

FREDERICK ENGELS
PAUL AND LAURA LAFARGUE

CORRESPONDENCE

VOLUME

1

1868-1886

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TRANSLATED BY Y V O N N E K A P P

ФРИДРИХ ЭНГЕЛЬС

ПЕРЕПИСКА С ПОЛЕМ И ЛАУРОЙ
ЛАФАРГ

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Frederick Engels

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The Foreign Languages Publishing House has undertaken an English translation of the three-volume edition of Friedrich Engels, Paul et Laura Lafargue, *Correspondance*, compiled and supplied with footnotes by Émile Bottigelli and published by Éditions Sociales (Paris).

In this English edition, editorial notes follow the French edition except for certain notes found unnecessary for the English reader.

Footnotes by the translator are marked *Tr.*

Letters, passages or words originally written in English are marked* and those written in German,**.



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the first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one, but a complex one, involving many different factors. The second is that the system is not a static one, but a dynamic one, involving many different factors. The third is that the system is not a closed one, but an open one, involving many different factors. The fourth is that the system is not a linear one, but a non-linear one, involving many different factors. The fifth is that the system is not a deterministic one, but a probabilistic one, involving many different factors. The sixth is that the system is not a continuous one, but a discrete one, involving many different factors. The seventh is that the system is not a homogeneous one, but a heterogeneous one, involving many different factors. The eighth is that the system is not a uniform one, but a non-uniform one, involving many different factors. The ninth is that the system is not a constant one, but a variable one, involving many different factors. The tenth is that the system is not a fixed one, but a flexible one, involving many different factors. The eleventh is that the system is not a rigid one, but a pliable one, involving many different factors. The twelfth is that the system is not a solid one, but a liquid one, involving many different factors. The thirteenth is that the system is not a hard one, but a soft one, involving many different factors. The fourteenth is that the system is not a strong one, but a weak one, involving many different factors. The fifteenth is that the system is not a powerful one, but a feeble one, involving many different factors. The sixteenth is that the system is not a mighty one, but a lowly one, involving many different factors. The seventeenth is that the system is not a noble one, but a base one, involving many different factors. The eighteenth is that the system is not a virtuous one, but a vicious one, involving many different factors. The nineteenth is that the system is not a good one, but a bad one, involving many different factors. The twentieth is that the system is not a beautiful one, but a ugly one, involving many different factors. The twenty-first is that the system is not a pleasant one, but a unpleasant one, involving many different factors. The twenty-second is that the system is not a happy one, but a sad one, involving many different factors. The twenty-third is that the system is not a healthy one, but a unhealthy one, involving many different factors. The twenty-four is that the system is not a safe one, but a dangerous one, involving many different factors. The twenty-fifth is that the system is not a secure one, but a insecure one, involving many different factors. The twenty-six is that the system is not a sound one, but a unsound one, involving many different factors. The twenty-seventh is that the system is not a wise one, but a unwise one, involving many different factors. The twenty-eighth is that the system is not a just one, but a unjust one, involving many different factors. The twenty-ninth is that the system is not a fair one, but a unfair one, involving many different factors. The thirtieth is that the system is not a reasonable one, but a unreasonable one, involving many different factors. The thirty-first is that the system is not a logical one, but a illogical one, involving many different factors. The thirty-second is that the system is not a rational one, but a irrational one, involving many different factors. The thirty-third is that the system is not a sensible one, but a unsensible one, involving many different factors. The thirty-four is that the system is not a practical one, but a impractical one, involving many different factors. The thirty-fifth is that the system is not a useful one, but a unuseful one, involving many different factors. The thirty-six is that the system is not a valuable one, but a valueless one, involving many different factors. The thirty-seventh is that the system is not a precious one, but a worthless one, involving many different factors. The thirty-eighth is that the system is not a rare one, but a common one, involving many different factors. The thirty-ninth is that the system is not a unique one, but a ordinary one, involving many different factors. The fortieth is that the system is not a special one, but a general one, involving many different factors. The forty-first is that the system is not a particular one, but a universal one, involving many different factors. The forty-second is that the system is not a specific one, but a general one, involving many different factors. The forty-third is that the system is not a definite one, but a indefinite one, involving many different factors. The forty-four is that the system is not a certain one, but a uncertain one, involving many different factors. The forty-fifth is that the system is not a sure one, but a unsure one, involving many different factors. The forty-six is that the system is not a certain one, but a uncertain one, involving many different factors. The forty-seventh is that the system is not a sure one, but a unsure one, involving many different factors. The forty-eighth is that the system is not a certain one, but a uncertain one, involving many different factors. The forty-ninth is that the system is not a sure one, but a unsure one, involving many different factors. The fiftieth is that the system is not a certain one, but a uncertain one, involving many different factors.

1868

1. LAURA MARX TO FREDERICK ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER*

Jan^y 13th 68

Dear Engels,

As Mohr is once more being victimised by his old enemies, the carbuncles, and is, by the arrival of the latest, made to feel very ill at ease in a sitting posture, he has asked me to write you these lines in his stead.

As regards the article for the *Fortnightly Review*,¹ I am to tell you that there is no question of a mere brief notice like the reviews of books generally found at the back of that periodical, but of an article of the length of those usually inserted.

Also I am to beg you to send back, as soon as possible, the earlier numbers of the *Courrier français*.²

¹ This refers to a review of *Capital* which Engels was to write for the *Fortnightly Review*. This journal had three directors of whom one, Beesly, was in personal touch with Lafargue and had asserted that he "was morally certain the review would be accepted." (Letter from Marx to Engels of January 8th, 1868. Passage not included in the English edition of the *Selected Correspondence*.) In the end, the article was in fact refused by Morley, one of the directors, and was published from the manuscript in the Russian edition of the *Works*. (Vol. XIII/1, pp. 238-60.)

² These numbers had been sent to Engels by Marx on January 3rd and 11th. They contained a series of articles by General Cluseret on the policy of the President of the United States, Johnson, in relation to the Southern States. Vermorel had replied to Cluseret's statements and the controversy extended over the seven issues between September 1st and 17th, 1867.

With best regards from all of us and in the hope that the late frequent Christmas entertainments you have been "undergoing" may not have interfered with your health, I remain, dear Engels,

Affectionately yours,

LAURA MARX

2. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN MANCHESTER*

March 18th, 1868

Au grand décapiteur de bouteilles de champagne, à l'insondable avaleur d'ale et autres drogues frelatées, le secrétaire des Espagnes:

Salut et que le Dieu des bonnes beuveries te protège.¹

You must have heard with all the world that Mr. Lafargue, medical student, bachelor, is about to marry Miss J. Laura Marx, spinster "et enfileuse de perles métaphysiques."² And that this marriage is to take place in April at the earliest date possible, nobody, I suppose, having ever as yet desired Tantalus's situation—April is such a nice month for catching cold in by moonlight or "des coups de soleil"³ in the day.

To give to this act all its social value, it seems indispensable, I don't know why, that two witnesses be present. Two beggars quite unknown to me would do, but they might smell badly and so trouble our digestion, already rather disturbed by the ceremony. Now although you are far from having all the moral qualities requisite to the fulfilling of this respectable bourgeois function in a respectable way, there is no man whom I should like better

¹ To the great beheader of champagne bottles, fathomless swallower of ale and other adulterated trash, secretary to the Spaniards: Greetings and may the god of good carousals watch over you.—*Tr.*

² Stringer of metaphysical pearls.—*Tr.*

³ Sunstroke; also, to fall in love suddenly.—*Tr.*

than yourself to stand by me during so formidable a ceremony. I have two reasons for asking you, 1st) because you are the best friend of Marx and have a deep interest in all that concerns his family; 2dly) because you suit me—the few days I had the pleasure of enjoying your company have proved to me that you deserve the high idea I had formed of you from the conversation of Marx's family.

Will you now swallow a large tumbler of ale to wash down the pill I have been trying to gild for you. Marx has told me that you are very busy just now, if therefore it disturbs you, don't come, for your presence is not absolutely necessary and I should prefer to see you after my marriage, to be able to enjoy your company at my ease.

I don't speak of other questions: I believe my request is an annoyance enough as it is without trying to bore you longer by phrases. But the political struggles of Disraeli, du "filandreux"¹ Gladstone and of the well-fatted J. Bright are farcical, but on the other side of the "trans-atlantique" ocean, they are a little more tragical. Johnson² is in rather hot water, if he could manage to peel off his skin, he might go back again to his former trade, which suits him better; instead of playing fantastic tricks. Tailors are a great nuisance, they so easily run mad with pride: as already noticed by Shakespeare. (Jenny, in her enthusiastic and blind love for Shakespeare, assures that he has foreseen Johnson and all his doings.)—Fortunately soon the tailoring business will be done by machinery.

Does Mrs. Burns take baths in the "baignoire"³ I

¹ Long-winded.—*Tr.*

² Johnson, who was President of the United States, had aroused the opposition of the Radicals, who criticised his policy in relation to the Southern States. Having dismissed Stanton, the War Minister, he appointed Grant in his place. But the Radicals challenging the validity of Stanton's dismissal, Grant resigned from the Government and Johnson, who refused to reinstate Stanton, was arraigned by the Senate.

³ Bath-tub.—*Tr.*

brought you from Bordeaux that you might extinguish the fire residing in your bowels? The good taste of the home bread I ate in Manchester is still on my palate. Will you give her my kind regards.—Remember me also to Moore. Is he well at present? Beer is a very bad thing for such ailments as his.

Que je ne vous retienne plus, allez lâcher la bière que vous avez bue.

Je vous serre cordialement la main.¹

P. LAFARGUE

3. LAURA MARX TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN MANCHESTER*

*1. Modena Villas
Maitland Park
March 20th 68*

Dear Engels,

Thursday the 2nd April is the day fixed for the marriage. Could you not manage to rid yourself of all "duties" for that day and come over to London. Your friend Ermen² does not, I am sure, stick to business so closely as yourself, but is on the spree often enough, why should not you for once take a day for yourself or, rather, give a day to your friends in London?

Paul has written to you and urged all due reasons why you should do so and why you should *not* do otherwise; I have, therefore, nothing more to add than that I should be delighted to see you on the day of my marriage and very disappointed if you did not come.

I am, dear Engels,

Very sincerely yours,

LAURA MARX

¹ I must not detain you longer, go and get rid of the beer you have drunk. Cordially yours.—*Tr.*

² Ermen was Engels's partner in his Manchester textile business.

4. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN MANCHESTER*

[about March 25th, 1868]

My ever-laughing Engels,

If you find my English good, I find your French astonishing and you have not near you such a pretty master to correct your mistakes as I have. The French "grisettes" who have taught you have so well earned their money that you would need them no longer for that purpose.

Although very conceited I never had so great an opinion of the vigour of my logic as to believe I could beat a square German head: I had indeed received some hints that you would come before I asked you; that obliges me to thank you twice over for having had the intention and for wanting to give to my letter the merit of it. My Laura is delighted at the idea of your coming. She will teach me German if there is room enough in my confused brain for a new language. Tussy and Marx believe that it has been submitted to too great a softening process; I hope that some years of rest and intellectual good digestion may restore it to its former hardness.

Au revoir, come as early as possible to allow me to see you before the great day; on which I shall be on pins and needles and unable to listen to you or anybody else.

Votre dévoué,

P. LAFARGUE

P.S.—Marx has told me that you were beginning your English articles¹: if you could finish them before my starting from London, it would be a good thing, as I should be able to take them to Beesly who will certainly get them inserted in the *Fortnightly Review*.

¹ This refers to the review of *Capital* already mentioned.

1871

5. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS
IN LONDON

My dear General,

When in Madrid I found myself amongst the members of the Spanish Federal Council, they spoke to me about the London correspondent, of the name of Engels (Spanish pronunciation). I did not catch on, but when they told me that the correspondent in question wrote excellent Spanish and Portuguese, I exclaimed, "But that's Engels!" But no, he was called Engels (Spanish pronunciation). The same scene as took place between Mora¹ and me over Hegel's name, which I tried to teach him how to pronounce, was enacted between me and the members of the Federal Council; in the end we wrote down the name and came to agreement.

As I saw these citizens for but one evening, I did not familiarise myself with their names and faces very well; thus I hesitate to attach any personal description to the name of Lorenzo,² the Congress delegate. I believe he must be a tall man with a big auburn beard, slightly bald, white skin and very handsome features. If that is the man, you have had a fine specimen of Madrid manhood, though I should have preferred you to have met Mora, the General Secretary; he is a shoemaker who at

¹ Francisco Mora was the General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Spanish section of the International.

² Anselmo Lorenzo, a printer, was the correspondent in the East.

eighteen years of age did not know how to read and was a servant. The men struck me as very superior; I may say I had never met such an intelligent and well-read gathering of workers; their knowledge was in sharp contrast with the ignorance of the Spanish bourgeoisie. The French are accused of being unable to read, but what about these people; in the cafés where I went I never saw a newspaper, the regular customers chatter amongst themselves, smoking their everlasting cigarettes. Their ignorance is all the more regrettable since the Spaniards are, I think, exceedingly intelligent; I had to travel with some *arrieros*¹ and I can assure you I found their company most agreeable. They are all sceptics; one of them said to a priest who was dining at an inn with us: "I should like to change God in the same way that they've changed the Queen." "Why?" said the priest. "*Porqué cete puñatero*"² won't rid me of the stones my field is full of." The anti-religious awakening which has taken place in Spain is most extraordinary, it is in the nature of a miracle; it explains the weakness of the Carlist party³ which nevertheless has the support of all the priests who, rather than swear allegiance to the Constitution, prefer not to be paid by the State; and I can assure you they are having a hard time at present; their threadbare, dirty cassocks tell a story very welcome to the heart of the unbeliever. Families which have pushed a child into the priesthood in the hope of pocketing a fat stipend fill the air with their lamentations, and there are thousands of families in this woeful plight.

¹ Muleteers. To avoid arrest by the Thiers government, Lafargue had had to cross into Spain clandestinely. No doubt he is alluding here to that journey.

² Because that brute.—*Tr.*

³ Don Carlos, son of the Infante Don Juan and of Marie Beatrice of Modena, was the Pretender to the Spanish throne. His supporters, particularly amongst the mountain people of the North, engaged in regular civil war in the Pyrenees, often under the leadership of the priests.

Spain's great evil is the secret societies. Lorenzo will have told you about this; it is the most serious obstacle the Int[ernational] encounters in its propaganda. There is a huge society here called *el Tiro Nacional*; in all the villages I visited I found members, I have seen registration cards bearing the number 18,000; it is a veritable army, every member must have at his disposal a musket, a certain quantity of powder and bullets and must obey the orders of the Madrid *directorio*. The police certainly know who the members of the direction are and must know how to come to terms with them; Prim at any rate did; that was what enabled him, after the September revolution,¹ to crush Cadiz, Valencia, etc., which had risen. Here is a real power which is incalculable if one bears in mind the spirited, passionate nature of the Spaniards and the ease with which their country lends itself to guerrilla warfare. To give you an example: Pierrad, who had been arrested, had to go through Huesca which, although the capital of the province, has a population of but 10,000; the Madrid direction sent out the order for Pierrad's escape; well, enough people were found to raise the town, to paralyse the action of the *gendarmérie*, the troops and the police and to make good his escape. The same order was received for my escape in case of need.²

These secret societies endow people with certain very valuable qualities; but they also endow them with very bad ones; thus I had to talk for hours on end to convince intelligent men, to make them realise how dangerous it

¹ In September 1868 the Spanish revolution, signalled by the return of Prim and the pronunciamiento by the fleet at Cadiz, broke out. In the period following the flight of Isabella II and until the crown was accepted by Prince Amadeus of Savoy, insurrections occurred, in, amongst other places, Cadiz and Valencia.

² At the request of the Thiers government, Lafargue was arrested by the Spanish authorities in Huesca on August 11th. His extradition being impossible, he was released ten days later.

was to put themselves at the service of people whom they did not know and who had no stated aims; for the members of the Tiro know only their section commander and, on principle, have nothing but their registration card which gives them no information about anything whatsoever. Nevertheless, I succeeded in establishing a branch¹ in Huesca from members of the *Tiro Nacional*.

However, propaganda will be very easy here, for the good reason that there is not really a peasantry in Spain, at least not in the proper sense of the word. In those parts of Catalonia, Aragon, Castille and the *provincias Vascongadas* that I have been through I never came across a house standing by itself in the fields. The agricultural workers live in the towns and villages like other labourers, with whom they are continually in touch; it is for this reason that so many peasants take part in the insurrectionary movements; it seems that in Andalusia the peasantry is highly revolutionary, for that is where there are vast landed estates.

Spain is where you can appraise Bakunin's influence; it is he who has inoculated the people of this country not to concern themselves with politics, which does them the greatest harm in relation to the members of the secret societies, who think of nothing but politics. I have met several people here who came from Switzerland and were affiliated to the *Alliance*² and who were convinced that it was Bakunin who had introduced communism into the Int[ernational] under the name of collectivism. It is not only the workers who have this ridiculous idea, but also the leaders of the bourgeois Republican Party. I had occasion to meet Pi y Margall, a really delightful and upright man; we talked of the Int[ernational] at length,

¹ Of the International.

² The International Alliance of Socialist Democracy was a secret society which Bakunin had started and fostered within the International. This move led to the expulsion of its members at the Hague Congress of 1872.

and he expressed this idea about Bakunin, an idea which I found was expressed by Castelar in open Congress in his speech on the Int[ernational].

I am sending you the issue of the papers which deal with this discussion, because it concerns you as secretary for Spain.

Since I have been in St. Sebastian I have not heard how the Int[ernational] is going; the *Times* has recently made much of the withdrawal of some English members from the London Council.¹ Is this true? And who are they? How goes the Association in England? What does the alliance of the G. Potter² clique with Dizzy mean?

I am also perplexed about matters in France; how is the movement going? What is one to make of the amnesty? How will the monetary crisis develop, will it take the same course as the American one after the War of Secession? Will conditions in Paris settle down? etc. I have more questions than would fill this page.

Now that the Bonapartists are so deucedly active would it not be a good moment to translate and publish Marx's *18th Brumaire*?

Schnaps³ has not quite recovered yet, but he is a little better. Laura's health is completely restored. Is Jenny's too? Tell her that for Prudhomme's address she must write c/o M. Dubarry, founder, 28 rue Taunesse, who will forward the letter to Prudhomme.

Give my compliments to Mrs. Engels and to the whole Marx family.

Cordially yours,

P. TOOLE THE FIRST

¹ Lafargue is probably alluding here to the difficulties which arose in the General Council of the I.W.A. following the publication of *The Civil War in France*. George Odger, Secretary of the London Trades Council, and Lucraft resigned from the General Council.

² George Potter, the prominent Trade Unionist, who was in disagreement with Howeil and Applegarth.

³ Nickname of Lafargue's elder son.

St. Sebastian, 2 8br 1871

Is it really true that Varlin has been shot and that Dombrowski is dead? In your reply call the first No. 1, and the second No. 2—if they are still in any danger.

Is there any news of Jaclard? I was told he was in Berne, could you give me his address?

6. FREDERICK ENGELS TO PAUL LAFARGUE

*122, Regent's Park Road, N. W.
London, December 9th, 1871*

My dear Lafargue,

I am sending you a word or two about the situation in Spain. There must have been internal struggles in the Spanish International, struggles which were finally settled in our favour. That would explain both their sustained silence and the decision taken at last to break it. I wrote to Mora on the 25th; on the 28th, Mesa wrote to you and on the 29th, Mora sent me a letter saying they knew nothing of intrigues and slanders against the G[eneral] C[ouncil], which I had mentioned to him, etc.; but the two numbers of *La Federación*,¹ which reached us subsequently, published, one, the Conference² resolutions and, the other, an article on Resol. No. IX, taken from *Emancipación*,³ and with which we have every reason to be satisfied. Mesa's letter is even more explicit. Thus in Spain the

¹ *La Federación*, the organ of the Federal Council of workers' organisations, had been published in Barcelona since August 1869.

² This refers to the London Conference, convened by the General Council of the I.W.A., of September 17th to 22nd, 1871.

³ Workers' paper published in Madrid.

case is won. I answered Mora immediately and I hope that henceforward all will go well.

However, the others worked hard and used pretty infamous methods, as usual. *La Révolution sociale*¹ of Nov. 23rd, printed an article from the Barcelona *Federación* of Nov. 19th, saying that the emissary of the dissident Swiss, etc., had arrived there and that the Barcelona branches, after satisfying themselves of the revolutionary character of the dissidents' principles, etc., had accepted the federation which the latter offered them. We searched through the number of *La Federación* in question, but could not find the article. The issue of Dec. 3rd explains why: it says that this article did not represent the opinion of the branches, nor even of one branch, but only that of a *single member* of the paper's staff, who put it in behind the backs of the editorial committee!

The victory gained in Spain greatly reduces the field of struggle. There remain but the French section, not recognised here (15 members), the Geneva one and the Jurassians as outspoken opponents, with the Italians as dubious ones. But I have worked hard on Italy and we have now begun to shift the field of battle; from intrigues and private correspondence, we are going over to publicity. Mazzini has given us an excellent opening²: he has made the International (in an article in his paper) responsible for Bakunin's words and deeds. Here, then, was the

¹ *La Révolution sociale*, the weekly journal of the Jura Federation, had been coming out in Geneva since October 26th, 1871. It was very quickly turned into a weapon of the Bakunists in their fight against the General Council in London. In No. 5 (November 23rd, 1871, p. 4/1) it published a declaration by the Barcelona *Federación* of November 19th on the autonomy of the various sections of the International.

² Mazzini published a series of articles, entitled "Documents on the International" in *Roma del popolo*, Nos. 38, 39 and 41 (November 16th, 23rd and December 7th, 1871).

chance to attack Mazzini and repudiate Bakunin in one stroke. I did it straight away and sent the article to all our Italian papers. Some at least will publish it,¹ others, I fear, are too closely connected with Bakunin to do so. But with the article I informed all of them of the Spaniards' adherence to the Conference and of the progress of the Int[ernational] in S[pain] reported by Mesa. That will make some impression; they will see that the others have told them nothing but lies about Spain. Indeed, their policy was to win Spain over by telling them that Italy was unanimously on their side, and vice versa. We may still have some unpleasantness in Italy, but the Spaniards' decision to range themselves on our side will settle the matter—*upon the whole**—all along the line. As for the *cantankerous** Jurassians, we shall call them to account shortly.

I shall be very glad when this whole business is finished once and for all. You cannot imagine how much work, correspondence, etc., it has involved for us. Mohr, Serrailier and I have been unable to attend to anything else for weeks. And I, poor devil, who have to write long letters, one after another, in Italian and Spanish, two languages I barely understand!

In France things are going splendidly. Twenty-six papers are willing to publish our documents.

It is deucedly cold here, and you are lucky to be able to spend the winter in a warm climate. Nevertheless, we are well and so is the Marx family. Compared with their condition last winter, Mohr's health, and Jenny's² too, is far better. Mohr no longer coughs so much; he has had a

¹ Engels's letter, dated London, December 5th and 6th, 1871, was published in No. 43 of *Roma del popolo* (December 21st, 1871, p. 125, 1-11). Other papers took up the controversy, amongst which was *Il Proletariato italiano* of Turin (First year, Nos. 8, 9, 10 & 12) under the title: "Mazzini and the International."

² Marx's daughter.

small abscess on his shoulder, but the *carbuncle** has stopped and not recurred; his liver will never recover its normal condition at his age, but it functions much better than before, and Mohr, which is the important thing, leads a more rational life. Jenny, after the repeated pleurisies she has suffered, will probably always have a touch of emphysema, but she is beginning to realise that she must look after herself a little and not try to harden herself to the cold and the bad weather, as she used to call it. She is singing once again and her voice is clearer and stronger than ever.

It gave me much pleasure to learn of little Schnaps' recovery. Kiss him for me, and your wife too.

Ever yours,

F. E.
GENERAL

7. FREDERICK ENGELS TO PAUL LAFARGUE

London, December 30th, 1871

My dear friend,

Last night, just as I was starting on a rather tart letter to the Spanish Council about the translation and publication of the Bakunists' manifesto,¹ I received your letter which gave me great pleasure. Although I regret the necessity which has made you go to Madrid, it is a real piece of luck that you should be there just now, for the reticences and silence of the Spanish Council are truly

¹ This refers to the *Circular to all Federations of the International Working Men's Association* (Sonvilliers) of November 12th, 1871, of which the text is to be found in the *Mémoires de la Fédération jurassienne*, pp. 227-233. This circular was published at the conclusion of the regional congress of the French-speaking sections, convened following the protests aroused by the resolutions of the London Conference.

of a character to induce unpleasant interpretations. It is now 24 days since I wrote to Mora and no reply, or for only reply the publication of the hostile manifesto; what were we to make of it but for your letters?

I am sending you herewith the resolutions of the 30 Geneva branches,¹ in case you should not have seen them at all. Also the answer to the Bakunists from the French-speaking Committee and *I sincerely hope that Emancipation will also give its readers a translation of this excellent document.* In the same number of *L'Égalité* you will find several other articles concerning this debate and the meeting of the 30 branches. The answer from the Genevese suffices for the moment, the General Council will naturally have to follow up this matter and will reply in a circular covering all the stages of the dispute from its inception; you must realise that it will be lengthy and will take us some time. Meanwhile the important thing for the Spaniards to note is:

1st. It is quite clear from the Sonvilliers circular what these gentlemen want. The attack on the Conference was but a pretext. Now they attack the *Basle resolutions*² which have the *force of law* for the Association and which the General Council *must obey*. There you have an act of open rebellion and it is as well that these people have come out into the open. But:

2nd. Whose work are these *Basle resolutions*? That of the General Council in London? Not a bit of it. They were proposed by the *Belgian* delegates (one of whom was *Robin!* the Bakunist) and their warmest supporters were who? Bakunin, Guillaume, Schwitzguebel, etc., the very men who attack them today as having demoralised the

¹ The reply by the French-speaking Federal Committee to the circular by the 16th signatories, members of the Sonvilliers Congress, in No. 24 of *Egalité* (Geneva), December 24th, 1871 (pp. 1 & 2).

² The *Basle Congress* of the I.W.A. was held from September 7th to 11th, 1869.

General Council by their authoritarian character. Which by no means deters Guillaume and Schwitzguebel from signing this circular. We have witnesses here, and if Sentiñon and Farga Pellicer¹ are not blinded by a sectarian outlook, they must remember it (if they attended the session, which I do not know). But at that time it was different. The Bakunists thought they could count on a majority and that the General Council would be transferred to Geneva. Things took a different turn and all of a sudden resolutions which, carried out by a General Council of their choice, would have been all that is most revolutionary, become authoritarian and bourgeois!

3rd. The convocation of the Conference² was perfectly correct. The Jurassians, represented on the Council by Robin, who himself requested that the dispute should be brought *before that Conference*, must have been notified by him since he was their regular correspondent. Jung, the Secretary for Switzerland, could no longer remain in official correspondence with a committee which, in open defiance of a G[eneral] C[ouncil] resolution, continued to call itself the Committee of the French-speaking Federation. That G[eneral] C[ouncil] resolution was taken by virtue of powers delegated to it by the administrative resolution No. VIII at Basle (in the new edition of the Rules, etc. Administrative Rules II, Article 7). All the other sections were officially notified through the proper channels.

Our Spanish friends will realise now how these gentlemen misuse the word *authoritarian*. As soon as something displeases the Bakunists, they say: it's *authoritarian* and thereby they imagine they have damned it forever. If they were workers instead of bourgeois, journalists,

¹ Prominent Spanish members of the International.

² This refers to the London Conference of September 17th to 22nd, 1871.

etc., or if they had but given a little study to economic questions and conditions in modern industry, they would know that no joint action of any sort is possible without imposing on some an extraneous will, i.e., an authority. Whether it be the will of a majority of voters, of a leading committee, or of one man, it is still a will imposed on the dissentients; but without that single and directing will, no co-operation is possible. Go and run one of the big Barcelona factories without direction, that is, without authority! Or administer a railway without the certainty that every engine-driver, fireman, etc., will be at his post at precisely the time when he should be there! I should very much like to know whether the gallant Bakunin would entrust his large person to a railway carriage if that railway were administered according to principles by which nobody would be at his post if he did not please to submit to the authority of the regulations far more authoritarian in any possible state of society than those of the Basle Congress! All these fine ultra-radical and revolutionary phrases merely serve to conceal the utter poverty of ideas and the most complete ignorance of the conditions in which the daily life of society is carried on. Go and abolish "all authority, even with consent" amongst the sailors on a ship!

You are right, we must find ways of circulating the reports of the General Council's sessions more widely on the Continent. I am still trying to find a way. I have been sending Lorenzo the *Eastern Post* for some time, because he told me that they had someone who knew English. I am now sending you the latest issue of the paper, enclosing with it some cuttings from previous issues (to Lorenzo's address). You might do something for *Emancipación* with it. I really have no time to translate all these things myself, Italy is giving me an enormous correspondence. But I will see what can be done—if there were someone in Barcelona who knew English, could I not send the paper there?

I have not seen Mohr today, he is working hard on his second German edition,¹ I shall give him your letter this evening. We are all well, Jenny is in good and Mohr in indifferent health. I make him take his walks as often as possible—what he needs is fresh air. My wife sends her regards and a *happy New Year*. Remember me to Laura when you write. The post closes.*

Ever yours,

THE GENERAL

(On the back)
Para Lafargue
se està à Madrid
*y si no para Mora y Lorenzo.*²

¹ Of *Capital*.

² For Lafargue if he is in Madrid and if not for Mora or Lorenzo.

1872

8. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN MADRID

London, January 19, 1872

My dear Toole,

Your letter of the 8th gave us much pleasure. As for [Mora],¹ you may be sure there is a bit of Bakunin behind it. These people are of an unbelievable assiduity in their private correspondence; and if he has [been?]¹ a member of the Alliance, they will have kept him well bombarded with letters and compliments. Still it is a victory for us that it was [voted]¹ to put all these matters to a Spanish Congress; for—

1st. That is a *negative* answer, albeit indirect, to the [demand?]¹ for the *immediate* convening of an international congress;

2nd. We find that as soon as the workers themselves, in a body, discuss these matters, their natural good sense and innate feeling of solidarity have always, and very speedily, dealt with these personal intrigues. For the workers, the Intern[ational] is a great conquest which they have no intention of relinquishing; for these scheming doctrinaires, it is nothing but an arena for petty personal and sectarian squabbles.

We shall try to make all possible use of your observations in [our] reply; only we cannot confine ourselves to what would be best for the Spaniards. The Swiss, vio-

¹ The sheet is torn here.

lently attacked, ask for quite the opposite. Nevertheless, I hope we shall be able to write in a way that will satisfy all our friends on the main points.

From various quarters there is a demand for a reprint of *The P[overty] of Ph[ilosophy]*, for which there would naturally have to be a new introduction, and I hope that as soon as the work on the second edition of *Capital* is finished, Mohr will see to it. If in the meantime Mesa does the Spanish translation, he would probably receive the text of this introduction in good time. But I promise nothing, you know how many unexpected jobs always crop up for Mohr. He is negotiating with Lachâtre,¹ there were one or two absolutely unacceptable things in the contract. No doubt Jenny or Tussy will write to you—to you or to Laura—more fully about this.

Now for the news.

(1) Here, the French 1871 section, a section which has never been accepted as such because it refused to expunge from its rules the most incredible things, at the very moment that it published a lengthy metaphysical statement against the Gen[eral] Council, signed by 35 citizens,² has completely disbanded itself. Vésinier's election as secretary made Theisz, Avrial & Co. resign (for the second time!). Then the Vésinier clique called for the expulsion of Vermersch, a rival, both as private individual and politician, worthy of Vésinier. Thereupon a further split, so that there are *three* rumps. It is group autonomy at its height.

On the other hand, we have a French section of sixty members, an Italian section and a Polish one here, apart from the old German section. The slanders in the Berlin

¹ Over the French edition of Vol. I of *Capital*.

² Certain refugees from the Commune had set up a "*Section Française Fédéraliste de 1871*" in London. They published a statement (London, December 14th, 1871) against the General Council signed by thirty-five members which appeared in London, International Press, 1871.

*N[eu]er Sozial-Demokrat*¹ were the work of some of Schweitzer's braves who had infiltrated that section; they have just been expelled. The English Federal Council is functioning and propaganda is going very well; we try above all to win support outside the old semi-bourgeois political societies and the old trades unions* who cannot see further than their own trade. Dupont is very useful to us in Manchester. The Republican clubs of Dilke & Co. join the Intern[ational] in all the big towns and the best elements in almost all these clubs belong to us, so that one fine day this bourgeois Republican movement will give its bourgeois leaders the slip and fall into our hands.

The article on the *N[eu]er Sozial-Dem[okrat]* in *Emancipación*² gave me great pleasure. I translated it at once and sent it to Leipzig, to the *Volksstaat*, Liebknecht's paper.

In France, Serrailier is amazingly active. Naturally, the results achieved are not for publication, but they are very good. The branches are being re-formed under new names, everywhere. One fact which emerges from these reports is that almost everywhere the Bakunist correspondents are police spies. In one of the towns in the South their affiliated member was the Chief Constable. It is now more or less established that Marchand of Bordeaux is a police spy. You will have heard that he mislaid the minutes of two meetings, well, all those named in these minutes

¹ No. 3 of the Lassalleian journal *Neuer Sozial-Demokrat* (January 7th, 1872) published a letter from London, signed Schenk and Winand, accusing Marx of having diverted funds collected by the German Working Men's Education Association of London for the benefit of tailors on strike. This slander was later refuted by the secretary of the Association in the *Volksstaat* of January 27th, 1872.

² This probably refers to a note published on January 14th, 1872, in *Emancipación* to the effect that the bourgeois Spanish papers borrow from the *Neuer Sozial-Demokrat* and draw from it their information on the disagreements in the International. That paper is branded in the note as having sold itself to Bismarck.

have been persecuted, which was how they hoped to deal with you too. M[archand] has never been able to account for what happened to the minutes and, although outlawed in Geneva,¹ he returned to Bordeaux without being troubled.

In Switzerland, not only the French-speaking Committee, which represents at least ten times as many members of the International as the Jurassians, has declared itself for the G[eneral] C[ouncil], but so has the *Tagwacht*² of Zurich, the organ of the German-Swiss members of the Int[ernational] (see No. 1 of January 6th). It puts it to those who speak of the authoritarian power of the G[eneral] C[ouncil]:

"A dictatorship always presupposes that the dictator wields material power enabling him to have his dictatorial orders executed. Now, we should be much obliged to all these journalists if they would kindly tell us where the General Council has its arsenal of bayonets and guns. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Zurich section is not in agreement with some decision or other of the General Council (something which has not occurred so far), by what means could the Gen[eral] Council force the Zurich section to accept that decision? In fact, the General Council has not even the right to expel finally any section from the Association—at best it can suspend its activities until the following congress, which alone can give a definitive ruling on it. . . . The most divergent views, not only concerning the future organisation of society, but also concerning the measures to be taken now, are represented in the great international association. This Association necessarily discusses questions of

¹ During his stay in Geneva, Marchand contributed to the *Révolution sociale*, the organ of the Jurassian Federation.

² *Tagwacht*, which first came out on January 5th, 1870, had been a weekly since April 2nd and carried the sub-title: Organ of the Social-Democratic Party and International Trade Unions in Switzerland. From 1872, J. P. Becker contributed to it.

this nature at its General Congresses, but in not a single article of its statutes does it lay down a system, an obligatory standard for the sections. There is nothing obligatory save the fundamental principle: the emancipation of the workers by the workers themselves.... In other words, one finds, represented within the International, the most contrary political opinions, ranging from the rigid centralism of the Austrian workers to the anarchist federalism of the Spanish confederates. The last-named advocate abstaining from elections; the German confederates make the most of their votes at every election. In one country the Internationalists support other more or less progressive parties, in others they hold themselves aloof, in no matter what circumstances, as a separate party. But nowhere amongst the Internationalists are there monarchists. The same goes for questions of social economy. The Communists and the individualists work side by side, and it is fair to say that all forms of socialism find expression in the Internat(ional).... However, the Int[ernational] has always known how to close its ranks firmly in face of the external enemy..., it knew how to preserve its unity in face of the Franco-Prussian War, and it emerged from that war larger and stronger, whilst other associations were crushed by it. The Int[ernational] sided with the Paris Commune as one man.... And because some group is of a differing opinion on matters of detail, does this give the bourgeois press the right to talk of splits in the International.... You have only to read the circular of the Jura sections protesting against certain things; it ends with the call: Long Live the Int[ernational] Working Men's Ass[ociation]! Is that evidence of a split? No, gentlemen, the Int[ernational] will not be split, despite you, it will settle its internal affairs and show itself more united and more solid than ever... the more you slander us, the more you talk of splits in our ranks, the more you attack us, the more tightly shall we close our ranks and the more

resoundingly will the call ring out: Long Live the Int[ernational] Working Men's Ass[ociation]!"

If you can make some use of this for *Emanc[ipación]*, so much the better.

In Germany, the *Volksstaat* has declared itself most emphatically against the Jurassians and for the G[eneral] C[ouncil].¹ What is more, the Saxony Congress on January 7th, where there were 120 delegates representing 60 branches, declared themselves *unanimously* against the Jura circular and passed a vote of confidence in the G[eneral] C[ouncil] in a private session (the rules forbidding them to debate this publicly).

The Austrians and Hungarians, too, are unanimously in favour of the G[eneral] C[ouncil], but persecutions prevent them giving public expression to this, they can scarcely meet together any more, and all meetings in the name of the International are immediately prohibited or dispersed by the police.

In Italy, no organisation whatever so far. The groups are so autonomous that they either will not or cannot come together in a body. This is in reaction against the extreme bourgeois centralisation of Mazzini who sought to direct everything himself, alone, and very stupidly into the bargain. The light will dawn upon them little by little, but one must let them learn by their own experience.

You say nothing of your wife—I hope you will have good news of her, as also of the child.² Mrs. Marx, who happens to be with me at the moment with the rest of the Marx family, *send their love*.*

My wife sends you cordial greetings and I too. Remember me to Laura when you write to her and write to me soon.

Ever yours,

THE GENERAL

¹ No. 3 of *Volksstaat* (January 10th, 1872) published a long article by Engels: "The Sonvilliers Congress and the International."

² Laura Lafargue had remained in St. Sebastian.

9. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN MADRID

London, March 11th, 1872

My dear Lafargue,

If you wish to entrust your affairs to me, I shall be very willing to look after them; you have only to write and tell your man of business to send me, BY REGISTERED LETTER addressed to *me*, 122 R[egents] P[ark] Rd., your share certificates and bonds which I will keep with mine; I can say nothing about the coupons, dividends and interest until I have examined the papers, but there will be no difficulty in settling that. As for the cash sum, I think you would do best to have it remitted to you in Madrid in the form of a *bill of exchange* and deposited with a banker there, there must be some to whom you could entrust it. If, however, you prefer this to be sent to me, too, please give *explicit* instructions that it be in the form of a *bill of exchange* (or money order) ON LONDON payable to me, and likewise by *registered post*. In either case, the bill of exchange must be *short-dated*. Or else you could divide the amount and instruct your factor to send one part to Madrid and the rest to me. As you wish. It is always better to have money transmitted in bills of exchange than in bank-notes. Either way you lose, probably less on the bill of exchange; but in case of theft, the bank-note is lost for good, whereas it is difficult for the thief to negotiate the bill of exchange and in such an event you can stop payment.

There is always a certain risk even with registered letters sent from one country to another, but I know of no other way for your share certificates, etc., to reach me. Moreover, we have had much experience recently with registered post because, unless they are registered, our letters do not always arrive; whereas up to now our registered letters have arrived without exception.

I have sent you a number of papers from here, for instance *on Feb. 14th* four cuttings from *The Eastern Post*, the *Volksstaat*, the *Tagwacht* of Zurich, and the *Socialiste* of New York¹;

On Feb. 21st *The East[ern] Post*, *Socialiste* and the French edition of the Statutes (to the *Emancipación*).

Tomorrow I shall send you 2 *Eastern Posts*. Unfortunately the two addresses to old ladies are the *only ones we have* and it would be *very important* to have another for both letters and papers as they cannot but become very suspect.

I can understand very well that our friends there are in reality a good deal more practical than they appear in their papers, and I perfectly understand the reason why. I am quite certain for instance that when they demand, that on the morrow of important events the land and the instruments of labour should be at once handed over to those who ought to hold them, they know perfectly well this to be impracticable, but must make the demand for consistency's sake. We must make a full allowance for their position. The Bakunist rubbish cannot be cleared away in one day, it is quite enough that the process of clearing it out has at last begun in good earnest.

From the Jurassian last circular you will have seen what a complete fiasco that ludicrous campaign has ended in. However, the circular of the G[eneral] C[ouncil] in reply is being printed² and you may as well prepare our friends there for the fact that these men will be very roughly handled by us, and that all the facts we know about them—they are scandalous enough—will be laid before the Assoc[iation]. We must now make an end of this sect. Mohr's and my time has been wasted entirely by them for

¹ This and the following paragraphs were originally written in English.—Tr.

² This refers to *Prétendues Scissions dans l'Internationale (Alleged Splits in the International)*, Geneva, Imprimerie Coopérative, 1872.

months past and this cannot go on. Only yesterday I had to send to Naples a complete pamphlet of twelve closely written pages in refutation of their absurdities. They are *all* Bakunists in Naples, and there is only one amongst them, Cafiero, who at least in de bonne volonté, with him I correspond. About other matters I write to your wife.

Mrs. Engels sends her compliments to both of you.

Yours truly,

THE GENERAL

10. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE**

London, March 11th, 1872

Dear Laura,

I send you my congratulations on Paul's articles in *Emanc[ipación]*, which we all liked very much and which, in the wilderness of abstract declamation prevailing with the Spanish, were very refreshing. Despite all the tribulations and journeys which have been forced upon you for the last eighteen months and which, as I am sure I need scarcely say, I have followed with concern and sometimes with anxiety, it must afford you satisfaction to know that Paul's presence in Madrid at the decisive moment was of incalculable value to us and to the whole Assoc[iation]. Had Bakunin & Co. carried the day in Spain—and without Paul that was likely—then the split would have been complete and there would have been a public scandal. As it was, the whole attempt at revolt ended in ignominy and we can proclaim victoire sur toute la ligne.¹ As for the articles in *Em[ancipación]*, where for the first time the Spaniards were treated to true science, you have an important share in them and precisely the strictly scientific

¹ Victory all along the line.—*Tr.*

share, so that I, as the Secr[etary] for Spain, owe you a quite particular debt of gratitude.

From the Naples *Campana*¹ I see that Paul extends his activity thither as well. So much the better. The worst Bakunists in the whole of Italy are in Naples. Cafiero is a good fellow, a born mediator and as such of course weak; if he doesn't improve soon I shall give him up too. In Italy the journalists, lawyers and doctors have pushed themselves so much to the fore that up to now we have never been able to come in direct contact with the workers; this is now beginning to change and we find that the workers, as everywhere, are quite different from their spokesmen. It is ridiculous: these people scream they want complete autonomy, they want no leaders, and yet they allow themselves to be led by the nose as nowhere else by a handful of doctrinaire bourgeois. In this respect the Spaniards are far better, they are altogether much further ahead than these Italians.

There is great jubilation now in your family over the Longuet business, and if at the time of your engagement bad jokes were made here and there about *casting sheeps eyes**, you are now completely avenged: Jenny does everything possible in this respect. However, the whole thing is very good for her, she is very happy and gay and also much better in health, and Longuet is a very genial comrade. Tussy, too, is very pleased about it and looks as if she *should not mind to follow suit**. The day after tomorrow Longuet will give a guest performance at your house and cook *Sole à la normande*, his national dish. We are invited too; I am curious to know how my wife will like it. His last performance—*Boeuf à la mode*—was no great success*.

The Fondevilles are utterly ruined here morally, they are downright swindlers.

¹ *La Campana* was a socialist weekly which appeared in Naples from January 7th to March 10th, 1872.

My best thanks for the amusing Spanish poem. We laughed over it a great deal.

I am glad that Schnappy is getting better and hope to hear soon that he is quite well again. The poor little chap has already had to go through so much.

Now look after yourself. Remember me kindly and rest assured that wherever you go my most sincere concern goes with you. My wife sends her best regards without knowing you.

Always your old

GENERAL

1874

11. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

My dear Engels,

Although at the moment I can cover my expenses and a bit over,¹ I feel, the more I get on, the need for a little floating capital that would allow me to accept and execute orders which require a greater outlay as they become larger: at the moment Hardwick, the publisher*, has given me an order worth £80, which will take two months to execute and which will not be paid until a month after delivery at the earliest; in other cases, as in that of the *Engineer* or of Ward, Look & Tyler, for whom I am engraving lacework, I am obliged to pay an advance for the design; these advances are so numerous and payment is so slow that I am always short, even though I always have about £100 worth of work delivered; and if the work continues to come in as it has recently, I shall find myself obliged to put my lithographer, whom I taught the trade, to engraving and take another in his place. At the same time Laura is earning £102, but when will she be paid?

For a long time I have wanted to sell the house in New Orleans and you know the difficulties I have encountered; today I need ready money so badly that I would sell it at any price, but what delays shall I have to put up with

¹ On his return to Britain from the Hague Congress in 1872 Lafargue, who had given up medicine, had established himself as photo-engraver.

before it is settled. In my legacy the house was valued at £1,000, Maître Rochereau's letter, herewith enclosed, says the tax officials value it at \$3,500; it is let at \$600 a year. I already owe you £240; lend me £360; which will bring my debt up to £600, on which I will pay the interest every six months. Taking the tax officials' valuation as correct, I could not ask you for a first mortgage of more than $\frac{2}{3}$ of the value; but taking the rent for the house into account I thought I might raise the fiscal valuation by £200. The mortgage agreement will be for 3 years and if at the end of that time you have not been repaid you will have the right to renew the agreement or force the sale.

Having so often exploited your kindness, I applied elsewhere, but in vain.

Cordially yours,

P. LAFARGUE

London, Dec. 13th, 1874

12. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

My dear Engels,

I have just received your letter and thank you for it.

Your advice concerning Maxon is very much to the point; it will enable me to reply to him *in a business-like way** on his question about the salary. I had already apprised him of my views and had written saying that there would be no renewal of our agreement unless the new one was drawn up in the same spirit as the former one, but more precisely and defining more clearly our respective rights and duties, but that he could prolong his agency for three years; he took my points perfectly, for what chiefly concerns him is an extension of time so that he may go on enjoying longer the fruits of his efforts.

My compliments to Mrs. Engels, and, in this snowy, windy weather, we wish you a good fire and a warm bottle.

Yours,

LAFARGUE

London, Dec. 16th, 1874

13. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON¹

*27 South Hill Park
Hampstead N.W.
London, Dec. 28th, 1874*

My dear Engels,

I have done my best to wait until January 15th without pestering you with requests for money, but I cannot succeed in getting paid a penny, everyone drives you from pillar to post; so forgive me if I ask you to send me £30, of which I have the utmost need. As it is impossible for me to keep going without some money in hand I have decided to sell my house and have written to that effect to Maître Rochereau.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

¹ From 1874 to 1878 those letters of Lafargue which have been found confine themselves for the most part to short notes similar to the above and are solely concerned with requests for financial assistance. In order not to increase the size of the book unnecessarily all those letters which are of no biographical interest have been omitted; that is, numbers 14 (April 8th, 1875), 16 (June 4th, 1875), 19 (July 28th, 1875), 25 (January 15th, 1876), 26 (July 13th, 1876), 29 (September 20th, 1876), 30 (October 24th, 1876), 31 (October 30th, 1876), 32 (November 29th, 1876), 33 (December 19th, 1876), 34 (December 20th, 1876), 37 (January 30th, 1877), 38 (March 26th, 1877), 40 (April 26th, 1877), 41 (May 3rd, 1877) and 42 (July 12th, 1877).

1875

15. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

27 South Hill Park
Hampstead
London, 27th April, 1875

My dear Engels,

Mappin, to whom I showed a plate made according to the pattern he had given me, was delighted with the result and gave me an order at once. Unfortunately, as the articles he has given me to engrave are trays, with a rim and not perfectly flat surfaces, I have to make various modifications in some part of my equipment and I am forced to have recourse to you again to help me with some funds.

Ever yours,

LAFARGUE

17. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

My dear Engels,

I am ashamed of pestering you again when you have just advanced me several large amounts; but to settle my debts and be able to back my invention, it is imperative for me to have the sum of £60; I hope this will be the last time that I shall have need to turn to you, for my hopes are beginning to materialise; Cox & Sons, one of the largest London firms for *artistic furniture**, are so delighted with my plates that the last time they asked me my price for orders by the dozen. Since I saw you I have found a

way of electro-plating the etched parts. (Up to now I have worked with three metals: copper, bismuth and anti-mony.)

This result is of the greatest importance, as witnessed by the fact that Christophe, the Mappin and Webb of Paris, took out a patent in London in 1865 for a method of electro-plating copperplate engravings; but my method, unlike his, is the easiest imaginable and has a real commercial value, whereas he has been unable to do anything with his. Tomorrow afternoon I shall come and show you one of my plates.

Ever yours,

LAFARGUE

London, 5th June, 1875

18. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

London, 19th July, 1875

My dear Engels,

In order to settle my account with you, which has dragged on longer than I expected, and to have a few hundred pounds in hand, I have written to New Orleans telling them to sell my house—that is the reason why I said in my last that probably it would be the last time I should have to turn to you.

The tax officials valued the house at \$3,500; my man of business and his *auctioneer** write to say that they could sell it for me immediately at \$2,500; a third in cash and the other two-thirds payable next year and the year after and invested at 8% interest. If I could have had the whole \$2,500 in cash I should have sold it without bothering you.

There is no doubt of the excellence and originality of my invention; like everything novel it needs to be pushed

and I must have the chance to wait for the public to bite. A big firm like Cox & Sons, although they have given me six separate orders and have repeated two of them three times, are so cautious that they order but two at a time and re-order only when one of them is sold. One has to do the rounds of all the furniture dealers, the upholsterers, the architects, in short everyone concerned with decoration, whether mural or of furniture. Although I have extremely few orders, my time is fully occupied, I have to do everything myself, the simple as well as the complicated things; and, besides, I am not the man to set my price or push my wares. Marx was of that opinion and will see whether he cannot find someone, through the intermediary of Borkheim's man of business, who would take charge of that side. But since such a person is still problematic and in any case one must do all one can, if only to be able to present such a person with an organised concern, I am going to take on a commercial traveller.

At the same time, the landlord of my workshop having given me notice, I shall be forced to meet the costs of a removal now. To reduce expenses I should like to have my dwelling and my workshop under one roof.

Up to now you have helped me as much as you could and, it gives me pleasure to acknowledge the fact, without you I should not have been able to achieve the results I have; I hope that, even though you have refused to take a mortgage on the house, you will not reject my new proposition, namely, to take the house at the valuation rate, to repay yourself what I owe you and to credit me with the rest. Needless to say that this helping hand would set me on my feet again.

Ever yours,

PAUL LAFARGUE

P.S. One of these evenings I shall call on you.

20. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

*27 South Hill Park
Hampstead N.W.
London, 11th Aug., 1875*

My dear Engels,

At last I have a house, or at all events the certainty of having one. The agent entirely approved of my references, made me sign my agreement and has sent one to the landlord who lives in Scotland for him to sign. For added security I paid the agent his fee for the agreement, 18/—. The house is in Camden Road 225.

Ever yours,

LAFARGUE

21. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

*27 South Hill Park
Hampstead N.W.
London, 16th Aug., 1875*

My dear Engels,

When I asked you the other day for £20 to cover my removal, I expected to move my workshop only at the end of this week. But since then I have seen the man in charge of the repairs in my new house and he promised me to finish everything by this Saturday or next Monday; the landlord of the Hampstead house is anxious for me to leave as soon as possible and I hope he will let me off one month's rent if I leave in the course of next week; as Laura has no objections and would even prefer to move during the fine weather, I think I ought not to miss the opportunity. I shall need another £50 to pay my landlord, to whom on the 24th of next month I shall owe three quarters' rent, rates, gas, water, etc., and for the removal and var-

ious alterations in my new house; for I shall use the downstairs kitchen as my workshop and shall be obliged to buy a gas stove to do the cooking upstairs.

I have sent back your overcoat with a thousand thanks. My greetings to Mrs. Engels, Schorlemmer.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

22. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS AT RAMSGATE

*27 South Hill Park
Hampstead N.W.
London, 22nd Aug., 1875*

My dear Engels,

I received your last cheque for £50, as also the previous one for £20, and thank you.

My landlord, after asking me several times when I expected to quit his house, because he wanted to put the workmen in so as to be able to find a lessee for the next quarter, has been lying low since I notified his agent that I should not be leaving his house before *Michaelmas** unless he allowed me a reduction. I am still awaiting his reply. As for my workshop, I dismantled it on Friday, after having paid £10.15 for rent and repairs. I shall take next week to put everything straight, we have done only what will enable us to carry out immediate orders.

But I have good news to tell you which makes me hope that my troubles are at an end. The manager of Schoolbred, Mr. Angus, greatly admired my plates and has given me the address of his foremost *cabinet-maker**, Mr. Harrison; for firms like Schoolbred and others, in spite of their pretensions, make only clumsy things, such as bedding, etc., themselves, and do no more than sell the products of other people. As soon as Mr. Harrison realised that I had come with a recommendation from Mr. Angus, he received

me very well and, after having examined my samples with great care and consulted lengthily with his workshop manager on what use could be made of them, he told me that my plates were *the finest things he had seen since many years** and that he had decided *to introduce it into the trade on the largest scale**, that it was very timely as the fastidious public was beginning to tire of paintings on gold, which had been so much overdone in the last two years; but at the same time he informed me that, although not asking me to work exclusively for him, he would not agree to handle my plates unless I agreed not to work for any other firm in Tottenham Ct. Rd. because, he said, partly repeating your words, if I ran after a lot of firms, I might have more work in six months than I could execute, but that the fashion being so widespread it would be more or less short-lived and that, to make the most of it, the only way was to restrict my output to a few firms. Without committing myself specifically, I told him that if he guaranteed me enough work I would work solely for him, with the exception of such firms as Cox & Sons, and Collinson & Lock, with whom I was already in touch and other large firms not in competition with Messrs. Schoolbred & Co. He accepted this promise for the time being and gave me another appointment to show him the designs for a cabinet of which he had given me the measurements.

In the interval he had consulted Messrs. Sch. who, as far as I could make out, were glad to be able to introduce a novelty to their customers, for he said in front of me to his workshop manager *this novelty is recognised**. Thus, a design having been approved, he gave me an order worth £ 25, and told me to get out for another order some Egyptian designs of which I had shown him a sketch.

That is the good news, and now for the bad: the artist whom I had taught to do my type of work by dint of a long training* has left me to follow a theatrical company in the provinces; I have sent an advertisement to the *D[aily] Telegraph* to try and find another.

Have you had news of Marx?¹ Here we have no news of him, but no news is good news, says the proverb.

Our compliments to Mrs. Engels and Pumps.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

P.S. An idea strikes me, it must be acted on quickly: next Saturday, if I have good news, Laura and I will come and invite you to dine at Ramsgate and will return the following day. Do not bother about lodgings for us, we can put up at any hotel.

P. L.

23. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

225 Camden Rd.

My dear Engels,

We completed our removal last week at great expense, it went far beyond what I had reckoned. For the laying of the gas pipes alone I had to pay over six pounds. What you advanced and what I had been able to set aside has been used up and I shall need £30. Tomorrow morning before I go shopping I will call at your house, would you leave three five-pound bank-notes* for me.

I hoped to come and see you this evening, but I cannot, I received some urgent work this morning. My season starts again.

How is Mrs. Engels? As soon as we have extricated ourselves from the confusion in which we are we will show her the way to our house. I look forward to your visit to inspect the premises.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

¹ Marx had been in Carlsbad since August 15th taking the cure.

24. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

225 Camden Rd. N.W.
London, 26th Oct., 1875

My dear Engels,

I am sorry to intrude on you at the moment of your departure, like the policeman* who arrests a poor devil just as he is stepping into the railway carriage; but I must ask you to leave me a *crossed** cheque for £25 which I need at the moment.

I enclose a letter from Mesa which I received this morning. What he proposes with regard to Spain is very important, because Don Carlos' *La Moda* is read throughout Spain and Spanish America.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

1876

27. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS AT RAMSGATE

225 Camden Rd.
London, 15th Aug., 1876

My dear Engels,

I start by apologising for disturbing the pleasant idleness in which you must be immersed during this more than tropical heat.

Our maid is going to leave us on the first of next month; at the same time Laura was very taken by the appearance of Jessie, Mrs. Williams' daughter. She mentioned to Mrs. Engels at once the idea of taking her into our service, but she objected that, being far away from her family, Jessie would behave with us as H       behaved with you. I think it is a good thing not to have Jessie's family within reach, as I was shown by the example of our maid who was spoilt by her sister, a maid in a *lodging-house**. In any case, Jessie will be no worse than the first-comer we might take in London, and the difficulties will be no greater; so tell Mrs. Engels to ask Mrs. Williams if she will let her daughter come to us. I think she will be treated as well by us as by any other family and in addition she will learn French cooking. Would you reply to us promptly on this matter.

Present our compliments to Mrs. Engels,

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

(On the back of the same letter)

My dear Engels,

Mrs. Marx has just told us that you have been extremely ill in Ramsgate since your return from Germany; we were greatly astonished and grieved, since to us you represent health itself, always lively and merry as a grig. This is now the second time you have been ill in Ramsgate, does the air not suit you? You surely know that sea air does not suit everyone. It is true that the recent heat we have had was enough to account for upsetting the strongest health. It appears that in Paris, as a result of the high temperature, people are dying like flies. But we were glad to learn that Mrs. Engels had not been ill and that you are now recovering, you are so youthful and so full of *animal spirits* that there should be nothing wrong in a few days.

28. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS AT RAMSGATE

225 Camden Rd. N.W.
London, 30th Aug., 1876

My dear Engels,

I am returning Marx's letter¹ and beg you to send me a cheque for £30 as soon as you possibly can.

Work is beginning to pick up in good earnest; but it is very difficult to get paid just now; that is why I turn to you.

I hope to announce some splendid news next week.

My wife and I thank you for the speed with which you answered about the maid; Mrs. Engels had already convinced Laura, your [letter] succeeded in making me realise that it was impossible to have Mrs. Williams' daughter;

¹ This refers to a letter from Marx to Engels written in Carlsbad on August 19th.

Laura applied to an agency which helped her out of the difficulty.

Laura has seen Caroline,¹ who is coming for supper at any moment now; she is in admirable health and seems very happy to have left the fine country of the Kaffirs and the Karamaya.

Our greetings to your wife. I hope you have completely recovered.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

¹ Probably Caroline Juta, Marx's niece, who had arrived from the Cape.

1877

35. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

*225 Camden Rd. N.W.
London, 4th Jan., 1877*

My dear Engels,

I followed your advice; I went to see my customers for payment, but it is almost impossible to extract money from them at this moment; you would have to draw their teeth as with the Jews in the Middle Ages. Would you send me a cheque for £10 by tomorrow morning.

I had a letter from Johnston in which he told me he was *well pleased** with the two prints of his card which I sent him; and he asks me to send him the plate.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

36. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS

*225 Camden Rd. N.W.
London, 23rd Jan^y, 1877*

My dear Engels,

I am obliged to turn to you again to enable me to pay my rent, my rates and my gas. Would you have the kindness to advance me a cheque for £30.

I am happy to be able to tell you that I have secured the *Graphic* work, at least all the work where the process is applicable, and now that they are making arrangements

to provide their readers with coloured supplements the work could become quite important. But it was not easy, because, a short while before my dealings with the *Graphic*, Leich had tried to supply them with plates for their coloured illustrations; but his plates were such a failure that the greatest discredit was cast on the mechanical processes and it needed repeated overtures on my part to obtain so much as the favour of supplying them with a free plate. My plate was submitted to the printer, to the artist and to the proprietor who pronounced it highly satisfactory and I was immediately given an order worth £16. But what shows that I stand well with the firm is that the *manager of the printing department blackmailed** me in a Jewish fashion; for in giving me the £16 order he gave me various small jobs to execute for him; and these small jobs are worth £4 by my reckoning.

What glorious weather!

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

39. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS AT BRIGHTON

225 Camden Rd. N.W.
London, 20th April, 1877

My dear Engels,

I realise at last that it is impossible for me to go on with my profession under my present conditions; every day I bring to light new facts showing how powerful Leich is at pulling strings; my agents will have nothing further to do with the matter since they have seen Leich drive us out of the firms where they thought they were assured of the work (*Engineering* for example). I applied to certain *electrotypers** to see if they would take me on as an employee; the only thing they promise is to help me, but they do not wish to take any responsibility. About ten months

ago, I offered my services to Leich who flatly refused them. Having tried everything, I am convinced that I can do nothing here.

I do not see what else I can try except to go to America. If there are no engraving firms there of this type yet there might perhaps be a chance of finding someone who would start one and if some are already established, I might go in as a worker until something better turns up.

Laura agrees with me.

Ever yours,

PAUL LAFARGUE

43. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS AT RAMSGATE

225 Camden Rd. N.W.

London, July 27th, 1877

My dear Engels,

I saw Dellagana and this is what we have provisionally agreed.

I visited the place which he is willing to put at the disposal of the engraving workshop; his engraving workshop is at present in Kensington (Caxton exhibition*); it consists of an engraver, a printer and a boy*. His engraver, according to him, is incapable of doing his work and that is the reason why he has limited his request for work as much as possible and even refused some. Nevertheless, at the present time he is making an average of almost six pounds a week, which allows him to cover his costs; but he is sure of being able to double that amount and more as soon as he seriously sets about trying to find engraving work; amongst other things, he mentioned work for the Bank of England, which he is certain of getting as soon as he can do it properly.

He told me that if I would undertake to reorganise his engraving business and put it on a footing that would en-

able him to fight Leich he would give me all the necessary advances and 50% of the profits.

We would sign a provisional agreement ending on January 1st (the end of the main season). As he does not want to incur any of the liabilities with which English law burdens partnerships, the business will be in his name and I will only be the manager of that department, but my name would come before the public in that capacity whenever I should so wish.

As to the minimum of which you spoke to me, I gave way on that point because of the 50% of the profits and if he can make £12 a week, my profit will rise to round about £3.

He is in a hurry to conclude the matter; he went to see his *solicitor** at once to look into the legal side and he will write me a letter on Monday at the latest; if I get it on Monday, I shall come to see you on Tuesday with Laura, we shall spend the day together and go back the next day.

Our greetings to Mrs. Engels and Pumps.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

44. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS AT RAMSGATE

225 Camden Rd. N.W.
London, 7th Aug., 1877

You must tell Mrs. Williams that it was *her* fault, not mine, that I did not see her.*

(Laura Lafargue)

My dear Engels,

On arriving home I found a letter from Dellagana in reply to mine, in which he says that he already has an engraving worker whom he cannot dismiss, as I asked

him to do; as to the other conditions he says not a word. This morning I called on him to talk this matter over, and told him that I considered this worker superfluous at the moment, particularly in view of the condition he had made on the duration of the agreement, namely, that he would have the right to break it if he found that the work was being done at a loss. He replied that he only paid this worker, who was his nephew, 36/—, that it was impossible for him to dismiss him and that as he hoped business would pick up, he would be useful and that in the meanwhile I could let him take on some work for me while I made the rounds of his customers and mine. He referred to the word I had slipped into my letter—about our partnership plan—and assured me that he was by no means opposed to the idea, if the agreement was drawn up in such a way that it did not incur any of the liabilities with which the English law burdens partners; but as I was satisfied with his terms, for the time being, we should work together until the end of the year on the basis agreed between us and then we should see about renewing the agreement. I gave in on the matter of the worker and I am to go and see him the day after tomorrow to conclude everything, so that we can start next Monday. If you have any objections, answer me by return of post.

We reached Victoria at 10:15, which did not prevent Marx from arriving home after half past twelve, when everyone was in bed and no longer expecting him, and yet we had left him at Euston, where we took the train, in the Carlton bus. His knowledge of geography is scarcely more brilliant than that of French generals; nevertheless, he was as merry as a grig and chattered nineteen to the dozen according to Mrs. Marx; moreover, during the whole journey he indulged in a veritable orgy of exuberance, the little visit to Ramsgate seemed to have put new life into him. It appears that the following day he could not keep still and had to run to the French quarter for French papers, as if important things were happening in Paris and

as though he had not already devoured three *Républiques françaises* in the morning. His voracity is becoming quite alarming.

As for us, well, I must say we were delighted, we talked and told Hélène and Mrs. Marx about the new things we had seen and the nice things we had done at Ramsgate, and we could not stop talking about the kind attentions Mrs. Engels had shown us, attentions that we appreciate the more as we had not known that her state of health was as precarious as you described to me, and you may be sure that had we had an inkling of it we should never have dreamt of putting her to so much trouble.

Our love to Pumps.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

P.S. I will let Marx have Fourier's *La Théorie des quatre mouvements* and *Le Nouveau Monde industriel*.

Dear Mrs. Engels,¹

I really can't manage to say half I want to on this "dirty" little scrap of paper so that in a day or two I shall trouble you with a letter. We all hope you are getting better and that our noise and nonsense have not made you any worse.

Love to all. Yours very affectionately,

LAURA LAFARGUE

¹ This part of the P.S. was originally written in English.—Tr.

1878

45. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

*37 Tremlett Grove
Junction Rd
London, 9th May, 1878*

My dear Engels,

I am very sorry to come bothering you just now, when you have so many worries and sorrows.¹

Of the £15 you gave me last month, £10 were spent on the rent, with the result that today I find myself in great difficulties. I should be much obliged to you if you could let me have a cheque for £20.

Our love to Mrs. Engels and Pumps.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

Sent 10/5/78.²

¹ Lizzie Burns, Engels's companion, had fallen ill in September 1877 and was not to recover again before she died on September 12th, 1878.

² Written by Engels.

1880

46. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN LONDON

London, May 4th, 1880

My dear Lafargue,

What shall we do about the introduction suggested by Malon?¹ I am very obliged to him for his goodwill, but here it is a question of facts, and where would he find them? The history of German socialism from 1843 to 1863 is not yet printed, and M[alon]'s German friends in Zurich know hardly anything about that period, which preceded their entry into political life. So it is natural that M[alon]'s preface leaves out the most important facts, while going into details which can scarcely interest the French reader and that, moreover, it teems with quite serious mistakes. To cite one of them, Lassalle was never the editor of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*. He never even contributed to it, save for the feuilleton in one issue and, what is more, that feuilleton was entirely rewritten by the editorial staff. At that time Lassalle was interested only in the adultery and divorce case of Countess Hatzfeldt and her husband; and had he offered to come on the editorial staff, we should have blankly refused to be associated with a man buried up to his ears in the filth which the conducting of that scandalous case required of him. Neither Marx nor I ever

¹ No doubt this refers to an introduction to *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific* which had appeared in the *Revue socialiste* and which B. Malon probably envisaged publishing.

collaborated with Lassalle. In about 1860 he suggested to us starting a big daily paper in Berlin, but our conditions were such that they must have seemed unacceptable to him.¹

However, if I need someone to introduce me to the French public, which is very possible, it appears to me that it can be no one but you, who have taken the trouble to translate my articles² and who, alone, can obtain the necessary information, which I have asked Marx to give you. It seems to me that I owe it to you, I owe it to myself, not to accept anyone else.

Ever yours,

F. ENGELS

47. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN LONDON*

[*Bridlington Quay*]
3 Sept. 80

My dear Laura,

I have only a few minutes to reply to your amiable letter—we have been inspecting a geological amateur's collection this evening and tomorrow we are off on an excursion to Flamborough Head. The weather here continues grand; regular Rhenish October weather, that is the acme of fine weather as far as I know, not a cloud on the sky,

¹ It is in a letter of January 19th, 1861 that Lassalle proposed to Marx that he should resume the publication of a *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in Germany. Marx and Engels discussed this project at great length. Marx even went to Berlin, where he talked it over with Lassalle during March and April. But he did not find the conditions satisfactory and, on his return, he declined Lassalle's offer.

² In 1880, Lafargue translated and published in France *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific* (*Revue socialiste*, Nos. 3, 4 and 5, 1880).

hot sun, cool bracing air at the same time. Why cannot you and Lafargue come for a week; the place is getting empty, plenty of apartments and accommodation of every sort.

I have not heard from Pumps since the letter I had at Ramsgate dated, I believe, 15th August; I wrote her at once, and since then, on arrival in London, last Friday this day week, a postcard, but no reply. Now I am almost certain that she has written to Sarah or her mother Mrs. Nicholls who stays in our house during my absence. Would it be too much trouble for you to call there and inform me of the results of your inquiries as I am getting rather anxious and as I am sure there is some misunderstanding abroad by which I am kept without news?

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

Moore and Beust are off to the "Parade" (such a thing you know is *de rigueur* at every seaside place) to hear the music and hunt *backfishes*,¹ of which there are excellent specimens here; you know the *backfish* lives on dry land. At all events before leaving they wished to be kindly remembered to both of you.

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

¹ Anglicised spelling of the German word *Backfisch*. Literally, baked fish, and figuratively, in irony, young girl at the awkward age.

48. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN LONDON
(On the back of the previous letter)

7. *Burlington Place*
Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire
3 Sept. 80

My dear Lafargue,

Why Geneva? The seat of the Swiss Federal Government is Berne and any other Swiss town would do as well as Geneva. If you have no special reasons not known to me, the agency might quite as well be in Zurich where one could certainly find someone who would look after the business. If it suits you, send the things to me here and they will be sent to someone who will deal with them straight away.

Que la terre soit légère
A *L'Égalité égalitaire*.¹

Ever yours,

F. ENGELS

49. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN LONDON

Bridlington Quay
9th Septbr., 1880

My dear Lafargue,

I was obliged to write to you in haste the day before yesterday, for at 9:30 we had to leave for an excursion to

¹ (May the earth lie softly on *L'Égalité* the leveller.—Tr.) *L'Égalité*, weekly journal founded by Guesde in 1877, brought out only thirty-one issues. Restarted in January 1880, with the sub-title "The Organ of Revolutionary Collectivism," it did not get beyond the 32nd issue of the second series and went out of existence again on August 25th, 1880.

Flamborough Head where out two naturalists botanised in the sea. For fear that I did not express myself clearly enough, I recapitulate.

The most serious side of Grant's plan is that it will rest entirely with him to raise or lower the value of your shares and even to reduce them almost to nil. To begin with, for the first 4 guide books he deducts 12% per year. If the gross profits are 15% there will only remain a net profit, dividend for the shareholders of 3%; at 20% there will remain but 8%, etc. But with the liberal salaries G[rant] proposes to give the local managers, can you anticipate profits of that order? I think it highly doubtful. |

Suppose, however, that the gross profits are 20 or 25%, what will Grant do? He will propose borrowing more money to bring out the rest of the guides. And he will claim to be unable to raise that money at less than 15 or 20%; as he will have a ready-made majority, that will be voted. And as long as you and Jorris are unable to raise the money at a lower rate you will not have the slightest chance of success in opposing him. All right, £3,000 at 12%, £3,000 at 20%, makes an average of 16%. How can one run a business saddled with such interest to be paid out before one can even start to think of dividends.

There is nothing to stop Grant lending you money, whenever there is fresh need for it, at an ever-increasing interest, the rate of which will depend on him alone. As it is he who pockets the interest, at least most of it, it is to his advantage to make it as near as possible to the rate of gross profit which the business will yield. He shares the interest with none but the person who advances the money, the net profits he shares with all the other shareholders.

So in fact the value of your *paid up** shares is reduced more and more, and it depends solely on Grant whether it does not vanish altogether. That means that the two of you are paid for your literary property, 1st, £400, 2nd,

£300 each, whenever it shall suit Grant to be rid of you, 3rd, practically worthless shares and no dividend; in all, £500 each; always assuming that Grant does not find a way of getting out of the payment of the £300—which he could do without much difficulty by accusing you of a breach of contract; and there you would be with a fine lawsuit which would cost you very much more than £300, even if you won it.

G[rant] cannot take advantage of your letter. Even if what he claims is in it, that letter is worthless after the month for which it bound you.

Jorris's interests are not identical with yours. If he has neglected his business and is prepared to sacrifice it all for £300, a year, that proves it was not worth talking about. J[orris] is remaining in London. Once Grant has set him up in this business, it is to his interest to let him set him up in others, to be his *understrapper** for a while, until he shall have enough money and financial connections to dispense with him. You have no interest of this kind whatever. You are going to Paris, you want to find a secure living in this business. Ask yourself whether you will find it under the terms Grant proposes.

Your *solicitor**, evidently a small man too, has the same interest in currying favour with Grant. Everyone has, except you and only you. More reason for not concluding anything in haste.

Jorris has undertaken to raise the necessary capital; well and good, but it must be understood that it is on terms acceptable to you, not on terms which deliver you bound hand and foot to a usurer of the first order.

It would be a good thing to sound Bradshaw. He has a double interest in coming to an arrangement with you for here and for the Continent. If only to be able to put some pressure on Grant, but better still to be able to choose between the two. And B[radshaw] cannot allow himself the swindles which are the other fellow's trade. Unfortunately, you cannot have complete confidence in J[orris]

any longer since he claims to be sick of it and advises you to accept without more ado.

This, of course, is the blackest side of the business. Possibly G[rant] has more generous intentions, but, once the contract is signed, you are at his mercy, that much is certain.

With a man like G[rant] I do not see any way of safeguarding yourself. You might stipulate that all the net profits should be used to repay the £3,000, and that no dividend at all should be distributed so long as the company is paying interest at more than 6%—they would either not accept this or they would find means of ruling it out at the first shareholders' meeting. And it would only safeguard you for the first £3,000, it would have no bearing on the subsequent loans, it would be against common sense to repay with one hand and borrow with the other.

My advice is: *try to do without* G[rant] and if you cannot do that, try at least to make him fear that you could dispense with him, so that he robs you a little less *unmercifully** than he plans to do. He will still rob you.

The weather here continues to be magnificent; sunshine all the time, cool air, north-east breezes, sea bathing rather chilly; however, this evening I fear I shall have to put on my greatcoat, as at Ramsgate. The public here is very different from that of Ramsgate. It is the *shopkeeper**, the small manufacturer, the *tradesman** from Leeds, Sheffield, Hull, etc., with a decidedly more provincial air, but also more solid than at Ramsgate; no '*Arrys**' at all. The most striking thing is that all the young persons are *backfisch* of from 14 to 17 years old, what you would call the ugly age, although there are some very pretty ones here. Of fully grown girls, there are none or practically none. As soon as they stop being *backfisch*, and are given long skirts, it seems that they get married. All the women over 18 whom you see here are accompanied by husbands and even children. That is why poor Beust, who casts tender

glances at these *backfisch*, has not succeeded in broaching the least little sentimental conversation. Papa and mama are "always on sentry-go" like Frederick II's Prussians.

Remember me kindly to Laura. The two botanists send their compliments. The thing has been sent to Zurich, to Beust's father. The journals will come back to you, I know not where Marx is and have had no news of him.¹

Ever yours,

F. ENGELS

50. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN LONDON*

Bridlington Quay
12th Septbr 80

My dear Lafargue,

How can I advise you on business if you give me all the information *afterwards*? If you had sent me the draft articles before, I should have known better what to say. Do not say that you had not got it; it was your business to have had it as soon as printed. Mais on dirait que vous brûlez de vous faire voler.²

You say the articles *forbid* to borrow at more than 10%. Whoever told you that, reckoned upon your credulity. Article 74 says distinctly that the directors can raise money *upon such terms and conditions in all respects as they think fit*. Now I do not know and cannot be expected to know whether the acts of parliament forbid limited companies to raise money at more than 10%. I doubt it. But if it be the fact, you have before your eyes the proof that

¹ Marx was then staying in Ramsgate.

² One might think you were dying to be robbed.—Tr,

that is no use whatever. Have you not written to me that Grant wanted to raise £3,000—at 10% and a bonus of 20% at the end of five years? 20 divided by 5 is 4, and 10+4 are 14; thus, you pay really 14% for your money. Why do you not speak of that when people want to make you believe that Grant cannot get more than 10% out of your Company in interest? Then you say, J[orris] and M[ason] had pris des garanties contre Grant, en ce que rien de nouveau pouvait être décidé sans qu'on ait au moins le vote des $\frac{4}{5}$ des actionnaires, et que Grant n'avait que 50% et que par conséquent il ne pouvait rien faire sans votre consentement.¹

Décidément on se moque de vous.² In the whole agreement, *not a word* about $\frac{4}{5}$ of the shareholders. All resolutions by *simple majorities*. It may be in the acts of parliament, that $\frac{4}{5}$ are required *to alter the original deed of association*. But that is not the question. I have shown you the way how G[rant], by his system of loans at 10% and any bonus he likes, can suck all the profits out of the Company. And article 74 gives him the right to do so, without even consulting anybody but his directors who, whatever they may be, are sure to be his puppets.

Secondly. All the capital being subscribed you have:

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

2—3,000 votes for preference shares 3,000 at £5 each (art. 49) 8,000 votes in all. Out of these you, Jorris and Mason have together 2,250 votes, that is to say, not 45% against 55%, but 28% against 72%. Still more than $\frac{1}{5}$, but not very far off. Let a few shares be sold by one of you, and the power to stop even alterations of deed of associa-

¹ Safeguarded themselves against Grant insofar as no new decision can be taken without the agreement of at least $\frac{4}{5}$ ths of the shareholders, and that Grant has only 50% and thus he can do nothing without your consent.—Tr.

² They are making game of you all right.—Tr.

tion is lost by you. You will be told that it is not intended to issue all the preference shares. But how long that remains so, will depend upon Grant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bien à vous,
F. E.

Je rapporterai les articles d'assoc[iation] à moins que vous n'en ayez un besoin immédiat.¹

¹ If you see no other way, naturally you have gone too far ahead to be the only one to withdraw. But think it over well and make sure about the points mentioned above.

I have but the money absolutely necessary for my journey, and possibly not even that. My *cheque-book** is in London where I shall be back on Saturday evening; until then, I can do nothing.

If you can hold up the G[rant] business until my return, perhaps more information could be had.

Greetings to Laura from us all,

Yours ever,
F. E.

I will bring back the articles of assoc[iation] unless you need them immediately—*Tr.*

1881

51. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS AT BRIDLINGTON QUAY*

*37 Tremlett Grove
Junction Road N.
August 13th, 1881*

My dear Engels,

On our return I find your three letters, for which accept my heartiest thanks. I am very sorry to have unwittingly interfered with your "brochets"¹ but I was quite in the dark respecting your plans and did not in the least know what were your intentions. When your postcard reached me there was little more than one clear week before us and as Paul wanted me to have a change there was nothing for it but there and then to decide on blessing Rams-gate with our presence.

Papa's intention, as he wrote me, was to leave Paris at the end of this and to be back in London early in the following week.² It is now probable that they will be here in the course of next week. In any case their stay cannot and ought not to be much prolonged for Mamma, it appears, is rapidly growing weaker.³ It is therefore impossible that I should now join you, much as I should like to

¹ A translation of the German pronunciation of the French word "projets," plans.—*Tr.*

² Marx and his wife had been with the Longuets at Argenteuil from July 26th. He was to arrive in London on August 17th, recalled by the news of Eleanor's (Tussy) illness.

³ Mrs. Marx had suffered for several years from cancer of the liver. She died on December 2nd, 1881.

do so. I should have been delighted to knock about the place in your company and to sit in judgement on all the major and minor beauties, professional or otherwise, of Bridlington Quay, with or without my Portia cap. I hope however, on your return, to hear all about your doings.

I am in receipt of your registered letter and its contents are in safe keeping until your return. It is too late in the day for me to feel surprise at any fresh act of kindness on your part, but it is never too late for me to be sensible of your goodness and to thank you for it. And I do so.

As I cannot taste the beer of Bridlington, I hope you will drink an extra glass on the pier tomorrow morning "looking towards" the inhabitants of Tremlett Grove.

Paul has indulged in I don't know how many "tops and bottoms" to your health.

With affectionate regards to all from all,

I am yours, my dear General, very affectionately,

LAURA LAFARGUE

1882

52. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

June 16th, 1882

My dear Engels,

You will realise how delighted I was on my return home on Wednesday evening to find a postcard from Marx telling me he was in Paris¹ and expressing the wish to see me. The next day I scamped my office work² in the morning and set off for Argenteuil in the afternoon.

Marx's appearance gave me great pleasure; he holds himself straight, his eyes are sparkling with life, in short, he seems stronger than when he left London, although thinner. I gave my earnest attention to his conversation which was very long, and lasted several hours; he talked all the time and not once did he make a mistake or hesitate over the choice of a word. What is troubling him at the moment is his throat. He coughs night and morning and that tires him a great deal. He is very excitable at night and sleeps badly if he has seen people in the evening.

¹ Marx, whose health had been much impaired by his wife's death, had left London at the beginning of February to spend two months in Algeria. At the beginning of May the doctors advised him to go to the Riviera. He went to Monte Carlo where he stayed till the end of May and then went back to his daughter Jenny Longuet in Argenteuil. He arrived there on June 8th and was to stay until August 22nd.

² Lafargue was then working in an insurance company, *L'Union nationale*, at 30 Boulevard Haussmann. He lived at 38 rue de Lille.

Although the Longuet household is too boisterous for a man in his excitable state, I believe nevertheless that the stay at Argenteuil will benefit him greatly, for he is constantly in the fresh air. The day I saw him the weather was appalling, with a cold, blustering wind and squalls of rain, yet when I arrived he was out of doors with Johnny and Wolf¹; he insisted on accompanying me to the railway and stayed half an hour in the station garden, waiting for my train. During the whole time he did not cough once. The children are delightful; Joh[nny] is no longer the J. we knew in London; he has settled down and is well morally and physically; Wolf is a real little devil. Marx, as you can imagine, is in the seventh heaven with them. They are his constant companions.

Marx has come back with his head full of Africa and the Arabs; he took advantage of his stay in Algiers to devour its library, it seems to me that he has read a great number of works on the condition of the Arabs. (In parenthesis I must tell you that Marx is as dark as a chestnut; he is a real Moor now.)—Monaco, that Offenbach principality, interested him very much, he has its history at his finger-tips. To show you how talkative he was and full of animation, I will tell you what he said to me on his way to the station: "But you haven't told me anything!"—"Good heavens, you didn't give me a chance to get a word in!"

In my last letter I mentioned to you the sale of the accident and fire portfolios of our company to an Anglo-French company. The deal is concluded; it only remains now for the shareholders' meeting to ratify it; that is convened for the 28th of this month. We shall see then how matters stand. In the meanwhile I see I shall soon be short of money. On the 7th I had to pay for my room, which, with the boy, the incidental expenses and the laun-

¹ Jean Longuet, born May 10th, 1876, and Edgar Longuet (nicknamed Wolf), born August 17th, 1879.

dry comes to 52 francs; would you be so kind as to send me five pounds by money order. Make it payable at the Tuileries post-office which I pass every morning.

Laura will have told you that the circulation of the *Citoyen*¹ has risen by several thousands in the last few weeks; this rise continues and yet the editors (not me) receive just enough not to die of hunger. The paper merchant takes the daily returns every day, leaving only 40 francs. This increase in the sales seemed to him such a good omen that he has promised, if it goes on, to hand over 100 francs, 60 to be given to the editorial staff; in that case I shall be paid 5 francs a day, but it has not happened yet.

You will have seen that we have launched a petition asking for a tax on rents.² This petition will do the paper and the party good; it will enable us to do some agitation. The high price of rents is the general complaint of the Parisians.

I hope my letter finds you in good health. Give my regards to the Roshers large and small, father, mother and child.³

Cordially yours,

P. LAFARGUE

Marx brought bad weather, but it is turning fine again.

¹ *Le Citoyen*, started in 1881 with an editorial committee consisting of C. Bouis, M. Brissac, J. Guesde, E. Massard, and L. Picard, carried the sub-title "Socialist Daily Paper." From April 30th, 1882 P. Lafargue's name appeared on the editorial committee. It had a circulation of 25,000 at the time.

² In the editorial of June 12th, "The Rents Question" P. Lafargue put forward the idea of a state tax on rents. The editorial of June 16th, signed by the editors, was called "Let us Petition." The campaign lasted till the end of the month.

³ Engels's niece, Mary Ellen Burns, nicknamed Pumps, had married Percy Rosher in 1881 and they had a little daughter.

53. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, June 19th, 1882

My dear Engels,

Thank you for your letter and the money order enclosed; (in the official style of my company one says: "We have the honour to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 17th, which came to hand on the 18th, and from the folds of which we extracted a money order for ..." etc.). From this single form of words you can guess the rest; and they set more store by these involved phrases than by the interests of the shareholders; they make a great impression in the countryside. At the start I was reproved for the insufficiently formal style in which I couched my letters; I set about studying copies of letters and noting all the set phrases in them; and now my prose is beginning to be considered tolerable.

Yesterday I lunched at Argenteuil. I found Marx better again, his face pink and rounder. I am convinced that the visit to Argenteuil will do him much good, unfortunately the fine weather I announced in my last has been succeeded again by rain and wind. The Parisians are in despair; they have never had a June like this; one might think oneself in England, it is so horrid. Marx puts up with the bad weather; he told me that wherever he went, as soon as he sat down to table, there was a general grumble about the weather, so fine yesterday, so wretched today. "It is my fault," Marx answered; "I bring the bad weather with me." If he had lived in the Middle Ages, he would have been burnt for a sorcerer; it appears that the German papers, if they cannot cremate him the way *Le Citoyen* cremated Garibaldi,¹ nevertheless kill him off several times a month.

¹ Garibaldi had died on June 3rd, 1882. On June 13th the editorial in *Le Citoyen*, signed by G. Deville, said: "Garibaldi was above all a patriot, a great patriot, but he was nothing else.... Garibaldi was

Marx has started taking the Enghien water-cure; apparently they pack the patient into rubber suiting and put him into a steam-filled room. A highly picturesque and grotesque sight.

I am writing to you in haste; Monday is the day of the heaviest correspondence.

In a few days Salvochea, a friend of Mesa, will be going to London. He has just escaped from the convict prisons of Spanish Africa. It was Salvochea who led the movement in Cadiz in 1872,¹ and who defended the town, which only fell thanks to German intervention. You would be interested to meet him; he speaks English and a little French. I have warned him that he will have to drink with you. "*Puedo beber un vaso de cerveza*"² he replied proudly, thinking that that was enough. Salvochea calls himself an anarchist and autonomist; but his anarchism is of a strange complexion; hence one should not pay too much attention to it; he is a man of action. I have remarked that in Paris the word anarchist is understood in a very different sense from that of 1871, and that even the anarchists themselves do not agree on the meaning of the term. Many think like us. But it's a feather they like to wear in their hat. If it gives them pleasure, so much the better.

Cordially yours,

P. LAFARGUE

not aware of the movement which sways modern societies. Straying into an epoch when the spirit of patriotism tends more and more to disappear in the face of economic fatalities, he was, one may say, a man of the past."

¹ At the end of November 1872, disorders broke out in Cadiz. A recently passed law called 40,000 men to the colours. The insurgents hoisting the red flag rose throughout the province and at one point even cut communications with Madrid.

² I can drink a glass of beer.—*Tr.*

P.S. You will have seen in the last *Égalité* that we published the *Social-Démocrate's* note on the matter of our expulsion.¹ This week's *Prolétaire* announces that the National Committee has written to the leading German Committee,² and that an understanding has been reached; find out what happened, and let us know.

I am happy to learn that the little purufia begins to express herself; but it is to be hoped that she will not express her vitality by biting the nurse, love to Papa and Mamma Rosher.

Marx said that he was so busy doing nothing that he was approaching imbecility. "It's a new horizon," I told him.

¹ At the Congress of the Central Federation (of the French Workers' Party) in May, Brousse had caused a whole number of Guesdist groups and the entire editorial staff of *L'Égalité* to be expelled. That paper published in No. 27 of June 11th, 1882 (pp. 1 and 2) the following note: "In its issue of June 1st the Zurich *Sozial-Demokrat*—the central organ of German Social-Democracy—deals with the Salle Oberkampf Congress. It reports the expulsion of the groups from the Central Federation and adds: 'This conduct appears to us the more reprehensible in that at the same time they were eager to admit anarchists and co-operators. Amongst the expelled groups precisely the most energetic defenders of scientific revolutionary socialism are to be found. It is not by such manoeuvres that a fighting party will be built. What is more, already protests against these moves are coming in from all the industrial centres in the provinces.'"

² In No. 194 of June 17th, 1882 (p. 3/III) this note appeared: "*Germany.* An exchange of courteous letters has taken place between the foreign Committee of the German Socialist Workers' Party and the national Committee of the French Workers' Party concerning a note which appeared in the *Sozial-Demokrat*, the official organ of the German Party. The explanations given have strengthened the bonds of sympathy which unite the workers' parties of both countries."

54. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN LONDON

[Paris] 22/6/82

My dear one,

Ever since your last letter I have been waiting to know what you have decided, what you are going to do. As you advised, I said nothing about my money affairs to Engels when I wrote. I hope you will clearly explain to him our situation which can only be put to rights with his help. I counted on the Russian money to help us; yesterday I had a letter from Danielson, expressing their keen wish for me to continue my collaboration and telling me that my article on small holdings made an impression in Russia, owing to certain analogies that I had taken pains to bring out between the situation of the French and the Russian peasant¹; but he says nothing about money, which very much surprised me. I had asked him to arrange articles for me, monthly, weekly or bi-weekly, on current politics; he tells me that this is hardly possible, particularly just now. I am in the process of revising my article on *wheat production in America* which I will send them as soon as it is finished; but I should like to receive the money beforehand. I have told them about these two articles, they are awaiting [them] impatiently.

Engels for his part wrote to me about the question of your leaving and said that should my position in the company not be stabilised he would not advise you to come to Paris. I hope you will not listen to that advice. In Paris temporary situations are the order of the day, particularly in financial firms, so you would never come. The difficulty

¹ In a letter of February 19th, 1881, Marx had asked Danielson to arrange for Lafargue to do regular articles for a Russian review. Danielson set this in train with the review *Slovo (The Word)*, which was published in St. Petersburg, and printed various articles by Lafargue.

for me lies not there, but in finding the capital we need for the initial outlay, however modest it may be, to set up our tupenny-halfpenny household in Paris. The Russian money and that from America could be used for that purpose; for if you go to Cauterets with your father, we could put it aside against the time when you rejoin me.

I have not seen your father since Sunday, Engels will have shown you the letter I wrote him. Since then the weather has improved a little, yesterday it was quite fine and today too, which will have had a good effect on Marx's state of health.—Jenny is much better physically and mentally, although she is in despair over her maid, whose impertinence is beyond all bounds. Every time I go there she speaks of giving her notice; but those are empty threats; the maid knows that well enough and laughs at it; otherwise she would be deucedly afraid of leaving Argenteuil, which she considers a thousand times better than London; one of the station employees is her *sweet-heart**.

I am glad that Mademoiselle la poseuse is polite to you. I believe the old man speaks of her a great deal; I know not in what terms, but they cannot be favourable; people fear to repeat them to me. It only serves her right.

Malon and Brousse have invented a terrible slander against me: they say that you write my serious articles, which I only spoil with my irreverent jokes. I laughed heartily, and told the people who repeated the rumour that you were capable of writing things other than my articles.

The boy is leaving with the letters. Good-bye, I embrace you.

P. LAFARGUE

Have you received *Le Citoyen*?

Hugues's speech will send up the sales. *La Bataille* rages, all the papers have reported the interpellation, it

says only two words, but does not mention the name of *Le Citoyen*.¹

Adieu,

P. L.

55. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

August 2nd 82
38, rue de Lille

My dear General,

I had hoped to have some news of you through Papa who came up to Paris yesterday to meet Guesde, Deville and ourselves at Mesa's house and to lunch with us. He told me that he had not heard from you and that he owed you a letter. Papa seemed to be very well and was very lively, although not overpleased with what the doctor had told him the day before. He is for the present to go on trying Enghien² but he will write to you himself on that head.

We had a very jolly luncheon together. Mme Mesa being absent, Mesa acted head cook while I was kitchen-maid. And it all went off very well and after the feeding business there was a great discussion on the subject of *duelling* which is just now exercising the minds of the men of the

¹ Towards the middle of June *Le Citoyen* put forward the idea of a lottery, the funds from which were to be devoted to the assistance of workers on strike. Government authorisation having been refused, the deputy Clovis Hugues raised the question in the Chamber on June 21st. *Le Citoyen* of June 22nd reproduced Hugues's speech in full (pp. 1/IV, 2/I). *La Bataille* of June 22nd, in the column "The Parliamentary Mob," gave a report of about forty lines, but did not say that the lottery which was the subject of the question had been organised by the journal *Le Citoyen*. *La Bataille*'s editor-in-chief was Lissagaray.

² Marx was taking sulphur baths at the Enghien hydropathic establishment.

Citoyen. Guesde and Deville are all for fighting the first imbecile who thinks proper to call them "lâches,"¹ but Papa gave them a piece of his mind which I hope will do them good.

Paul will write to you shortly on the subject of the "Union"²: it's an awful wheel-within-wheel business and I should never be able to make it all clear to you.

We are still in the rue de Lille owing to the carelessness of Gittens who forgot to let the men of the gare du Nord have our address, so that our furniture had reached Paris something like 9 or 10 days before we knew of it. And for every day thus lost we have had to pay 2 frs in addition to what living at the hôtel costs us.

We are now seeing about getting our rooms furnished and the truth is that unless you, dear Engels, can send us some money to help us to furnish them, I don't see how we are to manage. We have been and are—while leading our present mode of life—spending much quite unavoidably, we have no credit here and I am afraid of drawing too largely on the small sum we have in hand, knowing how scanty are the resources we have to fall back upon. I hope that Paul will find work in addition to what he has, but on this subject I have much to write to you and shall do so as soon as we shall know finally what to make of that Union business which is a bad job.

The boulevards may be very "poétiques" as Hirsch,³ the poet, says, but their poetry and even their prose has to be paid for in hard cash. Talking of Hirsch he has begun his old butterfly life again and flits about right and left as his custom was before he got married. He knocked at the door of our bedroom the other day before 9 o'clock in the

¹ Cowards.—*Tr.*

² The insurance company where Lafargue was employed.

³ This probably refers to Karl Hirsch, a German social-democratic journalist.

morning and seemed quite startled at our considering him as a quite too early visitor. I have not yet had the pleasure of meeting Mme Hirsch. Mesa says that she is a blond edition of her husband, with very conspicuous ears. However, I shall send Pumps a faithful sketch of her after having seen her.

I began this letter on Wednesday but owing to frequent interruptions never got on with it. And now here comes Paul to take me to a restaurant for my déjeuner. Fancy my getting nothing to eat or drink till half past twelve and having to walk for ever so long before one's breakfast! I don't half like it. It's true that when we do sit down to our first meal we go at it heartily and make a regular dinner of it.

I have had a very bad sore throat and have been altogether rather out of sorts this last fortnight. The weather is very changeable.

I am compelled to pull up here, my dear General. With best love to you and yours and to Nimmy.¹

I am very affectionately yours,

LAURA

56. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

*66, Boulevard de Port-Royal,
Paris
August 9th 82*

My dear General,

For your letter (which would have been none the worse for being a little longer) and its contents accept our best thanks. Paul will try to get the cheque cashed in the way you propose.

¹ Pet name for Hélène Demuth, who was also sometimes called Nim, or Papa Nim.

We are rather busy just now getting our rooms into order as we leave the rue de Lille, if possible, on Saturday.

There's war to the knife here between the Broussistes and the Editor of the *Bataille*; Brousse, Labusquière, Marouck, etc., having deserted that paper on the eve of its eclipse.¹ There will be nothing left of all these little great men one of these days for they are fast eating each other up. Such tempests in teapots there never were!

I have not seen Papa since I last wrote you, but mean to call on him tomorrow.

I fancied that you had left London for the seaside and was not aware that Schorlemmer was staying with you.

I hope that the great war is over between Pumps and Sarah² and that olive-branches have been interchanged between them. How is Father Nim? Has she seen *Pluck* at the Drury Lane and has she made use of the oilcloth I left behind me? By-the-bye, dear General, you could do me a favour by occasionally sending me your *Standards* when you have done with them. London papers are sold at fancy prices here and I like to know what's going on in England.

With love to all. Believe me,

Very affectionately yours,

LAURA

¹ *La Bataille* of August 8th published the following note, signed by Lissagaray: "Monsieur Labusquière, secretary of *La Bataille*, having tendered his resignation which we at once accepted, Messieurs Brousse, Deynaud and Marouck felt obliged to hand in theirs. Henceforward, *La Bataille* will be able to pursue, unimpeded, a more revolutionary path in accordance with the traditions as with the interests of that workers' party which saw the light in 1789, was crushed in 1793, resuscitated by the insurgents of June 1848, cemented by the blood of the Commune in 1871 and has nothing parliamentary about it." *La Bataille* was founded on May 10th, 1882. It was to take over the name of *Le Citoyen* on October 17th and to appear with the twofold title until May 28th, 1883, on which date *Le Citoyen* reappeared as an evening paper.

² Engels's maid.

57. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, August 30th, 1882¹

My dear Engels,

Consummatum est. The amalgamation has taken place; the Union nationale has gone out of existence and is replaced by Le Capital. The Union nationale had portfolios and no money, having dissipated it all on speculations and squandering of every kind; Le Capital, on the other hand, claims to have money, but, although established on a government footing, has never been able to do business in France. Le Capital is an Anglo-French company. My opinion is that the directors and administrators are *sharpers**, they all have that sort of phiz: one in particular, with a bloated mug, would give you pleasure to see, it testifies to not less than several hogsheads of sherry and other liquors. Miégevill² is radiant; he is to receive 200,000 francs for having administered the Union nationale so well: he is a cunning fellow. The fate of the other employees is problematical: I am much afraid that the clerical staff will be sent packing; for Le Capital, while not having any correspondence, had employees responsible for this non-existent correspondence. Anyhow, time will tell. In any case, the discharged employees will at least get two months' wages in compensation, according to what they say. Time will tell.

But this amalgamation was not plain sailing: it required a bitter struggle. It was epic. As soon as the plan to amalgamate became known in the offices, all the higher employees of the company plotted to defeat it, to remove Miégevill from office and have him appointed to

¹ The original is dated by mistake 1880.

² Managing director of the Union nationale, a limited liability company with a capital of 15 million francs.

an administrative post. They schemed so well that the June meeting decided in their favour. But Miégevillle is an artful rogue; he found grounds for rescinding the meeting; they went before the judge of the commercial court, who reinstated Miégevillle. In July, another meeting, and another defeat for Miégevillle. Another refusal to give up his position. So the conspirators decided to take it by main force. One morning they invaded the offices from which they had been ejected after the June 28th meeting. They declared themselves the true representatives of the shareholders' meeting. Miégevillle sent for the police, who refused to intervene; after consulting his superiors, the superintendent told Miégevillle: deal with the matter yourselves in your own offices. Then the battle started. The Miégevillist employees attacked the rebels; there was fighting, blows with fists and sticks, they even made one rebel jump out of the window; fortunately it was only from a mezzanine floor. A dozen conspirators were chased from office to office and locked in a room where they spent 26 hours without food or drink. The Miégevillists stood guard at the door all night. This fight, which recalls the far-off battles of the Middle Ages, took place in the heart of Paris; the Boulevard Haussmann, one of the largest boulevards, is a stone's throw from the Boulevard des Italiens. A huge crowd stationed itself at the doors of the Union nationale, which had never been so disunited. The conspirators then appealed to the law. The judge of the commercial court sent both Miégevillle and the conspirators to the devil, sequestrated the company and put in a judicial director responsible for calling another meeting. The question was put to the shareholders thus: Liquidation; Call on Shareholders; or Amalgamation. There was a majority of 827 for amalgamation. The conspirators had come a cropper. Personally, I was on Miégevillle's side, but did not display an excess of zeal. I remained neutral during the actual fighting; that was not my business; and anyway, it is quite enough to be en-

ployed in a wretched little financial concern about which one knows all the seamy side, without being a party to its quarrels.

You will have heard of Marx's departure¹ and even received news of him since he reached Switzerland. When he left Paris, he was much better, his health had improved extraordinarily during the last weeks of his stay at Argenteuil.

It was the few weeks of wonderful weather which brought about this change. But ten or twelve days before he went away it started to rain again and since he has left Paris it has not stopped pouring, blowing abominably and being alternately hot and cold. So it is a good thing he has left this country with its variable weather, principles and Ministers; but according to what Laura writes, he ran into the same weather in Switzerland; and as it is late in the season, perhaps Switzerland is not the most suitable place for anyone of Marx's delicate health; it might perhaps be better if he were to go to Italy straight away and to the shores of the Mediterranean.

I can hardly expect that you have had better weather in England during your stay at the seaside²: but you had the consolation that if the skies made you wet externally, you moistened the inner man, in company with dear old Chloro-major,³ who really should invent a drink that wets the inside and dries the exterior.

You will no doubt get this letter on your return to London, all feeling well, and peace prevailing at 122 Regent's Park Road, for Laura has told us the ups and downs of the civil war between Pumps and Sarah.

¹ Marx had left Paris on August 22nd for Switzerland, accompanied by Laura. He stayed at Lausanne and Vevey, returning to Paris on September 27th.

² Engels had spent his holidays at Great Yarmouth.

³ Nickname for Schorlemmer.

Give my best regards to the Roschers, papa, mamma and baby, to Chloro-major, and may your liquor be strong and cold.

Yours ever,

P. LAFARGUE

58. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE AT VEVEY*

London, 20 septbr. 1882

My dear Laura,

I hope Mohr got my short note of the 18th.¹ Today, though under difficulties, I must fulfil my word to you. Have worked all day till six, then dined, now it's just nine, and so I am still a little under the influence of digestion, and besides Percy is sitting in the room but fortunately has got hold of *Joseph Andrews*.

Do I know Vevey? Why I was quartered there in Septbr. 1849 for about a fortnight² and know all the Swiss shore of the lake from Villeneuve to Geneva, the Dent du Midi and the mont Blanc and all the rest. If I am not much mistaken, we officers were quartered in your Hotel on the Quay. On the square under the trees, facing the lake, Willich used to exercise his two horses. I am only sorry you cannot even partially follow the route I made out for you, the Bernese Oberland in many respects beats the lake of Geneva hollow. But if Mohr is to try for a visit to England in October, it will soon be time for you to leave the Alps. I do hope there will be no risk to him in trying to

¹ See *Marx/Engels Gesamtausgabe* (MEGA), III/4, p. 562.

² At the end of the Baden campaign, at the time of the 1849 insurrection, Engels, with the democratic troops, crossed into Switzerland on July 12th, 1849. He was a member of Willich's corps which was quartered in Vevey. Willich, who was one of the leaders of the Baden Army, shortly revealed himself in emigration as a conceited intriguer, and Marx and Engels broke with him.

come. Otherwise it would be folly. But let the doctors decide, as also about his winter resort. Only if he is to come he ought not to drive it too late. We have had fine but rather cold weather, especially night and morning; yesterday rain all day, today dry but mostly dull. By the way, Mohr's statistics of the barometer¹ tally exactly with our experiences at the time at Yarmouth, only that we had a very wet day with the highest barometer, Tussy praying all the time for the stupid thing to fall again!

As to the star-foaming wine, that quality is the exclusive property of *Cortailod*—the other Neuchâtel wines do not possess it as far as I know, nor are they so good.

I wonder who got up that foolish story about Bebel.² The *Cologne Gazette* up to Friday last week (date of the Paris papers that reported it) knows or at least tells nothing about it. The thing looks as if it was a canard concocted by Mehring³ and worked at Paris by Hirsch. I may be on the wrong scent, but I should not be at all astonished if it was so. Who else should have so quickly put in the *Bataille* and in the *Citoyen* a necrology, in which (in the *Bat[aille]* at least) and OLD speech of Bebel's was quoted that he was for lawful means exclusively? The fright we got was something awful. On Friday night two

¹ See Marx's letter to Engels of September 16th, 1882 (MEGA, III/4, pp. 560-61).

² On September 15th, the Paris daily papers, amongst others *Le Citoyen* and *La Bataille*, announced the death of Bebel at Zwickau on the 14th. *La Bataille* even gave a whole column to his obituary (p. 2). *L'Egalité* did likewise in its No. 41 of September 17th. It was on September 20th that *Le Citoyen* (p. I/IV) inserted an official statement by the editorial staff of the Zurich *Sozial-Demokrat* denying the report.

³ Mehring was still at that time a bitter opponent of Social-Democracy. He had published in the *Weserzeitung* at the beginning of July a very harsh criticism of the Party journal, the *Sozial-Demokrat*, alleging that there were differences of opinion between the editors on the one hand and Marx and Engels on the other.

members of the Working Men's society, Tottenham St., came and asked me, was it true? That was the first I heard. Tussy had the *Bataille* with the article mentioned above, same night; the silence of the *Justice* might be explained by Longuet's absence. Hunting up German papers in the cafés was useless; the ner that could contain anything, would no longer lie on the tables on Saturday. At last, Tussy (not I) got her *Sozial-Demokrat* on Saturday night, and that was not only silent, but stated that B[ebel] was fit to go out again. To lose Bebel would have been irreparable. Where to find such another head not only in Germany but anywhere else? Where such theoretical clearness, such practical tact, such quiet determination among the younger generation? Well, it is not true and the relief I felt when all doubt had disappeared, I cannot describe.

I am also extremely glad that Jenny has got over her crisis and that the result is the fulfilment of a wish long felt by many.¹ I believe she had a very hard time of it. No doubt Donkin has provided her with someone to look after her, the people at 41 M[aitland] Park² make no doubt he has, and in that case the absence of the "creator" might perhaps be a blessing.

Little Pumphia³ has the chicken-pox and is very restless and takes at last to crying. The whole affair will be over in a few days and would not upset her so but for two pimples having come out on her tongue which together with the coming two teeth, make her mouth feel rather painful. Otherwise everything all well.

Love from all to yourself and Mohr and from yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

¹ Jenny Longuet had just given birth to a daughter who was also named Jenny and was known as Mémé.

² That is, Tussy and Hélène Demuth.

³ Pumps' daughter.

Bernstein writes that *The Vicar of Bray* has created a tremendous sensation.¹

Tussy had written *three times* to Jenny, since her return here, up *to last Sunday!*

59. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

*66, Boulevard de Port-Royal,
Paris*

Thursday morning, Sep^{br} 28th/82

Dear General,

I have been quite unable to write to you before this, though I much wanted to report progress. Our departure from Vevey took place on Monday the 25th, up to which date we were weather-bound. We reached Geneva in the afternoon of Monday, spent the whole of Tuesday with poor old Becker and said good-bye to beautiful Switzerland on Wednesday morning. Paris we reached last night at half-past eleven p.m., put up for the night at the Hôtel du Chemin de Fer and are now—early in the morning—sitting amidst my own household Gods (that look anything but divine) in the Boulevard de Port-Royal. Words are quite powerless to describe the state of filth and disorder in which I find these rooms of mine and so I will waste as few of them as possible on that subject. You will wonder perhaps that we should have turned tail so precipitately from Geneva, but had we stayed there another day, Papa would have had a relapse and all the good work that had been done at Vevey would have been undone.

Trudging about on foot through the streets of Geneva with a vile wind blowing and a blinding rain drenching

¹ The *Sozial-Demokrat*, No. 37, of September 7th, 1882, had published a German translation by Engels of this song.

you is by no means what suits Papa's condition and it says much for his improved state of health that he could hold out for a day without being materially affected for the worse.

I have much to say to you about Paul and his aberrations but all that must stand over. Papa has the incorrigible habit of wanting to talk and be talked to as soon as ever I take pen in hand and consequently I write these lines under a running fire of wit and wisdom which is quite stultifying. I hope you will forgive me if under the circumstances I am rather more confused than usual. I will add a postscript to this in a day or two. Pray write a line at once to say what sort of weather you are having, as Papa's coming movements depend on that. We go to Argenteuil this morning. Paul is the Lord knows where. However, I had asked him to send me the key of our rooms so that I am as free as a latchkey can make me. Affectionately, dearest General,

Yours LAURA

60. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, October 10th, 1882

My dear Engels,

I returned to Paris last night after 22 days' absence.

Guesde and I had foreseen what would happen at the St. Étienne Congress,¹ although it went far beyond our expect-

¹ The St. Étienne Congress which opened on September 25th recognised the split in the Workers' Party. At (the parliamentary election in the 18th arrondissement (of Paris) on December 18th, 1881, Joffrin, the workers' candidate, had substituted for the basic principles of the minimum programme others inspired by earlier pronouncements of the International. To win over more voters an attempt was made to present the demands of the working class in such a way as to render them "possible" (hence the name *possibilism*),

tations, both for good and for evil. We had tried to be ready to ward off the blow of the Possibilists (Broussists and Malonists). We left for Lyons 8 days before the congress; we had railway permits and 115 francs given us by the Central Federation for our incidental expenses. Thanks to our lectures, our journey, far from costing the Party anything, made some money for it. Our lecture at Lyons brought in 286 francs clear. Our two lectures at Roanne, over 300 francs; at Montluçon, Bézenet and Saint-Chamond, all our lectures made not less than 100 francs. It was these lectures which enabled several delegates to be sent not only from the locality, but also from further afield; thus Montluçon sent 50 francs to Alais and Roanne, 80 francs to Rochefort. Everywhere we went we warned the groups of the split which we foresaw, and at Roanne we made all preparations for holding a counter-congress, should the need for it be felt.

When, on Sunday, September 24th, we reached St. Étienne, we were 24 delegates who had decided to break away. One of our friends in the locality had arranged lodgings for us in the same hotel, so that we could hold our war council without having to chase after each other. Already on the Sunday evening Guesde and I drafted the various resolutions which we were to move in succession, on the examination of credentials, on voting procedure, on admitting the Marseilles delegates who had come on money from a bourgeois municipality, and so on. We had

which amounted to the abandonment of a theoretical standpoint. Guesde, in *L'Égalité* called this attitude opportunism. *Le Proletaire* retorted and the argument grew acrimonious. In May 1882, the Central Federal Union, on the initiative of Brousse and Malon, called for the expulsion of a certain number of groups as well as of the editorial board of *L'Égalité*. From the first session of the St. Étienne Congress, the Malonists made plans to force the Guesdists to resign. The latter opened a counter-congress at Roanne on September 26th. The Broussists were to take the name henceforward of Socialist Revolutionary Workers' Party, Socialist Labour Federation of France, whilst the "Marxists" retain the name of French Workers' Party.

decided that we should withdraw if the voting procedure was changed, as the Malonists wanted; but they did not dare to join battle on that issue. I must tell you that, contrary to all precedents, they wanted every delegate to have as many votes as mandates up to five votes: as they all held at least five mandates, they expected to carry the congress. Malon had come to St. Étienne with 16 proxy votes.

Having won on the question of voting, we were afraid we could not find a suitable opportunity for the break, when on the Monday evening the Possibilists themselves provided us with one. The Lyons delegate, Farjat, tabled a motion demanding that, on the question of discipline, the two parties in the dispute should be allowed the same time to speak for or against, and that the interested parties should not take part in the voting. The Possibilists, who were in the majority, refused. Thereupon, in a spontaneous movement, we rose and left the hall.

The next day we left for Roanne, where we opened the counter-congress. Tomorrow I will send you the file of the *Citoyen*¹ and the *Égalité*² which deal with the congress.

The Congress at Roanne was a great success, we held 3 public meetings; they were packed; at the last one a Catholic speaker, a barrister by profession, volunteered to refute us. We agreed to the debate. It was I who had provoked it, for I had poked fun at the bourgeois, saying that if they did not come to the rostrum to defend bourgeois theories, it was because they were tongue-tied; that therefore we had engaged a midwife to cut the fraenum. The joke went round the town.

At St. Étienne we held a big public meeting with more

¹ From September 29th to October 4th *Le Citoyen* gave a front page report of the Roanne Congress sessions each day. The programme adopted was published in the issue of October 3rd.

² No. 43 of October 1st published the 6th National Congress's resolution on the question of discipline. No. 44 of October 8th contained 8 pages of which 6 were devoted to a report of the congress.

than 1,500 in bourgeois attendance; we forced them to acknowledge that we at least put forward scientific theories. You will see the accounts in *Le Citoyen*, as well as those of other meetings which we held in Bézenet, a miners' district, and at Domerat, a rural township. The latter was the most remarkable; before an audience of over a hundred vine-dressers, the Bordeaux delegate and I expounded all the social consequences which the centralisation of industry and land would bring about; I was astonished at the response, notwithstanding a parish councillor, who opposed us and indeed went so far as to accuse us of being dishonest.

I think all that was done was excellent and if we stand firm we shall beat the Possibilists, who are nothing but Lassalleans; for all they want is to transform the various centralised industries into public services or state industries (such as the postal service).

While the Party is in good heart, my own situation is gloomy. What I anticipated has occurred; *Le Capital*, which succeeded the *Union nationale*,¹ sacked me with a crowd of others; we counted on at least three months' compensation, they had promised it to us; but we only got a month's advance.

On my return I find your note, telling me that the fee for my article will arrive at the beginning of the month. Would you please advance me 300 francs, which you can take out of the Petersburg money as soon as it comes. I have to pay my landlord on October 15th.

I have already written two other articles on grain production in the United States; I shall write another on meat production, for which I have some of the notes. While they are publishing these three articles I shall prepare some material on the Bank of France, which will do for at least two or three articles. If Russia does not default, I think I could earn 200 to 300 francs a month with

¹ See Lafargue's letter of August 30, 1882.

my articles; *Le Citoyen* pays me 100 francs; that will enable me to rub along and look for other work.

We have had news from Marx¹ who does not seem to be any worse. As for you, you must be in fine fettle. I myself have come back very worn out. Love to the Roshers, to everybody.

Ever yours,

P. LAFARGUE

Laura intends to write to you.

61. FREDERICK ENGELS TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS

London, 30th October, 1882

My dear Lafargue,

Do please send the daily *Égalité*² REGULARLY to the
Ed. of the *Sozial-Demokrat*

Zurich, Switzerland.

In exchange they will send you the *S[ozial]-D[emokrat]*. It's an unequal exchange—daily paper as against weekly—but the gain will be on your side just the same. It is a matter of keeping the editors of the *S[ozial]-D[emokrat]*.

¹ On October 9th Marx had written a letter to Laura from London in which he gave fairly good news of his health.

² On October 17th, with the connivance of the proprietor, A. Audigé, Lissagaray took over *Le Citoyen* and brought it out under the title *Le Citoyen et La Bataille*. The editorial committee of the *Citoyen* (Guesde, Lafargue, Deville, etc.) continued to bring the paper out. Lissagaray tried to get the issue of October 20th seized, but failed. On Sunday, the 20th, the paper appeared with the title *Le Citoyen des Deux Mondes* and was seized at the request of the proprietor. On the 21st the title was *Le Citoyen international*.

Nevertheless, since there was always the danger of seizure, the editors decided on the 24th to christen the paper *L'Égalité*. This daily *Egalité*, which existed side by side with the weekly *Égalité*, held out, thanks to the workers' pence, until December 8th, 1882.

krat] informed of what goes on in Paris, and you will realise yourself that it is impossible for a \pm proletarian editorial board to subscribe to all the news sheets appearing and vanishing in Paris.

Up to now, the S[ozial]-D[emokrat]'s main source of Paris information had been Vollmar, deputy to the German parliament, ex-officer, and paralysed as the result of a wound. He is a friend of Malon's and you can imagine how much the latter has set him against your Party. He has not only made use of the numerous mistakes with which you have not failed to supply him (for example, the ridiculous article by Léon Picard on the Germans in Paris of last Sept[ember]¹), but he has told him a pack of lies as usual.

Vollmar is nevertheless a good fellow and has put out a pamphlet in Germany so Impossibleist that it will no longer be possible for him to remain a Possibilist in France.² It would be worth seeking an opportunity to have an interview with him and letting him see the reverse side of the medal. I have not got his address in Paris but that will not be difficult to find.

¹ *Le Citoyen* of September 3rd, 1882 published (p. 2/II-III) an article by Léon Picard called: "The Rue St. Marc Affair." Déroulède and his League of Patriots had made a raid on a German gymnastics club in the rue St. Marc. L. Picard wrote the following astonishing lines for a socialist paper: "It is not that we uphold German provocations. With no less disgust than Monsieur Henri Martin's patriots do we witness the Germanic invasion of Paris. The Teutonic accent has the effect of splitting our ears and setting our teeth on edge. The appearance of these big fair-haired youths from Germany whom one meets everywhere, in self-contained groups, holding themselves aloof from this hospitable city, has the effect of reviving in us a hatred of the invaders of 1870...."

² Engels is no doubt referring to Vollmar's articles published in August in the *Sozial-Demokrat* on the repeal of the Anti-Socialist Law. Therein Vollmar showed himself a partisan of revolutionary tactics at an inopportune moment and in a manner which merited Engels's criticism. (Letter to Bebel of October 28th, 1882. *Selected Correspondence*, Martin Lawrence, London, 1934, p. 401. *Selected Correspondence*, Lawrence & Wishart, London, 1956, p. 426.)

I am bringing out a German edition of *Socialism*: *Utopian* and *Scientific* in Zurich with a lot of additions.¹ I will send you some copies as soon as I receive them. The thing is about twice as long as your translation. Would there be a chance of publishing a new French edition based on it?

I repeat, it is of the utmost importance for you to keep the *Social-Democrat* informed, Bernstein has the best will in the world, but we cannot from here keep him posted on matters of which quite often we are left in ignorance ourselves. It would be a good thing to find an opportunity to write to him, to ask for some information, and so on. Those are the harmless ways in which Malon knows how to make himself agreeable to people and which you always disregard. Do remember from time to time that Paris is no longer the capital of the world (which has no capital any more) and, still less, the world itself.

Remember me kindly to Laura.

Yesterday Marx dined here, in the evening we all had supper at his place, we stayed together drinking rum till one o'clock, and today he has left for Ventnor.

Ever yours,

F. E.

62. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, November 13th, 1882

My dear Engels,

I delayed replying to you because I expected to be able to send you some good news about *L'Égalité*; unfortunately nothing is settled yet²; a thousand difficulties arose

¹ This edition (*Die Entwicklung des Sozialismus von der Utopie zur Wissenschaft*) came out in Zurich in 1883. The preface is dated September 21st, 1882. It contained in particular the appendix on "The Mark."

² Lafargue and Guesde were negotiating with a money-lender to try and keep the daily *Égalité* going.

which held up the signing of the agreement. We think everything will be concluded this week; it must be at all costs, for we shall not be able to go on beyond that, it has really needed superhuman efforts to keep going for 29 days without any money. The funny part of it is that in our straits we have held up the failure of our printer, who lives entirely on us. That has been our misfortune, for if we had had a printer in a good way of business, he would certainly have given us credit, whereas, on the contrary, he expects the proceeds of our daily sales, which we are committed to hand over to him so that he can carry on. Our sales go up every day.¹

You asked me whether the Possibilists had a programme; they have none; but they have formulated some basic principles which serve only to mislead fools.² They are the basic principles of the International, pulverised and adulterated, to which they have added Louis Blanc's famous phrase: *from each according to his ability and to each according to his need*. The influence of the Possi-

¹ In a letter to Bernstein of November 4th Engels announced that the circulation exceeded 5,000.

² No. 210 of *Le Prolétaire*, of October 7th, 1882 (p. 1/II) published the Party's basic principles:

"Whereas the emancipation of the workers can be brought about only by the workers themselves. . . .

"The Socialist Revolutionary Workers' Party declares:

"1. That the final aim it pursues is the complete emancipation of all human beings without distinction of sex, race or nationality.

"2. That this emancipation will not be on the way to realisation until, by the socialisation of the means of production, the path towards a communist society is taken, in which 'each gives according to his abilities and receives according to his needs'.

"3. That to take this way it is necessary to maintain, by virtue of the historic fact of class differences, a separate political party, in opposition to the various shades of bourgeois political parties.

"4. That this emancipation can only emerge from revolutionary action and if steps are taken to pursue *as its means* the conquest of public power in the commune, the *département* and the State."

bilists decreases every day; in the provinces, where they have been unable to intrigue with anyone of consequence, it is practically nil; there are none but a few malcontents, thrown out of our ranks, who rally to them; in Paris they still carry some weight, thanks to the mixed nature of the Parisian working class. Nevertheless, they go down in public esteem, people begin to realise that they are nothing but Radicals masquerading under an assumed name, and that all their differences with Clemenceau and the other Radicals are but personal ones: they aspire to their political position.

You will have seen that we have made use of your note in the *Standard*¹; it was Deville who wrote the paragraph; he missed the point. Our Ministers have had their trouble for nothing, all the horrors of Montceau² did not produce the desired effect. Tirard's sublime mistake in arithmetic³

¹ In the (daily) *Égalité*, No. 19, of November 11th (p. 1/II), an article headed "At the Feet of the Tsar" began as follows:

"Frankfort telegraphs the *Standard*: I hear from a very reliable source that important diplomatic negotiations are taking place at the present time between Russia and France. If the French Government accedes to the wishes of the St. Petersburg cabinet regarding a treaty of extradition covering political refugees, Russia on her side will support, amongst other things, the whole of French policy in North Africa, more particularly on the important questions now pending in Egypt and Tunisia.

"These fresh Franco-Russian negotiations were opened privately by Count Ignatiev during his last visit to Paris and his efforts have been crowned with a certain measure of success... The Russian ambassador in Paris has been left to conclude the negotiations."

² Montceau-les-Mines had been the scene of a series of outrages by anarchists who had set fire to a church and blown up some crucifixes. At its October session, the Jury of the Saône-et-Loire Assize Court had no fewer than 23 cases to investigate.

³ The (daily) *Égalité*, No. 20, of November 12th (p. I/IV) says: "An Error of 100 Million." "A curious mishap has occurred to Monsieur Tirard: he made a mistake of only 100 million in the figures he presented to the Budget Committee... *Le Journal des débats*, Léon Say's paper, gloats over the Minister's blunder which, indeed, goes beyond anything ever known."

set public opinion against them. They covered themselves with ridicule.

The weather here is vile, it rains, it blows, it is cold. I do not know if you are having the same bad luck as we; but we delude ourselves with the idea that Marx is having better weather on the Isle of Wight.¹ We have had no news of him. Jenny has been very ill.² Laura has been a little upset; but she is a little better.

Your bank-note* arrived like manna in the midst of the desert; unfortunately we have not been able to make it last for ever; I would beg you to send me some money, as I need to buy some underclothes for Laura.

Do you think I ought to write to St. Petersburg about my money?

Love to everyone.

Cordially yours,

P. LAFARGUE

63. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 24 Nov., 1882

My dear Engels,

Thank you for your kind letter and for the remittance promised; you can send half of it c/o Mesa, 36, rue du Bac, and the rest to *Madame L. Lafargue*. Write to me always under *Laura's* name. The police do not know my address and that is why, without having to sleep out like

¹ Marx had left London on October 30th for Ventnor, where he was to remain until January 12th, 1883.

² Jenny Longuet had suffered for some months from a disease of the bladder, probably cancer, from which she died, at the age of thirty-eight, on January 11th, 1883.

Guesde, I have not yet been caught¹; and I am anxious to leave them in that blissful ignorance.

I did not write to you as I promised I would on the day after my P.C.,² because the agreement which we had hoped to sign the next day fell through and *L'Égalité's* life was again in danger. The situation was so serious that last Friday we should have gone out of existence if a messenger sent by providence had not chanced to come into our office and lent us the 70 francs we needed to bring the paper out. We spend our life hoping and despairing. At the moment we have an arrangement which will enable us to carry on quietly till December 1st. The distributor of the paper who has full confidence in *L'Égalité's* vitality, has guaranteed the printer and one of our friends the paper merchant up to December 1st. The financial reporter assures us that between now and then he will find a way to save the paper. He has already narrowly failed to save it. We were to have negotiated with the *Banque populaire*, which engaged itself to take on the administrative expenses of the paper, to pay for the printing, the paper and 100 francs a day for the editorial staff provided that we gave them two columns on the 3rd page for financial advertisements; it reckoned its losses at the rate of 5 or 6 thousand francs a month. The Bank's board had already agreed

¹ Guesde and Bazin had been summoned to appear before Monsieur Édouard Piquand, examining magistrate of the Montluçon County Court, on November 14th, and had publicly refused to do so. On November 15th Lafargue received a summons for the 21st, which ended by saying that, failing compliance, "a warrant for his arrest" would be issued. On November 22nd the police arrived at Guesde's house—to no purpose. The judicial inquiry was set on foot on account of the lectures given by Guesde, Lafargue, Chapoulié and Bazin following the Roanne Congress, the government charging them with direct incitement to the crimes of murder, pillage and arson.

² Students' slang, meaning letter.

when the crisis produced by the Rothschilds and high finance occurred.¹ The Council, seized by fear, postponed the signing of the agreement for a month, or at least until things were clearer. That delay would have spelt our death, had not providence come to our aid. At present we think the situation is saved, we expect to receive 3,000 francs tomorrow or the day after from a friend and the reporter is trying to find a printer and a paper merchant who will each agree to put 20,000 francs into the paper. He has found the printer already; and he hopes to unearth a paper manufacturer; in which case we shall be able to wait till the bank thinks the time opportune to negotiate with us.

What Malon writes to Luriet is both true and false. Their big, their only argument is that they have a larger number of trade union bodies than we have; that is quite possible, the trade union bodies and workers' groups formed as a result of the strike are not committed; they joined the Federal Union before the split and have kept up their membership; but they are quite Platonic. These workers' groups and trade union branches pay no dues, and are not represented on the Councils of the Possibilists, which is shown by the number of delegates present and the paucity of their funds. As for the groups outside the trade union branches, they are chimerical; here is proof of it. In the 17th arrondissement, after the Congress, our friends organised a group which consisted from the start of 29 members. To hoodwink us the Possibilists divided their group which, I am told, consisted of only a score of members, into five subgroups combined under a local Federal Committee. It's a good trick, but deceives only those who are indifferent and those who are out of touch. But they have more *bona fide* groups, particularly in Mont-

¹ For the preceding ten days, high finance, which wanted to oust Tirard, the Finance Minister, brought about a systematic fall of Stock Exchange prices.

martre, the only part of Paris where they are numerous and well organised. But despite the 80-odd groups they boast of having in Paris, the Possibilists have not got the influence that we have; the proof of that is that they were expelled from the *Bataille*¹ and had neither the means nor the courage to start a daily paper; whereas we, who only amount to 15 groups at the moment, without a penny, were able, with help from our friends of the Workers' Party, to raise the money needed to make *L'Égalité* last out for a month; and, from one day to the next, without posters or any kind of advertisement, *L'Égalité* found five thousand buyers in Paris. It is the convinced who rally to us. The *Bataille* even in its hey-day sold 2 to 3 thousand in Paris. The Possibilists, who become more and more merged with the Radicals, are losing influence all the time.

What Malon says about the provinces is totally false. Only one region is genuinely organised, that is the Nord; it has several thousand members. The people of the Nord do not want to take any part in the quarrels of the Parisians; it was only at the last moment that they decided to send a delegate to the St. Étienne Congress, but with a categorical mandate to uphold the Havre programme and to bring about a conciliation. The very day of our withdrawal from the St. Étienne Congress, the Nord groups telegraphed to their delegate Jonquet, a personal friend of Malon's, to withdraw and go to Roanne to table the Nord Federation's resolutions; and the following week, *Le Forçat*, their paper, published at the head of the page the basic principles drafted in Regent's Park Road, as the only programme of the Workers' Party.²

¹ See Laura Lafargue's letter of August 9, 1882.

² From its first issue (July 14th, 1882) the *Forçat* published (p. 1/I) the basic principles of the French Workers' Party programme, drawn up by Marx, Engels, Guesde and Lafargue and adopted at the Havre Congress. Starting with No. 11 (September 24th, 1882) the paper published them every day across the whole page.

We shall be holding our next Congress at Roubaix and the Nord Federation will send delegates to our Congress only.

At the present time one of the editors of *Le Forçat*, which sells 18,000 copies, is in Paris: the Nord Federation wishes to make it a daily, and for that purpose would like one of us to go to Lille to take over the direction of the political section: if *L'Égalité* comes to an end, Guesde will go. But there must be no talk about these plans which are private and confidential.

The other organ of the Workers' Party, *L'Exploité* of Nantes, also prints at the top of its front page the Havre principles,¹ which the Possibilists allege were imposed by the Marxists. Deville is working with the *Exploité*, which reprints articles from *L'Égalité*. *L'Exploité* and *Le Forçat* are the only two organs which the workers outside Paris have; they are with us. In the provinces, wherever there is a workers' group (Rheims, Épernay, Lyons, throughout the Allier coal-fields, Bordeaux, Angoulême, Rochefort) we are defeating the Possibilists, who have no strength except in Brittany and Marseilles; if there.²

Godard³ is an agent of Maret's: we have established that Titard, Maret's secretary and the editor of *Le Radical*,

¹ No. 6 of the *Exploité*, of October 22nd, 1882, printed across the whole page the principles of the French Workers' Party programme. This was repeated at the head of every issue up to No. 13 of December 13th, 1882.

² This sentence was quoted in Engels's letter of November 28th, 1882, to Bernstein.

³ On September 2nd a meeting was organised in the Salle Lévis on the subject of gas and the corruption of the ruling class and the capitalist press. Louise Michel, Jules Guesde and Paul Lafargue were supposed to speak. Henri Maret, deputy for the 18th arrondissement, editor of the journal *Le Radical*, was personally invited to attend. It was a stormy meeting. On September 6th, Crié wrote a letter to Deville exposing the plans to sabotage the meeting by Henri Titard, who worked on *Le Radical*, and Godard who, on the 7th, tried to knock Guesde out in the offices of the journal.

had planned for Godard to attack us in the Salle Lévis at Batignolles, where we attacked Maret, whom we accused of having been bribed by the Gas Company. Godard's intervention created an uproar in the meeting and prevented it passing a vote of censure of Maret, who is the deputy for the arrondissement. Neither Godard nor Titard dared to deny the facts. Godard thought he could extricate himself by fighting a duel with Crié, who had vouched for the facts to us. At any rate Godard is not a Possibilist, he calls himself an anarchist like his master Maret; and I do not understand why Malon takes up his defence so hotly: unless it be that they fraternise together in their capacity as Radicals. This Godard writes for an opportunist Toulouse paper.

Tell Bernstein to ask Malon why *Le Prolétaire* attacks us personally every week, why Brousse has written a pamphlet against us and against the Marxists, since we are so weak and so impotent.

Can you get details about this trade-union mission to France in connection with the Channel tunnel? Surely there must be bourgeois money in it?

Could you not send us some articles and some reports?
I must be off.

Greetings,

P. LAFARGUE

64. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Paris, Dec^{br} 2nd/32

Dear General,

Your letter and note, for which many thanks from Paul and from myself, arrived this morning. You will have understood from my silence that there has been nothing pos-

itive to communicate touching the *Égalité*. Every morning, with a great flourish of trumpets some new "combinaison"¹ is announced, and every evening news comes that the latest and best of all arrangements has come to grief. To have held out thus long, under such pitiful conditions, says something for the vitality of the paper. The "combinaison" now pending is less brilliant than all those—and their name is legion—that have come and *gone* before, is I think vastly more practical. It entails raising the price of the paper to 10 centimes but no falling off is anticipated in the number of the select few who buy and subscribe to the *Égalité*. I have no time now—having to get to the post-office by five—to give you further particulars but such scraps of information as I shall pick up I will send on to you without delay. Bouis and Brissac, you will have noticed, have fallen out of the race. The former busy B has improved the shining hour by starting an idiotic weekly on his own account. Poor old Brissac is so hen-pecked that he daren't, as Helen says, say be to a goose, and his wife is generally the head and front of his offending!—Paul is "wanted," as you are aware, at Montluçon,² but all the great and little Piquards of the Police—for all their laying of their brilliant and bald heads together—have not yet contrived to find out where he roosts, although he has never ceased to roost at home. They're a damned stupid lot! Excuse my swearing but words are weak to express such stupidity and "them's my sentiments!"—Jenny was better when I last saw her. She was then in search of a nurse for her little girl.

Yours, my dear General, very affectionately,

LAURA

¹ Combination.—*Tr.*

² A reference to Lafargue's summons to appear before the examining magistrate.

65. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

*Tuesday 7 p.m. Dec. 12th/82
Paris, Bd de Port-Royal*

Dear General,

Paul has just dropped into the clutches of a commissaire de police¹ and sends me word of the fact through a young man who gives me, together with this piece of news, some salad that Paul was bringing home for dinner. That ass of a commissaire, confound him! happens to choose a day for his work on which we were to have a very good dinner and now I've had to cook it and shall have to eat it all by myself, which is no fun at all.

This is an awful place and an awful kind of existence, for one never knows what's coming next. At present I have got five francs in my pocket and therefore look forward with interest to the speedy release of my illustrious lord and master!

I add nothing further tonight, dear General, as you will have received Paul's letter this morning.

Yours very affectionately,

LAURA

*[In Engels's writing]*²

Dies soeben 9.20 Abends erhalten. Natürlich wird Paul, nach Präsentation in Montluçon sofort in Freiheit gesetzt. Inzwischen schicke ich gleich morgen an L[aura] the needful*.³ In 41 M[aitland] P[ark] all right*.

¹ The police report says: "... he was arrested, without showing any resistance, on December 12th at 7 p.m."

² This addition by Engels is addressed to Marx, to whom he forwarded Laura's letter.

³ Just received this at 9: 20 p.m. After presenting himself at Montluçon Paul will, of course, be set free immediately. In the meantime I will send L[aura] the needful straight away tomorrow.—Tr.

66. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 14 Dec. 1882

My dear Laura,

I received your letter last night at half past nine, too late even to send a line by this morning's post, as foreign letters posted up here after nine are not forwarded until next evening.

I had scarcely any money in the house, and had given Percy a cheque to cash for me today in town. But he will not be here before six at best, also too late to send you a bank-note by 5.30 mail. However as soon as I get the money I shall forward one so as to help you over the first few days. No doubt Paul will fare as Guesde and Bazin did and be at liberty if not today, at least tomorrow, as soon as the comedy of an examination before the austere Piquand shall have been gone through. I forwarded both Paul's and your letter to Mohr, and told Nim about the affair this morning.

More anon, when I shall be able to send substantial comfort.

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

67. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

*66, Boulevard de Port-Royal
Paris, Dec^{ber} 21th/82*

Dear General,

I am behind hand again, but I haven't been able to help it. I did not see Jenny on Sunday: did not wish to write before having seen her, and ever since have not found a moment to call my own.

Jenny is in a very precarious condition. A trip she made to Paris appears to have done her a great deal of harm. The inflammation she suffers from was rather worse than better when I saw her and she is altogether out of spirits. I am doing all I can to get her to see the doctor again and she has promised to do so.

When I wrote you last—on the day of Paul's arrest, I mean—I was in a devil of a difficulty. In the first place I was house-bound on account of a very bad cold and cough and secondly I hadn't got wherewithal to make the journey to Argenteuil even if I had been well. For out of the five francs I had in hand three had to go for coals and one for lamp oil, so that not over-much remained for victuals:—Coals one gets in here every three or four days!—

Well, I was wondering what I had better do when Guesde comes in, panting and puffing after toiling up to our fifth floor, and brings me from Mesa (Providence Minor,—I suppose you know who Providence Major is!) a sum of 40 frs. Mesa, knowing that Paul had left without notice, suspected that our fortunes would be in his pocket. The rest you know. Paul came home on Friday evening and your remittance enabled me to pay back Mesa's loan and I was glad to do so knowing that he has more claims on him just now than he can meet.—

The Jaclards have asked us to dine with them this evening. They had received a "poularde truffée"¹ from the country and wished to share the dainty article with friends. And so they hit on us. Should anything worth recording happen tonight, you shall not fail to hear from me very shortly. In any case I shall write in a day or two as I want to compare notes with you on the subject of some new wines with which I just become acquainted in this pays

¹ Truffled fowl.—*Tr.*

enchanté mais non enchanteur¹ as far as I am concerned.
Jenny and I do nothing but rail against la belle France
when we meet.

Good-bye my dear General.

Yours very affectionately,

LAURA

¹ Enchanted but not enchanting country.—*Tr.*

1883

63. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 10th March/83

My dear Laura,

Not having received a letter from Paul this morning, I conclude that in this frosty and snowy weather with east winds you will not be in too great a hurry to come to London. Anyhow, if you should make up your mind to come, everything is prepared for you.

Donkin¹ saw Mohr yesterday evening and, I am glad to say, gave a far more favourable account of his health than a fortnight ago. He said Mohr was decidedly not worse, but better, if anything, than then; and if we could keep him up for the next two months, there would be a good chance of bringing him round again. Of course he is still getting weaker, on account of the difficulty of swallowing, but we *must* force him to eat and drink. This is what Tussy wrote me on a postcard last night and what Nim told me today; I shall see Tussy tonight and if any more details are to be had shall write again at once. The abscess in the lungs he considers to be going on very favourably at present. The nocturnal sweats have now ceased the last 4 nights (or 5) but instead of that there is a certain feverishness in the day-time which of course is also weakening.²

¹ Doctor who was attending Marx.

² We have no other letter of this period from Engels. In the event, the lung abscess grew worse and Marx died in the early afternoon of March 14th.

He gave me the *Prolétaire*¹ and the reply of Guesde's Committee, as well as the "vil" number of the *C[itoyen] and Bat[aille]*,² which I am to keep for him. The copy sent by Paul can therefore with the rest be used for Zurich. So this time the business part of the affair can be attended to, fortunately, but with Mohr's present state of health, that cannot always be reckoned upon if he be in exclusive possession of the materials.

These ex-Bakunists Malon and Brousse are a beastly dirty lot. Such barefaced forgery would be enough, anywhere out of Paris, to kill them for ever. But with the immense hold of *la phrase* upon the Parisians, who knows how many thousand votes the "ouvrier manuel" will not concentrate upon himself? Enfin espérons le mieux.³

Kind regards to Paul,

Very affectionately yours,

F. ENGELS

¹ A parliamentary by-election was to take place on March 11th in the 20th arrondissement owing to Gambetta's death. Guesde was the Workers' Party candidate, while the "manual worker" J. B. Dumay was supported by the Possibilists. Nos. 230, 231 and 232 of *Le Prolétaire* contained articles slandering Guesde. On February 24th Brousse wrote of: "A programme drawn up in London in secret session with three other persons without mandate, a programme which is therefore neither French nor international, but personal and sectarian." On March 10th Paulard, who signed le Bonhomme Misère (nickname for the French peasant), wrote: "We have shown him as going to London to take part in the Marxist conspiracy of which he has become the agent in opposition to the French Workers' Party."

² The March 10th issue of *Le Citoyen et la Bataille* carried an editorial by Lissagaray: "Sunday's Election." After pointing out that the paper had held the balance fairly between the two socialist candidates, he wrote: "What, you, Dumay, the former mayor of Le Creusot, you allow your friends basely to insult Guesde! What, you, Guesde, the eloquent exponent of revolutionary socialism, you deliver up your opponent to the dirty insults of a vile Lafargue!"

³ Anyhow, let us hope for the best.—Tr.

69. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE*

London, 25th March 1883

My dear Laura,

Enclosed a letter from Meyer¹ which was directed to Maitland Park—Tussy opened it without looking at the address, but when she saw from whom it was, she gave it at once to Nim who handed it to me.

Today Nim found among Mohr's manuscripts a large parcel containing the best part if not the whole of the second volume of the *Kapital*—above 500 pages in folio. As we do not yet know in what state of preparation for the press it is, nor either what else we may find, it will be better to keep this piece of good news out of the press for the present.

Pumps is expecting No. 2 daily and nightly² if indeed it has not arrived today—since Friday no news from her. No. 1 is a year old today. Jollymeier³ sends his love to you. Kind regards from both of us to Paul. Tell him that the last No. of the *Sozial-Demokrat*⁴ contains but the report of the funeral—the same essentially which was in the *Justice*.⁵

The English and German press have been inexact and badly informed but upon the whole decent. Even Malon was not so bad.⁶

¹ Probably Rudolph Meyer, a friend of the Marx family.

² A boy was born on April 18th.

³ Another nickname for Schorlemmer.

⁴ This refers to No. 13 of March 22nd, 1883. The article, entitled "Marx's Obsequies," was by Engels.

⁵ The reports of K. Marx's funeral can be found in *La Justice* of March 20th (p. 2/II-III), in *La Bataille* of March 21st (p. 2/III-IV).

⁶ *L'Intransigeant* of March 17th, 1883 (p. 1/IV-V) published over the signature of Malon an obituary which, apart from some errors of fact, is extremely eulogistic. On March 23rd (p. 2/III-V) another article by Malon appeared: "The Socialism of Karl Marx."

Latest News. In walks Pumps and Percy! So then the full 12 months is happily passed.

Most affectionately yours,

F. ENGELS

70. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 11th April 1883

My dear Laura,

I do indeed think, along with you, that Paul ought to go and see his mother and I have told him so many a time and many a year ago. As to the extra expense, that will not be much and I can soon find you that, if informed in time. Only, if things are as you describe, it will require some considerable diplomacy on Paul's part, not to spoil his own game—that Christian sister of charity ought not to be made an enemy of—she is *always* there and Paul *not*, and if only her suspicions are aroused, be sure she will never cease to beguile the old woman into a will as much in her favour as the law will permit. So that point I suppose is settled—you'll have to look after the execution.

We all of us have had a hearty laugh at your account of the Argenteuil adventures. It is so like him from beginning to end.¹ Today it is a week that Tussy sent him a very categorical letter: when is the boy to come? Not a line in reply. Il est toujours en train de réfléchir.²

Paul is sure of six months at least.³ He was awfully funky about it when here, and amused Liebknecht out of

¹ Charles Longuet.

² He is still thinking it over.—*Tr.*

³ Lafargue had been summoned to appear with Guesde before the Moulins Court on a charge of incitement to crime, following the lectures given in the Allier region after the Roanne Congress.

all measure with his *horror carceris*.¹ But if he does not now start in earnest to learn German, I shall consider him to be nothing but un enfant gâté.² Imagine he writes to me that he *will* learn it—"comme vous le dites très bien (!) il pourra (!) devenir nécessaire que je le sache pour des traductions!"³ As if the perfection of his own accomplishments, bright as they are, did not entirely depend on his reading certain German things, published and unpublished! He rejoices in the prospect of the 2nd vol. *Capital* being published but will he ever be able to read it?

If Mme Gendre will translate the *Manifest* into French and let me revise the translation (it's no child's play, you know) I will write her a preface sufficient to explain the historical circumstances etc. But as I know nothing much of the lady, I am bound to say at present: no revision, no preface. A *right* to stop any proceedings of her in that direction I have not. This notabene is for Paul. So is this: What speech of Giffin he writes about I don't know, nor where it was published.

Pumps is still "expectant," or was so at least last night. Percy's mother told him the other day that really he ought to be a little better informed in a case like that.

Jollymeier is here for a few days. Since then (as some days before he left 10 days ago) we have every evening a bobby promenading before the house, when I let Carlo out about 12. The imbeciles evidently think we are manufacturing dynamite, when in reality we are discussing whisky.

Kind regards from him and myself to both of you.

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

¹ Horror of prison.—*Tr.*

² A spoilt child.—*Tr.*

³ "As you *so rightly* say (!) it might (!) become necessary for me to know it in order to do translations!"—*Tr.*

71. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, April 28th, 1883¹

My dear Engels,

I came back yesterday from Moulins,² bringing home six months' imprisonment and a hundred francs' fine plus costs. You had predicted correctly: I should add that we are quite content, since it was unthinkable that we should get off with less. At Moulins I learnt the secret of our prosecution; they wanted to lay hands on Dormoy,³ and to reach him they had to go through Guesde and me. Dormoy is one of the most active and intelligent men in the Workers' Party. He is a metalworker; so long as he was only doing radical republican propaganda, he was petted and encouraged by the bourgeois Republicans; as he was deeply convinced and is very loyal, he did election work for them and propaganda. But as soon as he went over from the radical to the socialist camp he became acquainted with the reverse of the medal; those with whom he had conspired on May 16th,⁴ those with whom he had organised *La Marianne*,⁵ turned against him; they had him

¹ Dated by mistake April 28th, 1882.

² On April 25th Lafargue had appeared before the Allier Assizes Court.

³ Dormoy appeared on the same charge of incitement to crime, murder, pillage, etc., on April 26th, and was likewise sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

⁴ On May 16th, 1877, Marshal MacMahon forced Jules Simon to resign. The latter, indeed, had been obliged to accept a resolution from Gambetta on the freedom of the press aimed expressly at clerical intrigues. This produced a crisis signalised by the coalition of the Republicans, which led to their victory over the Monarchists and Bonapartists at the elections of October 14th and, finally, to MacMahon's resignation on January 30th, 1879.

⁵ *La Marianne* was a republican secret society under the Second Empire, directed from London by the Democratic Committee on which Mazzini and Ledru-Rollin sat.

chased out of all the engineering works in Montluçon, they slandered him in the Possibilist style; he became an oil merchant. Edible oil is a commodity which, in those parts, is delivered from house to house on a little donkey cart. D. covered the town of Montluçon, the small outlying townships, the mining centres of Commentry, Bézenet, Montvicq, dispensing his oil and his socialist views. By driving him out of the rolling mills, the bourgeois had extended his field of activity. D. is a local man, all candidates for elected positions, as municipal councillors, county councillors and deputies, fear him like the devil; so it was necessary to be rid of him before the forthcoming elections to the county council, which will take place in three months. A former member of the International who was on the jury which sentenced him, told us that in the jury room they talked of how to clip D.'s wings. They were afraid of passing too heavy a sentence on him for fear of rousing too much indignation, of acquitting him for fear of too greatly increasing his boldness and that of his friends; and to their great vexation they settled on a sentence of no more than six months. The prosecutor made it his business to expose the true character of our prosecution: Guesde and Laf..., he said, are theoreticians, who come into the locality but once or twice; the words they sow would remain sterile if they did not find local men like D. to do daily propaganda, in the workshops, the taverns, at small meetings; D. is the practical man, far more dangerous, particularly to the region where he lives.

But though we have been sentenced, we can say that we have carried off a great victory. The mayor of Moulins, a Radical Republican, did not dare to refuse our Moulins friends the use of the theatre (which he had always done up to now) for a lecture which G[uesde] and I gave on the eve of our trial. The result was that, with the municipal authorities' support, we propagated the views for which we were to stand trial the following day. The mayor of Moulins let us have the place gratis because the

elections are in the offing and he wanted to humour the workers. The theatre was full. The bourgeoisie was there in force; we succeeded, not in winning it over nor in convincing it, but in demonstrating that we were neither lunatics nor imbeciles. I spoke to them about the difficult situation in which French agriculture found itself by reason of United States competition, of the industrial crisis which is beginning and which must be attributed to the industrial development of other countries. At the end of the meeting the president of the Chamber of Commerce had himself introduced to me and complimented me on the way I had presented the subject.

The prosecutor, in order to get us sentenced, describes us as criminals, more dangerous than those who laid hands on the property of this or that individual; in our case, we wanted to lay hands on everyone's property; hence everyone should protect themselves against us; moreover, we were people of no account; people of repulsive immorality; to prove which he read out articles by Deville on *free love* and passages from my squib *Pope Pius IX in Paradise*,¹ which caused a lot of laughter and set people against him. In our defence G[uesde] and I tried to show the social disorders which private property inevitably brings about and the need for a transformation of property.

Our case took three sessions, one of which was at night. On coming away from the hearing, in the evening, at 10:30, we were escorted to our hotel by a large, very sympathetic crowd.

Now it remains for us to serve out our sentence; it is our judges and juries I should like to serve out.

¹ In its Nos. 14 to 17 (March 12th-April 1st, 1882) the (weekly) *Égalité* had published a story by Lafargue, called "Pope Pius IX in Paradise" which had already appeared in 1872 in the *Emancipación*, the organ of the International in Madrid. On October 22nd, 1882, the same paper published an article by Deville: "Free Love." Other similar articles had appeared in the (daily) *Égalité* from October 24th to November 6th, 1882.

So Pumps has made up her mind at last. Papa Percy must be very proud and happy to have a boy. Hélène¹ sends her love.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

Laura asked me to leave a scrap of paper for her, but she finds that what I give over to her is too little to write to you. She will send you a letter tomorrow.

72. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

*Bd de Port-Royal, Paris
May 4th/83*

My dear General,

Helen will no doubt have given you a general account of what has been doing here since I last wrote you.

Paul, as you remember, left Paris for Bordeaux on Thursday the 19th intending to stay with his mother till the following Monday. It was understood that I should join him at Moulins. On the evening of Sunday I get a few lines announcing Paul's arrival and very gracious reception at Bordeaux. Nothing more. Now what I was expected to do I couldn't at all make out. It was too late for a letter to Bordeaux and I had not his address at Moulins. So I waited. No further news came from him till a week after his setting out when a telegram reaches me stating the result of the trial. Two days later the condemned man was back again in Paris.

On my taxing him with his strange conduct in leaving me in suspense he seemed quite bewildered. Somehow or other the great eagerness he had shown to have me at Moulins appeared to have wholly faded from his recollec-

¹Hélène Demuth.

tion and he was quite surprised at my surprise at his conduct. However I thought it just as well so, for I had never seen the slightest necessity for my presence at Moulins.

Of Paul's mother there is not much to say. She is in very good health though in her 80th year and as jolly as she's old. She does not appear to be very open-handed in her dealings with her sister and her sister's children and by no means overpays the very real services that her people render her. Paul she has taken into her good graces again and she was pleased and flattered by his coming. I think his visit was most needful and most opportune.

I hope that Nimmy had a good passage and no difficulties on her return journey. She had devilish bad weather here unfortunately, which quite upset our plans. Our visits to the beershops, however, were neither few nor far-between.

How are you, my dear General? And how is the luckless Schorlemmer and how are the happy mother and the proud father of the youngest of all the Roshers?

Very affectionately yours,

LAURA

73. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, May 6th, 1883

My dear Engels,

I am still free, but I await from day to day a notification from the public prosecutor calling upon me to serve the Moulins sentence. But while waiting for this sword of Damocles to fall, I make the most of my time to enjoy the spring, so far as we can; unfortunately it is very dreary, cold and rainy, like an autumn month. No doubt a merciful God wishes to give me an aversion to nature and walks.

I hastened to inform Liebknecht of the sentence which pleased him so much in London, and to ask him, not for the advice he had so benevolently offered me, but for the beer he had promised. My sentence brought us a letter of condolence from Chloromajor, accompanied by a long extract from a book by Meyer, in which this schnaps enthusiast related the welcome he received at Maitland Park and Regent's Park.

We have used up the twenty pounds Hélène remitted to us; I beg you to send me twelve pounds. Hélène and Laura will have told you of the good results of my visit to Bordeaux; my mother was delighted to see me again and regretted only one thing, my speedy departure; I could stay with her no more than three days; I had to promise I would go and see her again in September and bring Laura with me; but probably I shall be under lock and key then. I have regained her favour to such an extent that she has forgotten the mother-in-law sentiments she nourished towards Laura.

We have received the biography of Marx by Tussy, as well as her article in reply to the Rev. Lansdell. They are very good, particularly the reply.

I am still waiting for Marx's *Poverty*.¹ Hurry up and send it to me so that I can finish the business before I am jugged or put in quod, as the slang expression has it.

We have just received a postcard from Tussy (the post always delivers postcards two days after they are sent) telling us that you are *pilsening* with Hélène; in that case, here's to your thirst!

Love to the four Roshers and to everyone.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

¹ Marx's book *The Poverty of Philosophy* had been published by C. G. Vogler (Brussels and Paris) in 1847. In 1880 *L'Égalité* (Nos. 12, 14, 16) had started to publish it. No. 22 of June 16th announced its discontinuation and forthcoming publication as a pamphlet. This did not, however, appear. The plan to publish was taken up again in 1883 and that is why Lafargue asked Engels for a copy.

74. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, May 16th, 1883

My dear Engels,

My days are numbered, that is to say, my days of freedom; it is on the 21st of the month, next Monday, that we shall be put inside. Guesde and I went last Monday to pay a visit to our future lodging-house keeper, the governor of the Sainte-Pélagie prison, who turned out to be an old admirer of Guesde from the days when he ran *Les Droits de l'homme*¹ at Montpellier: "It was you," he said to him, "who gave me my first political education."

Guesde was mortified to find his pupil had become a gaoler of Socialists. He was charming, did us the honours of all the apartments and as the section reserved for political prisoners is unoccupied at present, we have reserved the two best rooms: they are quite spacious and lit by two fine windows; but they are as bare as the back of one's hand; there will have to be various alterations to make them comfortable. Fortunately, we shall be allowed to bring in such furniture as we shall need; I shall take my desk and the arm-chair Mrs. Engels gave us. We shall be able to receive visits from 10 till 4 every day; and from 8 p.m. till 8 a.m., each prisoner will be double-locked into his cell. Before she goes to London Laura will come every day to see me and take lunch in the prison. It will not be much fun for her; so I shall be very glad for her to make use of my stay in Sainte-Pélagie to take the air a little on the other side of the Channel.

¹ On June 1st, 1870, Guesde brought out in Montpellier the first issue of the paper *Les Droits de l'homme* (*The Rights of Man*) to which Ballue, Cluseret, Delescluze, Barbès and Fabreguettes contributed. This republican-radical paper stood up for the Commune and his articles earned Guesde, on June 22nd, 1871, a sentence of five years' imprisonment, to which he preferred exile in Switzerland.

As before going to prison I want to settle my account with my landlord, owing for the last month, could you send me a cheque for £9 made out in my name, as Mesa is away, I shall hand it over to my landlord and he will undertake to cash it; please add a five-pound note with which I can make various purchases I need.

The paper on which I am writing reminds me of my wretched little financial concern, which has gone bankrupt and of which the directors and administrators are being prosecuted.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

75. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 22 May 1883

My dear Laura,

I had not, as Paul suggests, forgotten his five p^d note, but having Sam Moore here, could not get a free moment when to get it ready and register the letter. Yesterday evening Sam returned to Manchester and the note would have left here today but for Paul's letter which alters his directions to me. The cheque is enclosed, £10.

So ce cher Paul is, while I write this, a prisoner. He has just (5:45) been debarred from receiving visitors and can now in all rest and peace discuss with Guesde the chances of la révolution révolutionnaire. We drank his health last Sunday in a bowl of splendid Maitrank¹ and wished him any amount of pluck and patience.

Well, for a long time I thought you might profit of Paul's involuntary reclusion, to come over to London, and would have at once placed the whole of 122 R[egents] P[ark]

¹ Maitrank (literally "Maydrink") is a light wine (usually a Mo-selle).

Rd. at your disposal, but from all I learnt I was afraid I might hurt someone's feelings by such a proposal. Even Nim when she returned, never mentioned a word about it, that you had spoken of showing your bright face in this dull climate; and when Paul wrote he expected you to lunch with him every morning in S[ainte] Pélagie, I lost heart altogether. Now however it is all right, and I hope to hear soon from you that you accept my invitation, to make this place your headquarters for a couple of months at least, which of course will not exclude trips to the seaside, etc. If Paul has to be under lock and key, so much the more reason for you to look after your own health.

While Sam was here, we found out, through him, the very unpleasant fact that Mohr never had, nor have we, the right to stop unauthorised translations of the *Kapital*. The right was lost as soon as the first year elapsed without a *commencement* of translation being published. So as there are several fellows in the field, we have to dodge and to use the unpublished 2d volume as a means to bring them round.

The 2nd volume will give me an awful deal of work—at least the II book.¹ There is one *complete* text, of about 1868, but a mere brouillon.² Then there are at least three, if not four, Ueberarbeitungen,³ belonging to various later periods, but none of them completed. That will be a job to select from them a definitive text! The 3rd book is complete since 1869/70 and has never been touched since. But here, where the rent of land is treated, I shall have to compare his Russian extracts for notes,⁴ facts, instances. Maybe I

¹ At this period Engels still envisaged that *Capital* would be completed in two volumes. The subsequent discovery of further manuscripts by Marx caused him to change his plan.

² Rough draft.—Tr.

³ Revised versions.—Tr.

⁴ In 1869 Marx had learnt Russian in order to read Flerovsky's book on the condition of the working class in Russia. In 1873-1874 he read many works sent him by Danielson on landed property

shall be able to concoct even a bit of 3rd volume from the Ms. of 1858/62¹ (the beginning of which appeared in Berlin 1859²) and which at the end of every chapter contains the critical history of the theoretical points discussed in it.³

Lately I have been occupied with sorting the correspondence. There is a large box full of most important letters, 1841 (nay 1837 from your grandfather Marx)⁴ to 1862. It is nearly sorted, but it will take me some hours more to complete it. I can assure you it is great fun to me to stumble over these old things most of which concern me as much as they did Mohr and there is such a deal to laugh over. Nim helps me—awful lot of dusting required!—and we have many a good laugh over old times. The correspondence since 1862 he has sorted, in a passable way, himself. But before we fathom all the mysteries of that garret full of boxes, packets, parcels, books, etc., some time must elapse. And I have to prepare for the 3^d edition⁵ sundry additions from the French translation which I know Mohr intended inserting; and that must be done in 3-4 weeks.

But now it's post-time and so good-bye for today.

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

and the Russian peasantry at the time of the Reform, notably those by Skaldin, Sergiyevich, Skrevitsky, Golovachev, etc. The extracts he noted down, according to his custom, have been published in the *Marx-Engels Archiv*, Vols. XI and XII.

¹ The manuscripts were published under the title *Grundrisse der Kritik der politischen Oekonomie* (*Outlines of a Critique of Political Economy*) in Moscow 1939-41 and republished in one volume in Berlin (Dietz Verlag) in 1953.

² This refers to *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*.

³ This refers to *Theories of Surplus-Value*.

⁴ These letters were published in MEGA, 1/2 together with Marx's letters to his father.

⁵ Of Vol. I of *Capital*.

76. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 2 June 83

My dear Laura,

Herewith cheque £10.—for Paul as desired. To judge from his letter, he seems to be pretty cheerful for his condition, but of course the grincement des clefs et des verrous¹ must be something awful. What is comparative liberty by day when one is reduced to solitary confinement by night, and how is he to sing:

*Singet nicht in Trauertönen
Von der Einsamkeit der Nacht,
Denn sie ist, o holde Schönen,
Zur Geselligkeit gemacht.*²

As Paul is going to work up his German in prison, you might give him that to translate.

Now, by this time the two heroic martyrs ought to be pretty well settled down, and don't you think you might come over, say by Thursday or Friday next? The fact is I expect Jollymeier tonight who will be able to stay here till Monday week 10th June, and he would so like to see you. Moreover, Tussy talks very much about your coming and seems very anxious to have you here and to consult you about the disposal of the things in the house, etc. etc.; the sole responsibility seems to weigh very much upon her. So that your journey would be to some extent *on business*. If you will come and if you write at once, I shall send you the funds by return; I should have added them to the cheque today, only my balance is low and I have money to come in next week.

¹ The grating of keys and bolts.—Tr.

² *Do not sing in mournful numbers
Of the solitary night,
For it is made, o lovely graces,
To be passed in company.*—Tr.

Among Mohr's papers I have found a whole lot of MS, our common work, of before 1848.¹ Some of these I shall soon publish.

There is one I shall read to you when you are here, you will crack your sides with laughing. When I read it to Nim and Tussy, Nim said: jetzt weiss ich auch, warum Sie Zwei damals in Brüssel des Nachts so gelacht haben, dass kein Mensch im Hause davor schlafen konnte.² We were bold devils then, Heine's poetry is childlike innocence compared with our prose.

There is a chance of a translation of the *Kapital* being published by Kegan Paul and Co., they would be the best men. Tussy is going to see them on Monday; if anything practicable comes of it, we shall then go together afterwards. S. Moore will translate, and I shall revise. There are other people at it, but if we can arrange the thing, they will soon be out of the field. S. Moore was there in Whitweek, and we settled the matter with him, as far as he is concerned. He is by far the best man, slightly heavy, but that can be mended. He has been of immense use to us as our legal adviser. Indeed I have still to write to him by first mail upon a legal question.

Pumps is going on very well and her two babies too, the boy is awfully big and fat, very near the size of his sister! At least so says the proud Mamma. If you are here next Sunday (tomorrow) week, we shall have a grand bowl of Maitrank; it is just in its prime now, I mean the Waldmeister; we have had two bowls here on Sundays and two at Tussy's in the week, and plenty of Moselle left!

If you say you will come, the same day I shall write to Dublin for a case of the best and of the *Super* best Claret which we will finish quietly betwixt us.

A few lines to Paul in a day or two. In the meantime affectionately yours,

F. ENGELS

¹ This probably refers to the MSS. of *The German Ideology*.

² Now at last I know why that time in Brussels you two laughed at night so much that nobody in the house could sleep.—Tr.

77. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Paris, June 2nd/83

My dear General,

Our prisoners are flourishing: their spirits are good and their health is good. Their appetites are, I may say, distressingly good. And I who cater for them am qualified to speak on the subject!

Paul is settling down to his work, and will, I have no doubt, do very well. Guesde is rather less inclined, I fancy, to be industrious, having been unaccustomed of late to stick to sedentary work for lay¹ at a time. Besides he is nothing like as robust as Paul and suffers very seriously from the deprivation of the free air of his beloved "réunions publiques."² Neither of the Pelagistes, however, complain the least bit, and really, take it for all in all, nothing could be much less like a prison than this prison-house of theirs.

I turn up every morning at about half past ten with a basketful of victuals cooked and uncooked,—the raw material of a lunch and dinner. Guesde is our cook—and a very good cook too—and Paul is no mean hand at an omelette and a cup of coffee. Spirits are disallowed. Hence my first step was to smuggle in a jolly little bottle of brandy for after-dinner requirements and for cases of ill health. Benevolent "hommes du parti"³ (what a thing it is to belong to a parti!) every now and then contribute a bottle of good wine with cigars, pipes and tobacco.

The one thing wanting at present and to which all of us, prisoners, look forward—and of which, though I don't want to boast, I am sure that I shall be the greatest consumer—is Liebknecht's beer! I wish he'd look sharp and send it!

¹ Long.—*Tr.*

² Public meetings.—*Tr.*

³ Party men.—*Tr.*

There is some question of transferring our men to Moulins, but we hope that this amiable intention of our government will not be carried out. Dormoy is still at large, but languishing to be confined.

I have read No. 1 of your articles in the *Sozial-Demokrat*.¹ Will you oblige me by telling me whether Papa told you that he desired Tussy to be, with you, his literary executrix? Not having been with my dear father at the end you will, I know, understand that I am desirous to learn what were his ultimate directions. What his wishes and intentions were at Vevey² I know.

Not indeed respecting any literary executorship—of which, happily, there was no question—but as regards many other matters.

Yours, my dear General,

Very affectionately,

LAURA

78. LAURA LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

June 4th 83, Paris

My dear old General,

I am in receipt of your too kind letter. It smells of Maitrank and super-excellent claret (haven't had a decent drop of claret since I left you!) and all desirable drinks. And "liquor" in these scorching days is the one thing that makes life worth living.

It was my intention to leave for London at the end of July. Your letter makes me feel inclined to drop in on you

¹ This refers to two articles by Engels called "On the Death of Karl Marx" published in Nos. 19 (May 3rd, 1883) and 21 (May 17th, 1883) of the *Sozial-Demokrat*. The last sentence of the May 3rd article read: "By word of mouth he appointed his youngest daughter Eleanor and myself as his literary executors."

² See Note 1 to p. 96.

before that date. But *quite at once* I cannot leave Paris. I must before starting make arrangements for the comfort of our two great men, who, abandoned to the tender mercies of prison fare would in a very short space of time come to be, I am certain, very small men indeed. They have got all they want safely housed now as far as platters and saucepans, etc., go, but the daily perishable fare has to be provided for, and for the time being I stay here because, believe me, dear General, I am wanted here.

But I am casting about for some one to fill my place (no danger in the world, you know, as doors are bolted at 9 p. m. when both the fair and the foul sex are turned out) and then, after having given a slight brushing up to my rooms, necessarily neglected of late, I shall be my own mistress and shall at once decamp for "fresh fields and pastures new."

Paul's German continues to sound astonishingly like French. Mme Lornier herself could understand it!

Love to one and all—The heat is horrid and only bearable in prison.—Glad to hear that Pumps has turned out so fine a Pump's jo [?]¹

Very affectionately yours,

LAURA

Paul's thanks for cheque received!

79. LAURA LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

My dear General,

I am under the disagreeable necessity of writing to say that a number of small bills and the cost of keeping two prisoners have nearly eaten up the sum you sent Paul.

I must tell you that I find this incarceration even more unpleasant than I thought it would be. I had fancied that

¹ Word illegible.



Laura Lafargue

it would diminish our expense but find to my disgust that it adds to them very greatly. For one thing, our family is suddenly increased without my having had any hand in the increase of it. I will give you all particulars when I see you.

It goes very much against the grain with me to trouble you so often, but there's no chance of earning anything in this hungry place.

I hope to be able to turn my back on la belle France before long.

Yours very affectionately,

LAURA LAFARGUE

June 13th/83, Paris

80. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

June 20th/83, Paris

My dear General,

For cheque received yesterday morning we thank you.

I am much distressed about the state of things at Argenteuil¹ but shall defer giving you particulars till I see our little men once again, which, if I can manage it, shall be tomorrow.

In a letter to you I said that I knew what Papa's thoughts and wishes had been at Vevey. I am quite bewildered to find that you interpret my words as meaning that Papa had spoken to me about the disposal of his things.

How, possibly, could Papa, who left no directions when dying, have entertained me at that time, while in very good spirits and in greatly improved health, about the fate of his chairs and tables? If ever there had been any thought of lugubrious conversation between us, we should have spoken of what he and I had most at heart,—of the

¹ That is, at the Longuets.

accomplishment of his work and not of the bit of furniture that some day or other he might chance to leave behind him.

He was full of hope, of plans and projects, for the future, of work and action. He talked (and he talked more, I am convinced, during those 6 or 7 weeks spent at Vevey than during the remaining months of his life) about his work in mathematics, of his forthcoming third edition in German of the *Kapital* etc. etc.

He said that he would give me all the documents and papers required for a history of the International and with his usual goodness he asked me to undertake a translation of the *Kapital*. I answered him (as I had answered him a year before in London) that without some preliminary reading up I should not be able to do the work. Therefore he invited me to stay with him at Ventnor, to work with him, and under his direction, there. I accepted his invitation very gladly and but for Jenny's illness¹ and other tribulations should have joined him there. In his last letter to me (which I have kept) he alludes to my coming as a settled matter.

When after Jenny's death I expressed a wish to see Papa I was told that my coming would alarm him. Tussy's letter asking me to come over reached me on the day after his death.

I requested you, the other day, to inform me (which, as you had made a public declaration, I had a right to do) whether Mohr had told *you* that he wished Tussy to be his literary executrix. You have not answered me. Had you answered in the affirmative I should have simply concluded that long illness had much changed my dear father and should not have loved and honoured him one bit the less for that!

Papa, in health, would not have made of *his eldest and*

¹ This refers to Jenny Longuet who had died during Marx's stay in the Isle of Wight.

*favourite daughter*¹ his sole literary executrix, to the exclusion of his other daughters—he had too great a love of equality for that—let alone the last of his daughters.² Thus much I know. As to what the world thinks and says, I, who am my father's and my mother's second daughter, don't care one straw!

Yours, my dear General,
Most affectionately.

The only words Papa ever said to me having the remotest reference to his things were these: "You'll be much amused when you come to read the notes I have made in the margins of my books." I quoted these words to Tussy in answer to a letter of hers some months ago.

I wrote her at the same time that as far as I was concerned she might do what she liked with the furniture.

81. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Saturday, 11th August/83
Paris

My dear General,

I got into Port-Royal safely and soundly yesterday evening between 9 and 10 o'clock. The passage from Folkestone to Boulogne had been an awfully and unusually rough one—the roughest I have known. The steamer was crowded with people, all of whom with some few notable exceptions (and I was "amongst them," tell Nim) were sick as sick could be from one end of the passage to the other. Luckily the roaring of the waters and the crashing of the smashing of crockery drowned the groans and other melancholy noises of the sick men and women on board. I

¹ Jenny Longuet.

² Eleanor Marx.

was in the saloon when the tossing began, but was helped up on deck by one of the passengers. There I very contentedly remained in the midst of winds and waters, witnessing the horrors of seasickness in such of my distracted fellow creatures as had elected to suffer on deck. One man with very watery blue eyes looked at me reproachfully every time he felt particularly bad, as if I had no business to feel better than himself.

The rest of my journey passed off very smoothly and satisfactorily.

I found Paul in very good health. Guesde and Dormoy I only saw for a few minutes.

I have no time for more at present. . . . Remember me affectionately to one and all and let me know how you, dear General, are getting on.

Yours very affectionately,

LAURA

Have you received Deville's Ms.¹?

82. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

*4 Cavendish Place, Eastbourne
19th Aug. 1883*

My dear Laura,

At last out of London. As soon as I saw my way clear, I sent Percy (last Wednesday) over here to look out for apartments. He did his business well, and found excellent accommodation, not without difficulty. Two doors from the Parade, facing the Pier, fine rooms, no sun more than is wanted, good sea view, good cooking; the only thing we are sorry for is that it could not be arranged in time for

¹ This refers to an abridged version of *Capital* which Deville had written and which Engels had agreed to revise.

you to go with us. On Friday we arrived here, Pumps, babies and girl, Nim, Jollymeier (who felt a little out of sorts again but has picked up here at once and will soon leave us) and myself. First-class Scotch mist on arrival, fine rain off and on all night, very encouraging! But next day splendid, so that we could take our walks under the trees and show Nim a little of the place. Today Sunday fine morning but becoming foggy; well, we must take our chance, but anyhow so far the place looks quite different to what it did in the rainy weather when last here. There has been an immense deal of building, the lodging part of the town has about doubled in size, all the fields towards Beachy Head and a good deal of the slope are built over. Pilsener Beer is flourishing and better even than in London. Nim and Pumps find things cheaper and better here than at home.

Emily Rosher's little avorton¹ died yesterday week, best thing it could do.

I wrote to Deville at once announcing arrival of his Ms. At the same time or a little after I got also Sam Moore's translation²—so I shall have plenty to do here, besides working off my colossal arrears of correspondence.

The place is very full, but the style of the people seems to be more "free and easy" than formerly. Even on Sunday morning the chimney-pot hat plays but a very poor part, and "athletic" costumes run about pretty freely.

Just now the whole party throng in again, awfully thirsty, Jollymeier has to open the Pilsener, and you conceive that it is no use struggling against the difficulties crowding upon me and stopping not only rational but even irrational correspondence. The second bottle has just been opened, the little girl is crawling about my knees, and so I give it up in despair. The whole colony send their kindest

¹ Abortion.—*Tr.*

² Of Vol. I of *Capital*.

regards to you and Paul whose half-term we shall celebrate the day after tomorrow in an extra draft of Pilsener.

Nim wishes you, literally, "to have a good look-out about her fortune, as she expects it soon to come in."

And so, dear Laura,

Yours most affectionately,

F. ENGELS

83. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 19th Sept. 1883

My dear Laura,

At last returned from Eastbourne where correspondence was rendered difficult and almost impossible by circumstances. When proof-sheets arrived¹—3 times a week—my company left me to my work, but on the silent understanding that I was not to exact anything further—and how indeed could I have asked for peace and quietness in the one sitting-room allotted to us all, especially when the thirst for Pilsener drove them in at certain times of the day?

I was besides busy with Sam Moore's specimen translation the greater part of which is very good and lively; the beginning—rather a difficult chapter—wanted a deal of "look after," on account of his not having been exact enough in rendering the terminology but that could be easily settled. I am certain from what I have seen that he will do the job well.

I also began revising Deville's pamphlet; it requires more work, especially in the beginning where great precision is necessary but is wanting here and there. However I shall have no difficulty in setting that right, only it will take a week or a fortnight. I shall set to work seri-

¹ Of the 3rd German edition of *Capital*.

ously tomorrow. As far as I have gone, I am much pleased with his work, he has well understood everything (except small details) and it is written in a more lively style than I thought it would be.

As soon as that is shaken off, I begin with the 2nd vol. *Kapital*.

I hope you received my postcard with the information you had asked me for. It was sent the day after I received your letter.

We came back last Friday, Pumps and Percy stayed here over Sunday, their house not being in order. Since then we had a thunderstorm and fearful rain in parts of London, which flooded their back drawing-room. Otherwise they are flourishing. The little boy is getting on wonderfully well, he was five months yesterday and is extremely intelligent for his age.

Nim declares she must reduce her allowance of beer. She thinks she is getting too fat with it.

This morning Lopatin walks in, his adventures have ripened him considerably. He will be here again directly and have dinner with us. He says he saw Paul lately and found him well and content, all things considered.

Tussy I have not seen yet, I believe she is not in town; I wrote her a line but she did not turn up on Sunday. As soon as Nim can get off, she'll call on her.

Of my little pamphlet: *Entwicklung*¹ etc. two editions are already sold, the third is in the press. That shows anyhow that it is not too difficult for the mass of the working people in Germany.

When this letter arrives, Paul will have "done" 2/3rds of his time—I hope he will keep his pluck up for the two last and most trying months.

Of the 3rd ed. *Kapital* I have read proofs up to page 448; so if they go on at this rate, the whole will be completed by December. I am sorry Mohr has not lived to see

¹ See Note 1 to p. 107.

how well this time the thing is done: no delay, no trouble with the printers, no trifling complaint but is at once set right, and excellent proofs with very few mistakes. Leipzig seems at last, and at least in this one respect of printing, to become "ein klein Paris."¹ High time it was.

So now I conclude this budget of miscellaneous news in order to set a few little jobs right before Lopatin drops in again. Kind regards for² Paul and a hearty kiss for yourself from

Yours affectionately,

LE GÉNÉRAL POUR RIRE³

84. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

21/9/83

My dear Engels,

Today marks the end of the fourth month of residence in my lock-up. We have passed the time as cheerfully as possible; for though we do not have leave to go out, wine has leave to come in. A Greek with the silver-toned name of Argyriades has sent us some wine from his country; this devilish Cyprus wine, which smells of goat, having melowed in the skin of that odorous animal, was so good, so good that, upon my word, one evening I drank more of it than my head could stand; hence, I didn't have to trouble to lose it. It appears that I played the fool and talked a lot of nonsense, which goes without saying; I walked about in nature's garb, fortunately it was at night and no one else lives in the wing we occupy. Since that day I have made it a practice to take fresh air baths; but I take them in my room with the door shut, when my windows, which

¹ "A little Paris."—*Tr.*

² "From" in the original.

³ The make-believe general.—*Tr.*

are one foot high, are open. These air baths are the healthiest thing possible; they have rid me of my rheumatic pains and keep me in good health and good appetite, which is not to be sneezed at. The prison allows all sorts of vic-tuals in, except luxury dishes, which is pretty elastic. Our governor, who is a decent cove, shuts his eyes; but it seems that his predecessor was strict on this point; one day the question of lobster came up; and in his supreme wisdom he ruled that lobster in its shell was a luxury dish, but without shell it came into the category of proletarian dishes; to enter Ste. Pélagie the lobster in question had to leave its cardinalesque splendour at the gates.

To keep our table provided we have applied to our friends; here is the request we sent to one of them:

To the mighty hunter before the Revolution, Vincent Courtignon, slayer of hares, young rabbits, quail, partridge, lark and other furred and feathered game, appointed to provision our Ste. Pélagie board (numbering 12), greetings and good hunting:

We hereby inform you and enjoin that upon the receipt of this letter you arm yourself with guns, game-bags, gunpowder, gaiters and other engines of destruction and provisioning, to massacre at Chappelaude and elsewhere as many delicious creatures as may be needed to appease our gnawing stomachs. Failing a fitting response from you within the period of a week to the confidence we have placed in the sureness of your aim and in your revolutionary self-sacrifice, by taking the game out of your own pot to put it in ours, we denounce you as a false friend, reactionary, bourgeois, and POSSIBILIST and sentence you for the rest of your life:

1. to read no one but Paul Brousse, Doctor of Ignorance;
2. to vote only for Malonist and dishonest (malhonnêtes) candidates;
3. never on any pretext or in any circumstances to embrace a human being other than Vacherat, the

perjurer, and Deslinière, quill-driver to the deputy Chantemille.¹

If, on the other hand, proving yourself equal to the task which we assign to you in extraordinary, you do not leave us in want of jugged hare, nor of partridge with cabbage, nor yet of roast quail, nor of spitted lark, we shall recognise your valour and your loyalty:

1. by surrendering a tenth of the game slain by you, which you shall be free to consume with a clear conscience and no indigestion;
2. by authorising you to share in thought the pleasures of the stomach and bowels which the result of your hunting will procure for us in its passage through our mouth and elsewhere.

Drawn up at Pélagie and invested with the seal of our general cook-house. Read and approved:

The grill delegate: LAFARGUE

The salad delegate: DORMOY

The sauce delegate: GUESDE

Nevertheless, time begins to drag. Walls have a strange, nerve-racking effect.

I read Deville that part of your letter concerning him; he was very proud and very happy about what you say of his work. As the publisher is pressing him to deliver the copy, since October and November are the best months for bringing out books, he asks you to send him his manuscript as soon as you shall have read it; he will be able to make the corrections at the same time as he delivers it to the printer.

Tussy has written to tell us that you are still suffering from pain which prevents you taking your walks and keeps you confined; how that prison at the seaside must have bored you!

Love to everyone. With best wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

¹ Deputy-mayor of Montluçon. Some years later Deslinière joined the Workers' Party.

85. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Sep^{br} 22nd/83

Dearest General,

I wrote you a letter on Thursday which I do not send you because it is answered by your letter of Friday containing as it does all the information about the work you have on hand which I had asked for. A very nice long letter received from Tussy last week had given me news of you and yours.

Poor Paul is beginning to feel awfully seedy: all three prisoners are suffering from torpor and one of the three from chronic indigestion. What with fat ducks from Montluçon and plump fowls from Vierzon, no wonder that their digestive powers are taxed. Of course days of comparative famine follow on the days of plenty and that's a providential arrangement.

The whole lot of us, prisoners and outsiders, have been investing in lottery tickets and we have just learnt that not one of us has drawn the smallest prize! Tell Nim to wait patiently; she won't hear till next year that she's just as well or as badly off as she was before! I am glad to hear that you are pleased, on the whole, with Deville's work, and delighted to learn that Moore's translation promises to be a good one.

My belle-mother¹ sent Paul a large box full of grapes the other day. She has written him one or two very affectionate letters of late and I do all I can to encourage these amicable relations between mother and son.

Our neighbourhood is becoming very objectionable: barracks are springing up in front of us, hospitals for all sorts of nasty diseases abound on all sides of us, and in our own

¹ Mother-in-law.—*Tr.*

house our concierge, with an eye to business, is transforming a number of apartments into "chambres garnies."¹

I am due at Ste Pélagie, wherefore, with love to all, I wind up here.

Yours, dear General,
Very affectionately,

LAURA

86. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 3rd Octbr 1883

My dear Laura,

Herewith cheque for £14.—of which £4.—are your 1/3 share of the £12.—sent by Meissner on account of 2nd ed. *Kapital*, £4.—for Tussy and £4.—for Longuet's children, which Tussy has banked for the present, until a little more money accrues to them, when we can consider, along with you, what is to be done in their interest.

Jollymeier left here yesterday, highly enchanted with Paris. He says you will come over at Christmas—hope it will turn out true!

Today I send to you, registered, page 1-123 of Deville's MS., I cannot find his letter with his address. The defect of the thing is that many parts of it have been done rather too hurriedly. This is principally the case with the descriptive portions (especially manufacture et grande industrie²). The points do not at all come out as they ought to do. It is not sufficient to express them, as much as possible, in Marx's own words; these cannot be torn from the context without giving rise to misinterpretation or leaving many things in comparative obscurity. D[eville] would do well to revise these two chapters throughout and to complete them by

¹ Furnished lodgings.—*Tr.*

² Manufacture and large-scale industry.—*Tr.*

Saturday morning

My dearest General,

I have just received
a letter from Scholerunner from
which I conclude that you are
not as well as might be.

Now being my father's daughter
I have surely a right to
request you to have the

Facsimile of the beginning of the letter No. 87 from Laura
Lafargue to Frederick Engels
(see over for the end of the letter)

1
Few days back, I was 38 years
old! Isn't it scandalous?
I never thought that I should live so
long! — And nobody gives me
credit for it.....

Now, will you be as nice and
kind to kiss me for me & will
you keep her for me?

I am ashamed to say that
I have stained this letter with the
very useless tears but that's
my fault! Laura,

some of the exemplifications of the original without which they have become very abstract and to working-men-readers obscure. In the theoretical parts there are also many slight inaccuracies (some too, as his definition of *marchandise*,¹ very serious) and des choses faites à la hâte,² but these it was mostly not very difficult to set more or less right. Then many portions, of interest and importance for theoretical economic science, but without immediate portée³ on the question between capital and labour, might be omitted. One or two I have indicated.

Now then I close. Though a good deal better I am ordered to lie down as much as possible quietly for a few days longer, and so with kind regards to the prisoner and sincere love from Nim and myself remain,

Ever yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

87. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

[4 octobre 1883]
Saturday morning

My dearest General,

I have just received a letter from Schorlemmer from which I conclude that you are not as well as might be. Now being my father's daughter I have surely a right to request you to have the best medical advice available at once!

It is not a question of life and death, but of being in robust health! How otherwise should you do the work our dear Mohr has left you to do? And who should do it if you fell seriously ill?

—It's too dreadful to think of... —If immediate steps

¹ Commodities.—*Tr.*

² Things put in a rough-and-ready way.—*Tr.*

³ Bearing.—*Tr.*

had been taken and *could* have been taken in the case of my boy Etienne,¹ he would be alive now and be 14 years old! That reminds me that on my birthday, a few days back, I was 38 years old! Isn't it scandalous? I never thought that I should live so long!—And nobody gives me credit for it. . . .

Now, will you be amiable and ask Nim to kiss you for me and will *you* kiss *her* for me?

I am ashamed to say that I have stained this letter with very useless tears, but that's *your* fault!

LAURA

88. FREDERICK ENGELS TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 15th Oct. 1883

My dear Laura,

My last letter was awfully rough. But I was not allowed to sit long at the desk and *had* to write—as you will allow—to Deville first. So I could only say a few words to you and these must have looked very unkind indeed. Pardon me.

Well, I have made up my mind d'en finir avec cette sacrée maladie chronique.² Since last Wednesday night I have stayed in bed, in order to do away with any excuse for the constant cause of all my relapses, want of rest and temptation for moving about. Today I feel quite well, and inclined for a dance. But that is just the time when absolute rest is most needed, and therefore I shall not stir out of bed until bed will do me more harm than good. If nothing unexpected

¹ This refers to the Lafargues' first son, nicknamed Schnaps, who had died in Spain from the after effects of cholera in 1872.

² (To have done with this damned chronic illness.—*Tr.*) Engels suffered from rheumatism of the legs. This attack was the most serious he had had, but he went on having relapses for some years to come.

occurs, I think I shall be en pleine guérison¹ before the week is out. So now, that will satisfy you, I hope, so far as my health is concerned.

I perfectly understand what Jollymeier meant by his letter to you. Gumpert² had given him the note of warning—*awfully exaggerated*, though, for my case—but G[umpert] could not interfere in my treatment by another doctor. Still I think Jollymeier might have found another way to save G[umpert]'s scruples as to medical etiquette without frightening *you*. As it is, I have used your letter to stir up my doctors a bit, and with success. Ich hab' ihnen Beine gemacht,³ and energetic treatment is now all the rage.

But enough of that. All I am sorry for, and very sorry, is that I responded in such an unkind way to your letter and to the kind feeling which had dictated it. It has weighed on my mind all the time and yet I would not again write to you until I could indicate a decided improvement and good reasons for an approaching final cure.

Fortin⁴ has written, he wants a preface and asks about 20 questions which it would take a year to answer thoroughly. Tussy was here when his letter came, I read it to her and I wish you could have heard us laugh at that never ending series of inquiries, each requiring a volume to answer it completely. I shall ask him to send me the manuscript and put off the rest for better times.

Read today proof-sheets up to page 600.⁵

Tussy has promised to look up the American reports for Paul.

It is getting post-time and dinner-time too. But before

¹ Fully restored.—*Tr.*

² Gumpert was a Manchester doctor and friend of Engels. He had attended Marx over many years.

³ I made them stir their stumps.—*Tr.*

⁴ French Socialist who translated amongst other things *Class Struggles in France* and *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte*.

⁵ Of the 3rd edition of *Capital*.

concluding: Deville writes to say he has no time to recast the 3 chapters indicated by me. Please do you and Paul, as much as you can to get him to revise them as much as possible. Such as they are, they are not intelligible but to those who know the original. He says the publisher will give no time. But the whole cannot be printed at once!! A fortnight will do it and it will be a *wonderful improvement*.

Kind regards to the prisoner now soon to be free.
A kiss from Nim and from your affectionate

F. ENGELS

89. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Ste-Pélagie
Oct. 17th, 1883

My dear Engels,

What is the matter with you that you have had to take to your bed? I know nothing of your ailment but what Laura and Schorlemmer have told me and what you and Tussy have written about it; but neither you nor the others tell us the cause of your sufferings. Do please write and tell us if only to reassure us; Laura and I are so accustomed to seeing you always in good health and high spirits, knowing nothing of headaches or lassitude, except those produced by "rosy Bacchus" and colds in the head, that we are genuinely shocked by this protracted indisposition and this deprivation of your *constitutional**.

Your last letter gave us great pleasure by telling us how much better you felt since you had decided to resort to the energetic measure of keeping your bed; we can only hope that this improvement continues.

Deville was very touched by the evidence of interest which you showed by reading his manuscript so carefully and suggesting changes, pointing out mistakes and indicat-

ing corrections to him. Deville is a man of about 28 or 29 years old, very industrious, as the work he has done shows; since the end of last year he has kept at it incessantly and he is worn out. I advised him to let it lie in a drawer for two or three months and give it a final retouching later; but this résumé weighs on his mind, he is in a hurry to get it published and, moreover, Oriol has pressed him a good deal, for he thinks there will be quite a good sale; already, even before the résumé has been announced, he has received several orders. Deville will not recast as they deserve the 3 chapters you mentioned, he is too worn out; but he will make alterations and additions on the lines you indicated. He will have to be excused if, for this first edition, he does not take full advantage of your advice on this matter.

My time is running out and the longing to decamp grows.

Love to Hélène, Tussy, Pumps, Percy; kiss the brats for me; and good wishes to you,
and good health,

P. LAFARGUE

P.S. I reopen my letter to tell you that I have just had a visit from Deville who has started to work on the chapters you mentioned.

90. FREDERICK ENGELS TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 13th Dec. 1883

My dear Laura,

I did not intend to write to you until I should be able to inform you that I was "up and doing" again. Today it is eight weeks that I went to bed for good (or rather bad) and although I feel considerably better, and keep in bed more for safety's sake than anything else, I am still far from able to use my legs as I ought to. These poor "lower

extremities," to use the language of respectability, are woe-fully shrunk, and what is quite as bad, have left scarcely anything "behind them." The worst is I am quite at ease only when laid flat on my back and writing has to be done in a constrained position and soon becomes a torture, so this must excuse my short and unfrequent letters.

Paul's article in *Progress*¹ I read with much pleasure, it hits more than one nail on the head. Let us hope the *Blés*² will come out soon after the period of étrennes,³ and be followed soon by that novel which I am most anxious to see. Paul in Balzac's slippers, it will be good! By the bye I have been reading scarcely anything but Balzac while laid up, and enjoyed the grand old fellow thoroughly. *There* is the history of France from 1815 to 1848, far more than in all the Vaulabelles, Capefigues, Louis Blancs *et tutti quanti*.⁴ And what boldness! What a revolutionary dialectic in his poetical justice!

But alas, we always drop back from the blooming fields of romance into the dreary sick-bed of reality. This bids fair to be a poor Christmas! In the best of cases I may be allowed to spend it on the first floor, with orders to go to my bedroom when one ought to begin to enjoy one's self! And no tipple, or at all events wine to be taken by the spoonful, as medicine! Well, it can't be helped.

Percy is now partner of "Garman and Rosher, Chartered Accountants," Walbrook House, E. C. Hope he will prosper. His father has at last forked out the needful and set him up, though with the sourest face and in the unpleasantest way possible.

Tussy has got neuralgia again, she will call here tonight, but only after this letter has gone. The Jutas (he, she and

¹ This refers to an article entitled "Socialism and Darwinism" which appeared in *Progress*, Vol. II, No. 6, December 1883, pp. 343-49.

² Wheat.—*Tr.*

³ New Year gifts.—*Tr.*

⁴ All the rest of them.—*Tr.*

Willa) arrived here last week, so Tussy will have plenty on her hands.

Kapital 3rd ed. now fully printed, will be issued very soon; as soon as we get copies we shall send you one.

Pumps and Percy were in Manchester last week, say Jollymeier is not quite well yet. When we are all on our legs again, we must have a continuation of last summer's sprees, and you must then bring Paul too, unless he is clever enough to get himself locked up again. In the mean time mille saluts¹ to him and to you too from

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

¹ A thousand greetings.—*Tr.*

1884

91. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, Jan. 7th, 1884

My dear Engels,

Tussy writes to us that on New Year's day you came down from your chamber of *horrors** and were once more the old Engels. So it is not the turning of a *new leaf but an old one** that we wish you. And we send this wish to dear old Hélène, so that you can make things brighter for her. As for Percy and Pumps, we wish them *triplets and good sport at their making**, as Gloucester says in *King Lear*.

You have always sneered at German taste and their *nasty goods**. Well, the Germans are in the process of beating the French in France herself. Bazin, one of our friends who accompanied Guesde on his propaganda tour, goes into a shop in Montpellier to buy some prints for his children. "You are showing me nothing but German pictures." "You see, sir, the Germans have such good taste," answers the shopkeeper.

Paris is flooded with German toys, and one of our friends in the game told us that to place their goods the makers have to give them the German trade mark and take on Alsatian or German-Jewish agents. A portfolio manufacturer told me that the leather was taken out of France in the raw state and that it was in Germany that it was dressed, given its grain and colour, and that the French curriers could not compete with them.

The furniture trade is suffering terribly from German and Belgian competition, and this thanks to the absurd import duties imposed to protect landed property. Import duties on undressed or worked timber goes by weight; it pays the furniture manufacturers of the Faubourg St. Antoine to let their furniture parts reach them completely worked up and to have nothing further to do but to assemble them in Paris. Artificial flowers, that essentially Parisian trade, are beginning to be imported from Germany and even from England, because those countries have set up big workshops where the division of labour has been introduced, whereas in Paris, that pioneer of progress, they cling to the old method of having each flower made by a single work-woman. The French chauvins are in despair; they suffer industrial Sedans, more frightful than the military ones; for the former hit their pocket, which is where their heart lies.

Our propaganda goes well, particularly in the provinces; we have two papers, *Le Travailleur* and *La Défense des travailleurs*¹; in a few days' time Lyons will have its workers' paper; other industrial centres will follow suit. These local papers will demonstrate the vitality of the Party, as the papers which the German Party had, before the Press laws, demonstrated its strength.

I know not what sort of weather you are having in London; but in Paris it appears that the earth wants to show that in growing older it is rejuvenated; the temperature is so mild that you can take your beer in the open and at this moment I am writing to you in an unheated room lit by a brilliant sun which stings you.

An anecdote for Percy before I close. The scene takes place in Cocotie, near Notre-Dame-de-Lorette.

The daughter: Why, mother, you've drunk half the bottle of brandy.

¹ *Le Travailleur du Nord* was published in St. Pierre-lez-Calais, *La Défense des travailleurs* at Rheims.

The mother: You see, my daughter, at my age there are no other vices to comfort one.

Laura sends you her love and we wish you good health again.

P. LAFARGUE

Love to Jolly Sam and Sorry major¹—we wish the one *briefs** and the other *long draughts**.

92. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

66, bd de Port-Royal
Paris
12th Jan^{ry}/84

My dear General,

I have been waiting and waiting for news of some kind or other to fall in my way before writing you. But nothing whatever worth speaking of has turned up and I should have gone on waiting a bit longer before troubling you were it not for the necessity which has no law and which compels me to bother you.

Our landlord is once again about to pounce on us for his quarterly sop and our funds are once again, worse luck, at low watermark. I am sorry that the new year, in this respect, should be so like the old, but the year is young yet and while there's life there's hope.

Paul has worked hard at his novel and it would be getting on even faster than it is but for Vaughan who has been unable to collaborate thus far from want of time. Paul has just gone round to his place to talk the thing over.

Dormoy recovered his longed-for liberty last Thursday²: he had lunch with us and was extremely jolly.

¹ Jolly Sam is Sam Moore (who was a barrister); Schorlemmer is here called Sorry major.

² On January 3rd Dormoy had left Sainte-Pélagie where he had served the six months' imprisonment to which he had been sentenced by the Moulins Assize Court on April 26, 1883.

Guesde is very well but for his periodical and inevitable attacks of indigestion: we have been seeing much less of him of late. And I'm not sorry for that!

We heard of your improvement in health with great rejoicing. All friends here unite in sending you their best regards and wishes: Lavroff and I drank to your health the other night at Reinhardt's—the export and everlasting corn-merchant—and Deville desires me to give you his grateful and affectionate regards.

Talking of Deville, could you let me have a few of the *large* photographs of Papa and a few of your own?

We are having spring weather and flowers spring up before their time! Only just room for love and wishes to you all from

LAURA LAFARGUE

93. FREDERICK ENGELS TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 14th Jan' 84

My dear Laura,

Herewith cheque £15.—, which I hope will stop the landlord's cravings. The same dearth of news of which you complain, reigns supreme here, and old Nim and I have the house much to ourselves, of which I at least do not much complain, being still rather shaky and progressing only slowly. Percy is very busy in his new concern, and has had very poor health lately, rheumatism, erysipelas of the nose, and to wind up, catarrh of the stomach. Tussy and Aveling called yesterday. "Yesterday" reminds me of *To-Day*¹ which I suppose you have got. A rather motley society of most of which lot Heine said: Viel dunk-

¹ The first issue of *To-Day* appeared in January 1884. Eleanor Marx, as also Aveling, W. Morris and (Belfort) Bax contributed to it.

lere Wolke war die Idee, die ihr im Herzen getragen.¹ Well, it's a beginning, and they will weed each other out in time.

Do you receive the *Sozial-Demokrat*? If not, let me know. There ought to be an exchange of publications between Zurich and Paris which you might organise, it will prevent such blunders and misunderstandings as were current some time ago. Kautsky wishes to translate Deville's *Capital*²; has a copy been sent to Zurich? If not please see to it (address Red. Soz. Dem., Volksbuchhandlung,³ Hottingen-Zurich, Suisse). If this translation be done, I shall require another copy to be sent to Meissner, to prevent unpleasantness hereafter. I shall let you know, as soon as it is settled.

Herewith 5 photos of Mohr and 4 of mine. Of Mohr you can have as many as you like, large or small.

Paul's examples of victorious German "goût" are mostly as old as the hills. That German gravures pour enfants (Bilderbogen)⁴ are generally good, is simple enough. For more than 50 years they have been made chiefly at Düsseldorf, Munich, etc., and the designs are by young and often rising artists who do this work to earn a little money. 40 years ago, however, I recollect that French gravures of that sort came to Germany, a good many by Adam the horse-and-soldier-painter, and they were immensely superior to the German ones in chic and life. If that has not been continued by French artists, they must have found no market.—As to *toys*, the German superiority is 1) cheapness, domestic industry at starvation level (described lately by Dr. Emanuel Sax, *die Hausindustrie in Thüringen*,⁵ very good)

¹ The thought you carried in your heart was a much darker cloud.—Tr.

² See Engels's letter to Kautsky of January 9th, 1884 on this subject.

³ People's Bookshop.—Tr.

⁴ Prints for children.—Tr.

⁵ *Domestic Industry in Thuringia*.—Tr.

and 2) in that they are invented by *peasants*; townspeople never will be fit to invent for children, least of all French townspeople who hate their own children.—For *furniture* Paul gives the reason himself: the stupid fiscal policy of the French Government.—*Flowers* similar: division of labour and low wages: who can compete against the East End of London and Germany in cheapness? Generally speaking, bourgeois taste is getting so much out of taste that even the Germans may hope to be able to satisfy it. And if any trade has become broken down enough to make “cheap and nasty” its market-rule, then you may be sure the Germans will step in and defeat all competition by starving their own work-people. And as this is the rule generally now for all trades, it explains the appearance of German goods in all trades and all markets.

I sent Lavroff last Thursday's *Standard*¹ containing a report of an interview of their correspondent with a Petersburg Police Chief and in which L[avroff] is blamed for all—the whole thing of course got up for the benefit of the philistine, but so stupidly that the effect aimed at is visible plainly in every word.

Jollymeier left here last Monday, better, a good deal, but not yet himself again. Sam Moore did not come at all, he had a bad catarrh of the stomach and is now busy at the

¹ The *Standard* of Friday, January 11th, 1884 (No. 18561, p. 5/VI-6/I) published an article from its correspondent: “The Assassination by Nihilists.” In connection with the assassination of Lieutenant-Colonel Soudeikin on December 16th, 1883, the Chief of Police stated that he could only explain it by assuming that the murderers had been instructed in Paris by Lavroff and Tikhomiroff. To the correspondent's question: “Can nothing be done against Lavroff in Paris?” he replied: “Nothing. The proofs are wanting; and if they were forthcoming, the French Government would not give him up—nor would England, for that matter. Nothing effectual will be done against these international brigands—Fenians in Ireland, Nihilists in Russia, anarchists in France—until England signs a European Convention against them.” This report is taken from the *Evening Standard* of the same date (p. 2/II-III).

Court of Chancery in Manchester and Liverpool. He is doing very well indeed in law business, for a beginner.

Had a letter from Meyer this morning informing me that he will not be here till March, and asking from me nothing less than to forward to him all the material I have for the history of German socialism up to 1852! which of course I want myself for Mohr's biography. Of course I shall decline.

Nim sends her love to you and Paul and to use the sacramental philistine British phrase, I "join" her.

Very affectionately yours,

F. E.

94. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 5 febr. 84

My dear Laura,

I knew he would turn up again. Rec^d the *Travailleur*. Much amused that Paul and Guesde had "manqué train."¹ Hope soon to receive good news about the children,² Tussy is rather anxious about them; and hope you got over your cold. Nim has caught one just as bad as yours can be, I wanted her last night to take a hot whisky nightcap, but she declined, so you may think. Pumps is below, she called yesterday with Elsa, who looks as *plain* as ever (and quite as *angular* at the same time), they met Tussy and Aveling here, who called on business; Bradlaugh³ and Mrs. Besant⁴ are furious at the new Socialist "rage" in London which

¹ Literally "missed train."—*Tr.*

² This refers to Longuet's children.

³ Charles Bradlaugh was a Radical free-thinker who, elected as M.P. for Northampton in 1880, was expelled from Parliament because he was an atheist. After 1885, with the rise of the socialist movement, he became its bitter enemy.

⁴ Annie Besant called herself a Socialist and ended up as a Theosophist.

threatens to cut short their wittles, and so have opened an attack or two on T[ussy] and A[veling]. Bradlaugh throws about the most mysterious innuendoes about Mohr's having preached assassination and arson and having been in secret league with Continental governments—but nothing tangible—I want to get him to come out a bit more, before I unmask *my* batteries.

Nim and I are now busy among the books at Maitland Park. There are a good many that would be uselessly heaped up in my place or at Tussy's, indeed there will not be room here for more than half. Now there is a lot of good French books and valuable, which we thought might be more useful in your and Paul's hands than anywhere else. For instance

Mably: *Œuvres complètes*,

Adam Smith in French (capital edit. bound)

Malthus — d°

Guizot: *Hist. de la civilisation en France*

All the books about the French Revolution (Loustalot, *Deux Amis de la liberté*, etc., etc.).

Now if you will have them we will send them to you free of charge. I cannot make out a complete list. Also if Paul wants any more American official publications, there are lots—I shall require but a few. There are some other books of yours here (Old Engl. Dramatists etc.) which can be sent same time.

Please let me know soon, as time becomes pressing and we are in an awful embarras de richesses. The Russian books we have promised to Lavroff; he is, I think, positively entitled to them, being Danielson's next friend outside Russia. Another lot of duplicates etc. we intend sending to Zurich part for the Partei-Archiv,¹ part for a bibliothèque de rédaction.² The Blue Books³ mostly to Sam Moore for

¹ Party archives.—*Tr.*

² Editorial library.—*Tr.*

³ This refers to the Blue Books used by Marx for the drafting of *Capital*

use with the translation. And a few "popular" things to the Arbeiterverein¹ here.

Now if you or Paul should wish for any particular books besides, please say so, and we will forward everything not absolutely required here.

Yesterday I received a letter from a certain Nonné, Kandidat der Philologie,² was here some time ago, now in Paris, resides 56 Bould. de Port-Royal. He is a leading man amongst the German workmen in Paris who, you recollect, had a few years ago been coaxed round by Malon's soft sawder, and were further pushed in that direction by some stupid blunders of the *Citoyen*.³ They are now furious anti-Broussists since the "international Conference,"⁴ but still thick with Adh. Lecler and his Cercle international. I have asked Paul several times to get into connection with the Paris Germans. They are not worth much, but they *influence the German party as to Parisian affairs*. Since the Socialist law, these societies abroad have naturally recovered an influence much above their merits, as they are the only bodies remaining in possession of a public organisation. It will be difficult for the *Soz[ial]-Demokrat* to go direct against them in its judgement of Parisian internal quarrels. So they are worth coaxing a bit, which will not

¹ German Working Men's Education Association.

² Student of Philology.

³ See Note 1 to p. 106.

⁴ The Possibilists had, with the agreement of the Trades Union Council, called an international conference in Paris on October 11th, 1883, against which Guesde and Lafargue had protested. The Germans in Paris had participated in it. This caused Engels to write (in a letter to Bernstein of November 8th, 1883): "Their open alliance with the traitors to the English workers' movement, the official representatives of the trade unions, has earned them the plaudits of the whole English bourgeois press, from the *Times* and the *Daily News* to the *Standard*." At the beginning of 1884, a controversy broke out between the *Prolétaire* and the *Sozial-Demokrat*, and on January 3rd the *Cri du peuple* published a restatement of the case of the German-speaking Socialists in Paris recording the *Prolétaire's* wish to put an end to the controversy.

be difficult, and as the man is your neighbour, I thought best to send him my card "pour introduire M. Nonné auprès de M. et Mme Lafargue."¹ Whether anything will come of it I don't know, anyhow I hope you will excuse the liberty I have taken.

Sorry I could not see much of citoyen Robelet—he came, was seen and vanished again.

Will Paul favour us with a few words about his mysterious adventures in la Province?

What has become of the citoyenne Paule Mink²? The last reports were "qu'elle *se multipliait* dans le midi"³ and, what after this is not so much to be wondered at, "qu'elle *développait son sujet*."⁴ The outcome??

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

Would you please forward as soon as ever possible another copy of Deville's *Capital*⁵? Kautsky is to translate it but Meissner's permission is necessary and I cannot expect to get it unless I send him the original.

How about the new edition of the *Misère de la philosophie*⁶? People keep bothering me about it. Has anything been done?

95. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, Feb. 6th, 1884

My dear Engels,

We have just received your long letter; it is a real joy, for it shows us that you are definitely restored to health.

I shall be happy to receive all the French books from

¹ "Introducing Mr. Nonné to Mr. and Mrs. Lafargue."—*Tr.*

² Socialist journalist and lecturer, member of the French Workers' Party.

³ "That *she was multiplying* in the South."—*Tr.*

⁴ "That *she is expanding her subject*."—*Tr.*

⁵ See Letter 93 of January 14, 1884.

⁶ See Note 1 to p. 131.

Marx's library which you do not need. There is a work by Vico, *Les Éléments de la science nouvelle*, Michelet's translation, if I am not mistaken, which I should like to have, as also the *Histoire de la Révolution* by the Abbé Montgaillard, the *Grimm Correspondance*, the *Dictionnaire d'économie politique*, etc.

As for American reports, I am interested only in those on agriculture; there is a voluminous history on the Indian tribes in America which I should like to have if it is of no use to you. . . . In short, any English and French books that you can spare, send to me, they will always be welcome.

I have already seen Nonné who came to me with a letter of introduction from Liebknecht, he's a charming fellow whose acquaintance I shall cultivate.

My journey was quite fruitful. In March our congress is to be held in Roubaix and I was sent as a scout to see how the land lies. Dereure, Guesde and I held a big meeting at St. Quentin, the following day we were at St. Pierre-lez-Calais, where we met Letailleur and which we reached at 10 o'clock at night, not because we had missed the train, but because the people at St. Quentin stupidly misinformed us of the train times; Guesde and I had to wait three and a half hours at Lille for the Calais train. We were furious. In spite of this delay, the meeting was a success. Guesde returned to Paris; I made for St. Omer, Roubaix and Lille, where I met all the groups who are very well disposed and full of enthusiasm. This trip was interesting from several points of view (it was the first time I had been in the Lancashire of France): it is wonderful how Marx's theories, incomplete, garbled, even perhaps falsified, hover in the air of these industrial centres. There are a few anarchists about, but they are generally hotheads or members of the police; and so this is what happened to me at Roubaix.

The working-class population is nomadic, it comes from Belgium and round about and is always on the move;

there are a great many workers' diggings. I spent the night in one of those lodgings to know what they were like; the anarchists had set up their centre there; when they heard that I was to be there they invited me to spend the evening with them in discussion. I turned up at midnight and found seven of them assembled, of whom two were women; we argued until 3 in the morning and parted good friends. The next day at 8 a.m. I heard a knock on the door; it was the landlady who informed me that there was a detective downstairs who wanted to see me and requested me to come down. I replied that I would not move from my bed and if he wanted to talk to me he would have to take the trouble to climb the stairs. Which he did. This shows that wherever the anarchists are, the spirit of the police is present, for probably one of those who had been conversing with me that night had been to denounce me to the police, who had come to verify the fact of my presence.

You will have seen from *To-Day* that I am giving a series of lectures on *the effect of economic environment on man and human society*,¹ in short, to expatiate on Marx's great theory. The first was a success; the hall was too small to hold the audience, over fifty people had to be turned away. This evening Deville gives his lecture, herewith is the notice of it. Oriol was so delighted by our success that he is going to publish our lectures, mine will appear in a day or two and I shall send it to you.

I have settled with my publisher about my book on *Wheat in America*, which is now at the printer's. I get ten per cent on the catalogue price of the book, which has not yet been decided.

¹ No. 2 of *To-Day* (Vol. I, February 1884, p. 156) announced the lectures in question in an article: "Record of the International Popular Movement," signed by Eleanor Marx. They were lectures on social economy given every Sunday organised by the *Cercle de la Bibliothèque socialiste* (Socialist Library Club) of the French Workers' Party. Lafargue dealt with "the economic materialism of K. Marx," and Deville with "the evolution of capital."

You mention the publication of *Poverty*. I have written to you frequently about this and you did promise to send me a copy of the work; I had hoped that you would take advantage of Hélène's trip or Laura's to do so; but you have missed those opportunities. Send me a copy and I will show it to Oriol who will publish it; if he does not I shall apply to Messenger my publisher or to someone quite else. Let me have the copy of *Poverty* by post, as soon as possible.

Funds are low; send me £12, if you please.

Laura sends her love to you and also to Nim, Pumps and the family.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

Send me all the works by *Maine*¹ that you can spare.

96. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 8/2/84

My dear Engels,

We received *Capital*² yesterday evening, and this morning your letter and *Poverty*. Have you received the two copies of Deville³ which I sent you yesterday?

You say that in the edition of *Poverty* which you have there are some notes by Marx; I know that he wanted to annotate the reprint, do you not think it would be of in-

¹ "Mayne" in the original.

² The 3rd German edition had just been published by Meissner's of Hamburg.

³ *Le Capital de Karl Marx, résumé et accompagné d'un aperçu sur le socialisme scientifique* by Gabriel Deville. Oriol, Paris 1883. (Karl Marx's *Capital*, summarised and including an outline of scientific socialism.)

terest to publish these notes if they turn out to be complete?

I shall go and see Oriol this very day. He may ask me for a prefatory word to recall the circumstances in which the book made its appearance. Would you write such a preface?

The little Longuets, though coughing and spitting, are better.

Thank you—and good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

97. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 15/2/84

My dear Engels,

I reply to your letter at once: you can take as much time as you require for the preface to *Poverty*,¹ I can always manage somehow to delay the publication. The important thing is that Bernstein's German translation should not appear until several months after the French edition.²

Marx's name penetrates everywhere at the moment; people bow to his knowledge, his "steely" logic, even when they have not read a line of Marx. *Poverty*, by virtue of its small size, will be read and will exercise a big influence; and the preface will give it quite exceptional importance. The French are as tittle-tattling as old women; everything that is said in it about or against

¹ The publisher Oriol had agreed to re-issue Marx's *The Poverty of Philosophy*, and Engels had consented to write a special preface for the French edition. The plan fell through and *Poverty* did not in the end come out until 1896.

² The German edition of *The Poverty of Philosophy*, translated by Bernstein and Kautsky, was published in 1885 by Dietz.

Proudhon, whom the bourgeois economists quote more and more, will be read with interest. Have you got Marx's critical article on Proudhon's thesis on property?¹

I thank you in advance for all the books whose dispatch you announce: I would ask you to add to them Laveleye's work on *La Propriété primitive*, *Statistics* by Maurice Block, and all those works of H. S. Maine which you may have in duplicate and shall not need yourself.

Bax has sent me the first issues of *Justice*,² but your subscription will be a *boon**. I liked the four first issues very much; the style is straightforward and militant. As you say, the members of the *Democratic Federation*³ are generals without an army; but one must acknowledge that they are willing to work hard to recruit their soldiers. The trade unionists will be against them, as they were against the International. Economic conditions in England are so ripe that it would not be surprising if they succeeded in creating a powerful socialist movement, which would go right over the heads of Broadhurst and the other trade-union leaders.

I had already learnt from *Justice* that Vera Z.⁴ had translated your *Scientific Socialism*. This pamphlet has had a decisive influence on the formation of socialist ideas in France, despite what you think of it. Its importance is demonstrated by the translations that have been

¹ See Letter 98 of February 16, 1884.

² In January 1884 Hyndman suddenly brought out—"without sufficient financial preparation or any literary preparation whatever"—*Justice*, a Social-Democratic weekly. Engels, in his letter to Bernstein of January 28th, 1884, expressed his opinion in the following words: "The first two numbers show by their total lack of ideas that these people are already at the end of their tether."

³ The Democratic Federation, founded in 1881, published a manifesto in 1883 proclaiming its adherence to socialism. In the course of 1884 it became the Social-Democratic Federation.

⁴ This refers to Vera Zasulich.

made. Malon's *Revue*¹ will have served some purpose. Poor Malon! He is more completely forgotten today than if he had died after the Commune. Brousse made use of him to fight us; now he has cast him off; and fat Malon, in despair at his nonentity, proclaims to whoever cares to listen that he has retired from the movement to devote himself to the study of ethics(!).

Deville's book has brought about the sale of many copies of Marx's *Capital*.² Oriol is obliged to do a reprint of the last sheets, which were printed in smaller quantities than the first ones.

Greetings to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

98. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 16 Febr. 1884

My dear Laura,

Tomorrow is Sunday and on Monday we shall have to rummage in Maitl[and] Park again, so if I don't write today to you there is no telling how long it may be delayed. We have got the old "Speicher"³ at last cleared out, found a whole lot of things that have to be kept, but about half a ton of old newspapers that it is impossible

¹ The translation of a few chapters of *Anti-Dühring*, by Lafargue, had appeared under the title *Socialisme utopique et socialisme scientifique* in B. Malon's *La Revue socialiste*, Nos. 3 (March 20th), 4 (April 20th) and 5 (May 5th, 1880). The paper had to suspend publication.

² The French translation of Marx's *Capital* (Vol. I) had been published in instalments between 1872 and 1875 by La Châtre. The *librairie du Progrès* was sequestered in 1877. In 1882 the publisher Oriol, who had taken over the La Châtre stocks, was to be found at the same address—11, rue Bertin-Poirée.

³ Lumber-room.—Tr.

to sort. I think next week we can begin to clear out and the week after sell up the remainder for what it will fetch. I was afraid at one time I should have to give it up again, but fortunately I am getting better every day, I can walk again for half an hour as fast as ever and with Nim's help get through two bottles of Pilsener and a fair allowance of claret every 24 hours.

Amongst the Manuscripts there is the first version of the *Kapital* (1861-63) and there I find several hundred pages: *Theorien über den Mehrwerth*¹ partly worked up into the text of the later versions, but there will be quite enough left to swell the 2nd volume into a 2nd and a 3rd.²

Bernstein is sending me an article of Mohr's on *Proudhon*, published in the Berlin *Sozial-Demokrat* of 1865. Very likely the whole of it will have to be translated for the French ed[ition] of the *Misère*.³

By the bye, Bernstein will be in Lyons tomorrow and may come to Paris while once on the road, and even extend his trip to London. If he does come to Paris, pray engage him to come here too, I want to see him about a good many things; he knows he finds a bed here ready to receive him and if he is a little short of cash, that should not stop him, we can arrange about that.

Paul tells me I can take my time about the preface to the *Misère* but I don't believe in that sort of thing, I have too much experience of publishers. I want to know by what time Oriol will require it, though I won't undertake

¹ *Theories of Surplus Value.—Tr.*

² It will be recalled that at this time Engels still envisaged bringing out the whole of *Capital* in two volumes.

³ This refers to the letter to J. B. Schweitzer which, at the request of the editors, Marx agreed to publish in Nos. 16, 17 and 18 (February 1st, 3rd and 5th, 1865) of the (Lassalleian) *Sozial-Demokrat*. This letter, translated by Engels, was not to appear until the 1896 (French) edition of *The Poverty of Philosophy*. (See English edition, Moscow, pp. 218-28.)

that I shall deliver it to the day or even the week; but I ought to have *some* idea. The house in M[aitland] Park has to be delivered up on the 25th March, and I have plenty of other things to do besides; I must be able to arrange my plans beforehand to some extent at least.

What Paul thinks is an article of Mohr's on Proudhon's *la propriété c'est le vol*,¹ is in the *Heilige Familie*² which I have got.

I cannot much share Paul's enthusiasm about the London *Justice*, I find the paper awfully dull. But what can you expect of a set of people who take in hand the task of instructing the world about matters of which they themselves are ignorant? There is not a single burning question which they know how to tackle; Hyndman combines internationalist phraseology and jingo aspirations, Joynes is a muddled ignoramus (I saw him a fortnight ago), Morris is all very well as far as he goes, but it is not far, poor Bax gets himself fast in German philosophy of a rather antiquated character—all that might do for a monthly where they have time to get themselves into harness, but for a weekly, with all sorts of questions d'actualité³ to be tackled, it is blamable.

Anyhow the new "respectable" socialist stir here does go on very nicely, the thing is becoming fashionable, but the working classes do not respond yet. Upon that everything depends. And this is why it was so stupid to hurry on the bringing out of *Justice*. Articles like these will never stir up the masses. Six months' intercourse with working people would have prepared a public and taught the writers how to write for it. But what's the use of

¹ Property is theft.—*Tr.*

² *The Holy Family*, Chapter IV, 4: Proudhon—MEGA, III, p. 193-225.

³ Topical questions.—*Tr.*

grumbling? Les petits grands hommes veulent absolument faire leur petit bonhomme de chemin!¹

I hope the children are better. Nim is rather anxious about them. Do please let us know how they are going on.

Best love from Nim and from

Your affectionate,

F. ENGELS

99. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 21 Febr. 1884²

My dear Laura,

Your news about the children's health is more or less reassuring—except poor Wolf who, however, seems the strongest of the lot and, we hope, will have got over the worst when you next give us some news.

As to what is to be done in case anything happens to Longuet, well, that will have to be considered if that event should occur; I do not see what much should be gained if we "speculated" on that now—I mean speculating in the philosophical sense—at any rate I do not see either what we can do under present circumstances with such a paternal father as L[onguet], but if you do, I shall be most happy to hear from you on the subject.

We have arranged with Gittens about packing and forwarding the books, etc., for you and Lavroff and as they have not come for them for two days, Nim has gone to stir them up.

Herewith the preface to the *Misère* by—Mohr himself!³ Bernstein has re-discovered this old article which I have

¹ The important little men are absolutely determined to go their own little way.—*Tr.*

² The original of this letter is in the Historical Museum at Montreuil-sous-Bois.

³ This refers to the letter to J. B. Schweitzer already mentioned.

at once translated. Please, you and Paul, to turn my translation into proper French and return it along with the original which belongs to the "Partei-Archiv" at Zurich. There will only a few more words be required. But what will the French Public say to the rather unceremonious manner in which Mohr speaks of them? And will it be wise to give this true and impartial judgement at the risk that the Brousses say: voilà le Prussien¹? Anyhow, I should be very loth to soften the article down to suit le goût parisien² but it is worth considering. There is no denying that the bas empire³ has been there for 18 years.

Paul's bondieu⁴ is charming, so is the introduction to his conférence.⁵ The *exposé* too is quite taking for his public and I am not astonished at his success. But he might now and then give them a *new* illustration from the *Kapital* besides the old quotation of Liebig about the size of recruits; and not treat 1) la concurrence⁶ and 2) l'offre et la demande,⁷ which is but la concurrence over again. If I am strict with him, it's because I see it does him good and he improves considerably by hammering a bit now and then; his last performances certainly show great progress, and if he would only be a little more attentive to certain theoretical points (most of detail) he would be a great light in Paris, ville-lumière⁸ as it is.

¹ There's the Prussian for you.—*Tr.*

² Parisian taste.—*Tr.*

³ Lower Empire.—*Tr.*

⁴ Almighty.—*Tr.*

⁵ Engels is thinking of Lafargue's first lecture entitled *Idealism and Materialism in History*. Lafargue, drawing his argument from Bossuet's providential conception of history, demonstrated that God had "accomplished the formidable revolutions of empires only with a view to honouring adultery and assisting pimps." With a good deal of humour he quoted from *Genesis* proving that Abraham was a souteneur.

⁶ Competition.—*Tr.*

⁷ Supply and demand.—*Tr.*

⁸ City of light.—*Tr.*

Now I must conclude. Nim has come back and we must make up book-packets for Russia and America, in time for registering. She says Gittens cannot come before Tuesday or Wednesday—so she sends you a kiss, I the same, and une bonne poignée de main¹ to Paul.

From your affectionate,

F. ENGELS

100. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS²

London, March 11th, 1884

My dear Lafargue,

Perfectly in agreement with almost all your alterations,³ except the following:

P.6. wrong ideas with regard to ... exchange value—you cannot continue with “and”; what follows, his utopian interpretation, is *due* to these wrong ideas; that causation must be shown.

P.6. at the bottom: screaming in one’s ears, etc.—this has been too much shortened; the *false* or *sham* science is missing. One must try to get closer to the original.

P.7. same objection; also: “but who, having had to fall back on his claims to originality,” distorts the text. Marx says: “Dazu das unbeholfen-widrige Gelehrtentum des Autodidakten, dessen naturwüchsiger Stolz auf originelles Selbstdenken bereits gebrochen ist”⁴; he really

¹ A cordial salute.—*Tr.*

² The text of this letter was communicated by the Institute of Marxism-Leninism in Moscow.

³ This refers to the translation of the letter to Schweitzer on Proudhon produced as an appendix to *The Poverty of Philosophy* (see English edition, Moscow, pp. 218-28).

⁴ Add to this the clumsy distasteful erudition of the self-taught, whose primitive pride in his own original thought has already been broken. (This and the following translations of the original German passages are given according to the English text published by Lawrence & Wishart, 1956.)

had been an original thinker and had been proud of it, but is so no longer, having found that what was original and new for him, had already been said by others before him; thereupon he resorts to sham science, etc. Your version *denies* Proudhon's originality.

ibid. Cabet. You have no right to make M[arx] say more than he did say: Cabet, respektable wegen seiner praktischen Stellung zum französischen Proletariat.¹ M[arx] says nothing of loyalty, a word he hated as you will know—one might say: to be respected for the role he had played amongst the French proletariat (or in the political movement of the French proletariat), etc., or something of that sort.

ib. Can one say preaching during 3 volumes?

ib. lower down, Thiers: if you abridge in this way you must add what the original says:

Th[iers] Gegenrede gegen Pr[oudhon]'s Vorschläge, *die dann als besondere Schrift veröffentlicht ward.*² It was, I believe, the famous book *De la propriété*,³ but I am not certain.

P.8. *credit . . . could hasten*—no, not credit but its application; hence you must say: credit could *serve* to hasten, or some similar turn of phrase.

P.9. displays the cynicism of a cretin to the greater glory of the Czar? Dem Czar zu Ehren kretinartigen Zynismus treibt.⁴ The cynicism which P[roudhon] heaps on the misfortunes of Poland flatters the Czar's policy. That is what must be brought out.

ib. lower down. *On the one hand*, etc.—The *two conflicting currents* which govern the interests of the petty bour-

¹ Cabet, to be respected for his practical attitude towards the French proletariat.—Tr.

² Thiers, by his speech opposing Proudhon's proposals, *which was then issued as a special publication.*—Tr.

³ *On Property.*—Tr.

⁴ . . . for the greater glory of the tsar he expresses the cynicism of a cretin.—Tr.

geois must not be left out; your version seems to omit them.

P.10. tapageux is better than scandaleux.¹

March 15th

There you are! Try to be more faithful to the original; Marx is not a man whom one can afford to treat lightly. I hope that Laura will insist on the text being well and faithfully rendered.

Herewith the £10.

We have all the books and the bookcases* here and for the last 3 days we have been busy amalgamating the two libraries and arranging them. It's the devil's own work, Nim and I are both worn out, so *with love to Laura from Nim and myself. No more at present**.

From yours truly,*

F. E.

101. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 13/3/84

My dear Engels,

We have just received the two promised packing-cases, one containing linen. Lavroff had better luck than we, for he received his packing-case several days ago. Ours must have been held up in the book department, I know not why, since they did not open them. This formality was probably to show the usefulness of that department, which is supposed to go through and examine all books entering France. It is a good thing it did not occur to them to open the box, for they would have found that the books were table and under-linen; they would have thought there was some mystery about it; and at this time

¹ "Loud" is better than "scandalous."—Tr.

of dynamite plots, they would have called in the superintendent of police, and have seized the box as incriminating evidence and proof of a Bonapartist, anarchist conspiracy.

We have only had time to open the cases and hastily look through their contents. Laura and I thank you, you and Hélène, for all the trouble you have taken to make up these cases. It must have been a terrible job. How many *bottles** of Pilsener did you drink in the process?

Yesterday we had a big meeting for the miners¹; the two great men Rochefort and Vallès had promised their co-operation, but did not keep their word. Rochefort, who ought to be called Rochefoire² according to Laura, even played a dirty little trick very characteristic of the man. Guesde disposed of him in a masterly fashion and got a vote of censure passed on him. I have not the time to tell you about it as it is late; but will tomorrow.

Please send me a cheque for £10. Funds are deplorably low.

Have you received the translated article and the German papers?

Greetings to all and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

P.S. I am sending you my lecture,³ I hope you will think it good.

¹ The Anzin miners were on strike. On March 12th a meeting was organised for their benefit at the salle Lévís under the chairmanship of the miners' delegates Lefèvre and Lacroix, with the support of J. Vallès, Guesde, Argyriades, Lafargue, etc. Rochefort, who was to have spoken, cried off on the pretext that the two delegates were not correctly mandated.

² *fort*—strong; *foire*—to be in a funk.—*Tr.*

³ This refers to the 2nd or 3rd lecture by Lafargue on *K. Marx's Historical Materialism*.

102. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 31 March 1884

My dear Laura,

Even if it had not been for Paul's letter this morning, this afternoon was set apart for a letter to you. I am so bothered and pestered just now that not only my time, but also my room and my desk are not my own. On Monday last we got char of 41 M[aitland] P[ark] Rd, paid Willis and gave him the key. What furniture there was left, is in Gittens' hands, they offered £12.10.—but advised a sale—we are trying to get £15.—out of them to have done with it; this will be attended to this week. Then I have been busy with the books, and was getting clear—two more days would have settled the heavy work—when lo! the landlord sends the painters to do the house outside, and here we are, three dawdling fellows in the house, all windows open, every room invaded at the most unexpected hours, and to crown all, a bleak east wind blowing inside as well as outside. That I got as fine a specimen of rheumatism as could be wished for, was only natural. Fortunately, if the dawdlers keep possession of the house even now, the east wind has left us and so has, more or less, the rheumatism; and I am promised possession of my room for today, on condition of giving it up tomorrow. So let us enjoy the present while it lasts.

Nim says there is such a weight off her mind now since the old house is done with, that she at last can sleep again; it was a nightmare for her which even an occasional nightcap of "Irish" could not drive away. Our place has much changed, two of my bookcases have gone below, the piano is in the corner between the fire-place and folding door (in the front room), the other corner filled up by one of Mohr's bookcases, while his large bookcase (that behind his sofa) now takes the place where the

piano stood in the back room. As soon as the painters will have cleared out, I shall finish the sorting of the last heap of books, and then try and get off the last box of books for you; there is a nice little lot of things relating to the French Revolution, Loustalot, *Feuille villageoise*,¹ *Prisons de Paris pendant la Révol.*,² etc., etc.

I have settled with Meissner that the 2nd book (*Cirkulationsprocess des Kapitals*³) is to be published first and separately; as soon as the *gross*⁴ work is finished, I can begin. The 3rd book will follow, along with *Theorien über den Mehrwert*,⁵ a long critical work forming part of the first Ms. of the *Kapital* (1862) which I have discovered. The English translation is going on slowly, Sam has too much law work to attend to, and is too conscientious to hurry on with it, "regardless of quality."

The movement here is showing more and more of its emptiness every week. *Justice* drives me to despair by its utter incapacity of tackling even one single question. *To-Day* will live this next month entirely by Davitt and Paul⁶ who, you will have been glad to learn from *Justice*,⁷ is the first living authority on French peasant property. These fellows cannot even give a man his due without trying to make him look ridiculous. Bax and Aveling are the only two, as far as I can see at present, of whom something can be made; but Bax has Kant on the brain and Aveling, in order to live, has to keep a good many irons in the fire and is a perfect novice in everything relating

¹ *Rustic Leaves*.—Tr.

² *The Prisons of Paris under the Revol.*—Tr.

³ *The Process of Circulation of Capital*.—Tr.

⁴ Great.—Tr.

⁵ *Theories of Surplus Value*.—Tr.

⁶ No. 4 of *To-Day* (April 1884) consisted in fact of an article by Michael Davitt: "The Irish Social Problem" (pp. 241-55) and one by Lafargue: "Peasant Property in France" (pp. 257-75).

⁷ *Justice* of March 29th, 1884 published (p. 5/c. III) an article entitled "Peasant Proprietary in France." The phrase Engels quotes is taken from the article itself.

to political economy. Paul will no doubt see Bax at Roubaix; he and a working man have been delegated by the Dem[ocratic] Fed[eration], much against Hyndman's will who has lately made several attempts at forcing his personal plans and dodges upon them, but was ignominiously defeated: so he opposed sending delegates to Roubaix as he wanted to keep open the chance of a connexion with Brousse and Co. That fellow will not go far: he cannot bide his time.

I am afraid Paul will be disappointed with regard to a German delegate to Roubaix,¹ unless Liebk[necht] does come; but as he has promised to do so, it is not likely. The others do not speak French, except perhaps Bernstein, and him the deputies are sure not to send, as they mostly hate him, and would replace him in Zurich if they could and dared. Thanks to the great accession of petit bourgeois—gebildete Schafsköpfe,² our "leaders" in Germany have become a sorry lot. Anyhow I hope Roubaix will be a great success devant le public,³ it will help on enormously; in the mean time I enclose the cheque £10.—and send you plenty of kisses from Nim and your affectionate old cripple.

F. ENGELS

103. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Wednesday Evening, April 2nd/84

My dear General,

I find on returning home that a postcard and papers addressed to you have not been posted. I had just written a few lines to thank you for your letter and cheque,

¹ The 7th National Congress of the Workers' Party was held at Roubaix from March 29th to Monday, April 7th. In the end there was no German delegation.

² Educated blockheads.—*Tr.*

³ With the public.—*Tr.*

and to say that as I was going down to Argenteuil I would put off sending you a letter until my return.

I found the little ones in very good condition; the little girl getting on splendidly and Johnny with more colour than usual. The events that had been casting their shadows before have come. One of the servants has left and another is to leave. A Mme M... (couldn't catch her name, the children pronouncing it in divers ways!) rules and governs in the house and a mighty despotic rule it looks like. The lady lords it over the servant, over the children, and over Longuet himself. The latter is doing his best to give this new order of things a fair trial, but I fear it will come to grief and, if it does, the fault in this instance will hardly be Longuet's. The new-comer with many sterling qualities has all the disagreeable points of the professional governess-housekeeper: she domineers so, and is so "important" and so "proper" and has something so ungraceful and uncomfortable about her in her ways with the children that it made me feel quite queer to watch her. But this is a first impression and may be a false one. There's no knowing how to get over the difficulties of the situation. Young servants are bad and middle-aged house-keepers are no better.

The congress thus far seems successful. It has at all events compelled the bourgeois press to take notice of it. The absence of a German delegate is a disaster and *Le Temps* that does not succeed in disguising its disgust at the progress made by the movement chuckles over the absence of all foreigners save the English delegates. Meanwhile it gives long and daily reports of the doings at Roubaix and wastes much eloquence to prove the utter insignificance of what it calls the Guesdiste congress.¹

¹ Every day from April 1st to the 9th, *Le Temps* devoted a column to the Roubaix Congress. The tone of the reports, cantankerous at first, became neutral, but in the end the journalist was obliged to acknowledge that the congress was supported by large numbers.

The strike at Anzin, you see, continues. It says much for the miners for there is terrible misery in the place. The women behave beautifully.

I am sorry that you are so little satisfied with the movement in England. Certainly ambition runs away with Hyndman and Bax is temporarily damaged by metaphysics and Aveling is as yet little more than a sentimental Socialist, but both Aveling and Bax are, I think, full of promise and of perfect good faith, "et quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime il faut aimer ce que l'on a"¹; if their action is not quite good, there is at all events nothing better to put in its place.

Of course you can't actively help them just now, but you might do so much by advising them and that I really think you ought to do if only in order not to let the fire so newly kindled die out again.

Nonné, who had asked leave to introduce his wife, called yesterday with her. They are a young and quite newly married couple. She is amiable and rather pretty but I don't think that the two between them will ever set the smallest Thames on fire. Anyhow, she had dressed so elaborately and splendidly for the occasion that I began to think I was the old queen to whom a young and blushing bride was being presented.

Many thanks for the news you give me respecting the *Kapital*. And that reminds me that I have been requested to ask you the price of Papa's photographs. They are being much demanded here and one or two houses wish to have them on sale.

I feel awfully drowsy, dear General, after my excursion, the more so as I have been slightly out of sorts the last few days so that I beg leave to shut up here.

Hope you have given your rheumatism the slip!

Best love to Nim and to the General from,

LAURA

¹ "And when you have not what you like, you must needs like what you have."—*Tr.*

104. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, April 10th, 1884

My dear Engels,

I took up my pen several times to write to you from Roubaix; but work prevented me. We had two closed sessions each day and a public one in the evening. It meant going to bed at one or two in the morning and having to be up and about at seven o'clock; and that business lasted for ten days. I shall not tell you about the closed sessions; I shall send you the resolutions we passed as soon as they are printed in pamphlet form. The public meetings are of particular interest. Roubaix is an industrial town of about 90,000 inhabitants; it is more or less a suburb of Lille; none but workers live there (weavers, spinners, finishers, etc.) and employers. The three first public meetings were held before a mainly working-class audience; the bourgeois did not seem to want to recognise our presence; but gradually their attention was roused and one after another they began to attend our meetings. The things that were said whipped up their indignation; they protested, shouted, raged. All the meetings were stormy; and insults and blows were freely exchanged between the workers and the bourgeois. The police constantly intervened, seizing the workers and sparing the bourgeois. The brutality and insolence of the police went beyond all bounds at the start; several times we protested hotly against the conduct of the superintendent and his policemen, but thanks to our protests, or rather thanks no doubt to the orders of the Ministry which has enough trouble on its hands at the moment with the Anzin strike, the police became a little more restrained to the great surprise of the workers; the superintendent himself intervened several times to pacify the bourgeois. They for their part were infuriated by the enthusiasm which greeted

the reading of the address from the Germans¹; they called us Prussians, told us to go and hold our congress in Berlin: it is a great pity that Liebknecht or Bebel was not present; they would have been chaired by the workers, who shouted the more loudly "Long live Germany! Long live the German Socialists!" the more the employers yelled "Down with Germany!" At Lille, where we went on Sunday to hold a meeting, we were met with the same shouts of "Down with Germany!" from the bourgeois section present. I drove them to fury when I told them that Pouyer-Quertier,² the cotton-master, must have rejoiced at signing the surrender of Alsace, which relieved him of competition from Mulhouse, and that the cotton-masters of Lille and Roubaix would just as gladly surrender Rouen and all the cotton-manufacturing areas to Prussia or to the devil for that matter.

What characterised these meetings was the vehemence which divided the two classes. In the course of ten evenings, seven to eight hundred persons attended these meetings. The town was in a commotion; wherever we went fingers were pointed at us and threats were uttered. I send you the *Cri du peuple*,³ which contains the story

¹ The German Social-Democratic Party, which had not sent a delegate to Roubaix, sent an address signed Jos, Joos and Léo, in which they said: "The Vendôme columns of Germany too will be overthrown, have no doubt of it." (*Cri du peuple*, April 3rd, 1884, p. 3/II-III.)

² Pouyer-Quertier, an important Rouen mill-owner, was Thiers' Minister of Finance in 1871. He had barely established himself in Bordeaux when he had the impudence to try and restore the former protective tariffs against Alsace. See Marx's denunciation of him in *The Civil War in France*. (Marx and Engels, *Selected Works*, Moscow, 1958, Vol. I, p. 508.)

³ From the *Cri du peuple* of April 10th, 1884 (p. I/IV): "The arrests at Roubaix."

"Roubaix, April 8th, 3:55 p.m.

"Citizeness Paule Mink and Citizens Guesde, Dormoy and Bazin, leave the police-station after protesting against the arrest of their friends Merlin and Farjat. They are followed by a crowd of three

of the final scene. Last Monday, Guesde, Paule Mink and I went to Gand at the invitation of the Socialists; we were warmly welcomed; at the Gand public meeting I gave an historical account of the International. Spingard, a delegate to the Hague who, being in his cups, had twitted Marx with not knowing French, was in the audience. I took the opportunity to attribute all the honour of the International to Marx, to attack the Proudhonists of the Brussels paper *La Liberté*,¹ and to accuse them of being bourgeois who had never understood anything about the working-class movement. Spingard on hearing these words could not contain himself; and he did well to withdraw, for they were going to throw him out. He was as drunk at Gand as at the Hague; perhaps he has never sobered up since 1872?—At Gand we met two very remarkable men, Anseele, the name of the other one is Flemish and not having seen it written I cannot remember it; they knew *Capital* thoroughly and told me that it was Marx and the German papers, *Volksstaat*, the *Sozial-Demokrat*, etc., which had cured them of anarchism and bourgeois liberalism.

Bax and Joynes² were delighted. Poor Joynes does not want to burden his conscience with the murder of animals nor his stomach with their flesh; but at Roubaix the bed bugs treated him like a common *meat-eater**; they bled him vigorously; he had to abandon his bed. The French were hugely amused watching him eat slices of bread and butter. They were treated in a very friendly way.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

hundred cotton-masters and foremen with the complicity of the plain-clothes police. Insults continue all the way to the railway station, where the congress delegates are courageously freed by the workers."

¹ *La Liberté* had openly sided with the Bakunists and, after the Hague Congress, had resumed their slanderous accusations of Marx's alleged dictatorship over the International.

² Delegates from the Democratic Federation.

Dear General,

Paul hasn't left me room for much. He wishes you to send him a copy of the 3rd Ed. of the *Kapital*. The English delegates told me that Aveling was translating it. How is that? Affectionately your Laura.*

105. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 18th April 1884

My dear Laura,

Best thanks for your news about the children which were very grateful to all of us. We'll hope the new arrangement may work at least for some time and without too much friction, though she looks, from what you say, a rough subject enough to create any amount of that.

As to our "Socialist" group here, I too am of opinion and said so, that Bax and Aveling are the only ones worth having, they at least study with a will, though not always a well-directed one. But the worst is, this little clique of *public* "mutual admirators" and at least partially *secret* "mutual detractors" (esp. Hyndman) are getting a regular nuisance through their mischievous gossip. First we hear from S. Moore that he has heard in Manchester that Hyndman was busy translating the *Kapital*. This mystery we have as yet not been able to sift thoroughly but it will probably turn out a *canard*.¹ Now, before we are well over that, those two busy-bodies in Paris spread the report that Aveling was at it! The long and the short of this is as follows. Aveling who studies the German text, has translated a few pages for his own benefit. When Hyndman was named as a possible competitor in the field, Sam at the same time declared that his own translation was going on very slow, and he would be glad of some help. So Aveling

¹ False rumour.—*Tr.*

was mentioned; I looked over his work and found it utterly useless. He was however very eager, and so, on his meeting Sam Moore here last week, it was arranged that he should try his hand at the chapter "Der Arbeitstag,"¹ this being chiefly descriptive and free, comparatively, from difficult theoretical passages for which A[veling] is totally unfit *as yet*, that is to say until he has worked himself through the whole book and understands it. But at the same time I said to Sam that I made it a condition that you should be asked also to take a share in the work, of which Sam was very glad, and now I come to ask you to choose one. The matter stands at present as follows:

Sam is now doing the 1st Abschnitt² from the beginning; we have gone over part of this 1st chapter and it is very good, though we shall revise it again. He intends going on to the end, page 127 (2nd edit.), and the most difficult part (p. 22-44) we shall each do independently and then compare.—From p. 128 to 221 (2nd Abschnitt and 3rd Abschn. chapters 5, 6 and 7) is completed. Chapter 8th we will let Aveling try. All the rest is open to you to choose from. I do not think you will like to take the next 4th Abschnitt, Kooperation,³ Teilung der Arbeit...⁴ Maschinerie,⁵ etc. p. 318-529 this being rather technical, and so is the 6th Abschnitt: der Arbeitslohn.⁶ The 7th: die Akkumulation,⁷ I should suppose, would suit you best. But choose for yourself. Any technical terms for which it might be difficult to find the English equivalent in Paris, you might leave room for, we could hunt them up here or in Manchester and fill them in. As all parts of the translation pass through my hands, I can easily restore the unity of

¹ "The Working Day.—Tr.

² Part.—Tr.

³ Co-operation.—Tr.

⁴ Division of Labour.—Tr.

⁵ Machinery.—Tr.

⁶ Wages.—Tr.

⁷ The Accumulation (of Capital).—Tr.

expression (the application of the same technical terms throughout the book). If you accept our proposal, as I hope you will, and choose a section for yourself, we shall have fulfilled at least partially Mohr's wish and have your name and your work associated with this translation which, I am convinced more and more every day, is an absolute necessity, if the present movement here is not to collapse like a pricked ball by its own inanity; and we shall also be able to hasten the publication. Tussy had undertaken to hunt up all the quotations from Blue Books¹ and to transcribe the original passages so as to avoid re-translation and errors unavoidably connected with it. She will also see Kegan Paul as soon as possible, maybe today (the Easter holidays stopped action in that direction), and arrange an interview for me with him when we hope we may be able to settle business matters; we shall then also know whether there is any truth in the Hyndman report.

So if you do say yes, at least something good will have to be connected with the gossip reports of Bax and Joynes; for to tell you the truth I have no great faith in Aveling's *present* attempts.

Of Mohr's photographs there are about 450 small ones (cartes) 24/—per 100 and 250 large ones (cabinets) 50/—per 100 cost price. I shall send you a good parcel of them if you like as soon as I shall have time to pack them. At present I have still heaps of books to stow away. Sam left on Wednesday, Schorlemmer is still here till Monday. He sends kindest regards by the million.

The copy 3rd edit. I sent to Danielson direct on 5th April *registered* and should be glad if Paul would mention this in his next letter to him. Lop[atin] had asked me to send it and given me the address.

Now I shall have to write to Paul. So until next time I remain

Your affectionate

F. ENGELS

¹ See Note 3 to p. 169.

106. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS

London, April 18th, 1884

My dear Paul,

A quarter to 5—hence: no time to waste!

My congratulations on the success of your congress. The *Journal de Roubaix*¹ produces clear evidence of it in the difference between its reports of the first and the last sessions. The Germans did right not to send a delegate. The prolongation of the anti-socialist law² would have been made too easy for the government and the bourgeois. The *moderates* in our party (very numerous amongst the leaders, very few when it comes to the rank and file which is excellent) would have exploited it; it was a mistake which could on no account be made. Even international demonstrations have to be sacrificed in such a case.

How long before the return of the Ms. of the translation³? This time, really, take pains, I do beg of you. The thing absolutely must be well done or not at all. And when can the printing start?⁴ So that I can arrange to do some notes and the few words of introduction—if you like, write a preface and send it here. You asked that you should be given precedence over the German edit[ion]; but I have the completed Ms. of the first part of it and those Zurich fellows print as soon as the Ms. is in their hands.

With this German text and the English *Capital* to re-

¹ From March 31st to April 9th the *Journal de Roubaix*, the local bourgeois paper, devoted a two-column article each day to the Socialist Congress, signed Alfred Messiaen.

² The "Emergency Law" (*Ausnahmegesetz*) against the Socialists had to be renewed every two years by a vote of the Reichstag.

³ This probably refers to the translation Engels had made of Marx's letter to J. B. Schweitzer (dealt with in the letter of March 11th), which Lafargue was supposed to be revising.

⁴ Of the *Poverty of Philosophy*.

wise, I have my hands full and I should therefore like to know how best to arrange things to avoid wasting time. For I must at long last get to the 2nd volume and here is Zurich announcing the need for a 2nd edition of my *Dühring*¹ and the 4th of *The Peasant War*²—further revisions and further prefaces to be done! And that's what the banning of my books in Germany has availed Mr. Bismarck and me!

Old Wilhelm³ is more or less *in extremis*. He no longer recognises the people who come to see him, and he can no longer repeat the words he has been taught by heart in reply to deputations.

Nim has just returned from an errand, she sends you her "loves"* in whatever quantity required.

With good wishes,

F. E.

5:20 p.m.

107. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 21/4/84

My dear Engels,

We received your letter as the Jews received manna in the desert. Thank you.

It is impossibly hot—Paris is transformed with startling suddenness, the trees are covered with leaves, the streets flooded with blazing sunshine; we are in full summer.

Hélène did well to recover; upon my word, it would have been too sad for her to be deprived of her heavenly beer

¹ The 2nd edition of *Anti-Dühring* was to come out in 1886.

² *The Peasant War* was not republished then.

³ Wilhelm I, Emperor of Germany.

in weather like this. If Aveling has recovered the use of his urethra he will be able to keep Nim company emptying bottles. As for us, we drink cider: an excellent thing.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

108. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 24/4/84

My dear Engels,

I received your letter and its contents and I thank you.

On Tuesday evening, as I was about to leave for my lecture, I had a telegram from Jutta¹ announcing that his wife had had an accident; I could not go and see them immediately as I should have wished to do, but Laura called at their hotel. Mrs. Jutta had been knocked down by a carriage, her foot, at the ankle, was very swollen and very painful; the doctor who had examined it could not pronounce an opinion because of the swelling and said that he would have to wait before he could tell if there was a fracture. The following morning I saw the invalid, she was in bed; she had had a fairly good night, with no temperature, the pain and the swelling had gone down as a result of the rest. Laura is just off to visit her; the shock may prove to have been greater than the damage. The Juttas are unlucky! Since they have been in Paris the weather has been dreadful; the wind blows, it's cold and at night it freezes.

I am sending you a copy of *Le Temps* containing an idiotic article on the International and Marx.² At the mo-

¹ Jan Carel Jutta, a bookseller in Cape Town, a brother-in-law of Karl Marx.

² *Le Temps* of April 24th, 1884, published, over the signature of Paul Strauss, the first of a series of articles called "The Socialist Par-

ment socialism is the topic of the day; the nonsense that is retailed on the subject is monumental; *Le Temps* will give you some idea of it. In the March issue of the *Journal des économistes* there was a long article by Courcelle-Seneuil (of the Institut) on Deville's *Le Capital de Marx*.¹ According to this gentleman, Marx, albeit not bombastic, is a sentimentalist who "had read if not studied the economists," and who, in his theory of value, had disregarded intellectual work and was concerned only with manual work, etc., etc.

I have just been reading H. Spencer's article on *Coming Slavery*²; the old foggy is too grotesque for words; Laura and I are going to reply to him; and in *To-Day* we shall use his own phrases and examples to demonstrate

ties (1870-1883)" (p. 3/III-V). It was devoted to the International and to Marx. Here, by way of examples, are some of the author's opinions on Marx:

"The enigmatic figure of Marx deserves to arrest attention; it required little for this thinker to have attained the stature of a Comte or a Proudhon."—"What distinguishes Marx from the French Communists is that he is not at all sentimental and that he disclaims being a communalist. You do not sense in him the philanthropist, the Utopianist, the noble dreamer: he is a scholar who plunges coldly into metaphysics."—"Those who came in contact with Marx profess a high regard for his character. He was a cold, rigid, mistrustful man. It seems, nevertheless, that he was easily deceived and that he was unskilled in judging men."

¹ *Journal des économistes* 1884, pp. 471-74. The last sentence of the article reads: "Alas! There is nothing in the introduction nor in the book which bears any resemblance to science; there is only sentiment and sentiments which, being based on gross fallacies, cannot be good or sound."

² In the *Contemporary Review* of April 1884, Herbert Spencer published an article called: "The Coming Slavery" (pp. 461-82), somewhat insulting to the working class in its tone, in which he denounced the slavery produced by state interference in the individual's affairs, particularly under socialism. Amongst others this phrase occurs: "All socialism involves slavery."

the opposite of his findings—we shall demonstrate the *present slavery**.¹

A young Russian, A. Thillov, came to see me and gave us tidings of you which, by his account, are excellent. He told me he had attended Hyndman's lecture, and spoke to me about the attitude of the audience who interrupted several times and *hissed** the big Bally.

You ought to arrange to publish an English translation of *Scientific Socialism*, you would be surprised to know how useful this pamphlet has been in France. You complain about the English Socialists; but you do not allow for the short time they have had to become imbued with your doctrines and those of Marx. The important thing at the present time is to find people who throw themselves into the struggle, little by little they develop, *practice makes perfect*. The theory has been worked out by you and Marx, one must find agitators to spread it.

Please correct Vaillant's translation and send it back to me with your notes, we shall find a way of publishing it as a pamphlet.

Good wishes to you and everyone,

P. LAFARGUE

109. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 9/5/84

My dear Engels,

You will know the result of the elections,² the socialist candidates of every shade and pedigree polled 38,729 votes; the Radicals who, to be in the swim, had to couple the title of Socialist to that of Radical, are not included in this

¹ Lafargue's article appeared in *To-Day* of June 1884 (No. 6, pp. 416-27) under the title: "A Few Words with Mr. Herbert Spencer."

² This refers to the municipal elections which had taken place in Paris on May 4th, 1884.

figure. In the 1881 municipal elections the Socialists received but 17,895 votes; so there is a genuine movement which will only be accelerated as time goes on and above all in the economic circumstances which become more difficult daily.

Officially we kept ourselves aloof; we put up only seven candidates¹ in the wards where we thought we would not encounter other socialist groups; we were anxious to give a practical demonstration that we did not want to re-open the personal quarrels which occurred in the course of the election in the 20th arrondissement, where Guesde stood as candidate²; the other reason which made us choose this tactic is that our resources were drained by the congress.—This tactic, which was forced upon us, has already produced important results. Brousse, who is a true disciple of Bakunin, managed by dint of slanders and insinuations to arouse distrust of us amongst the socialist groups in Paris: we were careerists who sought to climb on the backs of others. Our conduct opened the eyes of many people, whilst the conduct of the Possibilists set many people against them. The Possibilists form a small but very busy group (all the Possibilists are standing as candidates); they have put up one of their people pretty well everywhere, thus causing trouble with the local organisations and the other socialist groups.—The Possibilists are very skilled at magnifying their size: with twenty individuals they form 8 or 10 groups—the Atheists' Club;—the Social Studies Club, the Boot-Makers Trade Union branch, etc.—there need to be but three of them in order to form a group and parade before the public: the same individuals belong to two or three groups in different wards. It is this

¹ The French Workers' Party put up the following candidates: Le Tailleur (1st arrondissement—Les Halles), Bazin (2nd—Le Mail), Crépin (2nd—Bonne-Nouvelle), Braut (5th—Jardin des-Plantes), Argyiades (5th—Val-de-Grâce), Blanck (14th—Plaisance), Dereure (18th—Grandes-Carrières).

² See Note 1 to p. 122.

organisation which has won them their success; indeed, in each ward their candidate proclaimed himself as sponsored by 8 or 10 workers' groups; in most cases these 8 or 10 groups were composed of but the 20 or 30 individuals who signed the poster; but it made a big impression on the public. But this tactic which gained them votes has been exposed.—They succeeded in having Chabert¹ elected in the first ballot, and in getting candidates into the second ballot in three other constituencies. Chabert is an old politician who has betrayed pretty well everybody, and who will probably betray the Possibilists. In the 20th (arrondissement) a Possibilist is in the second ballot against Vaillant²; the contest is bitter; according to accepted tactics, the candidate with the lower vote in the first ballot should be the one to withdraw, to prevent the candidate with opposing views from getting in. In the 20th (arrondissement) Vaillant has secured the higher vote; the Possibilists maintain their candidate; in that way they may succeed in letting in the opportunist and that will do them great harm; if Vaillant³ gets in, it will be a defeat which to some extent will counterbalance the effect of their earlier success; and what is more, on the City Council Vaillant will overshadow Chabert and Joffrin, who are not clever even though they are intriguers.

As I have to pay my landlord I would ask you to send me a cheque for fourteen pounds.

I have found your article on Marx's *Capital*.⁴ I am sending it back to you in a registered packet. You may perhaps find it useful to publish it in *To-Day*.

¹ Chabert, a Possibilist, had been elected in the first ballot with 2,360 votes in the 19th arrondissement (Combat).

² Vaillant stood in the 20th arrondissement against Réties. He received 1,571 votes in the first ballot as against his opponents 1,566.

³ In the second ballot Vaillant was elected with 2,508 votes.

⁴ This probably refers to the article Engels had written in 1868 for the *Fortnightly Review* and which had been refused in the end by that journal.

Have you read Vaillant's translation? What do you think of it?

Laura has been rather unwell the last few days. Aunt Juta is better; there is nothing broken, but her foot is swollen and painful.

Love to Hélène, Pumps, Tussy and good wishes to you.

P. LAFARGUE

110. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS

London, May 10th, 1884

My dear Lafargue,

Here is cheque for £14.

I see no Paris newspaper, hence I know what is going on only from the *Standard* and from you; your electoral tactics are those which I would have recommended—these people will destroy themselves if left to it; give them plenty of rope and they are sure to hang themselves.* Nevertheless, Bernst[ein] wrote that you had put up a candidate against Joffrin,¹ which he considered inappropriate; tell me how that came about so that I can answer him.

Thank you for the article, it is only the first part and I no longer remember whether I went on with it.

I have seen but the first number of Vaillant's translation; it is good and accurate, except that he does not always know the military terms.

Your lectures and Deville's are excellent² but you should, at any rate for the printed version, expand more

¹ In fact Dereure did stand in opposition to Joffrin, since at the start there had not been an opportunist candidate. When Simoneau put up his candidature, Guesde called for the immediate withdrawal of Dereure. But they could not bring themselves to give up. Dereure received few votes and Joffrin was defeated in the second ballot.

² This refers to the *Course on Social Economy* organised by the Socialist Library Club of the Workers' Party. Lafargue's second lecture was called: *Natural Environment, Darwinian Theory*.

fully the conclusions in the second one on Darwinism, that part seems crowded out by the mass of argumentation which precedes it; the conclusion does not leap to the eye sufficiently, nor is it developed in detail. I have not yet read the third. As soon as they have finished the translation of the *Pov[erty] of Phil[osophy]* in Zurich I shall suggest to them that they publish these lectures in German.

I must stop, I have a rather important work to finish: *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State*¹—I hope to get it off my hands by the end of next week; until then I must keep at it.

Kiss Laura for me and for Nim, who sends you one too.

With good wishes,

F. E.

III. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 26th May 1884

My dear Laura,

Since the receipt of your letter of the 15th we have had sorrowful times. On the 18th Pumps' little boy died and was buried on the 22nd. The child suffered from whooping-cough, bronchitis, convulsions and croup; there was but little hope a week before he died. I was under the impression Pumps or Percy had written to you and they, it seems, relied on me for letting you know; well I was busy finishing my pamphlet² to which I postponed even the most pressing letters—and finishing it, as you may conceive, under difficulties of every sort. Well it's done, the last

¹ On May 22nd, Engels sent the greater part of the manuscript to Zurich. The book came out in early October.

² *The Origin of the Family, Private Property and the State.*

sheets go off tomorrow. How long they will be over the printing of it, I don't know.

I am sorry you won't go in for the Akkumulationsprocess des Kapitals.¹ Think it over again. I am afraid we cannot do without help from without, and to tell you the truth I have deuced little confidence in what assistance I may get here. Aveling has den besten Willen² but he is to translate strange matter aus einem ihm unbekannten Deutsch in ein ihm unbekanntes Englisch³; if it was natural science it would be easy enough, but political economy and industrial facts where he is not acquainted even with the commonest terms! And Sam who is doing the first chapter far better than I expected, takes such a time over it. And yet it is daily becoming a greater necessity to have it out, and K[egan] P[aul] and Co with whom I expect to come to terms soon, are pressing, but unless I can promise the Ms. by, say, November complete, I cannot well conclude anything. You might try a few pages and see how you get on. A German-English Dictionary would be useless; the words *you* would have to look for, you would not find there; you could leave space for them, I could fill them in, they will mostly be technical or philosophical terms.

Paul's conférences⁴ are a great success, the *New York Volkszeitung*⁵ brings them regular; their own translation, I believe. If the French had two or three people who could and would assimilate German publications in the same manner, it would help them on immensely. I foresee that when my *Ursprung der Familie*⁶ etc. comes out, Paul will be mad after translating it; there are things in it just in his line, but if he begins he will have to take the German

¹ The Accumulation of Capital.—Tr.

² The best will in the world.—Tr.

³ From a German with which he is unfamiliar into an English with which he is unfamiliar.—Tr.

⁴ Lectures.—Tr.

⁵ Daily paper of the Socialist Labour Party.—Tr.

⁶ *Origin of the Family*.—Tr.

words in their own sense and not in the sense he pleases to impart to them, because I shall have no time whatever to work at it. I shall now start with the 2nd vol. *Kapital* and work at it during daylight, the evenings will be for the revision of the various translations in hand and threatened. This pamphlet I just finished, will be the last independent work for some time to come. Will you please tell Deville that I have not as yet had the time to read his last conférence, but shall do so before the week is out and hope it is as good as its predecessors.

Now I must conclude, it is past eleven and Nim is moving for bed, she has got "pains all over" id est slight muscular rheumatism in consequence of cold, and she must stand at the door while I post this letter, as Annie is in bed. So, in order to keep Nim no longer from her much needed rest (she has slept a bit in her arm-chair already) I hope you will excuse the blank space at the foot of this.

By the way, it appears Liebknecht has been in Paris; the German papers tell the most extraordinary things about his mysterious proceedings, also that he spoke at a banquet together with that muff Lecler.¹

Kisses from Nim and from your affectionately,

F. ENGELS

112. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, June 9th, 1884

My dear Engels,

I have just come from the Law Courts and write to you in haste. Here is the matter which took me to that melancholy place.

¹ The *Cri du peuple* of May 24th (p. 1/V-VI) announced under the heading "Liebknecht in Paris," that Liebknecht had left Paris the night before. He was said to have held only three strictly intimate meetings, two with the German Socialists in Paris, the third a "private and fraternal" dinner with five or six French revolutionaries, including Guesde and Lafargue.

When I settled in Paris, I bought some furniture; I paid part of it on account; the tradesman gave me credit for the rest. He went bankrupt fifteen months ago and his debts were put in the hands of the official receiver, who sued me. Our friend Lenoël, a barrister, let the business drag on, but the judge has just ruled that I must sell up and pay 200 francs on the 13th of each month until I have completely paid off the 700 francs which I still owe on my furniture.—Please send me a cheque for £12 so that I can meet the debt on the 13th of this month and have something over to keep the home going.

What sort of weather did you have in Hastings? It is appalling here.

Love to Hélène, Pumps and Tussy.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

113. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 11/6/84

My dear Engels,

I received your letter this morning and the cheque it contained; I did not acknowledge the receipt of your letter-before-last, because in it you said that you were leaving for Hastings and that you would write to me from there.

The papers announce some strange news this morning¹:

¹ The *Cri du peuple* of June 12th (p. 2/III-IV) under the heading "International Convention," says: "The international convention of revolutionary socialist delegates was held at the Social-Democratic Club in London. It was attended by delegates from revolutionary societies on the Continent.

"Citizen Liebknecht, the German delegate, presided. . . . The discussion then turned to the arrangements for a great revolutionary congress to be held in Geneva next August."

that Liebknecht is in London, that he attended an international conference at which the holding of a forthcoming international congress at Geneva was decided on. Please inform me about this matter as soon as possible.

Vaillant begs me to ask you if you could let him have any details about how the American towns set about liquidating the municipal debts contracted during the war.

In one of your previous letters you told us about a work on the origins of the family, private property and the state that you were completing. It must be finished since you are starting on the second volume of Marx. When will it appear? You are right, I long to read it; I think it will come at the right time and have a big effect.

It does not surprise me that Pumps' house is considered unhealthy; it stands on low-lying ground where in my day there were two or three ponds.

Our love to Hélène, Pumps and Percy.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

114. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, June 24th, 1884

My dear Engels,

We were very grieved to learn from your letter that the complaint which kept you on your back for so long has recurred and this thanks to your imprudence: we hope that, by taking it in time, you will be able to check it easily. That is a very good idea of yours to take on a secretary; in that way you will make progress with the work to your satisfaction without wearing yourself out, since your complaint is only local.¹

¹ Since Easter, Engels had worked very hard, sometimes spending eight to ten hours at his writing-table. The pains from which he had

It is regrettable that I was not informed earlier of Liebknecht's non-appearance in London; for then I should have denied the false rumour. I believe these reports were started by the police, I know not to what end, because lately the papers have announced that there would be a meeting of revolutionaries in Geneva.

I am very sorry that you cannot give us details about the cancellation of municipal debts in the United States; for Vaillant intends to propose to the City Council that they should look into the cancellation of the debt which burdens the Paris budget so heavily.

Vaillant's conduct is very fine and not at all Blanquist. Blanqui's theory was that, in order not to set people at variance and to attract the greatest number to the revolution, one should discuss only political matters and leave the economic question in the background. For that reason the Blanquists confine their whole activity to demanding the abolition of the standing army; but Vaillant has broken with that tradition. Eight days ago, at a meeting of Blanquists, he stated that the only aim to follow was the conversion of private property and that the workers and revolutionists must be rallied round this idea. The first motion he tabled at the Council was a demand for a labour committee devoting itself to working-class interests. The Radicals were beside themselves at class divisions asserting themselves on the Council, whilst Clemenceau made a long speech to prove that classes no longer existed.

Brousse and his friends are furious with Vaillant, whose vigorous and intelligent conduct shows up the flabby and idiotic behaviour of their precious Joffrin.

Brousse who, in the wake of Bismarck, Lassalle, Napoleon, etc., has invented the public services, that is, the

suffered at the end of 1883 recurred in a chronic form. So he engaged a secretary (Eisengarten) to whom he dictated each day from ten till five, lying on a divan, the Ms. of Vol. II of *Capital*. (See Engels's letter to Kautsky of June 21st, 1884.)

conversion of certain private industries into state industries, speaks contemptuously of what he calls "the old Marxist game." Mr. Leroy-Beaulieu has also thought it his duty to deal with the *Collectivisme de K. Marx* (sic); he has written a book on the subject,¹ it is not yet published, but he has given a reading of some passages to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. This great man believes Marx is mistaken in saying that capital is unpaid labour, since workers and peasants make savings on their wages and their labour. He goes on to show the right of capital to share in the product of labour, since capital provides the labourer with his wheelbarrow and the fisherman with his net; at all events capital has not provided Mr. B[eaulieu] with any new arguments. "To state that the circulation of commodities results in money,"² is to state an inexactitude. "It is puerile and numerous inexactitudes of this nature which serve as the point of departure for Marx's doctrines. . . ."³ It is not the capitalist, as K. M[arx] would have it, but solely the consumer who benefits, by the reduction in prices, from all technical contrivances!"⁴

These dissensions in the English Socialist Party are very unfortunate; but one must admit that if Hyndman wants to capture *To-Day*, he covets a journal of small value and small importance; and in my view it is to be hoped that it will go out of existence rather than print articles on vegetarianism and other similar nonsense.⁵—I believe Tussy wanted Bax to get on to *Progress*; he would have done well to follow that advice, instead of starting a journal with no writers and exceedingly little capital.

¹ P. Leroy-Beaulieu: *Le Collectivisme, examen critique du nouveau socialisme*, Paris, 1884.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 254.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 256.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, p. 270.

⁵ Lafargue is referring here to an article published in No. 1 of *To-Day* (pp. 49-54) "Abstinence and Moderation" by C. Kegan Paul.

It is not H[yneman] who will kill the journal *To-Day* but its own nonentity.

Percy will be far better off in Kilburn than in the swamp where he elected to live; it must have been a positive nest of fevers and rheumatism.

Our funds are exhausted; please send us a cheque for twelve pounds.

Guesde and I were at Troyes on Saturday to give a lecture at the request of the Hosiers' Trade Union branch. Troyes is a town which is being industrialised; the workers there are still relatively happy; but swarms of Alsatians and Germans who call themselves Swiss and Alsatians, are in fierce competition with the local workers, whose language they do not understand. The countryside is beautiful and the population intelligent and very likeable.

How is dear old Hélène? Give her our love, as also to the Roschers.

Cordially yours,

P. LAFARGUE

115. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 27/6/84

My dear Engels,

Thank you for your letter and its enclosure.

What you write to us about the English is not encouraging and above all promises nothing good for the future. In France and in Germany the Socialist Party was able to come into being in the midst of quarrels and disputes; these dissensions seemed to be one of its conditions of life; I am afraid that in England they may not have the same result.

What a Cyclopean task you have before you: we had never thought it would be so vast, as we believed that the

critical history of the theory did not exist: it is good news to learn that Marx had drafted it. You will do very wisely to publish, as you intend, as soon as the finished parts of Marx's manuscript are ready; in that way you will allay the impatience of friends and of enemies and will keep the general public in suspense.

The great news which preoccupies all minds is the announcement that His Majesty the Cholera has landed. If the gold nuggets of Tong-King¹ have not arrived yet, at least the Asian (?) cholera has: there is one consolation, the nuggets would have been only for the few whereas the cholera is for everyone.

We were happy to learn of H  l  ne's good state of health; as for her stomach trouble, tell her to treat it with Pilsener or, better still, with whisky.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

116. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 4/7/84

My dear Engels,

The cholera has not yet reached Paris; it will certainly do so. Hence we must take precautions. I myself cannot leave Paris; but Laura ought not to stay here. I believe you will be of the same mind on that. You alone can induce her to leave Paris. You must invite her to come and see you in London; you must not breathe a word to her about cholera and still less about this letter; she would be quite capable of refusing to leave. Tell her, on the contrary, that you want to have her near you to divert you: a

¹ The war for the conquest of Tong-King had started two years previously. It was to go on until 1885.

little (she would yield to a reason of that sort) and that you will take her to the *seaside**.

Schorlemmer has already written to her announcing his visit to London.

Leroy-Beaulieu continues to douse the old fogies of the Institute with passages from his book. He has discovered that Marx was nothing but a plagiarist of Proudhon.

I have just been correcting the proofs of my first article on "Wheat in America," which will appear in the August issue.¹ I stop, as I hear Laura.

Good wishes to you and Hélène,

P. LAFARGUE

117. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris. 10/7/84

My dear Engels,

It is this Saturday that I have to make the monthly payment of two hundred francs to discharge my debt to the furniture dealer; will you please send me a cheque for £12.—, the four extra pounds being to meet our needs.

I have also received a summons for the payment of my fine²; but thanks to Tony Revillon, the deputy, we have been able to postpone the day of reckoning for six months; and by then they will have forgotten us, if not we shall have to claim another respite.

The cholera is still the great topic, the only one which seriously preoccupies the public. There is no longer any way of cherishing illusions, it is a question of the Asian

¹ The *Journal des économistes* published the first article "Wheat in America, Production and Trade" by P. Lafargue in No. 7 (pp. 42-61), July 1884.

² On April 25th, 1883, the Moulins Assize Court had sentenced Lafargue and Guesde to six months' imprisonment and 100 francs fine.

cholera, coming straight from Tong-King which has not yet sent any nuggets. There has even been a German doctor, M. Koch, to confirm it and to declare that the carbolic acid fumigations and sprayings with which travellers are pestered at the railway stations are absurd.

The Stock Exchange speculators, who turn everything to good account, are using the cholera to bull and bear as they see fit; the Rothschild group in Vienna has stated that they cannot go through with the agreed conversion of the Hungarian debt at the moment because of the cholera.

In Spain they are stopping at the frontier goods coming from Bordeaux, Paris, Rouen, etc., where there is no cholera, on account of the cholera. The government seems to be trying to pay back the Spanish in their own coin; *La République française*¹ reported yesterday that some cases of cholera had broken out in Barcelona and Valencia and that it would in all probability be necessary to refuse the entry of Spanish goods at the frontier. In any case trade is bad; they sought to open up new markets for themselves in Tong-King and they have succeeded in having the markets closed to them in Europe.

Should the 14th of July be celebrated or not? The Academy of Medicine has pronounced itself against it: in 1863 the cholera was twice as bad after the Shrove Tuesday fête; but the government does not dare make a statement. Hang it, the shopkeepers, hotel-keepers, wine-merchants, etc. who look forward to fleecing the provincials at the fête, would be furious; and all governments fear those ferocious animals. But the shopkeepers will be dis-

¹ The *République française* of July 9th, 1884, published a paragraph (p. I/V) reporting that quite a number of cases of cholera had been notified in Spain (Valencia and Barcelona) and in Italy (Rome, Leghorn, Viterbo) and demanding that, after speedy verification, measures should be taken by the Minister of Trade concerning produce and travellers coming from these countries, similar to the rigorous measures adopted by the governments in Rome and Madrid against French travellers and produce.

appointed, for the celebrations will be less splendid than in previous years.

It has been appallingly hot, enough to hatch out all the cholera germs on earth; fortunately there was a storm last night which has freshened the atmosphere; but the heat is intense, because the sun is blazing and hot.

Our love to Hélène, to Pumps and her family and to Tussy.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

P.S. Give us news of your health.

118. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 12/7/84

My dear Engels,

I received your letter with the cheque, as also another letter remitted by Deville. It was a very good thing you wrote to me through him, for if we want Laura to leave Paris, she must not suspect our plot. In this morning's letter you have opened the campaign well by inviting her to go to the *seaside** at the end of the month.

How worried you must be by Pumps' illness, in addition to your work and your own illness! So far as I can make out, the attack this year is not so severe as that of last year, which is a good sign. The *seaside** will complete your cure.

The cholera has reached Paris; several deaths are announced this morning; but they must be cases of fear-cholera. Fortunately our neighbourhood is one of the healthiest and most open in Paris.

We shall take advantage of the cholera to stir up the Paris population.

Poor Nim! I did not realize that she had rheumatism.
Poor General!!! Not able to drink in this heat.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

119. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 22nd July 1884

My dear Laura,

“La suite à demain!”... mais je l’attends encore, cette suite¹ which was to explain to me the many otherwise inexplicable things in your last letter. Why, I thought you lived in one of the finest, airiest, healthiest, etc. quarters of Paris, at an elevation sufficient to raise you above all earthly things, and now all at once you are going to move, and that at this blessed hot time of the year, and Paul is going to Bordeaux, and the whole world is all sixes and sevens and the long and the short of it is that you are not coming but must spend the hot season in Paris, and will only leave Paris at that season when Heine admired it most:

*Die Sterne
Sind am schönsten in Paris
Wenn sie eines Winterabends
Dort im Strassenkot sich spiegeln.*²

Well, Nim and Jollymeier who came on Friday, and myself have given this matter our most serious consideration

¹“The sequel tomorrow!” ... but I am still waiting for that sequel.
—Tr.

² *The stars*

Are at their loveliest in Paris

When, on a winter evening,

They are mirrored in its puddles.—Tr.

(Heine: *Atta Troll*, chapter II, verse 14.)

and we have come to the unanimous, but so far not very satisfactory conclusion: that something must be wrong somewhere.

Anyhow, as *La Suite* won't come, I hope you will after all come yourself and let all these considerations go to the wind. If you wait for Paul's going to Bordeaux to start a paper, that may or may not come off these next 100 years. If he does not go, and it is absolutely necessary that you should move from 66 B[oulevard] de P[ort]-R[oyal], well then let *him* hunt for apartments and do the moving. So I do not see what should stop you from coming over—if only for 3 weeks say—and as soon as you tell me that you are coming, we will make the road as smooth for you as we can.

Tussy and Edward are off on honeymoon n° I, if not back already again—the grand honeymoon is to come off next Thursday. Of course, Nim, Jollymeier and I have been fully aware of what was going on for a considerable time and had a good laugh at these poor innocents who thought all the time we had no eyes, and who did not approach the quart d'heure de Rabelais¹ without a certain funk. However we soon got them over that. In fact had Tussy asked my advice before she leaped, I might have considered it my duty to expatiate upon the various possible and unavoidable consequences of this step, but when it was all settled, the best thing was for them to have it out at once before other people could take advantage of its being kept in the dark. And that was one of the reasons why I was glad that we knew all about it—if any wise people had found it out and come up to us with the grand news, we should have been prepared. I hope they will continue as happy as they seem now; I like Edward very much, and think it will be a good thing for him to come more into contact with other people besides the literary and lecturing circle in which he moved; he has a good foundation of

¹ The crucial moment.—*Tr.*

solid studies and felt himself out of place amongst that extremely superficial lot amongst whom fate had thrown him.

Jollymeier is very well and lively now—while I work, he takes long walks—he is off now on one of them. Pumps has at last got over her bronchitis etc. and will move to-day into her new house in Kilburn—beg pardon, “West Hampstead” (I never knew Hampstead to reach as far as Edgware Road, but so it seems).

Nim is very well and lively—next week, I suppose, we shall have to move towards the sea, but where to? that grand question remains still to be solved. As to myself, I am right enough on condition of keeping—for the present—within very narrow bounds both as to exercise, work and enjoyment—I hope the change of air will finally set me right.

And now for “la suite,” and let it be a good one, a suite that brings you over!

Paul’s *Blé* has arrived this morning. What a pity he does not follow the wise counsels of la rédaction du¹ *J[ournal] des Écon[omistes]*!

Very affectionately yours,

F. E.

120. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

23rd July 84/Paris

My dearest General,

Here goes for the “*suite*.” I begin to think that I’ve been *criminal* in not sticking to the “à demain”!

But thereby “hangs a tale”; as indeed there does by most “*suites*.”

¹ The editorial board.—*Tr.*

I am very sorry that my negligence, or rather, *my inability to write sooner*, should have led you, and my old friends and fellow gossips, Nim and Schorlemmer, to think that there must be "something wrong somewhere." Beyond the necessity to move, there's nothing wrong that I know of!

The reasons for moving are these: I think that I told you when in London that our permanent abiding at 66, Port-Royal, was problematical. I told you, I think, that our rooms were divided from other rooms on the same flat by a mere screen. (This set of rooms forms one "appartement"). If I remember rightly, I told you how, during Paul's stay at Pélagie, I was nocturnally treated by my neighbours to *tragi-comical scenes* in that out-and-out French style for which I have no sort of liking.

— I am told that that comes of my having been brought up in "that barbarous land of Shakespeare"!

— But that's neither here nor there.—

— Latterly, things have been coming to a head, and this is how!... Our neighbourhood has come so openly to "af-ficher"¹ its disregard of respectability that no "*family*" will take rooms in our house. The consequence is that our concierge, a very fallen angel indeed, wants to turn the whole of the apartments into "*chambres garnies*."² As it is, we have had the most unsavoury specimens of "*passants*"³ who take up flying quarters below, overhead, and alongside of us!... In this way we get not only all that is most "advanced" in the way of French "*jeunesse*" but much of what is least desirable in the way of "Belges," "Catalans" and nondescript "Youth" generally.

I had hoped to have, when we took the rooms we occupy, the small room that is screened off from our bedroom. It was understood that, on the removal of the then tenants,

¹ Advertise.—*Tr.*

² Furnished lodgings.—*Tr.*

³ Birds of passage.—*Tr.*

I should get the room for a trifle. For reasons which I have just given you, our concierge now refuses to "let" the room, except at such a price as I refuse to give, seeing that rents are lower just now than they were some few years back.

I don't care for l'art pour l'art¹ and I should not move for the pleasure of moving. Our present quarters I *like*, as Nina and Schorlemmer and the Jutas can tell you! But go we must! We shall not in moving be any the worse either as regards "air" or "altitude" but shall be so, decidedly, as regards the "view," for which I have had, I own, a very great, and our French friends say, a *culpable weakness*. Deville says that he can't see anything beyond a lot of chimney-pots to admire in the landscape! But, in this case, Deville sees neither the trees nor the forest.

Now as to Paul's looking for apartments and seeing to the moving, you know that he neither would, nor *could* do it! But if you don't mind having me after your return from your sea-siding, I shall somehow or other make shift to come—And I promise to be as quiet as a mouse and not to interfere the least bit with your work!

Last, *not least*, my coming is a cost to you and after all that you have done I think it is high time for you to draw the line somewhere!

Yours most affectionately,

LAURA

Paul keeps worrying so that I don't know what I've written!

¹ Art for art's sake.—*Tr.*

121. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 25/7/84

My dear Engels,

Laura's letter, which you will have received yesterday evening, shows you that you were right in thinking that my "African impudence goes through where European prudence would not see the way."

I have, I believe, stunned Molinari,¹ for on several occasions I have told him that official economics was dead and that the economists were nothing but apologists for the capitalist system, and that Beaulieu was the most optimistic of all apologists. The French economists have been so convinced that the Socialists were no better than imbeciles that he was quite startled, this chap, at finding himself and his colleagues treated as mere windbags: I must admit that my study on grain, which he read very carefully before accepting it, interested him intensely; he is one of those who would be pleased to see the European agricultural system destroyed and replaced by American finance agriculture; my article, except for my conclusions, in which I set out the probability of a crisis of over-production of wheat, gratified him because it deals with his pet subject.

Yesterday I went to a comrade to borrow Beaulieu's² book until I can acquire a copy of it. It is a volume of 450 pages—same size as the *Journal des écon[omistes]*. One hundred pages are devoted to Marx; and to would-be criticism of *Capital*.³ To establish his critical competence, he passes over in silence the first part of the first book (the whole analysis of *commodities, exchange, and the circulation of commodities*); "it does not contain anything essen-

¹ Editor-in-chief of the *Journal des économistes*.

² See Note 1 to p. 211.

³ These are Chapters III to VI of Book II.

tial.”¹ What is important “to study is the theory of profit or surplus value, for it is on this that the whole doctrine of collectivism rests.”

I list his refutations:

1st. It is untrue to say that capital is unpaid labour, since the workers save out of their wages.

2nd. Constant capital is the source of surplus value. Inasmuch as, if Robinson [Crusoe] on his island had built a wheelbarrow and had lent it to some immigrants, he would have rendered a service which would have doubled or trebled their productivity.

3rd. It is untrue to say that it is the capitalist who benefits by the strength resulting from the co-operation of workers labouring together, even though he does not pay for it.

It is also untrue to say that it is the capitalist who benefits by scientific discoveries applied in capitalist exploitation.

It is also untrue to say that it is the capitalist who profits by the employment of women and children in industry.

Do you know who profits? The consumer. The capitalist is but a poor devil who exerts himself to the utmost to provide the well-being of that idler, the consumer.

To give you an idea of Beaulieu's manner of proceeding, I quote:

“Marx's view thus contrary to the facts; (the employment of women in industry since ‘spinning was done by women before the power-loom, bleaching in the past was purely women's work, etc.)—it (the view) becomes perfectly ridiculous when the German Socialist asserts with his usual intrepidity that in England the number of women increases more than that of men.’”² Can you get me the statistics?

¹ Leroy-Beaulieu: *Le Collectivisme*, p. 252.

² *Op. cit.*, pp. 291-92.

"Manufacturing industry is, taken all round, a remedy for unemployment." It abolishes pauperism; he proves this by establishing that in 1883 there are fewer poor on relief in England and Wales than in 1849.¹ "The childish and sophistical propositions of K. M[arx] collapse before these facts. What further can we say about that idle reserve of the industrial army, a reserve which must constantly increase."²

He deals at length with Lassalle and Schaeffle. He calls Marx the "plagiarist" of Proudhon and Lassalle Marx's rival. It will be an excellent opportunity to put Lassalle in his place and I count upon you for that. I also count upon you to revise my work; I would even ask you, if it would not bother you too much, to expound your way of proving that machinery, raw material, etc., (constant capital) are not generators of surplus value. That will be the difficult part of the argument; I shall have to expound the matter in such a way that even the purblind economists can understand me.

In his letter to me Molinari says that probably Beaulieu will reply and that he will allow me to answer him once again, but that after that he reserves the right to close the debate. It will be amusing.

Oriol is in a bad way, I shall suggest to Guillaumin³ that he publish *Poverty*; it will be better and this will be just the right moment.

Love to all.

Good wishes to you and thank you for the enclosure in the letter.

P. LAFARGUE

¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 306-10.

² *Op. cit.*, p. 310.

³ Guillaumin was the editor of the *Journal des économistes*.

122. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 26 July 1884

My dear Laura,

La suite, la suite de la suite et la conclusion par P.L.¹ to hand. I have just sent my amanuensis home and have a few minutes left to say that I shall be very glad not only to revise Paul's article but also to offer suggestions as to points of attack. But for that I must have the book and to get it I must know the *exact title*—please let me have that at once so that I can order it.

It appears, then, that after all we shall have to do without you at the seaside. Well, I don't know—if this weather continues—whether France is not preferable. We have now, 5 p.m., hardly 17° centigrade and plenty of rain, so that poor Jollymeier has not been able to take his walk.

Pumps and Percy are just coming in for dinner, so I must conclude. Love from all.

Yours affectionately,

F. E.

123. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Sunday July 27th/84 Paris

My dear General,

All thanks for consenting to help Paul. Tomorrow he will send you the book, through Oriol. The better way, because of the discount.

To judge from what passed between Paul and Molinari yesterday, one would conclude that the latter, himself,

¹ The sequel, the sequel to the sequel and the conclusion by P.L.—Tr.

looks forward with a sort of malicious pleasure to seeing Paul Leroy-Beaulieu taken down a peg. M[olinari] impressed upon Paul the necessity of being "moderate in form," in order that Beaulieu may be furnished with no kind of pretext for shirking a reply. It appears that if Beaulieu finds any loop-hole for escape, he will indubitably "run away," so as to be able "to live to fight another day."¹—Which, seeing he is "membre de l'Académie des sciences morales et politiques, professeur d'économie politique au Collège de France et directeur de *L'Économiste français*"—who should blame him for doing? To skedaddle is quite the decentest thing that so respectable and *respected* a man—tricked out in brief authority!—*can* do.

Ten to one, he hasn't even read the *Kapital*. As to having mastered it, that's not ten to one at all! Had he done so, he would have ceased to be the Leroy-Beaulieu (the king of commonplace) that he is!

Paul's impertinence in his dealings with Molinari (a very good old fellow, personally) quite baffles everything in that way that has ever come under my notice. It would have amused Papa....—But "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" and decidedly the fools, with the Molinaris of the world, have the best of it! And as the event proves, Paul wasn't the fool that he looked, when he called on M[olinari].

I am sorry to hear that it is bad weather with you. Our own Sunday—while I am scribbling this—is deluging our boulevard, but odoriferous Paris will be none the worse, tomorrow, for a little extra watering.

The "microbe" up to date, has neither "come" nor "conquered." The beast has been clamoured for by all that is

¹ Reminiscences of Goldsmith's, *The Art of Poetry on a New Plan*, p. 147.

*For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day.*

An inaccurate quotation by memory from Samuel Butler, *Hudibras*.

collectiviste révolutionnaire here and that's why he turns us a cold shoulder.

Here's to the health and happiness of all of you and may you have a jolly time of it on the sands, by the sea!

Yours very affectionately,

LAURA

124. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 1st Aug. 84

My dear Laura,

Leroy-B[eaulieu] duly arrived. Thanks. I have not had much time yet to look at it, but shall do now; Schorl[emmer] has gone to Germany yesterday.

We shall probably start on Monday for Worthing near Brighton—it's Percy's choice, and from all other people's reports a horridly dull place. All the same to me, but if Pumps does not like it, she will have to settle that with the husband of her bosom. Shall let you have exact address as soon as possible.

Have had a bad cold in consequence of the heat and exposure to drafts—have not smoked or tasted beer for nearly a week, but am on the right side of both again since yesterday.

As Paul's article on the blé is not complete yet and they are almost sure to have a month between that and the attack on L[eroy]-B[eaulieu] so that this latter article will only appear in the *October* n^o, there will be a bit of breathing time—at least I hope so. I do want a bit of rest, and shall have, besides this affair, plenty of translations to revise while at the seaside. The great thing for Paul will have to be *conciseness*, limitation of the question *strictly to L[eroy]-B[eaulieu]'s criticisms on Mohr*, leaving entirely out Lassalle, etc.—except perhaps when L[eroy]-

B[eauly] gives occasion to show his glaring ignorance. However, as soon as I have looked the book over, I shall be able to judge better. Anyhow, as the book is big and the space for reply small, the limitation to what is strictly necessary will be unavoidable.

Now I must conclude—it's blazing hot, I have written already five letters and have still to write to "Mrs. Aveling" and to Zurich.

Nim too has a bit of the cough and what I almost feel inclined to call a whooping-cough sometimes—but it is not bad. You know that Tussy caught a *regular whooping-cough* from little Lilian Rosher! It's positively true.

Tell Paul to give you a kiss each for Nim and me.

Very affectionately yours,

F. E.

125. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS* ¹

48 Marine Parade
Worthing, Aug. 6/84

My dear Laura,

Here we are and here is our address in as primitive a place as the British seaside will admit of—the first lodgings we took we had to leave because the old Madame objected to smoking!!

No Lager Beer as yet, but Percy is hunting some up at Brighton—as soon as that is to hand, I will try whether I can digest Leroy-B[eauly]; it is blazing hot but fine continental heat and sea-breeze; the Channel is right before our noses but at ebb-tide about 1/4 mile away. Pumps and Nim just come in for beer: they say it is so hot they cannot stand it outside any longer and the house is indeed cooler.

¹ The original is in the Historical Museum at Montreuil-sous-Bois.

Why, after all ces pauvres parisiens¹ will be done out of their share of cholera! What a shame after all their preparations.

Nim just says she hopes she has come into a fortune on July 31st in that grand drawing in Paris. If so, you are to telegraph at once to the Baroness de Demuth at the above address, as she wants to come with a grand treat.

I am lazy and have so many letters to write! So I hope I shall have good news from Paul, that is to say that the great Leroy-B[eaulieu] is not in such a hurry to pocket his thrashing.

Anyhow, I must take beneficium caloris² and conclude.

The whole lot send any amount of loves, ditto yours affectionately

F. E.

126. FREDERICK ENGELS TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS

[August 11th, 1884]

P. 1: B[eaulieu] always writes Schoeffle, the gentleman is called *Schaeffle*.³

P. 3: The *nascent* capitalist system—? about 1780-1800?

¹ Those poor Parisians.—*Tr.*

² Advantage of the heat.—*Tr.*

³ Albert Schaeffle was a "vulgar economist" who had written a book: *La Quintessence du socialisme*, translated by B. Malon and published in Paris in 1880. Leroy-Beaulieu took from it the "positive aspects" of collectivism as opposed to the negative aspects he professed to find in Marx and Lassale. On p. 315 this characteristic appraisal of Schaeffle appears: "A different and more modest guide with a persuasive and engaging voice is offered us, who has nothing of the revolutionary either in form or outlook: he does not urge the masses to revolt and destruction; as a former Minister himself, he seeks to advise Ministers; we are speaking of Schaeffle, to whom there was frequent reference at the beginning of this work and whose writings the German and Italian school of economists study attentively."

The *birth* of this system dates from the 15th century, nascent manufacturing industry merely inaugurating its apogee.

P. 1 and 4: Maine¹ does not in any way deserve to be cited in the same breath with Maurer²; he discovered nothing, he is but the disciple of the disciples of Maurer; the common ownership of land in India was known and described long before him by Campbell³, etc.; that in Java by Money,⁴ etc.; that in Russia by Haxthausen.⁵ His only merit is that of being the first Englishman to accept and vulgarise Maurer's discoveries.

P. 5: Must be entirely recast. Your examples do not apply to the point under discussion. The peasant's plot of land which becomes capital would be *land capital*, a very complicated matter which M[arx] discusses only in the *third book*. Your slave-owner producing for the N[ew] Orleans market is not a capitalist, no more than is the Rumanian boyar who exploits peasants liable to *corvée* labour. There is no capitalist but the owner of the means of production *who exploits* THE FREE WORKER!

You should rather say: the small peasant's weaving-loom of the time before the revolution, used for weaving clothing for the family, was not capital; nor yet is it capital when the peasant sells to the merchant cloth he has been able to make during the long winter evenings; but if he employs a wage-earner to weave commodities for the merchant and pockets the difference between the costs of production and the sale price of the cloth, there you have the weaving-loom transformed into capital. The given aim of production—to produce commodities—*does not impart*

¹ "Mayne" in the original. This refers to H. S. Maine, the author of *Ancient Law, its Connection with the Early History of Society*, New York, 1875.

² German historian by whom Engels set great store by virtue of his works on the communities of the Mark, the Seignoury, the Village and the Town.

³ Sir George Campbell: *Modern India*, 1852.

⁴ I.W.G. Money: *Java or How to Manage a Colony*, London, 1861.

⁵ Haxthausen: *Die ländliche Verfassung Russlands*, Leipzig, 1861.

the character of capital to the instrument. The prod[uction] of commodities is one of the pre-conditions for the existence of capital; but so long as the producer sells only *his own product*, he is not a capitalist; he becomes one only at the point when he employs his instrument *to exploit the paid work of another*. This applies to page 6 as well. How is it possible that you failed to make that distinction?

Instead of your impossible slave-owner (don't be so *Réache*¹) you might say: The feudal lord whose fields are worked by his *corvée*-labourers and who in addition collects their tribute in eggs, poultry, fruit, cattle, etc., is not a capitalist. He lives on the surplus labour of others, but he does not transform the product of that surplus labour into surplus value; he does not sell it, he consumes it, spends it, wastes it. But should this lord, as he did frequently in the 18th century, get rid of some part of his *corvée*-labourers, should he combine their plots in one large farm, rented to the big industrial farmer so dear to the Physiocrats; should this big farmer employ the erstwhile *corvée*-labourers as wage-labourers in the cultivation of his land, then you have feudal agriculture transformed into capitalist agriculture, and the farmer into a capitalist.

P. 6: The *direct* form of the circulation of commodities is of course its *primitive* form; it must certainly exist before the second form² can come into being. It is *not* primitive compared with simple *barter*; but the circulation of comm[odities] presupposes the existence of money; barter merely creates haphazard exchanges, not the circulation of commodities.

P. 7: Capitalist production is not a form, different or otherwise, direct or indirect, of the circulation of commod-

¹ This probably refers to Gerville-Réache, Deputy for the West Indies.

² That is, the M—C—M form.

ities. Production and circulation are two distinct things. All capitalist production presupposes the circulation of commodities and takes place within it, but it is not circulation any more than digestion is blood circulation. You can cut out the whole of that sentence which adds nothing to the sense.

P. 11: The underlined passage is incomprehensible to me and wrong in every respect. The average capitalist *does sell* and *can sell* a product which has cost him 10 francs for more than 10 francs. Where you go wrong is on "*the costs of production.*" But costs of production, in the economists' sense, include profit; they consist of: (1) the amount which the product has cost the capitalist, and (2) the profit; to put it in another way: (1) the sum to replace the constant capital expended; (2) that to replace the wages paid; (3) the surplus value, wholly or in part, created by the surplus labour of the wage-earners. So you must take B[eaulieu]'s phrase, his definition of value (at the end of p. 9) and oppose to each other the two expressions of value which it contains: either the price of production includes the profit, and in that case the commodities are paid for "according to the social labour which they contain." In that case the price (the value) includes a *surplus value* created by living labour, over and above the wages paid, and appropriated by capital. Or else the price of production does not cover the profit; in that case the value is determined, not by the social labour which the article contains, but by the wages, high or low, paid for this labour—rubbish refuted by Ricardo long ago.

P. 12-13: The machine and the cotton transmit their *whole* value, *even that of the waste*, to the product; and here is the real point of your argument. Even though 115 lbs. of cotton yield only 100 lbs. of yarn, the value of those 100 lbs. includes the price of the 115 lbs. of raw cotton. Perhaps Mr. B[eaulieu] calls this, the value of the 15 lbs. lost in the process, but reappearing in the value, a *surplus value*?

P. 13: If the capitalist *lent* his machine, etc., to the worker, the product would belong to the worker—nothing of the sort.

P. 13-14: "To beget an advantage known as 'profit': compare the first paragraph p. 270 where Mr. B[eaulieu] demonstrates that it is not the capitalist but the consumer who benefits by technical advances. He rebukes Marx for overlooking competition; and M[arx] in the whole chapter on machinery and manufacturing industry has shown that machinery serves but to reduce the cost of products and that it is competition which brings about this effect, that is to say, that the advantage consists in producing more products in the same time, so that the labour incorporated in each one is that much less, and the value of each one is proportionately reduced. Mr. B[eaulieu] omits to tell us in what respect the wage-worker gains an advantage in seeing his productivity increase, when the product of that increased productivity does not belong to him and when his wage is not determined by the productivity of the machine.

P. 14-15: The justification for profit given here by B[eaulieu] contains the quintessence of vulgar economics, its justification of the exploitation of the worker by the capitalist. The *creator of capital* demands a "legitimate" reward for that creation (i.e., "the wages of abstinence"—see Marx) and that reward has to be paid by the exploited worker, in the form of unpaid labour. You approve this by saying that "profit is the legitimate child of living labour"! "*The salary of management*" is represented and measured by the salary paid to a salaried manager, a salary with which no capitalist would be satisfied. See *Kapital*, 3rd German edition, pp. 171-172.¹ (I have not the French edition here)—you will find all these phrases refuted there in a few words. The insurance premium against "*risks*" is in fact taken out of surplus value, but it is

¹ English edition, Moscow, 1958, Vol. I, pp. 191-92.

reckoned *over and above* the profit; each year the capitalist puts a sum of . . . in reserve for what he calls *del credere* (from the Italian, i.e., to cover himself against defaulters or bad debts). In any case the *rewards for improved efficiency*, for techniques not yet in general use, apply only in exceptional cases and may yield *extra* profit; but here it is a question of average, ordinary profit, common to all manufacturers. However, you will find this sort of profit dealt with in *Kap[ital]*, 3rd Ger. ed., pp. 314-17.¹

By taking these conclusions of B[eaulieu] seriously, by stating that they make "profit the legitimate child of living labour" (*not of the worker, but of the capitalist's work!*) you accept, on Marx's behalf and in Marx's name, those doctrines of vulg[ar] ec[onomy] against which he fought always and everywhere. Hence it is absolutely necessary to alter your expressions so that they cannot have even the semblance of such a meaning. Failing that, you will be the one to have fallen into the trap.

Your assertion on p. 16 that "when the products . . . capitalist profit is nil, or practically nil" is absolutely contrary to the facts. In that case, where is the exploitation of the workers? What are you complaining of? And on what do the capitalists live, debauch themselves and grow rich? Where the deuce did you get this idea, which even the vul[gar] ec[onomists] have never propounded and which is not to be found in B[eaulieu] either? And you call it a general law! What is true is that machinery making 100 metres of cloth with the same work required to make one metre by labour power alone, allows the capitalist to spread his profit over 100 metres instead of concentrating it on one; which means that each metre carries but 1/100th of the profit; but the profit for the amount of labour expended can remain the same and even increase.

¹ English edition, Moscow, 1958, Vol. I, p. 451.

P. 16: Marx would protest against the economic "political and social ideal" which you attribute to him. When one is a "man of science," one does not have an ideal; one works out scientific results, and when one is a party man to boot, one fights to put them into practice. But when one has an ideal, one cannot be a man of science, for one starts out with preconceptions.

In short, your article will be effective if you eliminate the principal errors which I have indicated. But in your reply you will have to be far more serious, I think most decidedly that you should reread *Capital* seriously from beginning to end, with B[eaulieu]'s book beside you; and that you should mark all the passages dealing with vulgar economy. I say *Capital* and not Deville's book¹ which would not suffice at all, by reason of grave defects in the descriptive part.

Furthermore, do not forget that these Mr. B[eaulieu]'s and others have ordinary economic literature at their finger-tips far more than you, and that this is a field where you are not equipped to fight them on equal terms; it is their job to know all that, it is not yours. So do not venture too far into that field.

I have spoken frankly and I hope you will not be annoyed by it. The matter is too serious, if you missed your mark, the whole Party would suffer for it.

Here we are dying of heat, but we are pretty well none-theless. Everyone sends Laura and you a thousand greetings. Unfortunately our stock of Pilsener is running out and it takes two days to replace it from Brighton! We live in a state of complete barbarism here.

With good wishes,

F. E.

¹ *Le Capital de K. Marx*, abridged by G. Deville.

127. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS AT WORTHING

Paris, August 13th, 1884

My dear Engels,

I have just received your two letters simultaneously this morning. I do not know how that happened. I shall go at once to the bailiff and pay my debt. I hasten to answer your letter. I shall make the corrections indicated.

I tried, while attacking Beaulieu, to give him an opening which would draw him into replying; that was why I did not enlarge on the role of competition. My original work is at least three times as long as that which I sent you; I had to cut and prune to keep within reasonable limits.

I shall make the changes indicated concerning the peasant and the slave-owner—very important.

I shall also modify the part about labour—in relation to manager, administrator, etc.—but I want to leave some ambiguity in order to fall upon him later; since in limited liability companies that work is no longer done by capitalists, but by wage-earners.

I shall put Maine¹ in his place, as I have already done in my article for *To-Day*.²

Thank you for your corrections which are very useful to me. And good-bye—the weather is cooler.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

¹ "Mayne" in the original.

² In No. 4 of *To-Day* (April 1884), in his article on "Peasant Ownership in France" (pp. 257-58), Lafargue said of Sir Henry Maine that "he introduced into England the most up-to-date historical theory as expounded by Maurer."

128. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS AT WORTHING

Paris, August 24th, 1884

My dear Engels,

I delivered my manuscript to Molinari ten days ago; I made all the revisions and modifications that you suggested. I did not enlarge at any great length on the role of competition but indicated it adequately; I cut out everything there was on Negro slavery, and also on J. B. Say.

At the same time as this letter, I am sending you my second article on wheat.¹

The heat is appalling, and the more intolerable because for a while the temperature was a little cooler; everyone is suffering from the heat, except the dogs, in whom it excites amorous passions which they do not hesitate to satisfy in public, to the huge delight of the passers-by, male and female. But it appears that in the South the dogs and bitches make love to each other in the streets so freely that you might fancy yourself back in the days of the *Courts of Love*. The mayor of the town of Céret (in the Pyrénées-Orientales) thought it his duty to protest; I send you his decree, a masterpiece:

"We, Mayor of the town of Céret.

"In consideration of the law of April 5th, 1884:

"Whereas it is the duty of the Municipal Authority to avert and put down whatever may assail public morality;

"Whereas at certain seasons of the year the circulation in the streets and public squares of bitches on heat gives rise to scandalous scenes;

"We decree:

"Article 1: It is hereby prescribed that all owners of bitches shall keep them leashed inside their dwellings during the entire period in which they are on heat.

¹ Published in No. 8 of the *Journal des économistes* (August 1884, pp. 195-214).

"Art. 2: Proceedings will be taken against the owner of any bitch found coupled with a dog in the public thoroughfare, and the infringement will be prosecuted in accordance with the law.

"Art. 3: Superintendents of police, gamekeepers and all members of the police force are made responsible for carrying out the present decree.

"Issued at Céret, June 30th, 1884,

"Michel Fourcade, Mayor."

Are the Worthing dogs so shameless as to need recalling to a sense of decency like those of Céret?

The cheque which you sent me has been devoted (2/3rds) to paying the furniture dealer, I find myself obliged to turn to you again for a further cheque of twelve pounds.

Ferry has prorogued parliament to enable him to declare war on China.¹ What is he after, what does he want?

How do you kill time at the *seaside**? Have you found some Pilsener and have you decapitated a few dozen?

As you say nothing more about your health, that is proof that it is better: the *seaside** will restore you completely.

Laura sends you her love, as also to Hélène, Pumps and the happy family*.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

Laura maintains that my letter is silly enough to take the sparkle out of a bottle of champagne; how can I help it, it is so hot.

¹ The motion of closure was voted on August 18th. In point of fact the war in Tong-King was going on despite the Tientsin Treaty (May 11th, 1884) and there was fighting with China.

129. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 18/9/84

My dear Engels,

The heat has returned with a vengeance; it is frightfully hot; if this year's wine is not of the finest it will not be the fault of the sun. But in the meanwhile the heat stupefies us. Either it is not so intense in London as here or else it does not affect you as it does us, for your letters enumerating your tasks show that your intellectual activity is as great as ever. The *Neue Zeit* reports the forthcoming publication of your book on *The Family, the State, and Private Property*.¹ Is what it says true about the part which the would-be philosopher Spencer is supposed to have played in suppressing the sale and circulation of Morgan's *Ancient Society*,² which, however, was in circulation at Mudie's at one time, for I read a copy which Lavroff had bought at Mudie's. Tylor, in his *Researches into the Early History of Mankind*, quotes Morgan when he speaks of the division of the Indian tribes into clans. My article in reply to Beaulieu has appeared in the *Journal des économistes*.³ Molinari behaved very well, he put it all in without any changes whatsoever; in addition, he prefaced my article by a short note inviting Beaulieu to reply, promising him the same freedom that I had been given. I will send you the article, which I have only this instant received, as soon as I have another copy.

At the moment I am preparing a work on statistics: the

¹ *Neue Zeit* (2nd year, No. 9) contains (pp. 420-22) an article entitled "A New Book by Fr. Engels," announcing the forthcoming publication of *The Origin of the Family*.

² An allusion to the predominance of the Spencer school in the field of prehistory and to the attempts to kill Morgan's work by silence, referred to by Engels in his preface and again in the article in *Neue Zeit*.

³ *Journal des économistes*, No. 9, September 1884, pp. 379-91.

great preoccupation of Beaulieu, Giffen, Lévy, etc., is to prove that wealth is more and more widely distributed, even though it becomes more and more concentrated. I think I can refute them with official figures, with the help of figures provided by death duties; to do this work I shall have to consult the Ministry of Finance library; but I can do that only when the Chambers reassemble. In the meantime I have studied the Paris population statistics which are very curious; I shall write an article which I shall send to *Macmillan*; as it will contain only facts and figures, perhaps it will be taken?

I am hoping to obtain a railway pass to travel *gratis* to Bordeaux; at the same time Laura has received a letter from Chloromajor, offering to come to Paris to fetch her and take her to London: I think it would be better if she went to England during my absence from Paris; so, if you have no objection to receiving her now, she would write to Schorlemmer asking him to fetch her on his way through.

Poor Deville has had an accident; he broke his collar-bone falling from a horse. He had gone to Robinson, the Hampstead of Paris, which you will remember; they hire out donkeys there, and since the bourgeoisie has grown more refined, they go in for horse riding. The horses they have there are creatures of habit and turn to the right or the left without asking the permission of the rider; Deville's horse was going at full gallop; it turned sharply into its usual tracks and threw Deville ten paces. He is getting better; he did not have a temperature; he will probably be able to go out in a week's time with his arm in a sling.

Please send me a cheque for twelve pounds to pay the furniture dealer.

Give my love to Hélène, Tussy, Pumps and the family and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

130. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris 19/10/84

My dear Engels,

Meyer's address that I have is 36, rue Saint-Dominique; but it is very old and probably not right any longer, for I believe he lived in the rue Bellechasse later on. But there are two ways of finding him, if he is still in Paris: write

1. to the paper

L'Association catholique
262, Boulevard Saint-Germain.

He is one of the contributors to that review;

2. to his friend

M. Gabriel Ardent
12, rue de Louvois.

It is very agreeable news that your letter brings, namely, that you are better, and that thanks to mechanical processes you hope to be cured of your complaint, which "is no more than troublesome." It will be a very great pleasure to learn of the cure.

Lavroff showed me your pamphlet and your Russian letter, which is Greek to me. Send me a copy to dispatch to Russia; in a letter from Danielson which I have just received, he speaks of your work and expresses the wish to have it.

Bernstein has just written to me authorising me to open a public subscription for the Socialist elections¹; Vailant is in favour of it, probably we shall do it in the name of the *Workers' Party* and the *Central Committee*.²

¹ This refers to the German elections which were to take place on October 28th and for which the Workers' Party opened a subscription fund.

² That is, the Blanquist Revolutionary Central Committee.

You will have learnt from the *Cri du peuple*¹ which I sent you that Nonné has been dealt with as a police spy. The German police is unlucky in its agents and no mistake.

Kiss Laura; give my love to Hélène, Pumps, Tussy and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

131. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 18/11/84

My dear Engels,

With this letter you will receive my answer to Block, published in this month's *Journal des économistes*.² Despite your advice and that of Laura, I was anxious to answer Block, without waiting for a reply from Beaulieu, who considers he has been well enough trounced to require no further bullying. Block and Beaulieu are the two eminent economists in France, and, if it comes to that, the one is German, the other Belgian; ever since Bastiat France has desisted from such prodigious childbearing. I

¹ In the *Cri du peuple* of September 18th, 1884 (p. 2/II) it says, under the heading: "Unmasking of an Agent Provocateur":

"By virtue of its authority the undersigned Commission after deliberation has resolved upon the following: Whereas Mr. Henri Nonné, born in Hanover, teacher of foreign languages in Paris, of 56, boulevard de Port-Royal, 2nd floor, has been recognised as in the service of the Prussian police, that the individual in question has played the part of an agent provocateur and spy in France, the aforesaid Nonné is expelled from the German Socialist Party. The Commission."

² In the October 1884 issue (pp. 130-36) an article by Maurice Block, Member of the Institut, appeared: "K. Marx's *Capital*, Concerning an Anti-Critique," which claimed to answer Lafargue's letter on Leroy-Beaulieu's book. Lafargue replied with a further article: "K. Marx's *Capital* and M. Block's Criticism," which was published in No. 11 of November 1884 (pp. 278-87).

think it was useful to silence those two great men in order to inspire a little respect for Marxist theory in the economists; they provided me with the opportunity not only of stating some of the ideas of modern socialism in the *Journal des économistes*, but also of holding up to ridicule official economics and its most reputable spokesmen; you will see on reading my article that I have not minced my words. Laura was astonished that my article with its insults and its frivolous tone was accepted and published. I have not been able to see Molinari, but I intend to congratulate him on his hardihood. I received your notes on Loria¹ too late to be able to make use of them this time; I am keeping them in reserve for a suitable occasion. Had I answered him, I should have dealt only with his last argument and should have told him a few of the reasons why the capitalist does not rush into industries where constant capital plays a small part. This Loria, whom I know only from his article, sends me one of his latest pamphlets, *Carlo Darwin e l'economia politica*, which you will have received, for he seems very proud of repeating your words, though without naming you: "i fenomeni del passato, che una critica irrazionale ci avvezza a considerare il risultato di violenza, di arbitrio, della scelleraggine umana, dispiegansi ce noi come l'ineluttabile prodotto di uno stadio della evoluzione sociale."² This is taken almost word for word from *Scientific Socialism*: but Mr. Loria's conclusions are of a fatuous optimism.

You will have received a copy of the *Cri du peuple*,³

¹ The *Journal des économistes* of October 1884 (No. 10) had also published (pp. 137-39) a short article by Achille Loria on "K. Marx's Theory of Value."

² The phenomena of the past, which an irrational critique has accustomed us to regard as the result of violence, of arbitrariness, of human villainy, is revealed to us as the inescapable product of a stage of social evolution.—*Tr.*

³ The *Cri du peuple* of November 18th, 1884, gave an account (p. 4/I-II) of the Redoute meeting of Saturday, Nov. 15th, organised

which will have told you that our gathering in support of the German Socialists was a complete success. Laura will tell you about the meeting. The Possibilists, who started by turning up their noses at it (Mr. Brousse wrote: before we rejoice whole-heartedly at the success of the German Socialists, we should wait to hear on what programme they were elected), were put completely out of countenance by the enthusiasm produced by the Socialists' triumph¹—Bernstein, who was afraid that in speaking of the German Party's past I would indulge in attacks on Lassalle, wrote me a long letter counselling prudence; the letter reached me the following day, but I had no need of it, because I had no intention whatever of saying anything against Lassalle; I observed only that he, who had begun by attacking the Schul[ze] Del[itsch] type of co-operative, ended by advocating co-operatives supported by the State; and that therein lay one of the theoretical issues dividing the German Party, and that it is a similar theoretical issue that divides the French Workers' Party; for the Possibilists are in favour of co-operatives supported by the commune.

The Germans invited us to attend the party they gave to celebrate the elections; we went to it with Laura; it was delightful—Laura will tell you about it; she had hoped to write to you today, but visitors have prevented her. Speaking of Laura, I must thank you for the condition in which you sent her back to me: she is plump and in perfect health. Please thank dear Hélène in particular for taking so much trouble to cook her so many delicious dishes and to send me an excellent cake which, however, has one great defect, namely, that it did not automatically reproduce itself; accordingly it diminished visibly and today it is no more!

for the benefit of the German Social-Democrats' election fund, and which was a striking testimony to working-class internationalism.

¹ At the Reichstag elections of October 28th, the Social-Democratic Party received 549,990 votes and 24 were elected.

I am sorry to pester you, but I must needs do so, for unfortunately I have a landlord! Please send me a cheque for £12.

Give our love to the Avelings, the Roshers, H         and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

P.S. I have had a letter from Danielson asking me to thank you for sending your book. He does not know your address.

132. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 23rd Nov. 1884¹

My dear Laura,

Glad you arrived safe and well and Paul liked his cake—but Nim can't get over his insisting to eat cheese along with it. Nim has suffered much from toothache—a sound tooth, but loose. Yesterday she took an old pair of small tongues which she brought from Maitland Park and wrenched it out with it, rewarding her courage with a drop of brandy, and is now quite lively again.

Friday last the S[ocial] D[emocratic] Federation had a benefit. Tussy and Edward played in a piece—I did not go, as I do not as yet see my way to sitting three hours consecutively in a stiff chair. Nim says they played very well—the piece was more or less, she says, their own history. Mother Wright read—very well—Bax played the piano—rather long—Morris who was here the other night and quite delighted to find the Old Norse Edda on my table—he is an Icelandic enthusiast—Morris read a piece of his poetry (a “refonte”² of the eddaic Helreid Brynhildar (the description of Brynhild burning herself with Sigurds corpse), etc., etc., it went off very well—their art seems to

¹ The original is in the Historical Museum at Montreuil-sous-Bois.

² A recasting.—Tr.

be rather better than their literature and their poetry better than their prose.

Paul's reply to Block¹ is excellent, not only in style but in subject-matter. People have different ways of learning things, and if he learns political economy by fighting, it's all right so that he does learn it. He was quite right in bearing out the question of the equal price of corn which costs different amounts of labour—that is too complicated and is solved only in Book III, *Kapital*. But what he may return to, when he has an opportunity, is the stupid calumny of Block, page 131, note: that Mohr insiste surtout sur le capital employé dans le commerce, tant sous la forme *argent* (espèces) que sous la forme *marchandises*.² This is a direct lie or a proof that he does not know what he is writing about. Mohr mentions interest-bearing capital and merchants' capital only as historical *facts*, but expressly *excludes* them from all economical discussion in Book I, where capital is only considered in its simplest form as industrial capital.

A slip of the pen of Paul's p. 285: la grandeur de la plus-value est en rapport *direct* avec la longueur de la journée de travail, mais en rapport *inverse* avec le taux du salaire.³

Du reste, you know that my only objection to Paul's replying to Bl[ock] was the fear that it might "block" his ultimate reply to Leroy-B[eaulieu]—If he has eingeseift⁴ Molinari to that extent, that he allows Paul to reply anything to anybody, all the better.

¹ See Letter 131 of November 18, 1884.

² Insists above all on capital used in commerce, whether in the form of *money* (specie) or in the form of *commodities*.—Tr. A sentence in M. Block's article in the *Journal des économistes*. (See Note 2 to p. 242.)

³ The magnitude of the surplus value is *directly* proportional to the length of the working-day, and *inversely* proportional to the rate of wages.—Tr.

⁴ Got round.—Tr.

The report of the meeting in favour of the Germans in the *Soz[ial]-Dem[okrat]* as well as the extracts from *Lyon Soc[ialiste]*¹ given there will have a capital effect in Germany and everywhere. Nothing can strike the philistine and also the workmen of other countries more than this cordiality and working hand in hand of the proletarians of the two "erbfeindliche Nationen."² It ought to be *mis en avant*³ as much and as often as possible.

As to poor Brousse, the man without a programme, being in doubt about the programme on which our people have been elected, the proclamation of Müller in Darmstadt which I was glad Guesde worked up in the *C[ri] du P[eu]ple*⁴ will have answered him. Better still is the Hanoverian programme in this week's *Soz[ial]-Dem[okrat]* No. 47. I wish Guesde would make use of that. These two proclamations, and the fact that they were issued in *new* districts-Darmstadt and Hanover, where our people might be expected to coax votes, have given me quite as much pleasure as the elections themselves. They show how thoroughly the revolutionary spirit has been evoked by Bismarck's persecutions. I was almost expecting that the new

¹ No. 9 of the *Lyon socialiste* of November 9th 1884 published on p. 1 (I-III) an article: "Well done, Germans!" in which the electoral victory of the German Socialists was extolled. On pp. 3-4 there was a message of congratulation under the heading: "The Lyons Workers' Party to the German Workers," in which the following passage occurs: "For us the enemy is not the German, nor the Englishman, the Italian, the Arab, or the Chinese, etc., no. The enemy for us, as for you, is the enemy common to all peoples, it is the tyrant, the despot, the capitalist. It is all those who, in whatever form, hold the people in servitude and poverty, from the Czar of all the Russias to the bourgeois rulers of the so-called French Republic."

² Sworn-enemy nations.—*Tr.*

³ Brought to the fore.—*Tr.*

⁴ In the *Cri du peuple* of November 18th, 1884, Jules Guesde quotes in his editorial "Fresh Victory" (p. I/III), the reply made by Müller, the Darmstadt Socialist candidate, to his opponents between the first and second ballots. In it he declared himself a Republican and said that he had greeted the Commune as "the first clarion call of international revolution."

districts might send "moderate" men, but no fear of that now. Also Sabor the Jewish school-master from Frankfort belongs to the *Bebel* wing of the party.

Bernstein's letter to Paul about Lassalle finds its explanation in this, that in *Paris*, as in London and New York, the old Lassalle set is still strongly represented among the Germans. They have mostly emigrated, Germany is too hot for them and won't listen to them. But as they are comparatively harmless abroad, and form a useful international cement, besides finding funds for the Germans at home, on les ménage un peu.¹

Loria takes good care not to send me his exhortations. As a true "Kathedersozialistischer Streber"² he robs us right and left. By the bye, what Paul intends doing if he should reply to him, donne de côté.³ Loria knows that as well as ourselves, *why* capitalists go as well into one branch of industry as another. But the real question is as I stated it, and one which is not so easy; in fact, it broke down classical economy which could not solve it. The *déroute*,⁴ as Mohr's manuscript calls it, of the Ricardian school on this very question opened the door to vulgar economy.

My walks with you have done me a deal of good—I extend them every day and my muscles are hardening again.

Kind regards to Paul. Love from Nim.

Yours affectionately,

F. E.

Poor old Mother Hess! "Wir waben, wir waben!"⁵ Hope she is suited at last.

Now before concluding I want to ask you a favour. Paul

¹ One fosters them a little.— *Tr.*

² "Academic Socialist careerist."—*Tr.*

³ Misses the point.—*Tr.*

⁴ Rout.—*Tr.*

⁵ "We weave, we weave!": Engels is here quoting the words of the weavers in Heine's famous poem, giving them the distorted form of a South-German pronunciation.

has from me: 1) Darwin's *Origin of Species*. 2) Thierry, *Hist. du Tiers État*. 3) Paquet, *Institutions provinciales et communales de la France*. 4) Buonarroti's *Conspiracy of Babeuf*. Now, Jenny had from me 1) *Die Edda*, poetische und prosaische, and 2) *Beowulf*, both in Simrock's new high German translation. The latter two books and Darwin I am in especial want of. Could you get them together if they can be found (Thierry and Paquet I also have use for and Buonarroti is not to be had now) and send them in a parcel to me? The agents of the Continental Parcels Express (agence Continentale) are

E. d'Odiardi, 18, rue Bergère, and

P. Bigeault, 23, rue Dunkerque, opposite the station du Nord.

The carriage *not* to be paid, as the delivery will be all the safer; and mind, I am not in such a hurry that you should rush off post haste to Argenteuil to look the books up.

Clemenceau seems to be going down morally while going up politically—this appears unavoidable in French bourgeois politics. His visit to Gladstone and the rubbish he talked there is one symptom, the other is his silence in the chamber with regard to the Sozialistenhetze¹ and the atrocious judgements of Lyons, Montluçon, etc.

As to Paul's wish to have an Irish paper, there is none that can be recommended. Besides, if the *Égalité* writes up every murder, be it ever so stupid, as une exécution, Havas' telegrams are quite sufficient. For other things *The Daily News* Irish correspondence will be found sufficient.

If Paul sees that the *Égalité* is regularly forwarded to the *Soz[ial]-Dem[okrat]* at Zurich, that paper will be duly sent in return, but I shall write to Bernstein to send it to *your* address, so that *you* get it, and not those that do not understand it.

Kind regards to Paul,

Yours very affectionately,

F. E.

¹ Witch-hunt of Socialists.—*Tr.*

133. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 30/11/84

My dear Engels,

I enclose herewith a letter from New York. Before replying to it I should like to have your advice and to know whether the paper to be launched is not in opposition to the existing socialist journals belonging to the Party.

You will have heard that the unmasking of spies has started¹; the anarchist party was recruited at the police prefecture. It is certain that last Sunday Ferry tried to create a small riot in Paris,² to have a few bakeries looted and a few workers massacred, so that he might present himself at the next elections as the saviour of law and order and the protector of private property. That is why he has just proposed an import duty of 2 francs on every quintal of wheat to make sure of the countryside. This shows that the anarchists in every country and at all times are either police agents or imbeciles; this latest affair will be a terrible blow to them in France: they were foolish enough to defend to the bitter end their leader, the spy Druelle,³ heading the list of those unmasked.

Give our love to Hélène, the Avelings, the Roshers, and good wishes to you.

P. LAFARGUE

¹ On November 29th the *Cri du peuple* started publishing the resolutions of a jury, composed of representatives of all working-class organisations, which had decided publicly to denounce the spies introduced by the police into the working-class movement.

² On Sunday, November 23rd at 1:30, a meeting of unemployed workers was held at the Salle Lévis. The approaches to the Villiers cross-roads were occupied by 800 policemen. At the meeting itself, which over 3,000 people attended, the anarchist Druelle made an extremely violent speech, calling for the looting of bread shops. On leaving the meeting the workers were charged and bludgeoned by the police, who made over 60 arrests.

³ The *Cri du peuple* of November 29th, published (p. 1/V), under the heading: "The Political Police," the following statement:

134. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Saturday Evening, Dec. 6th/84

My dear General,

I don't think that I can add anything to what you will have gathered from the *Cri du peuple*¹ about the late doings here.

One Friday night, Paul, having gone as usual to the federation meeting, failed to turn up at the right time. I had gone to bed at twelve and was surprised on waking, at about half past two, to find no sign of Paul. Knowing that "anarchism" was abroad, I was a good deal alarmed but luckily had no time for any extravagant anxiety. Shortly before three o'clock a.m. M. Paul put in his appearance. What had happened I only learned subsequently from the newspapers, Paul thinking it necessary (greatly to my disgust) to tell me a lot of untruths for the purpose of throwing me off the scent. Well, the upshot of it all you know: the extract from the *Temps* faithfully reports,² it seems, what happened.—It makes me feel awfully queer to think that, without knowing it, I may at any time be hobnobbing with a paid spy. It's devilish disagreeable.

"The undersigned, convened by the *Cri du peuple*, unanimously declare that, in accordance with the documents submitted and the evidence taken, the said *Druelle* is a secret agent of the second detachment of investigation."

¹ The *Cri du peuple* continued to published the findings of the jury exposing police spies (five in all). On November 28th, *Druelle* had been arrested by the police "to protect him from the legitimate wrath of those he had deceived and betrayed."

² *Le Temps* of November 30th, 1884 carried a report of the meeting held at the Salle de la Redoute (on Friday the 28th) where the anarchists turned up to call the editorial board of the *Cri du peuple* to account for the *Druelle* affair.

The unmasking of Druelle and the rest has done a great deal of good. It has made clear to all how useful are the anarchist tactics to the powers that be. The best of it is that Druelle has been welcomed back with open arms by his brothers in anarchy.

A great many more persons are suspected than have up to this been "exécutés," but the positive proofs of guilt are hard to get at and, failing those, discretion is of course the only valour.

Tomorrow takes place the second meeting of the "ouvriers sans travail"¹ and, after "l'épuration,"² under *cleaner* conditions than the first. It is an important meeting and Paul will send you an account of it on Monday. A series of resolutions which the meeting will be asked to vote has been prepared by the Agglomération Parisienne³ and accepted by the "Commission d'organisation."

Lavroff wishes me to ask you if there has been published an edition of the *Bauernkrieg*⁴ later than that of 1875.

... My poor little watch has taken it into its head to stop again, but as I feel very sleepy, I think it must be late.

So good night and good-bye, my dear General, and love to Nim.

Affectionately yours,

LAURA

How is Pumps?

¹ On Sunday, December 7th, there was a second meeting of unemployed workers in the Salle Favier. Despite the fact that the leadership of the organising committee of the meeting was under the control of the Workers' Party, the anarchists found their way in and set about sabotaging the meetings.

² The purge.—*Tr.*

³ Paris Aggregate.—*Tr.*

⁴ *The Peasant War*.—*Tr.*

135. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 7/12/34¹

My dear Engels,

I have just come back from the meeting about which Laura² told you; it was animated and momentous. A few words of explanation are required.

The police, albeit beaten, albeit furious at having made a botch of it at the Salle Lévis—where they hoped for a little looting so that there could be a massacre and rounding up of revolutionists—and seen their agents provocateurs unmasked, did not consider the game lost; they still keep up their action.

Twenty anarchists, more or less police agents, tried to take over the unemployed workers' committee; but they found themselves up against the delegates from the aggregate and from the Blanquist committee; and they were defeated. They tried again to put forward resolutions for looting; but the majority of the committee voted, on the contrary, for resolutions to be conveyed to the public authorities calling upon them to provide the victims of the crisis with the means of subsistence. The anarchists planned to take their revenge at the public meeting held today: we were warned of the move. The approaches to the platform were guarded by aggregatists³ and Blanquists; before the meeting opened the anarchists had tried to invade the platform, several had been appropriately dealt with; they were removed and beaten unmercifully. The meeting opened well, Vaillant was elected chairman. The anarchists, who had gone to call up their forces (of informers and pimps) came back and tried to storm the platform in a body; they were repulsed; they tried again

¹ The original is dated 1882 by mistake.

² See Letter 134 of December 6, 1884.

³ That is, members of the Paris Aggregate of the French Workers' Party.

to scale the platform; this time they succeeded; one group of spies had gone up into the gallery overlooking the platform; from where they flung benches and chairs; they remained in possession of the platform; Vaillant was thrown off and they proceeded to the nomination of a new chairman; an anarchist, Leboucher, highly suspect, was elected. Our friends tried in their turn to make an assault, a good many had stationed themselves in the gallery to join battle with and hurl down the spies; everyone was worked up; there would certainly have been a fight with bloodshed. The anarchists realised that the situation was dangerous, so they hastened to give Vaillant the floor on behalf of the committee; the meeting acclaimed him, as also the committee's resolutions, which Vaillant demanded should be put to the vote immediately. The platform opposed this on the grounds that the views of the anarchist minority must be heard. Thereupon the committee decided to walk out in a body; they met in a nearby hall; there were nearly fifty delegates and over two hundred workers there. The committee decided to expel from their midst all the anarchists who had organised the disturbance; to send a statement to the press announcing that, thus rid of the anarchists, the committee would resume its work and that it intended to pursue it more vigorously than ever.

The police in keeping up their fight have arrived at two important conclusions: 1. Anarchist and police spy are becoming synonyms; 2. All the revolutionary parties have recognised the need to unite to get the better of the police. So I am delighted by this day's work; and I am one of those who stopped the fighting; for I was happy to see the anarchists expose themselves in such a glaring way. We are sure of being in possession of the field at the next meeting, because every socialist group will rally round and we shall take all precautions. These fights serve but to emphasise the character of the movement. As soon as the anarchists are turned out of the committee, a large

number of working-class organisations, which have held aloof because of their presence, will join it. This agitation which we are starting will stir up the working-class masses of Paris and will be a magnificent preparation for next year's elections.

The anarchists, although they remained in possession of the platform, were relatively moderate and did not dare to talk of looting bread shops.

Please send me a cheque for £10 as the landlord has practically devoured the last one.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you.

P. LAFARGUE

136. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 10/12/84

My dear Engels,

Sunday's row has borne fruit. On Monday the unemployed workers' committee met,¹ they turned out the anarchists, several of them were expelled rather roughly; and it then passed a resolution requesting them, since they are opposed to all forms of organisation, not to present themselves any more in the midst of a body which was organising itself, and since they favoured propaganda by action, they had no business on a committee which debated and put forward proposals.² Now that the anarchists are reduced to their own forces and those of the police, we

¹ The executive of the committee was re-formed on the 8th. Its members (Boulé, Blanck, Dereure, Argyriades) were all members of the French Workers' Party.

² Part of the resolution published by the *Cri du peuple* on December 11th (p. 3/II) ran as follows: "The trade unions and groups designated below state that they will in no way hinder propaganda by action on the part of trade unions and groups who favour it, but that they cannot permit them to collaborate in organising the forces of the working class."

shall see what they are capable of. That was what they most dreaded.

All that you say in your letter is excellent and I shall make use of it when the opportunity offers.

Le Cri is so frightened of the anarchists that it has not dared to publish the committee's decision *in extenso*. I will send you the *Bataille*,¹ which contains it.

Thank you for your letter and its enclosure.

Good wishes to you and to everyone,

P. LAFARGUE

137. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 23/12/84

My dear Engels,

I am slipping this word into Laura's letter to thank you for having sent and, Hélène for having made, the magnificent pudding* which I broached with gusto last night.

In her next Laura will tell you about the siege we are laying to a German Jewish financier, by the name of Eylau, you must know him; during the Commune he went to London and saw Marx. After the defeat, he helped many Communards to escape. He is a strange man, I do not altogether understand him; we have talked about reviving *Égalité*, with an initial capital of 20,000 francs. He has promised to put up 5,000 francs at once and to find the remainder: we shall see what happens.

¹ *La Bataille* of December 11th, 1884 published (p. 3/II-III) the minutes of the meeting of December 8th. Here, in particular, are clauses 3 and 4 of the preamble: "Whereas the anarchist comrades use the violent methods that they advocate only against the Socialists."—"Whereas the conduct of the anarchists at meetings has only the effect of sowing discouragement amongst the mass of the citizens in the corporations...."

We are working together with the Blanquists. Next Sunday we shall hold a public meeting,¹ where we hope to give a good lesson to the anarchists; but as they know what awaits them, they may be conspicuous by their absence. Sunday's meeting will finally settle their hash in Paris. But what stick-in-the-muds these Blanquists are; they are still mouthing the phrases of 1830: "The immoral government, the cause of all social evils," etc., but they are to be reckoned with, for they represent a genuine force in Paris.

Unfortunately, to be able to live, it is not only puddings that one needs at this season of gifts, but rhino; please send us a cheque for £12 in view of the severity of the season. It is cold.

A merry Christmas* to all.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

You have seen in the *Lyon*² that I have made use of your letter.

¹ The *Cri du peuple* of December 28th (p. 1/I-III) carried an editorial by J. Guesde: "Sunday's Meeting." It refers to a gathering of unemployed workers convened by 73 groups and trade-union branches.

² In No. 15 (December 21st, 1884) of the *Lyon socialiste* an article by Lafargue appeared covering the whole first page, entitled: "Out on the Streets," in which he quotes the following passage from Engels's letter: "In Germany there are far too many soldiers and non-commissioned officers belonging to the Party for there to be the smallest chance of success in advocating a rising. They know that it is in the ranks of the army itself that DISAFFECTION (from the bourgeois point of view) must be established; modern military conditions (quick-firing arms, etc.) demand that the revolution be started in the army. In our country, at any rate, it will start there. No one knows better than the government how the number of socialist conscripts increases year by year. Our universal suffrage starts only at the age of twenty-five; but if the great reserve of those from twenty-one to twenty-five years of age is not represented in the vote, it is to be found in the army."

1885

138. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 18/1/85

My dear Engels,

Your letter came to us like manna to the Israelites in the desert.

You are quite right in attaching importance to the Quercy-Ballerich affair¹; it shows the complete demoralisation of the police, which can no longer control its men and uses them as hired assassins. Acts of this sort charge the political atmosphere; but I do not think the storm is ready to break. In the provinces, at least in certain towns, the population is more worked up and nearer to striking a blow than in Paris; but the Parisians are very sceptical; they go in for large words and small, very small deeds; if it were not for that, the government would long ago have had the skirmish it has been seeking so assiduously: the anarchists, or rather the police, had decided to demonstrate in the streets on January 15th; they got meetings to vote for it; and the government made ready to receive the demonstrators with cavalry and infantry; but the anarchists, for all their stupidity, realised that

¹ On January 7th, the two brothers Ballerich, both members of the police, provoked by the disclosures in the *Cri du peuple* and the campaign it was conducting, broke into the offices of the paper and shot at Duc-Quercy, who fired back, fatally wounding one of them. On January 21st the police conducted a search of the *Cri du peuple* offices and of the homes of its editors.

their open-air meeting would prove a huge fiasco; so they did not hold it.

The elections are the government's main preoccupation¹; they bribe newspapers, manoeuvre in France and prepare for victories in Tong-King; the unemployed workers' movement which is spreading everywhere makes them very uneasy; they would like to suppress it at all costs by police measures; but they are unlucky at the moment. Andrieux, the ex-Republican Socialist from Lyons, the ex-police prefect whose administration was a scandal, has launched a paper called *La Ligue*²; as the paper was not selling, he decided to make some disclosures concerning the police, although two years ago he refused to give evidence before a parliamentary committee, on the pretext that he was bound by professional secrecy; but now that it is a matter of his pocket, he makes disclosures which are beginning to compromise a whole host of opportunists: Ranc, who is the big boss, has threatened him with proceedings, but Andrieux scoffs at this sovereign behind the scenes. In these days a newspaper is a danger to the morals of every political figure. *La Justice* is Clemenceau's nightmare: in France everything that was boring was thought to be profound; Clemenceau has succeeded in producing a boring paper which nobody takes seriously: but it costs an enormous amount of money. They say that *La Justice* has cost over a million; to keep his paper going and to satisfy his impatient supporters, Clemenceau tends to become more and more ministerial; he covets the succession to Ferry. He is emasculated, like Gambetta.

A friend of Rochefort's, the duke Talleyrand-Périgord,

¹ The parliamentary elections were to be held on October 4th. They were to be conducted on the basis of voting for multiple lists of candidates.

² The daily paper *La Ligue*, whose political editor was Andrieux, had appeared first on December 6th, 1884. Its "Recollections of a Police Prefect" started coming out on January 11th, 1885.

offered a million to the Radical Party for the next electoral campaign, but Clemenceau made them refuse it in order not to compromise himself in the eyes of the sticklers. It is almost certain that balloting for lists of candidates will be introduced; and it is on that basis that the forthcoming elections will be held.

Laura will be writing to you; I am writing from the Bibliothèque nationale; give our love to Hélène, Pumps, Tussy and to their husbands.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

**139. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS
(Extract)¹**

[*About January 25th, 1885*]

You know what efforts the Russian Government has made for years past to wring from England and France—but particularly England—the extradition of the heroic Nihilists. Once those two countries were won over to such a cause, the rest of Europe would have had to follow suit. There were even grounds for hoping that America would be involved in the movement.

Well, the *Pall Mall Gazette* of January 15th contained an article by Madame Novikoff, the tool of tsarism, appealing anew to England to cease giving asylum to the Hartmanns, Stepniaks and all those who “organise assassination in Russia.” The English, it said, are now under the threat of the same chemical outrages; the refuge they afford the Russian dynamiters, America affords to the Irish dynamiters. What England asks of America, is precisely what Russia asks of England.

¹ This extract from a letter from Engels was used in J. Guesde's editorial in the *Cri du peuple* of January 31st: “Cherchez le Russe” (p. 1/1-III).

That much is plain enough so far. But there is more than that. On the morning of January 24th, all the newspapers published the text of the convention diplomatically concluded between Petersburg and Berlin granting political extradition, which is meant to extend to Germany and from there to the whole of Europe.

And on that same January 24th in the afternoon, London is terrified by a triple explosion aimed at the legislature, in the House of Commons, the judiciary, at Westminster Hall, and the executive, in the Tower. It is no longer a matter of blowing up public urinals or frightening the passengers in the *underground railway**. What is happening is a concentrated attack upon the three great state powers, symbolised by the edifices where they sit.

Is this merely the deed of a few over-excited Fenians? Might it not rather be the master-stroke which tsarism needs to force England into anti-revolutionary line? If the dynamite were of Russian origin, laid by the hands of Russian agents, could it, I ask, have exploded more opportunely to prostrate John Bull, horrified and penitent, at the feet of Alexander III?

140. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

[January 28th, 1885]

My dear Engels,

I received your letter and passed it on to Guesde for him to make use of it.¹ It is very timely. Those dynamitings appeared shady, even in Paris; yesterday's *Temps* reprinted an article by Davitt, who attributed them to the

¹ See Letter 139 of January 25, 1885.

police.¹ The new Minister of War² has said that one cannot keep an army standing idle; the police believe that they cannot honourably accept their pay without from time to time demonstrating their usefulness. The bourgeoisie will have to create a counter-police to protect themselves against the police.

I enclose a letter from Danielson. Read it and let me know how you reply to him. But as your address must be well known to the Petersburg Third Branch, I think it would be more prudent, for regular communications, to tell him to send his letters via my address in Paris, which he has.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

140a. N. DANIELSON
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

December 26th, '84, Petersburg
January 2nd, '85

My dear Sir,

My best thanks for your article in the *Journal des économistes* (nov. 84), which I have received only a few days ago. It is a very pleasant sign that the review opens its pages to such a polemic.

¹ *Le Temps* of January 28th, 1885 (p. 2/I-II) published an article from its correspondent analysing the views of the Irish patriot Michael Davitt on the London dynamite outrages. Davitt had detected the hand of the police in a great number of these incidents. He wrote: "... the government spends large sums out of secret funds in its crusade against the dynamiters and many policemen will lose this source of income if no further explosions occur now and again to revive public disquiet."

² On January 4th General Camponon, the Minister of War, resigned and was replaced by General Lewal, Commander of the 17th Army Corps, who said: "A good, strong army as large as ours would not be able to remain motionless, squatting and as though hypnotised."

Be kind enough write me some words about the second vol. of *The Capital*. It is not for a mere curiosity that I request you about such an information. The author has promised me to send me the proof-sheets of the II v. in order to make a translation and to publish it as soon as possible. I am quite sure that the executor, according to the wish of the author, will give me the opportunity to publish here a Russian translation of the II vol. sending me the proof-sheets what I courtly request him. As I do not know his address I cannot write him directly. Be kind enough send me his address that I may communicate with him. Excuse me that I give you so much troubles. Permit me to wish to you a happy new year. Your most truly,

N. DANIELSON

141. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 5/2/85

My dear Engels,

Those wretched police are unlucky, one after another their dirty tricks are being exposed. It appears that they needed a conspiracy at Montceau-les-Mines¹; they sent a detective there, by the name of Br. . . , and promised him 5,000 francs if he exposed a conspiracy. To win the prize he organised a conspiracy, blew up a chapel and killed a gendarme; they arrested 27 conspirators, amongst whom

¹ On November 6th, 1884 dynamite outrage was attempted in the hamlet of Les Alouettes. The perpetrator, a young man of eighteen, Gueslaff, was arrested, just as he was about to deposit the bomb, in the course of a fight in which three gendarmes were wounded. Following this, the charge of "conspiracy" provided the occasion for arresting the militant workers of Montceau-les-Mines. In the *Cri du peuple* of February 16th, 1885, Duc-Quercy unmasked the rôle of the police spy Brenin, employed by the Montceau police superintendent, Thévenin, at the instigation of the Saône-et-Loire Prefect, to organise the famous "conspiracy."

was Br. Waldeck, the Minister of the Interior, demanded his release; but the Minister of Justice refused, because they had discovered that it was Br. who was the kingbolt in the dynamiting and the revolver shots. The case will be interesting and instructive. For some time now Ranc's influence has preponderated; he remains behind the scenes, but it is an open secret that it is he who directs the majority in the Chamber and the government. Ranc is a police agent at heart, he has faith only in the police; he thinks that one can only govern with the help of the police. Their bold moves, and their insolence, once they are brought to light, show plainly that they feel they have backing and can go as far as they please without fear of government censure; it would not be at all surprising if it were Ranc who incites them to imitate the police under the Empire in hatching conspiracies. This is all the more likely since Reinach,¹ Gambetta's ex-secretary, has lately published an article in which he says that the strength of the Socialist parties is greater than is believed, and that they would certainly have exploited the economic crisis and the unemployed workers in order to create serious difficulties for the government, had not the police brought the situation under control by their firmness. That is an acknowledgement of the presence of agents provocateurs.

We have received *Commonweal*²; but everyone here is

¹ The *Revue politique et littéraire (Revue bleue)* of January 3rd, 1885 published an article by Mr. Joseph Reinach: "The Paris Police" (pp. 1-7) in which he says: "Although the press seems not to have realised it, the revolutionary movement, of which the Blanquist party tried to take the leadership on November 30th and December 7th, was not a movement to scoff at. It was solely the police who checked it by their resolute attitude and determined energy. One moment's hesitation, one false move would have sufficed to let the mob who were clamouring in the Salle Lévis loose on Paris."

² *Commonweal*, the official organ of the Socialist League, which grew out of the split in the Social Democratic Federation, brought out its first number in February 1885 with an inaugural article by William Morris and the Socialist League manifesto, signed by, amongst others, Aveling and Eleanor Marx.

very surprised that, having a majority, our friends withdrew instead of turning out the minority.

The landlord has carried off the greater part of the cheque you sent us; and we are obliged to turn to you again; could you send us a cheque for twelve pounds?

Love to Hélène, to Pumps, Tussy and their husbands and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

Have you written to Danielson? I have not yet replied to him.

Have you received Guesde's article reproducing part of your letter?

142. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

February/11th/85

My dear General,

Like Byron I woke the other morning and found myself famous only not for rhyming but for holding my tongue. And this is how I came to be silent and famous. As I happened to be very busy on the days your letters were waiting for an answer, I asked Paul to write for me. He comes home the other day, after his usual peregrinations—he works at the Bibliothèque nationale—and says: "I've written to the General et je lui ai annoncé ta lettre."¹—Now unless I had sent you a fresh version of Paul's epistles or of the latest articles of the *Cri* which you had just received I had nothing in the least worth writing about to write to you. And so I stuck to the silence qui est d'or.² But if you prefer the baser metal, here goes for loquacity!

Our cousin Gingernut has just made a three week's stay at Bordeaux and of course has seen Paul's mother.

¹ And have promised him your letter.—*Tr.*

² Which is golden.—*Tr.*

And what do you think? The old lady is all milk and honey again, babbles affectionately of both of us and complains bitterly of our not rushing over to Bordeaux to see her. She would much like to come over here, it appears, and if she does not come, it is not owing to her age but to her sister Zoé, who being some twenty years younger than Paul's mother naturally domineers over her natural superior and declares that Virginie must not visit Paris unaccompanied by her relations. Just as if I would or could house here a whole host of uncles, aunts, cousins and babes of cousins of all degrees and sexes, with provincial notions and cosmopolitan appetites! Shouldn't be at all surprised, though, if one of these Spring mornings the two old women turned up here. However, the great point is that Paul's mother is returning to her "first manner" and is tuned to a tender key again.

Was there ever anything like our police here? They are putting their foot in it finely. Waldeck-Rousseau and Camescasse¹ and the pick of the police strutting about the place de l'Opéra calling in vain on a small mob of Parisian "badauds"² to "manifest." But the badauds wouldn't and so were arrested for their obstinacy.³

Many thanks for *Das Elend*.⁴ We receive the American *Sozialist*⁵ very irregularly. Paul wants to see the last number so as to know whether an article forwarded has been inserted. Perhaps you will have received n^o 4, and be able to inform us. . . .

¹ Police Prefect of Paris.

² Gapers.—*Tr.*

³ A meeting had been announced for February 9th to be held in the place de l'Opéra. The police having taken the organisers into preventive custody, the meeting did not take place, which did not prevent the police charging, batonning and arresting innocent passers-by. And this in the presence of Waldeck, the Minister of the Interior.

⁴ *Poverty*. This refers to the German edition of *The Poverty of Philosophy* which had just been published by Dietz in Stuttgart.

⁵ The German-language organ of the American Socialist Party.

Madame Vaillant has just dropped in.... So good-bye for today and best love to all. How's Nim? Affectionately,

YOUR LAURA

143. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 27/2/85

My dear Engels,

I have received and sent off your letter to Danielson.¹ I have communicated to Guesde and Deville what you tell me about the second volume of Marx; we very bitterly regret that it will not appear in French at the same time as in German. Three days ago I had a visit from Roy, the translator of the first volume; it was the first time I had met him; the poor devil is poverty-stricken, he has lost a post he used to have in the Ministry; to save money they are dismissing as many civil servants as they can. I read him your letter; your plan to send the proof-sheets of the second volume to Petersburg made him jealous. "Why," he asked me, "does not Engels send proof-sheets to me too? I want to start on the translation of the second volume as soon as the text is to hand; I shall translate it for my own satisfaction and if I find a publisher, so much the better." I transmit his request to you. In that way we shall have the hope of reading the translation in manuscript. How goes Moore's translation? Perhaps the publication of the first volume in London will have more success than the French translation and will encourage the publisher to ask for the right to translate the second volume.

At the library I met the illustrious Dr. R. Meyer,² who

¹ This refers to Engels's letter to Danielson of February 11th, 1885, in which he promises to send the Russian economist the proofs of Vol. II of *Capital* when the translation is done.

² Mayer in the original.

had vanished from our horizon: a fresh complaint has been added to his numerous diseases, he has the stone. But his stone is a queer sort of stone; it plagues him until he stops at a German beer-saloon; there are many of them fortunately, otherwise he would die of pain. There he drinks two and a half pints of beer, dark or light, straight off, and his stone is appeased and allows him to walk on; but this modern Sisyphus has barely gone twenty minutes when his stone starts rolling again and forces him to imbibe another two and a half pints of beer, which relieves him immediately. He talked to me about your latest book on *Private Property, the Family and the State*, which furnished him with the material for the first chapter of the book he is writing on French land legislation: he was so enthusiastic about your book that he longs to see your other works published; at a pinch he is ready to sacrifice you to your manuscripts; he said he would gladly undertake their publication, all of them, except those on mathematics, of which he understands nothing. He promised me to busy himself finding a publisher in Paris for Marx's second volume through the mediation of his German publisher. Since the war German publishers have occupied the Paris market. Roy for his part will make efforts to find a publisher. But both of them told me that the publication of the first volume by Oriol may present a difficulty in finding another printer. Do you know anything about the terms of the agreements between Marx and Lachâtre? Did you find it amongst Marx's papers? It might be important to know its terms.

That lucky beggar Vallès¹ had the finest funeral in Paris since Gambetta's: over a hundred thousand people followed it: it made a great many people envious, they would kill themselves to be buried so magnificently: funerals are

¹ Jules Vallès, a former member of the Commune and director of the *Cri du peuple*, died on February 14th. The funeral took place on the 16th, and was attended by a throng estimated by the *Cri* at two to three hundred thousand people.

one of the most important ceremonies in the Frenchman's life. You will have seen that the Paris workers profited by the occasion to give a sound lesson to the students and the bourgeois and military patriots who tried to seize the German Socialists' wreath.¹ The patriots, who attacked the procession at least six times as it reached the cross-roads, were repulsed with black eyes and bleeding noses. It was a splendid day's work; there should be many more like it to inure the Paris public to action.

Longuet, *the wet nurse**, has let us have little Marcel for four days; it is astonishing. The children are well and so is the father. The grandmother, who is always on the go, has had an accident, she has a hole in her head and has practically broken her shoulder, which does not stop her comporting herself like an old repaired bridge.

*In cauda venenum.*² Could you send us a cheque for ten pounds.

Love to Hélène, Pumps, Tussy & Company, and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

144. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 1st/3/85

My dear Engels,

We have received your letter and thank you.

I did not realise that there was enough of the third volume in Marx's manuscript to be printed: so that was pleasant news, though the 200 pages of mathematical formulae cast a slight chill. But what will the economists say?

¹ The German Socialists living in Paris carried a wreath of violets. "Students," members of the Patriotic League, set upon the cortège several times, shouting "Down with Germany!", and tried to seize the wreath. But the Socialists rallied round their German comrades and put the assailants to flight.

² The sting is in the tail.—*Tr.*

Why learn mathematics to understand economics, when the rule of three is sufficient for all commercial and industrial operations in capitalist life? The bourgeois philosophers have [found themselves obliged] to learn geometry; now Marx is going to force the economists to know algebra: that is really taking too much liberty.

The English papers will have reported the case of the *reporter**, no doubt from Scotland Yard, who professed to have attended a conference of Irish dynamiters in Paris, where the most horrifying decisions were taken. No doubt the English police, who want the expulsion of the Irish who embarrass them in Paris, fabricated this thing and bribed the *Figaro*¹ and the *Matin* to spread it; but fortunately it has all turned to the confusion of the famous reporter*.

What a worker you are!

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

Just going to listen to Paul en public! A meeting grande conférence! near our place; the first I've been to for a long while.²

The rest tomorrow.

L. L.

145. FREDERICK ENGELS TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 8th March, 1885

My dear Laura,

Somehow or other I have tonight a few free moments and so sit down to write to you—hoping that nobody will

¹ *Le Figaro* of March 1st, 1885, published (p. 1/V-VI) an article called: "An Interview with Flannery," the secretary of the Irish revolutionary leadership. The journalist, who signed himself "Jack," was supposed to have attended a meeting where dynamite outrages in England and the kidnapping of Irishmen were agreed upon.

² This passage is as it appears in the original.—*Tr.*

drop in. For evening calls are getting rather frequent of late, more than is desirable sometimes, when there is work to do. And the dictated portions of *The Capital* I am obliged to look over while the thing is fresh in my mind and the original at hand ready to correct mistakes. Moreover, there are still translations to revise (last week part of a Danish one of my *Ursprung*¹—very fair) and Russian pamphlets to decipher (Vera Zassulitch has sent me one of Plechanoff polemical against Lavroff and Tichomirow, and wants me to give her my opinion, and besides these Russian quarrels are not uninteresting) and such like, so that besides the current small fry I have not had time to read a book for months.

The 3rd book *Capital* is getting grander and grander the deeper I get into it, and I am only (having passed over entirely about 70 pages, more or less superseded by a later manuscript) at page 230 out of 525. It is almost inconceivable how a man who had such tremendous discoveries, such an entire and complete scientific revolution in his head, could keep it there for 20 years. For the Ms. I am working at, has been written either before, or at the same time as the *first volume*; and the essential part of it is already in the old Manuscript of 1860/62. The fact is, first the intricacies of the 2nd book (which he wrote last and which alone he touched after 1870) kept him fast, as he of course would have to publish his 3 books in regular order; and then, his Russian and American material for the theory of the rent of land would have required working up into the old manuscript and would probably have nearly doubled its size.

Here the two socialist bodies are so far jogging on alongside each other without collision, but the foreign department will very likely embroil them. You may have seen in No. 9 of the *Sozial-Demokrat* a letter from Varenholz, dic-

¹ *Origin.—Tr.*

tated by Hyndman.¹ This rather *schnoddrige*² effusion required a reply which we have concocted and which will come, if possible, in next Saturday's *Soz[ial]-Dem[okrat]*. This time, of course, Aveling had to speak out, and that strong enough to stop Hyndman's game once for all.

We have Kautsky here whom I think you saw before, with a young Viennese wife, a nice little body. They intend settling down here for the present—and live in Maitland Park; just out of the Crescent. So there is always some connection going on with the old place.

Pumps and Percy are getting on as usual. On Sundays there is here now a great card-playing company; some play whist if there are 4 to be got for that, the rest "mariage" and "nap," games introduced by the noble Percy. His firm had a lawsuit which they lost but it is nothing serious, only I hope that it will damp poor Percy's ardent faith in English law. The little ones are getting on very well upon the whole; Lilly is very amiable and jolly. She has an extremely sharp ear and retentive memory for des jurons,³ and you may be sure that she finds many an opportunity to catch them.

On Saturday Nim and Tussy as well as Pumps will go to Highgate.⁴ I cannot go, I am still very changeable with respect to capacity for movement, and have just had a little bit of notice to keep quiet. Anyhow I shall continue working at the book which will be a monument to him, made by himself, grander than any that other people could set for Mohr. Two years already on Saturday! And yet I can

¹ No. 9 of the *Sozial-Demokrat* of February 26th, 1885 printed a letter, signed Varenholz, dated February 2nd, from London, which relates, in its own way, the split which had occurred amongst the English Socialists and took up Hyndman's defence. A reply, signed by Aveling, dated March 3rd, from London, appeared in the *Sozial-Demokrat* of March 26th.

² Cocky.—*Tr.*

³ Swear-words.—*Tr.*

⁴ To Marx's grave.

truly say that while I work at this book, I am in living communion with him.

The 2nd book is getting on well; 13 sheets corrected. Will you please ask Paul to send me at once the address under which he writes to Dan[ielson]. I have had a letter from him and want to send the proof-sheets, but am not certain as to address which may besides have been changed.

How is the Montceau-Belin-Thévenin affair going on?¹ And has the *Cri du P[euple]* cried his last?

Amitiés à Paul.²

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

Nim's love!

146. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 12/3/85

My dear Engels,

Herewith D[anielson]'s address

Lesnikov House

Kazan Bridge

St. Petersburg

The Montceau-les-Mines affair is not ended, they are still investigating; there are some poor devils of miners who have been in prison on suspicion for eight months, awaiting trial: the government will probably hold up the

¹ This refers to the Montceau-les-Mines affair of which Lafargue wrote in his letter of February 5th, 1885. The revelations of the *Cri du peuple* had gone on appearing. It was learnt that the police superintendent Thévenin—the man who had indicted Guesde and Lafargue at the 1883 Moulins trial—after an interrogation at Chalon-sur-Saône, had been confined in a lunatic asylum in Bourg where he died in mysterious circumstances during the night of February 18th, or 19th.

² Love to Paul.—Tr.

case until after the elections. From the two issues of the *Ligue*¹ that I sent you, you will see that every misfortune attends the police. Andrieux, who during the parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the prefecture of police proudly maintained that he could disclose nothing, being bound by the renowned professional secrecy, now that he is the editor of a paper which does not sell, recounts how the police subsidises anarchist journals and assists dynamiters in their plots. The bourgeoisie is so flabby that perhaps these revelations, which in any other circumstances would have dished the prefecture of police, will leave it indifferent: it is being openly said in all bourgeois circles that any dirty methods at any time are permissible against the Socialists. This morning I was informed of the expulsion of two German Socialists who took part in Vallès² funeral procession; it is reported that they intend to expel some thirty of them. Mr. Bismarck no doubt wants to dissolve the German circle in Paris which helps the Socialists in Germany and fraternises with the French workers. The French Government, which can refuse Bismarck nothing, expels them. Mr. Bismarck will probably be proclaimed King of England and Emperor of India to judge by the meek attitude of the Gladstone Cabinet. The Afghan business is taking a turn for the worse³; there is at

¹ From January 11th, 1885, *La Ligue* had been publishing "Recollections of a Police Prefect" by Andrieux, its editor. On March 8th the series continued with No. LIV: "How the Reptiles are Financed—Anarchy Subsidised—Unconscious Collaborators of the Police Prefect." The article was continued in the issues of March 9th and 10th.

² Following the incidents which took place at J. Vallès' funeral, the Minister Jules Ferry, apparently under pressure from Bismarck, took measures to expel the German Socialists living in Paris.

³ The rivalry which existed between Russia and England over Afghanistan entered an acute phase. On March 30th, General Komarov crossed the tacitly recognised frontier and advanced into Afghan territory.

least this to be said for it, that it will delay the police agreement between Russia and England for the time being, which will allow the refugees to calm down.

I end my letter now as I have to appear before the Labour Committee of the City Council at two o'clock to answer various economic questions.¹ By the way, I was going to consult you on certain philological questions, but that will have to be for some other time.

Could you send me a cheque for ten pounds; for the last twelve days we have had little Edgar² in the house, which has involved us in some extra expense. He is wonderfully well.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

147. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 27/3/85

My dear Engels,

In the Elements of his *La Science nouvelle* Vico says: "All words in the Latin tongue are of agrestic and savage origin: for example, *lex* (from *legere* to gather) must have originally signified *gathering acorns* (?), whence the tree producing the acorns became known as *illex* or *ilex*. Then *lex* came to denote the gathering of vegetables (*legumina*), which derive their name from it (?). Later, when there were not yet letters for the inscribing of the law, *lex* necessarily denoted the gathering of citizens, or public assembly(?). The presence of the people constituted the law which conferred authority upon the testaments (*calata*

¹ Lafargue was a member of a delegation which was given a hearing by the City Council on the subject of the crisis, at that time seriously affecting Paris industry.

² Edgar Longuet.

comitia). Subsequently the act of *gathering together* the laws and forming them into fasces to make each word called *legere*, to read."

Are these philological observations of Vico's correct? At the moment I am trying to search for the origins of the concept of justice: in Greek they appear easy to trace.

Νόμος (originally): apportionment, distribution, sojourn, habitation, pasturage, usage, custom, law.

Νομή: distribution, apportionment, portion allotted, gratification; the act of pasturing, pasturage.

Νομίζω : to observe as a law, as a usage, as a religious practice.

Νέμω (root of νόμος): to apportion, to distribute, to inhabit, to pasture; consume, to devour, to devastate; to bury.

Whence the *apportionment of land* gives rise to laws; to religion—Dieu a Latin term. Νέμεσις (originally): distributive justice; celestial vengeance (against those who violate property). Νέμεσις: apportionment, distribution.

Are my economic findings correct?

As soon as the library, closed at the moment, reopens, I shall consult the dictionaries of primitive folk languages to see whether I can find a connection between economic phenomena and the concept of justice, as in Greek.

I shall try to get my observations published in the *Revue philosophique*, which is at present studying the philological origins of the concept of the *Time*.¹

Things are going well. *El mundo va cambiar*,² as the popular song has it. In Africa the Sudanese beat the Eng-

¹ The March 1885 number of the *Revue philosophique* (Vol. XIX, pp. 280-87) published an article by P. Regnaud "The Concept of Time—the Origin of the Principal Expressions Relating Thereto in the Indo-European Languages."

² The world will change.—*Tr.*

lish¹, in Tong-King the Chinese beat the French,² it is the exploited peoples taking their revenge. Renan, the great lay monk, said some years ago that the development of its war material would protect Europe for ever against the invasion of the Tatars of Asia. But Europe arms these barbarians and teaches them the science of making and using this war material, claimed to be the protective God of the capitalist nations.

And here are the Russians taking advantage of England's defeat to advance. The Anglo-Russian war will benefit the Irish, to whom they will have to make concessions, perhaps it will save Lopatin, who, by all accounts, is subjected to interrogations which make him lose all patience. In Canada, the agricultural crisis is so severe that in Manitoba there are said to be popular risings. Things are going well.

The expulsion of the Germans from Paris has ceased; three people have been expelled, two whom no one in the circle knows and whose expulsion is a police mystery; the third apparently boasted of having been the bearer of the German Socialists' wreath at Vallès' funeral; it seems this is just bragging.

You will probably receive a visit from Meyer who leaves for Manitoba to grow wheat: he has certainly chosen his time badly; but though he may not fill his pockets he may perhaps get rid of his stone in the bladder. Open-air exercise will certainly do him good.

Love to Hélène, Tussy, Pumps and their families.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

¹ At the end of January 1885 the English, under siege in Khartum, were beaten by the Mahdi's troops.

² On March 23rd, a small force under General Négrier advancing into Chinese territory ran into the main body of the Chinese army and was repulsed, resulting in the abandonment of Lang-Son on March 28th.

148. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 3/4/85

My dear Engels,

It is impossible to form a government.¹ Ranc is behind the scenes still directing everything, as in the days of Ferry who, it is said, conducted the Tong-King campaign somewhat against his will. Yesterday morning's *République française*² declared that "the majority had not changed, it was the same today as yesterday and intended to continue its work," that is, to govern under Freycinet's name as it governed under Ferry's. The opportunists want to have the Ministry of the Interior for the purposes of the elections. It was said that, faced with this determined attitude, Freycinet declined to form a government. There is always dissolution as a last resort, but public indignation is so intense that if elections were to be held before it calmed down, the opportunists would be defeated all along the line. But though a government may not be formed, there are Stock Exchange manipulations. In *Le Cri* you will find a rather curious scene which took place in the Chamber of Deputies.³

¹ On March 30th, on the news of the evacuation of Lang-Son, Ferry's government was overthrown by 308 votes to 161. Jules Grévy called first on Freycinet and then Constans. In the end it was the Radical, Henri Brisson, who formed a government on April 6th.

² In the editorial of the *République française* of April 3rd, 1885, it says: "Yesterday's majority is the majority of today and will be the majority of tomorrow. The vote of March 30th must not lead to any change in that. The majority which, for over two years, has established, developed and hardened itself in the day-to-day struggle to lay the foundations of a genuine national Republican government, that majority is today less than ever disposed to allow its work to perish. It has an unswerving policy, course and will from which it will not depart."

³ The day after the fall of the government the paper *Paris* reported that J. Ferry had practically concluded peace with China. This false rumour brought about a rise of 1 franc 25 in government stock which, on the news of the Lang-Son defeat, had fallen by 3 francs

Despite popular indignation and anger there will be no revolution, nor even riots; but the Tong-King defeat is an excellent electoral preparation for bringing the Radicals to power; and as you say the Radicals will show that they are quite as impotent as the rest.

Tell Hélène to take some exercise out of doors and not pay too much attention to the corns on her feet which plague her so much. Then she will be able to go on with her diet of Pilsener without fear of becoming a barrel.

We are happy to learn of Chloromajor's arrival in London which will compel you to take a little rest, but it is very irksome that you are immobilised.

I shall translate your book¹ from Martignetti's Italian, with Laura; and I shall take steps about a publisher once the work is done and approved. If I can write for Madame Adam's *Nouvelle Revue* and the *Revue philosophique*, as I hope to do, it will be easy to find a publisher.

Love to Pumps, kiss her little brats and good wishes to you.

P. LAFARGUE

149. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*
(Fragment)

April 1 [? 1885], Paris

My dear General,

Since I last wrote you, we have nearly been precipitated again into a revolution. Without any doubt, had a few

50. In the Chamber of Deputies, Monsieur Jolibois demanded that short work be made of the ministerial impudence by which this false rumour had been spread, after the fall of the cabinet, through a paper fed by secret funds from the Foreign Office, with the aim of effecting a Stock Exchange coup. Some deputies defended Ferry, which led to the following reply from Cassagnac: "When the Stock Exchange thieves are attacked, there are always members of the Chamber to defend them." (*Cri du peuple*, April 4th under the heading: "The Parliamentary Comedy.")

¹ This refers to *The Origin of the Family*.

thousand workmen found themselves massed outside the Palais-Bourbon on the day of Ferry's collapse, a revolution would inevitably have resulted. Nothing acts on the imagination and the feeling of Frenchmen like the sudden news of disaster in their wars abroad: the horror of want of work and food at home leaves them tame in comparison and indeed takes the heart out of them, while the fact that a few hundred Frenchmen have fallen on foreign battle fields will, at any time, sting them into madness.

On the day that our people made their [

]the extreme left I [was] hourly expecting to hear that the workingmen of Paris were, once again, up in arms. Paul, who was a member of the Commission, left home at noon expecting to be back at dinner-time. At half past 8 in the evening a young man dropped in to say that Paul would reach home between ten and eleven. When at half past twelve I went to bed, of course Paul had not turned up. And I don't know at what hour in the morning he did come in, for I had fallen asleep, being too much used to false alarms of this nature to go into fits about them, ...²

150. LAURA LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

April, 21st/85, Paris

My dear General,

Very glad I was the other day to get your long letter. It appears that the spirit had moved us all to write on the same day, for I heard afterwards that Paul had written too.

We hope that Nimmy is her old self again by this time. Tussy in her last letter had been loud in praise of Nim's

¹ Sheet torn.

² The end is missing.

good looks and good health and I was, consequently, all the more disappointed to hear that she was laid up with bronchitis. But she will not continue ailing long, if your April is anything at all like our own. We have suddenly leapt from winter into summer, much to the astonishment, and indeed indignation, of some Russians who have just set foot here, and who say: "Why, we were told that France was noted for her Spring..."

Paul is very busy. In addition to the work done for "le parti" with his pen, his tongue, and, now and again, his fists, he works daily at the Bibliothèque nationale, preparing articles for divers reviews that invariably end by rejecting his contributions on political grounds, or by inserting them, like the *Économiste*, without paying for them "economical" grounds.

I went to a meeting the other night held by our branches with the object of bringing about "une coalition révolutionnaire," in view of the elections.¹ The Broussists foam at the mouth at the mere suggestion of an "union," and bent on conquering coûte que coûte,² once again stoop to use the vilest language and the most villainous means.

There'll be a devil of a row over these elections. Rival men of rival branches are already biting off each other's noses in forecast of some one "leader" being elected in some other "leader's" place. And not a few among the workmen dread the advent to power of their own candidates far more than that of their natural enemies, Radicals, opportunists and royalists. This fighting over a cake which not one among them is at all likely to get a mouthful of, is funny enough and silly enough too.

A possibilist orator, the other night, called upon all the "chefs" of the "parti" to make a formal promise that they would not accept "la candidature." Another found griev-

¹ With the exception of the Possibilists, the Socialists of all shades of opinion stood in the parliamentary elections on the single ticket of Revolutionary Socialist Coalition.

² Come what may.—*Tr.*

ous fault with the Blanquists and the collectivists for having elected such a man as Vaillant to represent them in the municipal council, seeing that a learned, an educated and a superior person could get on anywhere and anyhow, whereas, he thought, their duty was to put the ignorant and the unintelligent into the highest places.

The great majority of the meeting, however, were picked and clever workmen, belonging to the various branches that have voted in favour of the union, and some two or three of whom spoke admirably. Guesde and Paul made speeches that were greatly applauded.

I saw Lavroff yesterday and he is going to act in accordance with your suggestions about that money business.

I think that I told you in my last how poor Lavroff finds it harder and harder to find remunerative work. As indeed what literary man, unwilling to sell himself, does not. I often wish that Paul were a cobbler or a tinker and that I were a modiste, fleuriste or couturière.¹ Only I rather think that (as somebody says in Bulwer Lytton's *Money*) if Paul "had been bred a hatter, little boys would have come into the world without heads."

We got last month's *Commonweal* all right and now get the *Sozialist* regularly. . . .

Good-bye for the present, my dear General, and all good wishes and love to Nimmy.

Yours affectionately,

LAURA

151. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 5/5/85

My dear Engels,

I have received your letter and the cheque—thanks.

You are right, the first shot has not yet been fired, and perhaps it will not be fired so soon. The French, who will

¹ Milliner, florist or dressmaker.—*Tr.*

no doubt be forced to yield to the Chinese,¹ rejoice to see the English yield to the Russians; they are full of jeers at the haughty English, who have always left them to do the dirty jobs, as in the Crimea, in China and in Mexico. But if Gladstone and the Liberals think they can satisfy the Russians by beating a retreat, they will find out their mistake,² for the arrogance of the Russian military party after this first victory will know no bounds. Sooner or later the matter will have to be settled by gunpowder and shot, unless Russia's internal situation is overturned from top to bottom. The Nihilist party is pretty well spent; the movement will probably have to assume a different and less violent form, but one more dangerous to the established order.

How goes the second volume,³ it is a long time since you mentioned it to us?

Poor Harney,⁴ if he has come to England for a rest he will have made a melancholy journey; give him our warm greetings. We still remember that resounding and happy laugh he always had.

Hélène must have committed some sin for the Lord to inflict so many ailments on her.

Love to all and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

¹ Hostilities with China ended on April 4th. On June 9th, the Treaty of Tientsin was to be signed, ratifying the conquest of Tong-King.

² This refers to the Russo-Afghan conflict of 1885. It ended in the signing of an agreement between Russia and Britain on August 29 (September 10), 1885, delimiting the frontier between Russia and Afghanistan from the Perso-Afghan frontier to the Amu-Darya.

³ Of *Capital*.

⁴ Harney, an old leader of the Chartist movement, had emigrated to the United States in 1860.

152. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 12/5/85

My dear Engels,

You will have received the two *Batailles* I sent off to you yesterday: the same trick has been played on Mr. Lissagaray as he played on us; but *La Bataille* which I send you today will show you that he has been more fly than we were and has turned to good account the experience he acquired at our expense, to defend himself.¹ But what is nonetheless very amusing is that all the insults he heaps on Brousse and the plagiarisms are turned against him; for after all they are but following the glorious example he once gave them.

Here is the full story.

La Bataille never paid its way; it is a paper that has always lived from hand to mouth; Lissagaray's great skill lay in finding simpletons to provide him with the means of subsistence: after having plucked clean a number of gulls, he had to put himself in the hands of a newspaper merchant, Périnet, who already published a couple of other tu' penny ha'penny papers. It was thanks to this arrangement that *La Bataille* was able to exist, for, being printed by the same firm as the two other papers, it used their typesetting for two or three of its pages, which reduced its compositing costs by 50 to 75%. Nevertheless, *La Bataille* could not meet its expenses and Périnet did not pay the editorial staff, who paid themselves, it is said, by intercept-

¹ *La Bataille* of May 11th and 12th appeared without Lissagaray's name on it as editor-in-chief. The issue of the 11th carried an editorial signed by Brousse, Labusquière and Marouck, announcing their return to the paper. In that of the 12th the management warned the readers against Lissagaray. On May 14th, *La Bataille* appeared with Lissagaray's name again, its offices having been transferred to 8 faubourg Montmartre. In October 1882, Lissagaray had, by a similar manoeuvre, taken over *Le Citoyen*.

ing the money for subscriptions and advertisements. At all events, there was constant warfare between P[érinet] and L[issagaray]. Already at the time when we were in Sainte-Pélagie, P[érinet] proposed that, on coming out, we should take over *La Bataille*; we refused, saying that we were willing to revive *Le Citoyen*, but not to continue *La Bataille*. The war between L[issagaray] and P[érinet] continued. Recently it reached a crisis: Capoul, the erstwhile singer, gave *La Bataille* 10,000 francs. P[érinet] tried to pocket them, L[issagaray] intended to keep them since it was through his agency that this manna had fallen from the lyrical heavens. P[érinet] thought that, on turning out L[issagaray], he would be able to keep the 10,000 francs for *La B[ataille]*. Brousse and Co., like the true lackeys they are, lent themselves to this manoeuvre. P[érinet] no doubt enlisted them only to tide over the storm; he would have turned them out subsequently and sold the paper to Capoul or any other aspiring candidate. L[issagaray] prevented this last part of his plan from being realised by seizing the paper. There will be a law suit over it and probably some very curious revelations. All our friends are jubilant because L[issagaray] and the Broussists will mutually compromise each other. This storm in a teacup will distract us from the battle in Afghanistan which England does not want to join.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

P.S. Is it true that Bernstein is leaving the *Sozial-Demokrat*¹?

¹ The Social-Democratic group in the Reichstag had published a lengthy resolution in the *Sozial-Demokrat* of April 2nd, criticising the editors of the paper for their attitude to the question of the subsidy to the navigation companies. The group drew attention to the fact that it had controlling rights over the paper and not the other way round. Following this disagreement, Bernstein had tendered his resignation as editor-in-chief. However, a compromise was reached and he remained at the head of the paper.

153. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 18/5/85

My dear Engels,

We have been obliged to rig ourselves out for the new season, which compels me to apply to you and ask whether you could not send us a cheque for twelve pounds. I say new season although it is horrible at the present time; during the month of April the weather was magnificent, one might have thought oneself in mid-summer; the trees had put on their new clothing of green and the market was flooded with asparagus and other early vegetables from the South; the market gardeners on the outskirts of Paris are in despair over this unfair competition from the sunlit regions; they can no longer produce early vegetables, it is the South that supplies them. But the bad weather seems to have struck the vegetation of the South too, for potatoes, green peas and French beans have become scarce and are very dear. Your London weather cannot have been very heartening to judge by ours in Paris.

The Lissagaray-Périnet-Brousse affair is not yet at an end. Lissagaray is being sued by Périnet who maintains that he is certain of winning the case; he goes so far as to assert that he could prohibit him from bringing out *La Bataille*, in the same way as Lissagaray has been able to prohibit him from doing so. But as a clever business man he says: "Why stop *La Bataille* appearing, that would kill it; whereas since I shall get it back in two or three weeks, it would be better to let Mr. Lissagaray keep it going in the mean time: furthermore, the scandal that has blown up, far from harming it, has done it good."

Gladstone must have been Novikoffed again if what the papers report this morning be true¹; he is said to have de-

¹ The *Cri du peuple* of May 19th says (p. I/IV): "At this juncture the British Government makes known through its official organ that

cided to ignore the conduct of the Russians in Afghanistan altogether. Why, then, did he protest? No doubt to secure a diplomatic triumph to his Egeria. Were you and all the beer-drinkers, male and female, of 122 Regent's Park Rd. at the Trafalgar Square meeting to protest against the tax on beer? They say that the London police treated the English *mob** like the French police treat the Socialists. Beer will put *spirit** into the British public if the police take a hand.

The French chemists are setting about transforming Schorlemmer into an English scholar. During a lecture on colloidal substances, Grimaux cited Schorlemmer, whom he called a *learned English chemist*, as having written: "If chemists ever succeed in producing albuminoid matter artificially, it will be in the form of living protoplasm" and later: "The enigma of life can be solved only by the synthesis of an albuminoid." Grimaux challenges Sch[orlemmer]'s statement—no, he says, that synthesis, which is possible, will not solve the problem of life: for there is nothing to tell us how that primary impulse, that *quid ignotum* by which an albuminoid is organised as a living cell, is acquired. Is there any difference recognisable by the chemist between the unfertilised egg and the egg to which fertilisation has imparted that primary energy which empowers it to organise itself as an entity endowed with motility.¹

How goes the second volume? Has Hélène finished with her host of invalids and is she well herself? The frightful weather must have been the worst thing for poor Harney.

Love to all and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

it relinquishes all interest in the Afghan question, leaving Russia in possession to do as she pleases so long as she respects India. What a come-down for England!"

¹ Lafargue is here quoting textually from a passage in a lecture by Mr. Ed. Grimaux, lecturer at the Paris Polytechnic School and the Agricultural Institute on "Colloidal Substances and Coagulation," published in the *Revue scientifique* of April 18th, 1885.

154. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

[27 or 28] May 1885

My dear General,

So much has happened with us in Paris since I wrote you that I forget where I left off in my last. Paul is in his old home again of St-Pélagie. On Friday morning¹ I had a note from him saying "Je suis à Sainte-Pélagie, viens me voir"² together with a list of articles I was to take to him.

From that day until yesterday we were in a state of suspense, not knowing whether the Préfet de Police would let him slip into the *Pavillon des Princes*. That's on the right side of the prison—the political side. Had he been considered as a common "dettier,"³ he would have fared I don't know how, my own experience, *thus far*, —but we learn as we live—being limited to the least shady side of the place. I am told that the "dettiers" have a very hard time of it, and until we were reassured as to the nature of his "peine à purger"⁴ we were rather down in the mouth. As it is, he's well off enough. It's a prison "en chambre"⁵! Paul says that that's the worst of it and that he prefers "la prison en plein air."⁶

But that's all nonsense. "Fallait pas qu'il [y] aille."⁷ I sent you the numbers of the *Cri* giving an account—a tolerably fair one, it appears—of the doings and sufferings

¹ That is, May 22nd. Lafargue was arrested on May 21st and committed to Sainte-Pélagie to serve two months' imprisonment for debt to which he had been sentenced for failing to pay the fine imposed by the Moulins Assize Court.

² I am in Sainte-Pélagie, come and see me.—*Tr.*

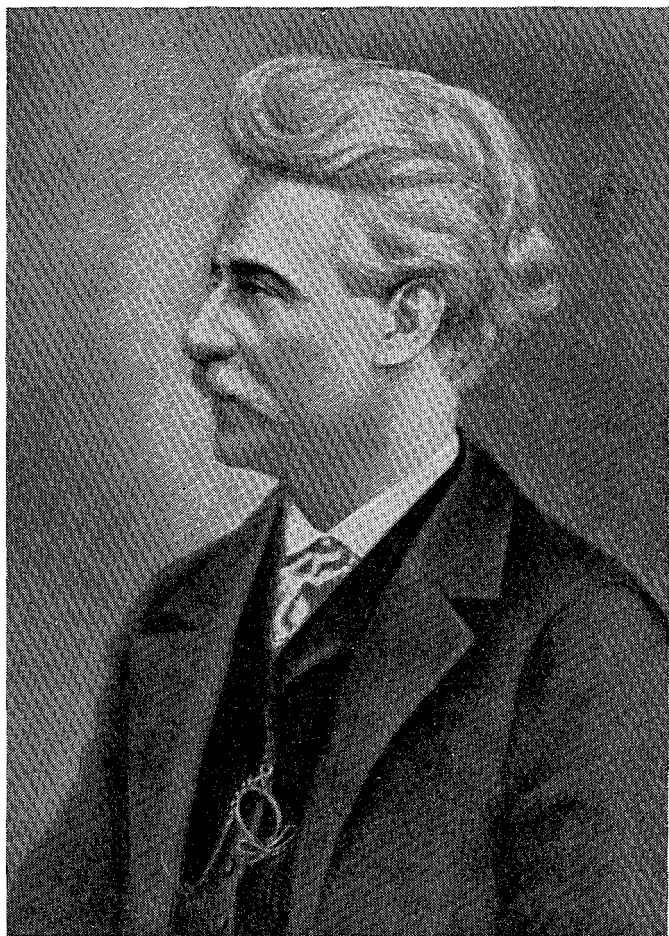
³ Debtor.—*Tr.*

⁴ Sentence to be served.—*Tr.*

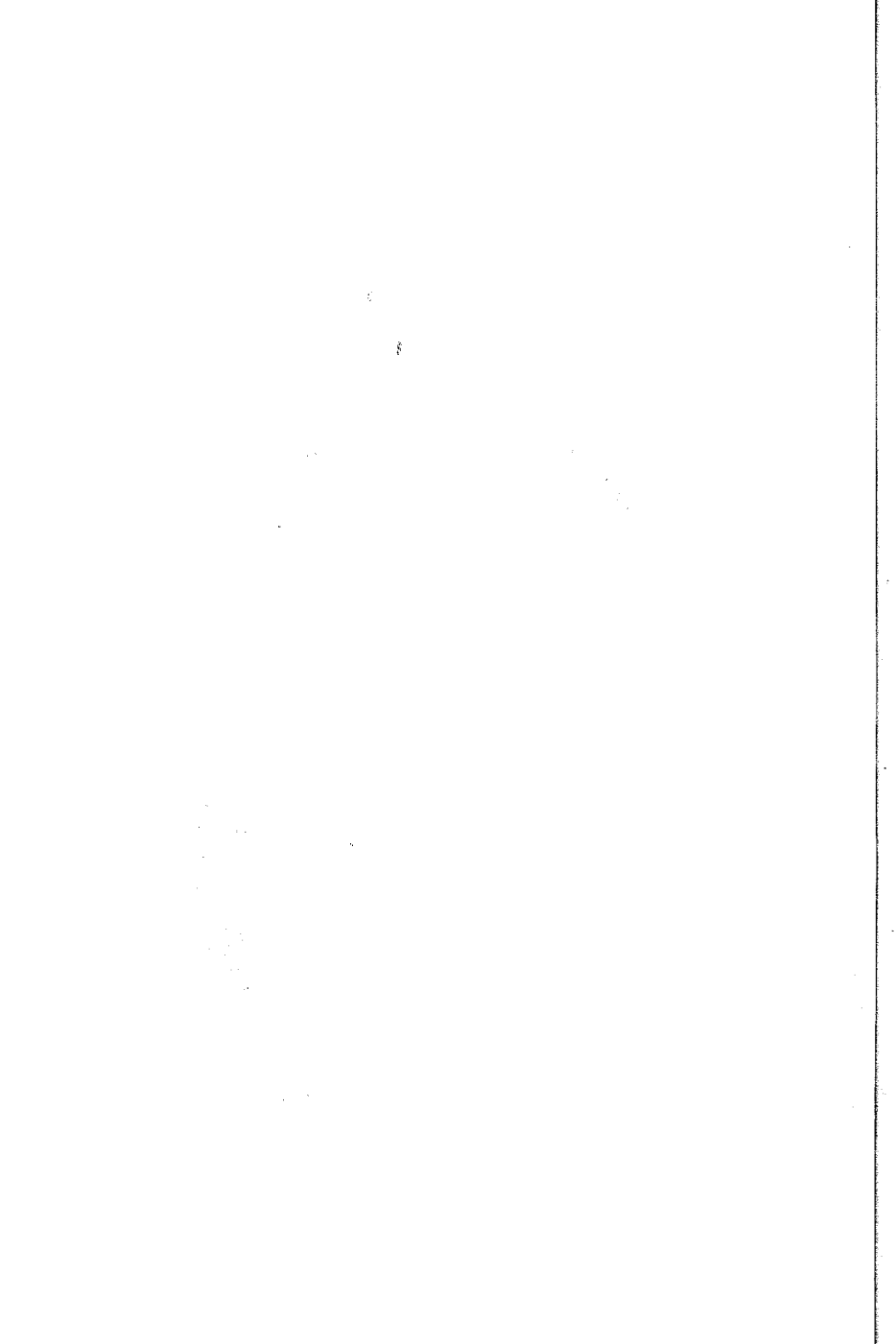
⁵ In lodgings.—*Tr.*

⁶ A prison in the open air.—*Tr.*

⁷ He all but did.—*Tr.*



Paul Lafargue



at Père-Lachaise on Sunday.¹ It was an infamous, cold-blooded bit of business on the part of the Government. Guesde, Vaillant, Grimpe and other eye-witnesses are all of one mind as regards the fine attitude of the people and the beastly conduct of the police.

"L'homme immortel est mort."² "La France est veuve" de Victor Hugo, le génie de l'humanité, le penseur de l'univers, le poète de l'éternité! "Le monde en deuil lui fera cortège" et la Bourse sera fermée le jour de son enterrement. Sa dépouille mortelle sera déposée au Panthéon. Et ses petits-enfants hériteront de 5 millions. Vive la poésie bourgeoise et les poètes bien inspirés!³ Sarah Bernhardt, elaborately got up for the occasion, was the first to pay the undieable dead man a visit. "Tragediante e comediante."

I must write again in a day or two about the Lavroff business. I had hoped to be able to write at length tonight but I am called off.

Love to all and ayez la bonté de voter un blâme à ceux qui ne nous écrivent pas.⁴

How is Nim? Love to her and all.

Affectionately yours,

LAURA

Deville's mother has just died: he had left Paris for the South of France on account of her illness some ten days ago.

¹ On May 24th the procession to the Mur des Fédérés took place. The police, on the pretext of preventing the unfurling of red flags, charged the crowd and fired. Four people were killed and several dozen wounded. The *Cri du peuple* reported the incident in its issues of May 26th and 27th, 1885.

² The immortal man is dead.—*Tr.* Victor Hugo died on May 22nd, 1885.

³ "France is widowed" by Victor Hugo, the genius of mankind, the thinker of the universe, the poet of eternity! "The mourning world will escort his bier" and the Stock Exchange will be closed the day of his funeral. His mortal remains will be laid in the Pantheon. And his grandchildren will inherit 5 millions. Long live bourgeois poetry and soundly inspired poets!—*Tr.*

⁴ Be so good as to censure those who do not write to us.—*Tr.*

155. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Sainte-Pélagie, 1/6/85

My dear Engels,

Today they are Pantheonising Victor Hugo; a predestinated name, writes one journalist, since it comprises the initials of both Virgil and Homer! No, one would never have believed that the French could be so silly: V. H. is the greatest man of the century; the greatest poet of all time! etc., and these imbecilities are unblushingly retailed by men of letters, indeed even by scholars. The shopkeepers see Hugo's glorification from quite a different viewpoint: one of them said to Laura: "A Hugo should die every week, it would be good for trade." And it has done trade good: trade in flowers, bouquets, ribbons, crêpe—especially crêpe—scarves, badges, medallions in lead and other metals as base as Hugo's glory, trade in wine and in cooked meats; for the past couple of days people have been living on snacks in order to go and look at the great man's house, the Arc de Triomphe in mourning, and they get drunk talking of the sublime death, with which "art comes to an end." The ones who are disappointed, disconsolate, are the landlords and café proprietors on the main boulevards; they had expected the "august" corpse to be paraded past their doors and windows; but to make up for it, those who are delirious with joy are the owners of windows overlooking the boulevard Saint-Germain; it is a heavenly blessing; they let out their windows for hundreds of francs; in a single day they will make their rent for a year and longer. The women's bars on the boulevard Saint-Michel are wallowing in pleasure, beer and spirits; they have taken out their shop fronts to erect stands where you pay to sit, grilling in the sunshine and swallowing water masquerading as Strasbourg beer at the price of its weight in gold.

I do not think anything will happen about the red flag. All the Socialists and revolutionary organisations have de-

cided to take no part in the funeral procession of this greatest of charlatans, this reactionary humbug. *La Bataille* alone distinguished itself: Lissagaray, that Hugolatrous imbecile, wanted to make a demonstration; for the past week he has been singing, in every key, the praises of the towering genius, who loved the poor and their pounds, shilling and pence so much; but he has not succeeded in winning anyone over to share his enthusiasm, except two of his staff, and the three of them have set up a committee for the exiled and deported of 1871.

What an awakening is in store for Paris! For the French are too cynical not to tire eventually of praising what they understand only too well; in a month or so they will be attacking Hugo as vehemently as they exalt him now; it may even happen that they turn him out of the Pantheon one of these fine days.

You are perfectly right, nothing would be more unfortunate than a riot just now. The police would welcome it, for it has now been proved that they sent agents provocateurs to mingle with the crowd and they were well and truly slashed by their colleagues in uniform; it is almost certain that the police went beyond the Ministry's intentions, evidence for which was provided last Monday at Cournet's funeral.² The infuriated revolutionists turned up with their revolvers and their pockets full of ammunition; had the police not been under strict orders, there would surely have been a battle and a battle with bloodshed, too; but in view of public indignation, the government did not dare assume responsibility for such a clash. The government must even have given some pledge to the Radical Party; Clemenceau was furious, he is supposed to have

¹ On the initiative of *La Bataille* a committee of refugees from the Commune was set up on May 28th at the Café Hollandais which decided to take part in the Hugo funeral ceremonies with a red flag. (*La Bataille*, May 30th, 1885, p. 1.)

² Cournet, who had been a member of the Commune, was buried on May 25th, the day after the Père-Lachaise massacre.

said: "I prefer Ferry's robber government to Brisson's assassin government."

Thank you for your good wishes; I shall do my utmost to meet your desires by keeping well and feeling as little bored as possible. As for yourselves, I wish you cool drinks and enjoy yourselves as much as you can.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

Although the government gives me free lodging, the food is so disgusting that I have to eat at my own cost; which increases and almost doubles our expenses; please send a cheque for ten pounds, made out to Laura.

156. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

[11] June [1885]
Thursday

My dear General,

The Lord be praised, our friends—against whom it is harder to defend oneself than against one's enemies—are somewhat less bent on "sympathy" than they were: at all events a change has come over the spirit of their kindness which now no longer "oversteps the modesty of (French) nature."

The heat, ever since the sun of this golden France has set (since Hugo's death, that is), has been too much for all of us, alike for such of us as are immured in prison walls and such as are the fools of liberty. For my part, who am more than ever a "Gill of all trades and mistress of none" and for the nonce am turned errand-runner, I have cursed this glorious June, this month of all the roses! These last days a wind that blows both saints and sinners good has cooled the air, and once again, what with

beer and socialism, life in Paris is worth living.—But to come to business....

Here are Lavroff's notes in answer to your queries.

"Sur les 3 *questions* de Londres:

1. C'est *sûr* que l'homme dont il s'agit est mort à Londres.

2. C'est *approximativement* certain qu'il est mort pendant les années 1853-55, mais on pourra avoir peut-être des renseignements plus exacts, qu'on a déjà demandés par lettre.

3. C'est *complètement inconnu*, dans quel endroit de Londres il a pu s'établir et y mourir"...¹

From the nature of these notes I did think it necessary to hurry about sending them.

Paul is very well, happy enough and mightily busy. He is writing a pamphlet anent our Poète-Soleil² (we've all got Hugo on the brain, worse luck!) and his hands are full in divers ways.

The other day there came a note from Liebknecht—like a glimpse of the waterbrooks to the hart that panteth—informing us that the men of Hamburg had given 1,000 frs to the subscription-fund for our elections here. There is rejoicing in the land of Socialists!...

To Longuet I wrote shortly after Paul's "confinement" requesting him to send me news of all the little ones, seeing that for some time to come I should be unable to leave Paris. *At the end of a fortnight he answered* me inviting me to go down to Argenteuil if I wanted news. Jenny's little girl is growing very charming. She is a bright and spirited child with a temper of her own.

¹ "On the 3 *questions* about London:

1. It is *certain* that the man concerned died in London.

2. It is *practically* certain that he died between the years 1853-55, but one might perhaps get more precise information, which has already been requested by letter.

3. It is *entirely unknown* in what part of London he may have settled down and where he died"...—*Tr.*

² Sun-Poet.—*Tr.*

Paul is reading the Italian translation of your book and is loud in praise of it—the book I mean.

Good-bye to you, my dear General, and love to young and old. How is Nimmy?

Affectionately yours,

LAURA

If Tussy is in the land of the living still, tell her I shall be glad to know it—to hear from her.

Kautsky will have had Paul's letter...

157. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS

Sainte-Pélagie, 15/6/85

My dear Engels,

I am still in *quod*, as they say; fortunately the heat is sultry. Despite all the steps taken by deputies and others, nothing has so far been achieved; the reason is that one is dealing with the Exchequer, that Achéron of the 19th century: it is true that the French Budget, with a deficit of several dozen million and a floating debt which floats on 2,300 million, cannot permit the Exchequer any generosity.

I believe I am under lock and key for four months, unless I can manage to obtain a certificate of destitution, which would reduce my detention for debt by half. And the worst of it is that expenses in prison are high; hence I find myself under the necessity of having recourse to your kindness again and asking you to send Laura in her name a cheque for ten pounds.

Martignetti has sent me the first pages of his translation; it is magnificent. I started at once to translate you from the Italian; it is terribly difficult. You are so clear and so precise that one feels all the time that the translator has been unable to convey your clarity, yet when I try to depart from the Italian text, I get confused. In any

case I shall do the translation for my own pleasure as practice and you shall judge of whether it should be published.

The enthusiasm for Hugo has gone so far beyond all possible bounds that I was not able to stand it; I have written an article in *La Défense des travailleurs*¹ which I send you and I am working on a pamphlet about Hugo, which will be ready in two or three weeks.

The French press talks about the quarrel amongst the German Socialists and says that Bebel and Liebknecht have led the Party astray. Is this true?—So Wilhelm refuses to die.

Laura sends you her love. Good wishes to you and to everyone,

P. LAFARGUE

158. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Sainte-Pélagie, 3/7/85

My dear Engels,

There is no peace even in prison; my boulevard de Port-Royal landlord, less accommodating than my Sainte-Pélagie landlord, pesters Laura for his quarter's rent, and I, in turn, am forced to dun you and would beg you to send me a cheque for fifteen pounds, of which the brute will take the lion's share, nine pounds.

According to the latest news from Germany, it would seem that Bismarck has succeeded in finding another substitute for Wilhelm of Hohenzollern. They say here that the

¹ *La Défense des travailleurs*, No. 80, of June 14th, 1885, printed on the whole of its front page an article by Lafargue: "Victor Hugo," in which he denounces Hugo as "the wholesale merchant, speculator, issuer of bombastic prospectuses and swindler of the gullible."

red prince¹ died, like Gambetta, from a pistol shot fired by his legitimate wife whom, by all accounts, he ruled with a high hand.

Forgive me for not writing at greater length; visitors have just arrived and I must close in haste to get this letter off today.

Good wishes to you and to everyone,

P. LAFARGUE

159. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Sainte-Pélagie, 12/7/85

My dear Engels,

Laura brought me the second volume of *Capital*, which she had just received. You must be feeling very happy; your arduous and difficult task is crowned at last. Guesde, Deville and other friends who had come to visit me, handled with respect and joy the awe-inspiring volume which will carry further the work begun by *Capital*. But like monkeys turning over and over nuts that they cannot crack, we opened and leafed through the book so full of mystery for us, marvelling at the wealth of algebraic formulae, veritable cabbalistic signs to us. You had told me there were to be 150 pages of formulae, but there appear to be 300. Happily here and there in this book, which made us feel so much at sea, we came across a few French quotations.

Send me a few copies so that I may let the library have one and the *Journal des économistes* another. If you had the time to write a review of a few pages I think I could

¹ Prince Friedrich-Karl, the Emperor's nephew, died on June 15th, 1885. The *Cri du peuple* of June 30th repeated the story of the assassination of the prince, who was said to have died as a result of a revolver shot fired by his wife.

persuade Molinari to insert it. Let me know in advance so that I can ask him before you set to work. In any case I shall request you for a dozen lines giving a short account of it to publish in our paper *Le Socialiste* which will appear next month.¹

The Party, which has been collecting funds for a long time, has decided to start a journal to be published in eight different towns (Lyons, Rheims, Roubaix, Montluçon, Nantes, Bordeaux, Roanne and Paris), under different titles, but with three pages in common, one page only devoted to local news, being special to each journal. The editorial board will have its headquarters in Paris, where all the journals will be set and printed. We stand a good chance of success by virtue of the cheapness this arrangement affords. The first eight thousand, including everything (paper, type-setting, overheads, etc.), will cost 400 francs, or 50 francs a thousand; each subsequent thousand will cost 20 francs. Hence every town that takes two thousand copies will pay 70 francs for them, which will permit selling each copy at one sou if necessary. Moreover, in most of the towns which are coming into the scheme, the groups have had local papers before which are either dead or just rubbing along, owing to the enormous costs which devolve upon a small paper on its own, with a circulation of 1,200 to 1,500.

We have received copies of Martignetti's translation. Deville has begun to study Italian to be able to read it and as he knows that I am in the process of translating *L'Origine della Famiglia*,² etc., he absolutely insists that I publish my translation, piecemeal, in our paper, to be republished later in book form, as was done in the case of *Socialism Utopian*, which exerted such a strong influence on the theoretical development of French socialism. But I told

¹ *Le Socialiste*, a weekly paper, with an editorial committee consisting of G. Deville, R. Fréjac, J. Guesde, P. Lafargue and A. Le Tailleur, was to come out on August 29th, 1885.

² *The Origin of the Family*.

him it was for you to decide on the matter which he has asked me to put to you.

L'Origine della F[amiglia] will have a great effect. I have read only as far as Chapter IV, *La Gente greca*.¹ The chapter on the family is expounded with marvellous lucidity. For the first time I saw daylight in the labyrinth which McLennan il pedante scozzese² and the baldanzosi storici inglesi del tempo preistorico³ had wantonly made more tortuous with polyandry, polygamy, exo- and endogamy. You have traced with a firm hand the progress from what Vico called "the infamous community of the sexes" to monogamous marriage, mitigated by prostitution and adultery, those two vestigial remains of primitive sexual freedom. Your exposition has been a revelation to me; there will be many others in like case. An understanding of the development of the family is the crux of the matter; the organisation of the gens, as you say in the next chapter, stems from it inevitably, as does the solution to an infinite number of historical problems which you do not mention. Your book will be a success in France, particularly outside socialist circles; for the anthropologists and sociologists will welcome the Ariadne's clue with which you provide them; and then your style of writing, so different from the German, is exactly suited to the French taste.

What a scandal the disclosures in the *Pall Mall* are!⁴ The French are in the seventh heaven: at last they can hurl the epithet of modern Babylon back at London; they are having their revenge on English hypocrisy. But it must be admitted that the thing is extraordinary; I believe it will be the greatest scandal of the century. Everything is there. The decorous Mother Superior haunts the parks and visits fam-

¹ The Greek gens.

² The Scottish pedant.

³ The hardy English historians of the prehistoric epoch.

⁴ This refers to a series of articles on white slavery which appeared under the title: "The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of July 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, 1885.

ilies in search of prey; the clergyman* who distributes tracts and gathers maidenheads; the father[s] and mother[s] who sell what Dumas calls "a woman's capital" for a few pounds, the doctor and the midwife who examine the quality of the goods, the matron who repairs the damage and mends the cracks and tears; the consumer who is guaranteed not only the quality of the merchandise, but also the most improved chemical and mechanical means for extracting every possible use from it! Never in any country or in any civilisation has such a high degree of perfection been achieved: England is the foremost nation in the world, and no mistake. If you can procure the *P[all]* *M[all]* disclosures, send them to me, I am anxious to read them *in extenso*.

Preparations are going forward for Tuesday's celebrations—July 14th; and from my room tonight I can hear the crackers which the urchins are letting off.

Love to all and good wishes to you,

PAUL LAFARGUE

P.S. I was very pleased by what you say about the Kaffir Zulus and the Nubians in ch. III,¹ concerning the valour of the gentile tribes; but could you give me the precise date and the particular circumstances of the event you cite. It is important, for the French anthropologists have a really absurd contempt for the Negro race.

160. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

18th July, Paris/85

My dear General,

More than glad I was to get the second volume of the *Kapital*. The book has been reverently *looked at* and han-

¹ See *The Origin of the Family*, Marx and Engels, *Selected Works*, Moscow, 1958, Vol. II, p. 253.

dled by our prisoner and his friends, one and all of whom are unable to *read* German.

For the work you have done, it is not for me to thank you. All our Socialists—the Socialists of all countries, owe you the deepest gratitude. But in this case, hard as it must have been, and unaccomplishable for any one but yourself, the work is its own reward.

About that notice in *Justice* I spoke to Deville immediately on his return to Paris. Of course he had heard nothing at all about it. If anything can be done to stop the publication until Moore's work comes out, or if you think Deville should make a declaration to the effect that he neither knew of, nor sanctions the translation, let me know. Deville leaves it entirely with us to act as we think fit. He did his best when he wrote his résumé and he was encouraged to undertake the work by Papa himself. I should be glad, therefore, if any public notice finding fault with what he has done could be avoided.

"Coming events cast their shadows before"¹ and the shadow that Clemenceau casts before him is the only shade to speak of at this hour. For the very trees of our boulevard have been tampered with in honour of "la prise de la Bastille"² and have been set ablaze; lamps and lights of all shapes, sizes and colours swing among the branches: it looks pretty but it feels hot.

Paul's pamphlet on Victor Hugo³ is at publishing point. I read the Ms. this morning while waiting for Miss Boecker (Schorlemmer's friend) who had announced her coming. We called together on the prisoner and after putting Miss Boecker in the way she should go in order to get back to Passy and to vegetarianism, I went on a round of business walks till night-fall, when Mme Zetkin (a very

¹ Th. Campbell, *Cochiel's Warning*, 55.

² The taking of the Bastille.—*Tr.*

³ *La Légende de Victor Hugo* by Paul Lafargue, Paris, 1885. The preface was dated from Sainte-Pélagie, June 23rd, 1885.

nice little German woman, wife of the Russian Zetkin who contributes to the *Neue Zeit*) dropped in for a bit of chit-chat. So that here I am again writing to you at the fag end of the evening and feeling considerably fagged myself.

Paul looks as fresh as a daisy (that's Irish, isn't it?), works like a nigger, eats and drinks like a hero, smokes like a London chimney and refuses to be a martyr. "For a' that and a' that," he is looking forward to "Liberté, Liberté chérie";—and so am I! To *his* liberty—that is, which is not *mine*, but like the Prisoner of Chillon I have come to rather like my chains. Sooner or later, "like the dyer's hand" we are, all of us, "subdued to what we work in."

Good-bye to you, my dearest General, with lasting thanks for the *Kapital*.

Love to Nim *and to all*,

LAURA LAFARGUE

161. LAURA LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

August 7th/85

My dear General,

"La belle nature" has seemed so much more beautiful than ever to Paul on his return to the world after his temporary retirement,¹ that his delight in her has brought on a serious attack of idleness. Now idleness is a game that I can play at better than any; so that for the last fortnight we have been gadding about and doing nothing.

I thank you very heartily for your kind invitation but do not hope to be able to avail myself of it this year. Things are this way. Last year I was to have spent some time at the seaside with old Madame Vaillant. My purposed stay with her came to nothing, because I naturally

¹ Paul Lafargue had been released on July 21st.

preferred visiting you in London. But on my return to Paris, last year, I promised Mme Vaillant to go with her in the following summer. Ever since the spring she has reminded me of my promise, and but for Paul's imprisonment I should perhaps have left Paris before this. Mme Vaillant has been staying at Villerville (en Calvados)—where she has taken a house for the season—for the last six weeks. She has written to ask me to join her and if I can make it possible to go anywhere this year I must go to Villerville.

Paul is unable to leave Paris, although I am trying to induce him to pay a flying visit to his mother. To Schorlemmer I have not written, not having known how to decide about my movements. But him, at all events, we shall see in Paris if there's to be no such luck as regards yourself.

There is a bad time coming of it for Paul with that pioneering business. "Le parti" is poor in more ways than one and lacks men as well as £s.d. Guesde is less and less to be depended on, Deville cannot *speck*, and Vaillant is more overworked than an old London cab-horse. Moreover, the Blanquists do not always pull together with the collectivists. These are the big fowl; there are plenty of small birds to make musical the woods of socialism by and by, but many of them are barely fledged as yet and cannot use their wings. I shall be very glad when the job will be over and done with. The scrutin de liste¹ is dead against our people but they are bound to show fight all the same. The Germans have forwarded another sum of 250 francs; their previous contributions amounted to 2,000 frs. From America, also, a largish sum is expected. Longuet is likely to be elected.

Oriol tells us that the publication of Deville's résumé in English can be prevented. The "Cercle des libraires" will take all necessary steps on receipt of name and ad-

¹ Balloting for lists of candidates.--Tr.

dress of publisher. These you will please let us have if the work be really coming out. Poor Oriol has had a fortnight of Pélagie (the wrong side), having failed to pay a fine incurred by the publishing of some anti-clerical rubbish. The old hunk Lachâtre refused to fork out a farthing, luckily Oriol's mother managed to scrape together the 2,000 francs wanted.

I'm rather late, I fear, for the post, for it takes a couple of minutes to get down to the street door; wherefore no more for today from

Yours very affectionately,

LAURA

I hope that Nim and Tussy and Pumps and all friends and acquaintances are well.

Forgive blots: I'm out of blotting-paper.

My copy of the *Kapital* has no table of contents!...

162. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 15/9/85

My dear Engels,

I have received your letter and the cheque enclosed—thanks.

I took good care to be on the *safe side** in my article in the matter of philological facts, to which I had recourse in support of my thesis.¹ They are all drawn from writers who are regarded as authorities, at any rate in France. It is not on that point that I feared your criticism, but rather on the use to which I have put these philological facts. Is my thesis tenable in your view? Have I given sufficient positive proof to sustain it?

¹ *La Revue philosophique* of September 1885 (Vol. XX, pp. 253-67) contained an article by Lafargue entitled: "Researches into the Origins of the Concept of the Good and of the Just."

Laura is still at the *seaside** with Madame Vaillant. She has been unlucky, for from the time she went away it rained ceaselessly; since Sunday the weather has turned fine again and looks as though it will last.

We are in the thick of the electoral struggle; meetings, committees, errands every day and all day long; it would be enough to drive you mad if it went on much longer.

I must run now, as I have been called for. Love to everyone and good wishes to you.

P. LAFARGUE

163. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 7/10/85

My dear Engels,

I returned from Allier worn out,² with a terrible sore throat which gave me a fever; I kept on waking up during the night dreaming that I was being strangled. Fortunately I am better. For a fortnight I toured Allier, going from village to town, sometimes by carriage, sometimes by train, sometimes on foot, holding public meetings, where I spoke for over an hour.

Luckily Allier is not yet a completely industrialised département; in many places the population is happy; the workers go hunting and fishing and they took pleasure in stuffing us with hare, partridge and river-fish. To give you an idea of the relative well-being of the people, I have only to tell you that in the restaurants the wine is *ad libitum*. It is only the mining population that is badly off and lives in dire poverty.

¹ The letter is dated September by mistake.

² In the parliamentary elections of October 4th, 1885, a Guesdist list of candidates was put up in the Allier département on which P. Lafargue, J. Dormoy, and S. Dereure figured. It received an average of 2,200 votes.

In the two issues of the *Socialiste* which I send you, you will find a report of our campaign.

Allier is a Republican département; our opponents used the weapon of slander to fight us; they accused us of being in the pay of monarchist reaction. The slander went down only too well, it lost us at least 4,000 votes on which we had counted for the second ballot.

In Paris, as all over France, people are astonished and indignant at the victory of the Monarchists.¹ The country is unquestionably reacting: the political mistakes and crimes of the Republicans were so numerous and so great that the Conservatives had an easy time of it in opposing them: wherever they went, they blamed the Republicans for the colonial expeditions, the Budget deficits, the squandered loans, the crushing taxes, the necessity for fresh loans and, consequently, fresh taxes. The Republicans lost themselves in political reflections on the abolition of the Senate, the suppression of the ecclesiastical subsidies and other more or less trivial matters which in no way solved the problems of the intelligent section of the population. The Conservatives conducted an intelligent campaign, attacking the Republic at its vulnerable points; the Republicans, by contrast, conducted an idiotic campaign and if, in the larger towns, they had not tricked themselves out with the title of Socialists, which has such a welcome ring to the ear of the people, their defeat would have been even greater.

As for us, we were beaten,² which we expected, but we

¹ The Bonapartist and Royalist reactionaries had united under the name of the Conservative Union. In the first ballot they received 3,500,000 votes (as against 1,789,000 in 1881) and 177 were elected. The Republicans won only 129 seats.

² Before the elections the various socialist groups, with the exception of the Possibilists, had formed a Revolutionary Socialist Coalition, comprising the Blanquists, the Guesdists and the independent Socialists. They put up candidates in only ten départements. In the Seine département, where the Revolutionary Socialist Coalition list was supported by the *Cri du peuple*, it received an average of 25,000 votes.

had not anticipated such a shameful defeat. Balloting on lists of candidates is a terrible weapon against the poorer parties. It is the newspapers and the money-bags that decide the elections. It is true that the quarrels and fights between the Possibilists and the Revolutionary Socialist Coalition contributed a great deal towards alienating from us the indifferent and unthinking masses, who thereupon fell back upon radicalism.

The most melancholy aspect of the affair is that the May 16th¹ campaign against the Conservatives is to be renewed and socialism to be relegated to second place: more's the pity.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

164. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 11/10/85

My dear Engels,

We are still suffering from the blow of the October 4th defeat. Everyone searches for consolations, but nobody finds sound ones: now they take pleasure in repeating Heine's saying that France is like a woman suffering from nerves. She had her nervous fit on October 4th and the hope is that she will soon return to normal.

Our friends of the Workers' Party are the least cast down: we have already held two big public meetings where the reasons for the set-back were discussed. Our friends are so accustomed to being beaten that they are inured to it. It is the Possibilists and the Blanquists who are dumbfounded by their defeat; they had envisaged such dazzling successes that they are inconsolable. The Possi-

¹ See Note 4 to p. 126.

Paris 11/10/85

Mon cher Engels,

Nous sommes encore sous le coup
de la défaite du 4 octobre. Tout le monde
cherche des consolations, mais personne n'en
trouve de sérieuses : maintenant on se plaît
à répéter le mot de Helius qui comparait
la France à une femme qui aurait ses
nerfs. Elle veut s'avoir une crise nerveuse au
4 octobre et l'on espère que bientôt elle se
remettra dans son état ordinaire.

Nos amis du Parti suivent avec le
meilleur intérêt. Déjà nos adversaires dans
quelques réunions publiques, se l'ont à dire
le cours de l'échec. Nos amis ont toujours
habitués à être battus, qu'ils ont la peau dure.
Mais ce sont les possibilistes et la blanquisme
qui sont abattus par leur défaite & les

Facsimile of the beginning of the letter No. 164 from Paul Lafargue
to Frederick Engels (see over for the end of the letter)

provocatours que l'un avait lus à Paris le parti de cohabitation
de parhas beaucoup des sans influence

Clémenceau probablement réactiver à Trinité ad clausum
et l'homme de opportunistes qui ne nous veut reprendre l'ong après

la severe condamnation de son habitus par le suffrage universel
de mise en œuvre à Paris cette liver.

Il est que vous pourriez m'envoyer en chaque des 12 ans;
nous Lavoisier, sans éprouver.

L'avis prétend quelle est trop admette pour vos venir
Amisties à l'un et bien à l'autre

Demandez à Kautsky s'il a reçu un copie.

Chapagne

P. S. L'impression non traitée avec les caractères de Manuscrite
quel est obligé de garder; fin, je vous prie de que vous n'y enverrez,
pour que vous le fassiez en elchab.

bilist clique were wagering each other lunches on brother Joffrin getting in on the first ballot and the dear chap already saw himself as a Deputy for the Seine and other places.¹ All of us expected Vaillant to be elected in the second ballot, he finished up with only 39 thousand votes whilst Floquet had 263 thousand.

But in any case the political situation is going to be very serious; and if the Monarchists reach agreement amongst themselves they could give the Republicans a very bad time of it. Such an agreement is quite on the cards now that young Bonaparte and old Chambord are no more.²

There is one consolation: Ranc will be done for.³ It was he who, believing one could govern by police, organised that whole band of agents provocateurs whom they planted in the Socialist Party. He will lose much of his influence.

Clemenceau will probably turn to the right and become the opportunists' man, since they will not be able to put Ferry forward again after the severe condemnation of their policy by universal suffrage.

The poverty in Paris will be grim this winter.

Could you send me a cheque for twelve pounds; our means are exhausted.

Laura says she is too dumbfounded to write to you.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

Ask Kautsky if he has received my copy.

P.S. The printer is pestering us about the type of the *Manifesto*⁴ which he is obliged to keep standing; please read what you have in hand, so that we can have it stereotyped.

¹ Joffrin received only 32,241 votes.

² Napoleon III's son died in 1879 and the Comte de Chambord in 1883.

³ Ranc, standing in Paris, received only 102,913 votes.

⁴ Starting with No. 1 (August 29th, 1885), *Le Socialiste* published a French translation of the *Manifesto* which went on until No. 11 (November 7th, 1885).

165. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS¹
(*Fragment*)

London, October 12th, 1885

.... I do not consider that October 4th was a defeat, unless you have been indulging in all sorts of illusions. It was a matter of crushing the opportunists; and they have been crushed. But to crush them, pressure from the two opposing sides, from the Right and the Left, was needed. That the pressure from the Right proved to be stronger than had been thought is evident. But that makes the situation far more revolutionary.

The bourgeois, both big and small, preferred to the concealed Orleanists and Bonapartists, the open Orleanists and Bonapartists; to the men who seek to enrich themselves at the expense of the nation, those who have already enriched themselves by robbing it; to the Conservatives of tomorrow, the Conservatives of yesterday. That's all.

The Monarchy is an impossibility in France, if only by virtue of the multiplicity of Pretenders. Were it possible, it would betoken that the Bismarckians are right to speak of the decadence of France. But that decadence only affects the bourgeoisie, in Germany and England as much as in France.

The Republic still remains the government which divides the three monarchist sects the least, which permits them to unite in a conservative party. If the possibility of a monarchist restoration comes into question, the Conservative Party will split into three sects immediately, whilst the Republicans will be forced to rally round the only possible

¹ This extract from a letter was published in No. 8 of *Le Socialiste* (October 17th, 1885) under the heading: "Letter to a French Comrade." The beginning of the letter, which deals with some of the points in Lafargue's letter of October 11th leaves no doubt as to the identity of Engels's correspondent.

government; and, at the present time, that is probably the Clemenceau government.

Clemenceau is nevertheless an improvement on Ferry and Wilson. It is very important that he should come to power, not as the shield of private property against the Communists, but as the saviour of the Republic against the Monarchy. In that situation he will be practically *forced* to keep the promises he has made; otherwise he would behave like the rest who thought themselves, as did Louis-Philippe, "the best of republics": we are in power, the Republic can sleep in peace; our taking over the Ministries is enough, don't speak to us any more of the reforms promised.

I think that the people who voted for the Monarchists on the 4th are already taking fright at their own success and that the 18th will show more or less Clemenceauist results, with some success, not so much of esteem,¹ as of contempt for the opportunists. The Philistine will say to himself: when all is said and done, with so many Royalists and Bonapartists, I need a few opportunists.—However, the 18th will decide the situation; France is the land of the unexpected and I shall take good care not to express a definite opinion.

But in any event Radicals and Monarchists will confront each other. The Republic will run just as much risk as is necessary to compel the petty bourgeois to lean a little more towards the extreme Left, which he could never have done otherwise. *That is precisely the situation that we Communists need.* So far, I see no reason for thinking that the exceptionally logical progress of French political development has deviated: it is still the logic of 1792-94, with this difference, that the threat which the Coalition then represented is represented today by the coalition of the monarchist parties at home. Looked at near to, it is less dangerous than was the other. . . .

F. ENGELS

¹ A play on the term "*succès d'estime*."—Tr.

166. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 14/10/85

My dear Engels,

Thank you for your letter and the cheque enclosed.

I have communicated your views on the French situation to several of our friends; they considered them so right and so clearly expounded that they have asked for them to be published in *Le Socialiste*¹ and the other papers in the provinces.

This morning I received a communication from Tussy concerning the quarrel between Aveling and Hyndman. In France our propaganda has been so bedevilled by quarrels between individuals and groups that we have a possibly exaggerated fear of being involved in the quarrels occurring in other countries. So I do not think that the Communication will be inserted in *Le Socialiste*; as for the *Cri*, neither Guesde nor I have any say in that paper. All we can do will be to refrain from mentioning Hyndman's name and to refer only to the *Socialist League* hereafter.

We have received your letter to Laura, who will be writing to you soon. The post has not yet delivered the *Manifesto* to us; but it is always late with everything that is not sent under cover.

Love to everyone. Good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

167. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO THE EDITORIAL BOARD OF
*LE SOCIALISTE*²

Citizens,

In your issue of the 17th you published an extract from a private letter which I had addressed to one of your num-

¹ See Letter 165 of October 12, 1885.

² Reproduced from *Le Socialiste*, No. 10, 31/10/1885 (p. I/III).

ber. That letter was written in haste, so much so that, not to miss the post, I did not even have time to read it over. Allow me therefore to qualify a passage which does not clearly express my thought.

In speaking of M. Clemenceau as the standard-bearer of French radicalism, I said: "It is very important that he should come to power, not as the shield of private property against the Communists, but as the saviour of the Republic against the Monarchy. In that situation he will be practically forced to keep the promises he has made; otherwise he would behave (here one must insert: *perhaps*) like the rest, who thought themselves, as did Louis-Philippe, the best of Republics: we are in power, the Republic can sleep in peace; our taking over the Ministries is enough, don't speak to us any more of the reforms promised."

In the first place, I have no right to assert that M. Clemenceau, if he came to power by the customary path of parliamentary governments, would inevitably behave "like the rest." Further, I am not one of those who interpret the actions of governments in terms of their personal will, good or ill; that will is itself determined by independent causes, by the general situation. Hence M. Clemenceau's will, good or ill, is not the point at issue. The point at issue, in the interests of the Workers' Party, is that the Radicals come to power in a situation in which the implementing of their programme is imposed upon them as the sole means of holding on. Let us hope that the 200 Monarchists in the Chamber will suffice to create that situation.

London, October 21st, 1885

F. ENGELS

168. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 23/10/85

My dear Engels,

Your note of rectification¹ which reached me this morning comes too late for this week's issue which is set up on Thursday and run off on Friday: it will appear next week.

Your predictions have been fulfilled.² The country took fright at its action of October 4th and came back to the Republicans full of remorse; and as you wrote, the Philistines said to themselves, since there are so many Monarchists, there must be a few opportunists.

I am convinced that the future will realise your other predictions concerning Clemenceau, who has already decidedly modified his tone: the fiery Radical of 1870 is all but an opportunist in 1885; the man who in 1881 made a socialist speech in Marseilles, primed by Longuet, has dropped all the genuinely socialist Radicals. But as you so rightly say, not Clemenceau but events should be blamed. Clemenceau asked nothing better than to go ahead; but he found himself surrounded by such spineless and wavering Radicals that he lost all confidence in his own ideas, his own aspirations. And if the anarchists do not, by their attacks, force the opportunists out of their political rut, Clemenceau, who may become the Minister of the majority, will let himself be led by them. It must be said that his conduct over the Tong-King affair was feeble and

¹ See Letter 167 of October 21, 1885.

² In the second ballot, on October 18th, the Republicans won 243 seats, whilst the reactionaries won only 25. A certain number of working-class and socialist representatives were elected on the combined republican lists of candidates: Basly, Camélinat and Rochefort in the Seine Division; Numa Gilly in the Gard; Planteau in the Haute-Vienne; Clovis Hugues and Antide Boyer in the Bouches-du-Rhône.

timid; making excellent pronouncements one day and voting the credits demanded to have the honour of the flag the next. Clemenceau, despite his appearance of strength, is a very weak man.

We waited for the poll on the 18th to write a report on the elections in which we shall mention the help received from abroad, as well as the efforts we made both in Paris and in the provinces.

Laura will write to you shortly.

Good wishes to you and to everyone,

1881

P. LAFARGUE

169. LAURA LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

23/10/85

My dear General,

I cannot help thinking that you were vexed about the publication of your letter when you wrote and worked off a little of your vexation on the *Manifest*. I cannot admit that to write "*exploitation perfectionnée des terres cultivées*"¹ instead of "*amélioration des terres cultivées*,"² and "*développement de la culture du sol*"³ instead of "*défrichement des terrains incultés*"⁴ is to make "insertions amounting to forgeries."⁵

However all these and other corrections shall be made before the manifest is published in pamphlet form, the only form in which it is likely to attract much attention here. I will write at length when I shall have revised the translation.

Affectionately your,

LAURA

¹ *Improved exploitation of the soil.—Tr.*

² *Improvement of the soil.—Tr.*

³ *Development of the cultivation of the soil.—Tr.*

⁴ *Bringing waste lands into cultivation.—Tr.*

⁵ Starting with its first issue, *Le Socialiste* published serially the *Manifesto* translated by L. Lafargue. The phrases criticised occurred in No. 7 (p. 4/II) of October 10th, 1885.

170. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

3, rue du Sommerard

Paris

A. CADOUX

Printer

Printing of daily,
illustrated and
weekly journals

Paris, 30/10/ 1885

My dear Engels,

This morning just as I was leaving for the printer's I received a rather unpleasant letter from my landlord who, with characteristic tactlessness, reminds me that the rent has been due since October 15th. The letter compels me to write asking you to send me a cheque for twelve pounds.

Deville left for home last week and I have the responsibility for getting out the five papers and it is the devil's own job. I spend the whole day at the printer's.

Our republican rulers want to be taken for kings; they fabricate attempts upon their precious persons: M. Freycinet has just had a narrow escape.¹

Laura will be writing to you, so I say farewell and good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

171. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 4/11/85

My dear Engels,

I received your letter and the cheque enclosed this morning: thanks.—It is my damned swine of a landlord

¹ The *Cri du peuple* of October 30th, 1885 (p. I/V-VI) reported that a revolver shot had been fired at Monsieur Freycinet's carriage on the Pont de la Concorde by one Mariotti.

who will be pleased. Never have there been people more suspicious and nervous; when they are not paid on the 15th, they think all is lost. I shall be restored in my concierge's good books.

The question you ask concerning Lavigne is difficult to answer. One fine day he appeared in our midst saying that he had translated Marx's *18th Brumaire* and *The Holy Family*, that Fortin did not know the ABC of German, that he had done nothing but ruin his translation for him by trying to put it into so-called literary French, etc. Believing him to be a giant refreshed in German we commissioned him to translate the *Manifesto*. But after going over the translation for the first number, we decided it had to be thrown into the waste-paper basket. It was then that Laura took on the task.

Lavigne seems to me slightly mad; he is an awkward customer. That is all the information I can give you about the individual, who, moreover, very rarely comes to our meetings.

In the next *Socialiste* we shall start on a *gallery of portraits of foreign Socialists*.¹ We shall open with Marx and continue with yourself. Could you let us have the name and address of a few Danish Socialists and Frankel's address?

From England we shall present Bax, Aveling, Morris, etc. These biographies will enable us to give an historical account of the socialist movement abroad.

The latest electoral defeat of the French Socialists has made them a little modest; and we shall make them more so by telling them about the socialist movement in other countries.

A bird walking on four feet might of course be an exotic

¹ *Le Socialiste* No. 12 (November 14th, 1885) began the publication of an "International Socialist Gallery" which was to continue until August 28th, 1886. This feature was used to present successively Marx, Engels, Lavroff, Perovskaya, Morris, Bax, Aveling, Basly, Bebel and Liebknecht.

duck; travellers and sportsmen are inveterate liars. But in the farmyard hens suffering from pituite walk on four feet, for they trail their wings on the ground.

To celebrate his inauguration, Gambetta raised loan upon loan. The Radical Party follows in his footsteps, they are going to raise a loan; but instead of opening a direct public subscription, they will negotiate it; the *Loan Bank* is to be made responsible for it. All the Jewish and Christian financiers are jubilant. In a short while we shall not know whether a Radical Party ever existed. I do not know where the elements are to be found to make one. Brousse and Joffrin are the only ones on the horizon, but they are already pretty opportunist.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

172. PAUL LAFARGUE . TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 13/11/85

My dear Engels,

Le Socialiste which comes out tomorrow¹ will contain Marx's portrait and biography. Herewith your phiz which will appear in the following number.² Could you send me a few details about the May 1849 rising in Dresden and in the Rhenish provinces? As it was an insurrection movement, it would be of great interest to our readers and would show them that the German Socialists know quite as well how to fight as how to theorise. If you are sending me notes for your biography and the 1849 campaign, they should reach me by Tuesday morning.

My fundament is afflicted: I have a boil on my buttock, I am obliged to stand up or perform prodigies of agility

¹ *Le Socialiste*, No. 12, of November 14th, 1885 (pp. 3/I, 4/III).

² *Le Socialiste*, No. 13, of November 21st, 1885 (pp. 3/I, 4/III).

to sit down without harming the precious part affected.
It's a nuisance!

Clemenceau grows more and more opportunist.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

P.S. I am sending you a copy of the *Journal de l'agriculture pratique*¹ which contains an article by me; the figures I give in it will interest you.

173. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 16/11/85

My dear Engels,

Thank you for the details on the May '49 insurrection; I shall make use of them to good effect in *Le Socialiste*.²

You have no reason to complain of your portrait; you look like Tamerlaine in modern dress; I would be happy if all the others turned out as well.

My landlord has taken the whole of my cheque and here we are left penniless, and obliged to turn to you; would you please send me a cheque for ten pounds.

I have given up the acrobat's profession and am now reclining on my side, so that the most important part of my anatomy can rest from its customary duty.

Love to Nim and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

174. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 19/11/85

My dear Engels,

I received your letter and the cheque enclosed: thanks.
Have no fears on the matter of your biography; I have

¹ No copy of this journal can be traced.

² Lafargue used these notes for Engels's own biography.

been honest and moderate. The only thing I have enlarged upon is not your intellectual but your alcoholic capacity.

The French here have no inkling of the frightful complications which may arise from the Bulgarian-Servian conflict.¹ Nevertheless, they have an interest in it, Serbia having absorbed so much French capital; and they begin to fear that, victorious or vanquished, she will be obliged to suspend payment of her debt.

The Parisians do not give a damn for anything at the moment: they have coined a new word to describe their state of mind, *Je m'enfoutisme*,² and a verb which is conjugated *Je m'enfoutisse*, etc.

The great topic is not the Chamber, nor the divisions and sub-divisions of the Left; but the *Convict Prison*. A colonel of the Commune, Lisbonne by name and a third-rate actor by profession, has had the brilliant idea of opening a café where the gates are iron bars, the tables are chained down, and the waiters are dressed as convicts, trailing fetters or double shackles. Every night, instead of eating the traditional onion soup at 11 or 12 o'clock, they serve prison fare, made of pounded haricot beans. He has had the walls everywhere placarded with the announcement of the opening of his prison, promising the clients that they will be waited on by traders, bankers, lawyers, once honoured if not honourable, but rehabilitating themselves now by work. The success has been overwhelming: people form queues to drink a pint of beer in citizen Lisbonne's prison, for which he makes them pay twice as much as elsewhere. Society people come in their carriages and are delighted to hear themselves addressed in the familiar person and to be roughly used by warders who employ the

¹ On November 14th King Milan of Servia announced that, following the frontier incidents provoked by the Bulgarians, Servia considered herself in a state of war with Bulgaria.

² I-don't-give-a-f. . . -ism.—*Tr.*

classical language of the convict prison in speaking to the clients.

Ah me! Do you suppose my buttocks have studied German philosophy? They understand dialectics no better than Proudhon and will stop short at the thesis.

Good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

We are all ill. Laura has a terrible cold which makes her face¹ as fat as a pumpkin and her head as dull as a cabbage.

Read over and corrected,

L. L.

175. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 21/12/35

My dear Engels,

We have read in *Justice* of the 12th of the month the sorry reply from Hyndman and his crew.² He has tried to pay us out for our note,³ for ever since he has stopped supplying *Justice*.

I have returned to the subject (the article will appear in the next issue); but in order not to alarm our friends,

¹ Laura Lafargue, having "read over and corrected" this P.S. crossed out the word "head" written by Paul and wrote above it "face."

² An article appeared in *Justice* of December 12th, 1885 (p. 4/I-III) entitled "Tory Gold"* and signed by the whole Executive of the Social Democratic Federation. The article admits that £340 was received from the Tory Party for the support of socialist candidates and it is stated that in the circumstances criticism can only injure the Party.

³ A note denouncing the Social Democratic Federation's collusion with the Tories had appeared under the heading "England" in No. 16 of *Le Socialiste* of December 12th, 1885 (p. 3/II).

who, having suffered so much from quarrels, try at all costs to avoid anything which tends to split, I have treated the subject (Hyndman) in a letter purporting to have been received from London.¹ I have used the opportunity to pass a severe remark on the Possibilists who boast of the election of people like Cremer and Howell, as a working-class victory. I say that the Tories are now trying to copy the tactics of the Liberals, who bribe the trade-union leaders; they tried to bribe the Socialists in order to oppose them. Put like that, our friends will not object.

Here comes the dreadful season, the season of gifts: could you send us a cheque for £12 to help us get through it.

Everything is falling to pieces today: one used to say *as solid as the Pont-Neuf*. Parisians used to point to their bridge with as much pride as to the column. The swollen Seine has just eroded a pier which has given way.

We wish you all a *merry Christmas**. With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

P. S. Send me the last *Justice*.

176. LAURA LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Paris, [End of] Dec^{br}/85

My dear General,

What with being busy and what with being lazy, I have let so many nothings accumulate that I don't know how or where to begin.

Malon's "société"² does not spoil the game of our "cer-

¹ In *Le Socialiste* of December 26th, 1885, No. 18 (p. 2/II-III), there appeared a "Letter from England," signed Patrick O'Leary, in which Lafargue explains how the English Socialists accepted 25,000 francs from the Tories to stand two candidates in two particularly unfavourable constituencies.

² Association.—*Tr.* On November 7th, 1885 Malon formed a Republican Association of Social Economy whose aims (Article 2 of the

cle.”¹ Indeed he had the start of us. But “cercle” and “société” run in parallel lines and do not cross each other. Malon’s is a ponderous concern,—like his own unreadable and unread *Socialisme depuis les âges les plus reculés*,²—whose purpose it is to lay down the lord knows what laws and to “reform,” while the object of the cercle is simply to get as many men and women as may be to help to put money in the purse of the poverty-stricken socialism of this fair city.

Paul went to one of Mother Adam’s literary evenings last night. Mme Adam, la fille d’Eve³ whose name while she lived in single blessedness was Juliette Lambert (author of a book in answer to one of Proudhon’s),⁴ was very amiable and while explaining to Paul how she had come to put off publishing a paper of his which she had accepted a good while ago, promised to insert an article of his “sur la famille”⁵ within three months. I had sat up late for news and had dropped asleep at last, after much waiting; for hope deferred, if it doesn’t always [make] one sick, at all events makes one sleepy. Well, Paul came home at about one o’clock in the morning and after waking me and stuffing me with chestnuts—of which he buys a pennyworth whenever he stays out late—told me the story of what had happened and how both his articles were accepted by the *Nouvelle Revue*. “Once in the bosom of Adam,” thought I, “he is sure to get on!” With which comforting reflection I fell fast asleep again.—Paul has told you the

Rules) were “the study of social questions in the light of scientific data and modern historical and economic development... to press for urgent reforms, draw up plans and work for their adoption and implementation.”

¹ Club.—Tr.

² *Socialism from the Remotest Times*.—Tr.

³ The daughter of Eve.—Tr.

⁴ Juliette Adam had published in 1858 *Les Idées antiproudhoniennes sur l’amour, la femme et le mariage* (anti-Proudhonist views on love, women and marriage—Tr.), in reply to Proudhon’s *Justice*.

⁵ On the family.—Tr.

story of *Séverine* and wishes me to tell you that of *Valentine*. I am very willing. I'm sure, only it's a long story and rather hard to tell.

While I was staying with you, in London, last year, Paul spent a day in the country with some friends of a friend of his (Giraud, the haschisch eater); the friends in question are M. Georges Godde, Mme Godde and a family of 4 or 5 big boys. Mme Godde (*Valentine pour*¹ Georges) is the mother of the boys and the wife of an absent husband. She had been spoken of to me as a very good sort of woman, an affectionate mother and a devoted wife, not indeed to her husband but to her cousin. In short, I was told that at Draveil, in a delightful country-house, bearing the pretty name of "*Les Fauvettes*," an idyllic bit of happiness was to be witnessed for the going there. So one day Paul took me down to Draveil. I saw the semi-attached couple and had a glimpse of a very queer household, consisting of *the cousins*, a servant-girl and a stable-boy, a horse, a few dogs and a good many fowls. I noticed some fine geranium plants, too, but thought that flowers and fruit and vegetables were all strangely neglected. The boys were away at college. We had a very pleasant day of it, driving, boating, country-walking, eating and drinking. But worse remains behind.

Some three or four months after our trip to Draveil, Giraud drops in and tells us that there has been a row in fairyland and that it's war to the knife between Oberon and Titania-Godde. Oberon (Georges pour Valentine) had been turned off. Of course *le quibus*² was at the bottom of all. Godde, as his bosom friend, Giraud, allows, *s'avachissait*,³ which means that not only had he come more and more—and much more than suited Valentine—to sink the lover in the husband, but also that Mme Godde was out of pocket for Godde's sake.

¹ To.—*Tr.*

² The needful.—*Tr.*

³ Had let himself go.—*Tr.*

Now Mme Valentine, between whiles, had cast an eye on a young neighbour of hers (the nephew of her own Georges), who is only 19 and who, it appears, is less *avachi*¹ than his uncle. You know the weakness of French people "pour nos neveux."² This particular nephew, who also answers to the name of Georges, and who is a clever and impudent young fellow, a sort of neveu de Rameau,³ has succeeded his uncle in Valentine's good graces—the only grace about her, for her very ugly ugliness has no one redeeming feature. When I met her, I was prepossessed in her favour, believing her to be much in love with her cousin who is young, good-looking and a Frenchman. But I was altogether out, for it is she that is volatile. Godde is a limp thing and since his only object was "le coucher et le couvert,"⁴ he is rightly served. Anyway, Valentine gave notice to Georges the first to leave, seeing that Georges the second was engaged and waiting to take his new place. So one memorable autumn evening, poor Georges 1st was turned out, bag and baggage, of that Draveil paradise and sent forth, naked and ashamed, into the wilderness of Paris.

I have heard since that Godde, too, is married and that he had deserted his young wife, a working-woman, some seven years ago, to house with his rich cousin, the black-browed, big-boned, elderly Valentine and her brood of boys.

It's a queer story, you'll admit, and characteristic of our Parisian men and manners.

Will you accept for yourself and for Nimmy and Tussy and Edward and Pumps and Percy and all friends, our best wishes and affectionate regards.

Always yours most affectionately,

LAURA

A kiss for Johnny.⁵

¹ Gone to seed.—*Tr.*

² For our nephews.—*Tr.*

³ A reference to Diderot's book of that name.—*Tr.*

⁴ Bed and board.—*Tr.*

⁵ Jean Longuet.

1886

177. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

[About 10th] Jan^{ry}/86, Paris

My dear General,

A little fellow of eleven comes up twice a week of an evening and cons his German lessons with me; he says that I help him, but I rather think that it is *he* who is helping *me* to the elements of German grammar. He has just left me and as Paul will not be home till morning or till midnight, I mean to have a good chat with you—the first real bit of chat I shall have had this year.

The other night we had Paul's cousins and a Russian family to dinner, Paul playing cook for the nonce (have I told you that he took to cooking at Sainte-Pélagie?) and concocting a bouillabaisse. Do you know what a bouillabaisse is? Thackeray sings of it:

*This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is,
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Greenherbs, red peppers, mussels, safferm
Soles, onions, garlic, roach and dace,
All these you eat at Terre's tavern
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.*

And indeed, as he says, "it is a rich and savoury stew"—invented by some Marseillais genius.

Well, Paul's Bouillabaisse was very good and put such mettle into us that we actually turned out, at eleven o'clock p.m., on a snowy winter night, to go and have a peep at a ball going on at some distance from our place in celebration of the Russian New Year's Eve. We looked on at the dancing till half past three in the morning, and a very pleasant and interesting sight it was. Both the men and women that jumped and hopped about—Jews for the most part—were very striking in appearance: some of the girls had donned their national costumes which are of graceful cut and brilliant in colouring. And such dancing! The most violent gymnastics are nothing to it; ordinary folks would be laid up for a week after such exercise, but these young Russian people, when we came away, appeared to be merely getting themselves into working order for the heavy business of the ball. There were many hundreds of persons present and there was a profit of 600 frs.

What do you think of this "dernière incarnation"¹ de Deville? Like most French love-stories it is one part tragedy and three parts farce. An "union libre"² contracted "on compulsion" by a young man whose boast it has been to be fickle and unfaithful constitutionally and on principle. Indeed he preached the gospel of infidelity in and out of season and, since to preach this gospel in Paris is like carrying coals to Newcastle, I have always thought that even one's golden youth might be better employed. It's true that such fireworks amuse those that let them off and do not hurt the lookers-on. Deville is likely to be metamorphosed into as steady and obedient and henpecked a husband as poor Mesa himself. Meanwhile Benedict and Beatrice in their walks about the Quartier Latin run the risk of coming into frequent collision with the "blondes or brunes tendresses"³ of the neighbourhood, for Deville appears

¹ "Latest incarnation."—*Tr.*

² "Free union."—*Tr.*

³ "Blonde or brunette charmers."—*Tr.*

to have studied the charms of these ladies as methodically as he does all things, from doing his hair to tying his shoe-strings.

The frisky Séverine,¹ whose impudence I admire, continues to go the way she should not go. However, "her ways are ways of pleasantness"; she sticks to the principle of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" and as even a husband is but a unit after all, poor Guebhard² is nowhere. This Guebhard's conduct is an enigma. A very learned and intelligent person, doctor of medicine and professor of all sorts of sciences, he submits to play the poorest part in the comedy got up at his own expense and performed at his own theatre—the offices of the *Cri du peuple*. He is a Jew and close-fisted, yet his hard cash is scattered like grains of common sand by the fairy fingers of Séverine, he is young and good-looking and rich, but he works hard and stays at home while Séverine gads about. For his dinner she sends him up a bottle of wine and a couple of sausages and then takes Labruyère's arm and starts in his company for some restaurant en ville. She returns to her nest (she has been a mother, but the birds have flitted) at day-break. She is a pretty-looking woman and makes hay in her hey-day and while the sun shines.

Tell Nim that cake and pudding have gone the way of all good things: the last, least slice I sent to Louise Michel at St-Lazare. And it appears that this mouthful of plum pudding acted like a talisman and opened the gates of her prison-house, for the very same day she was set at liberty. To her infinite disgust and she protests in the most indignant terms against this latest piece of infamy perpetrated by Grévy. She has sent word that she means to call on us tomorrow.

¹ Since the death of J. Vallès, Séverine directed the *Cri du peuple*.

² Dr. Guebhard was the owner of the *Cri du peuple*.

Good-bye, my dear General, and "hoping this will find you as it leaves us," in good health.

Love to all.

Affectionately yours,

LAURA

178. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 10/1/86

My dear Engels,

This is how it came about that on January 4th, somewhat against his will, G. Deville set up house. That these tidings should seem as comical to you as they do to us, one really has to know the chap whom we sometimes call *the old maid*.

Deville is a Southerner, as dark as a mulatto; his family originally came from the Pyrénées, there is Moorish blood in his veins without a shadow of doubt. Although he is very excitable and exceedingly hotheaded, he hides his violence under an air of formal and systematic calm; one of our friends, an engineering worker, alleges that he has a piece of machinery in his belly. He is indeed as regular as a clock, he rises, reads the papers, breakfasts, goes to the café, returns home, works, etc., at fixed times, to the precise minute. His views are ordered with the same strictness as his way of life. Ever since he was a student he had been on terms of intimacy, always methodically, with all the women of the Latin Quarter, who thought highly of him, precisely because of the methodical way in which he did everything. Then also, since he is a handsome lad, he had rather more serious mistresses; he renewed them frequently, even having several at a time, who sometimes passed each other on the stairs; he once hid one of them, who was on her way out, in his kitchen, whilst the favour-

ite sultanness was in the bedroom. His conduct harmonised with his theory that "in love, the beginning is best." He began often. His father is a lawyer; he is very fond of his son, but detests his socialist views. One day, having learnt that his Gabriel had a mistress, he wrote to him: "No doubt the woman with whom you live is a collectivist."—"I have no idea," replied Deville, "we talk of other things when we are together."

However, lately Deville was never seen with any women at all. One did not know what to make of it.

Deville, methodical in every way, had been taking his meals for the past nine years in the same bourgeois boarding-house. The proprietor is a Savoyard, who keeps up the patriarchal customs of his mountains in the middle of Paris... the whole family does all the work in the place. The sons are cooks and the daughters wait on the guests; the mother keeps the books and the grandmother sits at the cash-desk and takes the money. One of the girls won Deville's fickle heart, how long ago nobody knows: but she went to his place every day, from 3 o'clock till 5, without anyone suspecting. On New Year's Day, the enamoured Dulcinea was denounced in an anonymous letter; she was watched, followed and caught. One day they locked her up; she confessed all. The father spoke to Deville and asked him what his intentions were: "I love your daughter; I regard her as my wife; but I shall never marry; it is against my principles." The infuriated father turned his daughter out. Fortunately her sisters, who are married, have different views from those of the old Savoyard, the father. The girl went to Deville, who announced to us officially that he had set up house. His whole life will be upset; he will have to organise it according to a different methodical system. As everything Deville does is done seriously, he wants a maid to start a thoroughgoing household.

I am delighted by your good opinion of my articles in *Le Socialiste*; it is not easy to please you. If Kautsky

wishes I will write a review of Zola's *Germinal* and of Maupassant's *Bel Ami* for him. This latter novel is a remarkable work: the ways of Paris journalism are depicted in it with rare talent.

Thanks for your cheque,

Our love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

179. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 17 Jan. 1886

My dear Laura,

Glad the dictionaries have arrived at last. They were promised to be sent from here more than a week before Christmas.

Yesterday I received a postcard from Dr. Max Quarck informing me that as a good extract from *The Capital* is wanted, he intends to translate Deville's: "*Herr Deville hat mir nun eben auf mein Nachsuchen die alleinige Authorisation zur Uebersetzung seines Auszuges ins Deutsche gegeben*"¹; the great Quarck has offered it to Meissner and desires me to favour him with a preface.

Now if Deville has really done so, I cannot but consider that he has acted very unwisely and moreover contrary to all the international obligations practically existing amongst the lot of us. How in the world could he commit himself with a man of whom he knew nothing? This Quarck is one of half a dozen young literati who hover about the boundary land between our Party and the Katheder-Sozialismus, take jolly good care to keep clear of all the risks involved by being connected with our Party, and yet expect to reap all the benefits that may accrue from such

¹ "Mr. Deville has just given me, at my request, the exclusive rights to translate his résumé into German."—*Tr.*

connection. They make a lively propaganda for *das soziale Kaisertum der Hohenzollern*¹ (which Quarck has dithyrambically celebrated), for Rodbertus against Marx (Quarck had the cheek to write to me that he honored *The Capital* by placing it in his library *neben die Werke des grossen Rodbertus*!²) and especially for each other. The fellow is so utterly impotent that even Liebknecht who has a certain tenderness for these fellows, has agreed with Kautsky that he is not fit to write in the *Neue Zeit*.³

This moment Kautsky enters with Paul's letter; according to that Deville has *not* replied and Quarck lies. I should be very glad if this was so, because then I should have that little scamp completely on the hip.

But now as to the translation itself. First of all, an extract from *The Capital* for our German workmen must be done from the German original, not from the French edition. Secondly Deville's book is too big for the working men, and would in the translation, especially of the second half, be as difficult as the original, as it is composed as much as possible of literal extracts. It does well enough for France where most of the terms are *not* Fremdwörter,⁴ and where there is a large public, not exactly working men, who all the same wish to have some knowledge—of easy access—of the subject, without reading the big book. That public, in Germany, ought to read the original book.—Thirdly, and chiefly, if D[eville]'s book appears in German, I do not see how I can consistently, with my duty towards Mohr, let it pass unchallenged as a faithful résu-

¹ The imperial socialism of the Hohenzollern.—*Tr.*

² Next to the works of the great Rodbertus.—*Tr.*

³ In fact Max Quarck had contributed to the *Neue Zeit* in 1884 and 1885, when four articles of his appeared. But at least two of them had needed putting into shape by the editors. It appears that, following this experience, the editors did not feel any need to secure his further collaboration. He was one of those whom Engels called in a letter to Liebknecht (February 4th, 1885) "the riff-raff of semi-educated intellectuals."

⁴ Unfamiliar.—*Tr.*

mé. I have held my tongue while it was published only in French, although I had distinctly protested against the whole second half of it, before publication. But if it comes to be put before the German public, that is quite a different thing. I cannot allow, in Germany, Mohr to be perverted—and seriously perverted—in his *very words*.

If there had been not that absurd hurry at the time, if it had been revised as I suggested, there would not be that objection now. All I can say, I reserve my full liberty of action in case the book is published in German, and I am the more bound to do so as it has got abroad that I looked it over in the Ms.

I cannot this moment ask Kautsky about his intentions as to D[eville]'s book¹ because all the people for Sunday's dinner have come in, and must conclude. K[autsky] must write himself. As far as I know K[autsky] and B[ernstein] intend making a fresh extract themselves, which would be decidedly the best thing to do, and where they may make use of D[eville]'s work and *acknowledge it with thanks*.

Tussy, Edward, the Pumps and Kautsky, all send their loves, kind regards and kisses and I don't know what more. Ditto Johnny² and the other little ones.

Yours affectionately but hungry,

F. E.

180. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 9th Febr. 1886

My dear Laura,

Our clever folks of the S[ocial] D[emocratic] Federation scorn to rest on their laurels. Yesterday they must

¹ Kautsky had originally had the idea of translating Deville's book. When he mentioned this to Engels, the latter made severe criticisms of this résumé of *Capital* (see letters of January 9th and February 16th, 1884). In the end Kautsky wrote an abridged version himself, which was published in 1887.

² Jean Longuet.

needs interfere in a meeting of the Unemployed¹—who count now by hundreds of thousands—in order to preach *La Révolution*, revolution in general, and ask the mass to hold up their hands, those who were ready to follow M. Champion wherever he would lead them to—well, to what he does not know himself. Hyndman, who can only overcome his personal cowardice by deafening himself with his own shouts, went on in the same strain. Of course you know what a meeting at 3 p.m. in Trafalgar Square consists of: masses of the poor devils of the East End who vegetate in the borderland between working class and Lumpenproletariat, and a sufficient admixture of roughs and 'Arrys to leaven the whole into a mass ready for any "lark" up to a wild riot à propos de rien.² Well, just at the time when this element was getting the upper hand (Kautsky who was there says *das eigentliche Meeting war vorbei, die Keilerei ging los und so ging ich weg*³), the wiseacres above named took these roughs in procession through Pall Mall and Piccadilly to Hyde Park for another and a truly revolutionary meeting. But on the road the roughs took matters into their own hands, smashed club windows and shop fronts, plundered first wine stores and bakers' shops, and then some jewellers' shops also, so that in Hyde Park our revolutionary swells had to preach "*le calme et la modération*"! While they were soft-sawdery, the wrecking and plundering went on outside in Audley St. and even as far as Oxford St. where at last the police interfered.

The absence of the police shows that the row was *wanted*, but that Hyndman and Co. *donnaient dans le piège*⁴ is

¹ A meeting of the unemployed took place on February 8th, 1886 in Trafalgar Square. The *Cri du peuple* of February 11th (p. 1/III-IV) reported it under the heading: "A Revolutionary Day in London."

² About nothing.—*Tr.*

³ The meeting proper was over, the brawling broke out and so I made off.—*Tr.*

⁴ Fell into the trap.—*Tr.*

impardonable and brands them finally as not only helpless fools but also as scamps. They wanted to wash off the disgrace of their electoral manoeuvre, and now they have done an irreparable damage to the movement here. To make a revolution—and that à propos de rien, when and where they liked—they thought nothing else was required but the paltry tricks sufficient to “boss” an agitation for any vile fad, packing meetings, lying in the press, and then, with five and twenty men secured to back them up, appealing to the masses to “rise” somehow, as best they might, against nobody in particular and everything in general, and trust to luck for the result. Well, I don’t know whether they will get over it so easily this time. I should not wonder if they were arrested before the week is out. English law is very definite in this respect: you may spout as long as you like, so long as nothing follows; but as soon as any “overt acts” of rioting ensue, you are held responsible for them, and many a poor devil of a Chartist, Harney and Jones and others, got two years for less. Besides, n’est pas Louise Michel qui veut.¹

At last I have got nearly the whole of the Ms of the English translation of Vol. I² in my hands; the small remnant Edward has promised for Sunday. I shall go at it this week—the only thing that keeps me from it is the revision of a translation (English) of my old book on the English working class by an American lady who has also found a publisher for it in America—strange to say!³ This I do in the evenings and shall—unless much interrupted—finish this week. As soon as I see my way to fix

¹ Not everyone who wishes can be a Louise Michel.—*Tr.*

² Of *Capital*.

³ *The Condition of the Working Class in England* had appeared in German in 1845. The American edition, the first English translation, by Mrs. Florence Kelley Wichnewetzki, was to appear in 1887. For Engels’s opinion of this translation and edition, see the correspondence with Sorge (letter of April 29th, 1886 amongst others) and with the translator.

a date for the printing to begin, I shall go and see K[egan] P[aul], and if we do not come to terms with him go somewhere else; we have hints and offers from more than one. Our position in this respect is much improved. After that—Vol. III, and no more interruptions tolerated.

We thought it very strange that Bernstein should have recommended a fellow like Quarck and asked him. Here is his reply which I give you literally so that there can be no mistake: "Von einer Quarck-Empfehlung bin ich mir gar nichts bewusst, wie sollte ich einen Mann empfehlen, *den ich gar nicht kenne*? Es ist möglich, dass ich auf eine Anfrage einmal geantwortet, *der Mann sei kein Parteigenosse*, aber es liege nichts gegen ihn vor, aber auch nur möglich.... Sollte da nicht eine Verwechslung vorliegen? Ich selbst *kenne Quarck gar nicht*, habe auch noch *nie* mit ihm korrespondiert. Also wie gesagt, ich bestreite nicht absolut, über Quarck einmal Auskunft erteilt zu haben, aber *empfohlen habe ich ihn nicht*."¹

Pardon me that I bother you again with this affair, but I wish to have this extract forwarded to Paris in the original German. As to the rest, I write to Paul about it. Otherwise I wish Deville every happiness in his new ménage and hope it will not interfere too much with his regularity of habits. If once settled down in a new routine, he promises to be the best and happiest of husbands.

The people here go on much as usual. Edward has taken a hall in Tottenham Court Road where he preaches twice every Sunday to an attentive and on the whole rea-

¹ "I know nothing of any recommendation of Quarck; how would I have recommended a man *whom I do not know at all*? It is possible that I once answered an inquiry saying that *the man was not a Party member* but there was nothing against him; but even that is only a possibility.... Is there not some confusion here? I personally *do not know Quarck at all*, and in addition have *never* corresponded with him. Therefore, as I say, I will not absolutely dispute having once given information about Quarck, but *never have I recommended him*."—Tr.

sonably well paying audience—it interferes rather with his after-dinner port, but it's a good thing for him as it defeats Bradlaugh's plan *to ruin him as a public lecturer*; he also goes now and then to provincial towns for 3 lectures on a Sunday! And one the Saturday evening. Bax is something like Paul, writes charming articles often enough in *The Commonweal*, but utterly unaccountable when an idea runs away with him. For practical agitation poor Bax is most dangerous, being utterly inexperienced; throws the ideas of the study, quite raw as they are, into the meeting-room; has the feeling that something must be done to set the ball rolling, and does not know what; withal very nice, very intelligent, very industrious, so that we may hope he will outlive his zeal.

Yours affectionately,

F. E.

181. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS

(Extracts¹)

February 16th, 1886

My dear Lafargue,

I congratulate you. The session of the 11th in the French Chamber is an historic event.² The ice—the parliamentary omnipotence of the Radicals—has been broken and it matters little whether it was three or thirty who ventured to break it. And it was this superstition among the Paris workers, this belief that in going further than the Radicals

¹ These extracts were published in *Le Socialiste*, No. 115, November 24th, 1900.

² On February 11th, 1886 Basly had called the government to account for the events in Decazeville, where a strike had broken out on January 26th.

they would be endangering the Republic or at least playing the opportunists' game by splitting the "revolutionary Party," that the Radicals' strength lay in.

This is the final defeat of utopian socialism in France. For the Radicals were all "Socialists" in the old sense of the word; what survived of the theses of Blanc and of Proudhon served them as socialist trappings; they represent French utopian socialism, stripped of utopias, and therefore reduced to phrases pure and simple. On February 11th this old French socialism was crushed by the international socialism of today. "The poverty of philosophy!"

It is an event of the utmost importance for your propaganda in Paris and in France generally. The effect will be felt very quickly; the Radicals—whether they flatly dissociate themselves from the workers, or whether they temporise by making more or less sterile concessions—will lose their influence with the masses, and with that influence the last strength of traditional socialism will be lost, and minds will become accessible to a new order of ideas....

Z... leaves me in no doubt that Clemenceau and his whole crew, once involved in ministerial intrigues as they are, have caught the parliamentary disease, that they no longer understand what goes on outside the Palais-Bourbon and the Luxembourg, that there, as far as they are concerned, is the finest part of the movement; that for them extra-parliamentary France plays a secondary part. This has given me the measure of these gentlemen.

* * *

At last I have realised that the *flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo*¹ is not their business. Their hind-

¹If I cannot change the will of Heaven, I shall release Hell. (Virgil, *Aeneid*, VII. 312.)

quarters are seated on the same slope down which Ranc, Gambetta & Co. slid. They are afraid of the proletarian Acheron.

I told Z...: So long as the Radicals allow themselves to be frightened, as they did at the second ballot, by the cry of: "The Republic is in danger," they will be nothing but the hirelings of the opportunists, acting as their cat's paws. But give each worker a gun and 50 cartridges and the Republic will never be in danger again!

182. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 15th March 1886

My dear Laura,

You complain of the weather and you are in Paris! Look at us here—nothing above freezing-point the last ten days, a cutting east wind, of which you don't know which is the worst, the north-east or the south-east,—and tonight a fresh couche de neige¹ on streets and roofs. Nim is at her second cold, but it's getting better; I had one too, Pumps and Percy are in the same boat too; fortunately the children are well. However there must be an end to this some time, only I wish it would come.

The English *Kapital* is at last getting into shape and form. I have the whole Ms here and began revising. Saving the 1st chapter which will require a severe overhauling, the first 200 pages of the original German are ready to go to press. I saw K[egan] P[aul] last week, declined his proposals of two years ago and submitted mine. They were accepted in principle. This, with a man like K[egan] P[aul] who is on all hands described as extremely slippery, means very little, and I expect there will be a tussle with him yet. But that matters nothing at all, because our

¹ Layer of snow.—*Tr.*

position in the market has improved wonderfully and we have at least one other good firm who will be glad to take it on very favourable terms. As soon as the thing is concluded, I will let you know.

The book will be published end of Sept[ember] so as not to come out in the dead season, and this gives me time to do the revising work thoroughly. Practically 300 pages of the original are revised, but the last 500 I have not as yet looked at, and there are some very difficult chapters there. And it would never do to hurry over there.

Broadhouse-Hyndman goes on translating "from the original German" in *To-Day*.¹ He has in the sixth monthly Number just finished Chapter I. But his "original German" is the *French translation* now [?] and he insists on proving that with French he can play ducks and drakes quite as much as with German. The thing does so little harm, so far, that K[egan] P[aul] never even mentioned it. But it has done this good that I have got Moore and Edward to finish their work. You have no idea how difficult it is to get hold of this *To-Day*. I have paid in advance but have to dun them almost every month for my copy; moreover, it comes out at all times of the *next* month. Tussy last year went and paid for a copy to be sent to you but, as far as I have heard, it was never sent! However, there is nothing whatever in it except—Christian socialism!

You will have seen from *Justice*—that at least you do receive in exchange for the *Socialiste*—how Hyndman keeps up his alliance with Brousse and even ignores the new proletarian party in the Chamber.²

¹ Starting with No. 23 (October 1885) *To-Day* was publishing a translation of *Capital* by John Broadhouse "from the original German." In No. 27, of March '86, the first chapter ended and the second began. The publication continued until May 1889, but stopped before the end of the first book.

² Following the 1885 elections a certain number of deputies elected on the Republican Coalition lists—such as Basly, Camélinat, Clo-

To me, this appearance of a parti ouvrier¹ in the Palais-Bourbon is *the* great event of the year. The ice is now broken with which the Radicals had so far succeeded to cover the working masses of France. These Radicals are now forced to come out in their true colours, or else follow the lead of Basly. The latter they will not do for long, nor willingly. Whatever they do, they must alienate the masses and drive them to us, and that quick. Events move rapidly, the Decazeville affair² could not come more opportunely than it has done. C'est coup sur coup.³ And a very good thing it is that this takes place not in Paris but in one of the darkest and most reactionary and clerical corners of la province. I am exceedingly curious to learn how the affair has terminated today in the Chamber.⁴ But whatever is done, must turn out to our benefit.

The reappearance of France on the scene of the proletarian movement "comme grande puissance"⁵ will have a tremendous effect everywhere especially in Germany and America; in Germany I have done my best to let them know the full importance of the event, and sent Basly's speech to Bebel; Camélinat's will follow as soon as I get it back from Kautsky. How furious Longuet must be that

vis Hugues, Antide Boyer, etc.—formed a workers' group in the Chamber which was to prove itself very effective over the Decazeville events. Engels is here alluding to an article, signed by A.S. Headingley: "French Socialists at the Ballot Box," which appeared in *Justice* on March 13th, 1886 (p. 2/III-IV).

¹ Workers' party.—Tr.

² On January 26th, the strike began in Decazeville, in the mining district of Aveyron, in protest against a reduction in wages. Watrin, the mine manager, renowned for his harshness, was thrown out of the window. The government measures provoked a first interpellation by Basly on February 11th.

³ It's one blow on top of another.—Tr.

⁴ On March 11th, Camélinat in his turn interpellated. The debate in his interpellation closed on March 15th.

⁵ As a great power.—Tr.

his old friend and, as he believed, protégé Camélinat has turned his back upon him!

At the same time, our Paris friends have done whatever they could to pave the way so that the event, when it came, found a terrain préparé.¹ Their action since the elections has been perfectly correct—their attempt to rally all revolutionary proletarian elements, their forbearance towards the Possibilists, their limiting their attacks to those points and facts which showed Brousse and Co. as simple obstacles to union, all this was just what it should have been. And they are now reaping the fruits: Brousse has been driven into a position where he must find fault with Basly and Co. and thereby sever the last bond which still united him to the movement of the masses. Savoir attendre²—that is what our friends have learnt at last, and that will carry them through. Paul will be, if he likes, in the Palais-Bourbon before Longuet.

A citizen Hermann has applied to me for an addressed adhesion to what I suppose is your meeting on the 18th.³ I send it to you herewith 1) to be sure that it falls into the proper hands and 2) that you and Paul may look over and mend my rickety French.

Now good night, it's one o'clock and I must look over some papers yet to get them out of the way of tomorrow. Kind regards to Paul.

Yours most affectionately,

F. ENGELS

16th Mar[ch]. Just seen the ordre du jour⁴ adopted by the Chamber.⁵ It sounds rather different to all previous

¹ Prepared soil.—*Tr.*

² Knowing how to wait.—*Tr.*

³ This refers to a meeting commemorating the Commune. Engels's letter on that occasion was published in *Le Socialiste*, No. 31, of March 27th, 1886 (p. 2/II-III). It is given here as an Appendix, p. 406.

⁴ Motion.—*Tr.*

⁵ The following is the text of the motion passed by 378 votes to 100: "The Chamber, confident of the government's resolve to intro-

ordres du jour voted under similar circumstances. It is a decided victory for us, and Freycinet too pfeift aus einem anderen Loch als früher.¹ La situation devient sérieuse pour MM. les Radicaux.²

183. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 17/3/86

My dear Engels,

Your address which we shall read out tomorrow at our reception in honour of March 18th, will give great pleasure, as it admirably reflects the spirit of the times.

You are right, we are entering a new era. The elections disheartened us; but here we are, back in the saddle and galloping. Things move fast in France. Clemenceau, like the late Gambetta, thought there was no such thing as public opinion; Basly and Camélinat³ rouse it and carry it with them, and the Radicals, to catch up with it, are obliged to run as if their backsides were on fire.

Mr. Brousse and his friends are playing Knights of the Sorrowful Countenance just now. *Le Prolétariat* made an attack on Basly,⁴ but the Possibilists were so angered by it that Mr. Brousse has been compelled to stop his anonymous attacks and to poison himself with the bile he can-

duce the requisite improvements in mining legislation and convinced that it will be inspired by the need to safeguard the rights of the state and the interests of labour, proceeds to next business."

¹ Sings a different tune nowadays.—*Tr.*

² The situation is becoming grave for the gentry of the Radical Party.—*Tr.*

³ An allusion to the move by Basly and Camélinat in support of the Decazeville strikers.

⁴ In its weekly unsigned economic review, *Le Prolétariat*, No. 99 of February 20th to 27th, 1886, published rather bitter attacks on Basly.

not spit out. Joffrin is furious: Vaillant makes him play second fiddle on the City Council and Basly and Camélinat eclipse his fame. Brousse and his acolytes will be forced to swim with the stream; they have already greatly changed their tune.

Malon is the dangerous individual: his ambition is to create a parliamentary group in which all shades of opinion will be tenderly merged and from which all opinions of too scarlet a hue will be excluded. Of course, people like Clovis Hugues, Planteau, Briolon, etc., are with him and give him their self-interested support. Boyer the ex-anarchist (all anarchists are of the same stripe) has rebelled: the other day, Guesde drafted a strong appeal to the municipal councils; he refused to sign it, and declared that he was not an Impossibilist, that, on the contrary, he intended to put forward only the most reasonable—that is, the most bourgeois—things. Fortunately Basly and Camélinat are there to force them to go forward. What is more, events and the disorganisation of the bourgeois parties are trumps we hold.

You will have received *La Nouvelle Revue* which I sent you yesterday. In order to put myself on a level with the readers of the review, I omitted much of the theoretical part: Madame Adam cut some more in the proofs; she ended my article with an idiotic sentence which I had deleted but which she kept in without consulting me.¹ When I see her I intend to expostulate with her about her behaviour. However, one must forgive her, for she has passed some pretty strong things which are bound to shock the good Philistines who subscribe to the review. The prudery of the Paris reviews is unbelievable, especially when compared with the shamelessness of the novels and

¹ *La Nouvelle Revue*, Vol. XXXIX, March 1886, pp. 301-36, published an article by Lafargue: "The Matriarchy. An Essay on the Origins of the Family." The concluding sentence runs: "The patriarchal family is thus a relatively recent social institution, whose first phase was marked by as many crimes as will perhaps be committed in the future if human societies attempt a return to matriarchy."

such daily papers as *Gil Blas* and *Le Figaro*, where the nastiest filth is stirred up.

Madame Adam, who at the time of her affair with Gambetta turned her drawing-room into his audience chamber and engaged in politics, is in process of becoming a political personality again. She tries to gather round her a moderate-liberal party of patriots, artists and patrons of exhibitions and fêtes. Freycinet, Floquet and others frequent her salon. She is anti-Clemenceau.

Send me a cheque please, as our funds are exhausted.

Love to everyone and good wishes to you,

P. LAFARGUE

The weather has turned fine and mild.

184. FREDERICK ENGELS TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS

London, March 20th, 1886

My dear Lafargue,

Here is the cheque for £12. Yesterday I was again interrupted, it always happens when one has urgent work.

Monday's vote in the Chamber¹ is a great victory. For the first time a French Chamber has taken labour's side against capital—and much against its will! But Basly & Co. were gallantly supported by the monarchist gentry who after their relative success at the elections are swollen-headed and evidently believe that—particularly in their capacity as capitalists, shareholders, etc.—they can do anything they please. Caught between an ultra-monarchist company and the revolutionary workers, they could not but choose the latter; they are, after all, Republicans and, besides, the small opportunist and radical financiers have

¹ This refers to the sitting of March 15th and the vote on the motion already mentioned.

no wish to restore the rule of high finance which fell with MacMahon and Thiers.

I expected it—this new opposition from Malon behind the scenes. A parliamentary party of all shades of Possibilist opinion, with Malon as their secret leader, what more desirable! Always Bakunist tactics, which have got into the blood of those intriguers far more than have the high-flown phrases of anarchism. These temptations must be firmly resisted. If you succeed in getting Basly and Camél[inat]—even by themselves—to continue as they have started and not let themselves be persuaded to go into a party *where they will be an impotent minority*, the game is won. The slightest compromise on their part will bring them to ruin and surrender to the Radicals. Whereas if they go squarely forward without listening to the smooth-tongued phrases of the moderators and mediators, that whole crowd will be carried along despite itself. It is not goodwill that prompts these gentlemen, it is fear, nothing but fear which creates such goodwill as they have—and, at bottom, the goodwill to spoil what Basly has started, nothing else. In any case, such a party is an impossible thing; either Basly and Camél[inat] turn traitor, which I do not believe of them, or they will be compelled to part company with these gentlemen as soon as the first serious question arises. Thus it would be better not to be leagued with them.

Your article in the *R[evue] n[ouvelle]* pleased me very much; naturally one makes allowance* for what can be said in a journal of that sort. I was even surprised that you were allowed to put in so many broad remarks but . . . she is a woman, she has her weak spot. . . . If the editor-in-chief had been a man you would have had to face a far more aggressive morality. What with the *Journal des écon[omistes]*, the *Revue philosoph[ique]* and Juliette,¹ there you are launched into grandly official liter-

¹ Juliette Adam, the director of *La Nouvelle Revue*.

ature. And, as you write a French more French (because more 16th century and less Parisian) than others do, you should be successful.

Juliette amused me very much with her high foreign politics.¹ It's pure Blowitz, only less grotesque in form.

Fortunately the Socialist League is sleeping for the time being. Our good Bax and Morris, torn by the desire to do something (if they but knew what!) are restrained only by the circumstance that there is absolutely nothing to do. Nevertheless, they have far more truck with the anarchists than is desirable. Their fête on the 18th was held in common with the latter, and Kropotkin spoke at it—rub-bish, so I am told. All this will come to an end, for the simple reason that there is absolutely nothing to do here at the moment. But with Hyndman who knows his way about in crooked politics and is capable of every folly to push himself forward—with H[yndman] on the one hand and our two political innocents on the other, the prospects are not brilliant—and there the soc[ialist] journals abroad go shouting at the top of their voice that socialism in England is advancing with giant strides! I am very glad that what passes for socialism here is not advancing at all.

With good wishes,

F. E.

I may add that Bax has published a short history of philosophy in which there are some very good things.

185. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Tuesday [13th] April/86

My dear General,

I have signed and sent off the letter to Bernstein, since you have judged it necessary that we should make a reply.

¹Juliette Adam wrote "Letters on Foreign Affairs" for each issue of *La Nouvelle Revue*.

For my part, I should have thought it preferable for the *Sozial-Demokrat* simply to rectify Bismarck's statements concerning the boy Blind and for us to take no notice at all of Bismarck's "crazy" assertion, as you call it.¹

There seems to me something absurd in defending a man like Marx against such an accusation from such a quarter. Neither bourgeois nor workman, I think, required to be told that Marx never either preached or practised murder. However, I can only subscribe to your own way of looking at the matter.

But, although an open letter to Bismarck may be well enough, I must say that I can see no object in sending a copy of the letter to the fellow himself, for his own edification. Whatever he says or thinks in his private capacity, whether drunk or sober, I'm sure is of no concern to us and I don't see why we should contribute to M. Bismarck's waste-paper basket.

—There is a refreshing and exhilarating revolutionary breeze a-blowing here which promises all sorts of pleasant things. That Decazeville strike is doing wonders in the way of healing differences between the various groups and sections here and getting them all to pull together and all one way. The Possibilists howl out after their base and pitiful fashion but their power to do mischief grows less and less daily. We are hoping that Quercy may be severely dealt with by the government² so that the elec-

¹ At the March 31st, 1886 session of the Reichstag Bismarck, who had been the victim of an attempt on his life by Ferdinand Blind, said: "If Marx did not in fact rear assassins, I am not aware of it; for, so far as I know, the man whose revolver shots have left scars on me, Blind, was one of Marx's pupils." Laura Lafargue and Eleanor Marx-Aveling replied to this infamy in a letter dated Paris and London, April 14th, 1886, which was published in No. 16 of the *Sozial-Demokrat* of April 15th, 1886 and reprinted in No. 35 of *Le Socialiste* of April 24th, 1886 (p. I/III).

² On April 4th, Duc-Quercy, the special correspondent of the *Cri du peuple* and Ernest Roche, the special correspondent of *L'Intransigeant*, were arrested at Decazeville "charged with... having

tors of Paris may feel it their duty to lift him into the Chambers over the heads of all the constituted authorities.¹ Good-bye my dear General and love to all.

Your affectionate,

LAURA

186. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Saturday afternoon May 1st/86

My dear General,

We're in the thick of battle here² and socialism militant is in all its glory. There is an extraordinary amount of enthusiasm being shown by the workers here, very different from the dead-alive feeling displayed by them after the last general elections. The men are gladly giving their time and work for nothing, so that, in spite of the scantiness of the funds, a great deal of effective work is done in the way of holding meetings, printing and posting bills and general organising for the poll tomorrow. Paul is a fixture at the offices of the *Cri* throughout the day, speaks at the meetings in the evenings and, between whiles, concocts the *Socialiste*. Last night he came home at 3 a.m.

by dint of violence, assault, threats or fraudulent practices brought about, or supported, or attempted to bring about a preconcerted cessation of work with the purpose of forcing an increase or decrease in wages, or of impairing the free functions of industry and labour." On April 17th they were sentenced by the Villefranche Court to fifteen months' imprisonment.

¹ A by-election being due to take place in Paris on May 2nd, a socialist electoral congress met on April 21st, at the Café de la Presse and agreed to put up Roche or Duc-Quercy as the workers' candidate. Lots were drawn and E. Roche was chosen.

² This is on the eve of the parliamentary by-election in which Roche stood as the Socialist candidate against the Radical Gaulier.

There has been nothing like the present situation in Paris. Never, in spite of their sham sparring, have Conservatives, Radicals and opportunists been more thoroughly at one at bottom—the Pichons and the Marets with the Portalises and the Rancs—never, I think, before have revolutionists and reactionaries stood so openly confronting each other. The dust that the Radicals had so long blown in the faces of the workmen has been cleared away: never have the brains of the latter been less clouded and confused. A certain number of Radicals have given the slip to Clemenceau and come over to our side, but in doing so they cease to exist as Radicals and fight under our own red flag. At the meeting of last night¹ when one of the speakers said that the war now waging was not between this and that political party but between labour on the one side and capital on the other, some 5,000 men and women applauded the speaker with one accord. More than anything, it is the colossal proportions assumed by the “féodalité financière”² and their cynical attitude that have helped to bring about the present naked and unvarnished state of things.

The meeting in favour of Roche, held yesterday at the Cirque d'Hiver, had Rochefort for president and the big fry of the Socialists for speakers. The cirque is a large amphitheatre capable of holding 5,000 persons. Last night, after every inch of sitting room had been taken up, the crowd outside continued to pour in, breaking all barriers on their passage, till the whole of the circus was chokeful. A wonderful sight was the sea of faces rising in endless rows one above the other, and when these thousands of men and women clapped their hands and shouted their applause, the sound too was like that of a tumultuous, boundless sea.

¹ On April 30th, 1886 a big meeting, under the chairmanship of Rochefort, was held in the Cirque d'Hiver, at which Chauvière, Lafargue, Guesde and Fournière spoke.

² Financial feudality.—*Tr.*

Our people do not expect to get Roche elected, but whether Roche goes back to his prison or whether he makes his next speech in the Chambers, the enormous effect produced by these elections remains. The Gaulier partisans have as usual got the sinews of war and can afford to scatter their gold broadcast while our men have barely 5,000 francs wherewith to make their pot for the elections boil. Paul, who is treasurer, tries to make what money there is go the longest way it can and by dint of insisting on getting a proper receipt for every farthing he forks out, has managed to introduce some economy into the expenses.

The "Possibilists" concentrate all their energies in endeavouring to spoil the game of the collectivists. They are placarding Soubrié's name alongside of the bills bearing the name of Roche, in spite of Soubrié's repeated protestations.¹ But they seem to know that they are playing a losing game and try to cover the responsibility of the Union fédérative by proclaiming beforehand that not it, but they, a handful of men, must be held answerable for the consequences of their attitude...

Sunday afternoon.

There has come a slight change since I wrote yesterday—at least on the surface of things. Clemenceau, judging that the harmony existing between his Radicals and the opportunists was really too scandalous, has made Gaulier write a manifesto and sign a programme that the

¹ The Possibilists had refused to join the Socialist coalition supporting Roche. They conceived the idea of putting up Soubrié who had been sentenced in connection with the strike at Decazeville: Despite Soubrié's own protests at the misuse of his name, the Possibilists persisted in putting him forward and he received 6,500 votes, whilst Roche had 100,795 votes and Gaulier was elected with 146,012, this being 1,435 above the required minimum.

*Temps*¹ and one or two other papers declare to be unacceptable. Clemenceau is compelled to keep up appearances, but he is losing his prestige and falls faster than he climbs.

Paul turned up at 4 a.m. and at half past six this morning was carried off again to the *Cri*. I am now going down to meet him there, as he has no time to come home for dinner.

Your splendid long letter I must answer some other day, but will thank you for it at once.

Your affectionate

LAURA

Love to all. "All," this time, includes Schorlemmer, I believe.

187. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS

(Extract²)

May 7th, 1886

...I congratulate you on Sunday's victory, which in effect marks the break with radicalism by the Paris workers. How stupid these Radicals are! But it is the inevitable stupidity which seizes every bourgeois party as soon as it comes within reach of accession to the government and consequently loses its character of opposition party. Im-

¹ No opportunist candidate had stood in opposition to Gaulier, who had expected to receive the entire reactionary vote. This explains the manifesto he published at Clemenceau's instigation and which caused *Le Temps* of May 2nd, 1886 (p. I/III-IV), in an article devoted to the by-election, to say that it could neither support nor recommend Gaulier's candidature, reproaching him with having become the "most chimerical adherent of the radical school."

² This extract was published in *Le Socialiste*, No. 115, of November 24th, 1900.

patient to form a Ministry, albeit aware that the time is not yet ripe, playing at shadow government, they nevertheless become responsible for the follies and mistakes of the government of the day. At the same time they are confronted by the Workers' Party growing from day to day as a result of those same governmental follies, which they can but half repudiate. The Workers' Party no longer accepts fine words and promises, it demands actions which they cannot give it; they would wish to retain its support and are obliged to act against it; and between the Ministry which is not yet theirs and the masses who are more and more lost to them, *they are reduced to holding up the Monarchist conspirators, to representing them as a genuine danger, to crying: Let us unite to save the Republic, in short, to becoming opportunist. Every party is lost which tries to assume government before the time when circumstances permit it to implement its own programme;* but the bourgeois parties' impatience to arrive is such that they all founder on this reef before their hour has come. By that much the period of development is shortened for us.

On the other hand, in Paris our movement has reached that stage when even a mistake made would not do it too much harm. Of course the speed of future progress depends a great deal upon the leadership given by the heads of the groups; but once the masses are on the move, they are like a healthy body which has the strength to eliminate the elements of disease and even a little poison.

188. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 23 May 1886

My dear Laura,

I think I can today announce to you that the affair about the English edition of the *Kapital* is at last settled. With K[egan] P[aul] & C^o it was impossible to come to

a satisfactory conclusion, so we arranged terms with Swan Sonnenschein & Co. I saw S[wan] S[onnenschein] yesterday with Edward, and there is now only the agreement to be signed formally and then the Ms will go to press at once. S[wan] S[onnenschein] & Co pay us 10% of gross selling price first 500 copies sold and 12 1/2% all following copies. First edition to be a library one, at 32/—in 2 vols; the type to be cliched at once but so that alterations for 2nd edition can be made within certain limits; then second ed. in one volume, say from 7/6 to 10/—, and this plan will suit us much better than K[egan] P[aul]'s who would have kept the price up at 28/—and thus excluded the book from general circulation.

As I have 450 pages (of the original German) ready to go to press, and about 200 more that can be got ready in 14 days, and all the rest done in the rough, there is no reason why we should not print 5 sheets a week and have done altogether by middle of August, and the book to be brought out 1st October.

I think Paul does not quite see why they wanted a letter from him on the Paris election for *The Commonwealth*. The people here do not want directly to attack *Justice*¹ and moreover their assertion would not go half as far as an authoritative statement from Paris. But it's no great matter, as the League is in a complete muddle through their having let the anarchists creep in. They will have their conference of delegates on Whit Sunday, and then we shall see what comes of it.

¹ In No. 18 (May 15th, 1886) *Commonweal* published a "Record of the International Movement" by Eleanor Marx-Aveling (p. 55/II) in which she announced Lafargue's article on the Paris election and warned the readers that Headingley's statements in *Justice* concerning Roche's candidature were completely contrary to the facts. Lafargue's article, dated May 22nd, 1886, entitled: "The Decazeville Strike," was to appear in No. 22 of June 12th, 1886 (pp. 85/II-86/I). At the end of the article he underlined the significance of Roche's 100,000 votes.

I cannot make out why Decazeville collapsed so suddenly,¹ especially as Paul, like Napoléon after the burning of Moscow, all at once ceased to supply *Cri du peuple* to me, at the critical moment. Is it so absolutely impossible for the Parisian mind to own to unpleasant things that can't be helped? The victory at Dec[azeville] would have been exceedingly nice, but after all the defeat may be more useful to the movement in the long run. So I do believe, too, that the anarchist follies of Chicago² will do much good. If the present American movement—which so far as it is not exclusively German, is still in the Trades Union stage—had got a great victory on the 8 hours question, Trades Unionism would have become a fixed and final dogma. While a *mixed* result will help to show them that it is necessary to go beyond “high wages and short hours.”

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

189. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Paris, May 25th/86

My dear General,

That we are delighted with the good news from London I need hardly say. I am glad not only for the sake of the book, which it is high time John Bull was made acquaint-

¹ This was undoubtedly a false rumour. In point of fact, work was not to be resumed until June 14th, after a strike lasting a hundred and eight days.

² On May 1st a strike for the eight-hour day involving the majority of the workers broke out in Chicago. On May 3rd, the police fired on the demonstrators and killed several workers. On May 4th, in the course of a protest demonstration, a provocateur threw a bomb which killed a policeman. Five of the workers' leaders, though completely innocent, were condemned to death by the Assize Court and executed in 1887, despite the protests of the working class of every country. Later, moreover, they were rehabilitated.

ed with, but for your sake. The work of translating and revising must have been awful and have interfered terribly with your other work. But all's well that ends well and you seem to be well on in the beginning of the end. I should have written before this, had I not absurdly thought by waiting to be able to fix some sort of date for our projected visit to London. I say *projected visit* because I have quite made up my mind that we must see you this year; the last two years have, I'm sure, had more than 365 days a piece! Now, up to this, the "Pontife" (as Emma calls her cousin Paul) has not made known his intentions. Of course his good intentions are every bit as capable of paving Hell in grand style as are my own; but if *we* propose, "*Le Socialiste*" and other incubuses in iste dispose. From what I can make out, we should not in any case be able to flit before September, but, of course, the date of our coming would depend upon your own movements. At present I am doing all I can to get Paul to go to Bordeaux for a week and it is probable that he will start in the course of next month.

Paul, before starting for the "Bibliothèque" this morning, told me he would write you by today's post, wherefore I let politics alone. The *Cri du peuple* has been unreadable latterly: news from Decazeville there was none and the duels fought by M. Massard are not of engrossing interest. Up to date, the strike is far from a defeat: come to an end it inevitably must and, to a greater or less extent, to the detriment of the strikers. Anyhow, it has worked wonders for us in Paris, over and above what partial alleviation it may bring to the sufferings of the miners.

I cannot help thinking that they are rather overdoing it in the American *Sozialist* with *Deutschland*. It may be all right in the States but it is all wrong for France. It has been hard enough to get the glib and skipping Frenchies to take kindly to the ponderous "têtes carrées"¹

¹ Square-heads (i.e., Germans).—Tr.

and, even were it true, it is impolitic to boast that the whole of the French movement is kept alive by German money. It is taking away all value from the subscriptions received from Germany, the moral effect of which has been so great.

I find it difficult to write, on account of a bad finger on my left hand; and, although the right hand ought not to know what the left hand is about, I find that in my case there is a disagreeable sympathy between the two.

Lavroff, who complains of his nerves, sends you his best regards; he is often upset by bad news from abroad. Longuet has been to the seaside with the children: was looking very poorly when I saw him. Edgar sends me a letter which introduces an entirely new system of orthography into the French language, but it strikes me as a great improvement on the one in vogue.

—I am just going to give an English lesson to a young working-woman. Love and good wishes from yours very affectionately.

How is Nim?

LAURA

190. LAURA LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

11th [June] 86

My dear General,

Paul has just started on a visit to the Palais de Justice whither he has gone in answer to a special invitation. Such details as are to hand up to this you will see in the *Cri*.¹ He and Guesde and another Socialist fly or two have

¹ *Le Cri du peuple* of June 12th, 1886 reported that Guesde, Lafargue, Susini and Louise Michel had been summoned to appear before the examining magistrate Lauth. On June 3rd, 1886 a meeting had been held at Château d'Eau under the chairmanship of Goullé—

been politely asked to walk into the spider's parlour. All this on account of some speechifying at the "Château d'Eau" on the occasion of Goullé's escape from Decazeville. The neat way in which Goullé managed to slip between the clumsy fists of the police has made our meek and mild government "angry," and the way in which Paul and Guesde pitched into Rothschild at the meeting was not calculated to smooth down their ruffled feelings, for they love the money-mongering Jew—"leur semblable, leur frère."¹

Tomorrow Paul goes to Lille and Roubaix for a few days. He is to speak at a series of meetings to be held there together with Basly and Boyer. Meetings are taking place right and left in connection with the strike at Decazeville. It is four months now that the miners have struck and the fountains from which the funds have flowed thus far are beginning to dry up. There was talk this morning of the Company's intention to give way, but I don't know if it's true. Our bourgeois are disgusted with the rank socialism proclaimed by the municipal council and now, even the Chambers, they say, are tainted. A paper of the boulevards writes indignantly this morning on the subject of "le jacobinisme montant."² "Non content," it says, "d'expulser les Français de la France, voici le jacobinisme qui expulse les citoyens de leur nom; à quand, maintenant, l'expulsion des gens de leurs biens, car la progression doit se suivre et atteindre sa conséquence logique."³

whom the police had tried to arrest at Decazeville on May 31st but who had evaded them—where Guesde, Lafargue, Susini and Louise Michel, amongst others, had spoken. They were to be charged with incitement to pillage.

¹ A reference to the last line of Baudelaire's Preface to *Les Fleurs du Mal* (1857): "To the Reader". "*Hypocrite lecteur—mon semblable—mon frère!*"—*Tr.*

² "Rising Jacobinism."—*Tr.*

³ "Not content... with deporting Frenchmen from France, Jacobinism now alienates citizens from their names; the next thing will

Well, I fancy the writer may live to have some satisfaction in this direction and in the name of logic too.

Literary dilettantism is busy with us, Socialists, and our enemies are manufacturing books and pamphlets and newspaper-articles on socialism at home and abroad. As this mob of gentlemen who write always take care to apply to the Socialists themselves for their facts and materials our people have a hand in writing their own history and the bourgeois reader has a chance of being well informed.

Paul has not come home yet, so that I have no "latest news."

I hope that all in London are well and flourishing.

Very affectionately yours,

LAURA

191. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

[*About 10th July*] *Paris/86*

My dear General,

Many thanks for your letter and for cheque. Very glad I was to hear that you have had a change of air,¹ for you must have sorely needed it after all your late over-work and over-worry. But a fortnight is not enough, and you ought to try and get out of London again as soon as may be.

be the alienation of people from their property, for the process will continue and reach its logical conclusion."—*Tr.* This passage is taken verbatim from the editorial "Paris Letter," signed Santillane in *Gil Blas* of Saturday, June 12th, 1887 (c. II). The article refers to the proposed Beauquier Bill demanding the repeal of the 1852 decree restoring the nobility and the repeal of those articles of the Penal Code guaranteeing the rights to the titles of nobility.

¹ Engels had gone to Eastbourne for a short rest and returned to London on July 7th.

No news here except that Paris has lost her famous old "cocotte"—Cora Pearl—the one-time darling of Plon-Plon and a legion of legitimist and illegitimate dukes and princes and her old archbishop Guibert;¹ the former dying in want and deserted by all her princely admirers, the latter in the odour of sanctity with the pope's benediction for God speed.

The heat has been excessive for a week or so and men and dogs walk in fear of madness. Paul and I and a party of friends, all comparatively sane still, spent a day in the country last week, spectators of madness in others.

Giraud, the haschisch-eater, had introduced a mad doctor to us, who is attached to a big lunatic asylum at Ville d'Evrard. Thither we went and Dr. Chambard took us over the place. And a mighty fine place it is and I wish that a few working men of our acquaintance were mad enough to get the benefit of what these wretches who have lost "il ben dell' intelletto"² enjoy. "Enjoy" is not the word, unhappily for them; but at all events, they have the raw material of enjoyment, if only they had the brains to work it. Ville d'Evrard is a pretty Paris suburb and the asylum stands in the midst of grounds and gardens and birds and flowers; there's a public house and a chapel! There is really all that the poor mad folk can want and much more than *any* need reasonably want in the way of bath-rooms, reading-rooms, refreshment-rooms, theatres(!) doctors and attendants. We saw a few curious specimens of distraught humanity; one poor fellow of two or three and twenty, the picture of good health, gave us a glowing description of his favourite cronies:—Napoléon, Joan d'Arc and Brébant, le restaurateur. He told me that I was very like his wife and asked me to kiss him. His

¹ Cora Pearl and the Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Guibert, died on the same day (July 8th, 1886). Cora Pearl had been notorious in her day for her affair with Prince Napoléon (1822-1891), the son of Jérôme, nicknamed Plon-Plon.

² Possession of their wits.—*Tr.*

daily occupation he informed us was the crushing of a couple of planets between his fingers: he assured us that it was quite easy. Another madman spoke with us for a long time most sensibly and cleverly. His madness was all method and the doctor told us that he was a "fou raisonneur."¹—I don't think that any one of our party could have "reasoned" so well.

Remember us to Schorlemmer and tell him we are very glad to hear of his coming. I had hoped to have two or three visitors more from London, but look as hard as I may I never see anybody coming.

I am translating your article on Feuerbach in the *Neue Zeit*²: but do not be alarmed, my dear General, I shall not worry you with it. I am doing it for my own benefit, having been struck by the beauty of it—but I fear that praise of mine is no praise.—

Good-bye and love and good wishes to all of you. How is Nimmy?

Your affectionate,

LAURA

192. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

[End of July 1886]

My dear General,

Many thanks for your letter and cheque.

I have just had a line from Schorlemmer announcing his arrival this afternoon.

There's a dreadful Frenchwoman talking to me while I write, so that having to translate some "notes" for the *Socialiste* and having to go round to the office before he

¹ Mad reasoner.—Tr.

² The April and May issues of *Neue Zeit* (4th year, 1886) published Engels's *Ludwig Feuerbach* (pp. 145-57, 193-209).

comes, I must put off answering your letter. Paul is knocking about, as he writes, from village to village and appears, on the whole, to be satisfied with his tour.

Yours affectionately,

LAURA

193. LAURA LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS AT EASTBOURNE

*Saturday Evening [14th August]
Paris, 1886*

My dear General,

You will have heard how on Thursday, the 12th inst., a dozen reactionary jurymen found themselves at one to condemn the four Socialists on trial.¹ The Bonapartist, Mariotte, who had simply clamoured for a coup d'Etat and whom, for purposes of its own, the government had confounded with the revolutionists, has been let off. The Jury, as a paper says, "condamne au petit bonheur"². Guesde's "fusil libérateur," Paul's "mutton-chop"³ and a few incoherent remarks of Susini's that could not have hurt a fly, were all judged criminal in an equal degree.

¹ On August 12th the proceedings against Guesde, Lafargue, Susini and Louise Michel, who were charged following the Château d'Eau meeting of June 3rd, were heard at the Assize Court. The government having linked their case with that of the Bonapartist Mariotte, managing editor of *Pilori*, Guesde, Lafargue and Susini refused to appear. Louise Michel alone was present. Whilst Mariotte was acquitted the revolutionaries received sentences of from four to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 100 francs.

² "Sentences in a haphazard way."—*Tr.* Quotation from *Le Figaro*.

³ Amongst the words used at the meeting and cited in the indictment were Guesde's phrase: "When the day of revolution comes, we shall have recourse to the liberating gun," and some words of Lafargue's concerning Rothschild which ran: "Rothschild is accustomed to eating well; very well, he will get nothing without paying dearly for it, a hundred thousand francs for a chop, for instance."

In acquitting the Bonapartist and in condemning the Socialists, the Jury have made a fine mess of it for the government. Of course, one and all of the republican papers have been bound to protest and they cry out against the "Jury Dufaure." *La France* says: "Cette loi sur la constitution du Jury, qui remonte au premier ministère de M. Dufaure et qui est une création de l'Assemblée de Versailles, n'offre évidemment plus les garanties d'équité et d'impartialité qu'une démocratie est en droit d'attendre d'une institution de ce genre. . . . Si le jury avait été libre d'esprit et bien intentionné, il aurait renversé les termes de son verdict."¹ You see that the agitation for the "democratisation of the Jury," which you advocate, comes in pat after this condemnation.

However, I should not wonder if, at the subsequent trial,² Guesde, Paul and Susini, who will then put in an appearance and defend themselves, were all three acquitted. At all events, the present verdict has excited such interest and caused such general dissatisfaction that a second trial will give the Socialists an excellent opportunity of having a fling at the Rothschilds—Jew or Christian—of society. Men's ears have been violently opened and the utterances of the revolutionists will make a noise.

We were of opinion that the present was a very fit and proper time for Paul to take a holiday and pay his long-deferred visit to his mother. And on Thursday evening he set off for Bordeaux where he stays for a week or so, then

¹ "This law on the constitution of the Jury, which goes back to Monsieur Dufaure's first government and which was instituted by the Versailles Assembly, obviously no longer provides those guarantees of equity and impartiality which a democracy has the right to expect of an institution of this nature. . . . If the Jury had been open-minded and well-intentioned it would have reversed the terms of its verdict."—*Tr.* A quotation from *La France* of August 14th, 1886, in an article on "The Jury" (p. 1/II-III).

² Guesde, Lafargue and Susini, sentenced in their absence, appealed against the sentence and appeared before the Assize Court at the September sitting.

goes to Montluçon for a meeting or two and comes back to Paris about the 23rd or 24th.

Paul's mother is now in her 83rd year and it is as well he should see her before he gets cooped up again at Pélagie.

We are in the dull season here; all our notorieties and monied nonentities are at the seaside or at their country-seats and there is nothing to chronicle beyond the fact that the rue Victor Hugo has been rechristened and is now the rue Lamartine. This changing of the names of streets and squares is a great amusement of the French; it takes place periodically in the same way that ever and again one of their great men is turned out of the Panthéon to make room for a new-comer. Even the dead are not safe from revolutionary handling in France and nobody who gets into the Panthéon can hope to rest in peace there. Boulanger, after Hugo gone and Lesseps going, is the coming "great man."¹ The illustrious sabre had turned all heads and was bidding fair to be more than a nine days' wonder, when his blundering conduct caused the Parisians—who blow hot and cold a dozen times a day—to drop him again. And for the moment he is in eclipse.

Guesde is at the seaside for his health, laying up fresh energies for future indigestions. To the *Socialiste* he contributes very little; Deville not at all, so that, as usual, the lion's share of the work falls to Paul's lot. I find that the anonymous system in journalism has many drawbacks.—

¹ General Boulanger, the Minister of War, had announced that, by virtue of the law of June 23rd, 1886, a certain number of princes, members of former reigning families in France, had been struck off the army lists. This measure, following on provocative demonstrations by the Monarchists, won immense popular success for Boulanger at the military review held on July 14th, 1886. But immediately after a reactionary campaign against him was launched. *Le Figaro* published letters which he had written in 1880 to the Duc d'Aumale, whom he had just taken off the strength and to whom he owed his own advancement.

I forgot to mention that Paul has been suffering from inflammation of the eyes brought on, I believe, from too much reading and writing. He much needed a change of air and occupation.

I hope that you too are the better for your absence from London and that all your fellow-travellers are well. How is Nim and how are Pumps and Percy and the children? With best love.

I am your affectionate,

LAURA

The Crawford-Dilke case¹ has furnished most interesting "documents humains," but I thought it hard on the "animals" to liken them to the Dilke tribe.

194. LAURA LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

August 20th 86/Paris

My dear General,

I am much distressed at having to molest you; but as I do not know when Paul will be home again and as my hard cash is fast melting under the fire of sundry small bills, I am compelled, as usual, to turn to you for help.

Paul sent word this morning that he was leaving Bordeaux for Montluçon and I should not wonder if he went to Vierzon before he sets his face homewards.

I have taken advantage of his absence to clean my rooms and to cultivate my hanging garden which I should attend to with additional ardour, could I hope that you would ever come over here and have a sight of it. Unluckily, as Nim foretold, the sun burns my flowers in the summer and the

¹ The English Liberal Charles Dilke was implicated in the divorce suit of Crawford, the M. P. Following the scandals disclosed by the case, he was obliged to retire from political life.

cold kills the frailest of them in the winter; but here natural selection comes in and such plants as do survive are rain and sun-proof.

I have sent you this morning's papers: you will see that the good effect produced by the Decazeville strike persists and that help is given liberally to the men of Vierzon.¹

The Possibilists are certainly no prophets in their own country and, like the old-fashioned finery which the marchandes de toilette² send to the colonies, possibilism has come to be fit only for exportation. The whole of the movement which culminated in the election of Basly and Camélinat, the candidature of Roche and the agitation in favour of Decazeville, went on without the participation of, and in opposition to, the Possibilists, but for a' that, to judge from London penny-a-lining and the well-matured and well-paid-for elucubrations of Smith-Headingley the Broussist is the only *serious* socialist party in France. But if this sort of literature does little harm in England, it does less harm here.

I have just had a letter from old Madame Vaillant inviting me to come and stay with her and the family at Vierzon. You know possibly that the Vaillants had been settled there for years and that they still have a house there.

After a week of London weather, the sun has reappeared this morning and Paris after her long shower-bath has dressed herself out in green and gold attire and is now in all her glory, with her shining boulevards and her pretty and pert working girls tripping to or from their work-shops.

With love, my dear General,

Yours ever,

LAURA LAFARGUE

¹ Since August 4th the engineering workers of the Merlin factory (producing agricultural machinery) at Vierzon had been on strike. *Le Cri du peuple* of August 21st published a third list of contributions in aid of the strikers and the total then already amounted to 1,683 francs 60.

² Wardrobe dealers.—*Tr.*

195. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

*4 Cavendish Place
Eastbourne, 24 Aug. 86*

My dear Laura,

This morning I receive your letter of the 20th from London with a perfect avalanche of other letters and papers. I cannot therefore do today more than send you the cheque £15.

Old Becker writes¹ that he will be here (in London) with the Van Kols² by 12th Sept.

Countess Guillaume Schack³ who was here only a month ago writes she will be here about 15 Sept. with the Wischnewetzki (male Russian, female Yankee).

Liebknacht writes he may leave for London tomorrow. As soon as he lets me know date of arrival, I shall go to London to see Edward and Tussy before their departure and bring L[iebknacht] over here for a few days—we return to London 4 Sept.

Glad to see that Vierzon is exploited again like Decazville.

The other day a postcard came from Schorlemmer from Bellaggio, Lake of Como.

Love from Nim, the Pumps and yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

196. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 13th Septbr. 1886

My dear Laura,

Here we are again in London—it's the same thing over and over again, jobs of all sorts. The last week I had to

¹ Johann Philip Becker, veteran of the 1848 Revolution living in Geneva, was seventy-seven years old.

² Dutch Social-Democrat.

³ A German Socialist.

revise a German extract of the *Kapital* by Kautsky,¹ and it wanted revising very much. Two other Ms are in my desk and have been there for more than six months. Hope to clear them off this week. Fortunately for *me*, proof-sheets have been far and far between, else it would have been but a poor holiday for me. Anyhow I shall now cut this sort of work completely, or else I should never get to my chief work.

Tussy and Edward's ship the *City of Chicago* arrived in New York on the 10th, Liebknecht's, the *Servia*, must be there by this time too, as she sailed 4th Sept. They will have a severe job to go through with travelling and speechifying. Liebk[necht] was four days with us at Eastb[ourne]; he is quite fat and carries a deal of weight in front of himself; no doubt the Yankees will take some of that out of him. Otherwise he was very jolly and confident as usual: "alles geht famos."²

I wrote to you that I had a postcard from Schorl[emmer] about 18th August from the lake of Como; since then I have not heard from him. Anyhow, he is now soon due in Paris whence he has sworn to bring you and, if possible Paul too, over to London. I sincerely trust that he will succeed; Nim is already busying her mind with the few necessary arrangements which indeed will not require great exertions. Paul's trial will not, I hope, prevent him from coming over; the old shop where he likes to buy drawers at 1/6^d a pair is still there if that is an inducement. And if he cannot get off, surely you are bound to take a holiday and see your old friends in London once more. You know what Meyer said: "wenn sie ins Zimmer kommt, ist es als wenn die Sonne aufginge"³—so do let the sun rise once more over London!

Nim has had her photograph taken in Eastb[ourne],

¹ This refers to *Karl Marx ökonomische Lehren*, of which the preface is dated October 1886.

² "Everything is going famously."—*Tr.*

³ "When she comes into the room it is as though the sun came up."—*Tr.*

it was very good and is paid for, this is perhaps the reason why the copies are not yet sent.

Please thank Paul for his letter on the wine manufacture—it not only confirmed, but also *completed* what I had heard from other sources. It is very satisfactory to know that in these latter days of capitalist production, the phylloxera has smashed up the Château Lafite, Lagrange and other grands crus, as we that know how to appreciate them, do not get them, and the Jews and parvenus that get them, do not know to appreciate them. Having thus no longer a mission to fulfil, they may as well go to smash; our successors will soon restore them when they are wanted for grand popular holidays.

What Mohr said in the Circular to the International in 1870, that the annexation of Alsace etc. has made Russia l'arbitre de l'Europe, is now at last becoming evident.¹ Bismarck has had to cave in completely, and the will of Russia has to be done.² The dream of the German Empire, the guardian of European peace, without whose leave not a cannon-shot can be fired, is dispelled, and the German Philistine finds he is as much the slave of the Czar as when Prussia was "das fünfte Rad am europäischen Wagen."³ And now he falls foul of Bismarck who after all does only what he is compelled to do. The rage is great in Germany, not only amongst the Philistines, but also in the army. Liebk[necht] says since 1866 there has not been such an outcry against an act of the government.

¹ See *The Civil War in France*. (English edition, Marx and Engels, *Selected Works*, Moscow, 1958, Vol. I.)

² Alexander III's policy aimed at the expansion of the Russian sphere of influence in the East at the expense of Turkey and Austria. To free his hands for this he needed to secure Prussia's neutrality in the event of a conflict with the Austro-Hungarian Empire. In August, Giers, the Tsar's Foreign Minister, went to Berlin to negotiate with Bismarck, whilst twelve Russian army corps held spectacular manoeuvres near Vilna, close to the Prussian frontier. It looks indeed as though Bismarck bowed to Russia's will.

³ Europe's fifth wheel.—*Tr.*

But there it will not stop. If the Balkan drama enters its second act, a war between Russia and Austria will break out and then vogue la galère¹—all Europe may burst out in flames. I should be rather sorry—no doubt it would be the *last* war, and no doubt this as anything else must turn out ultimately to our advantage. But it may after all delay our victory and the other road is safer. For that, however, there is scarcely another road than a revolution in Russia, and as long as Alexander follows the lead of the Panslavists that is a very unlikely event. In fact, the decisive argument of Giers with Bismarck was this: we are between Panslavists and Nihilists; if we keep the peace they will unite and the palace revolution will be a fait accompli—so we must go on towards Constantinople, and this will be less harmful to you, Bismarck and William, than a Russian revolution. This winter will decide matters, so I am bound to get the 3rd volume ready by next spring.

Had several visits from Bax and one from Morris lately—Bax sees the impasse he has got himself into, and would get out if he could do so without a direct recantation, and no doubt will find some way or other. Morris is a settled sentimental Socialist; he would be easily managed if one saw him regularly a couple of times a week, but who has the time to do it, and if you drop him for a month, he is sure to lose himself again. And is he worth all that trouble even if one had the time? In the mean time Hyndman fortifies his position of political action, more and more, because he has a definite programme and a definite line of political action, to both of which Morris seems to object; his ideal is a debating club uniting all shades. In all this confusion I expect the principal help from the English *Kapital*. 23 sheets are printed and revised, but there is something wrong with the printer; I do not receive any fresh proofs and cannot get any infor-

¹ Come what will.—*Tr.*

mation as Sonnenschein is away for his holiday and nobody can or will tell where the hitch lies.

Splendid weather today—hope it will last while you come.

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

197. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 18/9/86

My dear Engels,

I have just received my summons to appear on September 24th at eleven o'clock in the morning.¹

I had thought as you did that the *Revue*² would be closed to me; but on Thursday evening I had a letter in which de Cyon invited me to come and see him, he wanted to talk to me about the article I had submitted to Mme Adam. He received me very nicely and asked me to make a few cuts, to which I agreed.

He then told me that he had been a Socialist, that he had known Lassalle, that he had helped him to start the German Party and that he knew I was a Socialist; he even asked me to let him have some articles on socialism, which I refused to do. Thereupon he asked me for articles on philosophy. In short, he was as affable as could be. I let him talk. In my view and in that of other contributors, the situation cannot last and there is bound to be trouble between Mme Adam and M. de Cyon over the question of foreign politics, which Mme Adam reserves to herself. She is determined to play a political role.

What will happen if Wilhelm dies? The French are beginning to get flustered over it. Bismarck's conduct to-

¹ Guesde, Lafargue and Susini came up again before the Seine Assize Court in connection with the case over the Château d'Eau meeting (see Laura Lafargue's letter of August 14, 1886).

² *La Nouvelle Revue*.

wards Russia inflames them. Boulanger dreams of taking Berlin. But there will be more bark than bite.

The Vierzon strike is going very well, thanks to Vailant and his friends of the Cher district; you will see in the *Cri* I am sending you that the fund, while not amounting to as much as that for Decazeville which brought in 800 to 1,000 francs a day, goes quite well, considering the small number of people to be helped. With their public subscriptions the French demonstrate to the English trade-unionists that they have no need of funds raised in advance to find cash; it is true that there is nothing in the trade-union* funds, or practically nothing, and that they are not able to open a subscription in any London daily paper.

The Possibilists lose ground as events develop. The International Conference¹ came as a rude shock to M. Brousse, who to hide his discomfiture lies low. He has just resigned from the editorial committee of his paper, *Le Prolétariat*.²

Laura sends you her love. Good wishes to you and to everyone,

P. LAFARGUE

198. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 24 Sept. 1886

My dear Laura,

I suppose you are at this moment at the Assize Court watching Paul's trial; I hope it will end in an acquittal. In the mean time I have a bit of agreeable news for you.

¹ In August a Workers International Conference was held, in the Salle de la Redoute, convened by Smith Headingley and Brousse, ignoring the socialist organisations. When Brousse tried to speak he found his status as a worker challenged and had to leave the platform. Though syndicalist in character the Conference ended in the discomfiture of its organisers.

² At the general meeting of September 11th Brousse refused to stand again as a candidate for the editorial committee. (*Le Prolétariat*, No. 129, of September 18th to 25th, 1886, p. 1/1.)

Meissner sends this morning account for last season's sales, and the result is a profit of 2,600 Marks or about 130 £—for us, after deducting all expenses of the second volume; so your share will be above £ 40.—I have told him to remit the money, and so soon as received, I shall send you a cheque for your share. There were sold 320 copies of Vol. I and 1,260 of Vol. II.

The English edition will hardly be out before the New Year. It looks as if Sonnenschein had more pressing things on hand, and in the hands of the same printer, by which our book was pushed back. The thing is proceeding, but rather slowly.

I had a letter from Tussy on her arrival in N[ew] [York], she had a very pleasant voyage, but was rather disappointed at the live American bourgeois she met on board; it rather damped her enthusiasm for America, but prepared her for the realities of American life.

Old Becker has been with me this last week; he is very jolly but getting rather rickety in body. He will leave for Paris next Tuesday and hopes to see you there. He sends you whole basketfuls of love. He is a splendid old chap, seventy eight and still quite abreast of the movement.

No news from Schorlemmer here. How about your journey to London? You will be able to come to a resolution, if that be still necessary, after today's verdict. But even if Paul should be sent to Pélagie again, that is not so pressing; surely they will give him a few weeks' leave and so you and he might still come over for a bit.

Ever yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

199. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Sep^{br} 27th/1886

My dear General,

You were right in supposing that I was watching the proceedings at the Assize Court while you were writing

me your letter. For that (and a former one) let me thank you before all, both for the good news and the invitation it contains. The sale of Vol. II of the *Kapital* I am very happy to know so good. The English translation will be a splendid Christmas present for the English people.

The acquittal of our three men came like a great and glad surprise to all of us.¹ The trial was a most interesting one and a unique one, I believe, in the annals of the Assize Court of the Seine. Mrs. Crawford gives a very false impression of it as far as Guesde and Susini are concerned.² To say that Guesde showed the white feather is to write herself down a very imaginative reporter. Guesde, indeed, according to his wont, was even unnecessarily violent and would have spoilt all, had not Paul's previous pitching into Jewdom attuned the jurymen's hearts to mercy. These gentlemen who looked very respectably stolid and stupid and who were, for the most part, very old and very bald, appeared once to have known better days and to have boasted fine heads of hair, but to have nibbled at financial speculation and to have found it, if sweet in the mouth, very bitter in the belly. Susini confined himself in his defence to the legal points of the case and the quotation in *The Daily News* is a part of the incriminated speech made by him at the Château d'Eau.

I do not suppose that ever before anything like what happened within the precincts of this Assize Court on Friday afternoon was seen or heard there. Three socialist orators holding forth for many hours in the coolest and most deliberate fashion, pleading nothing in extenuation of their conduct but simply explaining for the benefit of a benighted bourgeois president and jury the doctrines of

¹ Guesde, Lafargue and Susini were acquitted by the Assize Court jury on September 24th, 1886 by seven votes to three with two abstentions.

² Mrs. Crawford was the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* which published in its issue of September 25th, 1886 (p. 5/IV) an article entitled: "A Socialist Trial in Paris. Remarkable Verdict."

scientific socialism and loudly proclaiming the advent, in the very near future, of a new system of society and the jury hastening to acquit them to the general and enthusiastic applause of the audience!

On Sunday a party of us met at Clamart at a "déjeuner des acquittés."¹ There were Guesde, Susini, Goullé, Duc-Quercy, Deville, Massart and their wives and children and ourselves. Very good fun we had, eating, drinking, talking nonsense and wandering about the woods of Clamart.

And now, my dearest General, a word about our trip to England. My own visit has been a settled matter all along, the question was merely whether and when Paul could accompany me. If you could have us at Christmas time, that would suit us best. Our people here think it desirable to strike a bit while the iron is hot and are organising a series of meetings to be held in the provinces and in the suburbs of Paris. So that Paul will have to stump-orator it for a while. For my own part, I should be sorry to leave London without seeing Tussy and Edward.—But I am obliged to shut up here, for Paul is overdue for his dinner and his dinner is anything but ready yet....

It is like Becker and his pluck to travel at his age: I am most happy to hear that he is coming over to Paris.

Not a word from Schorlemmer!

Always affectionately yours with best love to all,

LAURA

200. PAUL LAFARGUE TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 30/9/86

My dear Engels,

Becker came to see us yesterday afternoon, very worn out and altogether unhappy. On arriving at his son-in-law's place in Paris he learnt, as the first news, of his

¹ Lunch for the acquitted.—*Tr.*

daughter's death, which occurred whilst he was in London. And as they had not known of his journey to England, they had sent the sorrowful tidings to him in Geneva. He arrived exhausted by the journey, in spite of which the son-in-law and his children kept him up until three o'clock in the morning. He has just lunched with us and is better both in body and mind; we are off to the Jardin des Plantes, which is not very far from our place. He expects to stay until Monday evening: on Sunday he will have a family reunion of over twenty members.

Our acquittal has been an immense victory; it is the first time that the bourgeois have acquitted Socialists because they are Socialists: that is a big step. It shows, to some extent, that the bourgeoisie is ready for some part of our theories. Unfortunately the anarchistic form is too beloved in France, otherwise we could do more propaganda amongst the bourgeois, who are frightened off by the large phrases of the anarchists which the revolutionaries are compelled to use up to a point.

What a success the three travellers in socialism have had in New York! The telegraph reports their triumphal progress. This trip will have big repercussions in America and in England: it will greatly help the development of the American socialist movement and give Tussy and Aveling standing in England. They may on their return exercise greater influence on the *Socialist League* and guide it in the right direction.

We send you our love,—Becker asks me to remember him kindly to you all.

With good wishes,

P. LAFARGUE

201. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 2 Octbr. 86

My dear Laura,

To begin with the beginning, I enclose cheque for £ 42.13.4, being one third part of Meissner's remittance

of £ 128.—which I hope you will receive and get cashed all right.

I am sorry you cannot come just now, while the weather is fine, but if you find such a decided home-sickness after London fogs and our beautiful winter, you can be suited too. Nim undertakes to accommodate you at any time, Christmas or otherwise, and if we have other visitors at the same time, she undertakes to accommodate them too. So that is settled, and we shall this time not be disappointed.

I also forward 2 *Volkszeitungen*¹ which please return, as they belong to Edward and he will expect to find them here on his return (his papers, etc., are forwarded to me in his absence). From these you see that la république cosaque²—Mohr's solution of Napoléon's alternative: ou républicaine ou cosaque—flourishes in N[ew] York as luxuriantly as in Paris. It is lucky for them that the first attempt at intimidation came so soon and was so clumsily executed.

I am afraid Paul exaggerates the significance of the Paris verdict in so far as it is a symptom of the accessibility of the industrial bourgeoisie for socialist ideas.³ The struggle between usurer and industrial capitalist is one within the bourgeoisie itself, and though no doubt a certain number of petty bourgeois will be driven over to us by the certainty of their impending expropriation de la part des boursiers,⁴ yet we can never hope to get the mass of them over to our side. Moreover, this is not desirable, as they bring their narrow class prejudices along with them. In Germany we have too many of them, and it is they who form the dead weight which trammels the march of the party. It will ever be the lot of the petty bourgeois

¹ This refers to the *New Yorker Volkszeitung*, the German-language organ of the American Socialists.

² The Cossack Republic.—*Tr.*

³ See Lafargue's letter of September 30, 1886.

⁴ By the money-bags.—*Tr.*

—as a mass—to float undecidedly between the two great classes, one part to be crushed by the centralization of capital, the other by the victory of the proletariat. On the decisive day, they will as usual be tottering, wavering and helpless, *se laisseront faire*,¹ and that is all we want. Even if they come round to our views they will say: of course communism is the ultimate solution, but it is far off, maybe 100 years before it can be realised—in other words: we do not mean to work for its realisation neither in our, nor in our children's lifetime. Such is our experience in Germany.

Otherwise the verdict is a grand victory and marks a decided step in advance. The bourgeoisie, from the moment it is faced by a conscious and organised proletariat, becomes entangled in hopeless contradictions between its liberal and democratic general tendencies *here*, and the repressive necessities of its defensive struggle against the proletariat *there*. A cowardly bourgeoisie, like the German and Russian, sacrifices its general class tendencies to the momentary advantages of brutal repression. But a bourgeoisie with a revolutionary history of its own, such as the English and particularly the French, cannot do that so easily. Hence that struggle within the bourgeoisie itself, which in spite of occasional fits of violence and oppression, on the whole drives it forward—see the various electoral reforms of Gladstone in England, and the advance of radicalism in France. This verdict is a new *étape*.² And so the bourgeoisie, in doing its own work, is doing ours.

But now I must conclude. I want this letter to be registered and have still to write to Tussy by first post.

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

¹ Will offer no resistance.—*Tr.*

² Stage.—*Tr.*

202. PAUL LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON

Paris, 4/8^{bre}/86

My dear Engels,

We have received your letter and the cheque for 42 pounds enclosed; it is admirably timed for here is winter setting in and one's wardrobe must be replenished; though in fact £ s.d. is always welcomed by us like distinguished guests.

Becker is coming to lunch here with Vaillant; he leaves tonight. His stay in Paris pleased him; he talks of returning.

I realise that it would have been impossible to go to London this month; we are besieged by requests for lectures; they want us to go as far afield as Marseilles and Corsica.

The meeting last Saturday¹ was a great success.

Here is Becker who has just arrived in time to send you his regards.

Laura who has not been able to write to you because she has been so taken up by Becker, will do so in a day or two.

Good wishes to you and to everyone.

203. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Tuesday/Oct. [5th] 86/

My dear General,

You will have had Paul's letter thanking you in his name and in my own for all the good things that we had just received.

¹ On October 2nd a reception meeting was held to celebrate the release of Duc-Quercy and Roche from prison, the acquittal of Guesde, Lafargue and Susini, and to demand an amnesty for Louise Michel.

Our good old Becker left us on Monday last and I hope he may not have been overmuch knocked up by his stay in Paris. He is dreadfully young for his age!

A lot of young people, Germans for the most part, had come to the station to see him off: Vaillant and Guesde whom he particularly wanted to see I had to luncheon here to meet him. No, my dear General, though with Byron I say:

*England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!*¹

I do not love English fogs and mucky weather; but, considering that I waited here for Schorlemmer till the end of September and that I am at this moment waiting for Don Pablo, I really don't see how I am to avoid winter weather in London, unless, indeed, I put off running over till the Spring, which would be cutting the knot with a vengeance and not exactly to my taste.

Thank you for Tussy's voluminous letter and for the *Volkszeitung*. Our travellers appear to be getting on swimmingly and in the enclosed lines from Liebknecht and in Tussy's and Edward's photographs, received this morning, there is not a trace of fatigue.

Vierzon, in France, is just now the centre of operations² and thus far the men of le Cher—so dear to Vaillant's heart—are doing very well. Our own set—I mean the collectivists *pur sang*³—are bestirring themselves, organising meetings, lectures and courses of lessons in languages for the coming season.

Le Socialiste has been at low-water mark this long while, but a special providence has opened the flood-gates and the little boat which bears the French Marxists and which has for motto the device of the Ville de Paris—*Fluctuat nec mergitur*⁴—is once again set afloat.

¹ In fact, Cowper ("Time piece").

² The Vierzon strike lasted for four months. Vaillant, who exerted himself greatly on that occasion, was himself a native of Vierzon.

³ Thoroughbred.—*Tr.*

⁴ Assailed by waves but not foundering.—*Tr.*

There is no news, wherefore I will kiss you and hold my tongue.

Love to all the men, women, children, cats and dogs and birds in and about 122 Regent's Park Road from

YOUR LAURA

204. FREDERICK ENGELS TO PAUL LAFARGUE IN PARIS¹

London, October 25th, 1886

My dear Lafargue,

The Eastern affair is somewhat lengthy, I must needs go into a mass of detail, in view of the absurd rubbish which the French press, including *Le Cri*, has spread on this subject under the influence of Russo-patriotism.

In the winter of 1879, Disraeli sent 4 dreadnoughts to the Bosphorus, which sufficed to check the Russian advance on Constantinople and tear up the Treaty of San Stefano.² The Berlin peace settled, for a while, the situation in the East. Bismarck succeeded in arranging terms between Russia and Austria, by which Austria would have secret mastery over Servia, whilst Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia would be delivered to the overriding influence of Russia. This meant that if, later on, Russia were permitted to take Constantinople, Austria would have Salonika and Macedonia.

But besides that Bosnia was given to Austria, just as in 1794 Russia had abandoned—in order to re-take in 1814

¹ This letter appeared in the form of an article, re-written by Lafargue, in *Le Socialiste*, No. 63, of November 6th, 1886 (pp. 1/1-2/II) under the title: "The Political Situation in Europe."

² The Treaty of San Stefano, signed on March 3rd, 1878, put an end to the war between Russia and Turkey. This Treaty, which was favourable to Russia, was revised to her detriment under pressure from Germany, Austria and England, by the Berlin Treaty of July 13th, 1878.

—the greater part of Poland strictly speaking to the Prussians and Austrians. Bosnia was a constant drain on Austria, an apple of discord between Hungary and Western Austria and, above all—a *demonstration to Turkey that the Austrians, no less than the Russians, were preparing Poland's fate for her.*

Henceforth, any confidence between Turkey and Austria was impossible—tremendous victory for Russia.

Servia had Slavophile and therefore Russophile leanings, but since her emancipation she had drawn on Austria for all her means of bourgeois development. The young people went to Austria to study, the system of officialdom, the legal codes, the judicial procedures, the schools, everything was regulated according to the Austrian model. That was quite natural. But Russia had to prevent a repetition of this in Bulgaria and make sure that she did not become a cat's paw there also for the benefit of Austria. Thus from the start Bulgaria was organised as a Russian satrapy. The administration, the army officers and non-commissioned officers, the personnel and the whole system were Russian, and Battenberg,¹ who was assigned as satrap, was a cousin of Alexander III.

Domination by the Russians, at first direct and then indirect, sufficed to stifle in less than 4 years all the friendly feelings Bulgaria had had for Russia—and they had been strong and fervent. The people kicked more and more against the arrogance of the “liberators,” so that even Battenberg, a man of no political views and of weak character, and who asked nothing better than to serve the tsar, but who expected to be treated with some consideration—even Battenberg became more and more mutinous.

In the meanwhile, things went ahead in Russia. The government had succeeded, by dint of harsh measures, in

¹ The Bulgarian assembly of notables worked out at the end of 1878 an organic law for the new state by virtue of which the throne was offered to Alexander of Battenberg in 1879.

dispersing and disorganising the Nihilists for the time being. But that could not last for ever; they needed the support of public opinion; they needed to distract people's minds from the contemplation of internal social and political misery—in short, they needed a little chauvinist phantasmagoria. And just as under Louis-Napoléon the left bank of the Rhine had served to divert revolutionary passions abroad, so, too, in Russia the conquest of Constantinople, the “deliverance” of the oppressed Turkish Slavs and their incorporation within a great federation under the presidency of Russia, was held out to the restless and turbulent people. But it was not enough to call up this phantasmagoria, something had to be done to bring it within the domain of reality.

Circumstances were favourable. The annexation of Alsace-Lorraine had become a bone of contention between France and Germany that seemed to lead to these two Powers neutralising each other. By herself Austria could hardly hope to fight Russia, since her most effective weapon—an appeal to the Poles—would always be kept in its scabbard by Prussia. And the occupation—the theft—of Bosnia was another Alsace as between Austria and Turkey. Italy was in favour of the highest bidder, that is to say, of Russia, who offered her Trentino and Istria, if not Dalmatia and Tripoli. And England? The peaceable Rusophile Gladstone had hearkened to Russia's seductive words, *had occupied Egypt* in full peace; which not only ensured perpetual discord between England and France but what is far more: *the impossibility of an alliance between the Turks and the English who had just plundered them* by appropriating a Turkish fief—Egypt. Furthermore, Russian preparations in Asia were sufficiently far advanced to cut out plenty of work for the English in India in the event of war. Never had the odds been so favourable for the Russians; their diplomacy triumphed all along the line.

The Bulgarians' rebellion against Russian domination provided the occasion to open the campaign. In the sum-

mer of 1885, the unification promised by the peace of San Stefano and broken by the Treaty of Berlin was dangled before the eyes of the Bulgarians of the North and of the South. They were told that if they threw themselves again into the arms of liberating Russia, Russia would accomplish her mission of achieving that unification; but that to this end the Bulgarians must first turn out Battenberg. The latter was warned in time; contrary to his habits, he acted with alacrity and vigour; he accomplished, by himself and for his own sake, that unification which the Russians had tried to use against him. From that moment, war to the knife between him and the Russians.

That war was at first conducted only surreptitiously and indirectly. The small Balkan states were reminded of the fine doctrine of Louis-Bonaparte, according to which, when a hitherto dispersed nation, such as Italy or Germany, unites and becomes one nation, other states, such as France, have the right to territorial compensations. Servia swallowed the bait and made war on the Bulgarians; Russia triumphed again in that this war, which she had pressed for in her own interest, was waged in the eyes of the world under the auspices of Austria who did not prevent it for fear that the Russian party might accede to power in Servia. Russia, on her side, disorganised the Bulgarian army by recalling all Russian officers, that is, the entire General Staff and all superior officers, including the majors of the Bulgarian army.

But against all expectations, the Bulgarians, without Russian officers, and with two to their three, beat the Servians hollow and won the respect and admiration of an astonished Europe. These victories were due to two causes. In the first place, Alexander Battenberg, although politically soft, is a good soldier and conducted the war as he had been taught it in the Prussian school, whereas the Servians imitated, in strategy as in tactics, their Austrian models. And secondly, the Servians had lived for 60 years under that Austrian system of officialdom which, without

giving them a strong bourgeoisie and independent peasants (they are all mortgaged already), had sufficed to undermine and disorganise the remnants of the *gentile* communism which had given them strength in their struggles against the Turks. Amongst the Bulgarians, on the contrary, these more or less communist institutions had been left intact by the Turks; which explains their superior valour.

Hence, a new check to Russia; she had to start again. And Slavophile chauvinism, which had been encouraged as a counterweight to the revolutionary element, grew day by day, it was already becoming a menace to the government. The tsar goes to the Crimea where, according to the Russian newspapers, he will do great things; he tries to entice the Sultan into making an alliance by representing his former allies—Austria and England—as traitors and plunderers, and France as taken in tow by and at the mercy of Russia. But the Sultan will have none of it and for the time being the vast armaments in the West and South of Russia lie idle.

The tsar returns (last June) from the Crimea. But in the meanwhile the chauvinist tide has risen higher, and the government, instead of restraining the rising movement, is itself more and more swept along by it; so much so that on the tsar's return to Moscow the mayor has to be allowed to refer outspokenly to the conquest of Constantinople in his address of welcome. The press, under the influence—*and under the protection*—of the generals, says openly that it expects the tsar to take action against Austria and Germany which are impeding him; and the government has not the courage to silence it. In short, Slavophile chauvinism is more powerful than the tsar; either he must yield or else—revolution by the Slavophiles.

To this is added financial trouble. No one wants to lend money to this government which, from 1870 to 75, borrowed £70 million (1,750 millions of francs) in London and which menaces the peace of Europe. Three years ago, Bis-

marck obtained a loan for it in Germany of 375 million francs, but that has been eaten up long since; and without Bismarck's signature the Germans would not give a penny piece. And that signature is no longer forthcoming without humiliating conditions. At home the promissory note factory has already worked overtime; the ruble—in silver = 3 francs 80—is worth but 2 fr. 20 in paper money. And armaments are deucedly expensive.

In short, they needs must act. Either a victory in the Constantinople quarter, or revolution. That is why Giers¹ goes to Bismarck to expound the situation to him. And Bismarck understands it very well. He would have restrained the Russians, firstly because he has had enough of their insatiability, and secondly out of consideration for Austria. But a revolution in Russia, *that involves the fall of the Bismarck regime in Germany*. Without this great reserve of the army of reaction, the domination of squireens in Prussia would not last a day. Revolution in Russia would change the situation in Germany in one stroke; it would put an end to the blind faith in Bismarck's omnipotence which unites all the propertied classes round B[is-marck]; it would ripen revolution in Germany.

Bismarck, who has no illusions about the fact that the existence of tsarism in Russia is the basis of his whole system, understood completely; he hastened to Vienna to tell his Austrian friends that, in face of such a threat, this is no longer the time, either for him or for them, to attach great importance to matters of amour-propre; that the Russians need some show of success, and that it is actually to their own interest that Germany and Austria should bend the knee to the tsar. However, if the Austrians insist upon interfering in the affairs of Bulgaria, he will wash his hands of it, and they will see what happens. In fine, Kalnoky² submits, Alexander Battenberg is sacrificed and Bismarck goes personally to inform Giers.

¹ Russian Foreign Minister.

² Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister.

Then comes the kidnapping of Battenberg by military conspirators in circumstances which must shock all monarchist Conservatives and above all the princes *who have armies too*. But Bismarck passes on to next business, glad to get off so lightly.

Unfortunately the Bulgarians show a political capacity and a vigour thoroughly out of place in the circumstances and intolerable in a Slav nation "delivered" by Holy Russia. They arrest the conspirators, elect a government which is competent, energetic and—incorruptible (a perfectly intolerable quality in a nation only barely emancipated!) and which brings back Battenberg. He thereupon displays his weakness to the full and clears out. But the Bulgarians are incorrigible. With or without Battenberg, they refuse to obey the sovereign orders of the tsar and compel even the heroic Kaulbars¹ to make himself a laughing-stock in the eyes of all Europe.

Conceive of the tsar's fury. After having curbed Bismarck and broken Austrian resistance, to find himself checked by this small people which emerged but yesterday, and which owes its "independence" to him or to his father, and does not recognise that this independence signifies nothing other than blind obedience to the "liberator"! The Greeks and the Servians were pretty ungrateful; but the Bulgarians go beyond all possible limits. To take their independence seriously, has anyone ever heard of such a thing?

To save himself from revolution, the poor tsar is forced to take another step forward. But each new step becomes more dangerous, for it is made only at the risk of a European war—something which Russian diplomacy has always tried to avoid. It is certain that if there is Russian intervention in Bulgaria, and if that leads to subsequent complications, the day will come when the antagonism of

¹ Russian general sent to Bulgaria to re-establish Russian influence there.

Russian and Austrian interests will break out openly. And this time there will be no way of localising the affair. There will be general war. And with the knaves who govern Europe at the present time, it is impossible to predict the grouping of the two camps. Bismarck is quite capable of allying himself with the Russians against Austria, if he can find no other means of holding off the revolution in Russia. But the probability is a war by Austria against Russia; and that Germany will come to Austria's aid only in case of necessity, to prevent her being crushed.

While waiting for the spring—since the Russians cannot engage in full-scale war on the Danube before April—they are doing their utmost to lure Turkey into their snare; and Austria's and England's treachery to Turkey cleared the ground for them. Their aim is the right to occupy the Dardanelles and thus to transform the Black Sea into a Russian lake, an inaccessible shelter for the organisation of powerful fleets which will emerge to dominate what Napoléon called a French lake, the Mediterranean. But they have not succeeded yet, although their few supporters in Sofia have betrayed their secret desires.

This is the situation. To avoid a revolution in Russia, the tsar must have Constantinople. Bismarck hesitates; he would like to find a way of avoiding either contingency. And what of France?

For those of the French who for 16 years past have done nothing but dream of revenge, it is natural to seize this opportunity which may offer. But for our Party the matter is not so simple; nor yet for the chauvinist gentry either. A war against Germany, in alliance with Russia, could lead to a revolution or else a counter-revolution in France. In the event of a revolution which would bring the Socialists to power, the Russian alliance would collapse. Firstly, *the Russians would immediately make peace with Bismarck in order to hurl themselves together on revolutionary France.* And then France would not bring the Socialists to power in order for them to fight to prevent a revolution

13-2
in Russia. But that contingency is unlikely. What is far more likely is a *monarchist counter-revolution*, assisted by the alliance with Russia. You know how much the tsar desires the restoration of the Orléans, and that it is this alone which would allow him to conclude a sound and firm alliance with France. Well then, once war has broken out, they will make good use of the monarchist officers in the army to work for this restoration. Following the least partial defeat—and there will be some—it will be said that the Republic is to blame, that to succeed, and to obtain the unreserved co-operation of allied Russia, a stable, monarchic government—Philippe VII, in fact—is required; the monarchist generals themselves will act half-heartedly so that they can attribute their lack of success to the republican government—and lo and behold, you have a Monarchy. And once Philippe is installed, all those kings and emperors will reach agreement amongst themselves and instead of killing each other, will divide up Europe by swallowing the small states. Once the French Republic has been destroyed, it will be a case of another Vienna Congress, where possibly the republican and socialist sins of France will be used as a pretext for refusing her Alsace-Lorraine wholly or in part, and where the princes will jeer at the stupidity of the Republicans who had believed in the possibility of a genuine alliance between tsarism and anarchy.

Nevertheless, is it true that General Boulanger says to who ever wants to listen *that France needs war as the sole means of killing the social revolution*? If it is true, it is a warning to you. The good Boulanger has swash-buckling ways which I can pardon him as a soldier, but which give me a poor opinion of his political intelligence. It is not he who will save the Republic. As between the Socialists and the Orléans, he will come to an accommodation with the latter if need be, particularly if they guarantee him the Russian alliance. Be that as it may, *the bourgeois Republicans in France are in the same boat as*

the tsar in Russia: they see revolution raising its head before their eyes and they see but one means of salvation: war.

In France as in Germany things go so well for us that we could wish for nothing better than a continuation of the *status quo*. And if revolution were to break out in Russia, that would create the most propitious combination of circumstances possible. Whereas in the case of a general war we should be driven back into the realm of unforeseen events and of incalculable contingencies. Revolution in Russia and in France would be postponed, the splendid development of our Party in Germany would be violently checked; the Monarchy would probably be restored in France. Of course, eventually all that would turn out in our favour, but what a waste of time, what sacrifices, what fresh obstacles to overcome!

The temptation urging war is strong everywhere. In the first place, the Prussian military system, universally adopted, takes 12 to 16 years for its full development; after that lapse of time, all the cadres of the reserve are filled by men broken in to the use of arms. Those 12 to 16 years are over everywhere; everywhere there are 12 to 16 annual classes who have passed through the army. So everywhere they are ready, and the Germans have no special advantage on that score any longer. Secondly, old Wilhelm is probably going to die; whereupon there will be some change in the system; Bismarck will find his position more or less shaken, *and perhaps he will himself press for war as the sole means of maintaining himself*. As for the others, it will be a fresh temptation to attack Germany which they will regard as less strong and less stable at a time of changes in internal policy. Indeed, the Stock Exchange everywhere believes there will be war as soon as the old boy's eyes are closed.

For my part, I believe that the decisive fact for us must be that the war, if war there be, will be made only with the purpose of preventing revolution: in Russia to fore-

stall common action by all the malcontents, Slavophiles, constitutionalists, Nihilists and peasants; in Germany to maintain Bismarck in power; in France to stem the victorious advance of the Socialists and (in accordance with the views of the entire big bourgeoisie) to restore the Monarchy. Therefore I am for "peace at any price" since it is not we who will pay the price.

With good wishes,

F. E

I send you back *La France juive*. What a tiresome book! Tuesday, October 26th, 3.30 p.m.: so you will have this letter tomorrow morning.

205. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Saturday, Oct. [30th] 86

My dear General,

Best thanks to Nim for her photograph. Very glad I am to see Father Nim looking so well and so young and so majestic. He is rather serious though, but it can't be the oven, for you were staying at the seaside and there could have been no cookery on his mind.

Dr. Guebard, the proprietor of the *Cri du peuple*, has sent me a book for perusal which I am at present reading and which I write these lines to inquire whether you know. The title of it is: *Das Recht auf den vollen Arbeitsertrag in geschichtlicher Darstellung* von Dr. Anton Menger Ord. Professor der Rechte an der Wiener Universität.¹ Stuttgart 1886.

It is not because he does not believe in "die materialis-

¹ *The Right to the Whole Product of Labour* in historical presentation by Dr. Anton Menger, Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Vienna.—Tr.

tische Geschichtsauffassung"¹ and takes "nüchterne Rechtsbegriffe"² to be the one thing needful that I call your attention to this professor, but because he writes insolently of Mohr and yourself. He charges both of you with quoting falsely, and Marx with picking other men's brains. In his preface he says: Ich werde in dieser Schrift den Nachweis führen, dass Marx und Rodbertus ihre wichtigsten socialistischen Theorien älteren englischen und französischen Theoretikern entlehnt haben, ohne die Quellen ihrer Ansichten zu nennen. Ja, ich nehme keinen Anstand zu erklären, dass Marx und Rodbertus, die man so gern als die Schöpfer des wissenschaftlichen Socialismus hinstellen möchte, von ihren Vorbildern an Tiefe und Gründlichkeit bei Weitem übertroffen werden.

Wenn Jemand dreissig Jahre nach dem Erscheinen von Adam Smith's Werk über den Nationalreichtum die Lehre von der Arbeitsteilung wieder "entdeckt" hätte, oder wenn heute ein Schriftsteller die Entwicklungstheorie Darwins als sein geistiges Eigentum vortragen wollte, so würde man ihn für einen Ignoranten oder für einen Charlatan halten. Nur auf dem Gebiete der Sozialwissenschaft. . sind erfolgreiche Versuche dieser Art denkbar.

And elsewhere: Die wahren Entdecker des Mehrwertes sind *Godwin, Hall* und namentlich *William Thompson*. Marx selbst hat die Quellen seiner Ansichten, ähnlich wie Rodbertus, verschwiegen, obgleich er sonst mit Citaten nicht eben sparsam ist. . .³ That is quite the most impudent lie I have ever seen in print. . .

¹ "The materialist conception of history."—*Tr.*

² "Prosaic juridical ideas."—*Tr.*

³ In this work I shall show that Marx and Rodbertus borrowed their most important socialist theories from earlier English and French theoreticians, without acknowledging the sources of their opinions. Indeed, I have no hesitation in stating that Marx and Rodbertus, whom people would like to represent as the creators of scientific socialism, are far surpassed in profundity and thoroughness by their fore-runners.

Thompson's *Distribution of Wealth* is, he says, "das Fundamentalwerk des Socialismus."¹ "Marx and Engels place the publication of the book in 1827, whereas it appeared in 1824. Moreover, up till the Preface to Vol. II of the *Kapital*, they call *Hodgskin*, *Hopkins*" and so forth...

One would think Hyndman had written the book. It is after his own heart. Probably Kautsky will have received the book for reviewing in the *Neue Zeit* and will know the man.

Very doubtful, it appears, is the result of tomorrow's elections,² although Fiaux (highly popular in the *quartier de l'hôpital St Louis*) has retired in favour of Duc-Quercy. The Possibilists, I am told, held a most successful meeting on Thursday.

I am very glad to get such good accounts of our Wanderers. Of America, above all countries, it holds good that "nothing succeeds like success" so that I think they will reap richer and richer harvests as they proceed.

Tell Nim that for these last ten days I am plagued by a boil just under my right eye and that it has turned my

If someone had "rediscovered" the theory of the division of labour thirty years after the publication of Adam Smith's work on the Wealth of Nations, or if a writer tried to present Darwin's theory of evolution today as his own intellectual property, one would consider him an ignoramus or a charlatan. It is only in the field of social science... that successful attempts of this kind are thinkable.

And elsewhere: The true discoverers of surplus value are Godwin, Hall and in particular William Thompson. Marx himself, like Rodbertus, concealed the sources of his ideas, although he is not otherwise sparing of quotations...—*Tr.*

¹ "The fundamental work on socialism."—*Tr.*

² A municipal by-election took place on October 31st in the 10th arrondissement of Paris. Duc-Quercy stood as the Revolutionary Coalition candidate and received 901 votes, whilst the Possibilist Failure received 988. There was a second ballot.

face into a huge pumpkin and that it makes me feel dam-
nably stupid and good-for-nothing.

Love to young and old and middle-aged!

Affectionately your

LAURA

206. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 2 Nov. 86

My dear Laura,

I am sorry you gave yourself the trouble to copy out the Menger balderdash. The fellow is a simple *Streber*¹ who knows that, the thicker he lays it on, the better will be his chance of promotion. We have got the book here and I shall give Kautsky notes enough to enable him to smash the cheeky devil up. The position he takes is so utterly ridiculous that it will nowhere be accepted unless in national-liberal newspapers, and there we must expect to have it served up again and again, but that is of the utmost indifference. The Rodbertus scare was far more serious and that we have already smashed up so completely that it is quite forgotten by this time.

I don't think even Hyndman will venture to make capital out of this, except perhaps in a very small way.

Now I must begin writing my preface,² as S[wan] S[onnenschein] and C° are asking for it, so this looks like coming to a conclusion!

Very affectionately yours,

F. E.

¹ Careerist.—*Tr.*

² Preface to the English edition of *Capital* dated November 5th, 1886. (See English edition, Moscow, 1958, Vol. I, pp. 3-6.)

207. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 24 Nov. 1886

My dear Laura,

I hope you have rec^d the American letters I sent you yesterday; today I can keep my word and write. Our people¹ have indeed hit upon a lucky moment for their journey, it coincides with the first formation of a real American working men's party and what was practically an immense success, the Henry George "boom"² in N[ew] York. Master George is rather a confused sort of a body and being a Yankee, has a nostrum of his own, and not a very excellent one, but his confusion is a very fair expression of the present stage of development of the Anglo-American working-class mind, and we cannot expect even American masses to arrive at theoretical perfection in six or eight months—the age of this movement. And considering that the Germans in America are anything but a fair and adequate sample of the workmen of Germany, but rather of the elements the movement at home has eliminated—Lassalleans, disappointed ambitions, sectarians of all sorts—I for one am not sorry that the Americans start independently of them, or at least of their leadership. As a ferment, the Germans can and will act, and at the same time undergo, themselves, a good deal of useful and necessary fermentation. The unavoidable starting point, in America, are the Knights of Labour,³ who are a real power, and

¹ This refers to Eleanor and Edward Aveling on the one hand and to Liebknecht on the other.

² At the mayoral election in New York on November 2nd, 1886, the workers' candidate, Henry George, received 67,699 votes, which was a great victory. George was an economist whose book *Progress and Poverty* Marx had criticised severely. (See letter to Sorge of June 20th, 1881.)

³ The Knights of Labor were an organisation which existed between 1870 and 1890 in America. They recruited mainly amongst unskilled workers and numbered at their highest peak in 1886, 700,000 members.

are sure to form the first embodiment of the movement. Their absurd organisation and very slippery leaders—used to the methods of corrupt American partisanship—will very soon provoke a crisis within that body itself, and then a more adequate and more effective organisation can be developed from it. All this, I think, will not take very long in Yankeeland; the great point gained is that the political action of the working class as an independent party is henceforth established there.

From America to Russia il n'y a qu'un pas.¹ Tussy told me last summer that Lavroff had asked her to write something about Lopatine and to ask me to do the same, as he was to publish something about him. I told her that as far as I knew, he was still awaiting his trial, and that surely under these circumstances, Lavroff would not publish anything to aggravate his position; would she therefore again write to Lavr[off] to know how this was (for it led me almost to conclude Lavr[off] must have been informed that Lopatine was dead) and what he desired me to say about him. Since then I have not heard anything more with respect to this matter. I now saw in the papers that a fresh Nihilist trial is coming on in Petersburg, and from the way it is worded, it looks likely that this concerns Lopatine too if he be still alive. Would you be good enough to ask Lavroff next time you see him how all this is, and what he wishes me to do with regard to Lop[atine] as I shall be always ready and willing to contribute my testimony in confirmation and acknowledgement of the great services he has done to the cause, provided I know what is wanted and what is his position at the present moment.

Thanks to the stupidity of all its rivals and opponents, the Social Democr[atic] Federation is beginning to become a power. The government saved them from a *four* by forbidding their procession on Lord Mayor's Day, and prepared them a nominal triumph by allowing them to hold

¹ Is but a step.—Tr.

what they called a meeting the same afternoon on Trafalgar Square. And when after that, the S[ocial] D[emocratic] F[ederation] called a meeting for last Sunday on Tr[afalgar] Square, the same government made it a real triumph by first announcing that artillery should be brought out to S. James's Park in readiness to act, and then countermanding this ridiculous plan. So the meeting—the first where the S[ocial] D[emocratic] F[ederation] had announced they would proceed orderly and peaceably—was puffed by the government into a great event, and when it did come off, orderly and peaceably, the Bourgeois and Spiessbürger¹ found that whatever the strength of the S. D. F. itself might be, it had a very powerful tail behind it. The fact is that as the Soc[ialist] League is too deeply engaged in discussing its own rules and regulations with its anarchist members to have a moment to spare for events outside No. 18 Farringdon Road, and as the Radical Clubs of the East End take no initiative whatever with regard to the Unemployed, the S. D. F. have no competition, are alone in the field and work this question, which spring up afresh as soon as winter comes on, entirely to their own liking. And they have certainly of late been far more sensible in their doings—of late, that is to say for the last fortnight. How long that will last, of course nobody can tell. Hyndman est capable de tout.²

That Professor Menger, who seems to have frightened people all over Continent by his brazen impudence, is a vulgar Streber who aspires to the Ministry of Justice. I have given K[autsky] the necessary materials and partly worked them out myself as far as necessary, and if we can manage it, bekommt er sein Fett schon in der ersten Nr. der *N[eu]en Z[ei]t* Januar 87.³ Of course the Liberal

¹ Philistines.—*Tr.*

² Is capable of anything.—*Tr.*

³ He will be hauled over the coals already in the first number of the *Neue Zeit* in January '87.—*Tr.* Menger's book was the subject of

papers have made an awful fuss about his discoveries, just as they did about Vogt's. Only times have changed and we can hit back now, and with effect. The conspiracy of the bourgeois press in 1859 against us was 1,000 times more effective than Bismarck's contemptible Socialist Law.

You have no idea how glad I am that the book is at last through the press.¹ It was impossible to do anything else while it was going on. The arrangements were of necessity very complicated, proofs being sent to Edward, Moore and myself, which naturally caused delay and constant pegging on the part of S[wan] S[onnenschein] and Co. Then, as I only lately found out, the book was printed in—*Perth!* And considerable neglect of business in S[wan] S[onnenschein] and Co. office through which everything had to pass. Finally, the usual course of things: neglect and delay, on the part of the printers, in summer, then, towards end of Septbr., hurry and worry, just over that part of the Ms which wanted most careful final revisal, and constant attempts to saddle the delay on us. Grosse Industrie² in the publishing trade is all very well for periodicals, novels and Tagesliteratur,³ but for works like this it won't do, unless your Ms is perfect to the dot on every i; otherwise, wae to the Author!

Well now, and how about your journey to London, you and Paul? Tussy will sail from N[ew] York 25 Dec., Xmas day, which brings her here about 6th January. But that is no reason why you should stay away so long; on the contrary we hope to have you here on Xmas day. And Paul this time has no excuse and I won't take any either; everything in France is nice and quiet, no trials, no prison, no great meetings, no excitements, and perfectly hopeless to

a study: "Juridical Socialism" which appeared unsigned in No. 2 of *Neue Zeit* (1887, pp. 49-62). It is attributed to Engels in the Russian edition of the *Works*.

¹ This refers to the English translation of Volume I of *Capital*.

² Large-scale industry.—*Tr.*

³ Daily literature.—*Tr.*

get up any during la saison des étrennes.¹ And you, as you have let the summer and autumn pass, you will have to face the fogs—don't you feel a little homesick for them?—which fogs by the way so far treat us very well, for we have it clear and bright while since Monday not only the City but even Kilburn are benighted and murky. So please make up your minds and let us be knowing how many days before Christmas you will make your appearance here. Nim is getting very impatient and quite capable of going over to fetch you if there is any further delay. And herewith

Yours affectionately,

F. ENGELS

208. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

(Fragment)

Sunday [Nov. 28th 1886]

My dear General,

A thousand thanks for your letters. There is, as you say, nothing stirring here: meetings getting fewer and further between and in the way of horrors nothing beyond a couple of old women set on fire and some half dozen persons of all sexes and ages cut or torn or trampled to pieces, massacred in various ingenious but dolorous ways by their loving friends or relatives for a handful of gold or coppers. Nothing but our "professional starving men," Succi and Merlatti,² sent by a special providence to show a plethoric bourgeoisie how unprofitable and unnecessary an occupation eating and drinking is. And, all the same, our "ri-

¹ The season of gifts.—Tr.

² The *Cri du peuple* of November 29th, 1886, p. 2, gave a bulletin on the health of Merlatti and Succi who were fasting deliberately. The former, who was then in his 33rd day of fast had decided to keep it up for 50 days.

chards,"¹ male and female, go on stuffing themselves as if for their dear lives, and as if their livers were meant to serve for mincemeat for our Christmas dinners.

Yet, becalmed as the season is, Paul says that he cannot be away from Paris for more than a fortnight and suggests that we should leave for London after Christmas. But I mean to be in London by the 24th of December and unless I break a leg or two between this and then, I shall have the pleasure of kissing the whole bad lot of you on the 23rd or 24th. I think I have waited long enough and I am not going to play at Patience, on or off her monument, any longer.

And now let me tell you how I came to spend the greater part of last Thursday at two. . . .

209. FREDERICK ENGELS
TO LAURA LAFARGUE IN PARIS*

London, 13th Decb. 1886

My dear Laura,

Well, here we have you at last nailed to a date, and I hope you will make it the 23rd so as to be able to go a bit about town with Nim before Christmas and look at the Christmas shops. And to cut short any further excuses, I enclose a cheque for £20.—to enable you to perform your promise.

Also a letter from Tussy who was yesterday in Williamport, Pennsylvania, and will have meetings after that in Baltimore, Wilmington and New York only—but in New York a whole series from 19th to 23rd, and leave on 25th. Another letter from Edward will be sent tomorrow; I have to make a note or two out of it. Please bring all these letters with you when you come, for I have a strong suspi-

¹ Money-bags.—Tr.

cion that they were written with *one* eye to business, for I find that Liebknecht also wrote almost daily his impressions de voyage to his wife not so much for her sake as for that of forming the material basis of a book already contracted for.

Last Wednesday week Mrs. Liebknecht arrived here, an extremely German lady and before 24 hours had passed, she began to unbosom herself to Nim with an eagerness that was almost too much for Nim. The household seems to be a model German one, Sentimentalität und häuslicher Zwist,¹ but considerably more of the latter. Nim will tell you more anon. On Sunday afternoon Liebknecht dropped in more hungry than usual, fortunately there was a boiled leg of mutton to appease his craving. He is quite the old Liebknecht, only Nim who has got the deepest insight in his household mysteries affirms that he is somewhat more of a Philistine. What Tussy says of him is quite correct; his notion of his own importance, capacities and absolute invincibility is astounding; but at the same time there is an undercurrent of a dim apprehension that after all he is not the stupendous man that he would like other people to believe him to be; which undercurrent drives him to be more in want of other people's admiration than he otherwise would be, and in order to obtain that, to manipulate facts considerably in all his tales about himself. But his wife says with truth that if he was not so immensely satisfied with himself, he would never be able to do the work he does. So we must take him as he is and be satisfied with a quiet laugh at much of what he says; he will create much mischief in a small way by his diplomatising ways pro aris et focus,² but at the decisive moment he will always take the right side. They left on Friday for Leipzig.

¹ Sentimentality and domestic discord.—*Tr.*

² For the altars and the fires—for general and personal interests.

Percy is quite well again, he always has these violent attacks, but if once over the first assault, he is soon right again.

The Kautskys are taking a house beyond the Archway—not the Archway Tavern but the real Archway, further on. That is to say, Scheu takes the house for three years, and takes part of it with his daughter, a rather silly girl of about 18 whom he has got over from Hungary; and the K[autskys] take the other part. They are beginning to move into it today and hope to have done with it by Saturday.

I had a letter last week from old Harney; he sailed 12th Oct., much too late for his condition of body and of course arrived rheumatic and gouty all over. But he could not leave England which he adores while he hates America, and if he lives, he says he will come across again next spring and live and die in England. Poor fellow—when the Chartist movement broke down he found himself adrift, and the glorious time of free-trade prosperity in England was indeed enough to drive a fellow to despair. Then he went to Boston, only to find there, in an exaggerated form and ruling supreme, those very things and qualities he had hated most in England. And now when a real movement begins on both sides of the Atlantic amongst the English-speaking nations, he is too old, too decrepit, too much an outsider, and—too patriotic to follow it. All he has learnt in America is British chauvinism!

Now Nim comes and brings me the out of the way stamps to affix to this uncommon heavy letter, while Annie is getting the dinner things into shape, and so I must conclude. Nim sends her love to both of you. As to Paul, you will perhaps after all succeed in bringing him with you on the 23rd. What in the name of Dickens is he going to mope about in Paris in Christmas week not even the Chambers sitting?

Ever affectionately yours,

F. ENGELS

210. LAURA LAFARGUE
TO FREDERICK ENGELS IN LONDON*

Wednesday [December 15th 1886]

My dear General,

I received your letter and cheque on the 14th. I don't know how to thank you for all your goodness to us, but I have come to connect the thought of you with everything that is pleasant, and whenever I sit down to an exceptionally good dinner or an extra "bock," or enjoy a day in the country or a new book, I say: "Well, that we owe to the General!"

I shall be at "biling pint" till we get to London, for just now;

*My heart is in England (my heart is not here)
With her brown kippered herrings and blond
Pilsner beer!*

May the shade of Burns forgive me!

One country is of course quite as bad as another when it isn't worse, and I know well enough that the land in which such flowers as the Colin Campbells¹ grow wild is not the stainless Albion which John Bull in his poetic moments would have us take it to be, but, after all, England is not quite as black as immaculate Frenchmen paint her.

I was much grieved at the death of our good old Becker.² His was a rare and fine nature; I have known no man, after such long buffeting with fortune, to retain so glad and brave a heart. Even the excessive exuberance which made him every now and then stop in the middle of the streets of Paris to give one a kiss—though no doubt, somewhat bewildering to the recipient—spoke in his favour.

¹ Lord Colin Campbell, b. 1853, British politician whose scandalous divorce suit was being heard in London.

² Johann Philip Becker died on December 7th, 1886.

What was more than anything on his mind,—more even than the projected writing of his memoirs¹—during his last visit here, was the procuring of literary work for a poor young Swiss protégé of his; he saw Longuet and Vaillant for that special purpose.

The German branches here are mightily chapfallen at Liebknecht's giving them the slip. Preparations of a formidable description had been making to give a worthy reception to their leader newly returned to Europe with an armful of the freshest and greenest bay-leaves ready for intertwining with the wreath of laurels—already so thick and heavy—that German fingers have long ago crowned him with.

Our travellers do not, it strikes me, take very kindly to the mighty dollar-land in spite of all its redeeming vices. Certainly thin-skinned people have no business there, but the country affords, I should say, much “stuff to work on.” I will, of course, return you all the letters—worth their weight in gold and in postage stamps—you have been good enough to send me.

Poor old Harney, how different an end from that of Becker, and how sad it is to burn to the socket in that way!

I thank you for *The Evening Standard*. Really, there is no knowing which is the worst of the three—the lord, the law or the lady?² But I fancy it's law. Very edifying reading the case is for the moral Britisher to enjoy along with his breakfast rolls and coffee!

Paul comes with me and we set out in the morning of the 23rd and we both of us look forward with great glee to our expedition.

And now, my dear General, I will drop you a curtsey and

¹ Engels had persuaded him during his visit to London to write his memoirs and had even made arrangements with Bernstein for their publication.

² This refers to the Campbell divorce case which was the subject of a long article in *The Evening Standard* of December 11th, 1886 (p. 5/I-IV).

bid you good-bye and give you a kiss—on account, into the bargain.

Poor Nim will soon have the trouble of cooking for two more hungry people, "ready for any mortal thing."

Love to her and to all.

Yours always affectionately,

LAURA

APPENDIX

A LETTER FROM ENGELS PUBLISHED IN *LE SOCIALISTE*

No. 31, OF MARCH 27th, 1886

This evening, at the same time as you and with you, the workers of both the Old and the New World are celebrating the anniversary of the most glorious and most tragic stage in the evolution of the proletariat. For the first time since its history began, the working class, in 1871, seized power in a great capital. Alas, it was but a dream. Caught between the mercenaries of the former French Empire on the one hand and the Prussians on the other, the Commune was quickly smothered in an unparalleled and never-to-be-forgotten massacre. Triumphant, reaction no longer knew any bounds; socialism seemed to have been drowned in blood and the proletariat riveted to slavery forever.

Fifteen years have elapsed since that defeat. During that time, in every country, power, in the service of the owners of land and of capital, has stopped at nothing to put down once and for all the slightest stirrings of working-class revolt. And what has resulted?

Look around you. Revolutionary working-class socialism, more alive than ever, is today a force before which governments everywhere tremble, French Radicals no less than Bismarck, the Stock Exchange kings of America like the tsar of all the Russias.

Nor is that all.

We have reached the point when all opponents, no matter what they do, and despite themselves, are working for us.

They thought they had killed the International. And, at this hour, the international union of proletarians, the fraternity between the revolutionary workers of the various countries, is a thousand times stronger, more widespread, than it was before the Commune. The International no longer has need of an organisation as such; it lives and grows by the spontaneous and ardent co-operation of the workers of Europe and America.

In Germany, Bismarck has exhausted every means, up to the most infamous, to crush the workers' movement. Result: before the Commune he was faced by four Socialist deputies. His persecutions have caused twenty-five of them to be elected today. And the German proletarians laugh at a Chancellor who could not do better revolutionary propaganda if he were paid to do it.

In France voting for lists of candidates, the bourgeois ballot par excellence, has been imposed upon you, devised expressly to ensure the exclusive election of lawyers, journalists and other political adventurers, the mouth-pieces of capital. And what has it done for the bourgeoisie, this ballot of the rich? It has produced, in the heart of the French Parliament, a revolutionary Socialist Workers' Party, whose mere appearance on the scene has sufficed to create disarray in the ranks of all the bourgeois parties.

Such is our present situation. All events turn out to our benefit. The most carefully calculated measures to stem the advance of the proletariat serve but to accelerate its triumphant progress. The enemy himself fights, is condemned to fight, for us. And it has done so to such an extent and to such purpose that today, March 18th, 1886, from the miners of California and of Aveyron to the convict miners of Siberia, the same shout issues from millions of workers' throats:

"Long Live the Commune! Long Live the International Unity of the Workers!"

THE FAMILY TREE OF KARL MARX

