

Reminiscences
OF

MARX

AND

ENGELS

FOREIGN LANGUAGES PUBLISHING HOUSE

Moscow



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REMINISCENCES OF MARX

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

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

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

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

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

1

FIRST MEETING WITH MARX

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

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

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

2

FIRST CONVERSATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹ *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*.—Ed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was in 1850, at the beginning of July.

3

MARX, TEACHER AND EDUCATOR OF REVOLUTIONARIES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARX'S STYLE

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

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

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

And in *Herr Vogt*, what sparkling wit, what Shakespeare-like gaiety at finding a Falstaff and in him an inexhaustible mine to fill an arsenal of irony!

Marx's style is indeed Marx himself. He has been reproached with trying

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

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

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

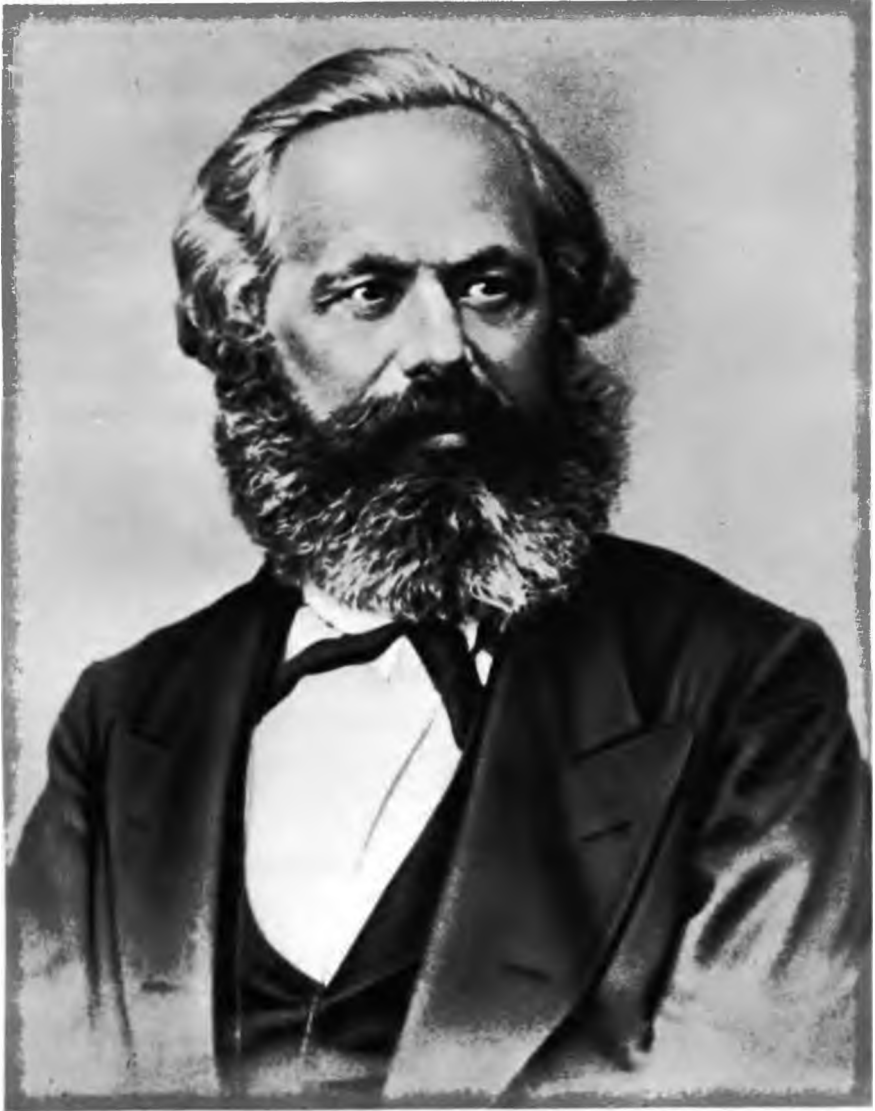
5

MARX THE POLITICIAN, SCIENTIST AND MAN

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

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

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



Karl Marx. 1867

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

6

MARX AT WORK

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

7

IN THE HOUSE IN DEAN STREET

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

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

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

8

EMIGRANTS' INTRIGUES

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

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

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

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

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

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

So I stayed where I was, and learned.

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

9

MEETINGS AT MARX'S

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Héliene Demuth, loyal friend of the Marx family

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

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

10

MARX AND CHILDREN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹ Nickname for Ferdinand Wolff.—Ed.

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

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

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

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

11

LENCHEN

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

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

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

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

12

WALKS WITH MARX

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹ King Frederick II of Prussia.—*Ed.*

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

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

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

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

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

13

AN UNPLEASANT QUARTER OF AN HOUR

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

It happened on November 18, 1852, in London.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

14

MARX AND CHESS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

15

PRIVATION AND HARDSHIP

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

ILLNESS AND DEATH OF MARX

(Tussy's Letter)¹

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

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

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

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

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

"'Moor is dead too.'

"And it was true.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Wilhelm Liebknecht

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

* * *

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

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

17

MARX’S GRAVE

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

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

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

JENNY VON WESTPHALEN
The beloved wife of **KARL MARX**
Born February 12, 1814, died December 2, 1881

AND KARL MARX
Born May 5, 1818, died March 14, 1883

AND HARRY LONGUET
Their grandson
Born July 4, 1878, died March 20, 1883

AND HÉLÈNE DEMUTH
Born January 1, 1823, died November 4, 1890.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * *

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

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

SEEKING OUT PLACES OF OLD

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

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

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

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

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

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

¹ 1896.—*Ed.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Might I go in and see the house?"

"Certainly!" And she showed me up herself.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That was a long time ago. . . .

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

Translated from the German

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

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