). Mr Maurice Casthelaz functions as volunteer under the orders of Dr Stephann; no Nym^g more careful or attentive. Hence, my child, do not worry yourself as to my fancied helpless situation. Enough of male and female helps; and, on the other hand, it is the privilege of a 'patient' to be silent, to withdraw, etc., whenever I prefer the solitude or take no notice of the company.

Generally I have altogether neglected the French, English etc. daily press; I read only the telegraphic news. What I had desired, f. i., was Longuet's articles on the *grève*^h (Lafargue wrote me greatly praising those articles). As to Massard's *sottise*,ⁱ I know to that moment nothing save what you have written me.

^a vesicatories - ^b dry - ^c blackish tinge - ^d wild goose chase - ^e Between us - ^f See this volume, p. 219. - ^g Helene Demuth - ^h strike - ⁱ stupidity

Write to Hirsch to send me his Adam-Contribution.²⁸⁷ What I would like, to get *durch Wünschenkappe*^a on a brilliant day here over Johnny; what would my little darling wonder at *Maures*,^b Arabs, Berbers, Turks, niggers, in one word this Babel and costumes (most of them poetic) of this oriental world, mixed with the 'civilised' French etc. and the dull Britons. Kiss also my sweet Harry, the noble Wolf, and the grand Pa!^c

And now farewell, my best child; also my compliments to Longuet.

Yours,
Old Nick

As to any working, is still out of the question; not even the correction of the *Capital* for a new edition.^d

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MARX TO ENGELS⁷²

IN LONDON

[Algiers, 28-] 31 March 1882

DEAR FRED,

28 March: A maddeningly wet day early this morning — when I finished writing a short epistle to Tussy.²⁸⁴ This had already gone off, however, when a storm developed which, for the first time, put on a good performance; not only howling wind, torrents of rain and thunder, but incessant lightning INTO THE BARGAIN. This went on until late at night, accompanied as usual by a considerable drop in temperature. Interesting, the varying colours of the waves in the lovely, almost elliptical bay; the surf snowy white, and the sea beyond changing from blue to green.

^a by magic cap - ^b Moors - ^c Henri, Edgar and Marcel Longuet - ^d Marx is referring to the third German edition of Volume One of *Capital*.

29 *March* (Wednesday): Maddening drizzle today; no less maddening the moaning gusts of wind; temperature, cold and damp.

Today, shortly before *déjeuner*^a (takes place at a QUARTER PAST or perhaps half past 11) Dr Stephann arrived for the specific purpose of 'devoting' himself to the painting of those places at the very bottom of my back and chest he had specially signalled out and reserved for his own attack. Beforehand, as on every visit, a thorough examination; by far the largest part of my left side was accorded much better STATUS; the aforementioned *nethermost* spots, presently giving forth no more than a low murmur in place of Helmholtz's musical note, can only be put to rights by slow degrees (anything speedier being hampered by the bad weather). Today, for the first time,—no doubt because he thought me far enough on the road to recovery for him to speak his mind—Stephann told me that I had already suffered a *rechute*^b of a most serious kind by the time I arrived in Algiers. The *épanchements*^c could only be controlled by recourse to *vésicatoires*,^d and I had made better progress than might have been foreseen. He added, however, that I should have to treat myself very carefully for years. When I leave Algiers, he will give me a written diagnosis—intended in particular for my London doctor.^e People of my age, he said, should be careful not to experiment too often with *rechutes*. A few hours after *déjeuner* the *tableau*^f on my skin began to come to life in grim earnest; like someone who feels his epidermis has contracted and he himself is seeking to burst out of it; agony all night long; I had been absolutely forbidden to scratch.

30 *March*: At 8 o'clock in the morning my ASSISTANT-DOCTOR, my helpmate,^g appeared at my bedside. It transpired that, as a result of spontaneous movements, the blisters GENERALLY had burst; a veritable flood had taken place during the night—linen, flannel, night-shirt soaked. So the painting had had the *desired effect on the places under attack*. My kind HELP at once proceeded to bandage me, not only so as to prevent the flannel's rubbing, but also to draw off what remained of the fluid. This morning (31 *March*) Mr Casthelaz discovered that the SUCTION was at last nearing its end and the process of drying-out almost complete. This being so, I shall probably be able to undergo a second application within the same week (beginning 29 *March*). *Tant mieux*.^h

^a lunch - ^b relapse - ^c effusions - ^d vesicatories - ^e Dr Donkin - ^f picture - ^g Maurice Casthelaz - ^h So much the better.

30 March (yesterday), the weather turned nice and warm at about midday, for which reason I strolled out onto the balcony; later I slept a little to make up for the restless night, as I shall also do today, since the strict avoidance of scratching keeps one awake at night even though, as during the night of 30 to 31, it's not agonising.

Weather today (31 March) uncertain; no rain yet, at all events; might turn relatively 'fine' towards midday, as it did yesterday.

There's nothing further to add to the health bulletin; quite satisfactory on the whole.

Have received [a letter] from Tussychen today.

Apropos, a short while ago she sent me the enclosed letter; I can't make out the signature; you will be able to. At all events a strange phenomenon, a Quedlinburg lawyer with a *Weltanschauung* of his own! But one thing I can't make out: Has the copy of the chap's 'book' intended for me arrived at Maitland Park,^a or does he want to have my exact address first so as to ensure that his book gets there safely? If the first, Tussy should acknowledge receipt of his book, if the second, send him my 'safe' address.

Mon cher,^b like other FAMILY MEMBERS, you, too, will have been struck by my mistakes in spelling and syntax, and bad grammar; I never recall these — my absent-mindedness being still very great — until after the event. SHOWS YOU there's something in the saying *sana mens in sano corpore*.^c No doubt this will mend itself BY AND BY.

The *tocsin pour déjeuner*^d has just sounded and this little note must accordingly be got ready for the messenger to Algiers. So my love to one and all.

Your
Moor

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^a Marx's London address - ^b Dear old man - ^c a sound mind in a sound body - ^d lunch bell

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ENGELS TO HENRY MAYERS HYNDMAN

IN LONDON

[London, circa 31 March 1882]

Dear Sir,

I thank you for the pamphlet^a you have sent me. I am very glad that glorious old Tom Spence has been brought out again.

I shall be very happy to make your personal acquaintance as soon as you shall have set yourself right with my friend Marx whom I see you can now afford to quote.

Yours truly,
F. E.

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN LONDON

[Postcard]

[Algiers,] Tuesday, 4 April 1882

DEAR FRED,

Have received your postcard²⁸⁴; Laurachen's letter dated 29 March has also arrived.

My congratulations to Pumps.²⁸⁸

I'm progressing well on the whole but the weather is making an April fool of me.

^a [Th. Spence,] *The Nationalisation of the Land in 1775 and 1882...*, London, Manchester, 1882.

On 31 March, Friday afternoon — a few hours before I DISPATCHED my letter to you^a — Fermé called; he told me *inter alia* of a secret vouchsafed to him by an Algerian meteorologist, namely that next week the weather would *d'abord*^b be very wild for 3 days on account of the sirocco, after which there would be 3-4 wet days but finally a normal spring would step into the breach, booted and spurred. And anyone who doesn't believe it is mistaken.

Meanwhile Saturday (1 April), as well as Monday (3 April), was *warm* (a bit 'too' *CLOSE*) but the wind (no sirocco yet) confined me to my balcony on account of the swirls of dust; by contrast, the morning of 2 April (Sunday) was so fine and inviting that I went for a 2 hours' stroll.

Last night a piping wind; rain at ABOUT 5 o'clock *this morning*; dry since 8 o'clock, sky overcast, continual squalls. Yesterday evening wonderful moonlight on the bay. I can never stop feasting my eyes on the sea in front of my balcony.

Give my best regards to Jollymeyer,^c ditto the others.

Your
Moor

[On the side reserved for the address]

Fr. Engels
122 Regent's Park Road,
London, N. W. (Angleterre)

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^a See this volume, pp. 225-27. - ^b at first - ^c Schorlemmer's jocular nickname from the English 'jolly' and the German 'Meier' (farmer).

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MARX TO JENNY LONGUET

IN ARGENTEUIL

[Algiers,] 6 April 1882

My Sweet Child,

Just now judge Fermé brought me your letter d. d. March 31; I am always delighted at your letters, but whenever, my dear child, did you find the time for writing them? I think often anxiously at your little household, limited to the services of this queer fish of Emily, and the four little boys^a alone would absorb the whole working time of a superior servant.

Fermé handed me also a few days ago the promised numbers of the *Justice* (*ci-inclus*^b Hirsch's elucubrations reproduced from Madame Adam's *Revue*²⁸⁷). Longuet's articles on the '*grèves*'^c are very good. *En passant*. He says somewhere that Lassalle did *only* invent the *words* (not the law itself developed by Ricardo, Turgot, etc.²⁸⁹). In fact, however, he, Lassalle, borrowed, to German 'cultured' people well known, *expression of Goethe* who himself had modified *Sophocles'* '*ewige unwandelbare Gesetze*'^d into '*ewige ehernen Gesetze*'^e.

Fermé had to sit opposite to me in my '*chambre*'^f, silent, reading, until I had finished a letter to Tussy (from her I had the same day received a letter, ditto one from Engels) to be ready for the messenger to Algiers.

I expect Dr Stephann to-day. If he comes, I should be able to report on his examination, before despatching these lines you tomorrow morning. Meanwhile the progress of my health goes on satisfactory, though slowly for somebody eager to be again active and to drop that *invalid's*, *stupid métier*. All this delay is due to this violent Algerian distemper, altogether quite anormous, never heard of since Fermé's 12 years long sojourn here. The weather remains fidgety, fitful, capricious; *April weather*, from sunny changing suddenly into rainy, from hot to cold, chilly, from a sky *diaphane*^g to scowling, almost black; from the dry atmosphere to being heavy with aqueous vapours; in

^a Jean, Henri, Edgar and Marcel Longuet - ^b including - ^c 'strikes' - ^d 'eternal immutable laws' (from Sophocles' *Antigone*) - ^e 'eternal iron laws' - ^f room - ^g clear, transparent

one word, the weather far from being 'settled' or having subsided to what here may be considered the average 'normal' Algerian 'spring' character. However, if the wind blows not violently, if there be no rain, the April's early hours were pleasant, so that I could indulge my morning promenades to-day, yesterday, and the day last before yesterday; thus I enjoyed three consecutive morning promenades one or two hours long.

I am just interrupted *by a noise* rising from the little, in terraces mounting little garden (*ein rotblühender Garten*^a) that forms the avenue to our *Verandah* (behind it the first *étage*^b of our Villa), while my *chambre* on the second *étage* (and 5 other ones) opens upon the little gallery over the *Verandah*, both of them looking at the sea before and from all sides to a charming panorama. Well, the noise called me upon the gallery, and how he would laugh, at my side, so heartfully, so delightfully, that little Johnny, below him in the garden a real pitch dark negro, dancing, playing a small fiddle, beating his long iron castagnettes, writhing his body into plastic grimaces and folding his face into broad humorous grins. These Algerian Negroes were formerly in general slaves of Turks, Arabs, etc., but were emancipated under the French régime.

Well, there looks down *behind him*, the negro, another figure, in a dignified manner and rather condescendingly smiling at the blackie's exhibition. This is a *Maure* (*anglice* Moor, *germ.* Mohr); *en passant* the *Maures* are called *the Arabs* in Algeria, a small minority of them, withdrawn from the desert and their communities, dwelling in the towns at the side of the Europeans. They are taller than the average French measure, oval faces, noses aquiline, eyes large and brilliant; hairs and beards black, their skin's colour running over an *échelle*^c from almost white to darkly bronze. Their costumes — even if in tatters — elegant and graceful, a *culotte*^d (or a mantle), a rather toga of thin white wool, or a *capot à capuchon*^e; for their cover of the head (for which *the capuchon* serves also in unfavourable (too hot etc.) weather) a turban or a piece of white *mousseline*, wound round their *culottes*; generally they leave their legs naked, the feet also, but more rarely they wear *pantoufles*^f of yellow or red maroquin.

Even the poorest *Maure* surpasses the greatest European comedian as to the '*art de se draper*' *dans son capot*,^g and to show natural, graceful,

^a a garden in red blossom - ^b floor - ^c range - ^d breeches - ^e cape with a hood - ^f shoes -
^g art of draping in his cape

and dignified attitudes, whether walking or standing (*if they ride* on their mules, or asses, or exceptionally on horses,— always throwing their both legs on some side down, instead of a European taking his horse *between* his both legs — then they offer the image of indolence).

Well, the said *Maure* — behind the negro in our garden — cries out for sale of ‘oranges’ and ‘cocks’ (incl. hens), a strange combination of these articles vendible. Between the *Maure*, majestic even then, and the dancing grinning nigger there struts an animal — a most vain *paon*^a (belonging to one of our *co-pensionnaires*^b) with its wonderfully blue throat and most adorned long tail. At this trio, how my Johnny’s laughter I should like to hear ring!

It is now 4 o’clock p. m. (during part of the afternoon, I had of course some conversation with Fermé, having brought me your letter, then later on he removed himself to Algiers). The rain pours down: the sudden lowering of the temperature most disgusting. My best compliments to Dr Dourlen!

7 April 1882

Raining through the whole night; this morning is sky covered, but no rain; pleasant air, but too saturated with watery vapours. I had an hour’s promenade (9-10 a. m.), doubtful whether not surprised by rain — but none yet. As Dr Stephann came not yesterday nor the day before, I wrote him to-day morning, but at all events these lines, in order to be despatched still to-day, cannot await the Doctor’s examination. He will not appear before 5 o’clock afternoon. You see, it is a good sign, that the Dr neglects me a little; in other words, he is no longer anxious to strictly repeat his visits in court intervals.

How I shall feel happy when returning to my grandsons and their excellent Maman! I am not at all inclined here to prolong my sojourn longer than the Dr considers it absolutely necessary. Many kisses from your

Old Nick

The inclosed cut from a German-American paper Engels sent me; it is an amusing criticism of the newest ‘Teutsche Bedientenpoesie’.^c I hope Longuet tries to understand it.

^a peacock - ^b lodgers - ^c German servile poetry

Dear child, I had already sealed this letter, but was forced to re-open it. Dr Stephann came a bit earlier than expected. The fresh examination led him to conclude—and I am very pleased to be able to tell you this—that my left side has in the meantime healed almost as well as the right one.²⁹⁰

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MARX TO ENGELS⁷²

IN LONDON

[Algiers,] 8 April^a (Saturday) 1882

DEAR FRED,

At 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon I was examined by Dr Stephann. Despite the changeable weather, which had again brought on a persistent cold, he was very satisfied; found that the *épanchement*^b low down (to the left of my chest) had almost completely disappeared; the one on my back (low down on the left) being rather more stubborn. Yesterday he gave this a special lambasting by painting it with *collodion cantharidal*.^c The result was most acute pain and, thanks to the 'painting', a sleepless night (from 7 to 8 April), but this morning there has also been a MOST EFFECTIVE PUMPING OF WATER from the blisters that have formed. So I have no doubt that this offending spot will also capitulate in the very near future. My ASSISTANT-DOCTOR, Mr Casthelaz, had to work away for half an hour in my flourishing watermelon plantation, after which I was made to lie in bed until *déjeuner*^d at half past eleven; for after bandaging the drawing off, drop by drop, of any residual fluid works best in that position.

On the other hand Stephann found my cough somewhat worse (only *relatively*, however, for the cough had reached a nadir), a con-

^a March in the ms. - ^b effusion - ^c cantharidic collodion - ^d luncheon

sequence of the absurd weather; for 4 days this week the *mornings* were fine enough for walks; since yesterday afternoon it has never stopped raining; in the night and today THE RAIN ASSUMED THE '*caractère torrentiel*'; today there has been a feeble attempt at lighting the fire in the dining-room, but these fireplaces don't in fact seem to exist for that purpose, BUT ONLY FOR SHOW'S SAKE.

After *déjeuner* I retired for a nap AT 2 O'CLOCK to make up in part for last night, but by some infernal chance the *courts are on vacation* this week and next. So my plan was thwarted by the otherwise most amiable JUDGE Fermé who didn't release me until ABOUT 5 p. m. when dinner time was approaching. Fermé told me amongst other things that during his *carrière* on the bench a form of *torture* has been used (and this happens 'regularly') to extract confessions from Arabs; naturally it is done (like the English in India) by the 'police'; the judge IS SUPPOSED TO KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ALL OF IT. On the other hand, he says that when, for example, a murder is committed by an Arab gang, usually with robbery in view, and the actual miscreants are in the course of time duly apprehended, tried and executed, this is not regarded as sufficient atonement by the injured colonist family. They demand INTO THE BARGAIN the 'pulling in' of *at least* half a dozen *innocent Arabs*. But this is resisted by the French judges and particularly the *cours d'appel*,^a though now and again the life of an *individual*, isolated judge may be threatened by the colonists if he does not provisionally consent (his competence extends no further) to having a dozen innocent Arabs locked up for suspected murder, burglary, etc., and involving them in the investigation. However we are aware that when a European colonist dwells among the 'lesser breeds', either as a settler or simply on business, he generally regards himself as even more inviolable than handsome William I. Still, when it comes to barefaced arrogance and presumptuousness vis-à-vis the 'lesser breeds', to a grisly, Moloch-like obsession with atonement, the British and Dutch outdo the French.

Pumps' FAMILY MISSION shows great promise,²⁸⁸ as opposed to Hyndman's political mission which might be regarded as problematical. It serves the laddie right that your note^b should have annoyed him, especially since he took these liberties with me only because he was counting on my own inability, for 'considerations of propaganda', to compromise him in public.²⁹¹ He knew that well enough.

^a courts of appeal - ^b See this volume, p. 228.

Scandalmonger Bodenstedt and Friedrich Vischer-Sewer-Aesthete are the Horace and Virgil of William I.²⁹²

Aprupos. The *Kölnische Zeitung's* article on Skobelev you sent me is most interesting.

This note won't leave today (Saturday), for there are no 'paquebots'^a at all to Marseilles on *Mondays, Wednesdays* or *Saturdays*; but by way of exception a *paquebot* leaves Algiers on a *Sunday* at 1 p. m. and letters for it must be delivered to the post office by 11 o'clock in the morning (Sunday); the Hôtel Victoria, Algiers, despatches a MESSENGER with the letters *early* on Sunday *mornings*. On the other days, when there is a *paquebot* from Algiers to Marseilles, departure is at 5.30 in the afternoon.

But I wanted to get these lines off by tomorrow, since Dr Stephann's last examination was so especially favourable.

Best wishes to everyone.

Your
Moor

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ENGELS TO PYOTR LAVROV

IN LONDON

[London,] 10 April 1882
122 Regent's Park Road

My dear Lavrov,

I am returning the proofs,²⁹³ for which I thank you. I should have done so earlier had I not hoped to see you last night and to say Христосъ, воскресъ ли онъ?^b

Would you be so kind as to lend me the German manuscript of the

^a ferry-boats - ^b Engels is using a Russian Easter greeting in an ironical form

preface for a day or two? The *Sozialdemokrat* has asked us to send it to them and, since the thing has appeared in the *Народная воля*^a (to which we are proud to find ourselves contributors), there can no longer be any objection.

Yours sincerely,
F. Engels

Our ideas seem to me to have been very well rendered.

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ENGELS TO BERTHOLD SPARR²⁹⁴

IN LONDON

[Draft]

[London,] 12 April 1882

Dear Sir,

I am not acquainted either with you or with the Mr K. Schmidt you refer to. If you mean Mr K. Schneidt, the anarchist, he will be able to get you into the club in Rose Street²⁹⁵ and obtain assistance for you. In view of the way in which the people on the *Freiheit* have laid into the Social-Democratic Party in Germany,²⁹⁶ I hardly feel called upon to give the adherents of that tendency a helping hand. However I do not know which tendency you belong to. The German Club, which sides with the great party in Germany, is, as anyone will tell you, at 49 Tottenham Street²⁹⁷ and I find it inconceivable that both these clubs should let a fugitive party member starve to death.— In view of the great distress brought about among the members of the great Social-Democratic Party by police persecution in Germany, my resources will scarcely permit me to support, in addition, ad-

^a Narodnaya Volya

herents of other, opposing tendencies. If, however, the Tottenham Street society is prepared to do something for you, I shall be pleased to make a contribution.

Yours very truly

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ENGELS TO FRIEDRICH ADOLPH SORGE
IN HOBOKEN

[Postcard]

[London, 13 April 1882]

Dear Sorge,

Have posted to you today such *Égalités* as have so far appeared. More to follow. Marx is in Algiers; had a recurrence of pleurisy but has now almost completely got over it. Will have to take very great care of himself next winter. Trust your letter will arrive soon. What is your son^a doing? Kindest regards.

Your
F. E.

[On the side reserved for the address]

F. A. Sorge, Esq.,
Hoboken, N. Y.
U. S. America

First published abridged in *Briefe und Auszüge aus Briefen von Joh. Phil. Becker, Jos. Dietzgen, Friedrich Engels, Karl Marx u. A. an F. A. Sorge und Andere*, Stuttgart, 1906 and in full in: Marx and Engels, *Works*, First Russian Edition, Vol. XXVII, Moscow, 1935

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^a Adolph Sorge

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MARX TO LAURA LAFARGUE¹⁶⁶

IN LONDON

[Algiers,] Thursday, 13 April 1882

Darling Cacadou,

I reproach myself for not having written to you again until now, not that there's anything special to report from here. How often do I not think of you — at Eastbourne,²⁹⁸ beside my Jenny's^a sick-bed, and during your faithful daily visits so cheering to that crosspatch, OLD NICK. But you should know, dear child, that this week and last were Fermé's Easter vacation; he lives in the rue Michelet (as part of the route Mustapha supérieur^b is called) at the foot of the hill from which the Hôtel Victoria looks down. It's only a stone's throw away for him, although he has to 'clamber' since there's no proper path leading up to it. And in fact he has latterly been visiting me assiduously, thus frustrating the best of resolutions in regard to afternoon letter-writing. — Otherwise not an unwelcome guest, MR Fermé, nor devoid of humour. After I had given him some *Citoyens* and *Égalités* to read, he arrived chuckling not a little over Guesde's 'terrorism of the future' [which is to go on] until — this anticipated in heavy type — the last bourgeois oppressor has been guillotined out of existence. Fermé is not fond of Algiers whose climate doesn't suit either him or his family (often visited by fever, etc.) although its members are all of them '*des indigènes*' à commencer par *Madame l'épouse*.^c Above all, however, his salary as a judge is hardly sufficient for even the most modest way of life. Living in a colonial capital is always expensive. But one thing he does admit — in no town ELSEWHERE, which is at the same time the seat of the central government, is there such *laisser faire*, *laisser passer*^d; police reduced to a *bare minimum*; unprecedented public *sans gêne*^e; the Moorish element is responsible for this. For Mussulmans there is no such thing as subordination; they are neither 'subjects' nor '*administrés*'^f; no authority, save in *politica*,^g something which Europeans have totally failed to understand. Few police in Al-

^a Jenny Marx - ^b Upper Mustapha - ^c 'natives', starting with his lady wife - ^d easy-going ways - ^e nonchalance - ^f persons under the jurisdiction of others - ^g political matters

giers, and such as there are for the most part *indigènes*. And yet, with such a medley of national elements and unscrupulous characters, frequent clashes are inevitable, and it is here that the *Catalonians* live up to their old reputation; the white or red belts they wear, like the Moors, etc., outside their coats and not, like the French, beneath their clothing, often conceal 'bodkins'—*long stilettos* which these sons of Catalonia are not slow to 'employ' with equal impartiality against Italians, Frenchmen, etc., and natives alike. Incidentally, a few days ago a gang of forgers was apprehended in the province of Oran, amongst them their chief, a former Spanish officer; their European agency, it now transpires, is in the capital of Catalonia—Barcelona! Some of the laddies were not arrested and escaped to Spain. This piece of news, and others of a similar kind, derives from Fermé. The latter has received 2 advantageous offers from the French government; *firstly*, a transfer to New Caledonia where he would, at the same time, be responsible for introducing a new legal system, salary 10,000 frs (he and family to travel there gratis and, on arrival, be given free official accommodation); or, *secondly*, to *Tunis*, where he would likewise occupy a higher magisterial rank than here, and under far more favourable conditions. He has been given a certain period in which to make up his mind; will accept one or the other.

From Mr Fermé to the *weather* is a natural transition, since he freely heaps imprecations on the same.—Since Easter Monday (incl.) I have not missed a single morning stroll, although only yesterday (12th) and today have been spared the caprices of April. *Yesterday, bien que nous subissions le léger siroco et, par conséquent, quelques coups de vent, ce fut le maximum du beau temps: à 9 heures le matin (le 12) la température à l'ombre fut de 19.5°, et celle au soleil, de 35°.*^a In spite of having gone for a walk in the morning (12 April), I visited Algiers in the afternoon in order to take a look at the Russian ironclad, *Peter the Great*, which had arrived in the harbour there a few days before.

The official meteorological office has forecast intense atmospheric disturbances for 15-16 April (when there'll be *orage*^b), 19, 21, 25, 27, 29 and 30 April; nevertheless, the weather during the remainder of April will on the whole be fine; at the same time it is feared that *in May*, to make up for the absence of a *true Algerian spring* (which did

^a although we experienced a slight sirocco and, as a result, some gusts of wind, it was the finest possible weather: at 9 o'clock in the morning (the 12th) the temperature was 19.5° in the shade and 35° in the sun.—^b a storm

not begin till yesterday), summer will arrive all at once and with it unbearable heat. HOWEVER THAT MAY BE, I do not, as *corpus vile*,^a feel inclined to serve as an experimental station for the weather. In view of the altogether abnormal character of the past 4^{1/2} months, God knows WHAT ALGERIA MAY HAVE IN STORE. Large numbers of shrewd folk (amongst them *Pillustre*^b 'Ranc') departed from the African shore day before yesterday. I shall only stay until Dr Stephann has declared my left side to be in good order again, apart, of course, from the scar well known to the *doctissimi*^c Drs Donkin and Hume, left by an earlier attack of pleurisy. What has been tiresome here so far is the constant recurrence of my cough, even if WITHIN MODERATE LIMITS; withal, much boredom.

Interruption of the most argeeable kind: KNOCKS AT THE DOOR; Entrez!^d Madame Rosalie (ONE OF THE SERVING SPIRITS) brings me a letter from you, dear Cacadou, and, from the good Gascon,^e a long letter of which the paper, like the envelope, already bears the official stamp: '*L'Union Nationale*'.²⁹⁹ This time he seems to have pulled it off! *Ce n'est pas une de ces entreprises patronées par Mr Ch. Hirsch!*^f On the other hand, to be sure, the prospect of my Cacadou's departure looms closer! But not just yet, I trust. Also, I regard it as some compensation that AUNTY Cacadou should represent so great a gain to Jennychen and her children^g; anyway, with Paris so close, there's no need to spend the whole year in London.—Apropos. *Has Lafargue* sent the next instalment of the article to Petersburg? (I don't know what became of the first consignment.)³⁰⁰ It's most important not to lose the vantage point of Petersburg; it will gain in importance daily! Also for anyone who sends despatches there.

Second interruption: It is 1 O'CLOCK P.M., and I have promised to visit the '*Jardin du Hamma*' ou^h '*Jardin d'Essai*' with Madame Casthelaz, *son fils*,ⁱ and one of our other fellow *pensionnaires*,^j Madame Claude (of Neufchâtel). We have to be back BEFORE DINNER (6 O'CLOCK P.M.), later than which EVERY EFFORT AT WRITING NEVER AS YET DARED UPON BY ME. So no more till tomorrow. Simply by way of a supplement * to the useful knowledge of Cacadou I allow myself to remark, that on that very Hamma took place the landing of 24,000 soldiers under the commandment of Charles V, emperor, (or Carlos I, according to the Spaniards) on 23 October 1541³⁰¹; 8 days later he had to ship the * *beaux*

^a a vile body - ^b the illustrious - ^c most learned - ^d Come in. - ^e Paul Lafargue - ^f It isn't one of those enterprises patronised by Mr Ch. Hirsch. - ^g Jean, Henri, Edgar and Marcel Longuet - ^h or - ⁱ her son - ^j lodgers

restes de son armée détruite sur les vaisseaux échappés à la tempête du 26, et ralliés à grand peine par Doria, à Matifou. Ce dernier lieu où finit la baie d'Alger c. à. d.— le cap Matifou^a — OPPOSITE, ON THE EAST, TO ALGIERS, IS TO BE ESPIED, *par des bonnes lunettes,*^b BY MYSELF FROM HÔTEL VICTORIAS GALLERY.

Vendredi,^c 14 April

*I commence this letter *at the moment* when I have a few lines to be added to the foregoing, that is to say at about *1 o'clock p. m.* The day ended yesterday as fine as that of the 12th. Both *the evenings* 12 and 13 (about 8 hours p. m.) were warm — quite exceptional this — but cool (relatively) at the same time, hence really delightful. This morning the warmth a little more 'heavy', and just since two hours the wind blows violently, probably the 'orage' predicted yesterday from 14-15.

Yesterday at 1 o'clock p. m. we went down to Inferior Mustapha whence the tram brought us to *Jardin Hamma* or *Jardin d'Essai*, the which used for 'Promenade Publique' with occasional military music, as 'pépinière'^d for the production and diffusion of the indigenous vegetables, at last for the purpose of *scientific botanical experiments* and as a garden of 'acclimatation'. — This all encloses a very large ground, part of which is mountainous, the other belonging to the plain. In order to see more minutely, you would want at least a whole day, and beside being somebody with you a *connaisseur*, f. i. like M. Fermé's friend and old Fourieriste, M. Durando, professor of botanics, who is the leader of a section of the 'Club Alpin Français' on its regular Sunday excursions. (I very much regretted that my bodily circumstances and the Dr. Stephann's strict prohibition till now did not yet allow me to share in these excursions, having 3 times [been] invited there-to.)

Well, before entering the 'Jardin d'Essai' we took coffee, of course in the free air, a Mauresque 'café'. The Maure prepared it excellently, we were on a bank. On a rough table, in inclined positions, their legs crossed, half a dozen Maure visitors [...] were delighted in their small 'cafétières',^f (everyone gets one of his own) and together

^a remnants of his shattered army aboard the vessels which had escaped the storm of the 26th and been rallied with much difficulty by Doria, at Matifu. This latter place, where the Bay of Algiers ends — Cape Matifu -^b with good glasses -^c Friday -^d nursery -

^e Illegible passage in the ms. -^f coffee pots

playing at cards (a conquest this on them of civilisation). Most striking this spectacle: Some these Maures were dressed pretentiously, even richly, others in, for once I dare call it *blouses*, sometime of white woollen appearance, now in rags and tatters — but in the eyes of a true Musulman such accidents, good or bad luck, do not distinguish Mahomet's children. *Absolute equality in their social intercourse*, not affected; on the contrary, only when demoralized, they become aware of it; as to the hatred against Christians and the hope of an ultimate victory over these infidels, their politicians justly consider this same feeling and practice of absolute equality (not of wealth or position but of personality) a guarantee of keeping up the one, of not giving up the latter.* (Nevertheless, they will go to rack and ruin WITHOUT A REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT.)

*In regard to the plain part of the *Jardin d'Essai* I remark only: It is cut by *three great longitudinal 'allées'*^a of a wonderful beauty; opposite to the principal entry is the '*allée of the platenes [platanes]*'^b; then the '*allée des palmiers*',^c ended by an oasis of immense 72 '*palmiers*', limited by the railway and the sea; at last the '*allée*' of the magnolia and a sort of *figues (ficus roxburghi)*. These three great '*allées*' are themselves cut by many others crossing them, such as the long '*allée des bambous*' astonishing, the '*allée*' of '*palmiers à chanvre*',^d the '*dragon[n]iers*',^e the 'eucalyptus' (blue gum of Tasmania), etc., (the latter are of an extraordinarily quick vegetation).

Of course, these sorts of* *allées* cannot be reproduced in European '*Jardins d'acclimatation*'.^f

During the afternoon there was a concert of military music in a large open space encircled by plane trees; the conductor, a non-commissioned officer, wore ordinary French uniform, whereas the musicians (common soldiers) wore red, baggy trousers (of oriental cut), white felt boots buttoning up to the bottom of the baggy trousers; on their heads a red fez.

While on the subject of the garden, I did not mention (though some of these were very pleasing to the nose) orange trees, lemon — ditto, almond trees, olive trees, etc.; nor, for that matter, cactuses and aloes which also grow wild (as do wild olives and almonds) in the rough country where we have our abode.

Much though this garden delighted me, I must observe that what

^a avenues - ^b plane trees - ^c palm trees - ^d hemp palms - ^e dragon trees - ^f Botanical Gardens

is abominable about this and similar excursions is the ubiquitous *chalky dust*; though I felt well in the afternoon and after coming home and during the night, my cough was nonetheless rather troublesome, thanks to the irritation caused by the dust.

I am expecting Dr Stephann today, but as I cannot put off the despatch of this missive, I will send a report to Fred^a later on.

Finally, as Mayer of Swabia used to say, let us take a little look at things from a higher historical perspective. Our nomadic Arabs (who have, in many respects, gone very much to seed while retaining, as a result of their struggle for existence, a number of sterling qualities) have memories of having once produced great philosophers, scholars, etc., which, they think, is why Europeans now despise them for their present ignorance. Hence the following little fable, typical of Arab folklore.

A ferryman is ready and waiting, with his small boat, on the tempestuous waters of a river. A philosopher, wishing to get to the other side, climbs aboard. There ensues the following dialogue:

Philosopher: Do you know anything of *history*, ferryman?

Ferryman: No!

Philosopher: Then you've wasted half your life!

And again: The Philosopher: Have you studied mathematics?

Ferryman: No!

Philosopher: Then you've wasted more than half your life.

Hardly were these words out of the philosopher's mouth when the wind capsized the boat, precipitating both ferryman and philosopher into the water. Whereupon,

Ferryman shouts: Can you swim?

Philosopher: No!

Ferryman: Then you've wasted your *whole* life.

That will tickle your appetite for things Arabic.

With much love and many kisses.

OLD NICK

(BEST COMPLIMENTS TO ALL)

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first time

^a Engels

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ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN

IN ZURICH

London, 17 April 1882

Dear Mr Bernstein,

As soon as I heard from Lavrov that the preface^a had appeared in the *Narodnaya Volya*³⁰² I asked for a copy of the original,^b but he had left it in his desk in Paris; however, he said he would write. Then I went to Marx's and searched in vain for the *brouillon*.^c Finally I got Lavrov to let me have a copy of the Russian translation so that, if the worst came to the worst, I could retranslate it myself; I feared, as indeed happened, that some Russian or other would see to this. Lavrov has just sent me the enclosed copy of the original. However, I have only myself to blame for this. For I had meant to send you a postcard, but have got Schorlemmer and Adolf Beust staying with me, and there's quite a lot of gadding about with Mrs Lafargue (whose husband^d is in Paris) and Tussy Marx, so that the postcard got overlooked. But in order that you may see that good intentions were not wanting, I am belatedly sending you the thing.

Congratulations on your attack upon Geiser's spineless conduct.³⁰³

Confidential: Marx has been in Algiers since 21 February. On arrival he had a fresh attack of pleurisy as a result of catching cold on the journey; he found wretched weather conditions, but is now pretty well all right again. How long he'll stay there is not yet certain. Has had distinctly bad luck with the weather.

Kindest regards from

Yours,
F. Engels

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^a K. Marx and F. Engels, 'Preface to the Second Russian Edition of the *Manifesto of the Communist Party*' (see present edition, Vol. 24, pp.425-26).-^b See this volume, pp. 235-36.-^c draft.-^d Paul Lafargue

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MARX TO ENGELS ⁷²

IN LONDON

[Algiers,] Tuesday, 18 April 1882

DEAR FRED,

Got your letter yesterday,²⁸⁴ likewise Tussy's, together with the 'imperial' remittance.^a

In my last letter to Laurachen^b I announced the arrival of our '2 finest days'; but even before I had finished the letter, the sirocco (the official weather bulletins, like other French printed matter, spell it sometimes with one c, sometimes with 2) began to blow and the din served me as an overture to the '*mouvements atmosphériques intenses*'^c which had been predicted. I admitted to Laura that I was tired of such things — if not, indeed, tired of Africa, and was determined to turn my back on Algiers the moment Dr Stephann DID NO LONGER WANT ME.

From the 14th April (afternoon) to the 17th April, gusts of wind, storms, heavy downpours, burning sunshine, continual ups and downs, now hot now cold (almost from one hour to the next). First thing this morning gloriously fine, but now, at 10 A.M., the wind is already piping its maddening tune.— In its report—or rather forecast—yesterday, the meteorological office announced an '*intense mouvement atmosphérique*' for 3-4 May, but more especially for 7-8 May (not having *pro nunc*^d probed any further into the future); in addition, for the first week of this self-same May, it has promised us SO CALLED '*seismiques mouvements*'^e (apparently the periodicity of these '*seismiques*' coincides with latent earth tremors).

Dr Stephann called on the 16th (Sunday), percussed, and declared that there was no longer any trace of '*pleurésie*'^f (AS FAR AS TO '*rechute*'^g); on the other hand he was, he said, less satisfied with the bronchial condition (also on the left) than when he last examined me. However, he painted away with great vigour (a vigour I damned well had time to appreciate in the course of Sunday afternoon— 16 April—and

^a Engels had arranged the remittance through the bankers Kayser & Co. *Kaiser* = Emperor.-^b See this volume, pp. 238-43.-^c intense atmospheric disturbances.-^d for the time being.-^e seismic disturbances.-^f pleurisy.-^g relapse

night, and right into the small hours of Monday—17 April!).—Incidentally, Dr Stephann shares my view that bronchial trouble is inseparable from this weather and, such being the case, any prolongation of my stay here could only have unfavourable consequences. He thinks he will be able to let me leave, with a written diagnosis, at the end of April unless something unforeseen should happen—e. g. the weather here take a distinct turn for the better or, which seems unlikely, my health take a turn for the worse. All things being equal, then, I should leave *on 2 May*, being delivered back to Marseilles *by the selfsame Said* under the same Captain Mace (very nice chap) who brought me to Algiers, and from there should go and try my luck at Cannes, Nice or Menton. So don't send me either letters or anything in the way of documents or newspapers from London, *unless it be JUST AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THESE LINES*. But should I change my mind in the meantime, I shall at once notify you from here.

I am afraid that 'IRON' may arrive in Algiers after not only I, but also the Casthelaz FAMILY, have evacuated Africa; all the world's preparing to take flight. You must excuse the meagreness of this *MISSIVE*. The night of the 16th to 17th April was sleepless because of the vigour of the painting; no pain from the 17th to the 18th April because the ASSISTANT DOCTOR^a had already attended to me by 7 o'clock yesterday morning; but the itching due to the formation of new skin banished sleep for the 2nd night running. Since, in addition, I went for a stroll (2 whole hours) very early this morning, *üw begrijp*^b (I can no longer recall how the Dutch spell it, but I still hear the *ü begreip!*—what it's got to do with 'concept', God alone knows—as enunciated in the old days at Zalt-Bommel³⁰⁴ by Pastor Rothhaus's^c wife, since divorced and replaced by my cousin^d), *IN ONE WORD*, as you can conceive, I have got to lay my head on my pillow and make up for some sleep. Meanwhile:—sleep, what would'st thou more? Only first let me tell you about the rotten trick played by the French authorities on a poor, thieving Arab, a poor, multiple assassin by profession. Only at the last minute—*ON THE MOMENT*, as the infamous COCKNEYS say, 'TO LAUNCH' the poor sinner 'INTO ETERNITY' did he discover that he wasn't going to be shot but guillotined! *This, in defiance of prior arrangements!* In defiance of promises! He was guillotined despite what had been agreed. But that wasn't all. The French having always permitted this hith-

^a Maurice Casthelaz - ^b You [can] conceive - ^c A. Roodhuizen - ^d Antoinette Philips

erto, his relatives had expected the head and body to be handed over to them so that they could sew the former to the latter and then bury the 'whole'. *Quod non!*^a Howls, imprecations and gnashing of teeth; the French authorities dug their heels in, the first time they had done so! Now, when the body arrives in paradise, Mohammed will ask, 'Where have you left your head? Or, how did the head come to be parted from its body? You're not fit to enter paradise. Go and join those dogs of Christians in hell!' And that's why his relations were so upset.

Your
OLD MOOR

On closer inquiry — I hadn't asked him before — Stephann told me that, although he doesn't speak German, he is the son of a German. His father emigrated to Algiers from the Palatinate (Landau).

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ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN

IN ZURICH

London, 21 April 1882

Dear Mr Bernstein,

I am sending you a piece from the *Kölner Zeitung* on 'Baron Hirsch'.³⁰⁵ It is significant that *bourgeois* papers should find it necessary to denounce such a trickster. The whole article is worth reprinting if space is available. It would make a splendid feuilleton, particularly as emanating from the *Kölnische Zeitung*. If you can't reprint it in its entirety, perhaps you would return it to me when you have done with it. You might also return me the ms. of the 'Preface'^b sometime.

Let me elucidate: Mahmud *Nedim* Pasha is, like Mahmud Damat

^a But no. - ^b K. Marx and F. Engels, 'Preface to the Second Russian Edition of the *Manifesto of the Communist Party*' (see present edition, Vol. 24, pp. 425-26).

Pasha (the Sultan's^a brother-in-law), Russia's chief paid agent in Constantinople. When the Russian, Poliakov, who was also after the Turkish railway concessions, had failed to get them (for the Russians could not start a war against Turkey and *simultaneously* con the Turks), it was naturally of the utmost concern to the Russians to see to it that the terms imposed upon the Austrian, Hirsch, who was the sole competitor and, what's more, Austria's *protégé*, were of such a kind as to make Hirsch, and with him Austria, hated in Turkey and to prevent Turkey from getting a coherent railway network after all. Besides, anything that weakened Turkey financially was advantageous to Russia — relatively speaking. So Nedim does his deal. Hirsch pays him for selling Turkey to *him* and Russia pays him again just for selling Turkey. The fact is that Russian diplomacy does business in the grand manner, with none of your small shopkeeper's niggardly, envious eye to his competitors and hence, if there's no other way of doing it, it can even permit an adversary like Austria an apparent or momentary advantage and nevertheless turn this to its own account.

kindest regards to you and Kautsky.

Yours,
F. E.

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MARX TO ENGELS ^{7 2}

IN LONDON

[Algiers,] Friday, 28 April 1882

Dear FRED,

RECEIVED YOUR LETTER AND THE *Kölnische Zeitung*.

This note is simply to inform you that I shall be leaving Algiers on

^a Abdul Hamid II

2 May (Tuesday) on the same *Said* and with the same *commandant*^a Mr Mace, '*lieutenant de vaisseau*',^b as brought me to Algiers. Last Wednesday I paid a visit to a French squadron of 6 ironclads; naturally I inspected the flagship, *Le Colbert*, where a petty officer, a handsome, intelligent lad, showed me around and demonstrated everything in detail. As I took my leave he told me in typically French fashion that he was sick of his boring duties and hoped to get his discharge *bientôt*.^c I and my companions (3 *co-locataires*^d from the Hôtel Victoria) were not allowed on board until after 'duties'. So we watched the manoeuvres of the flagship and the 5 other ironclads from our boat, alias skiff, as we rowed to and fro. There is to be a 'ball' on the *Colbert* tomorrow afternoon. I could have got hold of an invitation card for this, too, through Fermé, but there wasn't time. For on Tuesday (25 *Avril*) I was given my final examination by Stephann; no more *tatouement*^e with collodion; *quo-ad*^f a recurrence of pleurisy ALTOGETHER ABSOLVED; HOWEVER I'm to see him tomorrow (Saturday) at 3 o'clock to get his written diagnosis and take my leave of him. The weather is now very hot on occasion, but IN FACT a hurricane—with sirocco storms coming and going—has persisted (uninterruptedly at night, in repeated gusts during the day) throughout the week (including TO-DAY). That is the reason why my cough has not responded hitherto; HENCE high time to flee Algiers.

Best wishes to all.

Your
OLD MOOR

Apropos; because of the sun, I have done away with my prophet's beard and my crowning glory but (in deference to my daughters) had myself photographed before offering up my hair on the altar of an Algerian barber. I shall receive the photographs next Sunday (30 April). *Specimina* will be sent to you from Marseilles. On inspection you will observe that, CONSIDERING the 8 whole weeks (during which I did not in fact have one day of complete repose) of painting with collodion (after the manner of Ludwig of Bavaria³⁰⁶), *j'ai fait encore bonne mine à mauvais jeu*.^g

First published in *Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx*, Bd. 4, Stuttgart, 1913

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^a captain - ^b Lieutenant Commander - ^c soon - ^d fellow lodgers - ^e painting - ^f as to -

^g I am still putting a good face on things.

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MARX TO JENNY LONGUET
IN ARGENTEUIL

[Algiers,] 28 April 1882

Dearest Child,

Only 2 lines: I think only seaside living can help poor Harry. You ought — *if possibly* — lose no time to get him and his brothers^a to Normandy. It is childish to fancy that in any case I should return to England without a previous visit to you and my grandsons, whether we meet in Normandy, at Paris, or elsewhere.

As to my health, it proceeds favourably; otherwise Dr Stephann would not allow me to leave 'Africa'. I think, 2 weeks or so, will suffice for the 'transitory' stadium at the Riviera.

My best wishes, dearest child,
Old Nick

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ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN¹¹³
IN ZURICH

London, 3 May 1882

Dear Mr Bernstein,

Could you not send me some additional offprints of the article on early Christianity^b or further copies of the relevant issue? I should like to have them very much and they would come in useful for prop-

^a Jean, Edgar and Marcel - ^b F. Engels, 'Bruno Bauer and Early Christianity'.

aganda purposes. I should send them to people who don't otherwise see the *Sozialdemokrat*; 3 or 4 would suffice.

Encl. a note which is of interest in that it gives evidence of the colossal speed with which the concentration of capitals is taking place in America. UNITED STATES BONDS are *Staatsschuldscheine der Vereinigten Staaten*. N.Y.C. and H. R. STOCK are the shares of the NEW YORK CENTRAL and HUDSON RIVER Railroad; REAL ESTATE = *Grundbesitz*.

A dollar is slightly more than 4 marks = roughly 4 marks = 5 frs.

Delighted to see that people everywhere are supporting the *Sozialdemokrat* against the whines of the milksops.

Darwin's letter was of course addressed to Marx and was an extremely kind one.³⁰⁷ But beware of the article by Lafargue in the *Citoyen* of 28 April on '*La sélection darwinienne et les classes régnautes*' which he concludes with the discovery of a new *Amphioxus*; it's too funny for words. Lafargue is in Paris and I have just written to him²⁸⁴ pouring frightful scorn on his *Amphioxus Lafargüi*.

Best wishes.

Yours,
F. E.

Don't let the Society here⁸ mislead you about the DEMOCRATIC FEDERATION.¹⁵⁸ So far, the latter has been of no importance at all. Its leader is an ambitious parliamentary candidate by the name of Hyndman, a former Conservative; only with the help of the Irish and with specifically Irish aims in view can he succeed in staging a big meeting, and when he does he plays third fiddle; otherwise the Irish would tell him where to get off.

Gladstone has made a dreadful ass of himself—his Irish policy has failed utterly; is having to drop Forster and the LORD LIEUTENANT of Ireland, Cowper Temple (whose father was a Palmerston on his mother's side),^a and say *pater peccavi*^b; the Irish Members of Parliament have been released, the Coercion Bill has not been extended, part of the farmers' rent arrears are to be cancelled, another part to be taken over by the state against fair amortisation.³⁰⁸ On the other hand, the TORIES have now got to the stage of wanting to salvage whatever there is to be salvaged; thus, before the farmers *take possession* of the land,

^a Engels confuses Francis Thomas Cowper with William Cowper-Temple, who was the son of the 5th Earl Cowper. After the latter's death his widow married, as her second husband, Lord Palmerston.-^b Father, I have sinned (Luke 15:18).

they are to discharge their rents with state assistance on the Prussian mode so that the landlords do actually get *something!* The Irish have really made dawdling John Bull get a move on. That's what comes of shooting!³⁰⁹

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MARX TO LAURA LAFARGUE

IN LONDON

Monte Carlo, 6 May 1882
Hôtel de Russie

My dear Cacadou,

Only a few hours since I arrived here at Monte Carlo.³¹⁰ I even doubt whether I shall find the time enough to indite a letter announced already to Engels (at all events he will but receive it a day later).

For the present I am obliged to run about on different errands. I enclose one photo for you, another for Fred^a; no art can make the man look worse.

Old Nick

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^a Engels

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MARX TO ENGELS ⁷²

IN LONDON

Monte Carlo, 8 May 1882
Hôtel de Russie

DEAR FRED,

2 or 3 weeks before I left Algiers (at the beginning of May),³¹⁰ the meteorologists had already forecast storms at sea. In fact, during my last days in Africa, the sirocco blew itself out and very hot weather set in, spoilt, however, by gusts of wind, eddies of dust and unexpected, if temporary and often short-lived, drops in temperature. During that same time my bronchial catarrh grew worse and has not yet been properly subdued. The storm at sea (during the night of 4 to 5 May) was such that, even in the cabin, there was an appreciable draught. It was pouring when I arrived in Marseilles (on the morning of 5 May), and continued to rain all the way to Nice. I even imported *one wet day* (yesterday) into Monte Carlo; glorious weather today. So you see how constant I have remained, for until I arrived it hadn't rained for months in Nice or Monte Carlo. But this time it was just badinage, not real earnest as in Algiers.

In Nice, where I spent the 5th and 6th, I soon discovered that the wind could be very capricious and that a uniform, even temperature was by no means to be expected. Today my brief experience was confirmed by Dr Delachaux, *médecin-chirurgien*^a (lives at Interlaken), who is staying at the same hotel here. He has spent his holiday touring Nice and its environs, and the most famous places on the Riviera * generally, so far with an eye to business as to ascertain which places he might best recommend to sufferers of lung diseases, bronchial catarrh of a chronic character, etc. He declared decidedly against Nice, but preferred Monte Carlo even to Menton.* Dr Delachaux returns to his native Switzerland today.

You will know EVERYTHING about the charm exerted by the beauties of nature here, whether from your own observations,³¹¹ or from paintings and printed descriptions. Many of its features vividly recall those of Africa.

^a doctor and surgeon

As regards a 'warm, dry atmosphere', it will soon, generally speaking, be available everywhere. The sun-spots indicate that there will be intense activity of the rays, and a drought is feared in France.

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE I shall consult Kunemann, a German doctor, here tomorrow. I have with me Dr Stephann's written diagnosis (only on looking at his visiting card do I see that Stephann is also *Professeur suppléant à l'École de Médecine*^a at the faculty of Algiers) which will spare me further talkee-talkee.—As soon as Stephann declared that I was rid of my pleurisy, I at once began, as prescribed by him (Stephann), to embrocate with tincture of iodine all the spots on the upper part (left) of my chest and back. Since the time I boarded the ship until TO-DAY I have discontinued these operations which would in any case be 'difficult' for me to carry out in person on my own back, despite Dr Delachaux's advice that I should attempt it with the help of a mirror. *Qui vivra verra*.^b At all events, I shall speak to Dr Kunemann first. I am anxious to get out and about in the open air as much as I can.

Practically all the Parisian and Italian papers and periodicals are to be found in the reading room of the Monte Carlo Casino; a fair selection of German papers, very few English. I read in the *Petit Marseillais* of today's date about '*l'assassinat de lord Cavendish et de M. Burke*'.³¹² The public here, e. g. my table-d'hôte companions in the Hôtel de Russie, is, by contrast, more interested in what goes on in the Casino's *salles de jeu* (*tables de roulette et de trente-et-quarante*).^c I was particularly amused by a son of Albion, sulky, ill-tempered and bewildered, AND WHY? Because he had lost a certain number of yellow boys, whereas he had been absolutely intent on 'copping' the same. He couldn't understand that not even British boorishness is able 'TO BULLY' fortune.

These lines must be my last since letters from here have first to be sent to the post office in Monaco by messenger.

Kindest regards to all.

Your
Moor

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^a Assistant lecturer at the School of Medicine - ^b Here: We shall see. - ^c gaming rooms (roulette and trente-et-quarante tables)

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MARX TO JENNY LONGUET ⁷²

IN ARGENTEUIL

Monte Carlo, 8 May 1882
Hôtel de Russie, Monte Carlo

Dear Jennychen,

The said *Monte Carlo*, whence I send you these lines, is one of the 3 places (adjoining one another) whose trinity constitutes the state of 'Monaco' (i. e. Monaco, Condamine and Monte Carlo). A really beautiful situation. Climate preferable to that of Nice or even Menton.

I need hardly say that with comical consistency I imported into the region *the first 2 rainy days* (since January); it would seem that they were only awaiting my arrival from Algiers for this to happen. Apart from that I struck magnificent weather.

As you will have learnt from my last letter,^a I am quit of my pleurisy; the bronchial catarrh can only clear up very gradually. Moreover the atmosphere will soon be warm and dry *everywhere* (which, however, raises fears of a water shortage); the intensity of the sun's action will be all the greater for its being strewn with large spots. So everywhere there will soon be the kind of weather I need.

As I am not sure how long I shall be staying here, I should like you to let me know at once from Paris *where* I can find you; it would be best if you *telegraphed* me here, for a telegram will give me sufficient information in 3 or 4 words.

Lots of kisses for the children.

Your
OLD MOOR

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Printed according to the original

^a See this volume, p. 250.

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ENGELS TO EDUARD BERNSTEIN ¹¹³

IN ZURICH

London, 10 May ³¹³ 1882

Dear Mr Bernstein,

My afternoon having already been broken into, I shall employ it in writing to you. As regards the Virgin Mary-Isis, that was a point upon which I could not enlarge, if only for reasons of space.³¹⁴ Like all hagiolatry, the Marian cult belongs to a much later period than the one I am considering (a time when it was clerical policy to produce in the persons of the saints a new version of the polytheistic peasantry's numerous tutelary gods), and finally it would be necessary to provide historical *proof* of the derivation, which would demand specialised study. The same applies to the gloria and moonlight. In the imperial days of Rome, by the way, the cult of Isis was part of the state religion.

*Bimetallism.*³ The main thing — particularly after many of the 'leaders' have been so frightfully cock-a-hoop about our party's superiority over the bourgeois in matters of economics, a superiority of which those gentlemen are totally innocent — the main thing is that we should beware of inviting censure in this field as is unblushingly done by the said gentlemen the moment they think it will serve to flatter a particular kind of worker, win an electoral victory or gain some other advantage. Thus, because silver is mined in Saxony, they think it in order to dabble in the bimetallist nonsense. So to catch a few more votes, our party is to go and make an immortal ass of itself in the very sphere which is *supposed* to be its forte!

But that's our literary gents all over! Just like the bourgeois literati, they think themselves entitled to the privilege of learning nothing and laying down the law about everything. They have, for our benefit, concocted a hotch-potch of literature which, for ignorance of economics, new-fangled utopianism and arrogance, has yet to find an equal, and Bismarck did us a tremendous favour by banning it.

When we speak of bimetallism today, it is not so much bimetallism generally as the specific case of bimetallism in which the ratio of gold to silver is, say, $15\frac{1}{2} : 1$. A distinction must therefore be drawn here.

Bimetallism is becoming daily more impracticable in that the ratio

of the value of silver to that of gold which, at one time, was at least fairly constant and changed only gradually, is now subject to daily and violent fluctuations, the initial tendency being for the value of silver to fall as a result of the colossal increase in production, especially in North America. The exhaustion of gold is an invention of the silver barons. But whatever the cause of the change in value, it remains a fact and that is what concerns us first of all. Silver is becoming daily less capable of serving as a measure of value, whereas gold is not.

The ratio of the value of the two is now about $17\frac{1}{2}:1$. But the silver people want to reimpose upon the world the old ratio of $15\frac{1}{2}:1$, and that is just as impossible as maintaining the price of mechanically produced yarn and cloth everywhere and for all time at that of manually produced yarn and cloth. The die does not determine the value of the coin, it is merely a guarantee, for the recipient, of weight and standard and can never confer on $15\frac{1}{2}$ lbs of silver the value of $17\frac{1}{2}$.

All this is dealt with so lucidly and exhaustively in *Capital*, chapter on money (Chap. III, pp. 72-120)³¹⁵ that there's nothing more to add. For material relating to more recent fluctuations, cf. Soetbeer: *Edelmetall—Produktion und Werthverhältnis etc.* (Gotha, Perthes, 1879). Soetbeer is the leading authority in this sphere, and the father of German currency reform—even before 1840 he was advocating a 'mark' equivalent to $\frac{1}{3}$ taler.

Hence, if silver is minted at $15\frac{1}{2}$ lbs = 1 lb. gold, it flows back into the state treasuries, everyone wants to be rid of it. That's what the United States discovered in the case of its silver dollar minted to the old standard and worth only 90 c., as did Bismarck when he tried forcibly to put back into circulation the silver talers that had been withdrawn and replaced by gold.

Mr Dechend, the chairman of the Bank, imagines that bimetallism will enable him to pay off Germany's external debts in bad silver instead of gold at full value, and thus avoid any kind of gold crisis, something that would certainly be most convenient for the Reichsbank if only it were feasible. But all that is forthcoming is the proof provided by Mr Dechend himself, that he is totally unfitted to preside over a bank and would be more at home at a school desk than a board-room table.

Your Prussian Junker, too, would certainly be happy if the mortgages he contracted in silver at $15\frac{1}{2}:1$ could be repaid or serviced in silver at $17\frac{1}{2}:1$. And since this would necessarily occur inside the country, it would be perfectly feasible for debtors to rook their credi-

tors by this means — provided only the aristocracy could find people to lend them silver at $17\frac{1}{2}:1$ in order that they might make repayments at $15\frac{1}{2}:1$. For their own means certainly do not permit them to make repayments. But they would, of course, be compelled to accept their silver at $15\frac{1}{2}$ and thus, so far as they were concerned, everything would remain as before.

As regards the German production of silver, its extraction from *German* ore dwindles yearly in importance as compared with (Rhenish) extraction from *South American* ore. Total production in Germany in 1876 amounted to about 280,000 lbs, of which 58,000 were from South American ore; since that time this figure has risen considerably.

That the debasing of silver to the status of a fractional currency must depress the value of silver still further is obvious; the use of silver for purposes other than money is minimal, nor is it likely to show a rapid increase because demonetisation throws more silver on to the market.

It is inconceivable that England should ever introduce bimetallism. No country that is on the gold standard could re-introduce bimetallism *now* and on a permanent basis. In any case, *universal* bimetallism does not admit of general application; if all men were to agree today that silver was once more to be worth $15\frac{1}{2}:1$, they could not alter the fact that it is worth only $17\frac{1}{2}:1$, and there's absolutely nothing to be done about it. One might just as well decide that twice two equals five.

During our early days of exile Bamberger did us many a good turn; he was a decent and obliging man, secretary to Karl of Brunswick. We subsequently lost sight of him.³¹⁶

kindest regards,

Yours,
F. E.

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ENGELS TO AUGUST BEBEL

IN LEIPZIG

London, 16 May 1882

Dear Bebel,

I have been long meaning to write to you. Particularly since I don't know whether Marx has answered your last letter.³¹⁷ He several times promised me that he would, but you know how it is when one is ill. So today I have at last got round to it.

Marx first went to the Isle of Wight,²³⁴ but the weather there was cold and wet. Then to Algiers via Paris. Caught cold again during the journey, encountering more wet, chilly weather in Algiers, later succeeded by rapid variations in temperature. Once again his cold assumed the form of pleurisy, less severe than his first attack here, but long drawn-out. Now he is thoroughly recovered and, since it has at last got really hot in Africa, has fled to Monte Carlo, the gaming establishment of the Prince of Monaco.^a As soon as the summer has really begun, he will leave and join Madame Longuet and her children on the Normandy coast; is unlikely to be back before the beginning of July. All he has got to do now is shake off once and for all his obstinate cough, and in this he will probably succeed. He had his photograph taken in Algiers and is looking quite his old self again.

It is a great misfortune that you, of all people, should have suffered defeat in elections which otherwise went off so splendidly.²²² Your presence was doubly necessary in view of the many new, and in some cases unreliable, elements that have got in. Indeed it would seem that, at the start, a number of not very edifying blunders were perpetrated. Now things seem to be going rather better. I was therefore doubly delighted (and Marx no less so) by the courageous attitude of the *Sozialdemokrat*, which did not hesitate to come out unequivocally against the whining and pusillanimity of Breuel & Co., even when deputies such as Blos and Geiser came out in favour of it.³¹⁸ We, too, were appealed to, and Viereck wrote me a very pathetic letter about the paper whereat I informed him of my view in altogether amiable if no uncertain terms²⁸⁴ and, since that time, have heard nothing more

^a Charles III

of him. Hepner, too, has passed this way, 'sick at heart and poor of purse'^a and terribly sorry for himself; he had written a very indifferent little pamphlet²⁶² from which I could see how greatly he had deteriorated morally. The chief complaint in both cases was that the *Sozialdemokrat* failed to take account of the laws presently in force in Germany, the contents of the paper being such that its distributors were had up by the German courts for *lèse majesté*, high treason, etc. Yet it is perfectly evident from the paper itself and the reports of the proceedings against our people that, whatever the circumstances, and no matter how the paper was written, those swine on the bench would find some pretext for committing them. To write a paper in such a way as to afford no handle to the said judges is an art that has yet to be discovered. And, what is more, these gentlemen forget that an organ as weak-kneed as they desire would drive our people pretty well *en masse* into Most's camp. However, I shall none the less advise Bernstein,^b to whom we have otherwise lent our moral support whenever possible, to modulate the tone of moral indignation a bit by the use of irony and derision, for such a tone, if it is not to become boring, has to be so stepped up as ultimately to become ridiculous.

Singer came to see me the day before yesterday and from him I learned that the forwarding address is still all right, something I was not quite sure about since we haven't used it for so long. He has another drawback. He belongs to those who regard the nationalisation of anything as a semi-, or at all events pre-, socialist measure and are therefore secret devotees of protective tariffs, tobacco monopoly, nationalised railways, etc. These prevarications are the legacy of the unduly one-sided fight against Manchesterism¹⁷⁶ and, because they facilitate debate in a middle-class and 'eddicated' environment, enjoy a considerable following particularly among those bourgeois and academic elements who have come over to us. You in Berlin, he tells me, recently debated the point, he being luckily outvoted. We cannot, for the sake of such minor considerations, afford to discredit ourselves either politically or economically. I tried to make him see that in our view 1. protective tariffs are quite the wrong thing for Germany (not, however, for America), because our industry has expanded and become a viable exporter under free trade, but for it to be a viable exporter, competition from foreign semi-manufactures on the home market is absolutely essential; that the iron industry, which produces

^a A paraphrase from Goethe's 'Der Schatzgräber'. - ^b See this volume, pp. 288-89.

4 times more than is required by the home market, uses the protective tariff only against the *home market* while selling *abroad*, as the facts go to show, at give-away prices; 2. that the tobacco monopoly is nationalisation on so minute a scale that it can't even do duty for an example in the debate nor, for that matter, do I give a damn whether or not Bismarck puts it into effect since either way it must eventually redound to our benefit; 3. that the nationalisation of railways is of benefit only to the shareholders who sell their shares above value, but of no benefit at all to us because we should be able to deal as summarily with one or two big companies as with the state, once we had the latter; that the joint-stock companies have already provided proof of the extent to which the bourgeois as such is redundant, in as much as the management is wholly in the hands of salaried officials, nor would nationalisation provide any further argument. However, he had got the thing too firmly fixed in his mind and agreed with me only to the extent of admitting that, from a political viewpoint, your dismissive attitude was the only correct one.

Time for the post. Kindest regards to yourself and Liebknecht.

Your
F. E.

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time

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MARX TO ENGELS ⁷²

IN LONDON

Monte Carlo (Monaco), 20 May 1882
Hôtel de Russie

PRIVATELY

DEAR FRED,

It would be pointless to impart all this to the children, since it would alarm them unnecessarily. But I must tell SOMEBODY AT LEAST about what I have just gone through.

In my last letter (I don't know exactly whether I wrote to you direct, or to Tussy or to Laura), I said I would let you have further details after my encounter with Dr Kunemann.^a This took place on 8th May; he is an Alsatian, a scientifically (medically) educated man; e. g. he told me about Dr Koch on the bacillus before I got your letter²⁸⁴; has a large practice; 52-54 years old at the very least, since he was a student at Strasbourg university in 1848; politically, he has found the paper *Le Temps* to be the organ that corresponds most closely to his temperament; science, he said, had convinced him that progress could only be 'slow'; no revolutionary upheaval — for otherwise, progress would, in consequence, be forced to 'double back' almost as far as it had come (as in the Echternach procession,^{319 p. e. b}); first prerequisite, education of the masses and 'non-masses', etc. IN ONE WORD, POLITICALLY, A REPUBLICAN PHILISTINE; I mention this merely to show why I didn't go into such matters with him aside from discussing the 'Machiavellian' politics of Charles III, absolute tyrant of Monaco. He regards me as an 1848 man and, apart from that date, I vouchsafed no further particulars as to the rest of my PUBLIC ACTIVITY. NOW to the matter in hand. Originally he concluded from my *visiting card*, which has Dr on it and which I had had conveyed to him through his maid, that I was a Dr of Med., his view being further confirmed by *Dr Stephann's card* which I handed to him, ditto those of my *new medical acquaintance*^e from Interlaken, and of Dr Donkin, whom I mentioned as the friend of my friend Prof. Ray Lankester, since he wished to know who had treated me in London, etc. Then I gave him Stephann's *consultation écrite*^d to read.

Well, since he regarded me as a medical colleague, EITHER THEORETICALLY OR PRACTICALLY, he freely spoke his mind after having auscultated and percussed me. And to my horror, the *pleurisy had returned*, even if not in so severe a form, *being confined to one spot on the left of my back*; bronchitis, on the other hand, pretty well — *chronic!* He thought that 1 or 2 *vésicatoires*^e might put paid to the thing (*pleurésie*); during 9 May (*Mardi*)^f first *vésicatoire*, on 13 May (*Samedi*)^g only my 2nd visit to Kunemann, second *vésicatoire* prescribed; could not be applied until 16 May (*Mardi*) after my skin had dried up; I visited him on 19 May (Friday); auscultation and percussion; found an improvement, the

^a See this volume, p. 254. - ^b *par exemple*, for example - ^c Delachaux - ^d written diagnosis - ^e vesicatories - ^f Tuesday - ^g Saturday

épanchement^a in particular being reduced to almost nothing; he suggested (these doctors are always afraid that their patient will grow restive, the whole of this week having been *plus ou moins*^b ruined and tormented) that to continue with *vésicatoires* was no longer essential; I need do no more than embrocate with TINCTURE OF IODINE (prescribed by Stephann for bronchial trouble), this time the upper *as well as the lower* places on my left side, chest and back. I thereupon declared that, if the *épanchement* had not altogether disappeared, I would, on the contrary, prefer another *vésicatoire* (on 23 May, *Mardi*); I had, I said, been told by Dr Stephann that in cases of pleurisy tincture of iodine was an ineffectual, uncertain antidote which only served to prolong the trouble. My plumping for the heroic remedy was obviously far more agreeable to Dr Kunemann himself; I now hope that, on 26 or 27 May, he will [tell] me this 2nd *rechute*^c is the FINAL one (*pro nunc*^d).

Indeed, as regards [myself], 'fate' would seem on this occasion to have displayed an alarming consistency — almost, one might say, as in Dr Müllner's tragedies.³²⁰ Why does Dr Kunemann declare my bronchial condition (and I already knew I would be told as much) to be thus 'chronic'? Because the weather throughout the Riviera has been so exceptionally bad, has taken such an abnormal turn; but he suggested that this might be normal to the extent that *from January to the beginning of May*, there had been too little rain — virtually none; the weather had been too warm and fine and a reaction to it must have set in. I explained this to him more simply by pointing out that all this must be blamed on my arrival from Algiers; I had brought rain with me to Marseilles on the 4th May and, with some reluctance, the weather in the place of my present abode had — *mutatis mutandis*^e — assumed the character of the 'bad weather' I had recently gone through in Algeria. Much patience is demanded, especially on the part of the recipients of my letters. Such repetitiveness is altogether too boring. A pointless, arid, not to say expensive, existence!

Tomorrow I shall write to Tussy,^f since her unanswered letter dates back furthest. Today it's awkward for me since the new skin formed after the *vésicatoire* still tends, when I stoop, to rub painfully against my coat or shirt. *Notabene*: What I write and tell the children

^a effusion - ^b more or less - ^c relapse - ^d for the time being - ^e allowing for different circumstances - ^f See next letter.

is the truth, but *not the whole truth*. What's the point of alarming them?

Your
Moor

Dr Kunemann's error about my being a 'medical' colleague was cleared up when, at the end of my first visit, he refused payment; was all the more honeyed when I informed him that, as a *layman*, I should have to 'shell out'.

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MARX TO ELEANOR MARX

IN LONDON

[Postcard]

Monte Carlo (Monaco), 21 May 1882
Hôtel de Russie

Dearest Child,

Your being my oldest creditor, I had in fact intended writing to-day (Sunday) a long letter, but *l'homme propose, mais le thermomètre dispose. Il y a aujourd'hui un jour parfaitement beau, mais exceptionnel: donc je veux l'exploiter en air libre, au lieu 'd'écrire', et de ne pas écrire le soir. C'est convenu avec mes conseillers de santé.*^a

Before leaving *ami*^b Fermé, I told him: On landing at the Southern coast of France, the weather at once will come out a turn-coat. And indeed — so 'fatal' a man I pride myself upon this my quality — the prophecy has been partially fulfilled. From the *beginning of January* the Riviera enjoyed a summer weather never so brilliant, some grumblers

^a man proposes but the thermometer disposes. Today is a wonderfully fine day, but it's *exceptional*. Accordingly I intend to take advantage of it in the open air instead of 'writing', and to desist from writing in the evening. That has been agreed with my medical advisers. - ^b friend

only complaining of an absolute lack of rain almost. The moment I arrived on the 4th May at Marseille, there set in rain, lasting sometimes a whole, more generally a half day, and mostly during the nights; a general lowering of temperature; then and there cold winds; altogether changeable, variable weather; atmosphere, even if not often, too saturated with aqueous vapours. With all that, here a *relatively good warm weather*, only not so dry and more constant than I want just now for my lungs. But nowhere in Italy or elsewhere you will find it a better one now: Cannes, Monte Carlo and Mentone are the three most healthsome places, of the most *equable* and *on an average* — warmer temperature than Nizza, Rome and Naples.

Yours,
Old Nick

[On the side reserved for the address]

Miss Marx
41 Maitland Park Road
Maitland Park
London (N. W.) (*Angleterre*)

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MARX TO JENNY LONGUET

IN ARGENTEUIL

[Postcard]

Monte Carlo, 26 May 1882
Hôtel de Russie

Dearest Child,

I am always happy to receive a letter from you, though regretting that your Old Nick steals some time of your night's rest.

My health is improving with the weather; possibly I shall perhaps at the beginning of June go to Cannes, and remain there for a week or

so. Everything depends of medical advice, and the character of the summer opening in June.

[As to] Lafargue's (I mean the *man's of Cuba*) paper^a has committed great blunders, mostly from ignorance, and the childish aspiration 'to go as far as possible'.

As to the *Bataille*, I have seen till now not anything brilliant. In fact I do know it only to No. 4; but I will have always the time to see that!

My heart is with you and the children; I yearn for them. However, I shall, after a series of most disagreeable 'medical' experiments, precipitate nothing. With all that, I hope to be soon with them.

Your
Old Nick

[On the side reserved for the address]

Madame Charles Longuet
11, Boulevard Thiers, Argenteuil
près Paris

First published, in Russian, in the magazine *Nachalo*, No.5, St Petersburg, 1899

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MARX TO ELEANOR MARX⁷²

IN LONDON

Monte Carlo, 28 May 1882
Hôtel de Russie

Dear Tussychen,

There was nothing from Bebel either in Engels' letter³²¹ or your letter which I got yesterday evening. It must have remained in London by mistake. AT ALL EVENTS, I WASH MY HANDS OF IT.

^a *L'Égalité*

Today 24 degrees in the shade, and summer temperatures have generally prevailed here ever since the date of my last postcard to you^a (although the sky isn't as completely cloudless as the *cognoscenti* of this place demand). In such circumstances, my lengthy report has come to nothing for all my 'good intentions'; not that anything of much value is lost thereby.

As regards the sea-crossing from Algiers, nothing need be said save that it was made in unfavourable weather conditions; during the night of 4 to 5 May, in particular, there was a violent storm that turned my cabin (which, for good measure, I had to share with a philistine businessman from Lyons) into a veritable wind tunnel. It was cold and pouring with rain when we arrived off Marseilles in the early morning (5 May). The STEAMER didn't actually go right in, so the passengers and baggage had to be taken off by boat and, for their further delectation, spend several hours in a cold, draughty *douane-purgatorio*^b until the time came for them to depart for Nice. Those chilling 'moments' *détraquaient plus ou moins de nouveau ma machine*^c and, in Monte Carlo, once more precipitated me *entre les mains d'un Esculape*^d; for I have no need of such when it's merely a question of treating the 'bronchial trouble' since all I have to do is follow Dr Stephann's instructions. In a few days' time (next Tuesday, 30 May, perhaps) I expect to be given a clean bill of health by Dr Kunemann. So whatever happens I shan't be leaving this den of thieves before the beginning of June. Whether I stay on or not is for Dr Kunemann to decide. The sensitivity of people suffering from disorders of the respiratory organs (who by the same token are also more liable to a relapse) is greater in what is normally a favourable climate. In the North, for instance, a sudden draught would not instantly evoke the spectre of pleurisy, bronchitis and the like, whereas in Algiers your French philistine must always [be] on his guard against them. A Madame Fleury, here in the Hôtel de Russie, was sent to Cannes from Paris because of her bronchitis. She recovered completely during March and April, enjoyed climbing the hills, etc. By way of an after-cure and distraction, she then left Cannes for Monte Carlo, a quite short 2-hour journey during which she caught cold while in Antibes station—and is now in worse case than previously in Paris. One hears of visitors to this place who haven't

^a See this volume, pp. 264-65. -^b customs purgatory -^c again more or less threw my machine out of gear -^d into the hands of an Aesculapius

come simply to gamble and enjoy themselves, and of whom 9 out of every 10 undoubtedly fall victim to 'rechutes'.^a

Goethe, when he applauds a man for 'sloughing' his old snake's skin,^b does not in all likelihood see the sloughing of artificially produced 'fausses peaux'^c as part of the rejuvenation process.

Another time, when it isn't as 'sweltering' as it is today, I must really tell you something about this Principality of Gerolstein (not even Offenbach's music is wanting, or Mademoiselle Schneider,³²² or, indeed, the spruce and dapper *carabiniers*^d — not 100 all told). Nature here magnificent and art has actually improved on it,— I refer to the gardens, conjured out of the barren rock, which cover the steep incline from top to bottom, often going right down to the exquisitely blue sea, like the terraces of the hanging gardens of Babylon. But the economic basis of Monaco-Gerolstein is the casino; if it were to close tomorrow it would be all up with Monaco-Gerolstein — the whole of it. I dislike visiting the gaming room; it reminds me that at the *table d'hôte*,^e in the cafés, etc., almost the only topic that is talked or whispered about is the *tables de roulette et de trente et quarante*.^f Every now and again something is won, as for instance 100 frs by a young Russian lady (wife of a Russian diplomat-cum-agent) (she is one of the guests at the Hôtel de Russie) who, in return, loses 6,000 frs, while someone else can't keep enough for the journey home; others gamble away the whole of large family fortunes; very few take away a share of the plunder — few of the gamblers, I mean, and those that do are almost without exception rich. There can be no question of intelligence or calculation here; no one can count with any probability on being favoured by 'chance' unless he can venture a considerable sum. But I can understand the attraction it holds out, particularly for *le beau sexe*^g; *les mondaines*^h not less than the *demi-mondaines*, SCHOOL-GIRLS and bourgeois alike ALL PUSH ON, a fact to which this place can supply eye-witnesses and to spare. Apart from Monaco-Gerolstein, which would founder along with the casino, I don't believe that Nice — the rendez-vous in the winter months of the quality and of fortune-hunters alike — could continue to subsist as a fashionable centre without the casino at Monte Carlo. And withal, how childish is the casino by comparison with the Bourse!

^a relapses - ^b From Goethe's *Zahme Xenien*, V. - ^c artificial skins - ^d carabineers - ^e Here: in the hotel dining-room. - ^f roulette and trente-et-quarante tables - ^g the fair sex - ^h society women

(This pen and this ink need replacing; they elicit from me the outburst that it requires real artistry to write with them!)

To the right of the casino (where the gambling goes on), almost cheek by jowl with it, is the Café de Paris and next to that a kiosk. This is daily adorned with a placard, not printed, but handwritten and signed with the initials of the quill-pusher; for 600 frs he will provide, in black and white, the secret of the science of winning a million francs with a 1,000 at the *tables de roulette et de trente-et-quarante*. Nor, or so it is said, is it by any means rare for people to fall victim to this confidence trick. Indeed, most of the gamblers, both male and female, believe there is a science in what are pure games of chance; the ladies and gentlemen sit outside the said Café de Paris, IN FRONT of, or on the seats in, the wonderful garden that belongs to the casino, heads bent over little (printed) tables, scribbling and doing sums, while one of them may earnestly expound to another 'what system' he prefers, whether one should play in 'series', etc., etc. It's like watching a bunch of lunatics. However, Grimaldi of Monaco^a and his Principality of Gerolstein and the lessees of his casino are thriving and are, AFTER ALL, more 'interesting' in the Offenbachian sense than those whom they fleece.

Should I change my address, *I shall send it to you by telegraph*. At all events the return journey, initially to Paris, will be made in stages and 'with caution'.

Love to all,

OLD NICK

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^a Charles III

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MARX TO ENGELS ⁷²

IN LONDON

[Monte Carlo,] 30 May 1882

DEAR FRED,

After the application (the 3rd in Monte Carlo) of a *vésicatoire*^a on 23 May I did in fact have another appointment with Dr Kunemann before today, but only in connection with my 'bronchial trouble'. *Quo-ad*^b my *pleurésie*, however, he found today, after a lengthy final examination, that the *épanchement*^c was 'gone'; what remains is so-called *dry pleurésie*; there is no longer any moisture to retard matters; however the sound of one membrane rubbing against the other, to put it in popular if incorrect terms, still remains. He thought it would be beneficial to finish up with one more *vésicatoire* today and then move on to Cannes for *a day or two*, after which I would be able to take myself off to Paris.

He thought I had contracted pleurisy quite accidentally; considering my normal, robust physique I might just as well never have got it, or, by the same token, have done so — accidentally! — as much as 40 years ago. Getting rid of it is harder because of the danger of a relapse.

As I was made to parade my naked charms, front and back, he drew my attention to the fact that, previously, as a result of pleurisy, my left side had swollen by comparison with the right; now it was the other way round, for my left side (I refer to the affected spot) had contracted by contrast with the right, this being the result of my *traitement*.^d So as to rid myself completely of the last mementoes, as it were, of pleurisy, I am to spend some time *later on* in the mountains where the air is more rarified. My lungs must be 'set to rights' again by gymnastics of this kind, gymnastics imposed upon them by the locality. It was all the more difficult for me to follow the details in that he sought to bring them (the details) home to me in French frequently interspersed with Alsatian German, but also with some

^a vesicatory - ^b As to - ^c discharge - ^d treatment

YANKEE-English. However one thing was clear, and that was what Dr Stephann had told me on the first day: Your thorax is what it is, so if spurious tissue takes up some of the space that one lung should occupy, that lung must make do with less space. The said tissue disappears in proportion as the lung re-expands. I have only just left Dr Kunemann, i. e. it's now nearly 6 o'clock in the evening which (6 o'clock) is the latest posting time FOR TO-DAY. *Tomorrow* — because of the final *vésicatoire* to be applied tonight — writing will be OUT OF THE QUESTION; day after tomorrow I shall have to recuperate and so it's 'unlikely' that you'll get any further news before the 2nd or 3rd of June (as I shall also have to pack).

With best wishes.

OLD MOOR

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MARX TO JENNY LONGUET⁷²

IN ARGENTEUIL

[Postcard]

Cannes, 4 *Juin*^a 1882

Dearest Child,

I'll come at *some of the first days of the week beginning on the 6th June*. I cannot specify; it will depend on circumstance not to be exactly foreseen. Hence *you oblige me* greatly by not bothering about the exact day or hour of arrival. Till now, I have always found that *nothing has done me more harm than people, at the station, waiting for me*. Do not tell anybody else (*ci-inclus le Gascon, le Russe et le Hirsch*)^b that I am expected that week. I'll want some absolute quietness *alone with your family, No. 11, Boulevard Thiers*.

Yours,
Old Nick

^a June - ^b (this includes the *Gascon* [Lafargue], the Russian [Lavrov] and Hirsch)

By 'quietness' I mean the 'family life', 'the children's noise', that 'microscopic world' more interesting than the 'macroscopic'.

[On the side reserved for the address]

Madame Charles Longuet
11, Boulevard Thiers, Argenteuil
près Paris

First published, in Russian, in the
magazine *Nachalo*, No. 5, St Petersburg,
1899

Reproduced from the original

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MARX TO ENGELS ^{7 2}

IN LONDON

Cannes, 5 *Juin*^a 1882

DEAR FRED,

ON 30TH MAY (*pro* Monte Carlo) my back last branded; on 31ST MAY post-operative treatment confined me to the house; on 3RD June I was set free by Kunemann and left the same day. He advised me to stay in Cannes for a couple of days, whatever the circumstances,^{3 2 3} this being essential if only to allow the wounds inflicted on me to 'dry out'.

Thus I have spent an entire month vegetating in this *repaire*^b of aristocratic idlers or ADVENTURERS. Nature superb, in other respects a dreary hole; it is 'monumental' because consisting solely of hotels; no plebeian 'masses' here, apart from the *garçons d'hôtels, de café*, etc., and *domestiques*,^c who belong to the *Lumpenproletariat*. The old robber's lair on its rocky promontory surrounded on 3 sides by the bay, i. e. *Monaco*, was at least an ancient, crumbling, medieval sort of Italian townlet; on the other hand, *Condamine*, built for the most part low down by the sea, between the 'town' of Monaco and the *maison de jeu*^d (i. e. Monte Carlo), and growing fast. *Monaco* is, IN THE STRICT SENSE,

^a June - ^b haunt - ^c waiters in hotels and cafés etc., and servants - ^d gaming establishment

the 'polity', the 'state', the 'government'; *Condamine* is common-or-garden 'petty-bourgeois' society; but Monte Carlo is 'THE PLEASURE', AND, THANKS TO THE *banque de jeu*,^a THE FINANCIAL BASIS OF THE WHOLE TRINITY. Odd that these Grimaldis should have turned out to be what they have always been; formerly, they lived off piracy and one of them,^b F.I.,^c wrote to Lorenzo dei Medici saying their territory was very restricted and, moreover, barren; hence Nature had pointed the way to buccaneering; it would therefore be magnanimous on Lorenzo's part, since they did not 'venture' to hunt down Florentine vessels, if he were to guarantee them an annual 'gratuity'. CONSEQUENTLY LORENZO paid them a small annual fee.—After the HOLY ALLIANCE'S²⁶⁶ victory over Napoleon, Talleyrand, who, for his own diversion, had selected from amongst the émigrés that arch-blackguard, the ex-tyrant of Monaco,^d to be one of the companions—Talleyrand, then, thought it amusing to 'restore' him, the father of 'Florestan',^e '*au nom du principe de la légitimité*'.^f The restoration of these 2 men, this COUPLE—him of Hesse-Cassel^g and him of Monaco—is worthy of a place in a new edition of Plutarch^h; at the same time, what a contrast between the German 'patriarch' and the Genoese (his main preoccupation, financial loot)!

A grievance nursed in private by our Dr Kunemann is that, when already functioning as physician in ordinary to His Most Serene Highness, the present Charles III (blind as a bat), he (Kunemann) became unacceptable as a result of his liberal principles and had to make way for an Englishman (Dr Pickering). THE SURVIVAL OF THE BEST—i. e. as a little duodecimo tyrant's physician in ordinary—*to a Britisher, of course, warranted by the nature of the beast! And that is the worst; this same Dr Pickering, before being called by natural selection, he had dangerously fallen ill at Monaco, was treated and cured by* Dr Kunemann. There are many such piteous dramas of destiny in this world of ours!

Oddly enough, this hot weather has made my bronchial cough worse rather than better. All the greater 'pretext', of course, for catching cold! Kunemann, by the by, (and the fellow's a first-rate doctor, familiar with English, German and French medical literature, a specialist in diseases of the chest and lungs) is not of your

^a casino - ^b Lamberto Grimaldi - ^c for instance - ^d Honoré IV Grimaldi - ^e Florestan I - ^f in the name of the principle of legitimacy - ^g Elector William I - ^h Plutarch, *Vitae parallelae*.

opinion regarding my journey back to Paris. I ought not, he says, to make it by easy stages; the weather is now hot and not only during the day, the nights, too, being warm. The most likely place to catch cold now, he avers, is at railway stations and the more often I break the journey, the greater the probability of *rechutes*^a; rather, I ought, while in Cannes, to equip myself for the journey with 2 bottles of good old claret. Like Dr Stephann, he bases his view on the grounds that, in the treatment of pleurisy like that of bronchitis, etc., the stomach should be treated as the *basis*; eat well and amply even if it goes against the grain, and 'accustom' oneself to so doing; 'drink' 'decent stuff' and go for drives, etc., to distract oneself, if not allowed to walk, climb, etc., much; think as little as possible, etc.

So, having followed these 'directions', I am well on the way to 'idiocy', and for all that have not rid myself of the bronchial catarrh.

A consoling thought for me is that it was bronchitis that sent old Garibaldi to his 'eternal rest'.³²⁴ Of course, AT A CERTAIN AGE it becomes completely INDIFFERENT how one may be 'LAUNCHED INTO ETERNITY'.

I have been here since 3 June,^b and shall be leaving this evening. In Nice and, on this occasion likewise in *Cannes*, where it is exceptional, a *strong (if warm) wind and eddies of dust*. Nature, too, can evince a certain philistine humour (after the manner, already humorously anticipated in the Old Testament, of the serpent feeding on dust, cf. the dusty diet of Darwin's worms³²⁵). Similarly, there is a vein of natural wit that runs all through the Riviera's local press. On 24 May, for instance, there was a terrible *orage*,^c notably at *Menton*; lightning struck close *auprès de la gare*^d (of Menton) and tore the sole off a passing philistine's shoe while leaving the rest of the philistine intact.

With love to all.

OLD MOOR

I shall not [let] friends know about my presence in Paris until I've been there a few days. It is still necessary for me to have as little 'intercourse with people'³²⁶ as possible. I shall have a good doctor to consult in the person of Dr Dourlen.

First published in: Marx and Engels,
Works, Second Russian Edition, Vol. 35,
Moscow, 1964

Printed according to the original

^a relapses - ^b May in the ms. - ^c storm - ^d beside the station

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN LONDON

[Postcard]

Argenteuil, 9 June 1882
11 Boulevard Thiers

DEAR FRED,

As you know, everywhere I go I must, like TICKETS OF LEAVE, report to the doctor nearest to the place where I first take up my abode.³²⁷ Yesterday, therefore, EXAMINATION by Dr Dourlen. *State of health exactly *the same* I left in which it was at Monte Carlo. As to the *bronchite*, I shall for a few weeks try the sulphurous waters of Enghien, about 15 minutes distance from Argenteuil; if this will not work, he wants to send me to the Pyrenées (Cauterets). (The same things had me already told by Dr Kunemann, who, in the last time, commenced to feed me with *pastilles de sulphure*.^a A specialist^b at Enghien is a special friend of Dr Dourlen to whom he will give me a letter. Generally Dr Dourlen found the tone and strength of my body much other than when I left; he was even astonished that I was in so good a condition after two* *rechutes et apres 14 vésicatoires*.^c

*Compliments to all.

Old* Moor

*Longuet brings me every evening the *Standard*, so useless to him. I have not yet written to the Gascon^{d328}; my cough warns me to be careful before seeing friends.*

[On the side reserved for the address]

Frederick Engels, Esq.
122 Regent's Park Road,
London, N. W., *Angleterre*

First published abridged in *Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx*, Bd. 4, Stuttgart, 1913 and in full in *MEGA*, Abt. III, Bd. 4, Berlin, 1931

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^a sulphur pills - ^b Dr Feugier - ^c relapses and after 14 vesicatories - ^d Paul Lafargue

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN LONDON

[Postcard]

[Argenteuil,] 15 June 1882

DEAR FRED,

I thought I should be able to report progress over the past week or so. But the *temperature fell* as soon as I arrived, in fact *one day after my arrival*. The weather, therefore, according to what I've been told by Dr Dourlen, as also by his MEDICAL FRIEND^a in Enghien, won't allow me to begin my sulphur treatment yet. In my former condition, during the happy time when I could smoke, I should have found the weather DELIGHTFUL. True, the sky is overcast more often than not, a bit of rain now and again, gusts of wind, not so much summer as late autumn, but nice weather for all that, if you're in good health!

Yesterday — as a result of a note to St Paul the Gascon^b — he came to visit me.³²⁸ I WAS GLAD TO SEE HIM. In compliance with my *avis*^c he will keep silent — *until further orders* — about my presence here.

I go early to bed, get up late, spend a large part of the day with the children and Jennychen and take advantage of every favourable moment to go for a short stroll. All things considered I feel better than AT ANY TIME in Algiers, Monte Carlo or Cannes. It seems likely that the weather too will change for the better here. I shall write you a letter as soon as I've made my first trip to Enghien.

Best wishes to everyone.

Your
Moor

Tussychen has sent Jennychen an interesting eye-witness account of the Hyde Park meeting.³²⁹

[On the side reserved for the address]

Fr. Engels
122 Regent's Park Road,
London, N. W., *Angleterre*

First published in *Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx*, Bd. 4, Stuttgart, 1913

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^a Dr Feugier - ^b Paul Lafargue - ^c admonition

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MARX TO LAURA LAFARGUE ⁷²

IN LONDON

[Postcard]

Argenteuil, 17 June 1882
11 Boulevard Thiers*PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL*

Dearest Child,

I had previously arranged with Engels — as I since explained verbally to Paul^a — that, as soon as I was able to leave for Switzerland (probably in the latter half of July), *you should accompany me*. In fact I could hardly set forth on this hazardous journey ALONE. So, you see, it's *plus ou moins votre devoir d'accompagner le vieux de la montagne*.^b

However, as I shall have to stay here for at least another 3 weeks on account of the sulphur treatment at Enghien, I trust that Helen^c and Tussy will make a SHORT TRIP here during that time. *I have written to Helen and Tussy in that sense.*

Jennychen has invited Lafargue for tomorrow.

Adio.

OLD NICK

[On the side reserved for the address]

Madame Paul Lafargue
37 Tremlett Grove, Junction Road,
London, N., Angleterre

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^a Lafargue - ^b more or less your duty to accompany the old man of the mountain -

^c Demuth