

# *Karl Marx, The Man*

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# **KARL MARX, THE MAN**

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## INTRODUCTION

Attacks on Karl Marx and Marxism are, of course, no novelty. Since his death in 1883, a vast library of “refutations” of Marx’s scientific principles and theories has been written. But the “refutations,” even those undertaken by the most learned professors of the capitalist class, have uniformly failed to refute, and, at the most, have enjoyed fleeting popularity in ruling-class circles. Meanwhile, the ideological power exerted by Marxism mounts from decade to decade, penetrating even the remote countries, bringing to the toiling masses of mankind a new hope and a new confidence in their own power to wrest freedom from their masters.

Possibly because the ideas of Marx have easily survived all attempts to refute them, the literary defenders of crumbling capitalism have concentrated their attacks on the man. The traducers and lampooners of Marx, of whom the author of *The Red Prussian*, Leopold Schwarzschild, is a typical example, devote less space to attempts to refute the Marxian law of value than to attempts to prove that Marx, the man, was “dirty,” “domineering,” “offensive,” that he “sponged” on his friends, that with him it was “rule or ruin,” and that he was, generally, a loathsome character, and one whose ideas should be ignored by self-respecting workers.

In sharp contrast to the personal emphasis of these unscrupulous attacks, Paul Lafargue’s brief sketch is a warm and intimate portrait of Karl Marx. Here we see the founder of scientific Socialism as a social scientist steeped in prodigious labors, producing the mighty liter-

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ary weapons of the proletariat. Here is the researcher of infinite patience, the matchless logician, the man of magnificent culture. And here, in Part II, is a portrait of Marx the man, of the adored father and husband, and of the loyal, devoted friend.

Lafargue's picture of Marx at home, in his study, or taking an evening walk on Hempstead Heath, is an authentic one. Lafargue had acted as a transcriber for Marx when the author of *Capital* was completing this mighty work. Later, Lafargue married Marx's second daughter, Laura, and thus remained close to Marx politically and personally until the end of the latter's life.

Part III of Lafargue's charming portrait sketches Marx's history as revolutionist, recalls the death of Jenny, Marx's brave and great-hearted wife, and quotes in full the touching oration of Frederick Engels, spoken at the edge of Mrs. Marx's grave.

There is also included in this pamphlet the text of Engels's oration at the grave of Karl Marx. This simple yet profound tribute is a superb summary of Marx's transcending achievements and of the revolution his discoveries have wrought in the human mind.

We have included also the text of an interview with Marx by the celebrated American journalist, John Swinton. Originally published in *The Sun* of New York, September 6, 1880, we reprint it here complete except for a few concluding lines which contribute nothing to his picture of Marx.

Finally, we have included the text of a little known interview with Marx by an unidentified American correspondent that first appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* of January 5, 1879. It was also published in the German language in a Chicago paper called *Vorbote*, January 11,

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1879, and in the New Yorker *Volkszeitung*, January 10, 1879.

While these documents serve admirably to give the lie to the latest crop of traducers and lampooners of Marx, we confidently expect that they will also stimulate a desire to study the principles of Marxism and to enlist in the cause of working class and human emancipation.

The Publishers

## PART I.

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

It was in February, 1865, when I saw Karl Marx for the first time. The International had been organized on September 28, 1864, at a meeting held in St. Martin's Hall, and I had come from Paris to bring him news of the progress made there by the young organization. M. Tolain, today a Senator of the bourgeois republic and one of her representatives at the Berlin Conference, had given me a letter of recommendation.

I was then 24 years of age; all my life I shall not forget the impression made upon me by that first visit. Marx was ailing at that time; he was working on the first volume of *Capital*, which appeared two years later, in 1867. He was apprehensive of not being able to conclude his work, and received younger people with pleasure, because, said he, "I must educate men who, after me, will carry on the Communist propaganda."

Karl Marx is one of those rare men who, at one and at the same time, could take first rank in science and in public activities; he combined the two so closely that it is impossible to understand him unless viewed as a scientist as well as a Socialist militant. Although of the opinion that every science should be cultivated on its own account and that, in the case of scientific investigation, none should care about eventual consequences, yet he held that the scientist, if he would not degrade himself, never should cease active participation in public life and

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never should remain shut up in his study or laboratory like a rat in a cheese without mingling with life and the social and political struggles of his contemporaries.

“Science should not be an egoistic pleasure; those who are fortunate enough to be able to devote themselves to scientific pursuits should also be first to place their knowledge at the service of mankind.”—“To, work for the world,” that was one of his favorite axioms.

Not through sentimental considerations did Marx arrive at the Communist standpoint; although he entertained deep sympathy for the sufferings of the working class, he attained that position through the study of history and political economy, and he maintained that every unbiased intellect, not influenced by private interests or blinded by class prejudice, must absolutely come to the same conclusions. But even if he did study the economic and political evolution of human society without preconceived opinion, he would nevertheless write with the firm purpose of disseminating the results of his investigations, and with the fixed and definite will of giving to the Socialist movement—which until then had lost itself in Utopian cloudiness—a scientific basis. He appeared in public only to work for the triumph of the working class, whose historic mission it is to establish Communism as soon as it attains political and economic leadership in society, just as the bourgeoisie, come to power, had the mission to burst asunder the feudal fetters which hampered the development of agriculture and of industry, to establish the free exchange of products and the free intercourse of men, as well as the free contract between employer and employee, and to centralize the means of production and exchange and thus, without being aware of it, prepare the material and intellectual

elements of society for the Communist society<sup>1</sup> of the future.

Marx did not confine his activity to the country where he was born. "I am a citizen of the world," said he, "and wherever I may be, there I shall be active." Indeed, in all the countries where he was driven by the chance of events and by political persecution, in France, Belgium and England, he took a leading part in the revolutionary movements there developing.

However, it was not as the indefatigable and incomparable Socialist agitator but as the scientist that he first appeared to me in his study on Maitland Park Road, where from all quarters of the civilized world members of the party came together to consult the master of Socialist thought. The room is historic and one must know it to penetrate the most intimate side of Marx's intellectual life. It was located on the first floor and the wide window, through which the room received ample light, faced the park. On both sides of the fireplace, opposite the window, there were bookcases filled with books and

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<sup>1</sup> "In *The Gotha Program*, Marx speaks of the 'first phase of Communist society' and of the 'higher phase of Communist society.' It is important to remember that whenever Marx and Engels used the terms 'Communism' and 'Socialism' they meant by those terms the identical thing. . . . In the early period of the movement the Socialist movement was referred to as the Communist movement—hence *Communist Manifesto*. The reason for this designation was the existence of visionaries who called themselves Socialists, i.e., *Utopian Socialists*, and in order to dissociate themselves completely from utopianism, Marx and Engels found it necessary to discard the term Socialism. Later, when Utopian Socialism ceased to have any influence whatever, the term Socialism was adopted. . . . When [later] Engels prepared for publication one of his most famous works, he did not call it 'Communism from Utopia to Science.' He called it '*Socialism from Utopia to Science*.'" (From 1936 *Report of the National Executive Committee to the Socialist Labor Party National Convention*.)



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loaded to the ceiling with newspapers and bundles of manuscripts. Opposite the fireplace, by the side of the window, there stood two tables covered with papers, books and newspapers, and in the center of the room, in the most favorable light, was his very simple, small desk, measuring three by two feet, and wooden armchair. Between the armchair and the bookcases, opposite the window, stood a leather-covered sofa upon which Marx would at times stretch out and rest. On the mantelpiece there were yet more books, intermingled with cigars, matches, tobacco containers, paper weights, photographs of his daughters, his wife, and of Wilhelm Wolf and Frederick Engels. He was a heavy smoker, and a still greater waster of matches; so often did he forget about his pipe or cigar that, to relight either, match boxes were emptied in an incredibly short time. “*Capital*,” he said to me, “will not bring me enough to pay for the cigars I have smoked while writing it.”

Marx permitted no one to arrange, or, rather, to disarrange, his books and papers; the prevailing disorder was, however, only in appearance: everything was really in its proper place and, without hesitation, he would take up the book or brochure just then needed, and even in the midst of a conversation he would often stop to look up in a book a passage or figures referred to. He was just one with his study, whose books and papers obeyed him like his own limbs.

The arrangement of his books was not determined by external symmetry; quarto and octavo volumes and brochures stood side by side; he arranged his books, not according to size, but according to contents. Books were to him intellectual tools, not objects of luxury. “They are my slaves and shall serve my will,” was the way he put

it. He mistreated them regardless of size, style of binding, beauty of paper or print; he would turn down the corners, cover the margins with pencil marks and underscore lines. He made no marginal notations, but sometimes could not deny himself an interrogation or exclamation point when an author went the limit. The system of underscoring he employed made it possible to find with great ease a passage sought for in a book. It was his habit, after an interval of years, to read again and again his notebooks and the passages marked in his books so as to fix them in his memory, which was one of extraordinary acuteness and accuracy. Following Hegel's advice, he had from early youth trained it by memorizing verses in a language unknown to him.

Heine and Goethe, whom he often quoted in conversation, he knew by heart; he always read poets selected from all the literature of Europe, and once a year he read Aeschylus in the original Greek text. He admired him and Shakespeare as the two greatest dramatic geniuses produced by mankind. Shakespeare, for whom his veneration was without limit, he had made the object of profound study; he knew even his most insignificant characters. The whole family actually worshiped the great English dramatist; his three daughters knew him by heart. When, after 1848, he tried to perfect himself in the use of the English language he had previously learned how to read, he collected and arranged all the expressions peculiar to Shakespeare; he did the same with a part of the polemic work of William Cobbett, whom he greatly appreciated. Dante and Burns were among his favorite poets, and it gave him great pleasure to hear his daughters recite or sing the satires or love songs of the Scottish poet.

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Cuvier, an indefatigable worker and grand master of science, had in the Paris Museum, whose director he was, arranged for a number of laboratories for his personal use. Every room was set aside for a special class of work and supplied with the necessary books, instruments, anatomic aids, etc. Whenever he tired of one kind of work, he would enter another laboratory and devote himself to another study. This simple change in intellectual application, so it is said, meant relaxation to him. Marx, like Cuvier, also was an indefatigable worker, but, unlike Cuvier, he had not the means to provide himself with several studios. He relaxed by walking up and down the room; from the door to the window the carpet showed a totally worn strip sharply defined like a footpath in a meadow. At times he would recline on the sofa and read a novel; and he would often read two or three simultaneously, taking them up alternately. Just like Charles Darwin, he was a great reader of novels. Marx preferred above all those of the eighteenth century, particularly *Tom Jones*, by Fielding. Of modern writers, those that entertained him most were Paul De Kock, Charles Lever, Alexandre Dumas Sr. and Walter Scott; the latter's *Old Mortality* he referred to as a masterpiece. For tales of humor and adventure he showed a decided preference. At the head of all romancers he put Cervantes and Balzac. To him Don Quixote was the epic of expiring knighthood, the very virtues of which, in the then rising bourgeois world, were turned into bombastic burlesque. So great was his admiration of Balzac that he intended to write a critique of his great work, *La Comedie Humaine*, as soon as he had finished his own economic work. Balzac was to him not only the historian of the society of his time, but also the creator of prophetic

figures which, still in an embryonic condition under Louis Philippe, came into full development only after the latter's death and under Napoleon III.

Marx read all the European languages and wrote in three—German, French and English—in a manner that compelled the admiration of all who knew these languages; he liked to repeat the saying: “A foreign language is a weapon in the battle of life.” He possessed great linguistic talent, which his daughters inherited. At the age of 50, he undertook to learn Russian, notwithstanding the fact that this language had no etymologic relation with the dead and living languages known to him; yet within six months he mastered it to the extent of being able to enjoy the reading of the Russian poets and writers he valued most: Pushkin, Gogol and Tchedin. The reason he learned Russian was to be able to read the reports of the official investigations, which the government, because of their horrible disclosures, had suppressed. Devoted friends had secured these for Marx, who certainly is the only political economist of western Europe to become cognizant of this information.

Aside from poets and novelists, Marx had yet another and rather curious method of attaining mental relaxation. It was mathematics, for which he had a decided preference. Algebra afforded him even moral solace and in it he took refuge at the most painful moments of his stormy life. During the last illness of his wife, it was impossible for him to pursue his customary scientific labors; he could escape the pressure upon his mind, caused by the suffering of his life companion, only by plunging into mathematics. It was during this time of spiritual suffering that he wrote a work on infinitesimals which, according to the opinion of mathematicians familiar with

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it, is said to be very important and is to be published in his complete works. In higher mathematics, he found the dialectic movement in its most logical and, at the same time, most simple form, and it was his opinion that a science is only then fully developed when it has proceeded so far as to employ mathematics.

Marx's library, containing more than a thousand volumes carefully collected during a long life of research, did not suffice him and for years he was a regular visitor of the British Museum, the catalogue of which he valued very highly. Even his opponents have been forced to acknowledge his extensive and profound knowledge, not only in his chosen path, political economy, but in history, philosophy and in the literatures of all countries.

Although it was his habit to go to bed at a very late hour, he was always up again between eight and nine in the morning, imbibed his black coffee, read his newspapers and then withdrew into his study to work until two or three in the morning. He stopped only for his meals or, when the weather permitted, to take an evening walk to Hampstead Heath; during the day he slept an hour or two on his sofa. In his youth he had the habit of often working all through the night. Work had become a passion with Marx; it absorbed him to such an extent that he forgot to eat. He had to be called repeatedly to take his meals and no sooner had he eaten the last bite than he went back to his room. He was what is called a poor eater, afflicted with lack of appetite, which he sought to combat with strongly seasoned food, ham, smoked fish, caviar and pickles. His stomach had to suffer for his colossal cerebral activity. He sacrificed his entire body to his brain: hard thinking was to him a positive dissipation. I have often heard him repeat an utterance of

Hegel, the master philosopher of his youth: “Even the criminal thought of a miscreant is far more grand and lofty than the wonders of Heaven.”

His body had to be of sound constitution to be equal to so unusual a mode of life and such exhausting mental labor. He was, indeed, strongly built, his height above the average, his shoulders broad, his chest well developed and his limbs well proportioned, although his trunk was a bit too long as compared with the legs, as is frequently the case with the Jewish race. Had he practised physical training in his youth, he would have become a very strong man. The only physical exercise he indulged in regularly was walking; he could walk for hours, talking and smoking, or climb hills without showing fatigue. It may be said that in his study he worked while he walked, sitting down only during short intervals in order to write what he had thought out. He also liked to chat while he walked, stopping from time to time when the conversation became animated or when the subject dealt with was important.

For years I accompanied him on his evening strolls in Hampstead Heath, and it was during these walks through the meadows that I acquired my economic education. Without being himself aware of it, he developed before me, step by step, the contents of the first volume of *Capital* on the scope he then wrote it. Always, when I returned home, I used to set down on paper what I had heard as well as I could; at first it was very difficult for me to follow the profound and complicated lines of Marx's thought. Unfortunately I have lost these precious notes, because after the Commune the police pillaged and confiscated my papers in Paris and Bordeaux. I regret chiefly the loss of those notes made of an evening

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after Marx had demonstrated to me his ingenious theory of the development of human society with that fullness of proof and reflection that was all his own. It was as though a veil had been rent before my eyes; for the first time I sensed clearly the logic of history and could trace back to their original causes the seemingly contradictory manifestations in the evolution of society and of ideas. I was as though dazzled and for years the impression remained. It had the same effect upon the Madrid Socialists when, with my feeble means, I developed this theory, the grandest of the Marxian theories and, without doubt, the grandest the human brain has ever achieved.

Marx's intellect was fortified with an incredible volume of historic and other facts pertaining to the science of natural philosophy as well as philosophic theories, and he understood thoroughly how to make use of all this knowledge and all the observations he had made during a long life of intellectual work. One could question him at any time and about any matter whatever and always receive the most exhaustive answer desired, always accompanied by philosophic reflections of general importance. His brain resembled a battleship lying in port under a full head of steam; he was ready at any time to steam forth in any direction of thought. *Capital* certainly reveals to us an intellect of astonishing power and profound knowledge; but to me and to all others who have known Marx intimately, neither *Capital* nor any other of his works demonstrates the full measure of his genius and his knowledge. He stood high above his own works.

I have worked with Marx; I was but the copyist to whom he dictated; but I had then an opportunity to observe the manner in which he thought and wrote. The

work came easy to him and yet it was hard in its way, easy because the facts and thought combinations connected with a given subject arose before his mental vision in all their fullness at the first impulse; but it was this very fullness that made a complete demonstration of his ideas tedious and difficult.

Vico said: "The thing is an object but to God who is omniscient; to man, who only sees externals, it is but a surface." Marx comprehended things in the manner of Vico's God; he saw not the surface alone but penetrated the interior and investigated the constituent parts in their action and reaction upon one another; he isolated every one of these parts and followed the history of its development. Then he proceeded from the thing to its environment and observed the effect of the latter upon the former; he went back to the origin of the object, examined the transmutations, evolutions and revolutions it had gone through and, finally, penetrated its most remote effects. He did not see a thing singly for itself and by itself, without its connecting relations, but an entire complicated world engaged in constant flux; and he would want to reproduce the sum total of life and of the world in their manifold and ever changing actions and reactions. The belletristic writers of the school of Flaubert and Goncourt complain how difficult it is to reproduce accurately what one sees; and yet, that which they seek to reproduce is but the surface Vico speaks about, only the impression they receive. Their literary work is mere play compared with that of Marx. It required an extraordinary power of thought to conceive reality, and a not less unusual degree of skill to reproduce what he saw or thought he had seen. He was never satisfied with his work and always made changes, al-



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ways finding that reproduction limped behind conception. A psychological study by Balzac, rather sorrowfully plagiarized by Zola, *Le Chef d'Oeuvre Inconnu*, made a deep impression upon him, because it described in part sentiments he himself had experienced. A painter of genius may be so tormented by the desire to reproduce things exactly as they are reflected in his brain, that he will retouch a picture over and over again until, finally, he has produced nothing but a formless mass of paint which, however, to his biased eye is the most exact reproduction of reality.

In Marx there were united two attributes of the thinker of genius. In a matchless way he knew how to resolve an object into its constituent parts; and he was a master in reassembling the object thus analyzed in all its details and various forms of evolution and in discovering their innermost relations. His method of demonstration did not aim at abstractions, as some economists unfit to think have charged; he did not apply the methods of the geometrician who, after he has taken his definitions from the world surrounding him, entirely ignores reality when drawing his conclusions. In *Capital* one does not find a single definition, not a single formula, but a series of analyses of superlative refinement, which bring into prominence the most delicate shades and the most infinitesimal differences in degree. He begins by stating the obvious fact that the wealth of societies, where the capitalist mode of production prevails, appears as a huge accumulation of commodities; therefore, the commodity, something concrete, not a mathematical abstraction, is the elementary substance, the cell unit of capitalist wealth. Marx now takes hold of the commodity, turns it over on all its sides, turns it inside out and

extracts from it its secrets, one after another, of which the official economists had not even an inkling and which are more numerous and deeper than all the mysteries of the Catholic religion. After he has examined the commodity from all sides, he views it in its relation to other commodities, in exchange; then he passes over to its production and the historic prerequisites of production. He observes the commodity in its various forms and shows how it passes from one form to another, the former necessarily producing the latter. The logical evolutionary series of phenomena is presented with such exquisite skill that one would almost believe Marx had invented them; yet they have their roots in reality and what he presents is a reproduction of the actual dialectics of the commodity.

Marx worked always with the utmost conscientiousness; he gave neither fact nor figure without being able to fall back upon the best authority. He was never content with second-hand information; he always went to the source, no matter how difficult that might be, and for the sake of a minor fact he would hurry to the British Museum to seek reassurance in the books to be found there. Those who criticized him have never been able to catch him in a lapse or to prove that his reasoning rested upon facts incapable of rigid examination. This habit of going back to sources brought it about that he had to read the least known writers, who were then quoted by him alone. *Capital* contains such a mass of quotations from unknown writers that one might believe it a case of boasting with erudition. About that Marx thought differently; he said: "I practise historic justice; I give to each what belongs to him." He deemed it a duty to name the author, no matter how unimportant or unknown he

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might be, who for the first time had given utterance to an idea or with whom it had found its most exact expression.

His literary conscience was as strict as his scientific. He would never quote a fact of which he was not thoroughly certain, and he did not even permit himself to speak on a subject he had not thoroughly studied. He published nothing that he had not worked over and over again and until he had found a form satisfactory to him. He could not bear the thought of appearing in public unprepared. It would have been torture to him to show his manuscripts before he had made the last penstroke. So strong was this feeling with him that he told me one day he would burn his manuscripts rather than leave them in an incomplete state.

His method of work imposed tasks the magnitude of which the reader of his works can scarcely imagine. Thus, in order to write some twenty pages in *Capital* about the British labor protection legislation, he had to work his way through a whole library of blue books containing the reports of investigating commissions and factory inspectors in England and Scotland; he read them from cover to cover, as is shown by the many pencil marks he made. He considered these reports among the most weighty and most important documents for the study of the capitalist mode of production, and entertained so high an opinion of the men entrusted with the work that he doubted whether it would be possible in any other European nation "to find such well-informed, impartial and incorruptible men as are the factory inspectors of England." In his preface to *Capital*, he has bestowed upon them this splendid appreciation.

Marx derived from the blue books an abundance of

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material facts, the same books which many members of the House of Commons, as well as of the House of Lords, among whom they are distributed, use only as targets to be shot at, in order to tell by the number of pages drilled through by the bullet what may be the penetrating power of the firearm. Others sell them by weight, the most sensible thing they can do because that custom enabled Marx to purchase them cheaply from a dealer in waste paper in Long Acre, whom he visited now and then to examine his books and waste paper. Professor Beesly declared that Marx was the man who made the best use of the official inquiries in England and who, indeed, made them known to the world. The professor did not know, however, that prior to 1845 Engels had extracted from the same blue books numerous documents which he utilized in his book, *The Condition of the Working Class in England*.

## PART II.

In order to learn how to know and love the heart that beat behind the seclusion of the scientist, it was necessary to see Marx, after he had closed his books and notes, in the bosom of his family or, on Sunday evenings, in the circle of his friends. There he proved to be the most pleasant companion, full of wit and humor, who could laugh most heartily. His black eyes, mounted by heavy brows, danced with joy and mocking irony whenever he heard a witty saying or quick repartee.

He was a tender, gentle and tolerant father. "Children must bring up the parents," he used to say. In the relations between himself and his daughters, who loved him dearly, there was never even the shadow of an assertion of paternal authority. He never ordered them, but asked for what he wanted as a favor, or he suggested that they omit what he would want to prohibit. And, yet, there has rarely been a father more listened to than he. His daughters regarded him as a friend and treated him like a comrade; they did not call him "father," but "Mohr" (Moor, or Negro), a nickname acquired because of his coal-black hair and beard. The members of the Communist Bund, on the other hand, even prior to 1848, called him "Father Marx," although he had then not even attained his thirtieth year.

He spent hours playing with his children. These remember even today the sea battles and conflagrations of whole fleets of paper vessels he had fashioned for them, which were sacrificed to the flames in a large pail of water amid their noisy jubilation. On a Sunday, the daugh-

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ters did not permit work; he belonged to them the whole day. If the weather was fine, the entire family would set out for a long hike across country, and on the way stops were made in simple taverns to drink ginger beer and eat bread with cheese. When his daughters were still small, he shortened the way by telling them endless and fantastic fairy tales, which he invented as he went, spinning out their complications in accordance with the length of the road and bringing them to such a climax that the little ones forgot all about being tired. Marx possessed an incomparable poetic imagination; his first literary efforts were in poetry. Mrs. Marx carefully preserved the youthful verses of her husband, but showed them to nobody. Marx's family had dreamed of a literary or professorial career for their son, and, according to their opinion, he lowered himself when he devoted himself to Socialist propaganda or busied himself with political economy, a science little appreciated in the Germany of that day.

Marx had promised his daughters to write for them a drama, the subject of which was to be the Gracchi. Unfortunately, he could not redeem his promise; it would have been interesting to see how he, who has been called the "Knight of the Class Struggle," would have treated this terrible yet grand episode in the class struggle of the ancient world. Marx was pregnant with many plans which were never realized. He intended, among other things, to write a dissertation on logic and a history of philosophy, which latter had been his favorite study in the days of his youth. He would have had to live a full hundred years in order to carry out all his literary plans and bestow upon the world but a part of the treasures of his mind.

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Almost during his entire life his wife was to him a companion in the truest and fullest sense of the word. They had known each other as children and had grown up together. Marx was only 17 when he became engaged. The young people waited for nine years until, in 1843, they married and never again parted. Mrs. Marx died a short time before her husband. No one ever possessed in greater measure the sense of equality although she had been born and raised in a German aristocratic family. For her, social distinctions and classifications did not exist. In their house and at their table she received workingmen in their working clothes with the same politeness and kind attention as though they had been dukes and princes. Many workingmen of all countries had occasion to learn of her amiable hospitality, and I am convinced none of them surmised that the woman who received them with such simple, sincere cordiality could trace her descent in the female line from the House of the Dukes of Argyll, and that her brother had been a minister of the King of Prussia. Mrs. Marx did not concern herself about that; she had left it all behind to follow her Karl and never, not even in times of bitter want, did she regret what she had done.

She possessed a serene and brilliant mind. The letters sent to her friends, which flowed from her pen naturally and without effort, are truly masterful performances of an animated and original intellect. To receive a letter from Mrs. Marx was a treat. Johann Philipp Becker has published several of them. Heine, the ruthless satirist, feared Marx's sarcasm, but he entertained great admiration for the acute and finely sensitized mind of his wife, and, while the Marxes lived in Paris, he was a frequent guest in their house. Marx had such high respect for the

intelligence and critical faculty of his wife that, as he told me in 1868, he made her familiar with all his manuscripts and attached much value to her judgment. Mrs. Marx always copied the manuscripts of her husband for the printer.

Mrs. Marx had many children. Three of them died at a tender age during the period of deprivation the family had to pass through after the revolution of 1848 when, having fled to London, they lived in two little rooms on Dean Street, Soho Square. I have become acquainted with only the three daughters of the family. When, in 1865, I was introduced to Marx, his youngest, the present Mrs. Aveling, was a charming child with the disposition of a boy. Marx always maintained that his wife had made a mistake in the matter of sex when giving birth to her as a girl. The two other daughters formed the most charming and harmonious opposites one could think of. The elder, Mrs. Longuet, had like her father a brunette and strong complexion, black eyes and jet-black hair; the younger one, Mrs. Lafargue, was blond and rosy, her luxuriant, curly hair had the glint of gold as though the setting sun had bedded in it; she resembled her mother.

Aside from those already mentioned, the Marx family contained another important member, Miss Helene Demuth. Born in a peasant family, she was very young, almost a child when, long before Mrs. Marx's marriage, she had come to her as a servant girl. When Mrs. Marx did get married, Helene did not leave her but devoted herself to the Marx family with an abandon that made her completely forget herself. She accompanied Mrs. Marx and her husband in all their travels through Europe and shared all their exiles. She was the practical



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housekeeper, who would find her way in the most difficult circumstances. It was thanks to her sense of order, her thrift and skill, that the family at least never suffered for want of the most indispensable. She knew how to do everything, cooked and did the housework, dressed the children, cut their clothing and then sewed it together with Mrs. Marx. She was at one and the same time domestic help and major domo of the house she managed. The children loved her as a mother, and she exercised over them maternal authority because she had for them a motherly affection. Mrs. Marx regarded Helene as an intimate friend, and Marx himself felt for her a high degree of friendship; he played chess with her and it often happened that he lost the game. Helene's love for the Marx family was blind; all that they did was good and could not be other than good; he who criticized Marx was not her friend. All who were drawn into intimate relations with the family she took under her motherly protection. She had, so to speak, adopted the entire Marx family. Miss Helene, having outlived Marx and his wife, transferred her loving care to the house of Frederick Engels, whom she had learned to know in her youth and to whom she extended the affection she felt for the Marx family.

But Engels was also, in a manner of speaking, a member of the family. Marx's daughters called him their second father; he was the *alter ego* of Marx. In Germany, for a long time, the two names were never separated, names which history has forever jointly engraved upon her record. Marx and Engels have in our century made real the ideal of friendship the ancient poets used to picture. From their youth they developed together and on parallel lines, and lived in the most intimate community

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of ideas and sentiment, participated in the same revolutionary agitation and, so long as they could remain together, they also worked together. Most likely they would have worked together for their entire span of life had not events compelled them to live apart for about twenty years. After the defeat of the revolution of 1848, Engels had to go to Manchester, while Marx was compelled to remain in London. They continued, nevertheless, to live their intellectual lives jointly by an almost daily exchange of letters wherein they communicated to each other their views upon the political and scientific events of the day, also keeping each other informed about their intellectual work. As soon as Engels could free himself from his work in Manchester, he hastened to leave that city and established a home in London where, but ten minutes walk from his dear Marx, he settled down. From 1870 to the day of Marx's death, not a day passed but what the two men managed to see one another.

It was a feast day for the Marx family when Engels announced that he would come from Manchester. For a long time ahead his visit was spoken of, and on the day of his arrival, Marx became so impatient that he could not work. For the entire first night the two friends sat up, smoking and drinking, and talking over all the events which had transpired since their last meeting.

Marx put Engels's opinion higher than any other, because Engels was a man whom Marx considered fit to be his co-worker. To him Engels was an entire public; to convince him and to win him over to one of his ideas no labor was too arduous for Marx. I have seen, for instance, that he read anew entire volumes in order to find certain facts needed to change Engels's conception about

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some minor point, a point that has slipped my memory, in the political and religious war of the Albigenses. To win over Engels's opinion was to Marx a triumph.

Marx was proud of Engels. He enumerated to me with much satisfaction all the moral and mental good points of his friend, and traveled with me to Manchester for the sole purpose of showing him to me. He admired the extraordinary diversity of his scientific knowledge and became uneasy about the least events that might concern him. "I always tremble," he said to me, "that he will meet with an accident during a chase, in which he participates with such passion, when he gallops through the fields with a loose rein and taking on all obstacles."

Marx was as devoted a friend as he was a tender husband and father, and he also found in his wife, his daughters, in Helene and in Engels, beings who deserved to be loved by a man like him.

### PART III.

Marx, who had begun as a leader of the radical bourgeoisie, saw himself deserted as soon as his opposition became too outspoken, as soon as he had become a Socialist. Persecuted and banished from Germany, after he had been maligned and slandered, there was organized against his person and his work a conspiracy of silence. *The Eighteenth Brumaire*, the work which proves that, of all the historians and politicians of the year 1848, Marx is the only one who understood and explained the true character of the origin and consequences of the coup d'état of December 2, 1851, was totally ignored. Not a single bourgeois newspaper as much as mentioned the work, despite its actuality. *The Misery of Philosophy*, an answer to Proudhon's *The Philosophy of Misery*, and the *Critique of Political Economy* were likewise ignored.

But the International and the first volume of *Capital* broke down this conspiracy of silence, which had lasted for fifteen years. It was no longer possible to ignore Marx. The International grew and filled the world with the news of its deeds. Although Marx remained in the background and let others act, it was soon discovered who was the real manager. In Germany, the Social Democratic party had been founded and had grown to be a power which Bismarck sought to woo before he attacked it. Schweitzer, the Lassallean, published a series of articles which Marx considered very noteworthy, and which made *Capital* known to the working class public. The congress of the International, on the motion of Johann Philipp Becker, decided to draw the attention of the in-

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ternational Socialists to the work as the Bible of the working class.

After the insurrection of March 18, 1871, in which it was claimed the hand of the International could be seen, and after the defeat of the Paris Commune, the defense of which the General Council of the International took up against the bourgeois press which had let loose in all countries, the name of Marx became world-famous. Marx was now recognized as the incontrovertible theoretician of scientific Socialism and as the organizer of the first international labor movement. *Capital* became the textbook of the Socialists of all countries, all the Socialist and labor papers popularized his scientific theories, and in America, during a big strike in New York, passages from the work were published in the form of leaflets in order to urge the strikers to see it through and prove to them the justice of their demands. *Capital* was translated into the main European languages, Russian, French and English; excerpts from it appeared in German, Italian, French, Spanish and Dutch. And as often as opponents in Europe and America attempted to refute its theories, other economists at once found a Socialist answer that silenced them. Today, *Capital* has become in fact what the congress of the International called it—the Bible of the working class.

But the active part Marx now had to take in the international Socialist movement seriously interfered with his scientific work. The death of his wife and of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Longuet, was to prove almost fatal in this respect.

Marx had been intimately attached to his wife by a feeling of deep affection; her beauty had been his joy and his pride, her tenderness and the devotion of her charac-

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ter had enabled him to bear with more ease the deprivations inseparably connected with his stormy life as a revolutionary Socialist. The sufferings that brought Mrs. Marx to her grave also were to shorten the days of her husband. During her long and painful illness, Marx, mentally exhausted as the result of constant anxiety, physically run down by lack of sleep, lack of exercise and fresh air, contracted pneumonia, which was to carry him off.

Mrs. Marx died on December 2, 1881, just as she had lived, a Communist and materialist. Death had no terrors for her. When she felt that the moment of dissolution had come, she exclaimed: "Karl, my strength is broken!" These were her last, plainly audible words. She was buried December 5 in Highgate Cemetery and in unconsecrated ground. In keeping with the habits of her entire life and those of Marx, care was taken to avoid giving the funeral a public character; only a few intimate friends accompanied the departed to her last resting place. Before the company dispersed, Frederick Engels, Marx's old friend, at the edge of the grave, spoke as follows:

"My friends! The big-hearted woman we are burying was born in 1814 at Salzwedel. Her father, the Baron of Westphalia, was soon thereafter transferred as Government Councillor to Treves and there became an intimate friend of the Marx family. The children grew up together. The two highly endowed natures found each other. At the time Marx went to the university the mutuality of their future fate had already been decided.

"In 1843, after the suppression of the first *Rheinische Zeitung*, temporarily edited by Marx, the wedding took place. From that time on Jenny Marx has not only

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shared the vicissitudes, the work and the struggles of her husband, but has participated therein with the highest understanding and the most glowing passion.

“The young couple went to Paris in voluntary exile, which only too soon became a real one. Even there, the Prussian government persecuted Marx. I must add with regret that a man like Alexander Humboldt lent himself to become active in securing the order of deportation against Marx. The family was driven to Brussels. Then came the revolution of February. During the disorders that broke out also in Brussels in consequence, Marx was not only arrested, but the Belgian government did not stop short of throwing his wife into prison without cause.

“The revolutionary upswing of 1848 broke down the very next year. New exile, first in Paris and then, in consequence of renewed interference of the French government, in London. And this time it was, indeed, for Jenny Marx exile with all its terrors. The material pressure, under the weight of which she saw her two boys and a little baby girl sink into their graves, she might after all have overcome. But that government and bourgeois opposition, from the vulgar-liberal to the democratic, united in one great conspiracy against her husband, that they showered upon him the most miserable and contemptible slanders, that the entire press was closed to him, cutting off all defense, so that for the moment he stood unarmed before foes whom both he and she had to hold in contempt—that had wounded her deeply. And that lasted for a long time.

“But not forever. The European proletariat again attained conditions of existence in which it could move with somewhat greater freedom. The International was

founded. From country to country the class struggle of the proletariat proceeded, and in the front ranks fought her husband, the very first. Then began for her a time that compensated for many hard sufferings. She lived to see the day when the slanders, rained as thick as hail upon Marx, were blown aside like chaff before the wind, and when his theory, to suppress which all reactionary parties, Feudalists as well as Democrats, had taken such extraordinary pains, is now being preached from the housetops in all civilized countries and in all cultural languages. She lived to see the proletarian movement, with which her whole being was saturated, shake up the old world in all its seams from Russia to America and, all opposition notwithstanding, progress ever more certain of victory. And one of her last joys was the striking proof of indomitable vitality which our German workers demonstrated during the last Reichstag elections.

“What such a woman, endowed with so keen and critical a mind, with such political tact, with such energy and passion of character, with such devotion for the comrades struggling in this movement, has accomplished during almost forty years, that has not forced itself upon public attention, that is not to be found in the annals of the contemporary press. That, one must have lived through. But this I know, if the women of the Commune refugees will ever so often think of her, we others shall often enough miss her courageous and prudent counsel—courageous, without boastfulness, prudent, without impairment of honor.

“I need not speak of her personal attributes. Her friends know her and will not forget her. And if ever there was a woman who found her greatest happiness in making others happy, then this was the woman.”



*KARL MARX, THE MAN*

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After the death of his wife, Marx's life was but a chain of physical and moral sufferings borne with stoic endurance, sufferings which became still more poignant when a year later his eldest daughter, Mrs. Longuet, died suddenly. He was broken and never did recover. He passed away, seated at his desk, on March 14, 1883, in his sixty-seventh year.

(The End.)

## ORATION AT THE GRAVE OF MARX

*By Frederick Engels*

On March 14, at a quarter to three in the afternoon, the greatest of living thinkers ceased to think. He had been left alone for barely two minutes; but when we entered his room we found that, seated in his chair, he had quietly gone to sleep—forever.

The loss which his death has inflicted upon the fighting proletariat in Europe and America, and upon the science of history, is immeasurable. The gaps that will be made by the death of this titan will soon be felt.

Just as Darwin discovered the law of evolution in organic nature, so Marx discovered the law of evolution in human history. He discovered the simple fact (heretofore hidden beneath ideological excrescences) that human beings must have food and drink, clothing and shelter, first of all, before they can interest themselves in politics, science, art, religion and the like. This implies that the production of the immediately requisite material means of subsistence, and therewith the extant economic developmental phase of a nation or an epoch, constitute the foundation upon which the State institutions, the legal outlooks, the artistic and even the religious ideas, of those concerned, have been built up. It implies that these latter must be explained out of the former, whereas usually the former have been explained as issuing from the latter.

Nor was this all. Marx likewise discovered the special law of motion proper to the contemporary capitalist method of production and to the bourgeois society which

## KARL MARX, THE MAN

that method of production has brought into being. The discovery of surplus value suddenly threw light here, whereas all previous investigators (Socialist critics no less than bourgeois economists) had been groping in the dark.

Two such discoveries might suffice for one man's lifetime. Fortunate is he who is privileged to make even one discovery so outstanding. But in every field he studied (the fields were many, and the studies were exhaustive), Marx made independent discoveries—even in mathematics.

I have pictured the man of science. But the man of science was still only half the man. For Marx, science was a motive force of history, was a revolutionary force. Whilst he took a pure delight in a purely theoretical discovery, in one which had not and perhaps never would have a practical application, he experienced a joy of a very different kind when he was concerned with a discovery which would forthwith exert a revolutionary influence on industry, on historical evolution in general. For instance, he paid close attention to the advances of electrical science, and, of late years, to the discoveries of Marcel Deprez.

For before all else, Marx was a revolutionist. To collaborate in one way or another in the overthrow of capitalist society and of the State institutions created by that society; to collaborate in the freeing of the modern proletariat, which he was the first to inspire with a consciousness of its needs, with a knowledge of the conditions requisite for its emancipation—this was his true mission in life. Fighting was his natural element. Few men ever fought with so much passion, tenacity and success. His work on the *Rheinische Zeitung* in 1842, on the

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Parisian *Vorwaerts* in 1844, on the *Deutsche Bruesseler Zeitung* in 1847, on the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung* in 1848 and 1849, on the *New York Tribune* from 1852 to 1861; a great number of pamphlets, multifarious activities in Paris, Brussels and London; finally, as crown of his labors, the foundation of the International Workingmen's Association: there you have his record. Had Marx done nothing but found the International that was an achievement of which he might well have been proud.

Because he was an active revolutionist, Marx was the best hated and most calumniated man of his time. He was shown the door by various governments, republican as well as absolute. Bourgeois, ultra-democrats as well as conservatives, vied with one another in spreading libels about him. He brushed these aside like cobwebs, ignored them, only troubled to answer them when he positively had to. Yet he has gone down to his death honored, loved and mourned by millions of revolutionary workers all over the world, in Europe and Asia as far eastward as the Siberian mines, and in America as far westward as California. I can boldly assert that, while he may still have many adversaries, he has now hardly one personal enemy.

His name and his works will live on through the centuries.

## *An Interview With Karl Marx*

*By John Swinton*<sup>2</sup>

One of the most remarkable men of the day who has played an inscrutable but puissant part in the revolutionary politics of the past forty years is Karl Marx. A man without desire for show or fame, caring nothing for the fanfaronade of life or the pretense of power, without haste and without rest, a man of strong, broad, elevated mind, full of far-reaching projects, logical methods, and practical aims, he has stood and yet stands behind more of the earthquakes which have convulsed nations and destroyed thrones, and do now menace and appall crowned heads and established frauds, than any other man in Europe, not excepting Joseph Mazzini himself. The student of Berlin, the critic of Hegelianism, the editor of papers, and the old-time correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, he showed his qualities and his spirit: the founder and master spirit of the once-dreaded International and the author of *Capital*, he has been expelled from half the countries of Europe, proscribed in nearly all of them, and for thirty years past has found refuge in London.

He was at Ramsgate, the great seashore resort of the Londoners, while I was in London, and there I found him in his cottage, with his family of two generations. The

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<sup>2</sup> John Swinton was a distinguished American journalist. During the Civil War he was managing editor of the *New York Times*. Later he became chief writer on the staff of the *New York Sun*. He died in 1901. The interview, published here, appeared in the *New York Sun*, September 6, 1880.

saintly faced, sweet-voiced, graceful woman of suavity who welcomed me at the door was evidently the mistress of the house and the wife of Karl Marx. And is this massive-headed, generous-featured, courtly, kindly man of 60, with the bushy masses of long revelling [sic] gray hair, Karl Marx? His dialogue reminded me of that of Socrates—so free, so sweeping, so creative, so incisive, so genuine—with its sardonic touches, its gleams of humor, and its sportive merriment. He spoke of the political forces and popular movements of the various countries of Europe—the vast current of the spirit of Russia, the motions of the German mind, the action of France, the immobility of England. He spoke hopefully of Russia, philosophically of Germany, cheerfully of France, and somberly of England—referring contemptuously to the atomistic reforms over which the Liberals of the British Parliament spend their time. Surveying the European world, country after country, indicating the features and the developments and the personages of the surface and under the surface, he showed that things were working toward ends which will assuredly be realized. I was often surprised as he spoke. It was evident that this man, of whom so little is seen or heard, is deep in the times, and that, from the Neva to the Seine, from the Urals to the Pyrenees, his hand is at work preparing the way for the new advent. Nor is his work wasted now any more than it has been in the past, during which so many desirable changes have been brought about, so many heroic struggles have been seen, and the French Republic has been set up on the heights. As he spoke, the question I had put, “Why are you doing nothing now?” was seen to be a question of the unlearned, and one to which he could not make direct answer.

## KARL MARX, THE MAN

Inquiring why his great work, *Capital*, the seedfield of so many crops, had not been put into English as it has been put into Russian and French from the original German, he seemed unable to tell, but said that a proposition for an English translation had come to him from New York. He said that that book was but a fragment, a single part of a work in three parts, two of the parts being yet unpublished, the full trilogy being “Land,” “Capital,” “Credit,” the last part, he said, being largely illustrated from the United States, where credit has had such an amazing development. Mr. Marx is an observer of American action, and his remarks upon some of the formative and substantive forces of American life were full of suggestiveness. By the way, in referring to his *Capital*, he said that any one who might desire to read it would find the French translation much superior in many ways to the German original. Mr. Marx referred to Henri Rochefort, the Frenchman, and in his talk of some of his dead disciples, the stormy Bakunin,<sup>3</sup> the brilliant Lassalle,<sup>4</sup> and others, I could see how his genius had taken hold of men who, under other circumstances, might have directed the course of history.

The afternoon is waning toward the long twilight of

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<sup>3</sup> It is evident here that Swinton labored under a misapprehension. Michael Bakunin was no disciple of Marx. On the contrary, he was one of the founders of anarchism and, as such, was an opponent of Marx. Bakunin and his anarchist contingent tried to capture the International Workingmen’s Association (First International), but Marx and Engels had the International’s headquarters moved to New York to prevent the organization from falling into Bakunin’s hands. This, in itself, reveals the extremely hostile nature of their relationship.

<sup>4</sup> Nor was Ferdinand Lassalle ever a disciple of Marx. Lassalle was a Social Democratic reformer. Although there was a period when Marx tried to work with him, he was compelled ultimately to sever relations with Lassalle and assume an openly hostile attitude.

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an English summer evening as Mr. Marx discourses, and he proposes a walk through the seaside town and along the shore to the beach, upon which we see many thousand people, largely children, disporting themselves. Here we find on the sands his family party—the wife, who had already welcomed me, his two daughters with their children, and his two sons-in-law, one of whom is a professor in King’s College, London, and the other, I believe, a man of letters. It was a delightful party—about ten in all—the father of the two young wives, who were happy with their children, and the grandmother of the children, rich in the joysomeness and serenity of her wifely nature. Not less finely than Victor Hugo himself does Karl Marx understand the art of being a grandfather; but more fortunate than Hugo, the married children of Marx live to cheer his years. Toward nightfall he and his sons-in-law part from their families to pass an hour with their American guest. And the talk was of the world, and of man, and of time, and of ideas, as our glasses tinkled over the sea. The railway train waits for no man, and night is at hand.



## *A Visit With Karl Marx\**

LONDON, Dec. 18.—In a little villa at Haverstock Hill, in the northwest portion of London, lives Karl Marx, the cornerstone of modern Socialism. He was exiled from his native country—Germany—in 1844, for propagating revolutionary theories. In 1848 he returned, but in a few months was again exiled. He then took up his abode in Paris, but his political theories procured his expulsion from that city in 1849, and since that year his headquarters have been in London. His convictions have caused him trouble from the beginning. Judging from the appearance of his home, they certainly have not brought him affluence. Persistently during all these years he has advocated his views with an earnestness which undoubtedly springs from a firm belief in them, and, however much we may deprecate their propagation, we cannot but respect to a certain extent the self-denial of the now venerable exile.

### YOUR CORRESPONDENT HAS CALLED UPON HIM

twice or thrice, and each time the Doctor<sup>5</sup> was found in his library, with a book in one hand and a cigarette in the other. He must be over 70 year of age.<sup>6</sup> His physique

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\* Except for the addition of footnotes and some bracketed words, this interview appears here exactly as it appeared in the *New York Tribune* in 1879. The subheads appear as in the original, and as part of the text.

<sup>5</sup> Marx was awarded a degree of Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Jena in 1841. His undergraduate work was performed at the Universities of Bonn and Berlin.

<sup>6</sup> At the time of the interview, Marx was midway between 60 and 61.

is well-knit, massive and erect. He has the head of a man of intellect and the features of a cultivated Jew. His hair and beard are long, and iron-gray in color. His eyes are glittering black, shaded by a pair of bushy eyebrows. To a stranger he shows extreme caution. A foreigner can generally gain admission; but the ancient-looking German woman<sup>7</sup> who waits upon visitors has instructions to admit none who hail from the Fatherland, unless they bear letters of introduction. Once into his library, however, and, having fixed his one eye glass in the corner of his eye, in order to take your intellectual breadth and depth, so to speak, he loses that self-restraint, and unfolds to you a knowledge of men and things throughout the world apt to interest one. And his conversation does not run in one groove, but is as varied as are the volumes upon his library shelves. A man can generally be judged by the books he reads, and you can form your own conclusions when I tell you a casual glance revealed Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Moliere, Racine, Montaigne, Bacon, Goethe, Voltaire, Paine, English, American, French blue-books; works political and philosophical in Russian, German, Spanish, Italian, etc., etc. During my conversation I was struck with

#### HIS INTIMACY WITH AMERICAN QUESTIONS

which have been uppermost during the past 20 years.<sup>8</sup>

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The hardship of his life and illness made him look older than he was.

<sup>7</sup> The "ancient-looking German woman" was undoubtedly Helene Demuth, the housekeeper and friend of the Marx family. Frederick Engels attested that this remarkable woman was frequently consulted by him and Marx on Socialist questions.

<sup>8</sup> Marx was for many years a European correspondent of the *New York Tribune*.

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His knowledge of them, and the surprising accuracy with which he criticized our National and State legislation, impressed upon my mind the fact that he must have derived his information from inside sources. But, indeed, this knowledge is not confined to America, but is spread over the face of Europe. When speaking of his hobby—Socialism—he does not indulge in those melodramatic flights generally attributed to him, but dwells upon his utopian plans for “the emancipation of the human race” with a gravity and an earnestness indicating a firm conviction in realization of his theories, if not in this century, at least in the next.

Perhaps Dr. Karl Marx is better known in America as the author of *Capital*, and the founder of the International Society,<sup>9</sup> or at least its most prominent pillar. In the interview which follows, you will see what he says of this Society as it at present exists. However, in the meantime, I will give you a few extracts from the printed general rules of

### THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

published in 1871, by order of the General Council, from which you can form an impartial judgment of its aims and ends. The preamble sets forth “that the emancipation of the working classes must be conquered by the working classes themselves; that the struggle for the emancipation of the working classes means not a struggle for class privileges and monopolies, but for equal

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<sup>9</sup> The “International Society” was the International Workingmen’s Association, founded in 1864. Following the founding of the Socialist and Labor International, known as the Second International, the earlier International came to be known as the First International.

rights and duties, and the abolition of all class rule; that the ecumenical subjection of the man of labor to the monopolizer of the means of labor—that is, the sources of life—lies at the bottom of servitude in all its forms, of all social misery, mental degradation, and political dependence; that all efforts aiming at the universal emancipation of the working classes have hitherto failed from want of solidarity between the manifold divisions of labor in each country,” and the preamble calls for “the immediate combination of the still disconnected movements.” It goes on to say that the International Association acknowledges “no rights without duties, no duties without rights”—thus making every member a worker. The Association was formed at London “to afford a central medium of communication and cooperation between the Workingmen’s Societies in the different countries, aiming at the same end, namely: the protection, advancement, and complete emancipation of the working classes.” “Each member,” the document further says, “of the International Association, on removing his domicile from one country to another, will receive the fraternal support of the associated workingmen.”

#### THE SOCIETY CONSISTS

of a General Congress, which meets annually; a General Council, which forms “an international agency between the different national and local groups of the Association, so that the workingmen in one country can be constantly informed of the movements of their class in every other country.” This Council receives and acts upon applications of new Branches or Sections to join the International, decides differences arising between the Sec-

## KARL MARX, THE MAN

tions,<sup>10</sup> and, in fact, to use an American phrase, “runs the machine.” The expenses of the General Council are defrayed by an annual contribution of an English penny per member. Then come the Federal Councils or Committees, and local Sections in the various countries. The Federal Councils are bound to send one report at least every month to the General Council, and every three months a report on the administration and financial state of their respective Sections. Whenever attacks against the International are published, the nearest Branch or Committee is bound to send at once a copy of such publication to the General Council. The formation of Female Branches among the working classes is recommended.

### THE GENERAL COUNCIL

comprises the following: R. Applegarth, M.T. Boon, Fredrick Bradnick, G.H. Buttery, E. Delahaye, Eugene Dupont (on mission), William Hales, G. Harris, Hurliman, Jules Johannard, Harriet Law, Frederick Lessner, Lochner, Charles Longuet, C. Martin, Zevy Maurice, Henry Mayo, George Milner, Charles Murray, Pfander, John Roach, Ruhl Sadler, Cowell Stepney, Alfred Taylor, W. Townshend, E. Vaillant, John Weston. The corresponding secretaries for the various countries are: Leo Frankel, for Austria and Hungary; A. Herman, Belgium; T. Mottersbend [Mottershead], Denmark; A. Serrailier,

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<sup>10</sup> Units of the First International were known as “Sections,” a term that survives today in the units of the Socialist Labor Party of America, which traces back in a broken line through the old Socialistic Labor Party and Workingmen’s Party to the First International in America.

## PAUL LAFARGUE

France; Karl Marx, Germany and Russia; Charles Ro-  
chat, Holland; J.P. [P.J.] McDonnell, Ireland; Frederick  
Engels, Italy and Spain; Walery [Valery] Wroblewski,  
Poland; Herman Jung, Switzerland; J.G. Eccarius,  
United States; Le Moussu, for French Branches of  
United States.

During my visit to Dr. Marx I alluded to the platform  
given by J.C. Bancroft Davis in his official report of  
1877<sup>11</sup> as the clearest and most concise exposition of So-  
cialism that I had seen. He said it was taken from the  
report of the Socialist reunion at Gotha, Germany, in  
May, 1875. The translation was incorrect, he said, and  
he

### VOLUNTERED A CORRECTION

which I append as he dictated:

First—Universal, direct, and secret suffrage for all  
males over 20 years, for all elections, Municipal and  
State.

Second—Direct legislation by the people. War and  
peace to be made by direct popular vote.

Third—Universal obligation to militia duty. No stand-  
ing army.

Fourth—Abolition of all special legislation restricting  
press-laws and public meetings.

Fifth—Legal remedies free of expense. Legal proceed-  
ings to be conducted by the people.

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<sup>11</sup> The official report of John Chandler Bancroft Davis, who was U.S. Minister to Germany. The report was addressed to President Grant's Secretary of State, Hamilton Fish. It was headed: "United States. State Department. Papers Relating to Foreign Relations of the United States. Washington. Government Printing Office, 1877, p. 175-180."

## *KARL MARX, THE MAN*

Sixth—Education to be by the State—general, obligatory, and free. Freedom of science and religion.

Seventh—All indirect taxes to be abolished. Money to be raised for State and Municipal purposes by a direct progressive income tax.

Eighth—Freedom of combination among the working classes.

Ninth—The legal day of labor for men to be defined. The work of women to be limited, and that of children to be abolished.

Tenth—Sanitary laws for the protection of life and health of laborers, and regulation of their dwellings and places of labor, to be enforced by persons selected by them.

Eleventh—Suitable provisions respecting prison labor. In Mr. Bancroft Davis's report there is

### A TWELFTH CLAUSE,

the most important of all, which reads: "State aid and credit for industrial societies, under democratic direction." I asked the Doctor why he omitted this, and he replied:

"When the reunion took place at Gotha, in 1875, there existed a division among the Social Democrats. The one wing were partisans of Lassalle; the others, those who had accepted in general the program of the International organization, and were called the Eisenach party. That twelfth point was not placed on the platform, but placed in the general introduction by way of concession to the Lassallians. Afterwards it was never spoken of. Mr. Davis does not say that it was placed in the program as a compromise having no particular significance, but

gravely puts it in as one of the cardinal principles of the program.”

“But,” I said, “Socialists generally look upon the transformation of the means of labor into the common property of society as the grand climax of the movement.”

“Yes, we say that this will be the outcome of the movement, but it will be a question of time, of education, and the institution of a higher social status.”

“This platform,” I remarked, “applies only to Germany and one or two other countries.”

“Ah!” he returned, “if you draw your conclusions from nothing but this, you know nothing of the activity of the party. Many of the points have no significance outside of Germany. Spain, Russia, England, and America have platforms suited to their peculiar difficulties. The only similarity in them is the end to be attained.”

“And that is the supremacy of labor?”

“That is the

#### EMANCIPATION OF LABOR.

“Do European Socialists look upon the movement in America as a serious one?”

“Yes; it is the natural outcome of the country’s development. It has been said that the movement has been imported by foreigners. When labor movements became disagreeable in England 50 year ago, the same thing was said; and that was long ago before Socialism was spoken of. In America, since 1857 only has the labor movement become conspicuous. Then Trades-Unions began to flourish; then Trades-Assemblies were formed, in which the workers in different industries united; and after that came National Labor Unions. If you consider this



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chronological progress, you will see that Socialism has sprung up in that country without the aid of foreigners, and was merely caused by the concentration of capital and the changed relations between the workmen and their employers.”

“Now,” asked your correspondent, “what has Socialism done so far?”

“Two things,” he returned. “Socialists have shown the general universal struggle between capital and labor—

### THE COSMOPOLITAN CHARACTER,

in one word—and consequently tried to bring about an understanding between the workmen in the different countries, which became more necessary as the capitalists became more cosmopolitan in hiring labor, pitting foreign against native labor not only in America but in England, France, and Germany. International relations sprung up at once between the workmen in the different countries, showing that Socialism was not merely a local but an international problem, to be solved by the international action of workmen. The working classes moved spontaneously, without knowing what the ends of the movement will be. The Socialists invent no movement, but merely tell the workmen what its character and its ends will be.”

“Which means the overthrowing of the present social system,” I interrupted.

“This system of land and capital in the hands of employers, on the one hand,” he continued, “and the mere working power in the hands of the laborers to sell as a commodity, we claim is an historical phase, which will pass away and give place to

A HIGHER SOCIAL CONDITION.

We see everywhere a division of society. The antagonism of the two classes goes hand in hand with the development of the industrial resources of modern countries. From a Socialistic standpoint, the means already exist to revolutionize the present historical phase. Upon Trades-Unions, in many countries, have been built political organization. In America, the need of an independent Workingmen's party has been made manifest. They can no longer trust politicians. Rings and cliques have seized upon the Legislature, and politics has been made a trade. But America is not alone in this, only its people are more decisive than Europeans. Things come to the surface quicker. There is less cant and hypocrisy than there is on this side of the ocean."

I asked him to give me a reason for the rapid growth of the Socialistic party in Germany, when he replied: "The present Socialistic party came last. Theirs was not the Utopian scheme which made some headway in France and England. The German mind is given to theorizing, more than that of other peoples. From previous experience the German evolved something practical. This modern capitalistic system, you must recollect, is quite new in Germany in comparison to other States. Questions were raised which had become almost antiquated in France and England, and political influences to which these States had yielded sprang into life when the working classes of Germany had become imbued with Socialistic theories. Therefore, from the beginning almost of modern industrial development, they have formed

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### AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL PARTY.

They had their own representatives in the German Parliament. There was no party to oppose the policy of the Government, and this devolved upon them. To trace the course of the party would take a long time; but I may say this: that, if the middle classes<sup>12</sup> of Germany were not the greatest cowards, distinct from the middle classes of America and England, all the political work against the Government should have been done by them.”

I asked him a question regarding the numerical strength of the Lassallians in the ranks of the Internationalists.

“The party of Lassalle,” he replied, “does not exist. Of course, there are some believers in our ranks, but the number is small. Lassalle anticipated our general principles. When he commenced to move after the reaction of 1848, he fancied that he could more successfully revive the movement by advocating co-operation of the workmen in industrial enterprises. It was to stir them into activity. He looked upon this merely as a means to the real end of the movement. I have letters from him to this effect.”

“You would call it his nostrum?”

“Exactly. He called upon Bismarck, told him what he designed, and Bismarck encouraged Lassalle’s course at that time in every possible way.”

“What was his object?”

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<sup>12</sup> Marx used “middle classes” in the original use of the term, meaning the capitalist class between the workers and others of the bottom of the social heap and the aristocratic landowners on top. Properly speaking, there is no middle class in the United States, where the two great subdivisions of society are the working class and the capitalist class.

“He wished to use the working classes as a set-off against the middle classes who instigated the troubles of 1848.”<sup>13</sup>

“It is said that you are the head and front of Socialism, Doctor, and from your villa here pull the wires of all the associations, revolutions, etc., now going on. What do you say about it?”

The old gentleman smiled: “I know it.

IT IS VERY ABSURD;

yet it has a comic side. For two months previous to the attempt of Hoedel, Bismarck complained in his *North German Gazette* that I was in league with Father Beck, the leader of the Jesuit movement, and that we were keeping the Socialist movement in such a condition that he could do nothing with it.”

“But your International Society in London directs the movement?”

“The International Society has outlived its usefulness

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<sup>13</sup> The “troubles of 1848” in Germany and many other parts of Europe involved the attempts by growing capitalist interests to win from the dominant landowning interests such civil rights as existed in England and the United States. Under the conditions imposed upon society by the aristocrats, the struggle was necessarily violent, as the ruling class in power refused to listen to pleas; and, naturally, no electoral machinery existed for the peaceful settlement of the dispute. The rising capitalist class was forced to engage in armed struggle, for political change could not be otherwise effected. This background must be kept in mind in relation to the early Socialist demands for the forcible overthrow of class rule.

At the Hague Congress of the First International, in 1872, Marx said: “We know that one has to take into consideration the institutions, mores, and traditions of the different countries and we do not deny that there are countries like England and America and if I am familiar with your institutions, Holland, where labor may attain its goal by peaceful means.”

and exists no longer. It did exist and direct the movement, but the growth of Socialism of late years has been so great that its existence has become unnecessary. Newspapers have been started in the various countries. These are interchanged. That is about the only connection the parties in the different countries have with one another. The International Society, in the first instance, was created to bring the workmen together, and show the advisability of effecting organization among their various nationalities. The interests of each party in the different countries have no similarity. This specter of the Internationalist leaders sitting at London is a mere invention. It is true that we dictated to foreign societies when the Internationalist organization was first accomplished. We were forced to exclude some Sections in New York, among them one in which Madam Woodhull<sup>14</sup> was conspicuous. That was in 1871. There are several American politicians—I will not name them—who wish to trade in the movement. They are well known to American Socialists.”

“You and your followers, Dr. Marx, have been credited with all sorts of incendiary speeches against religion. Of course, you would like to see the whole system destroyed, root and branch.”

“We know,” he replied after a moment’s hesitation, “that violent measures against religion are nonsense;

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<sup>14</sup> “Madam Woodhull” was Victoria Woodhull, one of two sisters (the other being Tennessee Claflin) who shocked New York in the period under discussion. Mrs. Woodhull more or less seized control of a Section of the First International in America and posed as a Socialist while at the same time running a successful brokerage house under the patronage of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, the railroad capitalist. Such adventurers helped to bring about the demise of the International in America.

but this is an opinion: as Socialism grows, religion will disappear. Its disappearance must be done by social development, in which education must play a great part.”

“The Rev. Joseph Cook<sup>15</sup> of Boston—you know him—”

“We heard of him; a very badly informed man upon the subject of Socialism.”

“In a lecture lately upon the subject, he said: ‘Karl Marx is credited now with saying that, in the United States and in Great Britain, and perhaps in France, a reform of labor will occur without bloody revolution, but that blood must be shed in Germany, and in Russia, and in Italy, and in Austria.’”

“No Socialist,” remarked the Doctor, smiling, “need predict that there will be a bloody revolution in Russia, Germany, Austria, and possibly in Italy if the Italians keep on in the policy they are now pursuing.<sup>16</sup> The deeds of the French Revolution may be enacted again in those countries. That is apparent to any political student. But those revolutions will be made by the majority. No revolution can be made by a party,

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<sup>15</sup> The Rev. Joseph Cook was a popular lecturer on secular subjects, his specialty, apart from defending capitalism, being harmonizing science and the Bible.

<sup>16</sup> Italy’s bourgeois, or capitalist, revolution, carried out by violence under Garibaldi, solidified Italy into a kingdom at the expense of the Church’s Papal States and other sovereignties that stood in the way of Italian unification. The Popes’ claim to temporal sovereignty would not have been voluntarily yielded. Capitalist force was required to cancel it and to bring the big central part of Italy from medieval clerical feudalism to the 19th century. Marx apparently had in mind, with reference to the possibility of more bloodshed in Italy, the crisis over the death of King Victor Emmanuel II and the Italian State’s penalties for Church hierarchs who used their religious influence to undermine the Italian monarchy and Italian unification, and to restore the Church’s sovereignty over a great part of the land.

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BUT BY A NATION.”

“The reverend gentleman alluded to,” I remarked, “gave an extract from a letter which he said you addressed to the Communists of Paris in 1871. Here it is: ‘We are as yet but 3,000,000 at most. In 20 years we shall be 50,000,000—100,000,000 perhaps. Then the world will belong to us, for it will be not only Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, which will be against odious capital, but Berlin, Munich, Dresden, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Brussels, St. Petersburg, New York—in short, the whole world. And before this new insurrection, such as history has not yet known, the past will disappear like a hideous nightmare: for the popular conflagration, kindled at a hundred points at once, will destroy even its memory!’ Now, Doctor, I suppose you admit the authorship of that extract?”

“I never wrote a word of it. I never write

SUCH MELODRAMATIC NONSENSE.

I am very careful what I do write. That was put in *Le Figaro* over my signature about that time. There were hundreds of the same kind of letters flying about then. I wrote to the London *Times* and declared they were forgeries; but, if I denied everything that has been said and written of me, I would require a score of secretaries.”

“But you have written in sympathy with the Paris Communists?”

“Certainly I have, in consideration of what was written of them in leading articles; but the correspondence from Paris in English papers is quite sufficient to refute the blunders propagated in editorials. The Commune killed only about 60 people; Marshal MacMahon and his

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slaughtering army killed over 60,000. There has never been a movement so slandered as that of the Commune.”

“Well, then, to carry out the principles of Socialism do its believers advocate assassination and bloodshed?”

“No great movement,” Karl Marx answered, “has ever been inaugurated

WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

The independence of America was won by bloodshed. Napoleon captured France through a bloody process, and he was overthrown by the same means. Italy, England, Germany, and every other country gives proof of this, and as for assassination,” he went on to say, “it is not a new thing, I need scarcely say. Orsini tried to kill Napoleon; Kings have killed more than anybody else; the Jesuits have killed; the Puritans killed at the time of Cromwell. These deeds were all done or attempted before Socialism was known. Every attempt, however, now made upon a Royal or State individual is attributed to Socialism. The Socialists would regret very much the death of the German Emperor at the present time. He is very useful where he is; and Bismarck has done more for the cause than any other statesman, by driving things to extremes.”<sup>17</sup>

I asked Dr. Marx

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<sup>17</sup> Marx’s discussion was aimed at showing that it was private-property, class-rule forces that practice regicide and other forms of assassination. Marx’s letter to President Andrew Johnson, on behalf of the First International, upon the assassination of President Lincoln by a proslavery partisan, reaffirmed the point that assassins are bred by defenders of property, not of Socialism.



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### WHAT HE THOUGHT OF BISMARCK.

He replied that "Napoleon was considered a genius before he fell; then he was called a fool. Bismarck will follow in his wake. He began by building up a despotism under the plea of unification. His course had been plain to all. The last move is but an attempted imitation of a coup d'état; but it will fail. The Socialists of Germany, as of France, protested against the war of 1870 as merely dynastic. They issued manifestoes foretelling the German people that, if they allowed the pretended war of defense to be turned into a war of conquest, they would be punished by the establishment of military despotism and the ruthless oppression of the productive masses. The Social Democratic party in Germany, thereupon holding meetings and publishing manifestoes for an honorable peace with France, were at once prosecuted by the Prussian Government, and many of the leaders imprisoned. Still their Deputies alone dared to protest, and very vigorously, too, in the German Reichstag, against the forcible annexation of French provinces. However, Bismarck carried his policy by force, and people spoke of the genius of a Bismarck. The war was fought, and, when he could make no more conquests, he was called upon for original ideas, and he has signally failed. The people began to lose faith in him. His popularity was on the wane. He needs money, and the State needs it. Under a sham Constitution he has taxed the people for his military and unification plans until he can tax them no longer, and now he seeks to do it with no Constitution at all. For the purpose of levying as he chooses, he has

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raised the ghost of Socialism, and has done everything in his power

TO CREATE AN EMEUTE.”<sup>18</sup>

“You have continual advices from Berlin?”

“Yes,” he said, “my friends keep me well advised. It is in a perfectly quiet state, and Bismarck is disappointed. He has expelled 48 prominent men—among them Deputies Hasselman and Fritche, and Rakow, Bauman and Auar, of the *Freie Presse*. These men kept the workmen of Berlin quiet. Bismarck knew this. He also knew that there were 75,000 workmen in that city upon the verge of starvation. Once those leaders were gone, he was confident that the mob would rise, and that would be the cue for a carnival of slaughter. The screws would then be put upon the whole German Empire; his pet theory of blood and iron would then have full sway, and taxation could be levied to any extent. So far no *emeute* has occurred, and he stands today confounded at the situation and the ridicule of all statesmen.”

—H.

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<sup>18</sup> A Riot, disturbance, tumult, rising, outbreak.