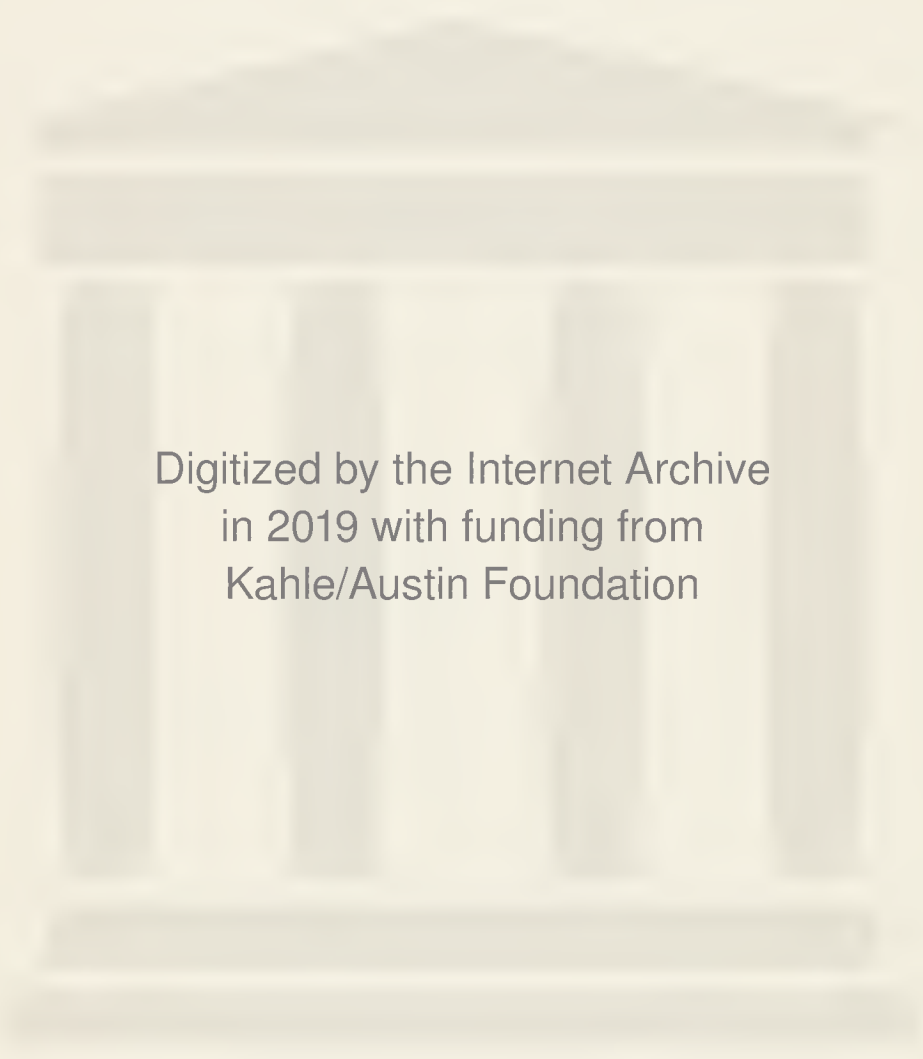


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THE UNKNOWN KARL MARX

THE UNKNOWN
KARL MARX

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documents concerning Karl Marx
edited with an introduction by

Robert Payne

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Introduction

In the following pages I have gathered together a number of documents concerning Karl Marx which have never, so far as I know, been published in America.

They include Karl Marx's essay *On the Union of the Faithful with Christ according to John XV, 1-14, described in its Ground and Essence, in its Unconditional Necessity and in its Effects*, and two other youthful essays; his poetic tragedy *Oulanem*; Jenny Marx's autobiography called *A Short Sketch of an Eventful Life*; two short works written by Marx called *The Story of the Life of Lord Palmerston* and *Secret Diplomatic History of the Eighteenth Century*; and the letters written by Eleanor Marx to Frederick Demuth, who was Marx's illegitimate son, during the last sad months of her life. I have also included a police report on Marx and the German revolutionaries in London submitted to Lord Palmerston by Baron Manteuffel and a letter written by Heinrich Heine to Marx at a time when they were close friends.

These documents throw some light on Marx's character, his sufferings and passions. We see him at his best and his worst. The lofty humanitarian idealism of the early essays, the tender verses exchanged between Lucindo and Beatrice in *Oulanem*, and some of his sallies against Lord Palmerston give us the op-

portunity to see a little-known side of him. The long speech of Oulanem consigning the world to damnation and annihilation offers a clue to the real nature of the conflict he resolved in *The Communist Manifesto*, which was to have such an extraordinary influence on world history. Jenny Marx's autobiography tells us more than we might expect to know about her life with her husband. The letters of Eleanor Marx to Frederick Demuth, with their utter hopelessness and despair, show the theme of self-destruction continuing into the second generation: two of Marx's daughters committed suicide. In the concluding chapters of *Secret Diplomatic History of the Eighteenth Century* Marx states his views on Russian history and the characters of Russian rulers, thus providing an ironic commentary to the Marxist state which Lenin introduced in Russia thirty-four years after Marx's death.

These documents help us to see the man through the mists of legend. We see him in human terms: idealistic, improvident, garrulous, easily hurt, determined to exact vengeance for his hurts, at times close to suicide, in love with poetry, which was his enduring protection against the world's malice. When he wrote at his best, he summoned poetry to his aid: his most memorable lines have the clang and shock of poetry. The portrait that finally emerges is that of a driven romantic, hating fiercely, at the mercy of forces over which he had little control, ungoverned and ungovernable: and at the heart of him there is the one thing we least suspected in him—a passionate poetry.

THE UNKNOWN KARL MARX

The Unknown Karl Marx

I

For many years there has stood in Highgate Cemetery in northern London a statue of Karl Marx on a heavy granite base. We see only the head with jutting brows, widely spaced eyes and thickly tangled beard, and there is about this strange presence hammered out of iron something of the fierce glittering aspect of an Assyrian emperor, not unlike the huge Assyrian emperors with the faces of men and the bodies of bulls who stand guard in the British Museum within a stone's throw of the Reading Room. Marx knew those statues of Assyrian emperors, and sometimes commented on them, and did not like them. They represented the ancient world with its divine kings only too well, and farthest of all from his affections was the undisputed rule of kings and emperors.

The portrait of Marx is so heavy that it seems to be slowly sinking into the granite pedestal. It has been carved with a kind of deliberate crudity, perhaps to suggest the massive power of his brain and the triumph of his doctrines, but it has only a remote resemblance to the man as he was. Two of the most memorable phrases connected with him are inscribed in gold on the base. One of them reads: *Workers of all lands, unite*. The words

were originally written by Karl Schapper, not by Karl Marx. The other phrase, taken from the *Theses on Feuerbach*, reads: *The philosophers have only interpreted the world in various ways: the point is to change it.* Since it is simply not true that philosophers have only interpreted the world—Socrates, Plato, and many others fought valiantly to change it—there was perhaps some reason for carving this second inscription low down on the pedestal, where it is usually concealed by mountains of wreaths placed there by the official delegates of various communist parties.

When Karl Marx died in March 1883, he was buried low down on the hill of Highgate Cemetery under a grove of trees. It was a secluded place, always difficult to find, and the long grass grew over the long flat tombstone. In 1956 the Communist Party of Great Britain at the urging of Moscow obtained permission for a new grave site half way up the hill, and here they erected the twelve-foot high monument to Marx. It is certainly the tallest monument in the cemetery, but it dominates only the small crosses surrounding it, while completely failing to dominate the armies of stone angels who sweep down the hillside. The ugly Germanic monument resembles a dark island set in a white sea.

There were, of course, perfectly comprehensible reasons why the Communists should have felt that some special honor was due to Marx. By 1956 his stature had vastly increased and about a fifth of the world's population lay, to use Lenin's phrase, "under the banner of Marxism." The human Marx had vanished: he had entered the world of legends, a strange world in which ordinary mortals have no place, where demons and ghosts preside, and where nothing is what it seems to be. In this world of legends he would assume many forms, growing or diminishing according to the tides of human passions, never at rest. Words he had once spoken would be taken out of context and proclaimed as ultimate truths; armies would be summoned into existence in his name; flourishing sectarians would announce that they alone had inherited the true doctrine and they would fly at the throats of other sectarians who thought themselves equally

devoted to Marxism. Nearly every great prophet or teacher leaves behind him an army of embattled sectarians. The Marxists were at each others' throats almost from the moment when Marx convened his first small communist party. This, too, was part of the legend.

The deification of Marx began on the day of his burial. To the ten people who stood round the grave Engels spoke in hushed tones about the passing of the greatest genius of the age. He used superlatives freely. It was not only that Marx rivaled Newton and Darwin in the breadth of his understanding of the forces that rule the universe, but he excelled them in the benefits he had conferred on mankind. He was a scientist, a mathematician, a humanitarian; he had discovered the laws that move society; he was the first to make the proletariat conscious of the role it was destined to play in history; he had invented a new methodology, which henceforth would be regarded as the only methodology by which the future shapes of society would be determined. He was a prophet, a seer, an authority on all the arts and religions, and there was not one field of scientific endeavor to which he had not contributed new ideas. Engels made no attempt to prove his claims for Marx: he stated them, as though they were known to everyone. "With the discovery of surplus value," Engels continued, "a new light was suddenly created, compared to which all the earlier investigations of bourgeois economists and socialist critics were no more than gropings in the dark."

Engels must have known that many of these claims were unfounded, and that Marx himself would have denied them vehemently, for he was a man who set great store by the truth. Marx often spoke of his contributions to political science, and he was careful to distinguish his own contributions from those made by others. "As for myself," he wrote to Joseph Weydemeyer on March 5, 1852, "no credit is due to me for discovering the existence of classes in modern society, nor yet the struggle between them. Long before me bourgeois historians had described the historical development of this class struggle and bourgeois economists had described the economic anatomy of the classes.

What I did was to prove: (1) that the *existence of classes* is only bound up with *particular historic phases in the development of production*; (2) that the class struggle necessarily leads to the *dictatorship of the proletariat*; (3) that this dictatorship itself only constitutes the transition to the *abolition of all classes* and to a *classless society*."

Marx's judgment of his work and his ideas was very clear and uncompromisingly honest. He had not in fact proved any of these things, but at least he had attempted to prove them and convinced himself that society was destined to pursue the course he had outlined for it. Marx's proofs concerning the dictatorship of the proletariat were in fact prophecies stated with great force and conviction. That the class struggle must necessarily lead to the dictatorship of the proletariat was his most original contribution to the theory of the class struggle, and he meant by the dictatorship of the proletariat precisely what he said: the ruling power would fall into the hands of the poor farmers and the unskilled and semi-skilled workers. The aristocrats, the bourgeoisie, and the skilled workers would be dethroned, and the poor, who formed the majority, would inherit the earth. Then in the course of time the dictatorship of the proletariat would give way to a classless society.

When Engels addressed the mourners by the graveside on that cold blustery day, he was not concerned to make a just appraisal of Marx's works. He was making a funeral *éloge* in praise of a man whose name was inextricably bound up with his own. A certain grandiloquence is traditionally associated with funerals. Engels, reading from his hurriedly written notes, found himself at the mercy of a tradition which can be traced back to the most ancient times. In his peroration he abandoned himself to hyperbole and claimed that Marx was at once the most hated and most beloved man on earth. He said:

And so it happened that Marx was the most hated and most calumniated man of his time. Governments, whether absolutist or republican, deported him, and

the bourgeois, whether conservative or ultra-democratic, vied with one another in heaping abuse on him. All this he brushed aside as though they were spiders' webs, paying no attention to them, answering them only under the direst compulsion. And he is dead, revered, beloved and mourned by millions of fellow workers from the mines of Siberia and the whole length and breadth of Europe and America as far as California, and I make bold to say: Although he had many adversaries, he had scarcely a single personal enemy.

The truth was very different. Marx was far from being the most hated and calumniated man of his time. It was true that he was deported in 1848 and 1849, but governments had paid very little attention to him during the following years, and they had permitted him to travel freely to France, Holland, Germany and the Austro-Hungarian Empire whenever he pleased. At the time of his death he was a forgotten man, his works scarcely known outside a small group of German socialists who remembered that he had played a minor role in the 1848 revolution. He was not mourned by fellow workers in the Siberian mines, and there cannot have been more than two or three people in California who had ever heard of him. He was a man who had lived in the shadows, only too well aware that he had outlived his usefulness. Supported by a pension from Engels, suffering from a nervous disease, he had spent the last ten years of his life as a recluse, seeing very few people, a prematurely old man with a white beard whose chief pleasure was to visit his grandchildren and to take long, lonely walks on Hampstead Heath.

Engels' graveside speech had been carefully composed for a much wider audience than the pathetically small group of mourners who gathered around the open grave. He was a man with few illusions and knew exactly what he was doing. He was deliberately creating the portrait of the legendary Marx, who had very little in common with the Marx who walked the earth; and it was this legendary Marx who would later take large areas

of the world by storm. Engels was lighting the fuse of a bomb, which would explode in our century.

From that day there began the innumerable confusions and misunderstandings which have accumulated around the name of Marx. The man drowned in the legend, the legend drowned in propaganda, the propaganda drowned in ever more curious inventions and improvisations—such was the fate to be visited on Marx, who had always detested the power of legends. Engels invented the great scientist, the founder of the doctrines of dialectic materialism, the inaugurator of scientific laws by which all societies would be measured. In the eyes of Engels, Marx was the new Moses with the new tablets of the law, and like Moses he had not lived to see the Promised Land, but there was not the least doubt that his followers would see it. Marx was the high priest of a mystery revealed to him alone: no one else had ever penetrated behind the veils. The answers to all social questions would be found in Marx's works, which henceforth must be regarded as the bible of the new age. The legend of Marx's infallibility was created by Engels, who was well aware that Marx was fallible, knowing better than anyone else that he sometimes fumbled, contradicted himself, and suffered atrociously from a lack of intellectual discipline. He was human, all too human, and he was heir to many of the normal vices of mankind.

Engels possessed none of Marx's warmth and passion. "How cold Engels is!" wrote David Ryazanov, the great Soviet scholar who labored for many years to compile the complete works of Marx, only to be shot by Stalin for his services to scholarship. The legendary Marx, remote, cold, terrifyingly omniscient, was not so much an invention of Engels as a projection of his own conception of himself. Engels was taking care that Marx and Engels would go down in history together.

Jakob Burckhardt, the Swiss social historian who was born in the same year as Marx, once prophesied that the twentieth century would be the age of the Great Simplifiers. Engels first, and then the Communists, simplified Marx almost out of existence. He became a totem, a banner, a set of easily remembered

apothegms. The dictatorship of the proletariat was simplified until it became simply a dictatorship which rarely consulted the needs of the proletariat and never permitted them to occupy the seats of power. The proletariat, far from assuming power, merely became the instruments of doctrinaire revolutionaries who believed firmly that they had the right to dictate in the name of the proletariat. Marx had envisioned a government of an entirely different kind.

When Lenin seized power in Russia, he ordered that the churches should be closed and that huge posters should be placed outside them bearing the words: "Religion is the opium of the people. Karl Marx." Marx had indeed written these words, but they had been taken out of context. He had spoken with a deep respect for religious experience, and he was considerably more merciful and understanding than those who came after him and claimed to be his followers. What he originally wrote was: "*Religious* suffering is at the same time an *expression* of real suffering and a *protest* against real suffering. Religion is the sigh of an oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world, and the soul of a soulless state of affairs. It is the *opium* of the people." The Communists simplified Marx's doctrines until they became almost meaningless, just as they simplified the state by killing all those who opposed them. In the name of Marx they introduced forced labor, concentration camps, torture chambers, and Marx, if he had lived, would have been among their first victims.

There remains the unknown Marx, the real Marx, the man of flesh and blood, who lived a life of appalling misery and poverty, spending more than half of it in exile, tortured almost beyond endurance by continual frustrations and failures, going through long periods of depression, at odds with himself, his family and his friends, dreaming of the day when there would come about a truly classless society when all men would be equal.

Boris Pasternak wrote that Stalin forced the works of the poet Mayakovsky down the throats of the people, just as Catherine the Great had forced them to eat potatoes. "This," said Pasternak, "was his second death, and he was not respon-

sible." So it was with Marx, who was not responsible for the legends which accumulated around him or the crimes committed in his name.

II

Karl Heinrich Marx was born early in the morning of May 5, 1818 in an elegant town house in one of the main streets of Trier in the Rhine province of Prussia. His father, Hirschel ha-Levi Marx, was a rich lawyer, and nearly all his ancestors on his father's side were rabbis. The family can be traced back to the fourteenth century and included the famous rabbi Jehuda Minz, from Mainz, who established his own Talmudic school in Padua. Hirschel Marx married Henrietta Pressborck, the daughter of a rabbi from Nymwegen in Holland, and Karl was therefore half Dutch. He was one of nine children, and the only son to survive into middle age.

Hirschel Marx had broken the family rabbinical tradition and his children were brought up as Christians. Karl was accordingly baptised and confirmed in the Evangelical Church. A good student, but not an especially precocious one, he attended the local gymnasium, being commended for his knowledge of German, Greek and Latin, though it was observed that he had no particular gift for history or mathematics. His next door neighbor was Baron Johann Ludwig von Westphalen, who acted as the representative of the Prussian government in the city council. The baron liked the boy and took him for long walks through the countryside and gave him free use of his library. Karl was sixteen when he fell in love with the baron's daughter Jenny. Her grandfather, Baron Philipp von Westphalen, had risen from obscurity to become the confidential secretary of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and the real power behind the ducal throne. He married Jenny Wishart of Edinburgh who descended from a long line of Scottish gentry, and Colin, the first Duke of Argyll, was one of her ancestors.

Karl's examination papers during his last semester at the gym-

nasium have survived. In his scratchy, scarcely legible handwriting he composed three essays. One of these essays, with the preposterously long title "On the Union of the Faithful with Christ according to John XV, 1-14, described in its Ground and Essence, in its Unconditional Necessity and in its Effects" shows the depth of his religious feeling. "Thoughts of a Young Man on Choosing a Profession" shows him struggling with ideas which have little to do with a profession in the normal sense of the word. He is concerned with man's duty to his parents, to his fellow men, and to God, and he attempts to answer the question: What shall a man do with his life? The essay breathes a spirit of lofty idealism, which is completely convincing. The third essay, written in Latin, attempts to answer the question: "Should the Principate of Augustus Caesar Be Numbered among the Happier Ages of the Roman Republic?" The essay is interesting because it shows the young Marx grappling with the problems of dictatorship.

These essays are worth studying because he is already in command of a mature style and a recognizable voice. He has studied Tacitus to advantage, and knows how to compose a ringing epigrammatic sentence. The voice is clear and authoritative, but the arguments are not always expressed logically.

Success in the examinations enabled him to enter the University of Bonn, where he spent only two semesters before applying to enter the University of Berlin. At Bonn he sowed his wild oats, drank hard, wrote reams of poetry, spent money at a prodigious rate, and joined a secret revolutionary society. He fought a duel, and on a visit to Cologne, apparently on an errand on behalf of the revolutionary society, he was arrested for being in possession of a pistol. This was a serious matter and he was called upon by the university authorities to explain his arrest. He was saved from punishment by the intervention of his father.

The University of Bonn lacked the prestige of the University of Berlin, where the greatest scholars of Germany were congregated. Marx enjoyed the University of Berlin so much that he was in danger of becoming a permanent student, one of those undisciplined scholars who wander from class to class and never

settle down. He read omnivorously, continued to write poetry, attended classes infrequently, and lived the life of a bohemian. Above all he had formed the desire to be a poet, and in the intervals of translating Tacitus' *Germania* and Ovid's *Tristia* he wrote three books of poems and a poetic tragedy *Oulanem*, chiefly remarkable for an extraordinary soliloquy by the character who gives his name to the tragedy:

Ruined! Ruined! My time has clean run out!
The clock has stopped, the pygmy house has crumbled.
Soon I shall embrace eternity to my breast, and soon
I shall howl gigantic curses at mankind.
Ha! Eternity! She is our eternal grief,
An indescribable and immeasurable death,
Vile artificiality conceived to scorn us,
Ourselves being clockwork, blindly mechanical,
Made to be the fool-calendars of Time and Space,
Having no purpose save to happen, to be ruined,
So that there shall be something to ruin.
There had to be some fault in the universe. . . .

So for many more lines *Oulanem* inveighs against the universe in the spirit of Mephistopheles, taunting the race of men for its unworthiness, pouring out all his frustrations, his confused yearnings for death and immortality, and his desire to destroy the world, thus freeing mankind, which is "chained, shattered, empty, frightened," from the world's toils. Some essential element of Marx is contained in the spectral figure of the world-destroyer who regards men as "the apes of a cold God" and therefore doomed to annihilation. A deep corroding pessimism had entered his soul, and he was never to be completely free from romantic nihilism.

Though Marx failed to become a poet of any great stature, he never regretted the months he devoted to writing poetry, saying in a letter to his father that at least it had given him "a

vision of the far-off fairy palaces" of true poetry. To the end of his life poetry was to remain a consuming passion.

So much reading of philosophy and writing of poetry brought on a nervous breakdown and he spent some months recuperating at Stralau, a small fishing village on the river Spree a few miles from Berlin. Fresh air, regular meals, walks along the river bank, long hours of sleep restored his health, and from being, as he said, "a pale-faced weakling," he became robust and vigorous. Returning to the University of Berlin, he joined the *Doktorklub*, a small society of idealistic Young Hegelians, and he seems to have become one of its presiding members, the unofficial general secretary and keeper of its archives. With his dark skin, dark glowing eyes, black beard and thick mane of black hair, excitable and ruthlessly opinionated, he stood out among the other members of the club, and Edgar Bauer wrote a short poem about him which describes the effect he had on his companions:

Who comes rushing in, impetuous and wild—
Dark fellow from Trier, in fury raging?
Nor walks nor skips, but leaps upon his prey
In tearing rage, as one who leaps to grasp
Broad spaces of the sky and drag them down to earth,
Stretching his arms wide open to the heavens.
His evil fist is clenched, he roars interminably
As though ten thousand devils had him by the hair.

Impetuous, passionate and hot-blooded Marx would remain for the greater part of his life. He had no liking for half-measures.

Meanwhile he attended classes when it pleased him, conducted the affairs of the *Doktorklub*, and wrote endless letters to Jenny von Westphalen, none of which have survived. His father died in 1838, while he was in his second year at the University of Berlin. His last years at the University of Berlin are the least documented of all, and we know very little about his finances;

he probably supported himself by some form of tutoring, for it was impossible to live on the money he received from his family. He was on bad terms with his mother, who survived her husband by a quarter of a century.

After five years at the University of Berlin, Marx simply abandoned his studies and left. His doctoral thesis on *The Difference between the Democritean and Epicurean Philosophy*, written earlier, was accepted by the University of Jena, which he had never attended. The doctoral thesis was dedicated to Baron Ludwig von Westphalen "in token of filial devotion." The baron died in the spring of 1842, a year after Marx left the University of Berlin.

By this time Marx had formed a clear idea of what he wanted to do with his life. He wanted to be the editor of a liberal newspaper which would chastise the forces of reaction. With the aid of his friend Moses Hess he became first a contributor and then the editor-in-chief of the *Rheinische Zeitung*, financed by a group of Cologne bankers and industrialists. His ideas had not yet hardened, and his more interesting articles were written in defense of freedom of the press and the freedom of poor peasants to gather wood from the forests, even though the forests were privately owned. The Cologne bankers and industrialists were not impressed, and he was forced to resign in March 1843. Two months later he married Jenny von Westphalen.

The wedding took place in the Evangelical Church at Kreuznach, where Jenny's mother, Baroness Caroline von Westphalen, owned a large house. As her wedding portion Jenny received the silver plate with the crest of the house of Argyll, which had been handed down through the family for generations, and a small strongbox stuffed with money to pay the expenses of the honeymoon, which was spent in Switzerland. They were penniless when they returned to Kreuznach, for they had given most of the money away.

Living in the Kreuznach house, Marx wrote a long essay "On the Jewish Question," which is among his least palatable writings. His solution of the Jewish question was not very different from Adolf Hitler's, for it involved the liquidation of

Judaism. For the first time in his writings there can be observed a harsh note of petulance, which would remain to the very end. Even more destructive than the petulance was an uncompromising denial of the existence of moral forces and a delight in savage epigrams. Money was the root of all evil; the Jews were in possession of money; therefore Judaism must be uprooted. He wrote: "It is not only in the Pentateuch and the Talmud, but also in contemporary society that we find the real nature of the Jew as he is today, not in the abstract but in a highly empirical way, not only as a limitation upon the Jew but as a Jewish limitation upon society." The argument is given a philosophical form, but the ultimate conclusion that "the Jew becomes impossible"—*ist der Jude unmöglich geworden*—is nevertheless a cry of rage directed at himself. Poverty-stricken, dependent upon the bounty of Baroness von Westphalen, he raged against his ancestors. Once more we hear the shrill, annihilating voice of Oulanem.

A second essay written during this period had the forbidding title "A Contribution to the Critique of Hegel's Philosophy of Law." It is a short essay, and has very little to do with Hegel, but is far more palatable than his essay on the Jewish Question, for we see him gradually forming ideas which would become central to his philosophy. He discusses religion, the proletariat, the nature of the French and German characters, and the coming revolution which will be sparked by French daring and intelligence and fulfilled by the application of German philosophy. He does not talk about the dictatorship of the proletariat, but about the abolition of the proletariat. The essay concludes with the prophecy: "When all the inner conditions have been fulfilled, the *German resurrection* will be heralded by the crowing of the Gallic cock." By the "German resurrection" he meant the German revolution.

Having completed these two essays, he set out for Paris in October 1843 to become the editor of the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*, which in spite of its name was a monthly magazine. Two rich German emigrés had agreed to finance the magazine, and it was originally intended that it should have articles in French and German. No French contributors could be found, and

the first double number, which appeared in February 1844, was chiefly a vehicle for Marx's essays and those of his friends. The magazine was confiscated by the German police, and the French police began to look askance at the young German revolutionary who wrote in the impenetrable language of Hegelian philosophy about vague revolutionary uprisings.

In Paris Marx came to know many of the leading revolutionary figures of the time. He met Proudhon, Bakunin and Louis Blanc, attended the salon of Countess Marie d'Agoult, the mistress of Liszt, and became friendly with Heinrich Heine, whose poems he had imitated. Marx encouraged Heine to write trenchantly about social evils, but Heine was already an accomplished social satirist and did not really need advice from Marx. The most savage and the longest of Heine's satirical poems, a travelogue in verse, called *Germany, A Winter's Tale*, may owe something to Marx's encouragement. A long letter written by Heine to Marx about the publication of the poems has survived, and shows that they were on fairly intimate terms, and we know from other sources that Heine occasionally visited Marx's apartment, took pleasure in Jenny's company, and on one celebrated occasion saved the life of their first-born, who was also called Jenny. The baby was only a few weeks old when Heine arrived to find it suffering from convulsions. The young parents were looking on helplessly. "You must make a hot bath," Heine said, and he proceeded to warm the water and carry the baby into the bath. Marx had very little talent for looking after babies, his small supply of money was giving out, and Jenny soon returned to Germany. In her letters to him she sometimes begged him to curb his violence and she wondered why it was necessary for him to write with so much rancor and irritation.

Marx was alone in Paris, and he had no gift for living alone. During this period he wrote the papers which have come to be known as "The Economic and Philosophical Manuscripts of 1844," in which he spins out his theories of economics and discusses the problem of alienation. He had reason to feel alienated, for he was in exile, without a country, without religion, without his wife and family; and from contemplating his own alienation

he began to enlarge on the alienation of man. "*Filth*—the stagnation and putrefaction of man—the *sewage* of civilization (speaking quite literally)—comes to be the essence of *life* for him." Marx paints the picture in the darkest colors, and points the moral: only by the revolution of the proletariat will man come into his own, free of all the miseries of alienation.

Early in September 1844 Marx met Frederick Engels for the first time. Tall, blond, with pale blue eyes, an easy manner and a quick brain, Engels was one of those men who derive the greatest pleasure from intricate criticism, unlike Marx, who preferred to wield his critical weapons on a more massive scale. They became close friends, for each saw something in the other which he lacked, and together they set to work on a book to be called *Critique of Critical Critique*. It was, as the title indicated, a wide-sweeping and destructive criticism of the philosophical ideas of the time. Buried within it were a few passages on the subject of the proletariat evidently taken from Marx's notebooks:

If the proletariat is victorious, it does not at all mean that it becomes the absolute master of society, for it is victorious only by abolishing itself and its opposite. Then the proletariat, and its determining opposite, private property, disappear.

In this tortuous fashion Marx baited the trap for generations of Communists who looked forward to the time when the state, property, and the proletariat would give place to the perfect communist society. Since the original title would obviously not help the sale of the book, it was changed to *The Holy Family*. Although about nine-tenths of it was written by Marx, it was published under their joint names in Frankfurt in February 1845. Very few people read it, and it soon passed into oblivion.

By the time *The Holy Family* was published, Marx was a refugee from France, having been banished by order of the police together with hundreds of other German exiles in Paris. He made

his way by stage coach to Brussels, where he remained except for a brief visit to England for more than three years. In Brussels he haunted the libraries, changed his address frequently, lived in poverty, and wrote two works of surpassing importance. One, very brief, was the *Theses on Feuerbach*, the other was *The Communist Manifesto*. In the first he outlined in a series of apothegms a purely materialist concept of history, and in the second he proclaimed the coming of the communist revolution. The theses were bleak and cold, but the manifesto blazed with a kind of vengeful poetry.

During his brief visit to London in the company of Engels, Marx encountered the remnants of a German revolutionary party called the League of the Just. It had no history, for it had developed out of many conspiracies and many failures. Most of the members of the League of the Just were skilled workmen unsure of their revolutionary future, earnest and idealistic, attempting to draw up a program while losing themselves in interminable debates. Marx was deeply impressed by their earnestness, and for the first time he saw the possibility of creating a small, closely knit, revolutionary party which would have an influence out of all proportion to its numbers. When he returned to Brussels he organized the Communist League, the first of all communist parties. It consisted of himself, his wife, his brother-in-law Edgar von Westphalen, and exactly fifteen other members. Founded in the winter of 1845, the Communist League in theory survived until it was dissolved by Marx seven years later. In fact, it never had any real existence as a revolutionary party; it was a small group of friends who served as a sounding-board for Marx's ideas.

In London the League of the Just was still debating. In January 1847 one of its members, Joseph Moll, a watchmaker originally from Cologne, traveled to Brussels to ask Marx whether he would consider cooperating with the League of the Just. They also discussed the question of a program. The consequences of that meeting were heavy with destiny, for Marx was asked to draw up the program. For various reasons he delayed,

and more than a year passed before *The Communist Manifesto* was completed and printed in London:

A specter is haunting Europe—the specter of Communism. All the powers of old Europe have entered into a holy alliance to exorcise the specter: Pope and Czar, Metternich and Guizot, French Radicals and German police spies. . . .

Communism is already acknowledged by all European powers to be itself a power.

It is high time that Communists should openly, in the face of the whole world, publish their views, their aims, their tendencies, and meet the nursery tale of the specter of Communism with a manifesto of the party itself.

The dazzling effrontory of those opening words was equalled only by the dazzling effrontory of the conclusion:

The Communists disdain to conceal their views and aims. They openly declare that their ends can be attained only in the forcible overthrow of all existing social conditions. Let the ruling classes tremble at a Communist revolution. The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win.

When Marx wrote these words, he commanded the allegiance of perhaps a dozen people in Brussels. He wrote as though he commanded millions. The pamphlet was published in London at the end of February 1848, the year of revolutions, and had no effect whatsoever on the revolutionaries who took to the

barricades in France, Germany, Austria and Italy, for scarcely any of them read it. Yet the manifesto, with its fiery poetry, possessed a life of its own, and it was never completely forgotten. Lenin regarded it as the one supreme document in the history of communism, and of all Marx's writings it is the one most widely read.

Marx had scarcely finished writing *The Communist Manifesto* when the Belgian police arrested him, having learned that out of the proceeds of a legacy of 6,000 gold francs from his father's estate, he had spent 5,000 on rifles for arming the Belgian workers. He was in danger of summary execution. Jenny, too, was arrested. She described the horrors of imprisonment in her autobiography *A Short Sketch of an Eventful Life*. Powerful forces intervened, and after a night in prison and a morning of interrogation, Marx, his wife, and his three children, Jenny, Laura and Edgar, were marched off to the railroad station. They went to Paris, only to learn that the February revolution had ended in the total defeat of the revolutionaries. After less than a month in Paris, Marx traveled to Cologne and became the editor of the *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, which called itself "an organ of democracy." It was a brilliantly written newspaper hovering between liberalism and revolution. Marx was in his element as an editor, and usually succeeded in fighting the censors to a standstill. The last number, which appeared in May 1849, was printed in red ink and contained Marx's valediction to the authorities who were crushing the small rebellions which broke out in Germany:

We are ruthless and ask no quarter from you. When our turn comes, we shall not disguise our terrorism. But the royal terrorists, the terrorists by grace of God and the Law, are brutal, contemptible and vulgar in practice, cowardly, secretive and double-tongued in theory, and both in practice and in theory they are without honor.

He fled just in time to Paris, where he lived under the name of Ramboz, but the French police soon caught up with him. On August 26 1849 he reached London, which became his home for the rest of his life.

III

The visitor to London may still see the pathetically small apartment where Marx and his huddled family lived from December 1850 to October 1856. There was a tiny bedroom, a kitchen with a sink, and a living room which served as parlor, nursery, dining-room, reception room, study and library. The chief article of furniture was a large old-fashioned table covered with an oilcloth, which served as desk and dinner table. The chairs were rickety, dust lay everywhere, books and papers were piled in confusion, and tobacco smoke hung thickly in the air. Here he wrote his books and polemical essays, and here two of his children died and his wife nearly went insane. These three small crowded rooms have some importance to history, for here he began to write *Capital* at a time when he never knew whether he would be able to pay the doctor, the landlord, the butcher and the baker.

The misery of those years left their mark on him, but even more galling than poverty was the knowledge that he no longer possessed any followers. During the early months of 1850 the German emigrés still dreamed of revolution. Marx and others had brought into being a Universal Society designed to bring about a wave of revolution throughout Britain, France and Germany. Public monuments would be put to the flames, the kings and queens of Europe would be assassinated, dictatorships would be established by revolutionaries determined to crush all opposition and to make amends for the failure of the 1848 revolution. From the few surviving documents of the Universal Society and from a report written by a German secret agent, which was sent

to Lord Palmerston, we learn about the high hopes of the emigrés. But the spring fever lasted for only a few months, the emigrés quarreled bitterly among themselves, and by the summer the Universal Society no longer possessed any existence. It perished because it represented only a handful of revolutionaries and answered none of the real needs of the people.

➡ Thrown upon his own resources, Marx immersed himself in the British Museum, where he studied the works of economists and the Blue Books published by the British Government on all aspects of social reform. He became almost a recluse, journeying every morning to the museum, returning at night. A few visitors came, there were occasional violent quarrels among the emigrés, in which he took part, but he was no longer the formidable editorialist or revolutionary leader, and was gradually sinking into obscurity. His only source of income came from badly paid articles he wrote for the *New York Daily Tribune*. He was learning to write in a vigorous English which never quite succeeded in looking like English. A savage sarcasm filled those pages in which he castigated the policies of Lord Palmerston and took issue with Prince Louis Napoleon.

For Jenny, brought up in luxury, these early years in London were a nightmare. She had always been a high-strung woman conscious of her aristocratic heritage. In the squalor of Soho she was living in a world totally alien to her. The worst blow, however, fell in June 1851, when shortly after the birth of her daughter Franziska, the maidservant Helene Demuth gave birth to Marx's illegitimate son. The affair was hushed up, but Jenny suffered a nervous breakdown and Marx himself was desperately frightened that Jenny would divorce him and that he would become the laughing stock of the German emigrés in London.

In the following year Franziska died of bronchitis and malnutrition. On that night the child's body was laid out in the back bedroom, while the entire family slept on the floor in the front room. Marx was too shattered to be of any assistance, and it was Jenny who ran out and borrowed the money to pay for the child's coffin. In her autobiographical fragment *A Short Sketch of an Eventful Life* she wrote:

With anguish in my heart I ran to a French emigré who lived near us and used to visit us. I begged him for help in our terrible need. He at once gave me £2 with the friendliest sympathy, and with the money the small coffin was bought, and there my poor child now slumbers peacefully. She had no cradle when she came into the world, and for a long time she was refused a last resting place.

For Marx the misery of those early years in London was brightened by occasional pub crawls with his friend Wilhelm Liebknecht. Jenny, too, as she records in her book, found solace in the ladies' saloons of London bars, and she liked to go on long solitary walks through the West End. She was often ill and often on the verge of hysteria, and some of Marx's most painful letters to Engels, who was then in Manchester, record the tongue lashings he received from his wife because he refused to get a job and provide for his family like other men. On the only known occasion when he applied for a job—he was interviewed for a situation as a railroad clerk—he was relieved to learn that his application had been rejected because his handwriting was illegible.

The years of squalor and desperation came to an end in the autumn of 1856, when Marx, his wife and his three daughters, Jenny, Laura and Eleanor, went to live in a house on Grafton Terrace in Hampstead. With money from Engels and a timely legacy, Marx began to live like a bourgeois gentleman, wearing a frock coat, a top hat and a monocle. His wife was overjoyed at their newfound respectability. "We had the *appearance* of respectability, and held up our heads again," she wrote. "We sailed with all sails flying into the land of the Philistines." She complained about the Philistines, but she must have felt at ease among them, for she gave balls and parties, and traveled with them to the seaside resorts. The children attended private classes in dancing, elocution, Italian and piano. Respectability suited her, as it suited Marx.

Yet there was never a time when they were financially secure. Marx's letters to Engels and Jenny's autobiography show them to have been in a constant state of dread. Although Marx made small sums of money by writing articles for an American encyclopedia and by publishing pamphlets with the help of his friend David Urquhart, he never learned how to budget his money, and was continually falling into debt to the pawnbroker. Once, when he had a little money, he invested it in stock exchange transactions. From time to time both Marx and Jenny made quick journeys to the continent, to France, to Holland and Germany, in the hope of raising funds, but these journeys, on which they embarked so bravely, nearly always ended in a fiasco, and they would return more poverty-stricken than ever.

Marx worked slowly on his books in a cluttered, untidy study so crowded with periodicals, pamphlets, Blue Books, and books of every kind that there was only a small walking space, where he paced up and down until the carpet was threadbare. He studied less and less in the British Museum, for most of the books he needed were already at hand. As always, he wrote on two levels—fire-breathing polemics and studious exposition—and sometimes both appeared in a single book or pamphlet. *The Story of the Life of Lord Palmerston* and *Secret Diplomatic History of the Eighteenth Century*, both written while he was living in Dean Street, combined the two styles. *The Story of the Life of Lord Palmerston* was not a story or a life: it was an attempt to prove that Lord Palmerston was in the pay of the Russian court. The work owed much to "that monomaniac Urquhart," who befriended Marx and published his articles. Urquhart had private reasons for hating Lord Palmerston and would stop at nothing to defame the man who had summarily dismissed him from an important post. In *Secret Diplomatic History of the Eighteenth Century* Marx continued his inquiry into the strange submissiveness of British foreign policy to the dictates of the Russian court without ever proving his case, but in the course of his study of Russian history he came to some remarkable conclusions. The iron laws of Marxist history were then unknown to the world, and scientific Marxism was something beyond the

scope of Marx's wildest dreams. Marx's interpretation of the main currents of Russian history was based on careful scholarship. In his eyes Russian history was unending tyranny.

His work on the nature of capital, so long contemplated, so often delayed, gained some slight momentum in the new house in Hampstead, where he set to work on a general survey of political economy, the first part to be devoted to "capital in general." But the nature of capital still escaped him, and the book which he published under the title *Critique of Political Economy* consisted of two chapters on commodities and money, with not a word about capital. In a letter to Engels he wrote that he was bored by political economy and was thinking of taking up another science altogether. Instead, he devoted himself with ferocious abandon to a polemical work against Karl Vogt, a former revolutionary and later an obscure professor at the University of Berne, who had had the misfortune to publish at his own expense a fragmentary autobiography in which Marx was briefly mentioned. Karl Vogt's timid whisper was answered with a roar of thunder. In the most violent of all his polemical works Marx attacked the professor as though he were the Prince of Darkness, and for good measure he went on to attack Moses Levy, an English publisher, who once printed an article favorable to Vogt. Marx becomes almost insane with rage at the thought of Levy's interference in the affair:

Now Levy, the proprietor of that central sewer made of paper, is not only an expert in chemistry; he is infallibly an alchemist. Having transformed the social filth of London into newspaper articles, he transmutes the articles into copper, and finally the copper is transmuted into gold. Over the gates of this central sewer made of paper there can be read these words written *di colore oscuro*: "*hic quisquam faxit oletum*," or as Byron so poetically expressed it: "Wanderer, stop and —piss!"

In such terms Marx castigates Moses Levy in *Herr Vogt*, a long and closely printed book of vituperation unworthy of his intellectual ability. The book only shows to what lengths Marx would go to work off a grudge.

Seven years passed before Marx completed *Capital* and saw it through the press. There were continual delays, brought on by prolonged headaches and acute streptococcal infection; boils erupted all over his body, and the medicines he took to cure them only reduced his resistance; the boils proliferated. "Whatever happens," he wrote to Engels, "I hope the bourgeoisie, as long as they exist, will have cause to remember my carbuncles." When he traveled to Germany to place the manuscript in the hands of his publisher in Hamburg, he was only forty-nine, but looked sixty.

Marx had entertained high hopes for *Capital*, believing that it would advance his fame and improve his circumstances, but it failed to do either. There were a few reviews, vaguely respectful, in German periodicals and encyclopedias, but no one realized that he had produced a book that would outlive nearly all the books of his time. Five years later the book appeared in a Russian translation, and there its second life began, for it would fall eventually into the hands of Lenin. In Marx's lifetime no English edition appeared.

When Engels sat down to examine the papers left by Marx after his death, he discovered with a sense of shock that Marx had written very little of importance during the last fifteen years of his life. The manuscripts which were later gathered together to form the second and third volumes of *Capital* had already been written. In 1871 Marx published a pamphlet on *The Civil War in France* in defense of the Paris Commune, and in the following year he emerged briefly as one of the organizers of the Hague Congress of the International. Working behind the scenes, he succeeded in having Bakunin expelled from the International and in passing a resolution to transfer the General Council of the International to New York, thus effectively disposing of the entire organization of the International, for there existed no machinery in New York capable of continuing the

work. Just as arbitrarily he had dissolved the Communist League twenty years earlier.

As he grew older, he retired into a premature old age, becoming more and more withdrawn from the affairs of the world. His wife was dying of cancer, the circle of his friends and acquaintances was growing smaller, his daughters Jenny and Laura left him to marry French revolutionaries, while Eleanor, the youngest, became the mistress of Edward Aveling, an unspeakable cynic, who finally hounded her into committing suicide. For Marx the barren years had begun. From time to time he would exert himself sufficiently to make an appearance in one of the London clubs or he would take the cure at Karlsbad, drinking the regulation number of glasses of water a day, happy in the company of the merchants and aristocrats who flocked to the watering place, for he no longer possessed the least desire to engage in polemics with them. The police at Karlsbad followed him and wrote reports, which were pigeonholed and forgotten. They noted that he was seen in conversation with Prince X and Princess Y, that he had taken a walk through the pine forest, and that he was polite and accommodating to all who approached him. It was their way of paying tribute to an old revolutionary who no longer threatened the existence of the Austro-Hungarian empire.

In his early years he had thought of himself as a great Promethean figure destined to change the world, but during his lifetime the world had not appreciably changed as a result of his writings and his ideas. In the seventies of the last century there were only a few people in England who remembered that he had written *The Communist Manifesto*, which promised to end all existing social systems in a gigantic cataclysm. His writings were rarely discussed in learned journals, and during his lifetime there appeared in England only one article on his life and ideas. This was written by E. Belfort Bax in the magazine *Modern Thought* in 1881. The article gave some pleasure to Marx, for he read it aloud to Jenny as she lay dying. As he had expected, it was full of errors.

One of those who remembered Marx was the Crown Prin-

cess Victoria of Prussia, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria. In 1879 she wrote to her friend Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, a Liberal member of Parliament, asking whether he knew anything about Marx. He made enquiries, learned that Marx was living in Hampstead, and invited him to lunch at the Devonshire Club. Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff reported later to the Princess that Marx had made a favorable impression on him. A short, rather small man with a round face, a well-shaped forehead, and rather hard eyes had appeared at the club and talked amiably about Old Slavonic grammar and a recently published life of Bismarck. Asked whether he thought disarmament would not reduce the possibility of revolution in Europe, Marx answered that disarmament was inconceivable because scientific advances would continually produce more deadly weapons, and more and more money would be spent in developing them. The poor would become poorer, and the possibilities of revolution would become greater. When the conversation turned to Russia, Marx said he expected "a great but not distant crash."

Sometimes in those last years Marx spoke about the days when he had believed he would be summoned to become the first socialist dictator of Germany with power to order all the affairs of the nation, but he spoke without enthusiasm, as of matters that no longer interested him. What interested him chiefly in these barren years was the study of history, and he filled notebook after notebook with names, dates and places. His last carefully considered work was his *Critique of the Gotha Program*, in which he denounced the two German socialist parties after they had amalgamated in the ancient Thuringian town of Gotha. The program they drew up took no cognizance of his theories. According to the Gotha Program, child labor was to be prohibited, and Marx pointed out that this was economically impossible.

Marx died quietly in London on March 14, 1883, at the age of sixty-four. Fittingly the last person to see him alive was Helene Demuth, the mother of his illegitimate son.

When he died, he regarded himself as a failure, and he had

long abandoned the hope that the revolutionary movement in Europe would follow the rules he had outlined with such astonishing self-assurance in *The Communist Manifesto*, and in fact those laws were not obeyed. What happened was something totally unexpected and unforeseeable. Lenin took possession of the tablets of the law, erased some of them, added others, gave them a new focus and a new definition, provided new interpretations, and pronounced himself the faithful follower of Marx when he was creating a new system of ideas with only the most tenuous connection with the ideas of Marx. Nevertheless there would have been no Lenin without Marx.

If Marx had been present in Petrograd in 1917, he would have recognized much that was familiar to him. The annihilating judgment, Lenin's sardonic tone, the easy ruthlessness and amorality of the Bolsheviks would have appealed to him, for he was himself of a sardonic temper, morality meant nothing to him, and he too had dreamed of annihilating whole classes in order that his belief in the eventual triumph of the proletariat would be vindicated. Yet he would have objected violently to the tyranny imposed on the victorious proletariat, the torture chambers, the lack of freedom of the press, the continuing dictatorship of self-elected bureaucrats armed with guns and propaganda machines to keep the people in subjection. He had hoped to dethrone the kings and abase the aristocrats and the owners of vast concentrations of wealth, so that an intolerable burden would be lifted from the poor. Instead, new kings emerged, a new aristocracy was proclaimed, and an all-powerful state in possession of the entire wealth of the country dictated how every man should think and what he should do. The romantic German dream ended in a Russian nightmare.

The shadow of Karl Marx stretches across the whole earth, and there is scarcely anyone who is not standing in his shadow. If he had never lived, the world would be a different place, there would be different frontiers, and half the nations of the world would have different rulers, but he was not responsible for the fact that we live in an age of violent revolution. With or without

Marx the world would be in a revolutionary ferment. He did not invent communism, and he was not the first to rage against social injustice and vast inequalities of wealth, but he saw that the great revolutions were coming before they came. He possessed a harsh and passionate voice filled with a strange poetry. A single shout can sometimes bring down an avalanche. He shouted, and the avalanche came down.

THREE ESSAYS

Three Essays

Although Karl Marx descended on his father's side from generations of rabbis who can be traced back to the fourteenth century, he spent his childhood and youth as a practicing Christian, regularly attending the services of the Evangelical Church. He was baptised on August 26, 1824, when he was six years old, and confirmed in the Christian faith on March 23, 1834, when he was sixteen. There is some evidence that he took his religious duties very seriously. In the town of Trier, where he had lived all his life, there were established codes of religious behavior: everyone, even the freethinkers, went to church or the synagogue.

In later years, when Marx abandoned his Christian faith, regarding himself as an atheist, he nevertheless showed signs of the deep impress that Christianity had exerted on him. Messianism, of a peculiarly Christian, not Jewish, kind, pervades his writings. His vision of the proletariat coming to power after fearful catastrophes are visited on the earth is colored by his reading of the *Revelation of St. John*. In his book *On the Jewish Question* he attacked Judaism and all its works with an almost hysterical passion, the very thought of Judaism seeming to drive him into sudden paroxysms of anguish, from which he emerged to attack the Jews with a relentless logic based on false premises. "Christianity is the sublime thought of Judaism," he wrote. "Ju-

daism is the vulgar practical application of Christianity." It was one of his more unpalatable epigrams, but there is little doubt that he regarded it as a true statement of the relationship between Judaism and Christianity. "In spite of everything," Marx told his daughter Eleanor, "we must forgive much to Christianity, for it has taught us to love children."

Shortly before his graduation at the Trier Gymnasium on September 24, 1835, Marx wrote an essay under the title *On the Union of the Faithful with Christ according to John XV, 1-14, described in its Ground and Essence, in its Unconditional Necessity and in its Effects*. The essay reflects a passionate and firmly held faith in God and in the mediation of Christ. Man, he declares, is "the only member of the whole creation who is not worthy of the God who created him." But though unworthy, man is loved by God, "the good Creator," who "cannot hate his own work." The spectre of alienation, which was to haunt Marx from the moment he abandoned his religious faith, appears in the essay whenever Marx speaks about man's rejection by God. Those who truly, openly, and faithfully confess their trust in God are relieved for ever from the agony of rejection, and the most moving passages in the essay describe men turning their hearts to their brethren, loving God in a spirit of self-sacrifice:

This love for Christ is not fruitless, it fills us not only with the purest adoration and respect for Him, but also acts in such a way that we obey His commandments and at the same time sacrifice ourselves for others, because we are virtuous, but virtuous only for love of him.

Marx's essay would have pleased the mediaeval Churchmen, for it combines faith with a powerful command of argument, which is always under control. His examiner described it as "a very thoughtful, fecund, and powerful presentation deserving of praise," and though he found some faults with it—for

Marx had avoided except by implication any statement about the essential nature of the union of the faithful with Christ—he recognized the unusual mastery of the young theologian.

The qualities apparent in this essay are less evident in his essay on the principate of Augustus, which was written in Latin. Marx attempts to answer the question whether the principate brought more or less happiness to the Romans than the republican rule which existed before Augustus usurped all power. In effect, Marx is being asked to decide between popular rule and dictatorship. Since the question is quite insoluble in terms of happiness, he proceeds to skirt the issues, finding some advantages in the Roman Republic and some perhaps greater advantages in the Principate. The energy and directness of the essay on the union of the faithful with Christ are notably absent. He sometimes flounders, and never quite succeeds in being convincing. He evidently admired Augustus for having brought into existence an unparalleled era of peace, and at the same time he admired the men of the Republic, who lived soberly on their farms, obeyed the laws, and despised rhetoric. He properly accuses Augustus of stealing freedom from the people and in another paragraph he commends Augustus for restoring liberty to the people. These ambiguities cloud the argument. Indeed, the essay demonstrates that Marx was at ease among ambiguities and took a certain sardonic pleasure in them. In *The Eighteenth Brumaire*, and in many other works, he showed that he possessed a harsh judgment of history and enjoyed rebuking the actors who played on history's stage. Writing in his rough and ready Latin, which was not always grammatical, he throws an ironic dart at Augustus:

His reign was distinguished by its clemency, for the Romans, even when all their freedom and all semblance of freedom had disappeared, still thought they were governing themselves in spite of the fact that the Emperor had the power to alter customs and laws, and all the offices formerly held by the tribunes of the

people were now in the hands of one man. They failed to see that the Emperor, under another name, was enjoying the honors formerly granted only to the tribunes, and their freedom had been stolen from them. This is indeed a great proof of clemency, when the citizens cannot discern who is the ruler, or whether they themselves rule or are ruled.

For the first time Marx is displaying those peculiar qualities of irony and sarcasm which he sharpened over the years. His examiners commended him for his knowledge of Roman history, rebuked him for his scratchy and scarcely legible handwriting, and failed to observe that he was already showing signs of becoming the master of the ironical inflection, the biting epigram.

In the third of the examination essays called *Thoughts of a Young Man on Choosing a Profession* we see him more at his ease. There is no striving for effect: he is concerned with a very real problem. The word "profession" is given the widest possible scope, and the essay therefore takes the form of an answer to the question: "What shall a man do with his life?" Marx answers that a man must avoid all the temptations of ambition and take proper heed of his own limitations. There can be no easy solution: he must ask the question prayerfully and seek God's guidance. Above all it is necessary to walk in dignity through life, to avoid vain flatterers, to seek a high purpose. Christ sacrificed himself for mankind, and the truly noble man will also sacrifice himself, working for the welfare of humanity, and if he merely seeks for his own satisfactions he is less than a man.

But it is not simply a question of living the dedicated life, for such a life may not always be possible. Men are creatures of necessity. "Our relationships in society have already to some extent been formed before we are in a position to determine them," Marx wrote. Franz Mehring, the earliest biographer of Marx, saw in these words the first flash of summer lightning heralding the materialist concept of history, but this was to give the words more weight than they can bear. Marx was deeply aware of the

tragic implications of choosing a profession. The choice involves terrible responsibilities, and at the moment of making the choice a man may have signed his own death warrant. Marx wrote:

Nature has given to the animals alone a sphere of activity in which they may move and quietly accomplish without ever striving to go beyond it or even suspecting there is another sphere. God gave to man, too, a universal goal, so that man and mankind might be ennobled, and he gave man the power to seek out the means whereby he can achieve this end; and it is left to him to choose the standpoint in society which is most suitable to him and from which he can best raise himself and society.

This choice is a great prerogative given to man above all other creatures, and at the same time it permits him to destroy his whole life, thwart all his own plans, and make himself unhappy.

In later years Marx was to realize the full force of those words, for he made his free choice, saw nearly all his plans thwarted, and spent a miserably unhappy life.

The argument throughout the essay is conducted gravely, as though to solemn music. Only a youth who had pondered deeply could have written the passages where he invokes the life of humble service to one's fellow men as the only profession worthy of consideration; he has not arrived at this conclusion easily, but he has battled for it over many weary days and nights. When he speaks about "his deepest convictions and the innermost voice of his heart," we are left in no doubt that he has found his answer to the question in the depth of his mind and heart.

Ultimately the problem remains a religious one, and Marx is perfectly aware that a profession includes a profession of faith. "The Deity never leaves mortals without a leader," he says. "God speaks quietly but surely." But if this were so, then there would

be no difficulty in choosing a profession, since a man would merely have to listen to the voice of God. Unhappily, as Marx realizes only too well, the voice of God may sometimes be stilled, and a man may not always understand what he hears. Yet the signposts remain. Dignity, self-sacrifice, the welfare of others—without thought of these things, he says, a man might as well be dead.

The examiner who read Marx's essay, written in a painfully crabbed handwriting, had some surprising things to say about it. He spoke of its "exaggerated search after unfamiliar and picturesque expressions," and pointed out that it lacked "clarity, definition and accuracy." In fact, the essay was written with great clarity and there was an almost total avoidance of unfamiliar and picturesque expressions. Marx was writing at his sober best.

*On the Union of the Faithful with Christ according to
John XV, 1-14, described in its Ground and Essence,
in its Unconditional Necessity and in its Effects*

Before we consider the ground and essence and effects of the union of Christ with the faithful, let us inquire whether this union is necessary and whether it is conditional to the nature of man and whether man could not attain this end by himself—the end and purpose for which God has called him forth from the void.

Let us turn our attention to history, the great teacher of mankind, and we shall find buried in its iron pen the fact that every people when they have reached the highest degree of culture, when their greatest men have sprung from their loins, when Art has arisen to its full noonday, even then they have found themselves unable to strike off the chains of superstition, and have been unable to form true and worthwhile conceptions of themselves or of God, while their very morals, never free from foreign accretions, circumscribed by ignoble limitations, have appeared to lack purity, and their virtue arose from their crude greatness and untamed egoism rather than from a passion for fame and bold deeds or from a striving toward full perfection.

And the old peoples, the savages, among whom the teach-

ings of Christ have not yet resounded, show an inner unrest, fearing the anger of their gods, possessing an inner conviction that they were rejected even when they brought offerings to their gods and imagine that their sins have been expiated.

Indeed, the greatest sage of antiquity, the divine Plato, speaks in more than one place of a deep longing for a higher Being, whose coming would realize the unsatisfied striving for Truth and Light.

In this way the history of peoples teaches us the necessity of our union with Christ.

Also, indeed, we constantly observe the spark of the Godhead in our breast when we consider the history of individuals and the nature of man. We observe an enthusiasm for the good, a striving after knowledge, a longing for the truth, the spark of the eternal alone extinguishing the flame of desire. But the alluring voice of sin is heard above the enthusiasm for virtue, and sin mocks at us as soon as life allows us to feel its full power, and the lower striving after earthly goods frustrates the effort toward knowledge, and the longing for truth is extinguished through the sweetly flattering power of the lie, and so Man stands there, the unique being in nature, whose purpose is not fulfilled—the only member of the whole of creation who is not worthy of the God who created him. But the good Creator cannot hate his own work. He wishes Man to raise himself and send His own Son and allows us to be called through Him:

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. (John XV, 3)

Abide in me, and I in you. (John XV, 4)

Having shown that the history of people and the claims of individual persons demonstrate the necessity of union with Christ, we shall consider the last and most difficult argument—the Word of Christ Himself.

And where is there expressed more clearly this necessity for union with Christ than in the beautiful parable of the Vine and the Branches, where He calls Himself the Vine and calls us the Branches. The Branches cannot by their own power produce fruit, and therefore, says Christ, you can do nothing without me. Concerning this he speaks in an even stronger voice when He says: If a man abide not in me, etc. (John XV, 4, 5, 6)

All this may be understood only by those who have been able to know the Word of Christ; for the decree of God upon such peoples and persons is beyond our power to judge, since we are not even in a position to comprehend it.

Our heart, reason, intelligence, history all summon us with loud and convincing voice to the knowledge that union with Him is absolutely necessary, that without Him we would be unable to fulfill our purpose, that without Him we would be rejected by God, and that only He can redeem us.

So penetrated are we by the conviction that this union is absolutely necessary that we are eager to explore wherein consists this great gift, this ray of light which falls upon our hearts from a higher world, and inspires us, and draws us up purified to Heaven. We need to know its ground and inner essence.

As soon as we have grasped the necessity for union, the ground becomes immediately clear to us: it lies in our need for redemption, our natural tendency to sin, our vacillating reason, our rejection from God, and there is no need for us to look further.

Who has ever expressed the essence of this union more beautifully than Christ did in the parable of the Vine and the Branches? Who has ever expressed in vast treatises the deepest and all-encompassing ground for union so well as Christ in the simple words:

I am the true vine and my Father is the husbandman. (John XV, 1)

I am the vine, ye are the branches. (John XV, 5)

If the branch were able to feel, how joyfully it would gaze upon the gardener who attends it, and anxiously clears away the weeds, and secures it firmly to the vine from which it draws its nourishment and sap.

So also in our union with Christ we turn a loving eye to God and we feel a most ardent gratitude toward Him, and joyfully fall on our knees before Him.

Then, when a more beautiful sun has arisen through our union with Christ, when we have known total rejection, then at the same time we exult over our salvation, and we learn to love God, who formerly appeared to us as a Lord offended, and now as a forgiving Father and a good Teacher.

But it is not only to the gardener that the branches would look up, if they could feel. They would nestle inwardly to the Vine, and feel bound to it in the closest possible way; they would love the other branches, because the gardener had them in his care, and because the main stem lends strength to them.

Thus union with Christ consists in the deepest, most living communion with Him, so that we have Him before our eyes and in our hearts, and while we are penetrated with the highest love toward Him, we turn our hearts at the same time toward our brothers, who are inwardly bound to us and for whom He gave Himself up as a sacrifice.

This love for Christ is not fruitless, it fills us not only with the purest adoration and respect for Him, but also acts in such a way that we obey His commandments and at the same time sacrifice ourselves for others, because we are virtuous, but virtuous only for love of Him. (John XV, 2, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14)

This is the great abyss which separates Christian virtue from every other kind, and rises above every other kind; this is one of the greatest effects produced in men by the union with Christ.

Virtue is no longer a gloomy caricature, as it is in Stoic philosophy; it is not the child of a strict doctrine of duty, such as we find among all heathen people; what it accomplishes is accomplished out of love for Christ, out of love for a divine Being, and when it springs from such a pure source, then it appears free of all earthly attachments, and is truly divine. Every repul-

sive aspect is driven out, all earthly things sink away, all that is coarse is dissolved, and virtue is made clear, becoming gentler and more human.

If human reason had never been able thus to represent itself, then its virtue might always have remained a limited and earthly virtue.

As soon as a man longs for this union with Christ, he is at peace and calmly awaits the blows of Fate, courageously sets himself against the storms of passion, fearlessly endures the anger of the wicked, for who can oppress him, who can rob him of his Saviour?

Whatever such a man asks, he knows it will be given unto him, for he has asked in union with Christ, and thus in a divine way. Who would not be uplifted and consoled by this assurance, which the Saviour Himself has declared? (John XV, 7)

Who would not willingly endure sorrows when he knows that through his continuing in Christ, through his works God himself is exalted, and his own fulfillment raises up the Lord of Creation? (John XV, 8)

Thus union with Christ contributes to an inner uplifting, consolation in sorrow, a quiet confidence, and a heart that is open to love for mankind and for all noble and great men, not out of ambition or love of fame, but through Christ: thus union with Christ produces a joyfulness which the Epicureans sought in vain in their frivolous philosophy, their deepest thinkers striving to acquire it in the most hidden depths of knowledge—that joyfulness which is known only in the free, childlike soul in the knowledge of Christ and of God through Him, Who has raised us up into a higher and more beautiful life.

Marx.

A very thoughtful, fecund, and powerful presentation deserving of praise, although the essence of the union remains unstated, and the ground is only described from one side, and the necessity is only defectively indicated.

Kupper.

Latin Composition:
*Should the Principate of Augustus Rightly Be
Numbered Among the Happier Ages of the
Roman Republic?*

When one questions the nature of the Augustan age, many things occur to your mind on which a judgment may be based: first of all by comparison with other ages of Roman history, for if you can show that the Augustan age resembled other ages which were called happy, but unlike those which according to the judgment of contemporaries and more recent commentators were marked by reverses and by a change of social customs for the worse, the state being divided into factions and the wars being waged unsuccessfully, then you can draw your own conclusions about the Augustan age by means of this comparison, and by other means. A second question to be asked is what the older generations said about this age, and what did foreign nations think about the empire. Did they fear or despise it? And finally, what was the art and literature of that age?

Not to write at greater length than necessary, I shall compare the age of Augustus with the finest of the ages which existed before him, made happy by the simplicity of people's habits, the pursuit of valor, and the integrity of the government

and the people. In that age, too, the weaker areas of Italy were being subjugated. I shall also compare the Augustan age with that of Nero, than which nothing could be more miserable.

At no time were the Romans more remote from the pursuit of the liberal arts than during the period before the Punic Wars, when learning was held in the least esteem and the more important people devoted their energy and enthusiasm to agriculture, when eloquence was absolutely of no account, when men talked briefly about what had to be done and did not seek elegance of speech, but rather the force of opinion. Indeed history did not go in search of eloquence; it went in search of reported facts, and consisted only of the arrangement of Annals. The whole age was filled with the struggle between patricians and plebeians, and from the time of the expulsion of the kings right up to the First Punic War both groups strove continually to assert their rights, and a great part of the history has to do with the laws which the tribunes or consuls passed during their constant strife.

I have already told what was praiseworthy in that era.

Not many words are needed if we should seek to describe the age of Nero. The flower of the citizenry was killed, wicked decisions held sway, laws were broken and the city was burned. Who will ask what kind of an age this was when the leaders, because they feared that good deeds would arouse suspicion and nothing influenced them to great achievement, sought glory in peace rather than in war?

No one doubts that the age of Augustus is quite unlike this. His reign was distinguished by its clemency, for the Romans, even when all their freedom and all semblance of freedom had disappeared, still thought they were governing themselves in spite of the fact that the Emperor had the power to alter customs and laws, and all the offices formerly held by the tribunes of the people were now in the hands of one man. They failed to see that the Emperor, under another name, was enjoying the honors formerly granted only to the tribunes, and their freedom had been stolen from them. This is indeed a great proof of clemency, when the citizens cannot discern who is the ruler, or whether they themselves rule or are ruled.

Never were the Romans more successful in war, for the Parthians were subjected, the Cantabrians conquered, and the Rhaetians and Vindelici overthrown. The Germans, the chief enemies of Rome, whom Caesar had fought in vain and who had conquered the Romans in single combat in their forests by means of treachery, ambush and courage, were shattered and lost innumerable lives during the reign of Augustus. Augustus was able to achieve this result by granting citizenship to individual Germans, by armed force wielded by experienced generals, and by stirring up hostility among the Germans themselves. And so it is that neither in domestic affairs nor in military achievement can the Augustan age be compared with that of Nero or even worse emperors.

Moreover the factions and feuds, which we have found in the ages before the Punic War, had come to an end, for we find that Augustus had won all parties, all ranks and all power to himself. Therefore it is not possible for the supreme power to be diverted from him, because if this supreme power is diminished, it brings the greatest danger to the state as a whole, especially with regard to foreign peoples; and public affairs are managed more for the sake of private ambition than for the safety of the state.

In this matter the age of Augustus should not be brought to our attention, unless we realize that it was wanting in many respects, for when character, freedom and manhood are diminished or wholly demolished, while greed, riotous living and excesses are the rule, the age itself cannot be called an auspicious one. Nevertheless the genius of Augustus and the institutions and laws fashioned by the men of his choosing admirably succeeded in improving the state, which was in a bad way. As a result the confusion which arose out of the civil wars was completely swept away.

By way of example we may observe that Augustus purged the Senate, which very corrupt men had entered, of the last vestiges of crime, and he removed from the Senate many men whose characters were most hateful in his eyes, at the same time appointing men who were outstanding in integrity and wisdom.

In the reign of Augustus men of outstanding reputation for character and wisdom flourished in the government. Who can name among contemporaries men greater than Maecenas or Agrippa? In this we see the very genius of the emperor, although it is never displayed by any cloak of pretence nor, as we have said, by any abuse of power. On the contrary he appears to conceal his invisible power under a very mild appearance, and if the state had been just as it was before the Punic Wars, then this attitude would have been most wonderfully adapted to that age, because it aroused minds to great achievements and rendered men objects of dread to their enemies. It also aroused fair competition among patricians and plebeians, who to be sure were not lacking in envy. The state, as Augustus created it, seems to me to have been at the very least admirably adapted to the times, for although the people's spirits were weakened (*animis effeminatis*) and they had lost the simplicity of their customs, and although the power of the state was vastly increased, nevertheless the emperor rather than a free republic was able to give liberty to the people.

Now we approach the question: what was the verdict of the ancient generations on Augustus?

They called him divine and considered him not a man but a god. This could not be said if Horace was the only witness, but Tacitus, a most reliable historian, always spoke of Augustus with the greatest reverence, fullest admiration, and even with affection.

Indeed there was never a greater flowering of literature and art than in his age: a very large number of writers were living, and from these fountains nearly everyone drank.

Since the republic appears to have been well established, with the emperor eager to bring happiness to the people, and by his judgment enabling the best men to hold office, the age of Augustus may be described as not inferior to the best ages of Roman history. Indeed, unlike the bad times, it saw the cessation of factions and feuds and the flowering of art and literature, and therefore the Principate of Augustus must be counted among the better ages, and the emperor himself must be given great

credit, for in spite of the fact that he was all powerful, nevertheless after achieving supreme power, he endeavoured to bring safety to the state.

Marx.

Beside the mistakes noted in the proper places and many others particularly toward the end, you have written on the whole in a praiseworthy manner especially in your treatment of the subject matter, your knowledge of history and your grasp of Latin. But what horrible handwriting!!!

Wytttenbach. Loers.

Thoughts of a Young Man on Choosing a Profession

Nature has given to the animals alone a sphere of activity in which they may move and quietly accomplish without ever striving to go beyond it or even suspecting there is another sphere. God gave to man, too, a universal goal, so that man and mankind might be ennobled, and he gave man the power to seek out the means whereby he can achieve this end; and it is left to him to choose the standpoint in society which is most suitable to him and from which he can best raise himself and society.

This choice is a great prerogative given to man above all other creatures, and at the same time it permits him to destroy his whole life, thwart all his own plans, and make himself unhappy.

This choice is one to weigh up earnestly, and surely it is the first duty of a youth at the beginning of a career to make sure that his most important affairs are not left to chance.

Everyone has a goal which seems important to him at least in his own eyes, a goal which is summoned before him by his deepest convictions and the innermost voice of his heart; for the Deity never leaves mortals without a leader (*öhne Führer*). God speaks quietly but surely.

But this voice may easily be stifled and what we regard as enthusiasm may be created in a moment, and perhaps it may

also be destroyed in a moment. Our imagination may be inflamed, our emotions may be stirred, phantoms may flit before our eyes, while we stumble eagerly toward the goal which, perhaps wrongly, we imagined that God himself had set for us; and what we pressed so ardently to our breasts suddenly thrusts us away, and we see our whole existence reduced to nothingness.

We must accordingly examine earnestly whether we really are full of enthusiasm for a calling, asking ourselves whether an inner voice sanctions it, whether the inspiration is a delusion, and whether what we regarded as a divine summons was not really self-deception. But how can we recognize it when we ourselves are the source of the enthusiasm?

Greatness shines out, its shining light stirs ambitions, and ambition quite easily calls forth inspiration, or what we regard as inspiration; but if the fury of ambition takes hold of us, then reason may no longer be able to hold it in check, and then ambition hurls us wherever our turbulent instincts call us. A man can then no longer decide his position—only chance and illusion can decide for him.

At such times we are not called to the station where our light would shine strongest; this is not the post to be filled over a long span of years, never wearying us and never permitting our enthusiasm to be diminished or to grow cold; instead we soon find our desires remain unanswered, our hopes remain unappeased, and we become resentful toward God, cursing mankind.

But it is not only ambition which can awaken a sudden enthusiasm for a place in society. Perhaps we have given it an added lustre in our imaginations, and to the very highest degree it has embellished what life has to offer. We have not dismembered it, we have not considered the whole burden, the great responsibility attending it; we have only looked at it from a distance, and distances are deceptive.

Our own reason cannot advise us, for neither experience nor profound observation uphold our reason, which may be deceived by our emotions and blinded by our fancy.

To whom, then, should we look for help? Who can support us when our reason forsakes us?

Our parents who have already made their way through life and have experienced the rigors of fate call to our hearts. And then if our enthusiasm still persists, if we still feel affection for that station in life and believe we are called to it, if we have examined it coldly, realized its burdens and learned to recognize its difficulties, then only are we permitted to grasp at it, for then neither can enthusiasm deceive us nor haste overwhelm us.

We cannot always follow the profession to which we feel we are called; our relationships in society have already to some extent been formed before we are in a position to determine them.

Already our physical nature threateningly bars the way, and no one may mock at her claims.

Of course we are able to raise ourselves above this; but even so we fail all the more quickly when we attempt to create a house on decaying ruins, and so our life becomes an unhappy battle between spiritual and material principles. But for one who is unable to reconcile the warring elements within himself, how shall he set the fierce stresses of life one against the other, how shall he act peacefully, for great and beautiful deeds can emerge only out of peacefulness. This is the only soil in which ripe fruit can thrive.

Although we cannot work for long with a physical nature which is unsuitable to our condition in life, and even then it is rarely a joyful task—still the thought continually comes uppermost in our minds that in order to dedicate our welfare to duty, we must act gently and strongly; but when we have chosen a position for which we lack the talent, we can never worthily fulfill it and so, recognizing our own incapacity, we soon grow ashamed, telling ourselves that we are nothing more than useless creatures, members of society who cannot fulfill their calling. The most natural consequence is that we come to despise ourselves, and there is nothing so painful, nothing so impervious to the gifts which the world offers us, as to know oneself redundant. Self-contempt is a serpent which buries itself in the human heart and eternally eats it away, sucking the lifeblood, and mingling with it the poison of despair and hatred of mankind.

If we deceive ourself about our ability to hold up a position

in life, we find, if we study it attentively, that we are committing a crime, which vengefully turns in on itself, and this happens even if the outer world finds us blameless; and in our hearts there is stirred up as terrible a torment as any that may be summoned.

If we weigh up anything and if the conditions of life permit us to choose any profession, then we can select one which gives us the greatest dignity, one based on ideas of whose truth we are absolutely convinced. We can choose a profession which offers the greatest scope for work on behalf of mankind, and for ourselves to come closer to the common aim, in relation to which every profession is only a means for approaching perfection.

Dignity is what precisely elevates a man most, giving supreme nobility to his work, to all his aspirations, allowing him to rise firmly above the crowd, and to arouse its amazement.

But only a profession in which we are not slavish tools, but create things independently within our own circle, only a profession that does not demand reprehensible actions, even if reprehensible only in outward appearance, can be followed by the best men with noble pride. The profession which provides all this in the highest degree is not always the highest, but it is always the most to be preferred.

A profession without dignity degrades us in exactly the same way that we succumb to the burdens of a profession founded on ideas which we later discover to have been false. Then we find we have nothing to help us except our self-deception. How desperate is the salvation which comes from cheating oneself!

Any profession which does not enter and intermingle with one's life and does not engage itself in abstract truth is most dangerous for a youth whose principles are not yet solid, whose convictions are not yet firm and unshakable, even if they appear to be very exalted; but it is otherwise if the roots have been firmly embedded in our hearts, and if we sacrifice our lives and all our efforts for the sake of the ideas which reign in them.

So those for whom there is a call are made blessed, but

those who hurry unthinkingly to their goal and who live for the moment are annihilated.

The high opinion we have of our ideas, on which our profession is based, leads us to a higher standpoint in society. It enlarges our dignity and makes our actions proof against shock.

Whoever chooses a profession which he values highly and who trembles before it makes himself unworthy of it. He should act nobly toward it, because his position in society is a noble one.

The chief directing force which should influence us toward a choice of profession is the well-being of mankind, our own fulfillment. One should not presume to let these two things confront one another in deadly combat; one must not destroy the other. The nature of man is such that he cannot accomplish its ultimate aim unless he works for the welfare of the world. If he acts only for himself he can, perhaps, become a famous scientist, a great sage, an excellent poet, but he can never become a man who is truly perfect and great.

History regards as great men only those who have ennobled themselves by working for the common good. Experience demonstrates that the happiest are those who make most men happy. Religion itself teaches us that the ideal Being, after whom all strive, sacrificed himself for humanity, and who would dare to oppose such a verdict?

If we have chosen a position in life in which we can best work for humanity, we shall not bend under its burdens, because this is a sacrifice made for all. Then it is no poor, narrow, egoistical joy which we experience, but our happiness will belong to millions, our deeds will live on silently and effectively through the ages; and our ashes will be watered with the gleaming tears of noble men.

Marx.

Fairly good.

*The work may be commended for richness of
of thought and the well-planned organization of the*

material. But the author falls once more into his usual mistake—an exaggerated search after unfamiliar and picturesque expressions; and it follows that the whole presentation, as indicated by the many marked passages, lacks the necessary clarity, definition and accuracy, and this is equally true of isolated expressions as of the structure of the essay as a whole.

Wyttenbach.

OULANEM, A TRAGEDY

Oulanem, *A Tragedy*

Throughout his life Marx was devoted to poetry. He had a retentive memory and could recite long passages of Goethe's *Faust* with gusto, with a special preference for the speeches of Mephistopheles. He had a wide-ranging and affectionate knowledge of Homer, the *Nibelungenlied*, *The Divine Comedy*, the poetic plays of Calderón, and nearly all the important German poets. For Heinrich Heine he possessed a deep respect amounting to reverence and for a brief period they were close friends. But in the gallery of the poets whom he most admired two were outstanding—Goethe and Shakespeare. In his household there was a veritable cult of Shakespeare, with all the members of the family taking part in readings or staging performances, and though he especially enjoyed the passages breathing fire and brimstone, he had a great liking for the tender lyrical passages. Poetry was in his blood, and he could no more think of living without poetry than living without his vision of a Communist world.

At one time he believed quite seriously that he had the makings of a poet, even of a great poet. While a student at Berlin University, he wrote three books of romantic verses dedicated to Jenny von Westphalen, to whom he was secretly engaged. These verses, under the collective title *The Book of Love*, were

clearly derivative, but they nevertheless demonstrated that he possessed poetic talent, and he was never ashamed of them, for he regarded the writing of poetry as a necessary stage in his development and the most pleasant of the many stages he intended to undergo because it was intimately related to his love for Jenny. Writing in November 1837, when the poetic passion had exhausted itself, he accused himself of having abandoned reality for a vague enthusiasm without any precise understanding of the real nature of poetry. "There were only feelings, broadly and formlessly expressed, without naturalness, constructed out of the moon's light, the complete opposition of what is and what ought to be, rhetorical reflections instead of poetical thought." But this was going too far, for many of the poems deserved a higher commendation, and he thought he saw in them in spite of their defects "a certain warmth of sentiment and a struggle for intensity." In fact, only a few of the poems were rhetorical reflections. He was learning how to lay down clear-cut boundaries while at the same time interpreting his love affair with Jenny in terms of dramatic mythologies invented for the purpose of seeing her in poetic terms. Figures of doom filled the poems; the stage scenery belongs to the wilder shores of romanticism; the demons haunt the moonlit forests of the imagination; and Marx is perfectly at home in his rôle as stage manager, ordering the strange lives of his demons, his virgins, and his mythological creatures, for he casts a spell on them and they come to life.

One of these poems found its way into the Berlin literary magazine *Athenaeum* in 1841. It describes a violinist whose music summons up the powers of darkness in a delirious frenzy. The violinist, who is Marx himself, plays so frenziedly that there can be only one outcome to his performance: he will destroy himself. Someone, perhaps Jenny von Westphalen, asks him why he must play in this fashion, and he answers that he cannot help himself and will stab her with his "blood-dark sword" before his heart and his violin burst.

THE PLAYER

The player strikes up on his violin,
His blond hair falling down.
He wears a sword at his side,
And a wide, wrinkled gown.

“O player, why playest thou so wild?
Why the savage look in thine eyes?
Why the leaping blood, the soaring waves?
Why tearest thou thy bow to shreds?”

“I play for the sake of the thundering sea
Crashing against the walls of the cliffs,
That my eyes be blinded and my heart burst
And my soul resound in the depths of Hell.”

“O player, why tearest thou thy heart to shreds
In mockery? This art was given thee
By a shining God to elevate the mind
Into the swelling music of the starry dance.”

“Look now, my blood-dark sword shall stab
Unerringly within thy soul.
God neither knows nor honors art.
The hellish vapors rise and fill the brain,

Till I go mad and my heart is utterly changed.
See this sword—the Prince of Darkness sold it to me.
For he beats the time and gives the signs.
Ever more boldly I play the dance of death.

I must play darkly, I must play lightly,
Until my heart and my violin burst.”

The player strikes up on the violin,
His blond hair falling down.
He wears a sword at his side,
And a wide, wrinkled gown.

Some of the symbols used in the poem can be easily traced. The pact between the violinist and the Prince of Darkness owes much to the pact between Faust and Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust*. The "wide, wrinkled gown" evidently derives from the Holy Coat, which was exposed once every year at the cathedral of Trier. There is some obvious Freudian symbolism, and there is Marx's characteristic relish in the destructive principle, his delight in romantic violence. But it should be noted that the violence here is turned inward, for the violinist will only destroy himself.

In *Oulanem*, Marx's poetic drama, the violence is turned outward, and the theme is the destruction of man by man, and it even includes the threatened destruction of all mankind by Oulanem. We enter a world where all the characters are learned in the arts of destruction, caught in the coils of a secret rage for vengeance. Since we are never told why they are so determined to exact retribution on so massive a scale, we may assume that Marx was giving vent to his own destructive rages. *Oulanem* is a revenger's tragedy.

The scene is an unnamed mountain town in Italy, where a festival is taking place. So many visitors have arrived in the town that Oulanem and his young companion Lucindo can find no room at the inn, and they are grateful when Pertini offers them the use of his house. Pertini is well satisfied with his generosity, for he has recognized an ancient enemy in Oulanem, and it soon occurs to him that by corrupting Lucindo he may destroy his enemy. Lucindo however is not easily corrupted. Faithful to Oulanem, and well aware of the intentions of Pertini, he goes over to the offensive and attacks his adversary with youthful cunning. The dialogue between them assumes the form of a

dialectical struggle which is never completely resolved. The long scene ends with the apparent victory of Pertini, but his last word, flung at Lucindo, is "*Misstrauen!*"—"Mistrust!" uttered with seething hatred.

The scene then changes to a room in Pertini's house, where Oulanem is preparing to deliver an extraordinary soliloquy. He paces the room restlessly and suddenly comes to an abrupt halt, folding his arms and facing the audience. In all of Marx's works there is no comparable passage of sustained invective. His hatred of the world reaches out to a vision of world destruction. Oulanem can no longer tolerate the depravity of men and consigns them to damnation in a passage which shows signs of having been written in a single burst of poetic fury. Men do not deserve to live, therefore it is time to destroy them utterly. Oulanem sees himself as the agent of destruction, the judge who condemns and then acts as executioner, convinced that he possesses the powers of God to annihilate the universe. Men are no more than apes:

The worlds drag us with them in their rounds,
Howling their songs of death, and we—
We are the apes of a cold God.

There can be no reprieve from this judgment inflicted on mankind, and Oulanem exults in the prospect of dying when the world dies. He will commit suicide, taking the world with him:

Ha, I must bind myself to a wheel of flame
And dance with joy in the circle of eternity!
If there is Something which devours,
I'll leap within it, though I bring the world to ruins—
The world that bulks between me and the Abyss
I will smash to pieces with my enduring curses.

So he goes on, piling curses upon curses on the miserable race of men eternally chained in the marble block of Being, without hope and without destiny; and having delivered his long soliloquy, Oulanem sits down at the table, picks up his pen, and writes. We are not told what he is writing, but it may be a suicide note or a formal sentence of death on all creation.

Oulanem's speech is important to an understanding of Marx's ideas. "Combat or death, bloody struggle or annihilation." At the conclusion of *The Poverty of Philosophy* he quotes these words approvingly from George Sand's romantic novel *Jean Ziska*, and he might just as easily have quoted from *Oulanem*. In *The Communist Manifesto* we hear the same strident voice calling for a war to the death between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, a merciless battle with no quarter given by either side. It is important to observe that Marx's philosophy of the destruction of classes has its roots in romantic drama. A poetic passion was translated into a social passion; and Goethe's Mephistopheles, whose shadowy form hovers behind the ghostly Oulanem, had some part in the making of *The Communist Manifesto*.

The fourth scene in the drama opens with the second encounter between Pertini and Lucindo. Pertini, the protector of the beautiful Beatrice, has secretly arranged a seduction scene. Since he has failed to corrupt Lucindo, he will leave the task to Beatrice, who is German by birth. Lucindo falls in love with her, and some of the best verses in the tragedy are given to the lovers as they proclaim their sudden love for one another. At the moment when Lucindo embraces Beatrice, Wierin leaps into the room, claiming to be her suitor and demanding satisfaction in a duel. The last words are given to Beatrice, who realizes too late that she is merely the instrument of Pertini's schemes for corrupting Lucindo or bringing about his death. "My foreboding heart!" she exclaims, and the curtain falls.

At this point Marx's only tragic drama comes to an end, unfinished. The drama, as he had written it, had reached an impasse, partly because the playwright did not have the makings of a tragic poet, partly because he was unable to conceive a de-

veloping story, but chiefly because the three major characters, Oulanem, Lucindo, and Pertini, were all projections of himself and there could be no real dramatic tension between these various aspects of a single Mephistophelean character. Oulanem was Marx as judge and executioner; Lucindo represented his youthful intelligence; Pertini represented perhaps his consciousness of his power to dominate others in destructive argument. The symbolism of the names is reasonably clear. Oulanem is an anagram for Manuêlo=Immanuel=God. Lucindo derives from *lux*=light. Pertini derives from *perire*=to perish. Beatrice is Jenny von Westphalen, to whom at this time he was secretly engaged, though he feared that the marriage might never take place: hence the "foreboding heart."

Marx had shown that he could write well-shaped and memorable verses, but he could not tell a dramatic story. It might have been possible to work out over three acts a compelling drama in which we would see Pertini conducting a war to the death against Oulanem and Lucindo. We would learn the reason why Pertini was so devoured with hatred against Oulanem. Other characters would be introduced, and we hear of a certain Alwander, a houseowner, and of Perti, a priest, but they are merely listed in the cast of characters. Like many young dramatists, Marx had failed to organize his material.

Yet the drama, as it survives, has a strange grandeur and an inner excitement. Marx was writing about things very close to his heart. Although he was writing in an accepted idiom, which derived ultimately from Goethe's *Faust* and which had its contemporary counterpart in the dramas of Zacharias Werner, he was speaking in his own voice. The German stage had seen countless watered-down Mephistophelean characters garbed in romantic fustian, spouting flamboyant and threatening speeches promising that the foundations of the earth would be shaken: but Oulanem was more convincing than most. He speaks with real passion, and there are moments when he achieves real poetry.

Writing to his father in November 1837, Marx lamented his fate as a poet. He had spent many sleepless nights composing

these verses and had brought himself to the edge of a nervous breakdown, but at least it had been given to him to see the promised land. Speaking about *Oulanem*, he wrote: "And yet these last verses are the only ones in which it seemed to me that I had been struck by the magic wand—the immediate effect was shattering—and I saw the kingdom of poetry glittering before my eyes like a vision of far-off fairy palaces, and then all my creations collapsed into dust."

When Marx was a middle-aged man, he contemplated writing a tragic drama on the theme of the Gracchi, but nothing came of it. For the rest of his life he read poetry avidly, but produced only a few occasional verses.

Oulanem
A Tragedy

Characters

Oulanem	A German traveler
Lucindo	His companion
Pertini	Citizen of a mountain town in Italy
Alwander	Citizen of the same town
Beatrice	His foster daughter
Wierin	
Perto	A monk

The play takes place in front of the houses of Pertini and of Alwander and on the mountainside

Act One. A mountain town

SCENE ONE

The street. Oulanem, Lucindo; Pertini outside his house

PERTINI

Sirs, the whole town is overwhelmed by strangers
Who have come here at the call of Fame
To gaze at the wonders of this place.
So, very briefly, I offer you my own home,
Since you will find no room in the inn,
And I place my feeble services at your disposal.
Believe me, I do so willingly, feeling
A need for your friendship. I am not flattering you.

OULANEM

We thank you, stranger, though I fear
You have too high an opinion of our merits.

PERTINI

So it is all arranged. Enough compliments!

OULANEM

But we were thinking of staying for many days—

PERTINI

That day which does not shine upon you here
Is lost for me.

OULANEM

My warmest thanks!

PERTINI

(calling to boy)

Hey, boy, take these gentlemen to their room.
They will most likely need refreshments after their
journey,
And they will need to be alone, and also need a
change
From the tiresome inconvenience of their traveling
clothes.

OULANEM

We shall leave you and soon come back to you.
(Oulanem and Lucindo go off with the boy)

PERTINI

(alone, and looking round cautiously)
So by God, it is the very man! My day has come!
He is the old friend I could never forget,

For my conscience rarely lets me forget anything.
All is well now. I will exchange my conscience,
And he will be it. Oulanem, the very man!
And now my conscience, for all the good it does
thee,
Thou standest every night before my bed,
Thou sleepest with me and dost rise before me—
Before my eyes. O man, we know each other!
And still more I know, for others are still here,
And they are also Oulanem, also Oulanem!
The name rings forth like death, rings forth
Until it dies away in a wretched crawl.
Stop! I've got it now. It rises from my soul,
As clear as air, as strong as my own bones,
Before my eyes there comes his violent vow—
I have found it, and I shall let him find it.
My plan is ready. Oulanem, thou art alone
His deepest soul, his life, his very life!
Wilt thou be caught by fate in puppet-fashion?
Wilt play the calculator with the heavenly powers?
The gods revolve around thy decaying loins!
My little godling, play out thy role—
But wait, here comes the signal, which is for me—
(*Enter Lucindo*)

SCENE TWO

Pertini, Lucindo

PERTINI

Why so solitary, my young man?

LUCINDO

Curiosity drives me. For the old there is nothing
new!

PERTINI

At your age—

LUCINDO

No, for if it ever happens that my soul
Nourishes in its greatest depths profound desires
And nourishes a longing for revenge,
Then would I call him Father and be called Son
by him,
For from such deep and manly inspirations
The worlds are suckled, and the radiant gods
With their warm hearts have no forebodings
That there might come a Man, until it happens
That someone tells them so.

PERTINI

Truly tender and beautiful are these words,
Coming from the luxuriant warm lips of youth
In praise of older men. They came like sheets of
flame
And have a moral, too, like Bible sayings,
Such as you find in the story of Susanna
Or in the ancient tale of the lost son.
Dare I suggest you know this man,
Being linked to him, it would seem, by bonds of
the heart?

LUCINDO

So it would appear! Not seemingly in madness or
delusion—
Are you a misanthrope?

PERTINI

No, not in the very least.
I count myself a Man.

LUCINDO

Forgive me if I have spoken ill of you!
You have a friendly feeling for the foreigner—
Whoever comes to this wanderer lovingly
His utmost soul is never circumscribed.
Still, you demand an answer—you shall have one.

A rare alliance joins us to each other,
One woven in the very depths of our hearts
Blazing, as it were, like glowing torches
And girt around the heart all shining,
As when the loving demons of the light
Choose one for the other in most tender thought.
So I have known him from the earliest days.
No, scarcely that. Memory speaks softly
Of how we found each other. By the living God
I know not how it was.

PERTINI

You make romantic noises—
Yet know, my dear young fellow, it is only noise,
Noisily denying my request.

LUCINDO

I swear it to you—

PERTINI

Then tell me, my dear Sir, what you were swearing.

LUCINDO

I do not know him, yet I know him well.
His secret hides deep within his breast,
And still I do not know it—not yet.
So sounds the passing of each hour and day,
And look, I do not even know myself!

PERTINI

Hm. That's bad!

LUCINDO

Thus I remain in solitude, so lonely,
And what the poorest man may boast about
himself,
Speaking about his ancestors contentedly,
Who brought him up, and all those small events
So carefully stored up and gathered in his true
heart,
All these are lacking in me. They call me Lucindo.
They could call me Gallows or the Tree.

PERTINI

What do you want? Friendship with the gallows,
Some relationship? Let me give you some advice!

LUCINDO

(earnestly)

Ha, do not play with empty words and sounds.
My innermost heart rages!

PERTINI

Then let it rage, my friend,
Until it blows itself out!

LUCINDO

(rising)

What shall it be?

PERTINI

What? Nothing!
Look, I am a dry and house-bound Philistine,
A man who calls an hour an hour,
And goes to sleep each evening to awake
When morning comes again, and counts the hours
Until he counts himself out, and the clock stops,
And then the worms become the hands of the clock,
And so on the last Day of Judgment,
When Jesus Christ with the Archangel Gabriel
Reads out the catalogue in the register of sins,
Commanding us with trumpetings of wrath,
And some are sent to the left and some to the right,
And the fist of God is felt upon our skins,
Thus learning whether we are lambs or wolves!

LUCINDO

He will not call me, for I have no name!

PERTINI

Well then, let me learn it from you!
But know that I, a home-bred Philistine,
Have home-bred thoughts, and seize on
Thoughts as you might gather stones or sand
And so it seems to me that one who knows not

His origin may find he has another—
Maybe collateral!

LUCINDO

Man—man—what is he?
Think rather that the sun is black, the moon flat,
And neither send forth their beams.
Yet there comes a sound—an ancestor—life is
stirring!

PERTINI

My friend, do not extemporize so wildly.
Believe me, I am no sufferer from nervous cramps!
Those collateral branches are often green and
mossy,
And truly they improve their course abundantly
And shoot up proudly to the very heavens,
As though they knew they budded forth in joy:
No chains of slavery gave gloomy birth to them!
Look, such collateral branches are but charades,
Nature is a poet, Wedlock sits in the saddle,
Wearing her headdress and all her other
adornments,
The sullen face is stupidly contorted,
And at her feet there lies a dried-up parchment
Scrawled with a priest's blasphemies,
And in perspective—the muffled halls of the
Church,
While in the background—the roguishly gaping
rabble.
Thus do I praise collateral branches!

LUCINDO

(*flaring*)
Enough, for God's sake!
What is it, man? What do you mean? Speak out!
Yet by the eternal I have something to say.
What am I asking? It is not clearly revealed to me.
Is not Hell grinning outside? Does it not rise

Before my eyes like the parched shape of death
 To stare at me and murmur threats of storm?
 Still, Man, you have flung down—not gently, be-
 lieve me—

The burning torch out of the parched devil's fist
 Onto my breast. Do not believe you are throwing
 dice with a boy.

The dice are thrown at the boy's head in order to
 smash it.

And so you play in such a rush with me,
 But mark this well, we are companions in the game.
 Quickly did you confide in me. Now out with it
 all—

Everything that rages in your snake-like breast,
 Whether you distrust me or despise me.
 Then I shall hurl it all back down your throat,
 So that you will stifle in your poisons, and become
 My plaything! Speak, I demand it!

PERTINI

Demand it? You must be thinking of Faust and
 Mephistopheles.

Have you plunged deep within it? Then know
 That I say No, and leave such demands to you,
 And throw sand in his stupid eyes!

LUCINDO

Spare yourself, do not blow on the embers too
 closely,
 Or else you'll be engulfed by them
 In the upward blaze!

PERTINI

Claptrap!
 The only one to be engulfed is you!

LUCINDO

Myself alone, alone—it may be I am nothing to
 myself,
 Yet I have power within my youthful arms
 To clench and crush you with tempestuous force,

While for us both the abyss yawns in darkness.
You will sink down and I shall follow laughing,
Whispering in your ear, "Descend, come with me,
friend."

PERTINI

It seems to me you have a gift of fantasy—
I would say you have dreamed often in your life.

LUCINDO

So you have struck home! I am a dreamer, yes, a
dreamer.

What shall I learn from you—you, who know
nothing?

You scarcely see me, and you know me not,
And spew your mockery and slander at me.

How long will you delay? How many more de-
mands from you—

You have got nothing from me! I still have got
something for you—

For me—the guilt—disgrace and poison to be re-
deemed by you.

You have drawn the magic circle—two cannot be
in it.

You'll need your art of leaping now—

Fate weighs whatever it weighs, so be it!

PERTINI

You have read the conclusion, maybe from your
teacher,

Out of a dry book of tragedies.

LUCINDO

We play tragedies together, don't we?

Still it comes how, when, by whatever means you
wish.

PERTINI

Also when, and everywhere, and sometime,
Also nowhere.

LUCINDO

Ha, coward, you cavil at my words.

Roughly now I sketch the coward on your face.
I'll shout it loudly in all the streets,
And strike you down before the crowds of people.
You won't follow with your idiot commonplaces
There where my heart's blood is frozen and falters.
Not one word more! Follow me—or not—
You have been judged a coward and a rogue!

PERTINI

(in a passion)
Say that once more, boy!

LUCINDO

If it gives you pleasure, I'll say it a thousand times.
May it titillate you until your bile boils,
Or until the blood spurts fiercely from your eyes.
So once more, once more—coward, rogue!

PERTINI

As we speak, the words are written on your forehead.
Yet there remains a place where we are bound together.
That place is Hell! Not for me, for you!

LUCINDO

What all these words amount to is just this—
There's agreement that you can go to Hell.
Then go, and tell the devils I sent you!

PERTINI

Say one word more!

LUCINDO

Are words worth anything at all?
I do not hear you, only the noise of the wind,
Writing the appropriate lines on your face
Which I cannot see. Bring weapons, then—
They speak, and I'll lay my whole heart among
them,
And it won't break—and then—

PERTINI

Now you are being brash and childish.
The truth is you have nothing to throw into the
game.

You are a mere stone fallen from the moon
On which someone has scribbled a consonant.
You have seen the consonant—it is called Lucindo.
I won't wager my life, my honor, everything I am,
On an empty gambling table. Look now!
Will you use my blood for a painter's pot of paints,
And make me the paintbrush to lend fresh color to
you?

Our positions are unequal, altogether incredible.
You know who I am—but you, who are you?
You do not know yourself, are nothing, have
nothing.

Like a thief you would like to pledge your honor—
That honor which never shone on your bastard
breast.

So you proliferate around the empty lottery blanks
Against my full substance, eh, my friend?
And should you create a name, honor, life,
Still you are nothing until I grant name and honor,
And thus stake my life willingly against yours!

LUCINDO

A fine fellow! So you would save yourself,
A coward with the brain of an idiot, but clever
enough

To count the reckoning—a clever coward!
But don't deceive yourself. I cancel the sum total,
And in its place I set a coward up.
I scorn you as I would a drunken frenzied beast.
I loathe you—above everything I loathe you!
Thus you may be able to understand relationships—
The man to the cousin, the child to anyone.
And I am called Lucindo, I call myself Lucindo.

So they call me and can call me otherwise.
 So I proceed and could proceed in other ways.
 I may not be what people understand by Being.
 Still I am
 What I am, and you—you are a coward!

PERTINI

That's all very well, but how would it be perhaps
 If I were to give you names—do you hear—real
 names?

LUCINDO

You who have no name give names? How so?
 You who have just seen me have never seen me.
 Seeing is lies, and the eternal scorn
 Pursuing us. We see, and that is all!

PERTINI

What is more comprehensible than seeing?

LUCINDO

As for you, you see nothing.
 In everything you see, you see yourself—a
 scoundrel.

PERTINI

My first impressions do not easily deceive me,
 This is true, and you know well it is not just from
 today.
 My seeing has accomplished much, believe it or not.
 How so? If we had known each other—

LUCINDO

This I do not believe!

PERTINI

Is there not a wonderful poet,
 An aesthete playing a dark game of blind man's
 bluff,
 Who suffers strange moments, strange broodings,
 Who would like to make all life a rhyme,
 And his own life a poem?

LUCINDO

That must be pure chance! You are not deceiving me!

PERTINI

Chance! Then such are the writings of philosophers
When saving reason is not entirely lost.
Chance is easily said—a single syllable.
That name is also chance—Oulanem.
It is a name that any man may have.
And if I call him that, then it is chance!

LUCINDO

You know him, then? By Heaven, speak—

PERTINI

Do you know the wages of boys? It is—silence.

LUCINDO

It nauseates me that I should beg from you.
By everything you value I implore you—

PERTINI

Everything I value? Do I give small change?
And I, a coward? Shall I swear on oath?

LUCINDO

Then it must be! If you would shake cowardice
Out of your skull, then come to action!

PERTINI

Should I then shoot myself? But where you are, I
stay.
You're good enough for me. Should I then shoot
myself?

LUCINDO

Don't drive me to extremes—not to the very edge,
Where there's no frontier and all things end!

PERTINI

So then we venture to the furthest limits.
Fate draws us on, and we become
What we are drawn to.

LUCINDO

Ha, no salvation, no, none! Nowhere!
Your iron heart so impenetrably hard
And your withered mind defiled by scorn
Are mixed with a poison which gathers like the
balsam,
And now, man, smile, perhaps for the last time,
Grasp it, suck at it, at this last hour,
In a moment thou shalt stand before the Judge,
And the long chains of your life will be unloosened
Through some last, last good deed,
And only a word spoken lightly, tender as air,
So lightly breathed!

PERTINI

It was chance, my dear fellow.
I believe only in chance—believe me!

LUCINDO

In vain! All—all—stop, you insipid fool!
Not in this way is the affair accomplished, no, by
God!
Once more your sharp glance has been deceived.
I summon him here and stand before him,
Eye to eye, forehead to forehead I stand,
And I look like a dejected child.
Hold me no more, child! Let me go!
(*Lucindo jumps away*)

PERTINI

A bigger plan will save you now, boy.
Believe me, Pertini means “he will not forget!”

PERTINI

(*shouting*)
Come back, Lucindo! By heaven, come back!

LUCINDO

What do you want of me? Let me away!

PERTINI

Done so beautifully, so honorably—
Go tell the worthy gentleman we have quarreled,

You challenged me, and that too honorably.
Courteous you are, just like a gentle child!
And you regret your sins. So now speak out,
And weep a tear and kiss my hand and cut
The rod which I will beat you with.

LUCINDO

So you are forcing me!

PERTINI

In moral terms you force yourself—
Morality, why that's a tale for children.
Do you believe in God?

LUCINDO

Shall I make my confession to you?

PERTINI

Don't you wish I could confess to you?
So then I will, but first—do you believe in God?

LUCINDO

What is that to you?

PERTINI

It is not exactly a modern thing to do.
Therefore I would like to hear it from your lips!

LUCINDO

I do not believe in Him in the way men call
believing,
Yet I know Him as I know myself.

PERTINI

Well then, that's more through caprice and
convenience.
As you believe in Him, so do I.
Since you believe, then swear by Him!

LUCINDO

You mean I should swear to you?

PERTINI

That your tongue may never
Leap even by a syllable into treachery!

LUCINDO

I'll swear that, by God!

PERTINI

Now that you cherish only friendly feelings for me,
Know that I am not evil, only direct!

LUCINDO

I cannot swear I love you, by God! In a friendly
way

I treasure you most honorably.

For you I can do this, but I may not swear it.

What is past may be torn up by the roots,
Being no more perhaps than a bad and contrary
dream,

To vanish thence, as dreams do wither away,
And so I plunge it into the stream of forgetfulness.
I swear this to you in the name of the Holy One,
Out of whom the worlds emerge, circling upwards,
Him who giveth birth to Eternity from an instant
of Time.

So I have sworn! Now give me the reward for my
oath!

PERTINI

Come with me, I shall lead you to quiet places,
I shall show you one thing and another, the gorges
Where the volcanic lakes arise, where the waters,
Still and rounded, cradle you to sleep,
Where the skeins of the years rustle quietly along,
And the storms fall away, and there are—

LUCINDO

Stones, creeks, worms, mud? O, everywhere
The rocks and reefs pile up, in every place
We'll see the fountains bursting forth
With overwhelming power, beneath, and more—
who knows?

And we are banished slaves chained to the secret
places,

Seeing with pleasure how the storms wax in our
hearts,

And should the storms increase in violence,

Then 'tis no more than farce, a foolish escapade.
So lead me on, wherever thou wilt, and take me—
Without thought, with no wavering—take me far
away!

PERTINI

First the swift thunder must resound,
The lightning must strike through the heart.
So I shall lead you to the very place
Where I fear you may not come forth again!

LUCINDO

So be it, wherever it is, I'll follow
All pathways which lead to the goal. March on.

PERTINI

Mistrust! (*They leave the stage*)

SCENE THREE

A large room in Pertini's house. Oulanem is alone, writing at a table, with papers lying around. Suddenly he springs up, walks up and down, and suddenly stands still with his arms folded.

OULANEM

Ruined! Ruined! My time has clean run out!
The clock has stopped, the pygmy house has
 crumbled,
Soon I shall embrace Eternity to my breast, and
 soon
I shall howl gigantic curses on mankind.
Ha! Eternity! She is our eternal grief,
An indescribable and immeasurable Death,
Vile artificiality conceived to scorn us,
Ourselves being clockwork, blindly mechanical,
Made to be the fool-calendars of Time and Space,
Having no purpose save to happen, to be ruined,

So that there shall be something to ruin.
There had to be some fault in the universe,
The dumb agony of pain wrapped all round her,
A giant's mighty soul waltzing through the air;
So Death becomes alive, wears shoes and hose,
Suffering of plants, the stifling deaths of stones,
Birds vainly seeking their songs, bemoaning
The sickness of their airy lives, wars and dissensions
In blind assemblage shuddering, exterminating
Itself from its very self in violent clashes.
Now there emerges a man, two legs and a heart,
Who has the power to utter living curses.
Ha, I must bind myself to a wheel of flame
And dance with joy in the circle of eternity!
If there is a Something which devours,
I'll leap within it, though I bring the world to
ruins—

The world which bulks between me and the Abyss
I will smash to pieces with my enduring curses.
I'll throw my arms around its harsh reality:
Embracing me, the world will dumbly pass away,
And then sink down to utter nothingness,
Perished, with no existence—that would be really
living!

While swinging high within the stream of eternity,
We roar our melancholy hymns to the Creator
With scorn on our brows! Shall the sun ever burn
it away?

Presumptuous curses from excommunicate souls!
Eyes that annihilate with poisoned glances
Gleam exultantly, the leaden world holds us fast.
And we are chained, shattered, empty, frightened,
Eternally chained to this marble block of Being,
Chained, eternally chained, eternally.
And the worlds drag us with them in their rounds,
Howling their songs of death, and we—

We are the apes of a cold God.
 And yet we keep the viper beautifully warm
 With foolish toil at the full breast of love
 Which reaches up to the Universal Image
 And sneers at us from the heights!
 And the interminable angry waves keep roaring
 To drain away the nausea from our ears.
 Now quick—the die is cast—all is prepared,
 And what the lying poem dreamed is utterly
 ruined,
 And what began with curses the curses have
 fulfilled!
(He sits down at the table and writes)

SCENE FOUR

The house of Alwander. At first in front of the house. Lucindo, Pertini

LUCINDO

What must I do here?

PERTINI

A tender morsel of female flesh,
 That's all, gaze at it, and when peace of mind
 Breathes soft and melodious on your soul,
 Then continue.

LUCINDO

What's this? You are leading me to wenches?
 At this very moment when the whole of my life
 Comes crushing down on my shoulders,
 When my heart dilates all powerfully
 To annihilate itself hungrily and wrongfully,
 When every breath wafts a thousand deaths to me,
 And now a woman!

PERTINI

Ah! Youth is effervescent.
 Flames and death are blowing each other away.
 What wench? Have I understood you rightly?
 You see this house? Does it look fit for wenches?
 Believe me, I want to play the pander for you,
 And may this day serve truly as a lantern?
 It is cheerful here, but only inside; perhaps you will
 Experience here what you are craving.

LUCINDO

I see this is a deception
 Which you have built out of solid material:
 You want the hand to slip away, that holds you.
 Thank the moment when I must listen to you:
 For all that you hesitate, then it will cost you your
 life.

(They go into the house, the curtain falls, and another rises. The room is modern, elegant. Beatrice sits on a sofa, a guitar near her. Lucindo, Pertini, Beatrice)

PERTINI

I bring you a young traveler—a courteous gentleman.

He is distantly related to me.

BEATRICE

You are welcome.

LUCINDO

Pardon me, if I can find neither word
 Nor speech for my astonished heart.
 Such rare beauty strikes down the soul,
 And blood leaps high, and words refuse to come.

BEATRICE

A dear, handsome young fellow, and fine-spirited.
 I thank you for your good humor, but there was no
 need.

Unkind Nature denies this to me,
 Should the tongue speak and not the heart.

LUCINDO

If only my heart could speak, if it could only
Stream forth what you have sunk so deep within it,
Then words would become harmonies of fire,
And every breath would last for eternity,
In Heaven, in one immense unending kingdom,
Wherein the lives of all our thoughts would shine,
With tender yearnings, filled with harmonious
songs,
The All enclosed within its gracious bosom,
And from it there pours out ethereal beauty,
And every word will bear the names of beauty!

PERTINI

You must not take it ill, dear lady, if I tell you
He is a German. From every corner of his mind
Melody and soul flow round him.

BEATRICE

A German! Well, I like Germans very much.
I am proud of belonging to that race.
Sit beside me, German!
(*She offers him a place on the sofa*)

LUCINDO

Thank you, Fräulein.
(*Secretly to Pertini*)
Let us go! We have time, and I am lost!

BEATRICE

(*confused*) Have I said too much?—
(*Lucindo wants to speak, but Pertini prevents him*)

PERTINI

Ah, spare yourself ideas and spare her flattery.
It was nothing, Beatrice—only some small affair,
That I wanted to discuss with this gentleman
quickly.

LUCINDO

(*troubled, softly*)
What is it, Pertini? By
God, are you playing with me?

PERTINI

(loudly)

Oh, it is nothing to grieve about, don't be afraid.
The young lady trusts my word, isn't that so?
Isn't it true, Beatrice, that he may remain here
Until I come back. Be scrupulous.
You are strangers. Therefore no nonsense!

BEATRICE

Young man, have I so received you
That you may presume I would have the desire
To drive you out of the house. you who are
The friend of my old friend Pertini,
The stranger to be thrust shelterless from the house.
One should receive all people willingly.
But you should not flatter me—only be reasonable.

LUCINDO

My God, your virtue casts me to the ground.
You speak as softly as the angels speak,
And I am ashamed, my heart is torn
By the wild stream of long-forgotten passion.
Your lips say what your lips should seal.
Then look at heaven, which is chastely veiled,
Smiling down through layers of blue cloud,
The colors waving in a sweet glance, and showing
Darkness and light melodiously combined
To form a single portrait, and you so silent—
If lips were ever silent—yet a magic spell
Draws sounds from you—and then deliberation
And caution vanish, while the lips tremble,
The heart resounds like a harp echoing,
As though the wings of zephyrs played around it.

BEATRICE

I will excuse your flattery, dear sir.
You give a sweet appearance to this poison.

LUCINDO

(softly, to Pertini)

You are a damned rascal—yet a decent rascal.

What should I do? By God, I should fly away!

PERTINI

The truth is he can never pardon me for having
But a short while ago said farewell to his words.
He had imagined something of great beauty,
And I have disconcerted him; and Beatrice—
She thinks it is all for the best.

I may have given her the idea, and as for him—
Well, as we say, it takes a long time to enjoy a joke,
And German jokes take a lot of digesting.
I am going now!

LUCINDO

(softly)

You rogue!

PERTINI

(loudly)

Still he counts on sympathy,
Rising quickly from the belly to the heart.
Soon I shall return and rescue you.
A sweet place for a man to lie in shackles!
(To himself) I must go, or the old fellow will
ruin it,
And he is sure to court her love.
(He leaves. Lucindo is perplexed)

BEATRICE

May I not ask you once again to sit?

LUCINDO

As you please, willingly I sit beside you.
(He sits down)

BEATRICE

Our friend Pertini is not often so moody!

LUCINDO

Most unusual—most odd and unusual—
(Pause)

LUCINDO

May I ask you Fräulein, whether you value him
highly?

BEATRICE

He is an old, highly esteemed friend of the house,
And he has always been well disposed toward me.
And really, I don't know—but I cannot endure him.
He is often extremely coarse, and speaks in a veiled
way.

Excuse me, he is your friend—a magic spirit
Lies in his breast, or so I would like to believe.
It is as though in the night he spins within himself,
And by day his open and loving glance
Is turned into trembling cowardice, not permitting
him

To say the worst which comes to his lips, or even
Those words which his heart would like to think:
But this is all supposition, and maybe it is not right
That I should confide in you so soon—
All this is suspicion, and suspicion is a serpent!

LUCINDO

Are you sorry you have confided in me, Fräulein?

BEATRICE

If it were a secret that concerned me only—
But oh, what am I saying? Have you acquired the
right
To my confidence? But there's no harm in it.
If I were to tell you everything I knew,
Then I would be able to entrust it to everyone,
Because I know nothing but what everyone knows.

LUCINDO

So tell me all! You mean, the whole of it?

BEATRICE

You, too?

LUCINDO

O angel, sweet being!

BEATRICE

You make me frightened, sir. What does it mean?
You jump so quickly, from one thing to another!

LUCINDO

I must act quickly, for now the hour strikes.
Why hesitate so long? Every moment is death.
Can I hide it from you? It is a strange and wonder-
ful thing—
I have scarcely seen you, cannot explain to myself—
As though we had been confiding in each other for
a long time,
As though the notes of music I carry in myself
Had struck a chord within a warm and living
being,
As though long ago a spiritual bond enclosed us,
Which now struggles to achieve reality.

BEATRICE

I do not deny that to me you seem no stranger:
Yet you are a stranger and unknown to me,
Alone, a dark genius shrouded in shadows,
Who would reject us even before we arrived,
Therefore we may imagine other sweet tricks
To win us through those distant magic spells!
Then, then one must be still more on one's guard:
The strongest lightning does not strike from a dark
flower!

LUCINDO

I cannot resist, O God, your lovely philosophy
Springing from your heart—so compelling you are!
Do not think I do not feel reverence toward you,
Because I venture so boldly and speedily.
My heart is oppressed, my nerves are torn,
I cannot fight back—soon I shall be far away,
Far, far away from you, cut off from you.
The worlds will be submerged in the Abyss, and
you also submerged.
Forgive me, sweet child, forgive the occasions
Which so hurriedly drive me forward into violence.
O my God, I love you, Beatrice!

Beatrice and love are a single breath,
And only a single breath can blow them away.
In that thought I would perish!

BEATRICE

Oh, let me speak, for your words are profitless.
Listen: the law is nothing but a poem.
I surrender my heart to you this moment,
Though certainly you will not treasure me more.
You will now think: she is just an ordinary child,
Quick to surrender like a thousand others,
And if she had only conceived the thought,
Then might I myself have brought her to love and
respect.
My heart could not be worthy of you any longer,
And I, I alone, must sorrowfully take the blame.

LUCINDO

Oh rich and warm and soulful being,
If only you could read my heart.
I have never loved, never, by God.
That you should blame yourself is a mockery
of love.
Let the wretched shopkeeper think his evil
thoughts:
He wants to gain more by cautious procrastination.
Nevertheless Love sees the All ripening in us.
Beyond this, beyond this, there is no hope at
all!
And when we consider what is binding and hates
itself,
Then love encloses itself and appears as
Wonder.
It is a spark, and Being glows within it,
And in a moment it may burn itself away.
Where the other is, there the balance is even.
Quick is the flame, and quick the blessing of love.

BEATRICE

Shall I be coy? I must dare all.

The flames may rage together on high,
But oh, my heart is downcast and oppressed,
As though the pain and pleasure were commingled,
As though a whispering rose between our union,
And the sneering demons were mixed up in it.

LUCINDO

It is the ardor you have not known before,
The old life having become remote from us,
And once more shall we hear the words of parting:
Then I may never dare to soar again.
How, Beatrice—how will you be mine?

BEATRICE

My father wishes to marry me to a man.
I hate him, if it is possible for me to hate a man.
But certainly you will soon know me better.
Where do you live, oh pure, sweet friend of my
heart?

LUCINDO

With Pertini.

BEATRICE

I shall send a messenger.
Then your name, perfect like a note of music,
Will resound in the circle of the coursing spheres?

LUCINDO

(*serious*)
I am named Lucindo!

BEATRICE

Lucindo, sweet.
Sweet is the sound of Lucindo,
My world, my God, my heart, my all.

LUCINDO

Beatrice, thine own self, and thou art more:
Thou art all things, thou art Beatrice.
(*He presses her strongly to his heart, the door
opens, and Wierin enters*)

WIERIN

There's fine work! There's the snake, there's
Beatrice,
The little marble-cold doll of virtue, eh?

LUCINDO

What does this mean? What have you come to do?
By God, I never saw a prettier monkey!

WIERIN

You damned fool, what will be, will be.
We rivals shall have something to say to one another—
You are like a man formed to hate the form of man,
O dwarf, creature of inflated impudence,
A paperweight on which to wipe a pen,
A hero made for comedy.

LUCINDO

So speaks a most perfect monkey!
Shame to you. Here we exchange fighting words,
And courage here is only a street-organ
Which plays in imitation of battles.
Soon that's what it will be.

WIERIN

Well, fool, we'll have some words together.
This is it. He drives me out of my mind.
Beatrice, I am throwing the fellow out.

LUCINDO

Silence, dwarf! I shall follow you to the dueling
ground—
(*Pertini enters*)

PERTINI

What's the commotion? Do you think you are in
the street?
(*To Wierin*)
Stop screaming, crow, or I'll stop your mouth!
(*To himself*)
I have been lucky in my way of talking to him,

For he has somewhat misunderstood my meaning.
(*Beatrice faints*)

LUCINDO

Help! Help! Oh God, she has fallen!
(*He leans over her*)

Angel, revive her. Sweet soul, speak!
(*He kisses her*)

Can you not feel the warmth, she opens her eyes,
she breathes.

Beatrice, why did you let this happen—why?

Would you kill me, how could I see you so?

(*He lifts her up and embraces her.*

Wierin would throw him to the ground, but Pertini prevents him)

PERTINI

Friend, crow! A word in your ear!

BEATRICE

(*weakly*)

Lucindo, my Lucindo, all is lost—

Lost before I have won thee, O my heart!

LUCINDO

Peace, angel, nothing at all is lost.

I shall soon drive the man to his rest.

(*He drags her to the sofa*)

Rest here, we should not tarry longer.

The abomination will not keep us from the holy place.

WIERIN

Come away, for we must speak together.

PERTINI

I will join you.

Now we need a second for the duel!

LUCINDO

Now rest, sweet child. Why do you grieve?

BEATRICE

Farewell.

LUCINDO

Angel, farewell.

BEATRICE

(*sighing*)

My foreboding heart.

The Curtain falls. End of the First Act.

A LETTER FROM
HEINRICH HEINE

Frankfurt den 21 Sept. 1844.

Liebes Marx! Ich bin wieder an meinem
fatalen Augenübel, und mir mit Kopf weh
ist allem diese Zeiten. Gedenke, was ich Ihnen
zu sagen, kann ich Ihnen Aufsatze schreiben. Ich
müßte sagen, denn ich beabsichtige mich für
beinahe fünf Jahre einen Brief von Ihnen - ich
sich auf mich zu setzen zu lassen, meine
haben die letzten Jahre mich zu tragen, wie
weil ich sie. Ich sage mir die Dinge. Ich
vermüßte bei mir größere ~~Wissenschaften~~ Wissenschaften
am Vorworte als ich mich von wissen kann
und oft ist vorhanden das Gefühl befreundet die
größte Wissenschaft im Aufsatze mit
schreiben. Was soll das sein, sogar Männer
ist subordiniert! - Mühselig mit sich. Wenn
mir eine Geschichte in Paris vorgekommen wird
mein Brief ist gedrückt wird aber erst in 10 bis
14 Tagen für mich gegeben, nicht mehr klein
geschlagen wird. Die Aufsatze - der goldige
Held, wunderbar, wo man großer Geist, spielt
Ihren für mich vorgegeben, in der
Abt. - Mühselig, erstens damit Sie sich
vermüßten, zweitens daß damit Sie sich
schreiben können für das Brief in der
Haupt zu wirken, und drittens damit Sie, wenn
Sie es wollen, können in der Haupt der Erde
den einen Geist über den letzten können.

A Letter from Heinrich Heine

The letter written by Heinrich Heine, from Hamburg, to Marx, in Paris, on September 21, 1844 has a special poignancy. Heine was writing in his wonderfully clear handwriting (although he was nearly blind from a disease that had infected his eyes), and as usual he was joking about serious matters, making light of his sufferings and demonstrating an infectious gaiety. Writing in the tone of a man talking to an old friend, he sends Marx the proof sheets of his long satirical travelogue in verse *Germany, A Winter's Tale* for publication in the Paris emigré journal *Vorwärts*. Marx is asked to write some prefatory material. Heine was evidently hoping that Marx would also write a long critique of the poem. There were greetings to Jenny, and Heine concludes the long letter with the words: "Farewell, dear Friend, and excuse this dreadful scribble. I cannot read back what I have written—but we need very few signs in order to understand each other."

Germany, A Winter's Tale, which covers about eighty pages, was a poem of quite extraordinary complexity, for it combines a gentle lyricism with scorching comments on the social scene. Toward the end, as though overwhelmed by the horrors he has seen or imagined, Heine's temper snaps and he rages on the edge of insanity. Some of his purest lyrics and some of his most

mawkish, sentimental verses are contained in this strange poem.

As early as the summer of 1842, six years before the publication of *The Communist Manifesto*, Heine had foreseen the emergence of communism. In an article written for the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, he wrote:

Although little discussed today, communism is the dark hero now loitering in hidden garrets or miserable straw pallets—a hero destined to play a great, even though temporary, role in the modern tragedy, and he is only waiting for the cue to make his entrance.

Three weeks later, in another article, he spoke of the time when there would be one flock led by “a shepherd with an iron staff.” The communist future filled him with alarm. “The future smells of Russian leather, blood, godlessness, and many whippings,” he wrote. “I should advise our grandchildren to be born with thick skins on their backs.”

Communism was not, of course, the invention of Karl Marx. It had been discussed and debated for many years before *The Communist Manifesto*, and it had many fathers. For a few months, under the influence of Marx and the German exiles in Paris, Heine lent his prestige to the emerging communist movement, but he was soon disenchanted. Seven years later he described the communists as “a crowd of godless self-appointed gods,” and reminded them of the fate which befell the Babylonian King, “who thought he was the good God, but fell miserably from the height of his pride and crawled like an animal on the ground and ate grass.”

A Letter from Heinrich Heine

Hamburg, 21 Sept. 1844

Dearest Marx!

I am again suffering from my distressing eye trouble, and it is only with an effort that I can scrawl these lines to you. Meanwhile the most important thing I want to tell you can wait till the beginning of next month when I can tell you in person, for I am preparing my departure—after a disquieting hint from Above. I have no inclination to be hunted; my legs have no talent for wearing iron shackles, as Weitling wore them. He showed me the scars. I am suspected of a more important participation in *Vorwärts* than I can boast, and to tell the truth the newspaper displays the greatest mastery in the art of incitement and the publication of compromising material. Where is this to lead? Even Maurer was tossed overboard! More about this by word of mouth. Let us hope no web of perfidies is being spun in Paris! My book is off the press and will be published within ten days or two weeks, and so there will be no immediate uproar. The proof-sheets of the political part—particularly the part with my long poem—I am sending you today by bookpost with a threefold intention. First of all to amuse you, secondly so that you can make arrangements right away to campaign for it in the German press, and thirdly, if you should think it desirable, so that you may print the best of the new poems in the *Vorwärts*.

I believe it is all quite suitable for reprinting up to the end

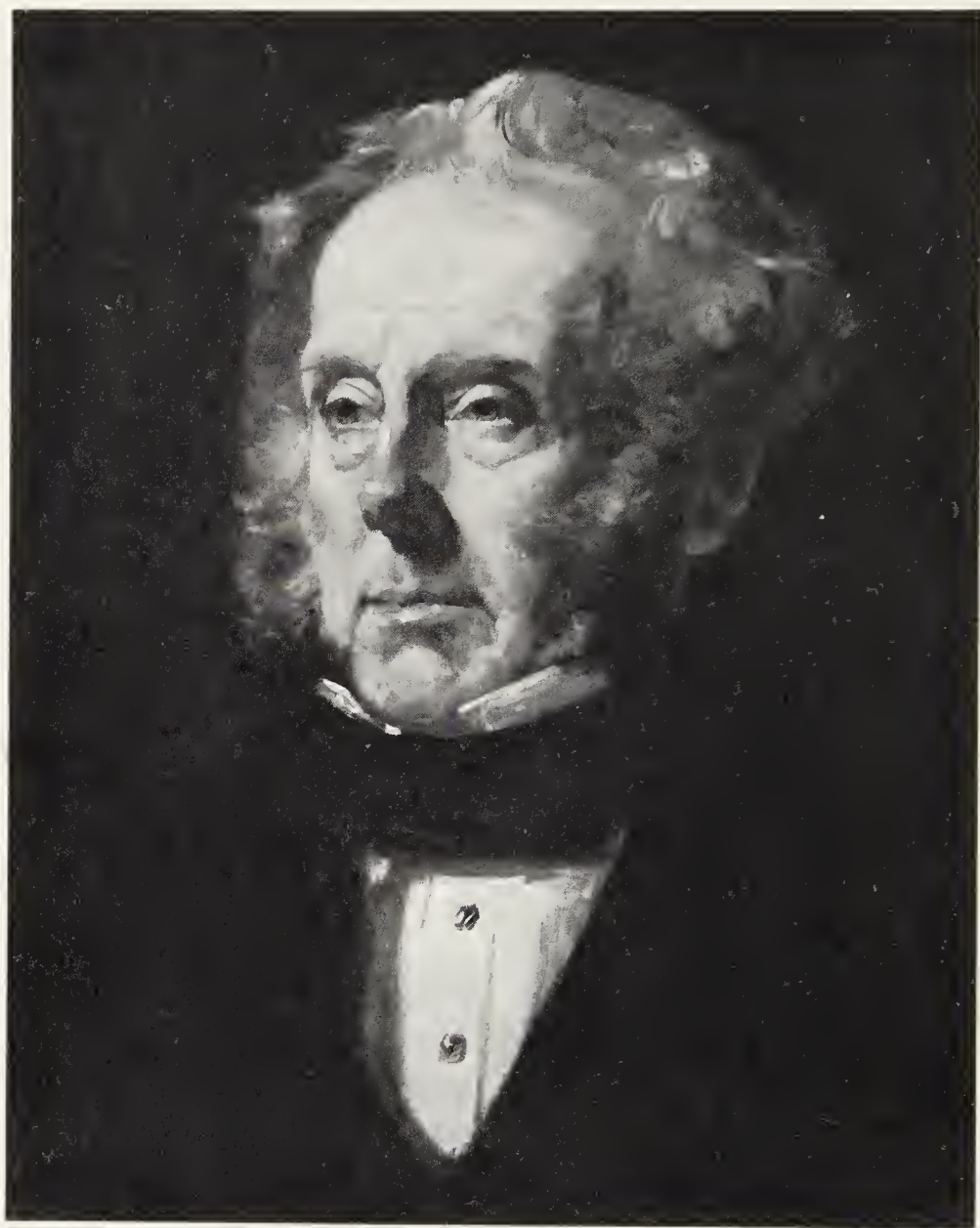
of the 16th chapter of the long poem, but you must be careful to ensure that the sections which discuss Collen, namely chapters 4, 5, 6 and 7 are not cut in the printing, but appear according to the same numbers. That is the case, too, in the parts which concern old Rothbart, namely chapters 14, 15 and 16, which must be printed together in the same way. I would ask you to write a few introductory words to these extracts. I shall bring the beginning of the book to you in Paris. It consists only of romances and ballads which will please your wife. (It is my friendliest request that you greet her heartily for me.) I am delighted that I shall soon be seeing her. I hope next winter will be less melancholy for us than the last.

Campe is now making a special printing of the long poem. The censor has cut out a few passages in my introduction where I spoke too candidly. I have thrown down the gantlet to the Nationalists. I will send it to you later as soon as it is printed. Please write to Hess (I have not got his address) so that he may do all he can on the Rhine as soon as my book appears—even if the savages fall upon it! I would like you to direct it to the attention of Jungh for a helpful article. In the event that you sign your name to the needed introduction in the *Vorwärts*, could you say I am sending on to you the fresh sheets at once. You understand the distinction by which in some other way I might be thought presumptuous for such a remark. I beg you to try to see Weil and to tell him in my name that I have only just received his letter, which was sent to the wrong Henri Heine, of whom there are several here. I shall see him personally in fourteen days. Meanwhile he should not permit a single line to be printed about me, in particular about my new poem. I may be able—if my eyes permit—to write to him before my departure. Friendly greetings to Bernays. I am delighted to be coming to you soon. I have already sent my wife to France to see her mother, who is dying. Farewell, dear Friend, and excuse this dreadful scribble. I cannot read back what I have written—but we need very few signs in order to understand each other.

Devotedly

H. Heine

A REPORT SENT TO
LORD PALMERSTON



Lord Palmerston by F. Cruickshank, c. 1855.

A Report Sent to Lord Palmerston

On May 24, 1850, the Earl of Westmorland, the British Ambassador in Berlin, received a confidential report from the Prussian Minister of the Interior, Baron Otto von Manteuffel, concerning Marx and the German revolutionary societies in London. The report was written by a German secret agent living in London and familiar with the workings of the secret societies. According to the secret agent, Marx, Engels, and others were engaged in a plot to kill Queen Victoria and all the crowned heads of Europe. Marx was heard saying that the revolutionaries were at their posts and infallible measures had been taken so that not one of the "European crowned Executioners" would escape.

The report finally reached the desk of Lord Palmerston, but there is no evidence that he took any action. He saw no reason to think that the crowned heads of Europe were in any danger from the baffled and defeated refugees from the 1848 revolution.

Nevertheless there is some reason to believe that the report, here published in full for the first time, accurately reflects the intentions of the revolutionaries. Marx was quite capable of saying such things, for he was in a particularly ferocious mood during the early months of 1850. With the help of Engels he drew up in March 1850 an extraordinary document called A

Plan of Action against Democracy, which outlined a revolutionary program of terrorism, calling for the assassination of crowned heads, the destruction of public monuments, and an alliance between the proletariat and the petit bourgeoisie, which would later be liquidated by the proletariat. In the middle of April, Marx, Engels, August von Willich, George Julian Harney, and Adam Vidil signed an agreement to form a Universal Society, which was expected to assume power in Germany, Britain, and France. George Julian Harney was the leader of the Chartists and Adam Vidil was a follower of Blanqui. By the summer the Universal Society had ceased to exist, and *A Plan of Action against Democracy* became one more of the many revolutionary documents crumbling into dust. It was not, however, completely forgotten, for Lenin, who had read the document, used it as a blueprint for revolution in Petrograd in November 1917.

The secret report shows Marx in an unfavorable light, but it is not therefore less trustworthy. At this time Marx regarded himself as the chief of the German revolutionaries in London with undisputed authority over the revolutionary movement. By the end of the year he was to learn that most of his followers had abandoned him, that all hope of revolution had vanished, and that he was doomed to live in poverty and misery. The sleepless night of exile had begun.

A Report Sent to Lord Palmerston

COVERING NOTE FROM LORD WESTMORLAND

Berlin 24 May 1850

My Lord,

With reference to my despatch No. 190 I now beg leave to forward the copy of a letter which I have this day received from the Minister of the Interior Mr. de Manteuffel together with the Reports enclosed in it relative to the Proceedings of the Republican and Communist Clubs in London.

These reports of which I have likewise the honour of transmitting a translated extract contain very full information as to the objects and organization of the Societies in question as well as to the names of their leaders and of the places of their meetings and of the nature of the language held at them.

I have the honour to be with the highest Respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's
Most Obedient
Humble Servant
Westmorland

To the Viscount Palmerston, G.C.B.

COVERING NOTE FROM BARON VON MANTEUFFEL

Monsieur le Comte,

Ci-joint j'ai l'honneur de mettre à la disposition de Votre Excellence trois Copies des renseignements à l'égard des conspirations sociales à Londres, reçues du côté bien sur, mais *confidentiel*.

Je profite de cette occasion etc etc.

Berlin le 24 Mai 1850

Manteuffel

The Confidential Report

TO THE EARL OF WESTMORLAND G.C.B.

London 2 May 1850

There exist here 4 Socialist Republican Societies—two German, one Polish and one French, besides a Blood Red English secret Chartist Society.

A. One of the German Societies under Marx, Wolff, Engels, Seidel, meets at No. 20 Great Windmill St. on the first story. It is divided again into three Sections. The Society B. is the most violent. The murder of Princes is formally taught and discussed in it. At a meeting held the day before yesterday at which I assisted and over which Wolff and Marx presided, I heard one of the Orators call out "The English Moon Calf will likewise not escape its destiny. The English Steel Wares are the best, the axes cut particularly sharp here, and the guillotine awaits every Crowned Head." Thus the murder of the Queen of England is proclaimed by Germans a few hundred yards only from Buckingham Palace. The secret committee is divided again into two Sections, the one composed of the Leaders and the other of the so-called "Blindmen" who are from 18 to 20 in number are men of great daring and courage. They are not to take part in disturbances, but are reserved for great occasions and prin-

cipally for the murder of Princes. 4 of these men are at Berlin. The German Society A is in communication with Paris and with the Secret Chartist Society in London, of which Wolff and Marx are members. Wolff declared in the meeting of the evening before last "The English want what we do, an Orator (of the Chartist Society) has loudly proclaimed, we want not only the Social Democratick Republick, *but something more*. You therefore see (said Wolff) that the English Mooncalf with Her Princely Urchins must go the way we mean to send all crowned Monarchs." Upon which one well dressed man cried out "You mean hanging, Citizen—another the Guillotine."

The month of May or June was spoken of for striking the chief blow at Paris. Before the close of the meeting Marx told his audience that they might be perfectly tranquil, their men were every where at their Posts. The eventful moment was approaching and infallible measures are taken so that not one of the European crowned Executioners can escape. Another of the Chief Agents is a German of the name of Bauer who lives at the corner of Dean St and Little Dean St. He is also a member of the Secret Chartist Society.

The second German Socialist Republican Society meets at Hillman's in Greek Street. Struve is at its head, but endeavours are being made to remove him and to unite the Society with that of Marx (Great Windmill St). Struve's society is closely allied with the Polish Socialist Republican Society and assembles every Sunday evening.

The Polish Club meets every Sunday at 3 P.M. at No. 46 Rathbone Place on the ground Floor. The Sittings of the French Red Republicans presided by Louis Blanc are held on Thursday evenings in the same locality. On the other week days all sorts of exercises with swords and daggers are practiced. The regular Correspondence between these two Societies and Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Warsaw and St. Petersburg is chiefly carried on by Messengers. The "Blindmen" are waiting in all these Towns for the outbreak, in order for their ambuscade to hit their mark. Whilst the British Government either does not or will not see this, the deadly weapon is likewise already prepared for England's Queen.

London, 14 May 1850

The Societies declare openly that they shortly expect an outbreak at Paris, that if it succeeds they will endeavour to obtain a declaration of War against Germany, and that the entrance of the French by way of Strasburg will be the Signal for a general insurrection in Germany. Everybody who wishes to enter the Club in Great Windmill St must previously declare himself a communist and take an Oath. The French Republicans have a secret place of meeting at No. 26 Queen Street, Golden Square.

London, 16 May 1850

The first part of this letter confirms generally the information contained in the Letter of the 2nd instant (written by a Secret Agent) relative to the organization of the Clubs, and states that Struve and Heinzen had left the Club in Windmill St of which Wolff was the most violent member because the murder of Princes had been formally adopted as a part of the Statutes. Struve had then frequented the Society of Refugees at No. 22 Greek St, the tendency of which is socialism whereas that of the other is communism.

In Great Windmill St on the ground Floor many Refugees keep up a close intercourse and dine with British Soldiers, with the probable intention of gaining them over to their purposes. In the Sitting of the Club here on the 14th of May Wolff declared that they formed a compact Power and had a well organized Police which penetrated even into the Hotel of the Prussian Minister.

The Agent L. has informed the writer that the great Communist Association under the name of the "Bund" is spread over a great part of Europe, for example Holland, Russia, Poland etc, and that it has Central Chiefs for the various countries. Marx, Wolff and Engels who are in London are these Chiefs for Germany. This Bund directs in Germany about 300 to 350 Societies of Workmen in each of which there are not above one tenth Members of the Bund. The number of Members of all the Societies is calculated at about 50,000, that of the members completely initiated who blindly direct the Societies at about 100. The letter then enters into a description of the organization and division

Sections and Communes of the Societies in Germany and mentions the names of some of the Leaders. One of the principal features of this organization is that only a small number of the members are initiated in the more immediate views of the Chiefs, and that thus their measures are directed with more secrecy and certainty. Another remarkable feature is the arrangement that when any member of the Societies is arraigned before a Court of Justice, all the Members of his Society are expected to perjure themselves and swear to his innocence. Thus, the letter says, the Individual was acquitted who made the attempt on the life of the Prince of Prussia last year on the Rhine and who had been guided from Paris and Cologne.

The Bund, the Central Authority of which, as already stated, is in Windmill Street, sends emissaries over all parts of Germany and receives subscriptions from the Societies of Workmen.

The Society in Greek Street has not the same resources and is in great distress for money. An Englishman of the name of Fothergill is a member of A and is appointed to receive subscriptions for the Refugees from Germany. The Chiefs of the Windmill Street Club do not always meet there, but frequently change the place of their assembly. Lately a Member of the name of Frederick Bauer wanted a Publick debate to take place on the Question whether it was better to poison Princes or to poignard them, but was interrupted by the Committee which has more secret places of meeting for such discussions.

To give an idea of the security which the Chiefs enjoy here, it may be mentioned that a young Baden Refugee of the name of Linde, who had made use of some strong expressions against Marx and Wolff was summoned before the Committee of the Club and was told by Marx, probably to intimidate him, that for his offence he had been condemned to death.

But he replied that he had already been condemned to death in Baden and that he supposed the Committee had been charged on the part of Prussia to carry the sentence into execution. This answer surprised the Committee and the young man was dismissed after having been made to promise secrecy.

A SHORT SKETCH OF AN
EVENTFUL LIFE

A Short Sketch of an Eventful Life

When Jenny Marx wrote *A Short Sketch of an Eventful Life* in the summer or autumn of 1865, she had no thought of publishing her reminiscences. She was writing for herself or for her three daughters, Jenny, Laura and Eleanor, or perhaps for posterity. She wrote artlessly, compulsively, without any straining for the literary phrase. She gives the impression of a woman who sat down on a gray Sunday to write some casual reminiscences and then found herself constrained to write a more or less constructive history of her life since the day of her marriage to Karl Marx.

Originally the manuscript consisted of thirty-seven closely written pages, of which twenty-nine have survived. The missing eight pages were probably torn out by her youngest daughter Eleanor, who is known to have been in possession of the manuscript after her father's death, and it is not difficult to guess the reasons why she did so. Jenny Marx deeply loved her husband, but there were many occasions when he drove her to the edge of insanity. For her he was not the embodiment of a revolutionary legend; he was human, all too human. The pages which were torn out almost certainly described Karl Marx in his more human aspects.

The charm of Jenny Marx's brief and fragmentary reminis-

cences lies in their direct and unaffected sincerity. Born to wealth, she had lived in abject poverty almost from the moment when she married, and she detested poverty with all the strength of her being. Born an aristocrat, she looked at the world through aristocratic eyes. She liked giving balls and entertaining guests, she adored expensive clothes, and she wanted her children to be brought up in an atmosphere of refinement, with the best available tutors in music, singing and languages. She liked large, commodious houses and she liked to have servants attending her. When the family finally settled into a comfortable middle-class house in Hampstead, she noted approvingly that they were in possession of "a pretty and healthy house, which we furnished very comfortably and rather elegantly." Instead of the miserable two-room lodging in Dean Street, where they had suffered the torments of the damned, they had at last acquired comfort and elegance and a sense of ease and leisure.

She was about fifty-one years old when she wrote her reminiscences, but looked much older. Two of her children had died in infancy; Edgar, her favorite son, had died when he was eight years old; and all these deaths left her inconsolable. She was a woman who had suffered greatly, and most of her suffering arose from the fact that Marx was incapable of providing for his growing family. She complained bitterly against his improvidence, his fecklessness, his determination to lead his life in his own way, and there are letters written by Marx to Engels which testify to the cutting edge of her tongue and the furious diatribes delivered with aristocratic energy. It was not only that Marx was no saint to her; he was also at times the very devil incarnate, leading his family to perdition. In the eyes of Jenny, the former Baroness von Westphalen, the family took pride of place.

A Short Sketch of an Eventful Life is therefore not so much an account of her own life as a description of the Marx family during its time of troubles. Children are born and die; friends enter their lives; they move from one house to another; one catastrophe follows after another; but always there is the sense of the family surviving through its vicissitudes. Marx does not occupy the foreground; he is simply one of the members of the

family. The two most poignant passages in her reminiscences scarcely concern Marx at all. One describes the death of her daughter Franziska, the other the death of a Jewish banker in Paris ten years later. She had hurried to Paris in a desperate attempt to borrow money from the banker, who had once admired her, only to find that he was dying. During the journey back in the depth of winter everything that could possibly go wrong went wrong. When she reached London at Christmas she found that one of her two maidservants had died of a heart attack. Death seemed to be following her everywhere.

This is not to say that her reminiscences are morbid. She writes about what she knows, and death is never very far from the center of her thoughts. Yet she sometimes writes about herself and her friends with irony and a kind of amused detachment. Among the German exiles in England was the swashbuckling August von Willich, the hero of the 1848 rebellion, who one morning appeared in her bedroom "dressed like a real Don Quixote in a grey woollen doublet and a scarlet cloth wound round his waist instead of a belt." Marx sent Willich packing. Jenny tells us that from time to time Willich returned secretly "because he wanted to pursue the worm which lives in every marriage and lure it out." Evidently Willich hoped to seduce her. She gave him no encouragement, but took pleasure in his company.

In the biographies of Marx she is nearly always a shadowy figure. We see her more clearly when she tells us that when they were living in Dean Street, she would sometimes slip out and drink a pint of London ale in the ladies' saloon of the local bar. She enjoyed the "cozy conversations" in the public houses, the conviviality, the noise, and the banter. Walking, too, was one of her great pleasures, and she speaks of long lonely walks through crowded West End streets after attending the meetings of the German exiles. She enjoyed giving parties. She says she gave her "first ball" on October 12, 1864, and presumably many others later on. She liked to do things in style.

The truth was, of course, that Jenny was not a Marxist. She remained the impenitent aristocrat to the end of her life, always

proud of her lineage, her beauty, and her instinctive generosity. In her own way she was also proud of her sufferings. She never whines, rarely laments, and describes even the most terrible moments directly and succinctly. Only once are we made aware of a deliberate evasion. This is when she writes: "In the early summer of 1851 there occurred an event which I shall not touch upon further, although it brought about a great increase in our private and public sorrows." This passage can only refer to the birth of Marx's bastard son by the maidservant Helene Demuth, an event which brought about terrible scenes and nearly led to the divorce of Jenny and Marx. She seems never to have completely forgiven him, and Marx seems never to have completely forgiven himself.

The saddest pages of the reminiscences come at the end where she describes the visit of Ferdinand Lassalle, Marx's arch-rival, to England. Lassalle had offered his hospitality to Marx in Berlin, and now Marx in his poverty found himself compelled to return the favor. Lassalle stayed at their house for nearly three weeks, eating their food and drinking their wine, talking in a loud voice about his own position as the acknowledged leader of the German working classes. No doubt he was quite insufferable, and no doubt Jenny found herself thinking about all the household objects they had sent to the pawnshop to make his visit possible. But her undisguised bitterness, her spleen and venom, the ferocity of her attack on a dead man, for he had been killed in a duel by the time she was writing about him, come strangely from her pen. For once she seems to be speaking out of character.



Helene Demuth and Marx's eldest daughter Jenny. Courtesy Mr. C. A. Hall.

A Short Sketch of an Eventful Life

June 19, 1843, was my wedding day. We journeyed from Kreuznach over the Ebernburg to Rheinpfalz and then by way of Baden-Baden returned to Kreuznach, where we stayed until the end of September. My dear mother returned to Trier with my brother Edgar. At the beginning of October Karl and I went to Paris, and we were met by Herwegh and his wife.

In Paris Karl and Ruge brought out the *Deutsch-Französische Jahrbücher*. Julius Frobél was the publisher. The enterprise came to grief after the first number. We lived on Rue Vanneau in the Faubourg St Germain, and we saw a good deal of Ruge, Heine, Herwegh, Mäurer, Tolstoy, Bakunin, Annenkov, Bernays and *tutti quanti*. Much gossip à *querelles allemandes*.

Jennychen was born on May 1, 1844. After this I went out for the first time to Lafitte's funeral and six weeks later I went by mail coach to Trier with my mortally sick child. I stayed for three months with my dear mother. There I met Sophie Schmalhausen and the little Jettchen Schmalhausen, who was a year old. Jettchen Marx was married during my stay. The humbug over the Holy Coat was in full swing that summer.

In September I returned to Paris with a German nurse (Gretchen from Barbeln) and Jennychen, who now had four teeth. During my absence Friedrich Engels had visited Karl.

During the autumn and winter Karl worked on his *Critique of Critical Critique*, which was published in Frankfurt. Our circle was made up of Hess and his wife, Ewerbeck and Ribbentrop, and especially Heine and Herwegh. Suddenly at the beginning of 1845 the police commissioner appeared at our house and showed us an expulsion order made out by Guizot at the request of the Prussian government. The order ran: "Karl Marx must leave Paris within twenty-four hours." I was given a longer delay, which I used to sell off my furniture and some of my linen. I got only a pittance for it, but we had to raise money for the journey. For 2 days the Herweghs took me in. Ill, and in bitter cold weather, I followed Karl to Brussels at the beginning of February. There we put up at the *Bois Sauvage* and I met Heinzen and Freiligrath for the first time. In May we moved to a small house in the Rue de l'Alliance, Faubourg St. Louvain, which we rented from Dr. Breuer.

We had hardly settled down when Engels and Heinrich Bürgers followed us. Bürgers had already visited us in Paris with his friend Dr. Roland Daniels. A short while later Hess arrived with his wife, and a certain Sebastian Seiler joined the small German circle. He set up a German correspondence bureau, and the small German colony lived pleasantly together. Then we were joined by some more Belgians, among them Gigot, and several Poles. In one of the pretty cafes where we went in the evening I made the acquaintance of old Lewelel in his blue blouse.

During the summer Engels worked with Karl on a critique of German philosophy, the external impulse for the work being the publication of [Stirner's] *The Ego and His Own*. It was a voluminous work and they intended it to be published in Westphalia. In the summer Joseph Weydemeyer paid us his first visit. He remained for a while as our guest. In April my dear mother sent her own trusted maid to help me in Brussels. Once more I paid a visit to my beloved mother, this time with the maid and the fourteen-month-old Jennychen. I stayed with her for six weeks and returned to our small colony two weeks before Laura was born on September 26. My brother Edgar spent the winter

with us, hoping to find work in Brussels. He entered Seiler's newspaper bureau, and later in the spring of 1846 our dear Wilhelm Wolff also came to work there. He was known as "Kasemattenwolff," having escaped from a fortress in Silesia where he had spent four years for violating the press laws. His coming to us was the beginning of a very close and intimate friendship with our dear "Lupus," which was dissolved only with his death in May 1864. During the winter we were visited by Georg Jung and Dr. Schleicher. In February 1846 we suddenly received a letter from Trier informing us of the dangerous illness of my mother . . . [Break in MSS].

Meanwhile the revolutionary stormclouds were growing heavier and heavier. The Belgian horizon was also dark. Men feared above all the workers, the social element of the masses. The police, the military, the civil guard, all were called up and placed on a military footing. Then the German workers decided it was time to arm themselves too. Daggers, revolvers etc. were procured. Karl willingly gave them money, for he had just come into an inheritance. The government saw evidence of conspiracy and intrigue: Marx receives money and buys weapons, therefore he must be expelled. Late at night 2 men broke into our house. They asked for Karl and when he appeared they declared that they were police sergeants, and they had a warrant giving them power to arrest him and to take him away for questioning. And so in the night they all went their way. I hurried after him in terrible fear and sought out people of influence to find out what was happening. I rushed from house to house in the darkness of the night. Suddenly I was seized by a guard, placed under arrest and thrown into a dark prison. It was the place where they brought beggars who could find no shelter, homeless wanderers and wretched fallen women. I was thrust into a dark cell. I was sobbing as I entered the cell, and then my unfortunate companion in misery offered to share her place with me. It was a hard wooden bed. I lay down on it. When morning came I saw in the facing window, behind an iron grating, a cadaverous, mournful face. I stepped up to the window and recognized our good old friend Gigot. When he saw me, he beckoned to me,

pointing downward. I followed his direction and saw Karl being led away under military escort. An hour later I was taken before the interrogating magistrate. After two hours of interrogation, during which they got little out of me, I was led off to a carriage by gendarmes and toward evening I was able to get back to my 3 poor children. The affair caused a great sensation. All the newspapers reported it. Karl too was soon released with orders to leave Brussels immediately. He had already intended to return to Paris, having applied to the Provisional Government in France for a repeal of the expulsion order issued against him under Louis Philippe. Almost at once he received a document signed by Flocon, in which the Provisional Government cancelled the order in very flattering terms. Paris was now wide open to us, and where could we feel more at ease than under the rising sun of the new revolution? We absolutely had to go there! I hurriedly packed my goods and chattels, sold what could be sold, but left my trunks with all my silver plate and the best linen in Brussels in the care of the bookseller Vogler, who was especially helpful during the preparations for my departure. So our 3 year stay in Brussels came to an end. It was the last day in February, a cold, dull day, and we had great difficulty in keeping the children warm. The youngest of them was just a year old . . . [Break in MSS].

At the end of May (1849) Karl brought out the last issue of *Neue Rheinische Zeitung*, printed in red letters. It was the famous "red number," a firebrand in form and content. Engels had immediately joined the Baden uprising, and been made adjutant to Willich. Karl decided to go to Paris again for a while, since it was impossible for him to remain on German soil. Red Wolff followed him. I went with the 3 children to my dear old home town and to the arms of my dear mother. We traveled by way of Bingen, where we met Heinzen and his beautiful actress wife, staying there for 8 days. After leaving Bingen I made a little detour in order to convert the silver plate, which I had just redeemed from the pawnbroker in Brussels, into ready cash. Weydemeyer and his wife again gave us hospitality and were very helpful in my dealings with the pawnbroker. Thus

I succeeded in obtaining money for the journey. Karl went off in the company of Red Wolff through the Rheinpfalz and then on to Paris, where a little while later the Ledru-Rollin affair put an end to the brief dream of revolution. Then everywhere the reaction set in in all its ferocity.

The Hungarian revolution, the Baden insurrection, the Italian uprising all collapsed. Courts martial were rife in Hungary and Baden, and during the presidency of Louis Napoleon, who was elected with an enormous majority at the end of 1848, 50,000 Frenchmen marched into "the city on the seven hills" and occupied Italy. *L'ordre règne à Varsovie* and *Vae victis* were the watchwords of the counter-revolution made drunk with victory. The bourgeoisie breathed relief, the petty bourgeois went back to their business, and the petty liberal philistines clenched their fists in their pockets, the workers were hounded and persecuted, and the men who fought with sword and pen for the kingdom of the poor and oppressed were happy to be able to earn their bread abroad. While Karl was staying in Paris, he established contact with many of the leaders of clubs and secret workers' societies. I followed him to Paris in July 1849, and we remained there for a month. One fine morning the familiar police sergeant came again with the announcement that *Karl et sa dame* must leave Paris within 24 hours. They were kind enough to permit us to take up residence in Morbihan, at Vannes. Such a place of exile was not to be thought of, and once more I packed my little bundles in order to find a safe and peaceful harbor in London. Karl hastened ahead of me. He established a close relationship with Blind. Sometime later George Weerth also went there. It was Weerth who met me on my arrival in London, sick and exhausted with my 3 small and persecuted children. He found accommodation for me in a small boarding-house on Leicester Square belonging to a master-tailor. In all haste we looked for a larger lodging in Chelsea, for the time was drawing nearer and nearer when I would need a quiet roof over my head. On November 5, when the people outside were shouting "Guy Fawkes for ever," and small boys wearing baroque masques were riding the streets on cleverly fashioned donkeys and all was in

uproar, my poor little Heinrich was born. In honour of the great conspirator we called our little newcomer Föxchen. Shortly after his birth Engels arrived in London, following his flight from Baden by way of Genoa. Willich had preceded him and immediately settled down among us like a Communist *frère et compagnon*. Early one morning he made his appearance in our bedroom, dressed like a real Don Quixote in a grey woollen doublet and a scarlet cloth wound round his waist instead of a belt, roaring with Prussian horse-laugh, perfectly ready to begin a long theoretical debate on "natural" communism. Karl put a quick end to these attempts. From time to time he would come to visit me, because he wanted to pursue the worm which lives in every marriage and lure it out. While we were living in Chelsea we had our first visits from W. Pieper and W. Liebknecht. Red Wolff had already reached London with Karl.

Thousands of fugitives arrived daily; they were all more or less in dire straits, few had any means, all were dependent on others and in need of help. This was one of the most unpleasant periods in our life of emigration. Emigrant committees were organized to assist the emigres, meetings were arranged, appeals made, programs drawn up, and great demonstrations were prepared. In all the emigrant circles dissensions broke out. The various parties gradually split up completely. Between the German Democrats on the one hand and the Socialists there was an official separation, and there was a striking rift among the Communist working men. The leaders of the factions attacked one another with great viciousness and a motley band of ruffians and intriguers eager for "deeds" and "action" pushed to the fore and were most hostile to the section of the workers and their leaders, who had a clearer understanding of the situation and recognized that the era of revolution would not dawn for a long while. Karl, above all the rest, was persecuted beyond measure, calumniated and defamed. It was at this time that there occurred the duel between Conrad Schramm and August Willich.

In the autumn of 1849 Karl had begun negotiations in Germany for a new revue, to be edited in London and published in

Hamburg. After countless difficulties the first 6 issues appeared under the title *Neue Rheinische Zeitung, Politischeökonomische Revue*. The success of this review was very great. But the bookseller, who had been bought by the German government, was so negligent and inefficient in his handling of the business that it soon became obvious that he could not continue much longer.

In this spring of 1850 we were forced to leave our house in Chelsea. My poor little Föxchen was always ill, and the many cares of our daily life were ruining my health. Harassed on all sides and pursued by creditors, we stayed for a week in a German hotel on Leicester Square, but we did not stay there long. One morning our worthy host refused to serve us breakfast and we were forced to look for other lodgings. The small help I received from my mother often saved us from the bitterest privations. In the house of a Jewish lace-dealer we found two rooms where we spent a miserable summer with our four children.

In the autumn of this year Karl and his closest friends decided to break off from the affairs of the emigres completely and to take no further part in demonstrations. He and his friends left the Workers' Educational Society and all of them withdrew into private life. Engels, after trying in vain to earn a living by writing in London, went to Manchester and worked as a clerk in his father's textile business on very unfavorable terms. All our other friends tried to make ends meet by giving lessons etc. This and the following two years were for us years of great hardship, continual acute privations, great privations of all kind, and real misery.

In August 1850, although I was far from being well, I decided to leave my sick child and go to Holland to get help and consolation from Karl's uncle. I looked on the birth of a 5th child and the future with complete despair. Karl's uncle was very ill-disposed by the unfavorable effects of the revolution on his business affairs and on those of his sons, he had become embittered by the revolution and by revolutionaries, and he had lost his sense of humor. He refused to give me any help, but as I was leaving he pressed into my hand a present for my youngest child and I saw that it hurt him not to be able to give me more.

The old man could not imagine my feelings as I said farewell. I returned home with a despairing heart. My poor little Edgar came leaping toward me with his friendly face, and my little Föxchen stretched out his little arms to me. I was not to enjoy his caresses for long. In November the sweet child suffered from convulsions caused by an inflammation of the lungs. My sorrow was great. He was the first child who was lost to me. I did not dream then what other griefs lay in store for me, which would make all others, everything else, seem as nothing. Shortly after the dear child was laid to rest, we left our small dwelling-place and rented another apartment in the same street.

During this winter I learned that my poor mother was paralysed in her right arm. And so the dear, busy diligent hands must rest for all time, and even the consolation of writing letters, the one thing left to her in her loneliness and isolation, was denied to her. For the second time Edgar left our dear mother, in order to try his luck in Texas again.

On March 28 1851 our small daughter Franziska was born. We gave the poor little thing to a nurse, for we could not rear her in our three small rooms. It was the year of the Great Exhibition, and everyone was streaming into London. In the spring Freiligrath came from Cologne to find a situation in London. Later Lupus came from Switzerland, and so did Dronke, Imandt and Schily. Seiler had returned earlier, and Gotz had joined the group of emigres around Karl. The years 1851 and 1852 were for us the years of the greatest and at the same time paltry troubles, worries, disappointments and privations of all kinds.

In the early summer of 1851 there occurred an event which I shall not touch upon further, although it brought about a great increase in our private and public sorrows. In the spring the Prussian government accused all Karl's friends in the Rhine province of the most dangerous revolutionary conspiracies, they were thrown into prison, and treated in the most terrible way. The public trial began at the end of 1852: this was the well-known Communist Trial. With the exception of Daniels and Jacobi all the accused were sentenced to from 3 to 5 years imprisonment.

At first W. Pieper was his secretary; later I assumed this secretarial position, and the memory of the days I spent in Karl's tiny little room, copying out the articles he had scribbled, belong to the happiest of my life.

At the end of 1851 Louis Napoleon brought about his *coup d'état*, and in the following spring Karl wrote his *Eighteenth Brumaire*, which was published in New York. He wrote the book in our small Dean Street apartment amid the noise of the children and the turmoil of the household. In March I finished copying out the manuscript and it was sent off, but it did not appear in print until much later and brought in next to nothing.

At Easter 1852 our poor little Franziska fell ill with severe bronchitis. For 3 days the poor child wrestled with death. She suffered much. Her little lifeless body rested in the small back room; we all wandered out into the front room, and when night fell we made our beds on the floor, and the three living children lay with us, and we wept for the little angel who lay cold and lifeless nearby. The death of our beloved child took place at the time of our bitterest poverty. Our German friends could not help us just then. Ernest Jones, who was then paying us long and frequent visits, had promised to help us, but he could give us nothing. Bangya, a Hungarian colonel who had insinuated himself at this time into our group, having asked Karl to correct a manuscript for Szemeres, promised his immediate assistance, but he was incapable of helping.

With anguish in my heart I ran to a French emigre who lived near us and used to visit us. I begged him for help in our terrible need. He at once gave me £2 with the friendliest sympathy, and with the money the small coffin was bought, and there my poor child now slumbers peacefully. She had no cradle when she came into the world, and for a long time she was refused a last resting place. How we suffered when the coffin was carried away to the graveyard!

In the autumn of 1852 the Trial of the Communists, which has since become famous, came to an end. Karl wrote a pamphlet, which brought into the light of day the infamies of the Prussian government. It was printed in Switzerland by Schabelitz, but

was confiscated at the frontier by the Prussian government and destroyed. Class had a new edition of the pamphlet printed in America and many copies were distributed over the continent.

During the year 1853 Marx wrote 2 articles regularly for the *Tribune*, which made a great impression in America. Because of this steady income we were able to pay off most of our old debts and to live a less anxious life. The children grew up nicely, developing both spiritually and physically, although we were still living in that small, narrow apartment. During his stay in London Karl was always in close contact with the Chartists, and contributed to Ernest Jones's journal *The People's Paper*. In the summer of that year he was giving them the articles which had already appeared in the *Tribune*.

In these articles he was able to show that Palmerston had come to an understanding with Russia, especially in his dealings with the Poles. This was reprinted from *The People's Paper* by David Urquhart in a Glasgow newspaper. As a consequence Karl became acquainted with Urquhart and his friends. Karl's articles were printed separately as fly-sheets by Tucker, who printed Urquhart's newspapers, and thousands of these fly-sheets were broadcast. The *Globe* and other government newspapers began to pay close attention to this work, and to mention his name. In addition John Bright made frequent mention of the articles Karl had written for the *Tribune* in his speeches at the House of Commons.

In the summer of this year Karl's sister Louise married Juta. On their way to the Cape, where Juta opened a bookshop, the young couple paid us a visit. We spent some agreeable days together. In autumn our intimate circle of friends was joined by Peter Meyer from Lubeck, the meetings nearly always taking place in our own little dwelling. He was an excellent singer and eater and became an intimate friend of the household.

In answer to a vicious attack on him by Willich, which appeared in America, Karl wrote a short pamphlet *The Knight of the Noble Conscience*, also printed in America, which reduced the knight and his barking pack to perpetual silence.

That year we enjoyed our first cheerful Christmas since we

came to London. Karl's connection with the *Tribune* put an end to our heavy, nagging, daily cares. During the summer the children had spent more time romping about in the open air in the parks; there were cherries, strawberries and even grapes that year; and our friends brought our beloved threesome all kinds of beautiful presents. They came with dolls and guns and cooking utensils and drums and trumpets, and Dronke came late in the evening to decorate the Christmas tree. It was a happy evening. A week later our beloved Edgar showed the first symptoms of the incurable disease, which was to snatch him away from us a year later. Had we been able to give up our small unhealthy apartment and take the child to the seaside we might perhaps have saved him. But what is done, is done. In the summer of 1854 the 3 children got measles . . . [Break in MSS].

In September 1855 we returned to our Dean Street headquarters, firmly resolved to abandon the place as soon as a small English inheritance freed us from the chains and bonds in which the butcher, the baker, the milkman, the greengrocer and tea vendor, and all the other enemy powers, held us. At last, in the spring of 1856, we received the small sum which gave us our freedom. We paid all our debts—silver, linen and clothes were withdrawn from their exile at the pawnbroker's and returned to their old home, and with my small remaining threesome, I returned in my new clothes to the dear old house. Soon after our arrival my poor mother became seriously ill. She celebrated her 81st birthday in the company of the beloved uncle, who on the very next day took to his bed, and never recovered . . . [Break in MSS].

We spent that winter in great seclusion. Nearly all our friends had left London; the few who remained lived far away; and besides it was not easy to reach our small neat house, which in spite of its diminutive size seemed to be a kind of palace compared with the places where we had lived before. There was no smooth road leading to it, a good deal of building was going up, we had to pick our way over accumulations of rubbish, and when it was raining the red clay clung to the soles of our boots, so that it became a tiresome struggle to lift our hundred-

weight boots into the house. And when the darkness fell over this barbaric district, rather than spending the evening in a struggle with the dark, the rubbish, the clay and the heaps of stones, we preferred to gather round the warm fireside. All that winter I was very ill, always surrounded by a whole battery of medicines. It was a long time before I became accustomed to the complete solitude. I often missed my long walks in the crowded West End streets after my meetings, our clubs, and the familiar public house with the cosy conversations, which had so often helped me to forget for a while my worries. Luckily I still had to copy out an article for the *Tribune* twice a week, and that kept me *au courant* with world events.

In the middle of 1857 another great crisis in trade confronted the American workers. The *Tribune* once more declined to pay for two articles a week, and as a result of this loss of income there was another heavy outflow from our exchequer. By good fortune Dana was bringing out an encyclopedia at this time, and Karl was asked to write articles on military and economic affairs. But these articles were very irregular, and the growing children and larger house led to greater expenses, and this was by no means a time of prosperity. There was no positive need, but we were always *géné*, with our petty anxieties and calculations. In spite of all our attempts to cut down expenses, the two ends never met, and our debts mounted from day to day and year to year, and this was all the more irritating because the road to "respectability" lay open with our ownership of a house. *La vie de bohème* came to an end, and where previously we had fought the battle of poverty in exile freely and openly, now we had the *appearance* of respectability, and held up our heads again. We sailed with all sails flying into the land of the Philistines. There were still the same little hardships, the same struggles and the same wretchedness, the same intimate relationship with the 3 balls—but the humor had gone. I first came to know the real oppression of exile during this first phase of our truly bourgeois life as Philistines. Yet this transformation was necessary. It was necessary to break with the past. For the sake of the children we had already adopted a regular, respectable

middle class life. Everything conspired to bring about a bourgeois existence, and to cnmesh us in it. We could no longer live like bohemians when everyone was a Philistine. And then there came the difficult *salto mortale*. On July 6 our seventh child was born, but it lived only long enough to breathe a while and was carried away to join the 3 other dear brothers and sisters. While I was ill, Lina Schöler came to visit me: since November 1855 she had been living in England as a governess. She had spent two months with us when she first left Germany, and then she had found a place in the house of Colonel Eyres, and in the autumn of 1856 she found another place in the house of the rich Mr. Angerstein.

In the summer of 1857 our good old friend Conrad Schramm came back from America, but unfortunately he was in such a poor state of health that at first glance we thought he was irrevocably lost. He stayed for six weeks in the German Hospital, and then went to the island of Jersey. Here he met Friedrich Engels, who had also been very ill for a year and had gone there to regain his health and strength. Karl visited his two friends there in October of that year and came back loaded with fruit, nuts and grapes. At the beginning of 1858, through our friend Julian Harney who was then editing a paper in Jersey, we learned of the death of our dear friend.

The year 1858 brought us neither good nor evil; it was a year in which every day was like every other day. Eating and drinking, writing articles, reading newspapers, going for walks: that was the whole extent of our lives. In August there came a slight change in our monotonous way of living. I went for 4 weeks to Ramsgate, and later Lenchen followed with the three children. I lived in the house of Mr. Labett, whose charming daughter made my stay in Ramsgate very agreeable. Here, too, I came to know Miss Anna Bella Carlisle, the sister of Mrs. Cuningham, whom we had previously met because our two girls were friendly with her daughters—Ellinor and Alice. Shortly before coming to Ramsgate Miss Carlisle had published two novels, which created quite a stir. Mrs. Cuningham is also a writer, and she has worked on serious English and Scotch jour-

nals. From September to November 1858 Lina Schöler lived with us. In November she found another situation with Mrs. Pallaret.

During this winter Karl worked on his book *Critique of Political Economy*, for which he had been collecting material for many years. Lassalle, with whom he had entertained a friendship since 1848, had found a publisher for the book—Franz Duncker in Berlin. In the spring of 1859 Karl sent the manuscript which I had copied out, and the proofs kept coming back from Berlin for correction. In this way the printing was greatly delayed. But what delayed it still more was that Lassalle wanted his drama *Franz von Sickingen*, his “inflammatory opus,” published, and as they were intimate friends Duncker published the drama *before* publishing Karl’s book. In the summer of 1859 the so-called *via sopra*, the Italian war between France and Austria, broke out. Engels published a pamphlet *Po and Rhine*. Stung by the success of Engels’ work, Lassalle published his pamphlet *The Italian War*.

In London Elard Biskamp was publishing a weekly called *Das Volk*. Karl participated in it, and we as well as Engels wrote several articles for it. One article by K. Blind, which appeared in *Das Volk*, was later published by Liebknecht in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and was seized upon by K. Vogt as a pretext for a defamatory attack on Karl. Vogt published a pamphlet in which he told the most infamous lies about Karl. During 1860 Karl gathered material to refute with a single blow the calumny which was being peddled *con amore* from town to town and village to village by the entire German press under the halo of the new era. This may be considered as “seven blows in one.” In the autumn of 1859 I spent a fortnight with my two daughters at Walton-on-the-Naze, and in the late autumn of the same year Biskamp stayed for two months with us as a guest.

In the spring of 1860 Engels’ father died. Engels’ situation considerably improved, although he was still bound by the disadvantageous old contract with Ermen—a contract which would not be terminated until 1864, when he would become a co-partner in the management of the firm.

In August 1860 I again took the children for 14 days to Hastings. When I returned, I began to copy out the book Karl

had written against Vogt and company. It was printed in London and was published only after a great deal of trouble at the end of December 1860. At that time I was lying close to death with smallpox, and had just recovered sufficiently from the terrible disease to devour this book *Herr Vogt* with half blinded eyes. It was a very sad time. The three children found shelter and hospitality with the faithful Liebknecht.

Just at this time there came the first forebodings of the great American Civil War, which was to break out in the following spring. Old Europe with its petty, antiquated pygmy battles ceased to interest America. The *Tribune* told Karl that it was compelled by financial circumstances to forego all correspondence and for the time being would do without Karl's collaboration. The blow was all the more painful because all other sources of income had completely dried up, and all attempts to find something else proved to be failures. The hard thing was that this state of complete helplessness came about just when our eldest daughters were entering the beautiful golden age of their maidenhood. All the sorrows, cares and privations we had suffered for ten years had now to be fought all over again, only there was this difference—a six-year-old child is unconscious of these things, but ten years later when they are maidens of fifteen or sixteen they must *consciously* battle with them. Thus we learned in practice the German proverb: "Small children, small sorrows, big children, big sorrows." In the summer of 1860 Ecarius, who was very ill, spent two months with us.

In the spring of 1861 Karl went to Germany, because he had to get some financial help. At Christmas the King of Prussia, known as "the genius," had died, and his place was taken by "handsome Wilhelm." The corporal proclaimed an amnesty, and Karl made use of it to travel inside Germany in order to sound out the new terrain. In Berlin he stayed with Lassalle and saw a good deal of Countess Hatzfeldt. From there he journeyed to Holland to visit his uncle Lion Philips, who had the real magnanimity to advance him a sum of money interest-free. He returned from Bommel accompanied by Jacques Philips just in time for Jennychen's 17th birthday. With the loan we were once

more able to float our leaky ship of state, and we sailed along happily for a while, but always in troubled water, between rocks and sandbanks, drifting between Scylla and Charybdis. In the summer of 1860 our eldest daughters left school, and they only attended a few private lessons, which the college gave for pupils who were not members of the college. They continued to learn French and Italian from Mr. de Colme and Signor Maggioni; also Jenny went on taking drawing lessons from Mr. Oldfield until 1862. Lina Schöler spent the whole summer from April to September 1861 with us. In the autumn the oldest girls began to take singing lessons with Mr. Henry Banmer.

In September of the same year, with the help of A. Dana, Karl was able to resume his weekly articles for the *Tribune* on the same conditions as before. At the same time a cousin of Lassalle introduced him to the *Wiener Presse*, and he was invited to become a contributor to this "liberal" paper. Unfortunately both jobs lasted only through the winter. In the spring of 1862 Karl's contributions to the *Tribune* came to an end, and all his work on the *Presse* gradually died away.

In spite of this we went off once more for a 3 week stay in Ramsgate, and for two of these weeks we had a pleasant time with H. and E. Banmer. Following this short happy interlude there came a fairly long period of sorrow, want, privation and illnesses. To put a temporary end to these well-nigh unbearable conditions I traveled to Paris at Christmas 1862 to get help from a former acquaintance, who had grown rich in the meantime but remained generous. I reached this good friend's house in bitterly cold weather, full of cares, only to find that he had suffered a stroke and was scarcely recognizable. He died a few days after my arrival. I returned home in a state of hopelessness, and I had scarcely entered the house when I heard the terrible, melancholy news that Lenchen's sister, our dear, good, faithful Marianne, had died of a heart attack a few hours before. She had been a gentle and happy person, like a big child. This good, faithful, gentle, hardworking girl had been with us for 5 years. I had so won her love and depended so much upon her that her loss distressed me deeply. I lost in her a faithful, dependable, friendly

being, whom I shall never forget. On Boxing Day she was taken to her last resting place. From the autumn of 1861 Jenny, who had grown into a fine blooming girl, began to suffer from a very troublesome and persistent cough which kept coming back and took hold of her, making her emaciated, and causing us extreme worry. Little Eleanor, too, lost her fresh, blooming color and grew thinner; finally in the autumn of 1861, just as she was beginning to go to school, she showed symptoms of the well-nigh fatal disease of jaundice, which usually attacks only grown-ups.

During the whole of the spring of 1863 our Jennychen's health was poorly, and she was constantly under medical care. Karl, too, at this time felt extremely ill. After a visit to Engels—he had been making regular visits to Engels since 1850—he came back much worse. We again spent three weeks at Hastings by the seaside, staying for 12 of these days with H. Banmer. Karl came to fetch us, but he looked very ill and continually felt unwell, until in November of that year we learned that Karl suffered from a dreadful disease, the “carbuncle” disease. On November 10 a terrible abscess was opened, and for a fairly long time he remained in danger. The illness lasted a good four weeks and caused severe physical suffering. The physical pain was accompanied by nagging cares and spiritual tortures of all kinds. Just as we were on the edge of the abyss there came the sudden news of my mother-in-law's death. The doctor decided that a change of air would be very beneficial for Karl, and so on the doctor's advice, Karl, although he had only half recovered, set out for Germany in the cold of winter, accompanied by our anxious prayers and warm wishes, in order to arrange the question of the legacy in Trier. He stayed there for a short while with his brother-in-law Conradi and his sister Emilie, and then made a detour to Frankfurt to see his aunt, his father's sister. From there he went to Bommel to see his uncle, where he was very well looked after both by his uncle and by Nettchen, and there, too, unfortunately he required more medical attention and careful nursing. As soon as he reached Bommel his disease, which had not been cured, broke out again even more severely, and he remained in Holland from Christmas to February 19. It was a

terrible time—that lonely, desolate winter!! With the small share of the legacy which Karl was able to bring back we were able to free ourselves from our chains, our debts, the pawnbroker etc. By luck we were able to find a pretty and healthy house, which we furnished very comfortably and rather elegantly. At Easter 1864 we moved into this new, friendly, sunlit house with the bright and airy rooms.

On May 2 there came a letter from Engels with the news that our dear, good, old friend Lupus was seriously ill. Karl hastened to see him, and his faithful friend recognized him for a while. On May 9 he breathed his last. In his will, after a few small legacies, he bequeathed everything to Karl, me and the children, and so we learned that by his excessive industry and exertion this plain, simple living man had saved up a considerable fortune amounting to £1,000. It had not been given to him to know the consolation of enjoying the fruit of his labour in a quiet and carefree old age. He brought us help and relief, and a year free of all cares. Karl's health, which was still precarious, made it necessary that he should spend the summer by the sea-side. He took Jenny to Ramsgate, where he was later joined by Laura and Tussychen. I went to Brighton for 14 days, and made friends with some very nice people. On October 12 we gave the first small ball in our new house, and several small parties followed. August Philips came to visit us in August. At Christmas we were suddenly surprised by the arrival of our brother-in-law Jutta from the Cape. And then August Philips came for the second time on New Year's Eve. Jutta returned from a continental expedition on February 25, and stayed another week in London before sailing away to the Cape. He brought with him Caroline Schmalhausen, the 2nd daughter of Karl's sister Sophie, whose husband died in November 1862. She stayed 4 weeks with us, and Karl took her back to Holland. There he saw his sister for the first time after a 16 year separation. He also paid a visit to Karl Philips in Aachen and his uncle in Bommel.

In the course of the year he was able to find a publisher for his great work on economics. Meissner in Hamburg undertook

to publish the work on fairly favorable terms. Karl is now working eagerly to finish the work. On May 16 there suddenly came a telegram from Engels in Manchester saying: Edgar von Westphalen is here. On the following evening I drew to my heart my beloved brother, the playmate of my childhood, the companion of my youth, whom I had not seen for 16 long years. He was returning to his old home, being deathly ill from the American war. For 3 years he had fought as a conscript in the Army of the South, and suffered agonizing miseries, privations and hardships of all kinds. He had however been very carefully nursed for 6 weeks, and had sufficiently recovered to take very long walks in the London parks under the blazing sun. The parks reminded him of his prairies and his deserts of Texas.

In July 1862 Ferdinand Lassalle came to visit us. He was almost crushed by the weight of the fame he had achieved as scholar, thinker, poet and politician. The laurel wreath lay fresh upon his Olympian brow and ambrosian locks, or rather on his stiff, bristling Nigger's *chevelure*. He had just brought his Italian campaign to a triumphant end—a new political *coup* was being brought about by great men of action—and fierce battles were being fought in his soul. There were still many fields of knowledge he had left unexplored. He had made no advances in Egyptology. “Should I therefore astonish the world as an Egyptologist, or should I demonstrate my versatility through my actions as a politician, a warrior, or a soldier?” It was a terrible dilemma. He wavered between the ideas and sentiments of his heart, and often expressed this inner warfare in truly sardonic terms. With all his sails flying he swept through our rooms, orating and gesticulating so loudly, his voice rising to high C, that our neighbours became alarmed by the terrible uproar and asked what was happening. It was the inner struggle of the great man breaking out in shrill discords. The news of his father's serious illness made him leave London. He departed with Lothar Bucher, his poodle, the man who during the Exhibition of 1862 performed for him the duties of errand boy, messenger, informer and *maître de plaisir*. I must say that on a tour to Windsor and Virginia

Waters, which we undertook together, he "comported" himself very well and showed himself completely worthy of the honorary title of "governor."

Lassalle hurried away when he discovered that we had little sympathy for the ideas of so great a man. In Switzerland he found people more receptive to him, and there amid the society of great men he received the warm admiration which his soul hungered for. In the society of spongers and sycophants he found a congenial atmosphere. He returned to Berlin and there, instead of demonstrating his prowess as an Egyptologist, or as a soldier, or as a politician, or as a poet, or as a thinker, he chose to follow a yet untrodden path—he became the Messiah of the workers. Many years before Schulze-Delitzsch had led a savings bank movement among the workers, he was attacked, and there began "the new era of working class emancipation—such a movement as Europe had never seen—the great and only liberation of the oppressed classes—through direct suffrage and equality for all." Lassalle, as Messiah and Apostle, traveled across Germany, pamphlet followed pamphlet, and a working class movement took shape. This movement proved to be especially pleasing to the government in its political war against the rather annoying aspirations of the Progressive Party, and therefore it was silently favored and indirectly assisted.

The "Lassallian doctrines" proved to be the most brazen plagiarisms of the doctrines which Karl had developed 20 years before, together with a few openly reactionary additions of his own, thus bringing about a quite extraordinary mixture of truth and falsehood. And yet all this impressed the working classes. The best among them held fast to the heart of the matter, while the whole rabble of claptrappers and Philistines supported the new doctrine with fanatical admiration, marvelling at the deceptive glamour of the affair and at the new Messiah, for whom there arose a cult the like of which has never been seen in history. The incense poured out by the rabble made half of Germany drunk. Even now that Lassalle lies in a quiet Jewish cemetery in Breslau, after being shot in a duel at Geneva by a Wallachian boy, the waving of censers, flags and laurel wreaths persists.

Lassalle left a will in which he made Countess Hatzfeldt his principal legatee, and there were considerable legacies to his new Swiss friends. Lassalle's will was contested by his mother and sister, and the lawsuit is still pending. At the same time he named Bernhard Becker as his successor in directing the affairs of the working classes. At Christmas there appeared the newspaper *Der Sozialdemokrat*, the "organ of Lassalle's ideas," edited by Schweitzer and Hofstetten. Karl and Engels promised to collaborate. Not long afterward they had to denounce that reactionary enterprise which was sold lock, stock and barrel to the government. The result of their declaration was a new baiting of Karl, and to this very day the Philistines are still barking, howling and raving to their hearts' content in their newspapers and pamphlets. Wilhelm Liebknecht, who has been in Berlin since August 1862, has involved himself deeply with these cronies, and been duped by them, and Countess Hatzfeldt has also duped him, for she is a fellow intriguer; and he is now paying a heavy price for his credulity.

THE STORY OF THE LIFE
OF LORD PALMERSTON

The Story of the Life of Lord Palmerston

In the eyes of Lord Palmerston most of the problems of the world were very simple. An aristocrat to the fingertips, hard-working, convivial, immoral, diabolically ruthless when it suited his purpose, he represented to an unprecedented degree the power of the British Empire. For thirty-five years, in and out of office, he shaped British foreign policy. For more than half his long life—he died in 1865, two days before his eighty-first birthday—he was a Minister of the Crown, and for a quarter of a century he was in the Cabinet. No British parliamentary figure ever ruled for so long.

He was a man of fixed principles, who set his course and held to it. He believed that British power and influence represented a force for good, and there was therefore no corner of the earth which would not benefit by the presence of British warships or British officials. He practiced “gunboat diplomacy” with extraordinary effectiveness and succeeded in provoking two wars of aggression against China. He was more cautious in his dealings with the great European Powers, but it pleased him to help the Belgians gain their independence, to protect the Ottoman Empire from Russia, to undermine King Louis Philippe in France, and to celebrate the rise of Prince Louis Napoleon. The revolutions of 1848 did not startle him, and he was inclined to favor

revolutionaries at all times, especially when their revolutions served the interests of Great Britain. He had a great admiration for the great Hungarian revolutionary Lajos Kossuth, and but for the intervention of the Cabinet he would have personally welcomed the exiled leader on British soil. In his private life he showed that it was possible to have the morals of a Regency buck under a veneer of Victorian respectability: for many years he lived openly with Lady Cowper, who was legally married to Lord Cowper, and he had three children by her. He was successful in everything, and filled even his enemies with envy.

When Marx wrote *The Story of the Life of Lord Palmerston*, he was not, of course, attempting to write a biography. It was neither a story nor a life; it was an account of his own obsessions. Against all the evidence Marx had convinced himself that Lord Palmerston was secretly in the pay of the Russians and that all his actions in the Near East were designed to give aid and comfort to Russia.

This dazzling and improbable thesis was pursued with vigor and vituperation. Writing directly in English, Marx assembles his artillery, fires broadside after broadside, and at the end succeeds in convincing himself that he has confounded the enemy. It never seems to have occurred to him that the basic premise was totally unfounded. With similar reasoning it could be proved that Nelson was in the pay of the French or that Queen Victoria was in the pay of Germany.

Nevertheless Marx quite obviously believed in his thesis, and it is interesting to observe him as he argues himself into it, then builds a containing wall around it, and finally establishes it as an article of faith. The thesis was not original with him, and he describes its origin in a letter written to Engels in March 1853. He wrote:

I am now reading Urquhart, the crazy M.P., who declares in his book that Palmerston is in the pay of Russia. The explanation is simple, for this fellow is a Celtic Scot with a Lowland education, by nature a Ro-

mantic, by training a Free Trader. He went to Greece a philhellene, and after being at daggers drawn with the Turks for three long years, he went to Turkey and was immediately filled with enthusiasm for the very Turks he had been quarreling with. He goes into raptures over Islam, and he says that if he were not a Calvinist he would be a Mohammedan. He firmly believes that the Turks, particularly those of the Golden Age of the Ottoman Empire, are the most perfect nation on the face of the earth without any exception whatsoever. Also the Turkish language is the most perfect and melodious in the world. Also, the Turkish constitution was the "purest" of any that could be, and is almost superior to the British. In short, only the Turk is a gentleman and freedom exists only in Turkey.

David Urquhart was one of those hot-headed Scotsmen who are driven to adventure for the sake of adventure. He was only twenty-two, and fresh out of Oxford, when he fought with the Greeks against the tyranny of the Turks. He served with distinction in the Greek navy during the War of Independence and was severely wounded. Some time later he accompanied Sir Stratford Canning to Constantinople, where questions concerning the new Greek frontiers were discussed at length. In the capital of the Ottoman Empire Urquhart began to fall under the powerful spell of Islamic culture. In Great Britain he was soon regarded as an authority on Turkey, and from detesting the Turks as oppressors of the Greeks, he learned to detest the Russians as oppressors or at least potential enemies of the Turks. In 1833 he was sent on a secret mission to Constantinople to discuss the improvement of British trade with the government of Sultan Mahmud II. In the course of the discussions he suggested that British troops might be used to quell the uprising of Mehemet Ali, Pasha of Egypt, who had risen against the Sultan and occupied Palestine and Syria. Lord Palmerston immediately recalled him for exceeding his authority. From that time onward Urquhart showed

an undeviating hostility to Lord Palmerston, attacking him in speeches in Parliament and in a succession of pamphlets.

Marx, too, detested the British Foreign Secretary, but for different reasons. What particularly exasperated him was the fact that Lord Palmerston had congratulated Prince Louis Napoleon on the success of his *coup d'état* in 1851. In Marx's eyes British imperialism was incarnated by Lord Palmerston, and in the articles he was writing for *The New York Tribune* he frequently attacked British foreign policy in biting terms. One of these articles found its way to a Glasgow newspaper. Urquhart read it and was pleased with it, and a meeting was arranged. "The man is a complete monomaniac," Marx wrote to Engels after the meeting. Soon Marx himself had become a monomaniac, believing implicitly in Urquhart's theory that Palmerston was in the pay of the Russians. He wrote to Engels in November 1853: "Curious as it may seem to you, after closely following the footprints of the noble viscount for the last twenty years, I have come to the same conclusion as this monomaniac Urquhart, namely that Palmerston has been bought by the Russians for several decades."

The Story of the Life of Lord Palmerston is the fruit of Marx's conferences with Urquhart and his reading of parliamentary reports and diplomatic Blue Books from 1807 to 1850. The pattern was established, and Marx accordingly fitted the evidence to the pattern. Though he detested Lord Palmerston, he had a healthy respect for him, perhaps because they possessed similar authoritarian temperaments. At the beginning he belabors the enemy good-humoredly. Lord Palmerston becomes Alcine, the enchantress in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, and the English public is another Ruggiero, hopelessly in love with the enchantress. With a bow to the noble virtues of the noble lord, Marx proceeds to demolish him without ever quite succeeding in the task. His long Germanic sentences, written directly in English, show remarkable fluency, but there is always something odd about them—almost we can hear the growling tone of Marx's voice. The language is precise and grammatical, but it is not quite English, and this adds to the charm of the presentation.

Marx thoroughly enjoyed immersing himself in parliamentary

reports. He displays his evidence, assembles a bill of particulars, and sentences Lord Palmerston to obloquy, or worse. Marx would have made a bad lawyer: he pounds the table too hard. The evidence is massive; the treachery of Lord Palmerston is proved to the hilt in the first dozen pages, but Marx must go on to prove it again and again. Marx sees conspiracy everywhere, and Lord Palmerston is the arch-conspirator. It is a beguiling picture, but it tells us more about Marx than about Lord Palmerston.

The Story of the Life of Lord Palmerston

I

Ruggiero is again and again fascinated by the false charms of Alcine, which, as he knows, disguise an old witch,—

“Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything,”

and the knight-errant cannot withstand falling in love anew with her whom he knows to have transmuted all her former adorers into asses and other beasts. The English public is another Ruggiero, and Palmerston is another Alcine. Although a septuagenarian, and since 1807 occupying the public stage almost without interruption, he contrives to remain a novelty, and to evoke all the hopes that used to centre on an untried and promising youth. With one foot in the grave he is supposed not yet to have begun his true career. If he were to die to-morrow, all England would be surprised to learn that he had been a Secretary of State half this century.

If not a good statesman of all work, he is at least a good

actor of all work. He succeeds in the comic as in the heroic—in pathos as in familiarity—in tragedy as in farce; although the latter may be more congenial to his feelings. He is not a first-class orator, but an accomplished debater. Possessed of a wonderful memory, of great experience, of consummate tact, of never-failing presence of mind, of gentlemanlike versatility, of the most minute knowledge of Parliamentary tricks, intrigues, parties, and men, he handles difficult cases in an admirable manner and with a pleasant volatility, sticking to the prejudices and susceptibilities of his public, secured from any surprise by his cynical impudence, from any self-confession by his selfish dexterity, from running into a passion by his profound frivolity, his perfect indifference, and his aristocratic contempt. Being an exceedingly happy joker, he ingratiates himself with everybody. Never losing his temper, he imposes on an impassioned antagonist. When unable to master a subject, he knows how to play with it. If wanting in general views, he is always ready to weave a web of elegant generalities.

Endowed with a restless and indefatigable spirit, he abhors inactivity and pines for agitation, if not for action. A country like England allows him, of course, to busy himself in every corner of the earth. What he aims at is not the substance, but the mere appearance of success. If he can do nothing, he will devise anything. Where he dares not interfere, he intermeddles. When unable to vie with a strong enemy, he improvises a weak one. Being no man of deep designs, pondering on no combinations of long standing, pursuing no great object, he embarks in difficulties with a view to disentangle himself from them in a showy manner. He wants complications to feed his activity, and when he finds them not ready, he will create them. He exults in show conflicts, show battles, show enemies, diplomatical notes to be exchanged, ships to be ordered to sail, the whole ending in violent Parliamentary debates, which are sure to prepare him an ephemeral success, the constant and the only object of all his exertions. He manages international conflicts like an artist, driving matters to a certain point, retreating when they threaten to become serious, but having got, at all events, the dramatic excitement he wants. In his

eyes, the movement of history itself is nothing but a pastime, expressly invented for the private satisfaction of the noble Viscount Palmerston of Palmerston.

Yielding to foreign influence in fact, he opposes it in words. Having inherited from Canning England's mission to propagate Constitutionalism on the Continent, he is never in need of a theme to pique the national prejudices, to counteract revolution abroad, and, at the same time, to keep awake the suspicious jealousy of foreign powers. Having succeeded in this easy manner in becoming the *bête noire* of the continental courts, he could not fail to be set up as the truly English minister at home. Although a Tory by origin, he has contrived to introduce into the management of foreign affairs all the shams and contradictions that form the essence of Whiggism. He knows how to conciliate a democratic phraseology with oligarchic views, how to cover the peace-mongering policy of the middle classes with the haughty language of England's aristocratic past—how to appear as the aggressor where he connives, and as the defender where he betrays—how to manage an apparent enemy, and how to exasperate a pretended ally—how to find himself, at the opportune moment of the dispute, on the side of the stronger against the weak, and how to utter brave words in the act of running away.

Accused by the one party of being in the pay of Russia, he is suspected by the other of Carbonarism. If, in 1848, he had to defend himself against the motion of impeachment for having acted as the minister of Nicholas, he had, in 1850, the satisfaction of being persecuted by a conspiracy of foreign ambassadors, which was successful in the House of Lords, but baffled in the House of Commons. If he betrayed foreign peoples, he did it with great politeness—politeness being the small coin of the devil, which he gives in change for the life-blood of his dupes. If the oppressors were always sure of his active support, the oppressed never wanted a great ostentation of his rhetorical generosity. Poles, Italians, Hungarians, Germans, found him in office whenever they were crushed, but their despots always suspected him of secret conspiracy with the victims he had allowed

them to make. Till now, in all instances, it was a probable chance of success to have him for one's adversary, and a sure chance of ruin to have him for one's friend. But, if his art of diplomacy does not shine in the actual results of his foreign negotiations, it shines the more brilliantly in the construction he has induced the English people to put upon them, by accepting phrases for facts, phantasies for realities, and high-sounding pretexts for shabby motives.

Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, deriving his title from a peerage of Ireland, was nominated Lord of the Admiralty, in 1807, on the formation of the Duke of Portland's Administration. In 1809, he became Secretary for War, and continued to hold this office till May, 1828. In 1830, he went over, very skilfully too, to the Whigs, who made him their permanent Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Excepting the intervals of Tory administration, from November, 1834, to April, 1835, and from 1841 to 1846, he is responsible for the whole foreign policy England has pursued from the revolution of 1830 to December, 1851.

Is it not a very curious thing to find, at first view, this Quixote of "free institutions," and this Pindar of the "glories of the constitutional system," a permanent and an eminent member of the Tory administrations of Mr. Percival, the Earl of Liverpool, Mr. Canning, Lord Goderich, and the Duke of Wellington, during the long epoch when the Anti-Jacobin war was carried on, the monster debt contracted, the corn laws promulgated, foreign mercenaries stationed on the English soil, the people—to borrow an expression from his colleague, Lord Sidmouth—"bled" from time to time, the press gagged, meetings suppressed, the mass of the nation disarmed, individual liberty suspended together with regular jurisdiction, the whole country placed as it were under a state of siege—in one word, during the most infamous and most reactionary epoch of English history?

His *début* in Parliamentary life is a characteristic one. On February 3, 1808, he rose to defend—what?—secrecy in diplomatic negotiations, and the most disgraceful act ever committed by one nation against another nation, viz., the bombardment of Copenhagen, and the capture of the Danish fleet, at the time

when England professed to be in profound peace with Denmark. As to the former point, he stated that, "in this particular case, his Majesty's ministers are pledged" by whom? "to secrecy"; but he went further: "I also object generally to making public the working of diplomacy, because it is the tendency of disclosures in that department to shut up future sources of information." Vidocq would have defended the identical cause in the identical terms. As to the act of piracy, while admitting that Denmark had evinced no hostility whatever towards Great Britain, he contended that they were right in bombarding its capital and stealing its fleet, because they had to prevent Danish neutrality from being, perhaps, converted into open hostility by the compulsion of France. This was the new law of nations, proclaimed by my Lord Palmerston.

When again speechifying, we find this English minister *par excellence* engaged in the defence of foreign troops, called over from the Continent to England with the express mission of maintaining forcibly the oligarchic rule, to establish which William had, in 1688, come over from Holland with his Dutch troops. Palmerston answered to the well-founded "apprehensions for the liberties of the country," originating from the presence of the King's German Legion, in a very flippant manner. Why should we not have 16,000 of these foreigners at home, while you know that we employ "a far larger proportion of foreigners abroad"?—(*House of Commons, March 10, 1812.*)

When similar apprehensions for the Constitution arose from the large standing army, maintained since 1815, he found "a sufficient protection of the Constitution in the very Constitution of our army," a large proportion of its officers being "men of property and connections."—(*House of Commons, March 8, 1816.*)

When a large standing army was attacked from a financial point of view, he made the curious discovery that "much of our financial embarrassments has been caused by our former low peace establishment."—(*House of Commons, March 8, 1816.*)

When the "burdens of the country" and the "misery of the people" were contrasted with the lavish military expenditure, he reminded Parliament that those burdens and that misery "were

the price which we (viz., the English oligarchy) agreed to pay for our freedom and independence.”—(*House of Commons*, May 16, 1821.)

In his eyes, military despotism was not to be apprehended except from the exertions of “those self-called, but misled reformers, who demand that sort of reform in the country, which, according to every first principle of government, must end, if it were acceded to, in a military despotism.”—(*House of Commons*, June 14, 1820.)

While large standing armies were thus his panacea for maintaining the Constitution of the country, flogging was his panacea for maintaining the Constitution of the army. He defended flogging in the debates on the Mutiny Bill, on the 5th of March, 1824; he declared it to be “absolutely indispensable” on March 11, 1825; he recommended it again on March 10, 1828; he stood by it in the debates of April, 1833, and he has proved an amateur of flogging on every subsequent occasion.

There existed no abuse in the army he did not find plausible reasons for, if it happened to foster the interests of aristocratic parasites. Thus, for instance, in the debates on the Sale of Commissions.—(*House of Commons*, March 12, 1828.)

Lord Palmerston likes to parade his constant exertions for the establishment of religious liberty. Now, he voted against Lord John Russell’s motion for the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts. Why? Because he was “a warm and zealous friend to religious liberty,” and could, therefore, not allow the dissenters to be relieved from “imaginary grievances, while real afflictions pressed upon the Catholics.”—(*House of Commons*, February 26, 1828.)

In proof of his zeal for religious liberty, he informs us of his “regret to see the increasing numbers of the dissenters. It is my wish that the established church should be the predominant church in this country,” and from pure love and zeal for religious liberty he wants “the established church to be fed at the expense of the misbelievers.” His jocose lordship accuses the rich dissenters of satisfying the ecclesiastical wants of the poorer ones, while, “with the Church of England, it is the poor alone who feel

the want of church accommodation. . . . It would be preposterous to say that the poor ought to subscribe for churches out of their small earnings.”—(*House of Commons, March 11, 1825.*)

It would be, of course, more preposterous yet to say, that the rich members of the established church ought to subscribe for the church out of their large earnings.

Let us now look at his exertions for Catholic Emancipation, one of his great “claims” on the gratitude of the Irish people. I shall not dwell upon the circumstances, that, having declared himself for Catholic Emancipation when a member of the Canning Ministry, he entered, nevertheless, the Wellington Ministry, avowedly hostile to that emancipation. Did Lord Palmerston consider religious liberty as one of the rights of man, not to be intermeddled with by legislature? He may answer for himself:

“Although I wish the Catholic claims to be considered, I never will admit these claims to stand upon the ground of right. . . . If I thought the Catholics were asking for their right, I, for one, would not go into the committee.”—(*House of Commons, March 1, 1813.*)

And why is he opposed to their demanding their right?

“Because the legislature of a country has the right to impose such political disabilities upon any class of the community, as it may deem necessary for the safety and the welfare of the whole. . . . This belongs to the fundamental principles on which civilised government is founded.”—(*House of Commons, March 1, 1813.*)

There you have the most cynical confession ever made, that the mass of the people have no rights at all, but that they may be allowed that amount of immunities the legislature—or, in other

words, the ruling class—may deem fit to grant them. Accordingly, Lord Palmerston declared, in plain words, “Catholic Emancipation to be a measure of grace and favour.”—(*House of Commons, February 10, 1829.*)

It was then entirely upon the ground of expediency that he condescended to discontinue the Catholic disabilities. And what was lurking behind this expediency?

Being himself one of the great Irish landed proprietors, he wanted to entertain the delusion that “other remedies for Irish evils than Catholic Emancipation are impossible,” that it would cure absenteeism, and prove a cheap substitute for Poor-laws.—(*House of Commons, March 19, 1829.*)

The great philanthropist, who afterwards cleared his Irish estates of their Irish natives, could not allow Irish misery to darken, even for a moment, with its inauspicious clouds, the bright sky of the landlords and moneylords.

“It is true,” he said, “that the peasantry of Ireland do not enjoy all the comforts which are enjoyed by all the peasantry of England [only think of all the comforts enjoyed by a family at the rate of 7s. a week]. Still,” he continues, “still, however, the Irish peasant has his comforts. He is well supplied with fuel, and is seldom [only four days out of six] at a loss for food. [What a comfort!] But this is not all the comfort he has—he has a greater cheerfulness of mind than his English fellow-sufferer!”—(*House of Commons, May 7, 1829.*)

As to the extortions of Irish landlords, he deals with them in as pleasant a way as with the comforts of the Irish peasantry.

“It is said that the Irish landlord insists on the highest possible rent that can be extorted. Why, sir, I believe that is not a singular circumstance; certainly in

England the landlord does the same thing.”—(*House of Commons, March 7, 1829.*)

Are we then to be surprised that this man, so deeply initiated into the mysteries of the “glories of the English Constitution,” and the “comforts of her free institutions,” should aspire to spread them all over the Continent?

II

When the Reform Movement had grown irresistible, Lord Palmerston deserted the Tories, and slipped into the Whiggery camp. Although he had apprehended the danger of military despotism springing up, not from the presence of the King’s German Legion on English soil, nor from keeping large standing armies, but only from the “self-called reformers,” he patronised, nevertheless, already in 1828, the extension of the franchise to such large industrial places as Birmingham, Leeds, and Manchester. But why? “Not because I am a friend to Reform, but because I am its decided enemy.”

He had persuaded himself that some timely concessions made to the overgrown manufacturing interest might be the surest means of escaping “the introduction of general Reform.”—(*House of Commons, June 17, 1828.*) Once allied with the Whigs, he did not even pretend that their Reform Bill aimed at breaking through the narrow trammels of the Venetian Constitution, but, on the contrary, at the increase of its strength and solidity, by severing the middle classes from the people’s Opposition. “The feelings of the middle classes will be changed, and their dissatisfaction will be converted into that attachment to the Constitution which will give to it a vast increase of strength and solidity.” He consoled the peers by telling them that the Reform Bill would neither weaken the “influence of the House of Lords,” nor put a stop to its “interfering in elections.” He told the aristoc-

racy that the Constitution was not to lose its feudal character, "the landed interest being the great foundation upon which rests the fabric of society, and the institutions of the country." He allayed their fears by throwing out ironical hints that "we have been charged with not being in earnest or sincere in our desire to give the people a real representation," that "it was said we only proposed to give a different kind of influence to the aristocracy and the landed interest." He went even so far as to own that, besides the inevitable concessions to be made to the middle classes, "disfranchisement," viz., the disfranchisement of the old Tory rotten boroughs for the benefit of new Whig boroughs, "was the chief and leading principle of the Reform Bill."—(*House of Commons, March 24, 1831, and March 14, 1832.*)

It is now time to return to the performances of the noble lord in the foreign branch of policy.

In 1823, when, in consequence of the resolutions of the Congress of Vienna, a French army was marched into Spain, in order to overturn the Constitution of that country, and to deliver it up to the merciless revenge of the Bourbon idiot and his suite of bigot monks, Lord Palmerston disclaimed any "Quixotic crusades for abstract principles," any intervention in favour of the people, whose heroic resistance had saved England from the sway of Napoleon. The words he addressed on that occasion to his Whig adversaries are a true and lively picture of his own foreign policy, after he had become their permanent Minister for Foreign Affairs. He said:

"Some would have had us use threats in negotiation, without being prepared to go to war, if negotiation failed. To have talked of war, and to have meant neutrality; to have threatened an army, and to have retreated behind a state paper; to have brandished the sword of defiance in the hour of deliberation, and to have ended in a penful of protests on the day of battle, would have been the conduct of a cowardly bully, and

would have made us the object of contempt, and the laughing stock of Europe.”—(*House of Commons*, April 30, 1823.)

At last we arrive at the Greco-Turkish debates, which afforded Lord Palmerston the first opportunity of displaying publicly his unrivalled talents, as the unflinching and persevering advocate of Russian interests, in the Cabinet and in the House of Commons. One by one, he re-echoed all the watch-words given by Russia of Turkish monstrosities, Greek civilisation, religious liberty, Christianity, and so forth. At first we meet him repudiating, as the Minister for War, any intention of passing “a censure upon the meritorious conduct of Admiral Codrington,” which has caused the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, although he admits that “this battle took place against a power with which we are not at war,” and that it was “an untoward event.”—(*House of Commons*, January 31, 1828.)

Then, having retired from office, he opened the long series of his attacks upon Lord Aberdeen, by reproaching him with having been too slow in executing the orders of Russia.

“Has there been much more energy and promptitude in fulfilling our engagements to Greece? July, 1829, is coming fast upon us, and the treaty of July, 1827, is still unexecuted. . . . The Morea, indeed, has been cleared of the Turks. . . . But why were the arms of France checked at the Isthmus of Corinth? . . . The narrow policy of England stepped in, and arrested her progress. . . . But why do not the allies deal with the country north of the Isthmus, as they have done with that to the south, and occupy at once all that which must be assigned to Greece? I should have thought that the allies had had enough of negotiating with Turkey about Greece.”—(*House of Commons*, June 1, 1829.)

Prince Metternich was, as is generally known, at that time opposing the encroachments of Russia, and accordingly her diplomatic agents—I remind you of the despatches of Pozzo di Borgo and Prince Lieven—had been advised to represent Austria as the great enemy of Grecian emancipation and of European civilisation, the furtherance of which was the exclusive object of Russian diplomacy. The noble lord follows, of course, in the beaten track.

“By the narrowness of her views, the unfortunate prejudices of her policy, Austria has almost reduced herself to the level of a second-rate power;” and in consequence of the temporising policy of Aberdeen, England is represented as “the keystone of that arch of which Miguel and Spain, Austria and Mahmoud are the component parts. . . . People see in the delay in executing the treaty of July not so much fear of Turkish resistance, as invincible repugnance to Grecian freedom.”—(*House of Commons*, June 11, 1829.)

For half a century one phrase has stood between Russia and Constantinople—the phrase of the integrity of the Turkish Empire being necessary to the balance of power. “I object,” exclaims Palmerston on February 5, 1830, “to the policy of making the integrity of the Turkish dominion in Europe an object essentially necessary to the interests of Christian and civilised Europe.”

Again he assails Aberdeen because of his anti-Russian diplomacy:

“I, for one, shall not be satisfied with a number of despatches from the Government of England, which will no doubt read well and smooth enough, urging, in general terms, the propriety of conciliating Russia, but accompanied, perhaps, by strong expressions of the regard which England bears to Turkey, which, when read by an interested party, might easily appear to mean more than was really intended. . . . I should like to see,

that whilst England adopted a firm resolution—almost the only course she could adopt—upon no consideration and in no event to take part with Turkey in that war—that that decision was fairly and frankly communicated to Turkey. . . . There are three most merciless things,—time, fire, and the Sultan.”—(*House of Commons, February 16, 1830.*)

Arrived at this point, I must recall to memory some few historical facts, in order to leave no doubt about the meaning of the noble lord's philo-Hellenic feelings.

Russia having seized upon Gokcha, a strip of land bordering on the Lake of Sevan (the indisputed possession of Persia), demanded as the price of its evacuation the abandonment of Persia's claims to another portion of her own territory, the lands of Kapan. Persia not yielding, was overrun, vanquished, and forced to subscribe to the treaty of Turcomanchai, in February, 1828. According to this treaty, Persia had to pay an indemnity of two millions sterling to Russia, to cede the provinces of Erivan and Nakhitchewan, including the fortresses of Erivan and Abbasabad, the exclusive purpose of this arrangement being, as Nicholas stated, to define the common frontier by the Araxes, the only means, he pretended, of preventing any future disputes between the two empires. But at the same time he refused to give back Talish and Mogan, which are situated on the Persian bank of the Araxes. Finally, Persia pledged herself to maintain no navy on the Caspian Sea. Such were the origin and the results of the Russo-Persian war.

As to the religion and the liberty of Greece, Russia cared at that epoch as much about them as the god of the Russians cares now about the keys of the Holy Sepulchre, and the famous Cupola. It was the traditional policy of Russia to excite the Greeks to revolt, and, then, to abandon them to the revenge of the Sultan. So deep was her sympathy for the regeneration of Hellas, that she treated them as rebels at the Congress of Verona, acknowledging the right of the Sultan to exclude all foreign

intervention between himself and his Christian subjects. In fact, the Czar offered "to aid the Porte in suppressing the rebellion"; a proposition which was, of course, rejected. Having failed in that attempt, he turned round upon the Great Powers with the opposite proposition, "To march an army into Turkey, for the purpose of dictating peace under the walls of the Seraglio." In order to hold his hands bound by a sort of common action, the other Great Powers concluded a treaty with him at London, July 6, 1827, by which they mutually engaged to enforce, if need be by arms, the adjustment of the differences between the Sultan and the Greeks. A few months after she had signed that treaty, Russia concluded another treaty with Turkey, the treaty of Akerman, by which she bound herself to renounce all interference with Grecian affairs. This treaty was brought about after Russia had induced the Crown Prince of Persia to invade the Ottoman dominions, and after she had inflicted the injuries on the Porte in order to drive it to a rupture. After all this had taken place, the resolutions of the London treaty of July 6, 1827, were presented to the Porte by the English Ambassador, or in the name of Russia and the other powers. By virtue of the complications resulting from these frauds and lies Russia found at last the pretext for beginning the war of 1828 and 1829. That war terminated with the treaty of Adrianople, whose contents are summed up in the following quotations from O'Neill's celebrated pamphlet on the "Progress of Russia in the East":

"By the treaty of Adrianople the Czar acquired Anapa and Poti, with a considerable extent of coast on the Black Sea, a portion of the Pashalic of Akhilska, with the fortresses of Akhilska, and Akhalkaliki, the islands formed by the mouths of the Danube. The destruction of the Turkish fortress of Georgilvsk, and the abandonment by Turkey of the right bank of the Danube to the distance of several miles from the river, were stipulated. . . . Partly by force, and partly by the influence of the priesthood, many thousand families of the Armenians

were removed from the Turkish provinces in Asia to the Czar's territories. . . . He established for his own subjects in Turkey an exemption from all responsibility to the national authorities, and burdened the Porte with an immense debt, under the name of expenses for the war and for commercial losses—and, finally, retained Moldavia, Wallachia, and Silistria, in pledge for the payment. . . . Having by this treaty imposed upon Turkey the acceptance of the protocol of March 22, which secured to her the suzerainty of Greece, and a yearly tribute from the country, Russia used all her influence to procure the independence of Greece, which was erected into an independent state, of which Count Capo d'Istria, who had been a Russian Minister, was named President."

These are the facts. Now look at the picture drawn of them by the master hand of Lord Palmerston:

"It is perfectly true that the war between Russia and Turkey arose out of aggressions made by Turkey on the commerce and rights of Russia, and violations of treaties."—(*House of Commons, February 16, 1830.*)

When he became the Whig-incarnation of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, he improved upon this statement:

"The honourable and gallant member (Colonel Evans) has represented the conduct of Russia as one of unvarying aggression upon other States, from 1815 to the present time. He adverted more particularly to the wars of Russia with Persia and Turkey. Russia was the aggressor in neither of them, and although the result of the

Persian war was an aggrandisement of her power, it was not the result of her own seeking. . . . Again, in the Turkish war, Russia was not the aggressor. It would be fatiguing to the House to detail all the provocations Turkey offered to Russia; but I believe there cannot be a doubt that she expelled Russian subjects from her territory, detained Russian ships, and violated all the provisions of the treaty of Akerman, and then, upon complaint being made, denied redress; so that, if there ever was a just ground for going to war, Russia had it for going to war with Turkey. She did not, however, on any occasion, acquire any increase of territory, at least in Europe. I know there was a continued occupation of certain points [Moldavia and Wallachia are only points, and the mouths of the Danube are mere zeros], and some additional acquisitions on the Euxine in Asia; but she had an agreement with the other European powers that success in that war should not lead to any aggrandisement in Europe.”—(*House of Commons, August 7, 1832.*)

My readers will now understand Sir Robert Peel’s telling the noble lord, in a public session of the House, that “he did not know whose representative he was.”

III

At a recent meeting in London to protest against the action of the British Embassy in the present controversy between Russia and Turkey, a gentleman who presumed to find special fault with Lord Palmerston was saluted and silenced by a storm of indignant hisses. The meeting evidently thought that if Russia had a friend in the ministry, it was not the noble viscount, and would no doubt have rent the air with cheers had some one been able to announce that his lordship had become prime

minister. This astonishing confidence in a man so false and hollow is another proof of the ease with which people are imposed on by brilliant abilities, and a new evidence of the necessity of taking off the mask from this wily enemy to the progress of human freedom.

Accordingly, with the history of the last 25 years and the debates of Parliament for guides, we proceed with the task of exposing the real part which this accomplished actor has performed in the drama of modern Europe.

The noble viscount is generally known as the chivalrous protector of the Poles, and never fails to give vent to his painful feelings with regard to Poland, before the deputations which are once every year presented to him by "dear, dully, deadly" Dudley Stuart, "a worthy who makes speeches, passes resolutions, votes addresses, goes up with reputations, has at all times the necessary quantity of confidence in the necessary individual, and can also, if necessary, give three cheers for the Queen."

The Poles had been in arms for about a month, when Lord Palmerston came into office in November, 1830. As early as August 8, 1831, Mr. Hunt presented to the House a petition from the Westminster Union in favour of the Poles, and "for the dismissal of Lord Palmerston from his Majesty's Councils." Mr. Hume stated on the same day he concluded from the silence of the noble lord that the Government "intended to do nothing for the Poles, but allow them to remain at the mercy of Russia." To this Lord Palmerston replied, "that whatever obligations existing treaties imposed, would at all times receive the attention of the Government." Now, what sort of obligations were, in his opinion, imposed on England by existing treaties? "The claims of Russia," he tells us himself, "to the possession of Poland bear the date of the treaty of Vienna"—(*House of Commons, July 9, 1833*), and that treaty makes this possession dependent upon the observance of the Polish Constitution by the Czar. But from a subsequent speech we learn that "the mere fact of this country being a party to the treaty of Vienna, was not synonymous with our England's guaranteeing that there would be no infraction of that treaty by Russia."—(*House of Commons, March 26, 1834.*)

That is to say, you may guarantee a treaty without guaranteeing that it should be observed. This is the principle on which the Milanese said to the Emperor Barbarossa: "You have had our oath, but remember we did not swear to keep it."

In one respect the treaty of Vienna was good enough. It gave to the British Government, as one of the contracting parties,

"a right to entertain and express an opinion on any act which tends to a violation of that treaty. . . . The contracting parties to the treaty of Vienna had a right to require that the Constitution of Poland should not be touched, and this was an opinion which I have not concealed from the Russian Government. I communicated it *by anticipation* to that Government previous to the taking of Warsaw, and before the result of hostilities was known. I communicated it again when Warsaw fell. The Russian Government, however, took a different view of the question."—(*House of Commons, July 9, 1833.*)

He had quietly anticipated the downfall of Poland, and had availed himself of this opportunity to entertain and express an opinion on certain articles of the treaty of Vienna, persuaded as he was that the magnanimous Czar was merely waiting till he had crushed the Polish people by armed force to do homage to a Constitution he had trampled upon when they were yet possessed of unbounded means of resistance. At the same time the noble lord charged the Poles with having "taken the uncalled for, and, in his opinion, *unjustifiable*, step of the dethronement of the Emperor."—(*House of Commons, July 9, 1832.*)

"He could also say that the Poles were the aggressors, for they commenced the contest."—(*House of Commons, August 7, 1832.*)

When the apprehensions that Poland would be extinguished became universal and troublesome, he declared that "to exterminate Poland, either *morally or politically*, is so perfectly im-

practicable that I think there need be no apprehension of its being attempted.”—(*House of Commons, June 28, 1832.*)

When reminded afterwards of the vague expectations thus held out, he averred that he had been misunderstood, that he had said so not in the political but the Pickwickian sense of the word, meaning that the Emperor of Russia was unable “to exterminate *nominally or physically* so many millions of men as the Polish kingdom in its divided state contained.”—(*House of Commons, April 20, 1836.*)

When the House threatened to interfere during the struggle of the Poles, he appealed to his ministerial responsibility. When the thing was done, he coolly told them that “no vote of this House would have the slightest effect in reversing the decision of Russia.”—(*House of Commons, July 9, 1833.*)

When the atrocities committed by the Russians, after the fall of Warsaw, were denounced, he recommended to the House great tenderness towards the Emperor of Russia, declaring that “no person could regret more than he did the expressions which had been uttered”—(*House of Commons, June 28, 1832*)—that “the present Emperor of Russia was a man of high and generous feelings”—that “where cases of undue severity on the part of the Russian Government to the Poles have occurred, we may set this down as a proof that the power of the Emperor of Russia is practically limited, and we may take it for granted that the Emperor has, in those instances, yielded to the influence of others, rather than followed the dictates of his spontaneous feelings.”—(*House of Commons, July 9, 1833.*)

When the doom of Poland was sealed on the one hand, and on the other the dissolution of the Turkish Empire became imminent, from the rebellion of Mehemet Ali, he assured the House that “affairs in general were proceeding in a satisfactory train.”—(*House of Commons, January 26, 1832.*)

A motion for granting subsidies to the Polish refugees having been made, it was “exceedingly painful to him to oppose the grant of any money to those individuals, which the natural and spontaneous feelings of every generous man would lead him to acquiesce in; but it was not consistent with his duty to propose

any grant of money to those unfortunate persons.”—(*House of Commons, March 25, 1834.*)

This same tender-hearted man had secretly defrayed, as we shall see by and bye, the cost of Poland's fall, to a great extent, out of the pockets of the British people.

The noble lord took good care to withhold all State papers about the Polish catastrophe from Parliament. But statements made in the House of Commons which he never so much as attempted to controvert, leave no doubt as to the game he played at that fatal epoch.

After the Polish revolution had broken out, the Consul of Austria did not quit Warsaw, and the Austrian Government went so far as to send a Polish agent, M. Walewski, to Paris, with the mission of negotiating with the Governments of France and England about the re-establishment of a Polish kingdom. The Court of the Tuileries declared “it was ready to join England in case of her consenting to the project.” Lord Palmerston rejected the offer. In 1831, M. de Talleyrand, the Ambassador of France at the Court of St. James, proposed a plan of combined action on the part of France and England, but met with a distinct refusal and with a note from the noble lord, stating that “an amicable intermediation on the Polish question would be declined by Russia; that the Powers had just declined a similar offer on the part of France; that the intervention of the two Courts of France and England could only be by force in case of a refusal on the part of Russia; and the amicable and satisfactory relations between the Cabinet of St. James and the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, would not allow his British Majesty to undertake such an interference. The time was NOT YET come to undertake such a plan with success against the will of a sovereign whose *rights were indisputable.*”

This was not all. On February 23, 1848, Mr. Anstey made the following declaration in the House of Commons:

“Sweden was arming her fleet for the purpose of making a diversion in favour of Poland, and of regaining

to herself the provinces in the Baltic, which have been so unjustly wrested from her in the last war. The noble lord instructed our ambassador at the Court of Stockholm in a contrary sense, and Sweden discontinued her armaments. The Persian Court had, with a similar purpose, despatched an army three days on its march towards the Russian frontier, under the command of the Persian Crown Prince. The Secretary of Legation at the court of Teheran, Sir John M'Neill, followed the prince, at a distance of three days' march from his head-quarters, overtook him, and there, under instructions from the noble lord, and in the name of England, threatened Persia with war if the prince advanced another step towards the Russian frontier. Similar inducements were used by the noble lord to prevent Turkey from renewing war on her side."

To Colonel Evans, asking for the production of papers with regard to Prussia's violation of her pretended neutrality in the Russo-Polish war, Lord Palmerston replied, "that the ministers of this country could not have witnessed that contest without the deepest regret, and it would be most satisfactory for them to see it terminated."—(*House of Commons*, August 16, 1831.)

Certainly he wished to see it terminated as soon as possible, and Prussia shared in his feelings.

On a subsequent occasion, Mr. H. Gally Knight thus summed up the whole proceedings of the noble lord with regard to the Polish revolution:

"There is something *curiously inconsistent* in the proceedings of the noble lord when Russia is concerned. . . . On the subject of Poland, the noble lord has disappointed us again and again; remember when the noble lord was pressed to exert himself in favour of Poland, then he admitted the justice of the cause—the justice

of our complaints; but he said, 'Only restrain yourselves at present, there is an ambassador fast setting out, of known liberal sentiments; you will only embarrass his negotiation, if you incense the Power with whom he has to deal. So, take my advice, be quiet at present, and be assured that a great deal will be effected.' We trusted to those assurances; the liberal ambassador went; whether he ever approached the subject or not was never known, but all we got were the fine words of the noble lord, and no results."—(*House of Commons, July 13, 1840.*)

The so-called kingdom of Poland having disappeared from the map of Europe, there remained still, in the free town of Cracow, a fantastic remnant of Polish nationality. The Czar Alexander, during the general anarchy resulting from the fall of the French Empire, had not conquered the Duchy of Warsaw but simply seized it, and wished, of course, to keep it, together with Cracow, which had been incorporated with the Duchy by Bonaparte. Austria, once possessed of Cracow, wished to have it back. The Czar being unable to obtain it himself, and unwilling to cede it to Austria, proposed to constitute it a free town. Accordingly the Treaty of Vienna stipulated in Article VI., "the town of Cracow with its territory is to be for ever a free, independent, and strictly neutral city, under the protection of Austria, Russia, and Prussia;" and in Article IX., "the courts of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, engage to respect, and to cause to be always respected, the neutrality of the free town of Cracow and its territory. *No armed force shall be introduced on any pretence whatever.*"

Immediately after the close of the Polish insurrection of 1830-31, the Russian troops suddenly entered Cracow, the occupation of which lasted two months. This, however, was considered as a transitory necessity of war, and in the turmoil of that time was soon forgotten.

In 1836, Cracow was again occupied by the troops of Austria,

Russia, and Prussia, on the pretext of forcing the authorities of Cracow to deliver up the individuals concerned in the Polish revolution five years before.

On this occasion the noble lord refrained from all remonstrance, on the ground, as he stated in 1836 and 1840, "that it was difficult to give effect to our remonstrances." As soon, however, as Cracow was definitely confiscated by Austria, a simple remonstrance appeared to him to be "the only effectual means." When the three northern Powers occupied Cracow in 1836, its Constitution was abrogated, the three consular residences assumed the highest authority—the police was entrusted to Austrian spies—the senate overthrown—the tribunals suspended—the university put down by prohibiting the students of the neighbouring provinces from frequenting it—and the commerce of the free city, with the surrounding countries, destroyed.

In March, 1836, when interpellated on the occupation of Cracow, Lord Palmerston declared that occupation to be of a merely transitory character. Of so palliative and apologetic a kind was the construction he put on the doings of his three northern allies, that he felt himself obliged suddenly to stop and interrupt the even tenor of his speech by the solemn declaration, "I stand not up here to defend the measure, which, on the contrary, I **MUST** censure and condemn. I have merely stated those circumstances which, though they do not excuse the forcible occupation of Cracow, might yet afford a justification, etc. . . ." He admitted that the Treaty of Vienna bound the three Powers to abstain from any step without the previous consent of England, but "they may be justly said to have paid an *involuntary* homage to the justice and plain dealing of this country, by supposing that we would never give our assent to such a proceeding."

Mr. Patrick Stewart having, however, found out that there existed better means for the preservation of Cracow than the "abstention from remonstrance," moved on April 20, 1836, "that the Government should be ordered to send a representative to the free town of Cracow as consul, there being three consuls there from the three other powers, Austria, Russia, and Prussia." The joint arrival of an English and French consul at Cracow would

prove an event, and must, in any case, have prevented the noble lord from afterwards declaring himself unaware of the intrigues pursued at Cracow by the Austrians, Russians, and Prussians. The noble viscount seeing that the majority of the House was favourable to the motion, induced Mr. Stewart to withdraw it, by solemnly promising that the Government "intended to send a consular agent to Cracow." On March 22, 1837, being interpellated by Lord Dudley Stuart with regard to his promise, the noble lord answered that "he had altered his intention, and had not sent a consular agent to Cracow, and it was not at present his intention to do so." Lord D. Stuart having given notice that he should move for papers to elucidate this singular transaction, the noble viscount succeeded in defeating the motion by the simple process of being absent, and causing the House to be counted out. He never stated why or wherefore he had not fulfilled his pledge, and withstood all attempts to squeeze out of him any papers on the subject.

In 1840, the "temporary" occupation still continued, and the people of Cracow addressed a memorandum to the Governments of France and England, which says, amongst other things:

"The misfortunes which overwhelm the free city of Cracow and its inhabitants are such that the undersigned see no further hope for themselves and their fellow-citizens but in the powerful and enlightened protection of the Governments of France and England. The situation in which they find themselves placed gives them a right to invoke the intervention of every Power subscribed to the Treaty of Vienna."

Being interrogated on July 13, 1840, about this petition from Cracow, Palmerston declared "that between Austria and the British Government the question of the evacuation of Cracow remained only a question of time." As to the violation of the Treaty of Vienna "there were no means of enforcing the opin-

ions of England, supposing that this country was disposed to do so by arms, because Cracow was evidently a place where no English action could possibly take place."

Be it remarked, that two days after this declaration, July 15, 1840, the noble lord concluded a treaty with Russia, Austria, and Prussia, for closing the Black Sea to the English navy, probably in order that no English action could take place in those quarters. It was at the very same time that the noble lord renewed the Holy Alliance with those Powers against France. As to the commercial loss sustained by England, consequent upon the occupation of Cracow, the noble lord demonstrated that "the amount of general exports to *Germany* had not fallen off," which, as Sir Robert Peel justly remarked, had nothing to do with Cracow, considerable quantities of English merchandise being sent thither by the Black Sea, Moldavia, and Galicia—and closely pressed to state his real intentions on the subject and as to the consular agent to be sent to Cracow, "he thought that his experience of the manner in which his unfortunate assertion [made by the noble lord in 1836, in order to escape from the censure of a hostile House] of an intention to appoint a British consul at Cracow, had been taken up by honourable gentlemen opposite, justified him in positively refusing to give any answer to such a question, which might expose him to similar unjustifiable attacks."

On August 16, 1846, he stated that "whether the treaty of Vienna is or is not executed and fulfilled by the great Powers of Europe, depends not upon the presence of a consular agent at Cracow." On January, 28, 1847, Cracow was doomed, and when the noble lord was again asked for the production of papers relative to the *non-appointment* of a British consul at Cracow, he declared that "the subject had *no necessary* connection with the discussion on the incorporation of Cracow, and he saw no advantage in reviving an angry discussion on a subject which had *only a passing interest*." He proved true to his opinion on the production of State papers, as expressed on March 7, 1837: "If the papers bear upon the questions now under consideration,

their production would be dangerous; if they refer to questions that are gone by, they can obviously be of no use."

The British Government was, however, very exactly informed of the importance of Cracow, not only from a political but also from a commercial point of view, their consul at Warsaw, Colonel Du Plat, having reported to them that

"Cracow, since its elevation into an independent State, has always been the depôt of very considerable quantities of English merchandise sent thither by the Black Sea, Moldavia, and Galicia, and even *via* Trieste; and which afterwards find their way to the surrounding countries. In the course of years it came into railway communication with the great lines of Bohemia, Prussia, and Austria. . . . It is also the central point of the important line of railway communication between the Adriatic and the Baltic. It will come into direct communication of the same description with Warsaw. . . . Looking, therefore, to the almost certainty of every great point of the Levant, and even of India and China, finding its way up the Adriatic, it cannot be denied that it must be of the greatest commercial importance, even to England, to have such a station as Cracow, in the centre of the great net of railways connecting the Western and Eastern Continents."

Lord Palmerston himself was obliged to confess to the House that the Cracow insurrection of 1846 had been intentionally provoked by the three Powers. "I believe the original entrance of the Austrian troops into the territory of Cracow was in consequence of an application from the Government." But, then, those Austrian troops retired. Why they retired has never yet been explained. With them retired the Government and the authorities of Cracow; the immediate, at least the early, conse-

quence of that retirement, was the establishment of a Provisional Government at Cracow.—(*House of Commons, August 17, 1846.*)

On the 22nd of February, 1846, the forces of Austria, and afterwards those of Russia and Prussia, took possession of Cracow. On the 26th of the same month, the Prefect of Tarnow issued his proclamation calling upon the peasants to murder their landlords, promising them “a sufficient recompense in money,” which proclamation was followed by the Galician atrocities, and the massacre of about 2,000 landed proprietors. On the 12th appeared the Austrian proclamation to the “faithful Galicians who have aroused themselves for the maintenance of order and law, and destroyed the enemies of order.” In the official *Gazette* of April 28th, Prince Frederick of Schwarzenberg stated officially that “the acts that had taken place had been *authorised* by the Austrian Government,” which, of course, acted on a common plan with Russia and with Prussia, the lackey of the Czar. Now, after all these abominations had passed, Lord Palmerston thought fit to declare in the House:

“I have too high an opinion of the sense of justice and of right that must animate the Governments of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, to believe that they can feel any disposition or intention to deal with Cracow otherwise than Cracow is entitled by treaty-engagements to be dealt with.”—(*House of Commons, August 17, 1846.*)

For the noble lord the only business then in hand was to get rid of Parliament, whose session was drawing to a close. He assured the Commons that “on the part of the British Government everything shall be done to ensure a due respect being paid to the provisions of the treaty of Vienna.” Mr. Hume giving vent to his doubts about Lord Palmerston’s “*intention* to cause the Austro-Russian troops to retire from Cracow,” the noble lord

begged of the House not to give credence to the statements made by Mr. Hume, as he was in possession of better information, and was convinced that the occupation of Cracow was only a "TEMPORARY" one. The Parliament of 1846 having been got rid of, in the same manner as that of 1843, out came the Austrian proclamation of November 11, 1846, incorporating Cracow with the Austrian dominions. When Parliament re-assembled on January 19, 1847, it was informed by the Queen's speech that Cracow was gone, but that there remained in its place a protest on the part of the brave Lord Palmerston. In order to deprive this protest of even the appearance of a meaning, the noble lord contrived, at that very epoch, to engage England in a quarrel with France on the occasion of the Spanish marriages, very nearly setting the two countries by the ears; a performance which was sharply overhauled by Mr. Smith O'Brien in the House of Commons, on April 18, 1847.

The French Government having applied to Palmerston for his co-operation in a joint protest against the incorporation of Cracow, Lord Normanby, under instructions from the noble viscount, answered that the outrage of which Austria had been guilty in annexing Cracow was not greater than that of France in effecting a marriage between the Duke of Montpensier and the Spanish Infanta—the one being a violation of the Treaty of Vienna, and the other of the Treaty of Utrecht. Now, the Treaty of Utrecht, renewed in 1782, was definitely abrogated by the Anti-Jacobin war; and had, therefore, ever since 1792, ceased to be operative. There was no man in the House better informed of this circumstance than the noble lord, as he had himself stated to the House on the occasion of the debates on the blockades of Mexico and Buenos Ayres, that

"the provisions of the Treaty of Utrecht had long since lapsed in the variations of war, with the exception of the single clause relating to the boundaries of Brazil and French Guiana, because that clause has been expressly incorporated in the Treaty of Vienna."

We have not yet done with the exertions of the noble lord in resisting the encroachments of Russia upon Poland.

There once existed a curious convention between England, Holland, and Russia—the so-called Russian Dutch loan. During the Anti-Jacobin war the Czar, Alexander, contracted a loan with Messrs. Hope & Co., at Amsterdam; and after the fall of Bonaparte, the King of the Netherlands, “desirous to make a suitable return to the Allied Powers for having delivered his territory,” and for having annexed to it Belgium, to which he had no claim whatever, engaged himself—the other Powers waiving their common claims in favour of Russia, then in great need of money—to execute a convention with Russia agreeing to pay her by successive instalments the twenty-five million florins she owed to Messrs. Hope & Co. England, in order to cover the robbery she had committed on Holland, of her colonies at the Cape of Good Hope, Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, became a party to this convention, and bound herself to pay a certain proportion of the subsidies granted to Russia. This stipulation became part of the Treaty of Vienna, but upon the *express condition* “that the payment should cease if the union between Holland and Belgium were broken prior to the liquidation of the debt.” When Belgium separated herself from Holland by a revolution, the latter, of course, refused to pay her portion to Russia on the ground that the loan had been contracted to continue her in the undivided possession of the Belgian provinces, and that she no longer had the sovereignty of that country. On the other hand, there remained, as Mr. Herries stated in Parliament, “not the smallest iota of a claim on the part of Russia for the continuance of debt by England.”—(*House of Commons, January 26, 1832.*)

Lord Palmerston, however, found it quite natural that “at one time Russia is paid for supporting the union of Belgium with Holland, and that at another time she is paid for supporting the separation of these countries.”—(*House of Commons, July 16, 1832.*)

He appealed in a very tragic manner for the faithful observance of treaties—and above all, of the Treaty of Vienna; and he contrived to carry a new convention with Russia, dated

November 16, 1831, the preamble of which expressly stated that it was contracted "in consideration of the general arrangements of the Congress of Vienna which remain in full force."

When the convention relating to the Russian Dutch loan had been inserted in the Treaty of Vienna, the Duke of Wellington exclaimed: "This is a master-stroke of diplomacy on the part of Lord Castlereagh; for Russia has been tied down to the observance of the Vienna treaty by a pecuniary obligation."

When Russia, therefore, withdrew her observance of the Vienna treaty by the Cracow confiscation, Mr. Hume moved to stop any further annual payment to Russia from the British treasury. The noble viscount, however, thought that although Russia had a right to violate the treaty of Vienna, with regard to Poland, England must remain bound by that very treaty with regard to Russia.

But this is not the most extraordinary incident in the noble lord's proceedings. After the Belgian revolution had broken out, and before Parliament had sanctioned the new loan to Russia, the noble lord defrayed the costs of the Russian war against Poland, under the false pretext of paying off the old debt contracted by England in 1815, although we can state, on the authority of the greatest English lawyer, Sir E. Sugden, now Lord St. Leonards, that "there was not a single debatable point in that question, and the Government had no power whatever to pay a shilling of the money"—(*House of Commons, June 26, 1832*); and, on the authority of Sir Robert Peel, "that Lord Palmerston was not warranted by law in advancing the money."—(*House of Commons, July 12, 1832.*)

Now we understand why the noble lord reiterates on every occasion that "nothing can be more painful to a man of proper feeling, than discussions upon the subject of Poland." We can also appreciate the degree of earnestness he is now likely to exhibit in resisting the encroachments of the Power he has so uniformly served.

IV

The great and eternal themes of the noble viscount's self-glorification are the services he has rendered to the cause of constitutional liberty all over the Continent. The world owes him, indeed, the inventions of the "constitutional" kingdoms of Portugal, Spain, and Greece,—three political phantoms, only to be compared with the *homunculus* of Wagner in "Faust." Portugal, under the yoke of that huge hill of flesh, Donna Maria da Gloria, backed by a Coburg, "must be looked upon as one of the *substantive* Powers of Europe."—(*House of Commons*, March 10, 1835.)

At the very time the noble viscount uttered these words, six British ships of the line anchored at Lisbon, in order to defend the "substantive" daughter of Don Pedro from the Portuguese people, and to help her to destroy the constitution she had sworn to defend. Spain, at the disposition of another Maria, who, although a notorious sinner, has never founded a Magdalen, "holds out to us a fair, a flourishing, and even a formidable power among the European kingdoms."—(*Lord Palmerston*, *House of Commons*, March 10, 1837.)

Formidable, indeed, to the holders of Spanish bonds. The noble lord has even his reasons ready for having delivered the native country of Pericles and Sophocles to the nominal sway of an idiot Bavarian boy. "King Otho belongs to a country where there exists a free constitution."—(*House of Commons*, August 8, 1832.)

A free constitution in Bavaria, the German Bastia! This passes the *licentia poetica* of rhetorical flourish, the "legitimate hopes" held out by Spain, and the "substantive" power of Portugal. As to Belgium, all Lord Palmerston did for her was burdening her with a part of the Dutch debt, reducing it by the Province of Luxemburg, and saddling her with a Coburg dynasty. As to the *entente cordiale* with France, waning from the moment he pretended to give it the finishing touch by the Quadruple

alliance of 1834, we have already seen how well the noble lord understood how to manage it in the instance of Poland, and we shall hear, by and bye, what became of it in his hands.

One of those facts, hardly adverted to by contemporaries, but broadly marking the boundaries of historical epochs, was the military occupation of Constantinople by the Russians, in 1833.

The eternal dream of Russia was at last realized. The barbarian from the icy banks of the Neva held in his grasp luxurious Byzantium, and the sunlit shores of the Bosphorus. The self-styled heir to the Greek Emperors occupied, however temporarily, the Rome of the East.

“The occupation of Constantinople by Russian troops sealed the fate of Turkey as an independent power. The fact of Russia having occupied Constantinople even for the purpose (?) of saving it, was as decisive a blow to Turkish independence as if the flag of Russia now waved on the Seraglio.”—(*Sir Robert Peel, House of Commons, March 17, 1834.*)

In consequence of the unfortunate war of 1828-29 and the Treaty of Adrianople, the Porte had lost its prestige in the eyes of its own subjects. As usual with Oriental empires, when the paramount power is weakened, successful revolts of Pashas broke out. As early as October, 1831, commenced the conflict between the Sultan and Mehemet Ali, the Pasha of Egypt, who had supported the Porte during the Greek insurrection. In the spring of 1832, Ibrahim Pasha, his son, marched his army into Syria, conquered that province by the battle of Homs, crossed the Taurus, annihilated the Turkish army at the battle of Konieh, and moved on the way to Stamboul. The Sultan was forced to apply to St. Petersburg on February 2, 1833. On February 17, the French Admiral Roussin arrived at Constantinople, remonstrated with the Porte two days afterwards, and engaged for

the retreat of the Pasha on certain terms, including the refusal of Russian assistance; but, unassisted, he was, of course, unable to cope with Russia. "You have asked for me, and you shall have me."

On February 20, a Russian squadron suddenly sailed from Sebastopol, disembarked a large force of Russian troops on the shores of the Bosphorus, and laid siege to the capital. So eager was Russia for the protection of Turkey, that a Russian officer was simultaneously despatched to the Pashas of Erzerum and Trebizond, to inform them that, in the event of Ibrahim's army marching towards Erzerum, both that place and Trebizond should be immediately protected by a Russian army. At the end of May, 1833, Count Orloff¹ arrived from St. Petersburg, and intimated to the Sultan that he had brought with him a little bit of paper, which the Sultan was to subscribe to, without the concurrence of any minister, and without the knowledge of any diplomatic agent at the Porte. In this manner the famous treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was brought about; it was concluded for eight years to come. By virtue of it the Porte entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Russia; resigned the right of entering into any new treaties with other powers, except with the concurrence of Russia, and confirmed the former Russo-Turkish treaties, especially that of Adrianople. By a secret article, appended to the treaty, the Porte obliged itself "in favour of the Imperial Court of Russia to close the Straits of the Dardanelles—viz., not to allow any foreign man-of-war to enter it under any pretext whatever."

To whom was the Czar indebted for occupying Constantinople by his troops, and for transferring, by virtue of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, the supreme seat of the Ottoman empire from Constantinople to St. Petersburg? To nobody else but to the Right Honourable Henry John Viscount Palmerston, Baron Temple, a Peer of Ireland, a Member of His Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, Knight of the Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, a Member of Parliament,

1. The same Count Orloff was lately designated by *The Times* as the "head of the Russian peace party," and is now on a *pacific* errand to Vienna.

and His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

The treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was concluded on July 8, 1833. On July 11, 1833, Mr. H. L. Bulwer moved for the production of papers with respect to the Turco-Syrian affairs. The noble lord opposed the motion

“because the *transactions* to which the papers called for referred were *incomplete*, and the character of the whole transaction would depend upon its termination. As the results were not yet known, the motion was premature.”
—(*House of Commons, July 11, 1833.*)

Accused by Mr. Bulwer of not having interfered for the defence of the Sultan against Mehemet Ali, and thus prevented the advance of the Russian army, he began that curious system of defence and of confession, developed on later occasions, the *membra disjecta* of which I shall now gather together.

“He was not *prepared* to deny that in the later part of last year an application was made on the part of the Sultan to this country, for assistance.”—(*House of Commons, July 11, 1833.*)

“The Porte made formal application for assistance in the course of August.”—(*House of Commons, August 24, 1833.*)

No, not in August. “The request of the Porte for naval assistance had been made in the month of October, 1832.”—(*House of Commons, August 28, 1833.*)

No, it was not in October. “Its assistance was asked by the Porte in November, 1832.”—(*House of Commons, March 17, 1834.*)

The noble lord is as uncertain of the day when the Porte

implored his aid, as Falstaff was of the number of rogues in buckram suits, who came at his back in Kendal green. He is not prepared, however, to deny that the armed assistance offered by Russia was rejected by the Porte, and that he, Lord Palmerston, was applied to. He refused to comply with its demands. The Porte again applied to the noble lord. First sent M. Maurageni to London; then sent Namic Pasha, who entreated the assistance of a naval squadron on condition of the Sultan undertaking to defray all the expenses of that squadron, and promising in requital for such succour the grant of new *commercial* privileges and advantages to British subjects in Turkey. So sure was Russia of the noble lord's refusal, that she joined the Turkish envoy in praying his lordship to afford the succour demanded. He tells us himself:

“It was but justice that he should state, that so far from Russia having expressed any jealousy as to this Government granting this assistance, the Russian ambassador officially communicated to him, while the request was still under consideration, that he had learned that such an application had been made, and that, from the interest taken by Russia in the maintenance and preservation of the Turkish empire, it would afford satisfaction if ministers could find themselves able to comply with that request.” (*House of Commons, August 28, 1833.*)

The noble lord remained, however, inexorable to the demand of the Porte, although backed by disinterested Russia herself. Then, of course, the Porte knew what it was expected to do. It understood that it was doomed to make the wolf shepherd. Still it hesitated, and did not accept Russian assistance till three months later.

“Great Britain,” says the noble lord, “never complained of Russia granting the assistance, but, on the contrary, was glad that Turkey had been able to obtain effectual relief from any quarter.”—(*House of Commons, March 17, 1834.*)

At whatever epoch the Porte may have implored the aid of Lord Palmerston, he cannot but own that

“no doubt if England had thought fit to interfere, the progress of the invading army would have been stopped, and the Russian troops would not have been called in.”—(*House of Commons, July 11, 1833.*)

Why then did he not “think fit” to interfere and to keep the Russians out?

First he pleads *want of time*. According to his own statement the conflict between the Porte and Mehemet Ali arose as early as October, 1831, while the decisive battle of Konieh was not fought till December 21, 1832. Could he find no time during all this period? A great battle was won by Ibrahim Pasha, in July, 1832, and again he could find no time from July to December. But he was all that time waiting for a *formal* application on the part of the Porte which, according to his last version, was not made till the 3rd of November. “Was he then,” asks Sir Robert Peel, “so ignorant of what was passing in the Levant, that he must wait for a formal application?”—(*House of Commons, March 17, 1834*). And from November, when the formal application was made, to the latter part of February, there elapsed again four long months, and Russia did not arrive until February 20, 1833. Why did not he?

But he had better reasons in reserve.

The Pasha of Egypt was but a rebellious subject, and the Sultan was the Suzerain.

“As it was a war against the sovereign by a subject, and that sovereign was in alliance with the King of England, it would have been inconsistent with good faith to have had *any communication* with the Pasha.”
—(*House of Commons*, August 28, 1833.)

Etiquette prevented the noble lord from stopping Ibrahim's armies. *Etiquette* forbade his giving instructions to his consul at Alexandria to use his influence with Mehemet Ali. Like the Spanish grandee, the noble lord would rather let the Queen burn to ashes than infringe on *etiquette*, and interfere with her petticoats. As it happens the noble lord had already, in 1832, accredited consuls and diplomatic agents to the “subject” of the Sultan without the consent of the Sultan; he had entered into treaties with Mehemet, altering existing regulations and arrangements touching matters of trade and revenue, and establishing other ones in their stead; and he did so without having the consent of the Porte beforehand, or caring for its approbation afterwards —(*House of Commons*, February 23, 1848).

Accordingly, we are told by Earl Grey, the then chief of the noble viscount, that “they had at the moment extensive commercial relations with Mehemet Ali which it would not have been their interest to disturb.”—(*House of Lords*, February 4, 1834.)

What commercial relations with the “rebellious subject”!

But the noble viscount's fleets were occupied in the Douro, and the Tagus, and blockading the Scheldt, and doing the services of midwife at the birth of the constitutional empires of Portugal, Spain, and Belgium, and he was, therefore, not in a position to spare one single ship—(*House of Commons*, July 11, 1833, and March 17, 1834).

But what the Sultan insisted on was precisely naval assist-

ance. For argument's sake, we will grant the noble lord to have been unable to dispose of one single vessel. But there are great authorities assuring us that what was wanted was not a single *vessel*, but only a single *word* on the part of the noble lord. There is Lord Mahon, who had just been employed at the Foreign Office under Sir Robert Peel, when he made this statement. There is Admiral Codrington, the destroyer of the Turkish fleet at Navarino.

“Mehemet Ali,” he states, “had of old felt the strength of our representations on the subject of the evacuation of the Morea. He had then received orders from the Porte to resist all applications to induce him to evacuate it, at the risk of his head, and he did resist accordingly, but at last prudently yielded, and evacuated the Morea.”—(*House of Commons, April 20, 1836.*)

There is the Duke of Wellington.

“If, in the session of 1832 or 1833, they had plainly told Mehemet Ali that he should not carry on his contest in Syria and Asia Minor, they would have put an end to the war without the risk of allowing the Emperor of Russia to send a fleet and an army to Constantinople.”—(*House of Lords, February 4, 1834.*)

But there are still better authorities. There is the noble lord himself.

“Although,” he says, “his Majesty's Government did not comply with the demand of the Sultan for naval assistance, yet the moral assistance of England was

afforded; and the communications made by the British Government to the Pasha of Egypt, and to Ibrahim Pasha commanding in Asia Minor, did materially contribute to bring about that arrangement (of Kiutayah) between the Sultan and the Pasha, by which that war was terminated.”—(*House of Commons, March 17, 1834.*)

There is Lord Derby, then Mr. Stanley and a member of the Palmerston Cabinet, who

“boldly asserts that what stopped the progress of Mehemet Ali was the distinct declaration of France and England that they would not permit the occupation of Constantinople by his troops.”—(*House of Commons, March 17, 1834.*)

Thus then, according to Lord Derby and to Lord Palmerston himself, it was not the Russian squadron and army at Constantinople, but it was a *distinct declaration* on the part of the British consular agent at Alexandria, that stopped Ibrahim’s victorious march upon Constantinople, and brought about the arrangement of Kiutayah, by virtue of which Mehemet Ali obtained, besides Egypt, the Pashalic of Syria, of Adana and other places, added as an appendage. But the noble lord thought fit not to allow his consul at Alexandria to make this distinct declaration till after the Turkish army was annihilated, Constantinople overrun by the Cossack, the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi signed by the Sultan, and pocketed by the Czar.

If want of time and want of fleets forbade the noble lord to assist the Sultan, and a superfluity of *etiquette* to check the Pasha, did he at least employ his ambassador at Constantinople to guard against excessive influence on the part of Russia, and to keep her influence confined within narrow bounds? Quite the

contrary. In order not to clog the movements of Russia, the noble lord took good care to have no ambassador at all at Constantinople during the most fatal period of the crisis.

“If ever there was a country in which the weight and station of an ambassador were useful—or a period in which that weight and station might be advantageously exerted—that country was Turkey, during the six months before the 8th of July.”—(*Lord Mahon, House of Commons, April 20, 1836.*)

Lord Palmerston tells us, that the British ambassador, Sir Stratford Canning, left Constantinople in September, 1832—that Lord Ponsonby, then at Naples, was appointed in his place in November, and that “difficulties experienced in making the necessary arrangements for his conveyance,” although a man-of-war was in waiting for him, “and the unfavourable state of the weather prevented his getting to Constantinople until the end of May, 1833.”—(*House of Commons, March 17, 1834.*)

The Russian was not yet in, and Lord Ponsonby was accordingly ordered to require seven months for sailing from Naples to Constantinople.

But why should the noble lord prevent the Russians from occupying Constantinople? “He, for his part, had great *doubts* that any intention to *partition* the Ottoman empire at all entered into the policy of the Russian Government.”—(*House of Commons, February 14, 1839.*)

Certainly not. Russia wants not to partition the empire, but to keep the whole of it. Besides the security Lord Palmerston possessed in this *doubt*, he had another security

“in the *doubt* whether it enters into the policy of Russia *at present* to accomplish the object, and a third ‘security’ in his third ‘*doubt*’ whether the Russian nation (just

think of a Russian *nation!*) would be prepared for that transference of power, of residence, and authority to the southern provinces which would be the necessary consequence of the conquest by Russia of Constantinople.”—(*House of Commons, July 11, 1833.*)

Besides these negative arguments, the noble lord had an affirmative one:

“If they had quietly beheld the temporary occupation of the Turkish capital by the forces of Russia, it was because they had full confidence in the honour and good faith of Russia. The Russian Government, in granting its aid to the Sultan, has pledged its honour, and in that pledge he reposed the most implicit confidence.”—(*House of Commons, July 11, 1853.*)

So inaccessible, indestructible, integral, imperishable, inexpugnable, incalculable, incommensurable, and irremediable, so boundless, dauntless, and matchless was the noble lord's confidence, that still on March 17, 1834, when the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi had become a *fait accompli*, he went on declaring that, “in their confidence ministers were not deceived.” Not his is the fault if nature has developed his bump of confidence to altogether anomalous dimensions.

V

The contents of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi were published in the *Morning Herald* of August 21, 1833. On August 24, Sir Robert Inglis asked Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons,

“whether there really had been concluded a treaty, offensive and defensive, between Russia and Turkey? He hoped that the noble lord would be prepared, before the prorogation of Parliament, to lay before the House, not only the treaties that had been made, but all communications connected with the formation of those treaties between Turkey and Russia.” Lord Palmerston answered that “when they were *sure* that such a treaty as that alluded to really did exist, and when they were in possession of that treaty, it would *then* be for them to determine what was the course of policy they ought to pursue. . . . It could be no blame to him if the newspapers were sometimes beforehand with the Government.”—(*House of Commons, August 24, 1833.*)

Seven months afterwards, he assures the House that

“it was perfectly impossible that the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, not to be ratified at Constantinople until the month of September, should have been officially known to him in August.”—(*House of Commons, March 17, 1834.*)

He did know the treaty, in August, but not *officially*.

“The British Government was surprised to find that when the Russian troops quitted the Bosphorus, they carried that treaty with them.”—(*Lord Palmerston, House of Commons, March 1, 1848.*)

Yes, the noble lord was in possession of the treaty *before* it had been concluded.

“No sooner had the Porte received it (namely, the draft of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi), than the treaty was communicated by them to the British Embassy at Constantinople, with the prayer for our protection against Ibrahim Pasha and against Nicholas. The application was rejected—but that was not all. With an atrocious perfidiousness, the fact was made known to the Russian Minister. Next day, the very copy of the treaty which the Porte had lodged with the British Embassy, was returned to the Porte by the Russian Ambassador, who ironically advised the Porte—‘to choose better another time its confidants.’”—(*Mr. Anstey, House of Commons, February 8, 1848.*)

But the noble viscount had obtained all he cared for. He was interrogated with respect to the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, of whose existence he was not *sure*, on August 24, 1833. On August 29, Parliament was prorogued, receiving from the throne the consolatory assurance that “the hostilities which had disturbed the peace of Turkey had been terminated, and they might be assured that the King’s attention would be carefully directed to any events which might affect the present state or the future independence of that Empire.”

Here, then, we have the key to the famous Russian Treaties of July. In July they are concluded; in August something about them is transpiring through the public press. Lord Palmerston is interrogated in the Commons. He, of course, is aware of nothing. Parliament is prorogued,—and, when it reassembles, the treaty has grown old, or, as in 1841, has already been executed, in spite of public opinion.

Parliament was prorogued on August 29, 1833, and it reassembled on February 5, 1834. The interval between the prorogation and its reassembling was marked by two incidents intimately interwoven with each other. On the one hand, the united French and English fleets proceeded to the Dardanelles, displayed there the tricolour and the Union Jack, sailed on their way to Smyrna,

and returned from thence to Malta. On the other hand, a new treaty was concluded between the Porte and Russia on January 29, 1834,—the Treaty of St. Petersburg. This treaty was hardly signed when the united fleet was withdrawn.

This combined manoeuvre was intended to stultify the British people and Europe into the belief that the hostile demonstration on the Turkish seas and coasts, directed against the Porte, for having concluded the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, had enforced upon Russia the new Treaty of St. Petersburg. This treaty, by promising the evacuation of the Principalities, and reducing the Turkish payments to one-third of the stipulated amount, apparently relieved the Porte from some engagements enforced on it by the Treaty of Adrianople. In all other instances it was a simple ratification of the Treaty of Adrianople, not at all relating to the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, nor dropping a single word about the passage of the Dardanelles. On the contrary, the small alleviations it granted to Turkey were the purchase money for the exclusion of Europe, by the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, from the Dardanelles.

“At the very time at which the demonstration (of the British fleet) was being made, an assurance was given by the noble lord to the Russian Ambassador at this court, that this combined movement of the squadrons was not intended in any sense hostile to Russia, nor to be taken as a hostile demonstration against her; but that, in fact, it meant nothing at all. I say this on the authority of Lord Ponsonby, the noble lord’s own colleague, the Ambassador at Constantinople.”—(*Mr. Anstey, House of Commons, February 23, 1848.*)

After the Treaty of St. Petersburg had been ratified, the noble lord expressed his satisfaction with the moderation of the terms imposed by Russia.

When Parliament had reassembled, there appeared in the *Globe*, the organ of the Foreign Office, a paragraph stating that

“the Treaty of St. Petersburg was a proof either of the moderation or good sense of Russia, or of the influence which the union of England and France, and the firm and concerted language of those two powers, had acquired in the councils of St. Petersburg.”—(*Globe*, February 24, 1835.)

Thus, on the one hand, the Treaty of Adrianople, protested against by Lord Aberdeen and the Duke of Wellington, was surreptitiously to be recognized on the part of England by Lord Palmerston officially expressing his satisfaction with the Treaty of St. Petersburg, which was but a ratification of that treaty; on the other hand, public attention was to be diverted from the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, and the animosity it had aroused in Europe against Russia was to be soothed down.

Artful as the dodging was, it would not do. On March 17, 1834, Mr. Sheil brought in a motion for “the copies of any treaties between Turkey and Russia, and of any correspondence between the English, Russian, and Turkish Governments, respecting those treaties, to be laid before the House.”

The noble lord resisted this resolution to his utmost, and succeeded in baffling it by assuring the House that “peace could be preserved only by the House reposing confidence in the Government,” and refusing to accede to the motion. So grossly contradictory were the reasons which he stated prevented him from producing the papers, that Sir Robert Peel called him, in his parliamentary language, “a very inconclusive reasoner,” and his own Colonel Evans could not help exclaiming:—“The speech of the noble lord appeared to him the most unsatisfactory he had ever heard from him.”

Lord Palmerston strove to convince the House that, accord-

ing to the *assurance* of Russia, the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was to be looked upon "as one of reciprocity," that reciprocity being, that if the Dardanelles should be closed against England in the event of war, they should be closed against Russia also. The statement was altogether false, but if true, this certainly would have been Irish reciprocity, for it was all on one side. To cross the Dardanelles is for Russia not the means to get at the Black Sea, but on the contrary, to leave it.

So far from refuting Mr. Sheil's statement, that "the consequence [of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi] was precisely the same as if the Porte surrendered to Russia the possession of the Dardanelles," Lord Palmerston owned "that the treaty closed the Dardanelles to British men-of-war, . . . and that under its provision even *merchant vessels* might, . . . in effect, be practically excluded from the Black Sea," in the case of a war between England and Russia. But if the Government acted "with temper," if it "showed no unnecessary distrust," that is to say, if it quietly submitted to all further encroachments of Russia, he was "inclined to think that the case might not arise in which that treaty would be called into operation; and that, therefore, it would in practice remain a dead letter."—(*House of Commons*, March 17, 1834.)

Besides, "the assurances and explanations" which the British Government had received from the contracting parties to that treaty greatly tended to remove its objections to it. Thus, then, it was not the articles of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, but the assurances Russia gave with respect to them, not the acts of Russia, but her language, he had, in his opinion, to look upon. Yet, as on the same day his attention was called to the protest of the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, M. Le Grenée, against the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, and the offensive and contumelious language of Count Nesselrode, answering in the *St. Petersburg Gazette*, that "the Emperor of Russia would act as if the declaration contained in the note of Le Grenée had no existence"—the noble lord, eating his own words, propounded the opposite doctrine that "it was on all occasions the duty of the English

Government to look to the acts of a foreign Power, rather than to the language which the Power might hold, on any particular subject or occasion."

One moment he appealed from the acts of Russia to her language, and the other from her language to her acts.

In 1837 he still assured the House that the "Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was a treaty between two independent Powers."—(*House of Commons, December 14, 1837.*)

Ten years later, the treaty having long since lapsed, and the noble lord being just about to act the play of the truly English minister, and the "civis Romanus sum," he told the House plainly, "*the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was no doubt to a certain degree forced upon Turkey by Count Orloff, the Russian envoy, under circumstances* [created by the noble lord himself] which rendered it difficult for Turkey to refuse acceding to it. . . . It gave practically to the Russian Government a power of interference and dictation in Turkey, not consistent with the independence of that state."—(*House of Commons, March 1, 1848.*)

During the whole course of the debates about the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, the noble lord, like the clown in the comedy, had an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands and serve all questions—the Anglo-French Alliance. When his connivance with Russia was pointed at in sneers, he gravely retorted:

"If the present relations established between this country and France were pointed at in these sneers, he would only say, that he should look with feelings of pride and satisfaction at the part he had acted in bringing about that good understanding."—(*House of Commons, July 11, 1833.*)

When the production of the papers relating to the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was demanded, he answered that "England

and France had now cemented a friendship which had only grown stronger.”—(*House of Commons, March 17, 1834.*)

“He could but remark,” exclaimed Sir Robert Peel, “that whenever the noble lord was thrown into a difficulty as to any part of our European policy, he at once found a ready means of escape, by congratulating the House upon the close alliance between this country and France.”

Simultaneously the noble lord took good care not to quench the suspicions of his Tory opponents, that he had “been compelled to connive at the aggression upon Turkey by Mehemet Ali,” because France had directly encouraged it.

At that time, then, the ostensible *entente* with France was to cover the secret infeoffment to Russia, as in 1840 the clamorous rupture with France was to cover the official alliance with Russia.

While the noble lord fatigued the world with ponderous folios of printed negotiations on the affairs of the constitutional kingdom of Belgium and with ample explanations, verbal and documentary, with regard to the “substantive power” of Portugal, to this moment it has proved quite impossible to wrest out of him any document whatever relating to the first Syrio-Turkish War, and to the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. When the production of the papers was first demanded, on July 11, 1833, “the motion was premature, . . . the transactions incomplete, . . . and the results *not yet* known.”

On August 24, 1833, “the treaty was not officially signed, and he was not in possession of it.” On March 17, 1834, “communications were still carrying on . . . the discussions, if he might so call them, were not yet completed.” Still in 1848, when Mr. Anstey told him that in asking for papers he did not ask for the proof of the noble lord’s collusion with the Czar, the

chivalrous minister preferred killing time by a five hours' speech, to killing suspicion by self-speaking documents. Notwithstanding all this, he had the cynical impudence to assure Mr. T. Attwood, on December 14, 1837, that "the papers connected with that treaty [viz., the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi] were laid before the House three years ago," that is to say in 1834, when "peace could be preserved only" by withholding them from the House. In 1834, he enjoined the House not to press him, as "*peace* could be preserved only by the House reposing confidence in the Government," which, if left alone, would certainly protect the interests of England from encroachment. Now, in 1837, in a thin House, composed almost entirely of his retainers, he told Mr. Attwood, that it had never been "the intention of the Government to have recourse to *hostile measures* to compel Russia and Turkey, two independent Powers, to cancel the treaty made between them."

On the same day, he told Mr. Attwood that "this treaty was a matter which had gone by, it was entered into for a limited period, . . . and that period having expired, its introduction by the honourable member . . . was wholly unnecessary and uncalled for."

According to the original stipulation, the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was to expire on July 8, 1841. Lord Palmerston tells Mr. Attwood that it had already expired on December 14, 1837.

"What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find to hide thee from this open and apparent shame? Come, let's hear, Jack—what trick hast thou now?"

VI

There is no such word in the Russian vocabulary as "honour." As to the thing itself, it is considered to be a French delusion.

"*Schto takoi honneur? Ett Fransusski chimere*," is a Russian proverb. For the invention of Russian honour the world is exclusively indebted to my Lord Palmerston, who, during a quarter of a century, used at every critical moment to pledge himself in

the most emphatic manner, for the "honour" of the Czar. He did so at the close of the session of 1853, as at the close of the session of 1833.

Now, it happens that the noble lord, while he expressed "his most implicit confidence in the honour and good faith" of the Czar, had just got into possession of documents, concealed from the rest of the world, and leaving no doubt, if any existed, about the nature of Russian honour and good faith. He had not even to scratch the Muscovite in order to find the Tartar. He had found the Tartar in his naked hideousness. He found himself possessed of the self-confessions of the leading Russian ministers and diplomatists, throwing off their cloak, opening out their most secret thoughts, unfolding, without constraint, their plans of conquest and subjugation, scornfully railing at the imbecile credulity of European courts and ministers, mocking the Villèles, the Metternichs, the Aberdeens, the Cannings, and the Wellingtons; and devising in common, with the savage cynicism of the barbarian, mitigated by the cruel irony of the courtier, how to sow distrust against England at Paris, and against Austria at London, and against London at Vienna, how to set them all by the ears, and how to make all of them the mere tools of Russia.

At the time of the insurrection in Warsaw, the vice-royal archives kept in the palace of Prince Constantine, and containing the secret correspondence of Russian ministers and ambassadors from the beginning of this century down to 1830, fell into the hands of the victorious Poles. Polish refugees brought these papers over first to France, and, at a later period, Count Zamoyiski, the nephew of Prince Czartoryski, placed them in the hands of Lord Palmerston, who buried them in Christian oblivion. With these papers in his pocket, the noble viscount was the more eager to proclaim in the British Senate and to the world, "his most implicit confidence in the honour and good faith of the Emperor of Russia."

It was not the fault of the noble viscount, that those startling papers were at length published at the end of 1835, through the famous *Portfolio*. King William IV., whatsoever he was in other respects, was a most decided enemy of Russia. His private

secretary, Sir Herbert Taylor, was intimately connected with David Urquhart, introducing this gentleman to the King himself, and from that moment Royalty was conspiring with these two friends against the policy of the "truly English" minister.

"William IV. ordered the above-mentioned papers to be given up by the noble lord. They were given up and examined at the time at Windsor Castle, and it was found desirable to print and publish them. In spite of the great opposition of the noble lord, the King compelled him to lend the authority of the Foreign Office to their publication, so that the editor who took the charge of revising them for the press, published not a single word which had not the signature or initials attached. I, myself, have seen the noble lord's initial attached to one of these documents, although the noble lord has denied these facts. Lord Palmerston was compelled to place the documents in the hands of Mr. Urquhart for publication. Mr. Urquhart was the real editor of the *Portfolio*."—(Mr. Anstey, *House of Commons*, February 23, 1848.)

After the death of the King, Lord Palmerston refused to pay the printer of the *Portfolio*, disclaimed publicly and solemnly all connection on the part of the Foreign Office with it, and induced, in what manner is not known, Mr. Backhouse, his under-secretary, to set his name to these denials. We read in *The Times* of January 30, 1839:

"It is not for us to understand how Lord Palmerston may feel, but we are sure there is no misapprehending how *any other person* in the station of a gentleman, and in the position of a minister, *would feel* after notoriety given to the correspondence between Mr. Urqu-

hart, whom Lord Palmerston dismissed from office, and Mr. Backhouse, whom the noble viscount has retained in office, by *The Times* of yesterday. There never was a fact apparently better established through this correspondence than that the series of official documents contained in the well-known publication called the *Portfolio*, were printed and circulated by Lord Palmerston's authority, and that his lordship is responsible for the publication of them, both as a statesman to the political world here and abroad, and as an employer of the printers and publishers, for the pecuniary charge accompanying it."

In consequence of her financial distress, resulting from the exhaustion of the treasury by the unfortunate war of 1828-29, and the debt to Russia stipulated by the Treaty of Adrianople, Turkey found herself compelled to extend that obnoxious system of monopolies, by which the sale of almost all articles was granted only to those who had paid Government licenses. Thus a few usurers were enabled to seize upon the entire commerce of the country. Mr. Urquhart proposed to King William IV. a commercial treaty to be concluded with the Sultan, which treaty, while guaranteeing great advantages to British commerce, intended at the same time to develop the productive resources of Turkey, to restore her exchequer to health, and thus to emancipate her from the Russian yoke. The curious history of this treaty cannot be better related than in the words of Mr. Anstey:

"The whole of the contest between Lord Palmerston on the one hand, and Mr. Urquhart on the other, was directed to this treaty of commerce. On the 3rd of October, 1835, Mr. Urquhart obtained his commission as Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, given him for the one purpose of securing the adoption there of the Turkish commercial treaty. He delayed his departure,

however, till June or July, 1836. Lord Palmerston pressed him to go. The applications to him urging his departure were numerous, but his answer invariably was, 'I will not go until I have this commercial treaty settled with the Board of Trade and the Foreign Office: and then I will accompany it and procure its acceptance at the Porte. . . .' Finally, Lord Palmerston gave his approbation to the treaty, and it was forwarded to Lord Ponsonby, the Ambassador at Constantinople. [In the meantime the latter had been instructed by Lord Palmerston to take the negotiations entirely out of the hands of Mr. Urquhart into his own, contrary to the engagement entered into with Mr. Urquhart.] As soon as the removal of Mr. Urquhart from Constantinople had been effected through the intrigues of the noble lord, the treaty was immediately thrown overboard. Two years later the noble lord resumed it, giving Mr. Urquhart, before Parliament, the compliment of being the author of it, and disclaiming for himself all merits in it. But the noble lord had destroyed the treaty, falsified it in every part, and converted it to the ruin of commerce. The original treaty of Mr. Urquhart placed the subjects of Great Britain in Turkey upon the footing of the most favoured nation, viz. the Russians. As altered by Lord Palmerston, it placed the subjects of Great Britain upon the footing of the taxed and oppressed subjects of the Porte. Mr. Urquhart's treaty stipulated for the removal of all transit duties, monopolies, taxes, and duties of whatever character, other than those stipulated by the treaty itself. As falsified by Lord Palmerston, it contained a clause, declaring the perfect right of the Sublime Porte to impose whatever regulations and restrictions it pleased, with regard to commerce. Mr. Urquhart's treaty left exportation subject only to the old duty of three shillings; that of the noble lord raised the duty from three shillings to five shillings. Mr. Urquhart's treaty stipulated for an *ad valorem* duty in this manner, that

if any article of commerce was so exclusively the production of Turkey as to insure it a ready sale at the prices usually received under the monopoly in foreign ports, then the export duty, to be assessed by two commissioners appointed on the part of England and Turkey, might be a high one, so as to be remunerative and productive of revenue, but that, in the case of commodities produced elsewhere than in Turkey, and not being of sufficient value in foreign ports to bear a high duty, a lower duty should be assessed. Lord Palmerston's treaty stipulated a fixed duty of twelve shillings *ad valorem* upon every article, whether it would bear the duty or not. The original treaty extended the benefit of free trade to Turkish ships and produce; the substituted treaty contained no stipulation whatever on the subject. . . . I charge these falsifications, I charge also the concealment of them, upon the noble lord, and further—I charge the noble lord with having falsely stated to the House that his treaty was that which had been arranged by Mr. Urquhart.”—(*Mr. Anstey, House of Commons, February 23, 1848.*)

So favourable to Russia, and so obnoxious to Great Britain, was the treaty as altered by the noble lord, that some English merchants in the Levant resolved to trade henceforth under the protection of Russian firms, and others, as Mr. Urquhart states, were only prevented from doing so by a sort of national pride.

With regard to the secret relations between the noble lord and William IV., Mr. Anstey stated to the House:

“The King forced the question of the process of Russian encroachment in Turkey upon the attention of the noble lord. . . . I can prove that the noble lord was obliged to take the direction in this matter from the late King's private secretary, and that his existence in office

depended upon his compliance with the wishes of the monarch. . . . The noble lord did, on one or two occasions, as far as he dared, resist, but his resistance was invariably followed by *abject* expressions of *contrition* and *compliance*. I will not take upon myself to assert that on one occasion the noble lord was actually out of office for a day or two, but I am able to say that the noble lord was in danger of a most unceremonious expulsion from office on that occasion. I refer to the discovery which the late King had made, that the noble lord consulted the feelings of the Russian Government as to the choice of an English Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburg, and that Sir Stratford Canning, originally destined for the embassy, was set aside to make room for the late Earl of Durham, an ambassador more agreeable to the Czar.”—(*House of Commons, February 23, 1853.*)

It is one of the most astonishing facts that, while the King was vainly struggling against the Russian policy of the noble lord, the noble lord and his Whig allies succeeded in keeping alive the public suspicion that the King—who was known as a Tory—was paralysing the anti-Russian efforts of the “truly English” Minister. The pretended Tory predilection of the monarch for the despotic principles of the Russian Court, was, of course, made to explain the otherwise inexplicable policy of Lord Palmerston. The Whig oligarchs smiled mysteriously when Mr. H. L. Bulwer informed the House, that “no longer ago than last Christmas Count Apponyi, the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, stated, in speaking of the affairs of the East, that this Court had a greater apprehension of French principles than of Russian ambition.”—(*House of Commons, July 11, 1833.*)

They smiled again, when Mr. T. Attwood interrogated the noble lord: “what reception Count Orloff, having been sent over to England, after the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, had met with at his Majesty’s Court?”—(*House of Commons, August 28, 1833.*)

The papers entrusted by the dying King and his secretary, the late Sir Herbert Taylor, to Mr. Urquhart, "for the purpose of vindicating, upon the fitting opportunity, the memory of William IV.," will, when published, throw a new light upon the past career of the noble lord and the Whig oligarchy, of which the public generally know little more than the history of their pretensions, their phrases, and their so-called principles—in a word, the theatrical and fictitious part—the mask.

This is a fitting occasion to give his due to Mr. David Urquhart, the indefatigable antagonist for twenty years of Lord Palmerston, to whom he proved a real adversary—one not to be intimidated into silence, bribed into connivance, charmed into suitorship, while, what with cajoleries, what with seductions, Alcine Palmerston contrived to change all other foes into fools. We have just heard the fierce denunciation of his lordship by Mr. Anstey:

"A circumstance most significant is that the accused minister sought the member, viz. Mr. Anstey, and was content to accept his co-operation and private friendship without the forms of recantation or apology. Mr. Anstey's recent legal appointment by the present Government speaks for itself."—(*D. Urquhart's Progress of Russia.*)

On February 23, 1848, the same Mr. Anstey had compared the noble viscount to "the infamous Marquis of Carmarthen, Secretary of State to William III., whom, during his visit to his Court, the Czar, Peter I., found means to corrupt to his interests with the gold of British merchants."—(*House of Commons, February 23, 1848.*)

Who defended Lord Palmerston on that occasion against the accusations of Mr. Anstey? Mr. Sheil; the same Mr. Sheil who had, on the conclusion of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, in 1833, acted the same part of accuser against his lordship as Mr. Anstey in 1848. Mr. Roebuck, once his strong antagonist, procured him

the vote of confidence in 1850. Sir Stratford Canning, having denounced during a decennium, the noble lord's connivance with the Czar, was content to be got rid of as ambassador to Constantinople. The noble lord's own dear Dudley Stuart was intrigued out of Parliament for some years, for having opposed the noble lord. When returned back to it, he had become the *âme damnée* of the "truly English" Minister. Kossuth, who might have known from the Blue Books that Hungary had been betrayed by the noble viscount, called him "the dear friend of his bosom," when landing at Southampton.

VII

One glance at the map of Europe will show you on the western littoral of the Black Sea the outlets of the Danube, the only river which, springing up in the very heart of Europe, may be said to form a natural highway to Asia. Exactly opposite, on the eastern side, to the south of the river Kuban, begins the mountain-range of the Caucasus, stretching from the Black Sea to the Caspian in a south-easterly direction for some seven hundred miles, and separating Europe from Asia.

If you hold the outlets of the Danube, you hold the Danube, and with it the highway to Asia, and a great part of the commerce of Switzerland, Germany, Hungary, Turkey, and above all, of Moldo-Wallachia. If you hold the Caucasus too, the Black Sea becomes your property, and to shut up its door, you only want Constantinople and the Dardanelles. The possession of the Caucasus mountains makes you at once master of Trebizond, and through their domination of the Caspian Sea, of the northern seaboard of Persia.

The greedy eyes of Russia embraced at once the outlets of the Danube and the mountain-range of the Caucasus. There, the business in hand was to conquer supremacy, here to maintain it. The chain of the Caucasus separates southern Russia from the luxurious provinces of Georgia, Mingrelia, Imertia, and Giuriel, wrested by the Muscovite from the Mussulman. Thus

the foot of the monster empire is cut off from its main body. The only military road, deserving to be called such, winds from *Mozdok* to *Tiflis*, through the *eyry-pass* of *Dariel*, fortified by a continuous line of entrenched places, but exposed on both sides to the never-ceasing attacks from the Caucasian tribes. The union of these tribes under one military chief might even endanger the bordering country of the *Cossacks*. "The thought of the dreadful consequences which a union of the hostile *Circassians* under one head would produce in the south of *Russia*, fills one with terror," exclaims *Mr. Kapffer*, a German, who presided over the scientific commission which, in 1829, accompanied the expedition of *General Etrennel* to *Elbruz*.

At this very moment our attention is directed with equal anxiety to the banks of the *Danube*, where *Russia* has seized the two corn magazines of *Europe*, and to the *Caucasus*, where she is menaced in the possession of *Georgia*. It was the *Treaty of Adrianople* that prepared *Russia's* usurpation of *Moldo-Wallachia*, and recognised her claims to the *Caucasus*.

Article IV. of that treaty stipulates:

"All the countries situated north and east of the line of demarcation between the two Empires (*Russia* and *Turkey*), towards *Georgia*, *Imertia*, and the *Giuriel*, as well as all the littoral of the *Black Sea*, from the mouth of the *Kuban*, as far as the port of *St. Nicholas* exclusively, shall remain under the domination of *Russia*."

With regard to the *Danube* the same treaty stipulates:

"The frontier line will follow the course of the *Danube* to the mouth of *St. George*, leaving all the islands formed by the different branches in the possession of *Russia*. The right bank will remain, as formerly, in the possession of the *Ottoman Porte*. It is, however,

agreed that the right bank, from the point where the arm of St. George departs from that of Sulina, shall remain uninhabited to a distance of two hours (six miles) from the river, and that no kind of structure shall be raised there, and, in like manner, on the islands which still remain in the possession of the Court of Russia. With the exception of quarantines, which will be there established, it will not be permitted to make any other establishment or fortification."

Both these paragraphs, inasmuch as they secure to Russia an "extension of territory and exclusive commercial advantages," openly infringed on the protocol of April 4, 1846, drawn up by the Duke of Wellington at St. Petersburg, and on the treaty of July 6, 1827, concluded between Russia and the other great Powers at London. The English Government, therefore, refused to recognise the Treaty of Adrianople. The Duke of Wellington protested against it.—(*Lord Dudley Stuart, House of Commons, March 17, 1837.*)

Lord Aberdeen protested:

"In a despatch to Lord Heytesbury, dated October 31, 1829, he commented with no small dissatisfaction on many parts of the Treaty of Adrianople, and especially notices the stipulations respecting the islands of the Danube. He denies that that peace (the Treaty of Adrianople) has respected the territorial rights of the sovereignty of the Porte, and the condition and the interests of all maritime states in the Mediterranean." —(*Lord Mahon, House of Commons, April 20, 1836.*)

Earl Grey declared that "the independence of the Porte would be sacrificed, and the peace of Europe endangered, by

this treaty being agreed to.”—(*Earl Grey, House of Lords, February 4, 1834.*)

Lord Palmerston himself informs us:

“As far as the extension of the Russian frontier is concerned in the south of the Caucasus, and the shores of the Black Sea, it is certainly not consistent with the solemn declaration made by Russia in the face of Europe, previous to the commencement of the Turkish war.”—(*House of Commons, March 17, 1837.*)

The eastern littoral of the Black Sea, by blockading which and cutting off supplies of arms and gunpowder to the north-western districts of the Caucasus, Russia could alone hope to realize her nominal claim to these countries—this littoral of the Black Sea and the outlets of the Danube are certainly no places “where an English action could possibly take place,” as was lamented by the noble lord in the case of Cracow. By what mysterious contrivance, then, has the Muscovite succeeded in blockading the Danube, in blocking up the littoral of the Euxine, and in forcing Great Britain to submit not only to the Treaty of Adrianople, but at the same time to the violation by Russia herself of that identical treaty?

These questions were put to the noble viscount in the House of Commons on April 20, 1836, numerous petitions having poured in from the merchants of London, of Glasgow, and other commercial towns, against the fiscal regulations of Russia in the Black Sea, and her enactments and restrictions tending to intercept English commerce on the Danube. There had appeared on February 7, 1836, a Russian ukase, which, by virtue of the Treaty of Adrianople, established a quarantine on one of the islands formed by the mouths of the Danube. In order to execute that quarantine, Russia claimed a right of boarding and search, of levying fees and seizing and marching off to Odessa refractory

ships proceeding on their voyage up the Danube. Before the quarantine was established, or rather before a custom-house and fort were erected, under the false pretence of a quarantine, the Russian authorities threw out their feelers, to ascertain the risk they might run with the British Government. Lord Durham, acting upon instructions received from England, remonstrated with the Russian Cabinet for the hindrance which had been given to British trade.

“He was referred to Count Nesselrode, Count Nesselrode referred him to the Governor of South Russia, and the Governor of South Russia again referred him to the Consul at Galatz, who communicated with the British Consul at Ibraila, who was instructed to send down the captains from whom toll had been exacted, to the Danube, the scene of their injuries, in order that inquiry might be made on the subject, it being well known that the captains thus referred to were then in England.”—(*House of Commons, April 20, 1836.*)

The formal ukase of February 7, 1836, aroused, however, the general attention of British commerce.

“Many ships had sailed, and others were going out, to whose captains strict orders had been given not to submit to the right of boarding and search which Russia claimed. The fate of these ships must be inevitable, unless some expression of opinion was made on the part of that House. Unless that were done, British shipping, to the amount of not less than 5,000 tons, would be seized and marched off to Odessa, until the insolent commands of Russia were complied with.”—(*Mr. Patrick Stewart, House of Commons, April 20, 1836.*)

Russia required the marshy islands of the Danube, by virtue of the clause of the Treaty of Adrianople, which clause itself was a violation of the treaty she had previously contracted with England and the other Powers, in 1827. The bristling of the gates of the Danube with fortifications, and these fortifications with guns, was a violation of the Treaty of Adrianople itself, which expressly prohibits any fortifications being erected within six miles of the river. The exaction of tolls, and the obstruction of the navigation, were a violation of the Treaty of Vienna, declaring that "the navigation of rivers along their whole course, from the point where each of them becomes navigable to its mouth, shall be entirely free," that "the amount of the duties shall in no case exceed those now (1815) paid" and that "no increase shall take place, except with the common consent of the states bordering on the river." Thus, then, all the argument on which Russia could plead not guilty was the Treaty of 1827, violated by the Treaty of Adrianople, the Treaty of Adrianople violated by herself, the whole backed up by a violation of the Treaty of Vienna.

It proved quite impossible to wring out of the noble lord any declaration whether he did or did not recognise the Treaty of Adrianople. As to the violation of the Treaty of Vienna, he had

"received no official information that anything had occurred which is not warranted by the treaty. When such a statement is made by the parties concerned, it shall be dealt with in such manner as the law advisers of the Crown shall deem consistent with the rights of the subjects of this country."—(*Lord Palmerston, House of Commons, April 20, 1836.*)

By the Treaty of Adrianople, Art. V., Russia guarantees the "prosperity" of the Danubian Principalities, and full "liberty of trade" for them. Now, Mr. Stewart proved that the Principalities

of Moldavia and Wallachia were objects of deadly jealousy to Russia, as their trade had taken a sudden development since 1834, as they vied with Russia's own staple production, as Galatz was becoming the great depôt of all the grain of the Danube, and driving Odessa out of the market. If, answered the noble lord,

“my honourable friend had been able to show that whereas some years ago we had had a large and important commerce with Turkey, and that that commerce had, by the aggression of other countries, or by the neglect of the Government of this, dwindled down to an inconsiderable trade, then there might have been ground to call upon Parliament.”

In lieu of such an occurrence,

“my honourable friend has shown that during the last few years the trade with Turkey has risen from next to nothing to a very considerable amount.”

Russia obstructs the Danube navigation, because the trade of the Principalities is growing important, says Mr. Stewart. But she did not do so when the trade was next to nothing, retorts Lord Palmerston. You neglect to oppose the recent encroachments of Russia on the Danube, says Mr. Stewart. We did not do so at the epoch these encroachments were not yet ventured upon, replies the noble lord. What “circumstances” have *therefore* “occurred against which the Government are not likely to guard unless driven thereto by the direct interference of this House”? He prevented the Commons from passing a resolution by assuring them that “there is no disposition of His Majesty’s Government to submit to aggression on the part of any Power,

be that Power what it may, and be it more or less strong," and by warning them that "we should also cautiously abstain from anything which might be construed by other Powers, and *reasonably* so, as being a provocation on our part." A week after these debates had taken place in the House of Commons, a British merchant addressed a letter to the Foreign Office with regard to the Russian ukase. "I am directed by Viscount Palmerston," answered the Under Secretary at the Foreign Office, to

"acquaint you that his lordship has called upon the law adviser for the Crown for his opinions as to the regulations promulgated by the Russian ukase of February 7, 1836; but in the meantime Lord Palmerston directs me to acquaint you, with respect to the latter part of your letter, that it is the opinion of His Majesty's Government that no toll is justly demanded by the Russian authorities, at the mouth of the Danube, and that you have acted properly in directing your agents to *refuse* to pay it."

The merchant acted according to this letter. He is abandoned to Russia by the noble lord; a Russian toll is, as Mr. Urquhart states, now exacted in London and Liverpool by Russian Consuls, on every English ship sailing for the Turkish ports of the Danube; and "the quarantine still stands on the island of Leti."

Russia did not limit her invasion of the Danube to a quarantine established, to fortifications erected, and to tolls exacted. The only mouth of the Danube remaining still navigable, the Sulina mouth, was acquired by her through the Treaty of Adrianople. As long as it was possessed by the Turks, there was kept a depth of water in the channel of from fourteen to sixteen feet. Since in the possession of Russia, the water became reduced to eight feet, a depth wholly inadequate to the conveyance of the vessels employed in the corn trade. Now Russia is a party to the Treaty of Vienna, and that treaty stipulates, in Article CXIII.,

that "each State shall be at the expense of keeping in good repair the towing paths, and shall maintain the necessary work in order that no obstructions shall be experienced by the navigation." For keeping the channel in a navigable state, Russia found no better means than gradually reducing the depth of the water, paving it with wrecks, and choking up its bar with an accumulation of sand and mud. To this systematic and protracted infraction of the Treaty of Vienna, she added another violation of the Treaty of Adrianople, which forbids any establishment at the mouth of the Sulina, except for quarantine and light-house purposes, while at her dictation, a small Russian fort has there sprung up, living by extortions upon the vessels, the occasion for which is afforded by the delays and expenses for lighterage, consequent upon the obstruction of the channel.

"Cum principia negante non est disputandum—of what use is it to dwell upon abstract principles with despotic Governments, who are accused of measuring might by power, and of ruling their conduct by expediency, and not by justice?"—(Lord Palmerston, April 30, 1823.)

According to his own maxim, the noble viscount was contented to dwell upon abstract principles with the despotic Government of Russia; but he went further. While he assured the House on July 6, 1840, that the freedom of the Danube navigation was "guaranteed by the Treaty of Vienna," while he lamented on July 13, 1840, that the occupation of Cracow being a violation of the Treaty of Vienna, "there were no means of enforcing the opinions of England, because Cracow was evidently a place where no English action could possibly take place"; two days later he concluded a Russian treaty, closing the Dardanelles to England "during times of peace with Turkey," and thus depriving England of the only means of "enforcing" the Treaty

of Vienna, and transforming the Euxine into a place where no English action could possibly take place.

This point once obtained, he contrived to give a sham satisfaction to public opinion by firing off a whole battery of papers, reminding the "despotic Government, which measures right by power, and rules its conduct by expediency, and not by justice," in a sententious and sentimental manner, that "Russia, when she compelled Turkey to cede to her the outlet of a great European river, which forms the commercial highway for the mutual intercourse of many nations, undertook duties and responsibilities to other States which she should take a pride in making good." To this dwelling upon abstract principles, Count Nesselrode kept giving the inevitable answer that "the subject should be carefully examined," and expressing from time to time, "a feeling of soreness on the part of the Imperial Government at the mistrust manifested as to their intentions."

Thus, through the management of the noble lord, in 1853, things arrived at the point where the navigation of the Danube was declared impossible, and corn was rotting at the mouth of the Sulina, while famine threatened to invade England, France, and the south of Europe. Thus, Russia was not only adding, as *The Times* says, "to her other important possessions that of an iron gate between the Danube and the Euxine," she possessed herself of the key to the Danube, of a bread-screw which she can put on whenever the policy of Western Europe becomes obnoxious to punishment.

VIII

The petitions presented to the House of Commons on April 26, 1836, and the resolution moved by Mr. Patrick Stewart in reference to them, referred not only to the Danube, but to Circassia too, the rumour having spread through the commercial world that the Russian Government, on the plea of blockading the coast of Circassia, claimed to exclude English ships from

landing goods and merchandise in certain ports of the eastern littoral of the Black Sea. On that occasion Lord Palmerston solemnly declared:

“If Parliament will place their confidence in us—they will leave it to us to manage the foreign relations of the country—we shall be able to protect the interests and to uphold the honour of the country without being obliged to have recourse to war.”—(*House of Commons, April 26, 1836.*)

Some months afterwards, on October 29, 1836, the *Vixen*, a trading vessel belonging to Mr. George Bell and laden with a cargo of salt, set out from London on a direct voyage for Circassia. On November 25, she was seized in the Circassian Bay of Soudjouk-Kale by a Russian man-of-war, for “having been employed on a blockaded coast.”—(*Letter of the Russian Admiral Lazareff to the English Consul, Mr. Childs, December 24, 1836.*) The vessel, her cargo, and her crew were sent to the port of Sebastopol, where the condemnatory decision of the Russians was received on January 27, 1837. This time, however, no mention was made of a “blockade,” but the *Vixen* was simply declared a lawful prize, because “it was guilty of smuggling,” the importation of salt being prohibited, and the Bay of Soudjouk-Kale, a Russian port, not provided with a custom-house. The condemnation was executed in an exquisitely ignominious and insulting manner. The Russians who effected the seizure were publicly rewarded with decorations. The British flag was hoisted, then hauled down, and the Russian flag hoisted in its stead. The master and crew, put as captives on board the *Ajax*—the captor—were despatched from Sebastopol to Odessa, and from Odessa to Constantinople, whence they were allowed to return to England. As to the vessel itself, a German traveller, who visited Sebastopol a few years after this event, wrote in a letter addressed to the *Augsburg Gazette*: “After all the Russian

ships of the line which I visited, no vessel excited my curiosity more than the *Soudjouk-Kale*, formerly the *Vixen*, under Russian colours. She has now changed her appearance. This little vessel is now the best sailer in the Russian fleet, and is generally employed in transports between Sebastopol and the coast of Circassia."

The capture of the *Vixen* certainly afforded Lord Palmerston a great occasion for fulfilling his promise "to protect the interests and to uphold the honour of the country." Besides the honour of the British flag, and the interests of British commerce, there was another question at stake—the *independence of Circassia*. At first, Russia justified the seizure of the *Vixen* on the plea of an infraction of the blockade proclaimed by her, but the ship was condemned on the opposite plea of a contravention against her custom-house regulations. By proclaiming a blockade, Russia declared Circassia a hostile foreign country, and the question was whether the British Government had ever recognised that blockade? By the establishment of custom-house regulations, Circassia was, on the contrary, treated as a Russian dependency, and the question was whether the British Government had ever recognised the Russian claims to Circassia?

Before proceeding, let it be remembered that Russia was at that epoch far from having completed her fortification of Sebastopol.

Any Russian claim to the possession of Circassia could only be derived from the Treaty of Adrianople, as explained in a previous article. But the treaty of July 6, 1827, bound Russia to not attempting any territorial aggrandisement, nor securing any exclusive commercial advantage from her war with Turkey. Any extension, therefore, of the Russian frontier, attendant on the Treaty of Adrianople, openly infringed the treaty of 1827, and was, as shown by the protest of Wellington and Aberdeen, not to be recognised on the part of Great Britain. Russia, then, had no right to receive Circassia from Turkey. On the other hand, Turkey could not cede to Russia what she never possessed, and Circassia had always remained so independent of the Porte, that at the time when a Turkish Pasha yet resided at Anapa, Russia

herself had concluded several conventions with Circassian chieftains as to the coast trade, the Turkish trade being exclusively and legally restricted to the port of Anapa. Circassia being an independent country, the municipal, sanitary or customs' regulations with which the Muscovite might think fit to provide her were as binding as his regulations for the port of Tampico.

On the other hand, if Circassia was a foreign country, hostile to Russia, the latter had only a right to blockade, if that blockade was no paper blockade—if Russia had the naval squadron present to enforce it, and really dominated the coast. Now, on a coast extending 200 miles, Russia possessed but three isolated forts, all the rest of Circassia remaining in the hands of the Circassian tribes. There existed no Russian fort in the Bay of Soudjouk-Kale. There was, in fact, no blockade, because no maritime force was employed. There was the offer of the distinct testimony of the crews of two British vessels who had visited the bay—the one in September, 1834, the other, that of the *Vixen*—confirmed subsequently by the public statements of two British travellers who visited the harbour in the years 1837 and 1838, that there was no Russian occupation whatever of the coast.—(*Portfolio*, VIII., March 1, 1844.)

When the *Vixen* entered the harbour of Soudjouk-Kale

“there were no Russian ships of war in sight nor in the offing. . . . A Russian vessel of war came into the harbour thirty-six hours after the *Vixen* had cast anchor, and at the moment when the owner and some of the officers were on shore fixing the dues demanded by the Circassian authorities, and payable on the value of the goods. . . . The man-of-war came not coast-wise, but from the open sea.”—(*Mr. Anstey, House of Commons*, February 23, 1848.)

But need we give further proofs of the St. Petersburg Cabinet itself seizing the *Vixen* under pretext of blockade, and confiscating it under pretext of custom-house regulations?

The Circassians thus appeared the more favoured by accident, as the question of their independence coincided with the question of the free navigation of the Black Sea, the protection of British commerce, and an insolent act of piracy committed by Russia on a British merchant ship. Their chance of obtaining protection from the mistress of the seas seemed less doubtful, as

“the Circassian declaration of independence had a short time ago been published after mature deliberation and several weeks’ correspondence with different branches of the Government, in a periodical (the *Portfolio*) connected with the foreign department, and as Circassia was marked out as an independent country in a map revised by Lord Palmerston himself.”—(*Mr. Robinson, House of Commons, January 21, 1838.*)

Will it then be believed that the noble and chivalrous viscount knew how to handle the case in so masterly a way, that the very act of piracy committed by Russia against British property afforded him the long-sought-for occasion of formally recognising the Treaty of Adrianople, and the extinction of Circassian independence?

On March 17, 1837, Mr. Roebuck moved, with reference to the confiscation of the *Vixen*, for “a copy of all correspondence between the Government of this country and the Governments of Russia and Turkey, relating to the Treaty of Adrianople, as well as all transactions or negotiations connected with the port and territories on the shores of the Black Sea by Russia since the Treaty of Adrianople.”

Mr. Roebuck, from fear of being suspected of humanitarian tendencies and of defending Circassia, on the ground of abstract principles, plainly declared: “Russia may endeavour to obtain possession of all the world, and I regard her efforts with indifference; but the moment she interferes with our commerce, I call upon the Government of this country [which country exists

in appearance somewhat beyond the limits of all the world] to punish the aggression." Accordingly, he wanted to know "if the British Government had acknowledged the Treaty of Adrianople?"

The noble lord, although pressed very hard, had ingenuity enough to make a long speech, and

"to sit down without telling the House who was in actual possession of the Circassian coast at the present moment—whether it really belonged to Russia, and whether it was by right of a violation of fiscal regulations, or in consequence of an existing blockade, that the *Vixen* had been seized, and whether or not he recognised the Treaty of Adrianople."—(*Mr. Hume, House of Commons, March 17, 1837.*)

Mr. Roebuck states that, before allowing the *Vixen* to proceed to Circassia, Mr. Bell had applied to the noble lord, in order to ascertain whether there was any impropriety or danger to be apprehended in a vessel landing goods in any part of Circassia, and that the Foreign Office answered in the negative. Thus, Lord Palmerston found himself obliged to read to the House the correspondence exchanged between himself and Mr. Bell. Reading these letters one would fancy he was reading a Spanish comedy of the cloak and sword rather than an official correspondence between a minister and a merchant. When he heard the noble lord had read the letters respecting the seizure of the *Vixen*, Daniel O'Connell exclaimed, "He could not keep calling to his mind the expression of Talleyrand, that language had been invented to conceal thoughts."

For instance, Mr. Bell asks "whether there were any restrictions on trade recognised by His Majesty's Government? as, if not, he intended to send thither a vessel with a cargo of salt." "You ask me," answers Lord Palmerston, "whether it would be for your advantage to engage in a speculation in salt?" and informs him "that it is for commercial firms to judge for them-

selves whether they shall enter or decline a speculation." "By no means," replies Mr. Bell; "all I want to know is, whether or not His Majesty's Government recognises the Russian blockade on the Black Sea to the south of the river Kuban?" "You must look at the *London Gazette*," retorts the noble lord, "in which all the notifications, such as those alluded to by you, are made." The *London Gazette* was indeed the quarter to which a British merchant had to refer for such information, instead of the ukases of the Emperor of Russia. Mr. Bell, finding no indication whatever in the *Gazette* of the acknowledgment of the blockade, or of other restrictions, despatched his vessel. The result was, that some time after he was himself placed in the *Gazette*.

"I referred Mr. Bell," says Lord Palmerston, "to the *Gazette*, where he would find no blockade had been communicated or declared to this country by the Russian Government—consequently, none was acknowledged." By referring Mr. Bell to the *Gazette*, Lord Palmerston did not only deny the acknowledgment on the part of Great Britain of the Russian blockade, but simultaneously affirmed that, in his opinion, the coast of Circassia formed *no part* of the Russian territory, because blockades of their own territories by foreign States—as, for instance, against revolted subjects—are *not* to be notified in the *Gazette*. Circassia, forming no part of the Russian territory, could not, of course, be included in Russian custom-house regulations. Thus, according to his own statement, Lord Palmerston denied, in his letters to Mr. Bell, Russia's right to blockade the Circassian coast, or to subject it to commercial restrictions. It is true that, throughout his speech, he showed a desire to induce the House to infer that Russia had possession of Circassia. But, on the other hand, he stated plainly, "As far as the extension of the Russian frontier is concerned, on the south of the Caucasus and the shores of the Black Sea, it is certainly not consistent with the solemn declaration made by Russia in the face of Europe, previous to the commencement of the Turkish war." When he sat down, pledging himself ever "to protect the interests and uphold the honour of the country," he seemed to labour beneath the accumulated miseries of his past policy, rather than to be hatching treacherous

designs for the future. On that day he met with the following cruel apostrophe:

“The want of vigorous alacrity to defend the honour of the country which the noble lord has displayed was most culpable; the conduct of no former minister had ever been so vacillating, so hesitating, so uncertain, so cowardly, when insult had been offered to British subjects. How much longer did the noble lord propose to allow Russia thus to insult Great Britain, and thus to injure British commerce? The noble lord was degrading England by holding her out in the character of a bully—haughty and tyrannical to the weak, humble and abject to the strong.”

Who was it that thus mercilessly branded the truly English Minister? Nobody else than Lord Dudley Stuart.

On November 25, 1836, the *Vixen* was confiscated. The stormy debates of the House of Commons, just quoted, took place on March 17, 1837. It was not till April 19, 1837, that the noble lord requested the Russian Government “to state the reason on account of which it had thought itself warranted to seize in time of peace a merchant vessel belonging to British subjects.” On May 17, 1837, the noble lord received the following despatch from the Earl of Durham, the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg:

“MY LORD,

“With respect to the military *de facto* occupation of Soudjouk-Kale, I have to state to your lordship that there is a fortress in the bay which bears the name of the Empress (Alexandrovsky), and that it has always been occupied by a Russian garrison.

“I have, etc.,
“DURHAM.”

It need hardly be remarked that the fort Alexandrovsky had not even the reality of the pasteboard towns, exhibited by Potemkin before the Empress Catherine II. on her visit to the Crimea. Five days after the receipt of this despatch, Lord Palmerston returns the following answer to St. Petersburg:

“His Majesty’s Government, considering in the first place that Soudjouk-Kale, which was acknowledged by Russia in the Treaty of 1783 as a Turkish possession, now belongs to Russia, as stated by Count Nesselrode, by virtue of the Treaty of Adrianople, see no sufficient reason to question the right of Russia to seize and confiscate the *Vixen*.”

There are some very curious circumstances connected with the negotiation. Lord Palmerston requires six months of pre-meditation for opening, and hardly one to close it. His last despatch of May 23, 1837, suddenly and abruptly cuts off any further transactions. It quotes the date before the Treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji, not after the Gregorian but after the Greek chronology. Besides, “between April 19 and May 23,” as Sir Robert Peel said, “a remarkable change from official declaration to satisfaction occurred—apparently induced by the *assurance* received from Count Nesselrode, that Turkey had ceded the coast in question to Russia by the Treaty of Adrianople. Why did he not protest against this ukase?”—(*House of Commons*, June 21, 1838.)

Why all this? The reason is very simple. King William IV. had secretly instigated Mr. Bell to despatch the *Vixen* to the coast of Circassia. When the noble lord delayed negotiations, the king was still in full health. When he suddenly closed the negotiations, William IV. was in the agonies of death, and Lord Palmerston disposed as absolutely of the Foreign Office, as if he was himself the autocrat of Great Britain. Was it not a master-stroke on the part of his jocose lordship to formally acknowledge by one dash of the pen the Treaty of Adrianople, Russia’s posses-

sion of Circassia, and the confiscation of the *Vixen*, in the name of the dying king, who had despatched that saucy *Vixen* with the express view to mortify the Czar, to disregard the Treaty of Adrianople, and to affirm the independence of Circassia?

Mr. Bell, as we stated, went into the *Gazette*, and Mr. Urquhart, then the first secretary of the Embassy at Constantinople, was recalled, for "having persuaded Mr. Bell to carry his *Vixen* expedition into execution."

As long as King William IV. was alive, Lord Palmerston dared not openly countermand the *Vixen* expedition, as is proved by the Circassian Declaration of Independence, published in the *Portfolio*; by the Circassian map revised by his lordship; by his uncertain correspondence with Mr. Bell; by his vague declarations in the House; by the supercargo of the *Vixen*; Mr. Bell's brother receiving, when setting out, despatches from the Foreign Office, for the Embassy at Constantinople, and direct encouragement from Lord Ponsonby, the British Ambassador to the Sublime Porte.

In the earlier times of Queen Victoria the Whig ascendancy seemed to be safer than ever, and accordingly the language of the chivalrous viscount suddenly changed. From defence and cajolery, it became at once haughty and contemptuous. Interrogated by Mr. T. H. Attwood, on December 14, 1837, with regard to the *Vixen* and Circassia: "As to the *Vixen*, Russia had given such explanations of her conduct as ought to satisfy the Government of this country. That ship was not taken during a blockade. It was captured because those who had the management of it contravened the municipal and customs' regulations of Russia." As to Mr. Attwood's apprehension of Russia's encroachment—"I say that Russia gives to the world quite as much security for the preservation of peace as England."—(*Lord Palmerston, House of Commons, December 14, 1837.*)

At the close of the session the noble lord laid before the House the correspondence with the Russian Government, the two most important parts of which we have already quoted.

In 1838 party aspects had again changed, and the Tories recovered an influence. On June 21 they gave Lord Palmerston

a round charge. Sir Stratford Canning, the present Ambassador at Constantinople, moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the allegations made by Mr. George Bell against the noble lord, and in his claims of indemnification. At first his lordship was highly astonished that Sir Stratford's motion should be of "so trifling a character." "You," exclaimed Sir Robert Peel, "are the first English minister who dares to call trifles the protection of the British property and commerce." "No individual merchant," said Lord Palmerston, "was entitled to ask Her Majesty's Government to give an opinion on questions of such sort as the right of Russia to the sovereignty of Circassia, or to establish those customs and sanitary regulations she was enforcing by the power of her arms." "If that be not your duty, what is the use of the Foreign Office at all?" asked Mr. Hume. "It is said," resumed the noble lord, "that Mr. Bell, this innocent Mr. Bell, was led into a trap by me, by the answers I gave him. The trap, if there was one, was laid, not for Mr. Bell, but by Mr. Bell," namely, by the questions he put to innocent Lord Palmerston.

In the course of these debates (June 21, 1838), out came at length the great secret. Had he been willing to resist in 1836 the claims of Russia, the noble lord had been unable to do so for the very simple reason that already, in 1831, his first act on coming into office was to acknowledge the Russian usurpation of the Caucasus, and thus, in a surreptitious way, the Treaty of Adrianople. Lord Stanley (now Lord Derby) stated that, on August 8, 1831, the Russian Cabinet informed its representative at Constantinople of its intention "to subject to sanitary regulations the communications which freely exist between the inhabitants of the Caucasus and the neighbouring Turkish provinces," and that he was "to communicate the above-mentioned regulations to the foreign missions at Constantinople, as well as to the Ottoman Government." By allowing Russia the establishment of so-called sanitary and custom-house regulations on the coast of Circassia, although existing nowhere except in the above letter, Russian claims to the Caucasus were acknowledged, and consequently the Treaty of Adrianople, on which they were grounded. "Those instructions," said Lord Stanley, "had been communicated

in the most formal manner to Mr. Mandeville (Secretary to the Embassy) at Constantinople, expressly for the information of the British merchants, and transmitted to the noble Lord Palmerston." Neither did he, nor dared he, "according to the practice of former Governments, communicate to the committee at Lloyd's the fact of such a notification having been received." The noble lord made himself guilty of "a six years' concealment," exclaimed Sir Robert Peel.

On that day his jocose lordship escaped from condemnation by a majority of sixteen: 184 votes being against, and 200 for him. Those sixteen votes will neither out-voice history nor silence the mountaineers, the clashing of whose arms proves to the world that the Caucasus does not "now belong to Russia, as stated by Count Nesselrode," and as echoed by Lord Palmerston.

SECRET
DIPLOMATIC HISTORY
OF THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Secret Diplomatic History of the Eighteenth Century

In his desire to prove that Great Britain's foreign policy was subservient to the foreign policy of the Russian Tsars, Marx spent a good deal of time in the British Museum reading through the pamphlets and manuscripts of eighteenth-century travelers to Russia. He read the reports of ambassadors and lesser mortals, minutely studying them and arriving at certain fixed conclusions: the evidence was overwhelmingly in favor of his theory. Since he tended to believe in a conspiratorial view of history, he found conspiracies where none, or few, existed. As he presents his evidence, we have the curious feeling that he is entering a world of fantasy. The official documents begin to behave strangely, like characters in Grimm's fairy tales.

The evidence, such as it was, would scarcely convince a ten-year-old child, but Marx clung to it passionately. An obscure English parson, the Reverend L. K. Pitt, Chaplain to the English factory in St. Petersburg during the reign of Paul I, had left a manuscript which somehow found its way to the British Museum. The parson was in a position to hear the gossip of St. Petersburg and he related that the last words of Catherine the Great were: "Tell Prince Zuboff to come to me at twelve, and to remind me to sign the Treaty of Alliance with England." No treaty of alliance was signed, because her successor Paul I detested

England and went so far as to send an army of Cossacks marching across Russia with orders to conquer India. Nothing more was heard of the Cossacks, who vanished in the steppes, but Paul I was convinced that England was the hereditary enemy of Russia. In Marx's eyes Paul I was the exception to the rule, for in the words of the Reverend L. K. Pitt: "The ties which bind Great Britain to the Russian empire are formed by nature and inviolable." Marx attached extraordinary importance to this statement by an obscure parson and printed it in capital letters. It was as though he had found the ultimate confirmation of his theory.

Secret Diplomatic History of the Eighteenth Century is a very odd work indeed. Marx ties himself up in knots, disentangles them, and then proceeds to tie himself up in new and ever more complicated knots. He continues his attack on certain aspects of British foreign policy which he had begun with *The Story of the Life of Lord Palmerston*, but with even greater vehemence. Then, quite abruptly, he turns his attention to the origins of Russian history. The world of diplomatic intrigue is abandoned for richer pastures. Marx presents nothing less than a history of Russia in about thirty pages. They are some of the most memorable pages he ever wrote, for he was dealing in broad concepts, and he was at ease among them.

As Marx studies Russian history from the days of the legendary Rurick, he finds himself confronted by the evidence of a wound so deep, so jagged, so terrible that it can never be healed. Rurik and his followers were merely predators like their Norman cousins. The harm, in Marx's view, begins with the Tatar invasions, when Muscovy was forced to submit to the Tatar khans and the people were reduced to slavery. Once they had thrown off the Tatar yoke, the Muscovites acted as predators of a special kind. The "slave as master" entered the scene. "The bloody mire of Mongolian slavery, not the rude glory of the Norman epoch, forms the cradle of Muscovy, and modern Russia is but a metamorphosis of Muscovy," he wrote. His final, chilling conclusion was that the "slave as master" had inherited from the Tatars the command to conquer the world:

It is in the terrible and abject school of Mongolian slavery that Muscovy was nursed and grew up. It gathered strength only by becoming a *virtuoso* in the craft of serfdom. Even when emancipated, Muscovy continued to perform the traditional part of the slave as master. At length Peter the Great coupled the political craft of the Mongol slave with the proud aspiration of the Mongol master, to whom Genghis Khan had, by will, bequeathed his conquest of the earth.

Marx's views on the structure of Russian history and the nature of Russian power through the ages gave him little comfort. He had no hope at all that Russia would abandon the path of imperialist conquest. Modern Russia was simply the Russia of Ivan III writ large. "The slave as master," a sustained and dreadful barbarism, a desperate yearning for conquest at any cost—all these were associated in his mind with Russia, which he regarded as a permanent menace to the peace of the world.

In the last years of his life Marx learned to read Russian, though with some difficulty, and he learned to speak a few Russian words. The Russian revolutionaries who occasionally visited him were struck by his wide knowledge of Russian history and also by his passionate hatred and contempt for the Tsars and the Russian aristocracy. When he was a young exile, he had known Mikhail Bakunin, the anarchist leader, and though they seem to have been on reasonably good terms, Marx had no sympathy for anarchism. Anarchy was chaos, and chaos was peculiarly prevalent in Russia. Marx therefore did his utmost to clip the wings of Bakunin and Nechayev, who was his formidable disciple. His fury against Bakunin was perhaps only another facet of his fury against Russia. By a strange irony of fate the first Marxist state appeared in Russia, the country which he regarded as the most barbaric and untameable of all.

Secret Diplomatic History of the Eighteenth Century

CHAPTER I

NO. 1. MR. RONDEAU TO HORACE WALPOLE.

“Petersburg, 17th August, 1736.¹

“. . . I heartily wish . . . that the Turks could be brought to condescend to make the first step, for this Court seems resolved to hearken to nothing till that is done, to mortify the Porte, that has on all occasions spoken of the Russians with the greatest contempt, which the Czarina and her present Ministers cannot bear. Instead of being obliged to Sir Everard Fawkner and Mr. Thalman (the former the British, the latter the Dutch Ambassador at Constantinople), for informing them of the good dispositions of the Turks, Count Oestermann will not be persuaded that the Porte is sincere, and seemed very much surprised that they had written to them (the Russian Cabinet) without order of the King and the States-General, or without being desired by the Grand Vizier, and that their letter had not been concerted with the Emperor's Minister at Constantinople. . . . I have shown

1. This letter relates to the war against Turkey, commenced by the Empress Ann in 1735. The British diplomatist at St. Petersburg is reporting about his endeavours to induce Russia to conclude peace with the Turks. The passages omitted are irrelevant.

Count Biron and Count Oestermann the two letters the Grand Vizier has written to the King, and at the same time told these gentlemen that as there was in them several hard reflections on this Court, I should not have communicated them if they had not been so desirous to see them. Count Biron said that was nothing, for they were used to be treated in this manner by the Turks. I desired their Excellencies not to let the Porte know that they had seen these letters, which would sooner aggravate matters than contribute to make them up. . . .”

NO. 2. SIR GEORGE MACARTNEY TO THE EARL OF SANDWICH.

“St. Petersburg, 1st (12th) March, 1765.

“Most Secret.²

“ . . . Yesterday M. Panin³ and the Vice-Chancellor, together with M. Osten, the Danish Minister, signed a treaty of alliance between this Court and that of Copenhagen. By one of the articles, a war with Turkey is made a *casus fœderis*; and whenever that event happens, Denmark binds herself to pay Russia a subsidy of 500,000 roubles per annum, by quarterly payments. Denmark also, by a most secret article, promises to disengage herself from all French connections, demanding only a limited time to endeavour to obtain the arrears due to her by the Court of France. At all events, she is immediately to enter into all the views of Russia in Sweden, and to act entirely, though not openly,

2. England was at that time negotiating a commercial treaty with Russia.

3. To this time it has remained among historians a point of controversy, whether or not Panin was in the pay of Frederick II. of Prussia, and whether he was so behind the back of Catherine or at her bidding. There can exist no doubt that Catherine II., in order to identify foreign Courts with Russian Ministers, allowed Russian Ministers ostensibly to identify themselves with foreign Courts. As to Panin in particular, the question is, however, decided by an authentic document which we believe has never been published. It proves that, having once become the man of Frederick II., he was forced to remain so at the risk of his honour, fortune and life.

with her in that kingdom. Either I am deceived or M. Gross⁴ has misunderstood his instructions, when he told your lordship that Russia intended to stop short, and leave all the burden of Sweden upon England. However desirous this Court may be that we should pay a large proportion of every pecuniary engagement, yet, I am assured, she will always CHOOSE to take the lead at Stockholm. Her design, her ardent wish, is to make a common cause with England and Denmark, for the total annihilation of the French interest there. This certainly cannot be done without a considerable expense; but Russia, at present, does not seem unreasonable enough to expect that WE SHOULD PAY THE WHOLE. It has been hinted to me that £1,500 per annum, on our part, would be sufficient to support our interest, and absolutely prevent the French from ever getting at Stockholm again.

"The Swedes, highly sensible of, and very much mortified at, the dependent situation they have been in for many years, are extremely jealous of every Power that intermeddles in their affairs, and particularly so of their neighbours the Russians. This is the reason assigned to me for this Court's desiring that we and they should act upon SEPARATE bottoms, still preserving between our respective Ministers a confidence without reserve. That our first care should be, not to establish a faction under the name of a Russian or of an English faction; but, as even the wisest men are imposed upon by a mere name, to endeavour to have OUR friends distinguished as the friends of liberty and independence. At present we have a superiority, and the generality of the nation is persuaded how very ruinous their French connections have been, and, if continued, how very destructive they will be of their true interests. M. Panin does by no means desire that the smallest change should be made in the constitution of Sweden.⁵ He wishes that the royal authority might be preserved without being augmented, and that the privileges of the people should be continued without violation. He was not, however, without his fears of the ambitious and intriguing spirit

4. The Russian Minister at London.

5. The oligarchic Constitution set up by the Senate after the death of Charles XII.

of the Queen, but the great ministerial vigilance of Count Oestermann has now entirely quieted his apprehensions on that head.

"By this new alliance with Denmark, and by the success in Sweden, which this Court has no doubt of, if properly seconded, M. Panin will, in some measure, have brought to bear his grand scheme of uniting the Powers of the North.⁶ Nothing, then, will be wanted to render it entirely perfect, but the conclusion of a treaty alliance with Great Britain. I am persuaded this Court desires it most ardently. The Empress has expressed herself more than once, in terms that marked it strongly. Her ambition is to form, by such an union, a certain counterpoise to the family compact,⁷ and to disappoint, as much as possible, all the views of the Courts of Vienna and Versailles, against which she is irritated with uncommon resentment. I am not, however, to conceal from your lordship that we can have no hope of any such alliance, unless we agree, by some secret article, to pay a subsidy in case of a Turkish war, for no money will be desired from us, except upon an emergency of that nature. I flatter myself I have persuaded this Court of the unreasonableness of expecting any subsidy in time of peace, and that an alliance upon an equal footing will be more safe and more honourable for both nations. I can assure your lordship that a Turkish war's being a *casus fœderis*, inserted either in the body of the treaty or in a secret article, will be a *sine qua non* in every negotiation we may have to open with this Court. This obstinacy of M. Panin upon that point is owing to the accident I am going to mention. When the treaty between the Emperor and the King of Prussia was in agitation, the Count Bestoucheff, who is a mortal enemy to the latter, proposed the Turkish clause, persuaded that the King of Prussia would never submit to it, and flattering himself with the hopes of blowing up that negotiation by his refusal. But this old politician, it seemed, was mistaken in his conjecture, for his

6. Thus we learn from Sir George Macartney that what is commonly known as Lord Chatham's "grand conception of the Northern Alliance," was, in fact, Panin's "grand scheme of uniting the Powers of the North." Chatham was duped into fathering the Muscovite plan.

7. The compact between the Bourbons of France and Spain concluded at Paris on August, 1761.

Majesty immediately consented to the proposal on condition that Russia should make no alliance with any other Power but on the same terms.⁸ This is the real fact, and to confirm it, a few days since, Count Solme, the Prussian Minister, came to visit me, and told me that if this Court had any intention of concluding an alliance with ours without such a clause, he had orders to oppose it in the strongest manner. Hints have been given me that if Great Britain were less inflexible in that article, Russia will be less inflexible in the article of export duties in the Treaty of Commerce, which M. Gross told your lordship this Court would never depart from. I was assured at the same time, by a person in the highest degree of confidence with M. Panin, that if we entered upon the Treaty of Alliance the Treaty of Commerce would go on with it *passibus aequis*; that then the latter would be entirely taken out of the hands of the College of Trade, where so many cavils and altercations had been made, and would be settled only between the Minister and myself, and that he was sure it would be concluded to our satisfaction, provided the Turkish clause was admitted into the Treaty of Alliance. I was told, also, that in case the Spaniards attacked Portugal, we might have 15,000 Russians in our pay to send upon that service. I must entreat your lordship on no account to mention to M. Gross the secret article of the Danish Treaty. . . . That gentleman, I am afraid, is no well-wisher to England.”⁹

8. This was a subterfuge on the part of Frederick II. The manner in which Frederick was forced into the arms of the Russian Alliance is plainly told by M. Koch, the French professor of diplomacy and teacher of Talleyrand. “Frederick II.,” he says, “having been abandoned by the Cabinet of London, could not but attach himself to Russia.” (See his *History of the Revolutions in Europe*.)

9. Horace Walpole characterizes his epoch by the words—“*It was the mode of the times to be paid by one favour for receiving another.*” At all events, it will be seen from the text that such was the mode of Russia in transacting business with England. The Earl of Sandwich, to whom Sir George Macartney could dare to address the above despatch, distinguished himself, ten years later, in 1775, as First Lord of the Admiralty, in the North Administration, by the vehement opposition he made to Lord Chatham’s motion for an equitable *adjustment of the American difficulties*. “He could not believe it (Chatham’s motion) *the production of a British peer*; it appeared to him rather *the work of some American.*” In 1777, we

NO. 3. SIR JAMES HARRIS TO LORD GRANTHAM.

"Petersburg, 16 (27 August), 1782.

"(Private.)

"... On my arrival here I found the Court very different from what it had been described to me. So far from any partiality to England, its bearings were entirely French. The King of Prussia (then in possession of the Empress' ear) was exerting his influence against us. Count Panin assisted him powerfully; Lacy and Corberon, the Bourbon Ministers, were artful and intriguing; Prince Potemkin had been wrought upon by them;

find Sandwich again blustering: "he would hazard every drop of blood, as well as the last shilling of the national treasure, rather than allow Great Britain to be defied, bullied, and dictated to, by her disobedient and rebellious subjects." Foremost as the Earl of Sandwich was in entangling England in war with her North American colonies, with France, Spain, and Holland, we behold him constantly accused in Parliament by Fox, Burke, Pitt, etc., of keeping the naval force inadequate to the defence of the country; of intentionally opposing small English forces where he knew the enemy to have concentrated large ones; of utter mismanagement of the service in all its departments," etc. (See debates of the House of Commons of 11th March, 1778; 31st March 1778; February, 1779; Fox's motion of censure on Lord Sandwich; 9th April, 1779, address to the King for the dismissal of Lord Sandwich from his service, on account of misconduct in service; 7th February, 1782, Fox's motion that there had been gross mismanagement in the administration of naval affairs during the year 1781.) On this occasion Pitt imputed to Lord Sandwich "all our naval disasters and disgraces." The ministerial majority against the motion amounted to only 22 in a House of 388. On the 22nd February, 1782, a similar motion against Lord Sandwich was only negatived by a majority of 19 in a House of 453. Such, indeed, was the character of the Earl of Sandwich's Administration that more than thirty distinguished officers quitted the naval service, or declared they could not act under the existing system. In point of fact, during his whole tenure of office, serious apprehensions were entertained of the consequences of the dissensions then prevalent in the navy. Besides, the Earl of Sandwich was openly accused, and, as far as circumstantial evidence goes, convicted of *PECULATION*. (See debates of the House of Lords, 31st March, 1778; 9th April, 1779, and *seq.*) When the motion for his removal from office was negatived on April 9th 1779, thirty-nine peers entered their protest.

and the whole tribe which surrounded the Empress—the Schuwaloffs, Stroganoffs, and Chernicheffs—were what they still are, *garçons perruquiers de Paris*. Events second their endeavours. The assistance the French affected to afford Russia in settling its disputes with the Porte, and the two Courts being immediately after united as mediators at the Peace of Teschen, contributed not a little to reconcile them to each other. I was, therefore, not surprised that all my negotiations with Count Panin, *from February, 1778, to July, 1779*, should be unsuccessful, as he meant to prevent, not to promote, an alliance. It was in vain we made concessions to obtain it. He ever started fresh difficulties; had ever fresh obstacles ready. A very serious evil resulted, in the meanwhile, from my apparent confidence in him. He availed himself of it to convey in his reports to the Empress, not the language I employed, and the sentiments I actually expressed, but the language and sentiments he wished I should employ and express. He was equally careful to conceal her opinions and feelings from me; and while he described England to her as obstinate, and overbearing, and reserved, he described the Empress to me as displeased, disgusted, and indifferent to our concerns; and he was so convinced that, by this double misrepresentation, he had shut up every avenue of success that, at the time when I presented to him the Spanish declaration, he ventured to say to me, ministerially, *‘That Great Britain had, by its own haughty conduct, brought down all its misfortunes on itself; that they were now at their height; that we must consent to any concession to obtain peace; and that we could expect neither assistance from our friends nor forbearance from our enemies.’* I had temper enough not to give way to my feelings on this occasion. . . . I applied, without loss of time, to Prince Potemkin, and, by his means, the Empress *condescended* to see me alone at Peterhoff. I was so fortunate in this interview, as not only to efface all bad impressions she had against us, but by stating in its true light, our situation, and THE INSEPARABLE INTERESTS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA, to raise in her mind a decided resolution to assist us. *This resolution she declared to me in express words.* When this transpired—and Count Panin was the

first who knew it—he became my implacable and inveterate enemy. He not only thwarted by falsehoods and by a most undue exertion of his influence my public negotiations, but employed every means the lowest and most vindictive malice could suggest to depreciate and injure me personally; and from the very infamous accusations with which he charged me, had I been prone to fear, I might have apprehended the most infamous attacks at his hands. This relentless persecution still continues; it has outlived his Ministry. *Notwithstanding the positive assurance I had received from the Empress herself*, he found means, first to stagger, and afterwards to alter her resolutions. He was, indeed, very officiously assisted by his Prussian Majesty, who, at the time, was as much bent on oversetting our interest as he now seems eager to restore it. I was not, however, disheartened by this first disappointment, and, by redoubling my efforts, *I have twice more, during the course of my mission, brought the Empress to the verge (!) of standing forth our professed friend*, and, each time, *my expectations were grounded on assurances from her own mouth*. The first was when *our enemies conjured up the armed neutrality*; ¹⁰ the other WHEN MINORCA WAS OFFERED HER. Although, on the first of these occasions, I found the same opposition from the same quarter I had experienced before, yet I am compelled to say that the principal cause of my failure was attributable to the very awkward manner in which we replied to the famous neutral declaration of February, 1780. As I well knew from what quarter the blow would come, I was prepared to parry it. *My opinion was: 'If England feels itself strong enough to do without Russia, let it reject at once these new-fangled doctrines; but if its situation is such as to want assistance, let it*

10. Sir James Harris affects to believe that Catherine II. was not the author of, but a convert to, the armed neutrality of 1780. It is one of the grand stratagems of the Court of St. Petersburg to give to its own schemes the form of proposals suggested to and pressed on itself by foreign Courts. Russian diplomacy delights in those *quoe pro quo*. Thus the Court of Florida Bianca was made the responsible editor of the armed neutrality, and, from a report that vain-glorious Spaniard addressed to Carlos III., one may see how immensely he felt flattered at the idea of having not only hatched the armed neutrality but allured Russia into abetting it.

*yield to the necessity of the hour, recognise them as far as they relate to RUSSIA ALONE, and by a well-timed act of complaisance insure itself a powerful friend.'*¹¹ My opinion was not received; an ambiguous and trimming answer was given; *we seemed equally afraid to accept or dismiss them. I was instructed secretly to oppose, but avowedly to acquiesce in them*, and some unguarded expressions of one of its then confidential servants, made use of in speaking to Mr. Simolin, in direct contradiction to the temperate and cordial language that Minister had heard from Lord Stormont, *irritated* the Empress to the last degree, and completed the *dislike* and *bad opinion* she entertained of that Administration.¹² Our enemies took advantage of these cir-

11. This same Sir James Harris, perhaps more familiar to the reader under the name of the Earl of Malmesbury, is extolled by English historians as the man who prevented England from surrendering the right of search in the Peace Negotiations of 1782-83.

12. It might be inferred from this passage and similar ones occurring in the text, that Catherine II. had caught a real Tartar in Lord North, whose Administration Sir James Harris is pointing at. Any such delusion will disappear before the simple statement that the first partition of Poland took place under Lord North's Administration, without any protest on his part. In 1773 Catherine's war against Turkey still continuing, and her conflicts with Sweden growing serious, France made preparations to send a powerful fleet into the Baltic. D'Aiguillon, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, communicated this plan to Lord Stormont, the then English Ambassador at Paris. In a long conversation, D'Aiguillon dwelt largely on the ambitious designs of Russia, and the common interest that ought to blend France and England into a joint resistance against them. In answer to this confidential communication, he was informed by the English Ambassador that, "if France sent her ships into the Baltic, they would instantly be followed by a British fleet; that the presence of two fleets would have no more effect than a neutrality; and however the British Court might desire to preserve the harmony now subsisting between England and France, it was impossible to foresee the contingencies that might arise from accidental collision." In consequence of these representations, D'Aiguillon countermanded the squadron at Brest, but gave new orders for the equipment of an armament at Toulon. "On receiving intelligence of these renewed preparations, the British Cabinet made instant and vigorous demonstrations of resistance; Lord Stormont was ordered to declare that every argument used respecting the Baltic applied equally to the Mediterranean. A memorial also was presented to the French Minister, accompanied by a demand that it should be laid before the King and Council. This produced the desired effect; the armament was counter-

*cumstances. . . . I SUGGESTED THE IDEA OF GIVING UP MINORCA TO THE EMPRESS, because, as it was evident to me we should at the peace be compelled to make sacrifices, it seemed to me wiser to make them to our friends than to our enemies. THE IDEA WAS ADOPTED AT HOME IN ITS WHOLE EXTENT,*¹³ *and nothing could be*

manded, the sailors disbanded, and the chances of an extensive warfare avoided."

"Lord North," says the complacent writer from whom we have borrowed the last lines, "*thus effectivly served the cause of his ally (Catherine II.), and facilitated the treaty of pœac (of Kutchuk-Kainardji) between Russia and the Porte.*" Catherine II. rewarded Lord North's good services, first by withholding the aid she had promised him in case of a war between England and the North American Colonies, and in the second place, by conjuring up and leading the armed neutrality against England. Lord North DARED NOT repay, as he was advised by Sir James Harris, this treacherous breach of faith by giving up to Russia, and to Russia alone, the maritime rights of Great Britain. Hence the irritation in the nervous system of the Czarina; the hysterical fancy she caught all at once of "entertaining a bad opinion" of Lord North, of "disliking" him, of feeling a "rooted aversion" against him, of being afflicted with "a total want of confidence," etc. In order to give the Shelburne Administration a warning example, Sir James Harris draws up a minute psychological picture of the feelings of the Czarina, and the disgrace incurred by the North Administration, for having wounded these same feelings. His prescription is very simple: surrender to Russia, as our friend, everything for asking which we would consider every other Power our enemy.

13. It is then a fact that the English Government, not satisfied with having made Russia a Baltic power, strove hard to make her a Mediterranean power too. The offer of the surrender of Minorca appears to have been made to Catherine II., at the end of 1779, or the beginning of 1780, shortly after Lord Stormont's entrance into the North Cabinet—the same Lord Stormont we have seen thwarting the French attempts at resistance against Russia, and whom even Sir James Harris cannot deny the merit of having written "*instructions perfectly calculated to the meridian of the Court of St. Petersburg.*" While Lord North's Cabinet, at the suggestion of Sir James Harris, offered Minorca to the *Muscovites*, the English Commons and people were still trembling for fear lest the *Hanoverians* (?) should wrest out of their hands "one of the keys of the Mediterranean." On the 26th of October, 1775, the King, in his opening speech, had informed Parliament, amongst other things, that he had Sir James Graham's own words, when asked why they should not have kept up some blockade pending the settlement of the "plan," "*They did not take that responsibility upon themselves.*" The responsibility of executing their orders! The despatch we have quoted is the only despatch read, except one of a later date. The despatch, said to be sent on the 5th of April, in which "the Admiral is

more perfectly calculated to the meridian of this Court than the judicious instructions I received on this occasion from Lord Stormont. Why this project failed I am still at a loss to learn. I never knew the Empress incline so strongly to any one measure as she did to this, before I had my full powers to treat, nor was I ever more astonished than when I found her shrink from her purpose when they arrived. I imputed it at the same time, in my own mind, to the rooted aversion she had for our Ministry, and her total want of confidence in them; but I since am more strongly disposed to believe that she consulted the Emperor (of Austria) on the subject, and that he not only prevailed on her to decline the offer, but betrayed the secret to France, and that it thus became public. I cannot otherwise account for this rapid change of sentiment in the Empress, particularly as Prince Potemkin (whatever he might be in other transactions) was certainly in this cordial and sincere in his support, and both from what I saw at the time, and from what has since come to my knowledge, had its success at heart as much as myself. You will observe, my lord, that the idea of bringing the Empress forward as a friendly mediatrix went hand-in-hand with the proposed cession of Mi-

ordered to use the *largest discretionary power* in blockading the Russian ports in the Black Sea," is not read, nor any replies from Admiral Dundas. The Admiralty sent *Hanoverian* troops to Gibraltar and Port Mahon (Minorca), to replace such British regiments as should be drawn from those garrisons for service in America. An amendment to the address was proposed by Lord John Cavendish, strongly condemning "the confiding *such important fortresses as Gibraltar and Port Mahon to foreigners*." After very stormy debates, in which the measure of entrusting Gibraltar and Minorca, "*the keys of the Mediterranean*," as they were called, to *foreigners*, was furiously attacked; Lord North, acknowledging himself the adviser of the measure, felt obliged to bring in a *bill of indemnity*. However, these foreigners, these Hanoverians, were the English King's own subjects. Having virtually surrendered Minorca to Russia in 1780, Lord North was, of course, quite justified in treating, on November 22, 1781, in the House of Commons, "with utter scorn the insinuation that *Ministers were in the pay of France*."

Let us remark, *en passant*, that Lord North, one of the most base and mischievous Ministers England can boast of, perfectly mastered the art of keeping the House in perpetual laughter. So had Lord Sunderland. So has Lord Palmerston.

norca. As this idea has given rise to what has since followed, and involved us in all the dilemmas of the present mediation, it will be necessary for me to explain what my views then were, and to exculpate myself from the blame of having placed my Court in so embarrassing a situation, *my wish and intention was that she should be sole mediatrix without an adjoint*; if you have perused what passed between her and me, in December, 1780, your lordship will readily perceive how very potent reasons I had to imagine she would be a friendly and even a partial one.¹⁴ I knew, indeed, she was unequal to the task; but I knew, too, how greatly *her vanity* would be flattered by this distinction, and was well aware that when once engaged she would persist, and be inevitably involved in our quarrel, particularly when it should appear (and appear it would) that we had *gratified* her with Minorca. The annexing to the mediation the other (Austrian) Imperial Court entirely overthrew this plan. It not only afforded her a pretence for not keeping her word, but piqued and mortified her; and it was under this impression that she made over the whole business to the colleague we had given her, and ordered her Minister at Vienna to subscribe implicitly to whatever the Court proposed. Hence all the evils which have since arisen, and hence those we at this moment experience. I myself could never be brought to believe that the Court of Vienna, as long as Prince Kaunitz directs its measures, can mean England any good or France any harm. It was not with that view that

14. Lord North having been supplanted by the Rockingham Administration, on March 27, 1782, the celebrated Fox forwarded peace proposals to Holland through the mediation of the *Russian Minister*. Now what were the consequences of the *Russian mediation* so much vaunted by this Sir James Harris, the servile account keeper of the Czarina's sentiments, humours, and feelings? While preliminary articles of peace had been convened with France, Spain, and the American States, it was found impossible to arrive at any such preliminary agreement with Holland. Nothing but a simple cessation of hostilities was to be obtained from it. So powerful proved the *Russian mediation*, that on the 2nd September, 1783, just one day before the conclusion of *definitive treaties* with America, France, and Spain, Holland condescended to accede to *preliminaries of peace*, and this not in consequence of the *Russian mediation*, but through the influence of *France*.

I endeavoured to promote its influence here, but because *I found that of Prussia in constant opposition to me*; and because I thought that if I could by any means smite this, I should get rid of my greatest obstacle. I was mistaken, and, by a singular fatality, the Courts of Vienna and Berlin seem never to have agreed in anything but in the disposition to prejudice us here by turns.¹⁵ The proposal relative to Minorca was the last attempt I made to induce the Empress to stand forth. I had exhausted my strength and resources; the freedom with which I had spoken in my last interview with her, though respectful, had *displeased*; and *from this period to the removal of the late Administration*, I have been reduced to act on the defensive. . . . I have had more difficulty in preventing the Empress from doing harm than I ever had in attempting to engage her to do us good. It was to prevent evil, that I inclined strongly for the acceptance of *her single mediation between us and Holland, when her Imperial Majesty first offered it*. The *extreme dissatisfaction she expressed at our refusal* justified my opinion; and I TOOK UPON ME, when it was proposed a second time, *to urge the necessity of its being agreed to* (ALTHOUGH I KNEW IT TO BE IN CONTRADICTION OF THE SENTIMENTS OF MY PRINCIPAL), since I firmly believed, had we again declined it, the Empress would, in a *moment of anger*, have joined the Dutch against us. As it is, *all has gone on well*; our *judicious* conduct has transferred to them the *ill-humour* she originally was in with us, and she now is as partial to our cause as she was before partial to theirs. *Since the new Ministry in England, my road has been made smoother*; the great and new path struck out by *your predecessor*,¹⁶ and which you, my lord,

15. How much was England not prejudiced by the Courts of Vienna and Paris thwarting the plan of the British Cabinet of ceding Minorca to Russia, and by Frederick of Prussia's resistance against the great Chatham's scheme of a Northern Alliance under Muscovite auspices.

16. The predecessor is Fox. Sir James Harris establishes a complete scale of British Administrations, according to the degree in which they enjoyed the favour of his almighty Czarina. In spite of Lord Stormont, the Earl of Sandwich, Lord North, and Sir James Harris himself; in spite of the partition of Poland, the bullying of D'Aiguillon, the treaty of Kutchuk-Kainardji, and the intended cession of Minorca—Lord North's Administra-

pursue, has operated a most advantageous change in our favour upon the Continent. Nothing, indeed, but events which come home to her, will, I believe, ever induce her Imperial Majesty to take an active part; but there is now a *strong glow of friendship* in our favour; she approves our measures; she *trusts* our Ministry, and *she gives way to that predilection she certainly has for our nation*. Our enemies know and feel this; it keeps them in awe. This is a succinct but accurate sketch of what has passed at this Court from the day of my arrival at Petersburg to the present hour. Several inferences may be deduced from it.¹⁷ That the Empress is led by her passions, not by reason and argument; that her prejudices are very strong, easily acquired, and, when once fixed, irremovable; while, on the contrary, there is no sure road to her good opinion; that even when obtained, it is subject to perpetual fluctuation, and liable to be biassed by the most trifling incidents; that till she is fairly embarked in a plan, no assurances can be depended on; but that when once fairly embarked, she never retracts, and may be carried any length; that with very bright parts, an elevated mind, an uncommon sagacity, she wants *judgment, precision of idea, reflection, and L'ESPRIT DE COMBINAISON* (!!) That her Ministers are either ignorant of, or indifferent to, the welfare of the State, and act from a passive submission to her will, or from motives of party and private interests.”¹⁸

tion is relegated to the bottom of the heavenly ladder; far above it has climbed the Rockingham Administration, whose soul was Fox, notorious for his subsequent intrigues with Catherine; but at the top we behold the Shelburne Administration, whose Chancellor of the Exchequer was the celebrated William Pitt. As to Lord Shelburne himself, Burke exclaimed in the House of Commons, that “if he was not a Catalina or Borgia in morals, it must not be ascribed to anything but his understanding.”

17. Sir James Harris forgets deducing the main inference, that the Ambassador of England is the agent of Russia.

18. In the 18th century, English diplomatists' despatches, bearing on their front the sacramental inscription, “Private,” are despatches to be withheld from the King by the Minister to whom they are addressed. That such was the case may be seen from Lord Mahon's *History of England*.

4. (MANUSCRIPT) ACCOUNT OF RUSSIA DURING THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REIGN OF THE EMPEROR PAUL, DRAWN UP BY THE REV. L. K. PITT, CHAPLAIN TO THE FACTORY OF ST. PETERSBURG, AND A NEAR RELATIVE OF WILLIAM PITT.¹⁹

Extract.

"There can scarcely exist a doubt concerning the real sentiments of the late Empress of Russia on the great points which have, within the last few years, convulsed the whole system of European politics. She certainly felt from the beginning the fatal tendency of the new principles, but was not, perhaps, displeased to see every European Power exhausting itself in a struggle which raised, in proportion to its violence, her own importance. It is more than probable that the state of the newly acquired provinces in Poland was likewise a point which had considerable influence over the political conduct of Catherine. The fatal effects resulting from an apprehension of revolt in the late seat of conquest seem to have been felt in a very great degree by the combined Powers, who in the early period of the Revolution were so near reinstating the regular Government in France. The same dread of revolt in Poland, which divided the attention of the combined Powers and hastened their retreat, deterred likewise the late Empress of Russia from entering on the great theatre of war, until a combination of circumstances rendered the progress of the French armies a more dangerous evil than any which could possibly result to the Russian Empire from active operations. . . . The last words

19. "To be burnt after my death." Such are the words prefixed to the manuscript by the gentleman whom it was addressed to.

which the Empress was known to utter were addressed to her Secretary when she dismissed him on the morning on which she was seized: 'Tell Prince' (Zuboff), she said, 'to come to me at twelve, and to remind me of signing the Treaty of Alliance with England.'"

Having entered into ample considerations on the Emperor Paul's acts and extravagances, the Rev. Mr. Pitt continues as follows:

"When these considerations are impressed on the mind, the nature of the late secession from the coalition, and of the incalculable indignities offered to the Government of Great Britain, can alone be fairly estimated. . . . BUT THE TIES WHICH BIND HER (GREAT BRITAIN) TO THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE ARE FORMED BY NATURE, AND INVIOLEABLE. United, these nations might almost brave the united world; divided, the strength and importance of each is FUNDAMENTALLY impaired. England has reason to regret with Russia that the imperial sceptre should be thus inconsistently wielded, but it is the sovereign of Russia alone who divides the Empires."

The reverend gentleman concludes his account by the words:

"As far as human foresight can at this moment penetrate, the despair of an enraged individual seems a more probable means to terminate the present scene of oppression than any more systematic combination of measures to restore the throne of Russia to its dignity and importance."

CHAPTER II

The documents published in the first chapter extend from the reign of the Empress Ann to the commencement of the reign of the Emperor Paul, thus encompassing the greater part of the 18th century. At the end of that century it had become, as stated by the Rev. Mr. Pitt, the openly professed and orthodox dogma of English diplomacy, "*that the ties which bind Great Britain to the Russian Empire are formed by nature, and inviolable.*"

In perusing these documents, there is something that startles us even more than their contents—viz., their form. All these letters are "confidential," "private," "secret," "most secret"; but in spite of secrecy, privacy, and confidence, the English statesmen converse among each other about Russia and her rulers in a tone of awful reserve, abject servility, and cynical submission, which would strike us even in the public despatches of Russian statesmen. To conceal intrigues against foreign nations secrecy is resorted to by Russian diplomatists. The same method is adopted by English diplomatists freely to express their devotion to a foreign Court. The secret despatches of Russian diplomatists are fumigated with some equivocal perfume. It is one part the *fumée de fausseté*, as the Duke of St. Simon has it, and the other part that coquettish display of one's own superiority and cunning which stamps upon the reports of the French Secret Police their indelible character. Even the master despatches of Pozzo di Borgo are tainted with this common blot of the *littérature de mauvais lieu*. In this point the English secret despatches prove much superior. They do not affect superiority but silliness. For instance, can there be anything more silly than Mr. Rondeau informing Horace Walpole that he has betrayed to the Russian Minister the letters addressed by the Turkish Grand Vizier to the King of England, but that he had told "at the same time those gentlemen that as there were several hard reflections on the Russian Court he should not have communicated them, *if they had not been so anxious to see them,*" and then told their

excellencies not to tell the Porte that they had seen them (those letters)! At first view the infamy of the act is drowned in the silliness of the man. Or, take Sir George Macartney. Can there be anything more silly than his happiness that Russia seemed "reasonable" enough not to expect that England "should pay the WHOLE EXPENSES" for Russia's "choosing to take the lead at Stockholm"; or his "flattering himself" that he had "persuaded the Russian Court" not to be so "unreasonable" as to ask from England, in a time of peace, subsidies for a time of war against Turkey (then the ally of England); or his warning the Earl of Sandwich "not to mention" to the Russian Ambassador at London the secrets mentioned to himself by the Russian Chancellor at St. Petersburg? Or can there be anything more silly than Sir James Harris confidentially whispering into the ear of Lord Grantham that Catherine II. was devoid of "judgment, precision of idea, reflection, and *l'esprit de combinaison*"? ¹

On the other hand, take the cool impudence with which Sir George Macartney informs his minister that because the Swedes were extremely jealous of, and mortified at, their dependence on Russia, England was directed by the Court of St. Petersburg to do its work at Stockholm, under the British colours of liberty and independence! Or Sir James Harris advising England to surrender to Russia Minorca and the right of search, and the monopoly of mediation in the affairs of the world—not in order to gain any material advantage, or even a formal engagement on the part of Russia, but only "a strong glow of friendship" from the Empress, and the transfer to France of her "ill humour."

The secret Russian despatches proceed on the very plain line that Russia knows herself to have no common interests whatever with other nations, but that every nation must be persuaded separately to have common interests with Russia to the exclusion of every other nation. The English despatches, on

1. Or, to follow this affectation of silliness into more recent times, is there anything in diplomatic history that could match Lord Palmerston's proposal made to Marshal Soult (in 1839), to storm the Dardanelles, in order to afford the Sultan the support of the Anglo-French fleet against Russia?

the contrary, never dare so much as hint that Russia has common interests with England, but only endeavour to convince England that she has Russian interests. The English diplomatists themselves tell us that this was the single argument they pleaded, when placed face to face with Russian potentates.

If the English despatches we have laid before the public were addressed to private friends, they would only brand with infamy the ambassadors who wrote them. Secretly addressed as they are to the British Government itself, they nail it for ever to the pillory of history; and, instinctively, this seems to have been felt, even by Whig writers, because none has dared to publish them.

The question naturally arises from which epoch this Russian character of English diplomacy, become traditionary in the course of the 18th century, does date its origin. To clear up this point we must go back to the time of Peter the Great, which, consequently, will form the principal subject of our researches. We propose to enter upon this task by reprinting some English pamphlets, written at the time of Peter I., and which have either escaped the attention of modern historians, or appeared to them to merit none. However, they will suffice for refuting the prejudice common to Continental and English writers, that the designs of Russia were not understood or suspected in England until at a later, and too late, epoch; that the diplomatic relations between England and Russia were but the natural offspring of the mutual material interests of the two countries; and that, therefore, in accusing the British statesmen of the 18th century of Russianism we should commit an unpardonable hysteron-proteron. If we have shown by the English despatches that, at the time of the Empress Ann, England already betrayed her own allies to Russia, it will be seen from the pamphlets we are now about to reprint that, even before the epoch of Ann, at the very epoch of Russian ascendancy in Europe, springing up at the time of Peter I., the plans of Russia were understood, and the connivance of British statesmen at these plans was denounced by English writers.

The first pamphlet we lay before the public is called *The*

Northern Crisis. It was printed in London in 1716, and relates to the intended Dano-Anglo-Russian *invasion of Skana* (Schonen).

During the year 1715 a northern alliance for the partition, not of Sweden proper, but of what we may call the Swedish Empire, had been concluded between Russia, Denmark, Poland, Prussia, and Hanover. That partition forms the first grand act of modern diplomacy—the logical premiss to the partition of Poland. The partition treaties relating to Spain have engrossed the interest of posterity because they were the forerunners of the War of Succession, and the partition of Poland drew even a larger audience because its last act was played upon a contemporary stage. However, it cannot be denied that it was the partition of the Swedish Empire which inaugurated the modern era of international policy. The partition treaty not even pretended to have a pretext, save the misfortune of its intended victim. For the first time in Europe the violation of all treaties was not only made, but proclaimed the common basis of a new treaty. Poland herself, in the drag of Russia, and personated by that commonplace of immorality, Augustus II., Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, was pushed into the foreground of the conspiracy, thus signing her own death-warrant, and not even enjoying the privilege reserved by Polyphemus to Odysseus—to be last eaten. Charles XII. predicted her fate in the manifesto flung against King Augustus and the Czar, from his voluntary exile at Bender. The manifesto is dated January 28, 1711.

The participation in this partition treaty threw England within the orbit of Russia, towards whom, since the days of the "Glorious Revolution," she had more and more gravitated. George I., as King of England, was bound to a defensive alliance with Sweden by the treaty of 1700. Not only as King of England, but as Elector of Hanover, he was one of the guarantees, and even of the direct parties to the treaty of Travendal, which secured to Sweden what the partition treaty intended stripping her of. Even his German electoral dignity he partly owed to that treaty. However, as Elector of Hanover he declared war against Sweden, which he waged as King of England.

In 1715 the confederates had divested Sweden of her

German provinces, and to effect that end introduced the Muscovite on the German soil. In 1716 they agreed to invade Sweden Proper—to attempt an armed descent upon Schonen—the southern extremity of Sweden now constituting the districts of Malmoe and Christianstadt. Consequently Peter of Russia brought with him from Germany a Muscovite army, which was scattered over Zealand, thence to be conveyed to Schonen, under the protection of the English and Dutch fleets sent into the Baltic, on the false pretext of protecting trade and navigation. Already in 1715, when Charles XII. was besieged in Stralsund, eight English men-of-war, lent by England to Hanover, and by Hanover to Denmark, had openly reinforced the Danish navy, and even hoisted the Danish flag. In 1716 the British navy was commanded by his Czarish Majesty in person.

Everything being ready for the invasion of Schonen, there arose a difficulty from a side where it was least expected. Although the treaty stipulated only for 30,000 Muscovites, Peter, in his magnanimity, had landed 40,000 on Zealand; but now that he was to send them on the errand to Schonen, he all at once discovered that out of the 40,000 he could spare but 15,000. This declaration not only paralyzed the military plan of the confederates, it seemed to threaten the security of Denmark and of Frederick IV., its king, as great part of the Muscovite army, supported by the Russian fleet, occupied Copenhagen. One of the generals of Frederick proposed suddenly to fall with the Danish cavalry upon the Muscovites and to exterminate them, while the English men-of-war should burn the Russian fleet. Averse to any perfidy which required some greatness of will, some force of character, and some contempt of personal danger, Frederick IV. rejected the bold proposal, and limited himself to assuming an attitude of defence. He then wrote a begging letter to the Czar, intimating that he had given up his Schonen fancy, and requested the Czar to do the same and find his way home: a request the latter could not but comply with. When Peter at last left Denmark with his army, the Danish Court thought fit to communicate to the Courts of Europe a public account of the incidents and transactions which had frustrated the intended descent upon

Schonen—and this document forms the starting point of *The Northern Crisis*.

In a letter addressed to Baron Görtz, dated from London, January 23, 1717, by Count Gyllenborg, there occur some passages in which the latter, the then Swedish ambassador at the Court of St. James's, seems to profess himself the author of *The Northern Crisis*, the title of which he does not, however, quote. Yet any idea of his having written that powerful pamphlet will disappear before the slightest perusal of the Count's authenticated writings, such as his letters to Görtz.

“THE NORTHERN CRISIS; OR IMPARTIAL REFLECTIONS
ON THE POLICIES OF THE CZAR; OCCASIONED BY
MYNHEER VON STOCKEN'S REASONS FOR DELAYING
THE DESCENT UPON SCHONEN. A TRUE COPY OF
WHICH IS PREFIXED, VERBALLY TRANSLATED AFTER
THE TENOR OF THAT IN THE GERMAN SECRETARY'S
OFFICE IN COPENHAGEN, OCTOBER 10, 1716.
LONDON, 1716.

1.—*Preface*—— . . . 'Tis (the present pamphlet) not fit for lawyers' clerks, but it is highly convenient to be read by those who are proper students in the laws of nations; 'twill be but lost time for any stock-jobbing, trifling dealer in Exchange-Alley to look beyond the preface on't, but every merchant in England (more especially those who trade to the Baltic) will find his account in it. The Dutch (as the courants and postboys have more than once told us) are about to mend their hands, if they can, in several articles of trade with the Czar, and they have been a long time about it to little purpose. Inasmuch as they are such a frugal people, they are good examples for the imitation of our traders; but if we can outdo them for once, in the means of projecting a better and more expeditious footing to go upon, for the emolument of us both, let us, for once, be wise enough to set the example, and let them, for once, be our imitators. This little treatise will show a pretty plain way how

we may do it, as to our trade in the Baltic, at this juncture. I desire no little *coffee-house politician* to meddle with it; but to give him even a disrelish for my company, I must let him know that he is not fit for mine. Those who are even proficient in state science, will find in it matter highly fit to employ all their powers of speculation, which they ever before past negligently by, and thought (too cursorily) were not worth the regarding. No outrageous party-man will find it at all for his purpose; but every *honest Whig* and every *honest Tory* may each of them read it, not only without either of their disgusts, but with the satisfaction of them both. . . . 'Tis not fit, in fine, for a mad, hectoring, Presbyterian Whig, or a raving, fretful, dissatisfied, Jacobite Tory."

2.—THE REASONS HANDED ABOUT BY MYNHEER VON STOCKEN FOR DELAYING THE DESCENT UPON SCHONEN.

"There being no doubt, but most courts will be surprised that the descent upon Schonen has not been put into execution, notwithstanding the great preparations made for that purpose; and that all his Czarist Majesty's troops, who were in Germany, were transported to Zealand, not without great trouble and danger, partly by his own gallies, and partly by his Danish Majesty's and other vessels; and that the said descent is deferred till another time. His Danish Majesty hath therefore, in order to clear himself of all imputation and reproach, thought fit to order, that the following true account of this affair should be given to all impartial persons. Since the Swedes were entirely driven out of their *German* dominions, there was, according to all the rules of policy, and reasons of war, no other way left, than vigorously to attack the still obstinate King of Sweden, in the very heart of his country; thereby, with God's assistance, to force him to a lasting, good and advantageous peace for the allies. The King of Denmark and his Czarish Majesty were both of this opinion, and did, in order to put so good a design in execution, agree upon an interview, which at last (notwithstanding his Danish

Majesty's presence, upon the account of Norway's being invaded, was most necessary in his own capital, and that the Muscovite ambassador, M. Dolgorouky, had given quite other assurances) was held at Ham and Horn, near Hamburgh, after his Danish Majesty had stayed there six weeks for the Czar. In this conference it was, on the 3rd of June, agreed between both their Majesties, after several debates, that the descent upon Schonen should positively be undertaken this year, and everything relating to the forwarding the same was entirely consented to. Hereupon his Danish Majesty made all haste for his return to his dominions, and gave orders to work day and night to get his fleet ready to put to sea. The transport ships were also gathered from all parts of his dominions, both with inexpressible charges and great prejudice to his subjects' trade. Thus, his Majesty (as the Czar himself upon his arrival at Copenhagen owned) did his utmost to provide all necessaries, and to forward the descent, upon whose success everything depended. It happened, however, in the meanwhile, and before the descent was agreed upon in the conference at Ham and Horn, that his Danish Majesty was obliged to secure his invaded and much oppressed kingdom of Norway, by sending thither a considerable squadron out of his fleet, under the command of Vice-Admiral Gabel, which squadron could not be recalled before the enemy had left that kingdom, without endangering a great part thereof; so that out of necessity the said Vice-Admiral was forced to tarry there till the 12th of July, when his Danish Majesty sent him express orders to return with all possible speed, wind and weather permitting; but this blowing for some time contrary, he was detained. . . . The Swedes were all the while powerful at sea, and his Czarish Majesty himself did not think it advisable that the remainder of the Danish, in conjunction with the men-of-war then at Copenhagen, should go to convoy the Russian troops from Rostock, before the above-mentioned squadron under Vice-Admiral Gabel was arrived. This happening at last in the month of August, the confederate fleet put to sea; and the transporting of the said troops hither to Zealand was put in execution, though with a great deal of trouble and danger, but it took up so much time

that the descent could not be ready till September following. Now, when all these preparations, as well for the descent as the embarking the armies, were entirely ready, his Danish Majesty assured himself that the descent should be made within a few days, at farthest by the 21st of September. The Russian Generals and Ministers first raised some difficulties to those of Denmark, and afterwards, on the 17th September, declared in an appointed conference, that his Czarish Majesty, considering the present situation of affairs, was of opinion that neither forage nor provision could be had in Schonen, and that consequently the descent was not advisable to be attempted this year, but ought to be put off till next spring. It may easily be imagined how much his Danish Majesty was surprised at this; especially seeing the Czar, if he had altered his opinion, as to this design so solemnly concerted, might have declared it sooner, and thereby saved his Danish Majesty several tons of gold, spent upon the necessary preparations. His Danish Majesty did, however, in a letter dated the 20th of September, amply represent to the Czar, that although the season was very much advanced, the descent might, nevertheless, easily be undertaken with such a superior force, as to get a footing in Schonen, where being assured there had been a very plentiful harvest, he did not doubt but subsistence might be found; besides, that having an open communication with his own countries, it might easily be transported from thence. His Danish Majesty alleged also several weighty reasons why the descent was either to be made this year, or the thoughts of making it next spring entirely be laid aside. *Nor did he alone make these moving remonstrances to the Czar;* BUT HIS BRITISH MAJESTY'S MINISTER RESIDING HERE, AS WELL AS ADMIRAL NORRIS, *seconded the same also in a very pressing manner;* AND BY EXPRESS ORDER OF THE KING, THEIR MASTER, *endeavoured to bring the Czar into their opinion, and to persuade him to go on with the descent;* but his Czarish Majesty declared by his answer, that he would adhere to the resolution that he had once taken concerning this delay of making the descent; but if his Danish Majesty was resolved to venture on the descent, that he then, according to the treaty made near Straelsund, would assist him only with the 15

battalions and 1,000 horse therein stipulated; that next spring he would comply with everything else, and neither could or would declare himself farther in this affair. Since then, his Danish Majesty could not, without running so great a hazard, undertake so great a work alone with his own army and the said 15 battalions; he desired, in another letter of the 23rd September, his Czarish Majesty would be pleased to add 13 battalions of his troops, in which case his Danish Majesty would still this year attempt the descent; but even this could not be obtained from his Czarish Majesty, who absolutely refused it by his ambassador on the 24th ditto: whereupon his Danish Majesty, in his letter of the 26th, declared to the Czar, that since things stood thus, he desired none of his troops, but that they might be all speedily transported out of his dominions; that so the the transport, whose freight stood him in 40,000 rix dollars per month, might be discharged, and his subjects eased of the intolerable contributions they now underwent. This he could not do less than agree to; and accordingly, all the Russian troops are already embarked, and intend for certain to go from here with the first favourable wind. It must be left to Providence and time, to discover what may have induced the Czar to a resolution so prejudicial to the Northern Alliance, and most advantageous to the common enemy.

If we would take a true survey of men, and lay them open in a proper light to the eye of our intellects, *we must first consider natures* and then *their ends*; and by this method of examination, though their conduct is, seemingly, full of intricate mazes and perplexities, and winding round with infinite meanders of statecraft, we shall be able to dive into the deepest recesses, make our way through the most puzzling labyrinths, and at length come to the most abstruse means of bringing about the master secrets of their minds, and to unriddle their utmost mysteries. . . . The Czar . . . is, by nature, of a great and enterprising spirit, and of a genius thoroughly politic; and as for his ends, the manner of his own Government, where he sways arbitrary lord over the estates and honours of his people, must make him, if all the policies in the world could by far-distant aims promise him accession and accumulation of empire and wealth, be everlastingly

laying schemes for the achieving of both with the extremest cupidity and ambition. Whatever ends an insatiate desire of opulency, and a boundless thirst for dominion, can ever put him upon, to satisfy their craving and voracious appetites, those must, most undoubtedly, be his.

The next questions we are to put to ourselves are these three:

1. By what means can he gain these ends?
2. How far from him, and in what place, can these ends be best obtained?
3. And by what time, using all proper methods and succeeding in them, may he obtain these ends?

The possessions of the Czar were prodigious, vast in extent; the people all at his nod, all his downright arrant slaves, and all the wealth of the country his own at a word's command. But then the country, though large in ground, was not quite so in produce. Every vassal had his gun, and was to be a soldier upon call; but there was never a soldier among them, nor a man that understood the calling; and though he had all their wealth, they had no commerce of consequence, and little ready money; and consequently his treasury, when he had amassed all he could, very bare and empty. He was then but in an indifferent condition to satisfy those two natural appetites, when he had neither wealth to support a soldiery, nor a soldiery trained in the art of war. The first token this Prince gave of an aspiring genius, and of an ambition that is noble and necessary in a monarch who has a mind to flourish, was to believe none of his subjects more wise than himself, or more fit to govern. He did so, and looked upon his own proper person as the most fit to travel out among the other realms of the world and study politics for the advancing of his dominions. He then seldom pretended to any war-like dispositions against those who were instructed in the science of arms; his military dealings lay mostly with the Turks and Tartars, who, as they had numbers as well as he, had them likewise composed, as well as his, of a rude, uncultivated mob, and they appeared in the field like a raw, undisciplined militia. In this his Christian neighbours liked him well, insomuch as he was a kind of stay or stopgap to the infidels. But when he came to look into

the more polished parts of the Christian world, he set out towards it, from the very threshold, like a natural-born politician. He was not for learning the game by trying chances and venturing losses in the field so soon; no, he went upon the maxim *that it was, at that time of day, expedient and necessary for him to carry, like Samson, his strength in his head, and not in his arms.* He had then, he knew, but very few commodious places for commerce of his own, and those all situated in the *White Sea*, too remote, frozen up the most part of the year, and not at all fit for a fleet of men-of-war; but he knew of many more commodious ones of his neighbours in the Baltic, and within his reach whenever he could strengthen his hands to lay hold of them. He had a longing eye towards them; but with prudence seemingly turned his head another way, and secretly entertained the pleasant thought that he should come at them all in good time. Not to give any jealousy, he endeavours for no help from his neighbours to instruct his men in arms. That was like asking a skilful person, one intended to fight a duel with, to teach him first how to fence. *He went over to Great Britain*, where he knew that potent kingdom could, as yet, have no jealousies of his growth of power, and in the eye of which his vast extent of nation lay neglected and unconsidered and overlooked, as I am afraid it is to this very day. He was present at all our exercises, looked into all our laws, inspected our military, civil, and ecclesiastical regimen of affairs; yet this was the least he then wanted; this was the slightest part of his errand. But by degrees, when he grew familiar with our people, he visited our docks, pretending not to have any prospect of profit, but only to take a huge delight (the effect of curiosity only) to see our manner of building ships. He kept his court, as one may say, in our shipyard, so industrious was he in affording them his continued Czarish presence, and to his immortal glory for art and industry be it spoken, that the great Czar, by stooping often to the employ, could handle an axe with the best artificer of them all; and the monarch having a good mathematical head of his own, grew in some time a very expert royal shipwright. A ship or two for his diversion made and sent him, and then two or three more, and after that two or three more, would signify

just nothing at all, if they were granted to be sold to him by the *Maritime Powers*, that could, at will, lord it over the sea. It would be a puny inconsiderable matter, and not worth the regarding. Well, but then, over and above this, he had artfully insinuated himself into the goodwill of many of our best workmen, and won their hearts by his good-natured familiarities and condescension among them. To turn this to his service, he offered many very large premiums and advantages to go and settle in his country, which they gladly accepted of. A little after he sends over some private ministers and officers to negotiate for more workmen, for land officers, and likewise for picked and chosen good seamen, who might be advanced and promoted to offices by going there. Nay, even to this day, any expert seaman that is upon our traffic to the port of Archangel, if he has the least spark of ambition and any ardent desire to be in office, he need but offer himself to the sea-service of the Czar, and he is a lieutenant immediately. Over and above this, that Prince has even found the way to take by force into his service out of our merchant ships as many of their ablest seamen as he pleased, giving the masters the same number of raw Muscovites in their place, whom they afterwards were forced in their own defence to make fit for their own use. Neither is this all; he had, during the last war, many hundreds of his subjects, both noblemen and common sailors, on board *ours*, *the French* and *the Dutch fleets*; and he has all along maintained, and still maintains numbers of them in *ours* and *the Dutch yards*.

But seeing he looked all along upon all these endeavours towards improving himself and his subjects as superfluous, whilst a seaport was wanting, where he might build a fleet of his own, and from whence he might himself export the products of his country, and import those of others; and finding the King of Sweden possessed of the most convenient ones, I mean Narva and Revel, which he knew that Prince never could nor would amicably part with, he at last resolved to wrest them out of his hands by force. His *Swedish Majesty's* tender youth seemed the fittest time for this enterprise, but even then he would not run the hazard alone. He drew in other princes to divide the spoil

with him. And the *Kings of Denmark and Poland* were weak enough to serve as instruments to forward the great and ambitious views of the Czar. It is true, he met with a mighty hard rub at his very first setting out; his whole army being entirely defeated by a handful of Swedes at Narva. But it was his good luck that his Swedish Majesty, instead of improving so great a victory against him, turned immediately his arms against the King of Poland, against whom he was personally piqued, and that so much the more, inasmuch as he had taken that Prince for one of his best friends, and was just upon the point of concluding with him the strictest alliance when he unexpectedly invaded the Swedish Livonia, and besieged Riga. This was, in all respects, what the Czar could most have wished for; and foreseeing that the longer the war in Poland lasted, the more time should he have both to retrieve his first loss, and to gain Narva, he took care it should be spun out to as great a length as possible; for which end he never sent the King of Poland succour enough to make him too strong for the King of Sweden; who, on the other hand, though he gained one signal victory after the other, yet never could subdue his enemy as long as he received continual reinforcements from his hereditary country. And had not his Swedish Majesty, contrary to most people's expectations, marched directly into Saxony itself, and thereby forced the King of Poland to peace, the Czar would have had leisure enough in all conscience to bring his designs to greater maturity. This peace was one of the greatest disappointments the Czar ever met with, whereby he became singly engaged in the war. He had, however, the comfort of having beforehand taken *Narva*, and laid a foundation to his favourite town *Petersburg*, and to the seaport, the docks, and the vast magazines there; all which works, to what perfection they are now brought, let them tell who, with surprise, have seen them.

He (Peter) used all endeavours to bring matters to an accommodation. He proffered very advantageous conditions; *Petersburg* only, a trifle as he pretended, which he had set his heart upon, he would retain; and even for that he was willing some other way to give satisfaction. But the King of Sweden was too

well acquainted with the importance of that place to leave it in the hands of an ambitious prince, and thereby to give him an inlet into the Baltic. This was the only time since the defeat at Narva that the Czar's arms had no other end than that of self-defence. They might, perhaps, even have fallen short therein, had not the King of Sweden (through whose persuasion is still a mystery), instead of marching the shortest way to Novogorod and to Moscow, turned towards Ukrain, where his army, after great losses and sufferings, was at last entirely defeated at Pultowa. As this was a fatal period to the Swedish successes, so how great a deliverance it was to the Muscovites, may be gathered from the Czar's celebrating every year, with great solemnity, the anniversary of that day, from which his ambitious thoughts began to soar still higher. The whole of *Livonia*, *Estland*, and the best and greatest part of *Finland* was now what he demanded, after which, though he might for the present condescend to give peace to the remaining part of Sweden, he knew he could easily even add that to his conquests whenever he pleased. The only obstacle he had to fear in these his projects was from his northern neighbours; but as the *Maritime Powers*, and even the neighbouring princes in Germany, were then so intent upon their war against France, that they seemed entirely neglectful of that of the North, so there remained only Denmark and Poland to be jealous of. The former of these kingdoms had, ever since King William, of glorious memory, compelled it to make peace with Holstein and, consequently, with Sweden, enjoyed an uninterrupted tranquillity, during which it had time, by a free trade and considerable subsidies from the maritime powers to enrich itself, and was in a condition, by joining itself to Sweden, as it was its interest to do, to stop the Czar's progresses, and timely to prevent its own danger from them. The other, I mean Poland, was now quietly under the government of King Stanislaus, who, owing in a manner his crown to the King of Sweden, could not, out of gratitude, as well as real concern for the interest of his country, fail opposing the designs of a too aspiring neighbour. The Czar was too cunning not to find out a remedy for all this: he represented to the King of Denmark how low the King of

Sweden was now brought, and how fair an opportunity he had, during that Prince's long absence, to clip entirely his wings, and to aggrandize himself at his expense. In King Augustus he raised the long-hid resentment for the loss of the Polish Crown, which he told him he might now recover without the least difficulty. Thus both these Princes were immediately caught. The Danes declared war against Sweden without so much as a tolerable pretence, and made a descent upon Schonen, where they were soundly beaten for their pains. King Augustus reentered Poland, where everything has ever since continued in the greatest disorder, and *that in a great measure owing to Muscovite intrigues*. It happened, indeed, that these new confederates, whom the Czar had only drawn in to serve his ambition, became at first more necessary to his preservation than he had thought; for the Turks having declared a war against him, they hindered the Swedish arms from joining with them to attack him; but that storm being soon over, through the Czar's wise behaviour and the avarice and folly of the Grand Vizier, he then made the intended use both of these his friends, as well as of them he afterwards, through hopes of gain, persuaded into his alliance, which was to lay all the burthen and hazard of the war upon them, in order entirely to weaken them, together with Sweden, whilst *he was preparing himself to swallow the one after the other*. He has put them on one difficult attempt after the other; their armies have been considerably lessened by battles and long sieges, whilst his own were either employed in easier conquests, and more profitable to him, or kept at the vast expense of neutral princes—near enough at hand to come up to demand a share of the booty without having struck a blow in getting it. His behaviour has been as cunning at sea, where his fleet has always kept out of harm's way and at a great distance whenever there was any likelihood of an engagement between the Danes and the Swedes. He hoped that when these two nations had ruined one another's fleets, his might then ride master in the Baltic. All this while he had taken care to make his men improve, by the example of foreigners and under their command, in the art of war. . . . His fleets will soon considerably outnumber the Swedish and the Danish

ones joined together. He need not fear their being a hindrance from his giving a finishing stroke to this great and glorious undertaking. Which done, *let us look to ourselves; he will then most certainly become our rival, and as dangerous to us as he is now neglected.* We then may, perhaps, though too late, call to mind what our own ministers and merchants have told us of his designs of carrying on alone all the northern trade, and of getting all that from Turkey and Persia into his hands through the rivers which he is joining and making navigable from the Caspian, or the Black Sea, to his Petersburg. *We shall then wonder at our blindness that we did not suspect his designs* when we heard the prodigious works he has done at Petersburg and Revel; of which last place, the *Daily Courant*, dated November 23, says:

“Hague, Nov. 17.

“The captains of the men-of-war of the States, who have been at Revel, advise that the Czar has put that port and the fortifications of the place into such a condition of defence that it may pass for one of the most considerable fortresses, not only of the Baltic, but even of Europe.”

Leave we him now, as to his sea affairs, commerce and manufactures, and other works both of his policy and power, and let us view him in regard to his proceedings in this last campaign, especially as to that so much talked of descent, he, in conjunction with his allies, was to make upon Schonen, and we shall find that even therein he has acted with his usual cunning. There is no doubt but the King of Denmark was the first that proposed this descent. He found that nothing but a speedy end to a war he had so rashly and unjustly begun, could save his country from ruin and from the bold attempts of the King of Sweden, either against Norway, or against Zealand and Copenhagen. To treat separately with that prince was a thing he could not do, as foreseeing that he would not part with an inch of

ground to so unfair an enemy; and he was afraid that a Congress for a general peace, supposing the King of Sweden would consent to it upon the terms proposed by his enemies, would draw the negotiations out beyond what the situation of his affairs could bear. He invites, therefore, all his confederates to make a home thrust at the King of Sweden, by a descent into his country, where, having defeated him, as by the superiority of the forces to be employed in that design he hoped they should, they might force him to an immediate peace on such terms as they themselves pleased. I don't know how far the rest of his confederates came into that project; but neither the *Prussians* nor the *Hanoverian* Court appeared *openly* in that project, *and how far our English fleet, under Sir John Norris, was to have forwarded it, I have nothing to say, but leave others to judge out of the King of Denmark's own declaration:* but the Czar came readily into it. He got thereby a new pretence to carry the war one campaign more at other people's expense; to march his troops into the Empire again, and to have them quartered and maintained, first in Mecklenburg and then in Zealand. In the meantime he had his eyes upon *Wismar*, and upon a Swedish island called *Gotland*. If, by surprise, he could get the first out of the hands of his confederates, he then had a good seaport, whither to transport his troops when he pleased into *Germany*, without asking the King of *Prussia's* leave for a free passage through his territories; and if, by a sudden descent, he could dislodge the *Swedes* out of the other, he then became master of the best port in the Baltic. He miscarried, however, in both these projects; for *Wismar* was too well guarded to be surprised; and he found his confederates would not give him a helping hand towards conquering *Gotland*. After this he began to look with another eye upon the descent to be made upon *Schonen*. He found it equally contrary to his interest, whether it succeeded or not. For if he did, and the King was thereby forced to a general peace, he knew his interests therein would be least regarded; having already notice enough of his confederates being ready to sacrifice them, provided they got their own terms. If he did not succeed, then, besides the loss of the flower of an army he had trained and dis-

ciplined with so much care, as he very well foresaw that the English fleet would hinder the King of Sweden from attempting anything against Denmark; so he justly feared the whole shock would fall upon him, and he be thereby forced to surrender all he had taken from Sweden. These considerations made him entirely resolved not to make one of the descent; but he did not care to declare it till as late as possible: first, that he might the longer have his troops maintained at the Danish expense; secondly, that it might be too late for the King of Denmark to demand the necessary troops from his other confederates, and to make the descent without him; and, lastly, that by putting the Dane to a vast expense in making necessary preparations, he might still weaken him more, and therefore, make him now the more dependent on him, and hereafter a more easy prey.

Thus he very carefully dissembles his real thoughts, till just when the descent was to be made, and then he, all of a sudden, refuses joining it, and defers it till next spring, with this averment, *that he will then be as good as his word*. But mark him, as some of our newspapers tell us, under this restriction, *unless he can get an advantageous peace of Sweden*. This passage, together with the common report we now have of his treating a separate peace with the King of Sweden, is a new instance of his cunning and policy. He has there two strings to his bow, of which one must serve his turn. There is no doubt but the Czar knows that an accommodation between him and the King of Sweden must be very difficult to bring about. For as he, on the one side, should never consent to part with those seaports, for the getting of which he began this war, and which are absolutely necessary towards carrying on his great and vast designs; so the King of Sweden would look upon it as directly contrary to his interest to yield up these same seaports, if possibly he could hinder it. But then again, the Czar is so well acquainted with the great and heroic spirit of his Swedish Majesty, that he does not question his yielding, rather in point of interest than nicety of honour. From hence it is, he rightly judges, that his Swedish Majesty must be less exasperated against him who, though he began an unjust war, has very often paid dearly for it, and carried it on all along through

various successes than against some confederates; that taking an opportunity of his Swedish Majesty's misfortunes, fell upon him in an ungenerous manner, and made a partition treaty of his provinces. The Czar, still more to accommodate himself to the genius of his great enemy, unlike his confederates, who, upon all occasions, spared no reflections and even very unbecoming ones (bullying memorials and hectoring manifestoes), spoke all along with the utmost civility of his brother Charles as he calls him, maintains him to be the greatest general in Europe, and even publicly avers, he will more trust a word from him than the greatest assurances, oaths, nay, even treaties with his confederates. These kind of civilities may, perhaps, make a deeper impression upon the noble mind of the King of Sweden, and he be persuaded rather to sacrifice a real interest to a generous enemy, than to gratify, in things of less moment, those by whom he has been ill, and even inhumanly used. But if this should not succeed, the Czar is still a gainer by having made his confederates uneasy at these his separate negotiations; and as we find by the newspapers, the more solicitous to keep him ready to their confederacy, which must cost them very large proffers and promises. In the meantime he leaves the Dane and the Swede securely bound up together in war, and weakening one another as fast as they can, and he turns towards the Empire and views the Protestant Princes there; and, under many specious pretences, not only marches and counter-marches about their several territories his troops that came back from Denmark, but makes also slowly advance towards Germany those whom he has kept this great while in Poland, under pretence to help the King against his dissatisfied subjects, whose commotions all the while he was the greatest fomenter of. He considers the Emperor is in war with the Turks, and therefore has found, by too successful experience, how little his Imperial Majesty is able to show his authority in protecting the members of the Empire. His troops remain in Mecklenburg, notwithstanding their departure is highly insisted upon. His replies to all the demands on that subject are filled with such reasons as if he would give new laws to the Empire.

Now let us suppose that the King of Sweden should think it

more honourable to make a peace with the Czar, and to carry the force of his resentment against his less generous enemies, what a stand will then the princes of the empire, even those that unadvisedly drew in 40,000 Muscovites, to secure the tranquillity of that empire against 10,000 or 12,000 Swedes,—I say what stand will they be able to make against him while the Emperor is already engaged in war with the Turks? and the Poles, when they are once in peace among themselves (if after the miseries of so long a war they are in a condition to undertake anything) are by treaty obliged to join their aids against that common enemy of Christianity.

Some will say I make great and sudden rises from very small beginnings. My answer is, that I would have such an objector look back and reflect why I show him, from such a speck of entity, at his first origin, growing, through more improbable and almost insuperable difficulties, to such a bulk as he has already attained to, and *whereby, as his advocates, the Dutch themselves own, he is grown too formidable for the repose, not only of his neighbours, but of Europe in general.*

But then, again, they will say he has no pretence either to make a peace with the Swede separately from the Dane or to make war upon other princes, some of whom he is bound in alliance with. Whoever thinks these objections not answered must have considered the Czar neither as to his nature or to his ends. The Dutch own further, *that he made war against Sweden without any specious pretence.* He that made war without any specious pretence may make a peace without any specious pretence and make a new war without any specious pretence for it too. His Imperial Majesty (of Austria), like a wise Prince, when he was obliged to make war with the Ottomans, made it, as in policy, he should, powerfully. But, in the meantime, may not the Czar, who is a wise and potent Prince too, follow the example upon the neighbouring Princes round him that are Protestants? If he should, I tremble to speak it, it is not impossible, but in this age of Christianity *the Protestant religion should, in a great measure, be abolished;* and that among the Christians, the *Greeks and Romans* may once more come to be

the only Pretenders for Universal Empire. The pure possibility carries with it warning enough for the Maritime Powers, and all the other Protestant Princes, to mediate a peace for Sweden, and strengthen his arms again, without which no preparations can put them sufficiently upon their guard; and this must be done early and betimes, *before the King of Sweden, either out of despair or revenge, throws himself into the Czar's hands*. For 'tis a certain maxim (which all Princes ought, and the Czar seems at this time to observe too much for the repose of Christendom) that a wise man must not stand for ceremony, and only *turn* with opportunities. No, he must even *run* with them. For the Czar's part, I will venture to say so much in his commendation, that he will hardly suffer himself to be overtaken that way. He seems to act just as the tide serves. There is nothing which contributes more to the making our undertakings prosperous than the taking of times and opportunities; for time carrieth with it the seasons of opportunities of business. If you let them slip, all your designs are rendered unsuccessful.

In short, things seem now come to that *crisis* that peace should as soon as possible be procured to the Swede, with such advantageous articles as are consistent with the nicety of his honour to accept, and with the safety of the Protestant interest, that he should have offered to him, which can be scarce less than all the possessions which he formerly had in the Empire. As in all other things, so in politics, a long-tried certainty must be preferred before an uncertainty, tho' grounded on ever so probable suppositions. Now can there be anything more certain, than that the provinces Sweden has had in the Empire, were given to it to make it the nearer at hand and the better able to secure the Protestant interest, which, together with the liberties of the Empire it just then had saved? Can there be anything more certain than that that kingdom has, by those means, upon all occasions, secured that said interest now near fourscore years? Can there be anything more certain than, as to his present Swedish Majesty, that I may use the words of a letter her late Majesty, Queen Anne, wrote to him (Charles XII.), and *in the time of a Whig Ministry too*, viz.: "That, as a true Prince, hero

and Christian, the chief end of his endeavours has been the promotion of the fear of God among men: and that without insisting on his own particular interest."

On the other hand, is it not very uncertain whether those princes, who, by sharing among them the Swedish provinces in the Empire, are now going to set up as protectors of the Protestant interests there, exclusive of the Swedes, will be able to do it? *Denmark* is already so low, and will in all appearance be so much lower still before the end of the war, that very little assistance can be expected from it in a great many years. In *Saxony*, the prospect is but too dismal under a Popish prince, so that there remain only the two illustrious houses of Hanover and Brandenburg of all the Protestant princes, powerful enough to lead the rest. Let us therefore only make a parallel between what now happens in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, and what may happen to the Protestant interest, and we shall soon find how we may be mistaken in our reckoning. That said poor Duchy has been most miserably ruined by the Muscovite troops, and it is still so; the Electors of Brandenburg and Hanover are obliged, both as directors of the circle of Lower Saxony, as neighbours, and Protestant Princes, to rescue a fellow state of the Empire, and a Protestant country, from so cruel an oppression of a foreign Power. But, pray, what have they done? The Elector of Brandenburg, cautious lest the Muscovites might on one side invade his electorate, and on the other side from Livonia and Poland, his kingdom of Prussia; and the Elector of Hanover having the same wise caution as to his hereditary countries, have not upon this, though very pressing occasion, thought it for their interest, to use any other means than representations. But pray with what success? The Muscovites are still in Mecklenburg, and if at last they march out of it, it will be when the country is so ruined that they cannot there subsist any longer.

It seems the King of Sweden should be restored to all that he has lost on the side of the Czar; and this appears the *joint interest of both the Maritime Powers*. This may they please to undertake: *Holland*, because it is a maxim there "that the Czar grows too great, and must not be suffered to settle in the Baltie,

and that Sweden must not be abandoned; *Great Britain*, because, if the Czar compasses his vast and prodigious views, he will, by the ruin and conquest of Sweden, become our nearer and more dreadful neighbour. Besides, we are bound to it by a treaty concluded in the year 1700, between King William and the present King of Sweden, by virtue of which King William assisted the King of Sweden, when in more powerful circumstances, with all that he desired, with great sums of money, several hundred pieces of cloth, and considerable quantities of gunpowder.

But some *Politicians* (*whom nothing can make jealous of the growing strength and abilities of the Czar*) though they are even foxes and vulpones in the art, either will not see or pretend they cannot see how the Czar can ever be able to make so great a progress in power as to hurt us here in our island. To them it is easy to repeat the same answer a hundred times over, if they would be so kind as to take it at last, viz., *that what has been may be again*; and that they did not see how he could reach the height of power, which he has already arrived at, after, I must confess, a very incredible manner. Let those *incredulous* people look narrowly into the *nature* and the *ends* and the *designs* of this great monarch; they will find that they are laid very deep, and that his plans carry in them a prodigious deal of prudence and foresight, and his ends are at the long run brought about by a kind of magic in policy; and will they not after that own that we ought to fear everything from him? As he desires that the designs with which he labours may not prove abortive, so he does not assign them a certain day of their birth, but leaves them to the natural production of fit times and occasions, like those curious artists in China, who temper the mould this day of which a vessel may be made a hundred years hence.

There is another sort of short-sighted politicians among us, who have more of cunning court intrigue and immediate statecraft in them than of true policy and concern for their country's interest. These gentlemen pin entirely their faith upon other people's sleeves; ask as to everything that is proposed to them, how it is liked at Court? what the opinion of their party is concerning it? and if the contrary party is for or against it? Hereby

they rule their judgment, and it is enough for their cunning leaders to brand anything with *Whiggism* or *Jacobitism*, for to make these people, without any further inquiry into the matter, blindly espouse it or oppose it. This, it seems, is at present the case of the subject we are upon. Anything said or written in favour of Sweden and the King thereof, is immediately said to come from a *Jacobite* pen, and thus reviled and rejected, without being read or considered. Nay, I have heard gentlemen go so far as to maintain publicly, and with all the vehemence in the world, that the King of Sweden was a Roman Catholic, and that the Czar was a good Protestant. This, indeed, is one of the greatest misfortunes our country labours under, and till we begin to see with our own eyes, and inquire ourselves into the truth of things, we shall be led away, God knows whither, at last. The serving of Sweden according to our treaties and real interest has nothing to do with our party causes. Instead of seeking for and taking hold of any pretence to undo Sweden, we ought openly to assist it. Could our Protestant succession have a better friend or a bolder champion?

I shall conclude this by thus shortly recapitulating what I have said. That since the Czar has not only replied to the King of Denmark entreating the contrary, but also answered our Admiral Norris, that he would persist in his resolution to delay the descent upon Schonen, and is said by other newspapers to resolve not to make it then, if he can have peace with Sweden; every Prince, and we more particularly, ought to be jealous of his having some such design as I mention in view, and consult how to prevent them, and to clip, in time, his too aspiring wings, which cannot be effectively done, first, without the Maritime Powers please to begin to keep him in some check and awe, and 'tis to be hoped a certain potent nation, that has helped him forward, can, in some measure, bring him back, and may then speak to this great enterpriser in the language of a countryman in Spain, who coming to an image enshrined, the first making whereof he could well remember, and not finding all the respectful usage he expected,—“You need not,” quoth he, “be so proud, for we have known you from a plum-tree.” The next only way is to restore, by

a peace, to the King of Sweden what he has lost; that checks his (the Czar's) power immediately, and on that side nothing else can. I wish it may not at last be found true, that those who have been fighting against that King have, in the main, been fighting against themselves. If the Swede ever has his dominions again, and lowers the high spirit of the Czar, still he may say by his neighbours, as an old Greek hero did, whom his countrymen constantly sent into exile whenever he had done them a service, but were forced to call him back to their aid, whenever they wanted success. "These people," quoth he, "are always using me like the palm-tree. They will be breaking my branches continually, and yet, if there comes a storm, they run to me, and can't find a better place for shelter." But if he has them not, I shall only exclaim a phrase out of Terence's "Andrea":

"Hoccine credibile est aut memorabile
Tanta vecordia innata cuiquam ut siet,
Ut malis gaudeant?"

4. POSTSCRIPT.—I flatter myself that this little history is of that curious nature, and on matters hitherto so unobserved, that I consider it, with pride, as a valuable New Year's gift to the present world; and that posterity will accept it, as the like, for many years after, and read it over on that anniversary, and call it their *Warning Piece*. I must have my *Exegi-Monumentum* as well as others.

CHAPTER III

To understand a limited historical epoch, we must step beyond its limits, and compare it with other historical epochs. To judge Governments and their acts, we must measure them by their own times and the conscience of their contemporaries.

Nobody will condemn a British statesman of the 17th century for acting on a belief in witchcraft, if he find Bacon himself ranging demonology in the catalogue of science. On the other hand, if the Stanhopes, the Walpoles, the Townshends, etc., were suspected, opposed, and denounced in their own country by their own contemporaries as tools or accomplices of Russia, it will no longer do to shelter their policy behind the convenient screen of prejudice and ignorance common to their time. At the head of the historical evidence we have to sift, we place, therefore, long-forgotten English pamphlets printed at the very time of Peter I. These preliminary *pièces des procès* we shall, however, limit to three pamphlets, which, from three different points of view, illustrate the conduct of England towards Sweden. The first, the *Northern Crisis* (given in Chapter II.), revealing the general system of Russia, and the dangers accruing to England from the Russification of Sweden; the second, called *The Defensive Treaty*, judging the acts of England by the Treaty of 1700; and the third, entitled *Truth is but Truth, however it is Timed*, proving that the new-fangled schemes which magnified Russia into the paramount Power of the Baltic were in flagrant opposition to the traditionary policy England had pursued during the course of a whole century.

The pamphlet called *The Defensive Treaty* bears no date of publication. Yet in one passage it states that, for reinforcing the Danish fleet, eight English men-of-war were left at Copenhagen "*the year before the last*," and in another passage alludes to the assembling of the confederate fleet for the Schonen expedition as having occurred "*last summer*." As the former event took place in 1715, and the latter towards the end of the summer of 1716, it is evident that the pamphlet was written and published in the earlier part of the year 1717. The Defensive Treaty between England and Sweden, the single articles of which the pamphlet comments upon in the form of queries, was concluded in 1700 between William III. and Charles XII., and was not to expire before 1719. Yet, during almost the whole of this period, we find England continually assisting Russia and waging war against Sweden, either by secret intrigue or open force, although the

treaty was never rescinded nor war ever declared. This fact is, perhaps, even less strange than the *conspiration de silence* under which modern historians have succeeded in burying it, and among them historians by no means sparing of censure against the British Government of that time, for having, without any previous declaration of war, destroyed the Spanish fleet in the Sicilian waters. But then, at least, England was not bound to Spain by a defensive treaty. How, then, are we to explain this contrary treatment of similar cases? The piracy committed against Spain was one of the weapons which the Whig Ministers, seceding from the Cabinet in 1717, caught hold of to harass their remaining colleagues. When the latter stepped forward in 1718, and urged Parliament to declare war against Spain, Sir Robert Walpole rose from his seat in the Commons, and in a most virulent speech denounced the late ministerial acts "as contrary to the laws of nations, and a breach of solemn treaties." "Giving sanction to them in the manner proposed," he said, "could have no other view than to screen ministers, who were conscious of having done something amiss, and who, having begun a war against Spain, would now make it the Parliament's war." The treachery against Sweden and the connivance at the plans of Russia, never happening to afford the ostensible pretext for a family quarrel amongst the Whig rulers (they being rather unanimous on these points), never obtained the honours of historical criticism so lavishly spent upon the Spanish incident.

How apt modern historians generally are to receive their cue from the official tricksters themselves, is best shown by their reflections on the commercial interests of England with respect to Russia and Sweden. Nothing has been more exaggerated than the dimensions of the trade opened to Great Britain by the huge market of the Russia of Peter the Great, and his immediate successors. Statements bearing not the slightest touch of criticism have been allowed to creep from one book-shelf to another, till they became at last historical household furniture, to be inherited by every successive historian, without even the *beneficium inventarii*. Some incontrovertible statistical figures will suffice to blot out these hoary common-places.

BRITISH COMMERCE FROM 1697-1700

	£
Export to Russia	58,884
Import from Russia	112,252
Total	<u>171,136</u>
Export to Sweden	57,555
Import from Sweden	212,094
Total	<u>269,649</u>

During the same period the total

	£
Export of England amounted to	3,525,906
Import	3,482,586
Total	<u>7,008,492</u>

In 1716, after all the Swedish provinces in the Baltic, and on the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia, had fallen into the hands of Peter I., the

	£
Export to Russia was	113,154
Import from Russia	197,270
Total	<u>310,424</u>
Export to Sweden	24,101
Import from Sweden	136,959
Total	<u>161,060</u>

At the same time, the total of English exports and imports together reached about £10,000,000. It will be seen from these figures, when compared with those of 1697-1700, that the increase in the Russian trade is balanced by the decrease in the Swedish trade, and that what was added to the one was subtracted from the other.

In 1730, the

	£
Export to Russia was	46,275
Import from Russia	258,802
Total	<u>305,077</u>

Fifteen years, then, after the consolidation in the meanwhile of the Muscovite settlement on the Baltic, the British trade with Russia had fallen off by £5,347. The general trade of England reaching in 1730 the sum of £16,329,001, the Russian trade amounted not yet to 1/53rd of its total value. Again, thirty years later, in 1760, the account between Great Britain and Russia stands thus:

	£
Import from Russia (in 1760)	536,504
Export to Russia	39,761
Total	<u>£576,265</u>

while the general trade of England amounted to £26,361,760. Comparing these figures with those of 1706, we find that the total of the Russian commerce, after nearly half a century, has increased by the trifling sum of only £265,841. That England suffered positive loss by her new commercial relations with Russia under Peter I. and Catherine I. becomes evident on compar-

ing, on the one side, the export and import figures, and on the other, the sums expended on the frequent naval expeditions to the Baltic which England undertook during the lifetime of Charles XII., in order to break down his resistance to Russia, and, after his death, on the professed necessity of checking the maritime encroachments of Russia.

Another glance at the statistical data given for the years 1697, 1700, 1716, 1730, and 1760, will show that the British *export* trade to Russia was continually falling off, save in 1716, when Russia engrossed the whole Swedish trade on the eastern coast of the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia, and had not yet found the opportunity of subjecting it to her own regulations. From £58,884, at which the British exports to Russia stood during 1697-1700, when Russia was still precluded from the Baltic, they had sunk to £46,275 in 1730, and to £39,761 in 1760, showing a decrease of £19,123 or about 1/3rd of their original amount in 1700. If, then, since the absorption of the Swedish provinces by Russia, the British market proved expanding for Russian raw produce, the Russian market, on its side, proved straitening for British manufacturers, a feature of that trade which could hardly recommend it at a time when the Balance of Trade doctrine ruled supreme. To trace the circumstances which produced the increase of the Anglo-Russian trade under Catherine II. would lead us too far from the period we are considering.

On the whole, then, we arrive at the following conclusions: During the first sixty years of the eighteenth century the total Anglo-Russian trade formed but a very diminutive fraction of the general trade of England, say less than 1/45th. Its sudden increase during the earliest years of Peter's sway over the Baltic did not at all affect the general balance of British trade, as it was a simple transfer from its Swedish account to its Russian account. In the later times of Peter I., as well as under his immediate successors, Catherine I. and Anne, the Anglo-Russian trade was positively declining; during the whole epoch, dating from the final settlement of Russia in the Baltic provinces, the export of British manufactures to Russia was continually falling off, so

that at its end it stood one-third lower than at its beginning, when that trade was still confined to the port of Archangel. Neither the contemporaries of Peter I., nor the next British generation reaped any benefit from the advancement of Russia to the Baltic. In general the Baltic trade of Great Britain was at that time trifling in regard of the capital involved, but important in regard of its character. It afforded England the raw produce for its maritime stores. That from the latter point of view the Baltic was safer keeping in the hands of Sweden than in those of Russia, was not only proved by the pamphlets we are reprinting, but fully understood by the British Ministers themselves. Stanhope writing, for instance, to Townshend on October 16th, 1716:

“It is certain that if the Czar be let alone three years, he will be absolute master in those seas.”¹

If, then, neither the navigation nor the general commerce of England was interested in the treacherous support given to Russia against Sweden, there existed, indeed, one small fraction of British merchants whose interests were identical with Russian ones—the Russian Trade Company. It was this gentry that raised a cry against Sweden. See, for instance:

“Several grievances of the English merchants in their trade into the dominions of the King of Sweden, whereby it does appear how dangerous it may be for the English nation to depend on Sweden only for the supply of naval stores, when they might be amply furnished with the like stores from the dominions of the Emperor of Russia.”

1. In the year 1657, when the Courts of Denmark and Brandenburg intended engaging the Muscovites to fall upon Sweden, they instructed their Minister so to manage the affair that the Czar might by no means get any footing in the Baltic, because “they did not know what to do with so troublesome a neighbour.” (See Puffendorf’s *History of Brandenburg*.)

“The case of the merchants trading to Russia” (a petition to Parliament), etc.

It was they who in the years 1714, 1715, and 1716, regularly assembled twice a week before the opening of Parliament, to draw up in public meetings the complaints of the British merchantmen against Sweden. On this small fraction the Ministers relied; they were even busy in getting up its demonstrations, as may be seen from the letters addressed by Count Gyllenborg to Baron Görtz, dated 4th of November and 4th of December, 1716, wanting, as they did, but the shadow of a pretext to drive their “mercenary Parliament,” as Gyllenborg calls it, where they liked. The influence of these British merchants trading to Russia was again exhibited in the year 1765, and our own times have witnessed the working for his interest, of a Russian merchant at the head of the Board of Trade, and of a Chancellor of the Exchequer in the interest of a cousin engaged in the Archangel trade.

The oligarchy which, after the “glorious revolution,” usurped wealth and power at the cost of the mass of the British people, was, of course, forced to look out for allies, not only abroad, but also at home. The latter they found in what the French would call *la haute bourgeoisie*, as represented by the Bank of England, the moneylenders, State creditors, East India and other trading corporations, the great manufacturers, etc. How tenderly they managed the material interests of that class may be learned from the whole of their domestic legislation—Bank Acts, Protectionist enactments, Poor Regulations, etc. As to their *foreign policy*, they wanted to give it the appearance at least of being altogether regulated by the mercantile interest, an appearance the more easily to be produced, as the exclusive interest of one or the other small fraction of that class would, of course, be always identified with this or that Ministerial measure. The interested fraction then raised the commerce and navigation cry, which the nation stupidly re-echoed.

At that time, then, there devolved on the Cabinet, at least,

the *onus* of inventing *mercantile pretexts*, however futile, for their measures of foreign policy. In our own epoch, British Ministers have thrown this burden on foreign nations, leaving to the French, the Germans, etc., the irksome task of discovering the *secret* and *hidden* mercantile springs of their actions. Lord Palmerston, for instance, takes a step apparently the most damaging to the material interests of Great Britain. Up starts a State philosopher, on the other side of the Atlantic, or of the Channel, or in the heart of Germany, who puts his head to the rack to dig out the mysteries of the mercantile Machiavelism of "perfidious Albion," of which Palmerston is supposed the unscrupulous and unflinching executor. We will, *en passant*, show, by a few modern instances, what desperate shifts those foreigners have been driven to, who feel themselves obliged to interpret Palmerston's acts by what they imagine to be the English commercial policy. In his valuable *Histoire Politique et Sociale des Principautés Danubiennes*, M. Elias Regnault, startled by the Russian conduct, before and during the years 1848-49 of Mr. Colquhoun, the British Consul at Bucharest, suspects that England has some secret material interest in keeping down the trade of the Principalities. The late Dr. Cunibert, private physician of old Milosh, in his most interesting account of the Russian intrigues in Servia, gives a curious relation of the manner in which Lord Palmerston, through the instrumentality of Colonel Hodges, betrayed Milosh to Russia by feigning to support him against her. Fully believing in the personal integrity of Hodges, and the patriotic zeal of Palmerston, Dr. Cunibert is found to go a step further than M. Elias Regnault. He suspects England of being interested in putting down Turkish commerce generally. General Mieroslawski, in his last work on Poland, is not very far from intimating that mercantile Machiavelism instigated England to sacrifice her own *prestige* in Asia Minor, by the surrender of Kars. As a last instance may serve the present lucubrations of the Paris papers, hunting after the secret springs of commercial jealousy, which induce Palmerston to oppose the cutting of the Isthmus of Suez canal.

To return to our subject. The mercantile pretext hit upon

by the Townshends, Stanhopes, etc., for the hostile demonstrations against Sweden, was the following. Towards the end of 1713, Peter I. had ordered all the hemp and other produce of his dominions, destined for export, to be carried to St. Petersburg instead of Archangel. Then the Swedish Regency, during the absence of Charles XII., and Charles XII. himself, after his return from Bender, declared all the Baltic ports, occupied by the Russians, to be blockaded. Consequently, English ships, breaking through the blockade, were confiscated. The English Ministry then asserted that British merchantmen had the right of trading to those ports according to Article XVII. of the Defensive Treaty of 1700, by which English commerce, with the exception of contraband of war, was allowed to go on with ports of the enemy. The absurdity and falsehood of this pretext being fully exposed in the pamphlet we are about to reprint, we will only remark that the case had been more than once decided against commercial nations, not bound, like England, by treaty to defend the integrity of the Swedish Empire. In the year 1561, when the Russians took Narva, and laboured hard to establish their commerce there, the Hanse towns, chiefly Lübeck, tried to possess themselves of this traffic. Eric XIV., then King of Sweden, resisted their pretensions. The city of Lübeck represented this resistance as altogether new, as they had carried on their commerce with the Russians time out of mind, and pleaded the common right of nations to navigate in the Baltic, provided their vessels carried no contraband of war. The King replied that he did not dispute the Hanse towns the liberty of trading with Russia, but only with Narva, which was no Russian port. In the year 1579 again, the Russians having broken the suspension of arms with Sweden, the Danes likewise claimed the navigation to Narva, by virtue of their treaty, but King John was as firm in maintaining the contrary, as was his brother Eric.

In her open demonstrations of hostility against the King of Sweden, as well as in the false pretence on which they were founded, England seemed only to follow in the track of Holland, which declaring the confiscation of its ships to be piracy, had issued two proclamations against Sweden in 1714.

In one respect, the case of the States-General was the same as that of England. King William had concluded the Defensive Treaty as well for Holland as for England. Besides, Article XVI., in the Treaty of Commerce, concluded between Holland and Sweden in 1703, expressly stipulated that no navigation ought to be allowed to the ports blocked up by either of the confederates. The then common Dutch cant that "there was no hindering traders from carrying their merchandise where they will," was the more impudent as, during the war, ending with the Peace of Ryswick, the Dutch Republic had declared all France to be blocked up, forbidden the neutral Powers all trade with that kingdom, and caused all their ships that went there or came thence to be brought up without any regard to the nature of their cargoes.

In another respect, the situation of Holland was different from that of England. Fallen from its commercial and maritime grandeur, Holland had then already entered upon its epoch of decline. Like Genoa and Venice, when new roads of commerce had disposed them of their old mercantile supremacy. It was forced to lend out to other nations its capital, grown too large for the vessels of its own commerce. Its fatherland had begun to lie there where the best interest for its capital was paid. Russia, therefore, proved an immense market, less for the commerce than for the outlay of capital and men. To this moment Holland has remained the banker of Russia. At the time of Peter they supplied Russia with ships, officers, arms, and money, so that his fleet, as a contemporary writer remarks, ought to have been called a Dutch rather than a Muscovite one. They gloried in having sent the first European merchant ship to St. Petersburg, and returned the commercial privileges they had obtained from Peter, or hoped to obtain from him, by that fawning meanness which characterizes their intercourse with Japan. Here, then, was quite another solid foundation than in England for the Russianism of statesmen, whom Peter I. had entrapped during his stay at Amsterdam, and the Hague in 1697, whom he afterwards directed by his ambassadors, and with whom he renewed his personal influence during his renewed stay at Amsterdam in

1716-17. Yet, if the paramount influence England exercised over Holland during the first *decennia* of the 18th century be considered, there can remain no doubt that the proclamations against Sweden by the States-General would never have been issued, if not with the previous consent and at the instigation of England. The intimate connection between the English and Dutch Governments served more than once the former to put up precedents in the name of Holland, which they were resolved to act upon in the name of England. On the other hand, it is no less certain that the Dutch statesmen were employed by the Czar to influence the British ones. Thus Horace Walpole, the brother of the "Father of Corruption," the brother-in-law of the Minister, Townshend, and the British Ambassador at the Hague during 1715-16, was evidently inveigled into the Russian interest by his Dutch friends. Thus, as we shall see by-and-by, Theyls, the Secretary to the Dutch Embassy at Constantinople, at the most critical period of the deadly struggle between Charles XII. and Peter I., managed affairs at the same time for the Embassies of England and Holland at the Sublime Porte. This Theylls, in a print of his, openly claims it as a merit with his nation to have been the devoted and rewarded agent of Russian intrigue.

CHAPTER IV

"The Defensive Treaty concluded in the year 1700, between his late Majesty, King William, of ever-glorious memory, and his present Swedish Majesty, King Charles XII. Published at the earnest desire of several members of both Houses of Parliament.

'Nec rumpite foedera pacis,
Nec regnis praeferte fidem.'

—SILIUS, *Lip.* II.

“Article I. Establishes between the Kings of Sweden and England ‘a sincere and constant friendship for ever, a league and good correspondence, so that they shall never mutually or separately molest one another’s kingdoms, provinces, colonies, or subjects, wheresoever situated, *nor shall they suffer or agree that this should be done by others, etc.*’

“Article II. ‘Moreover, each of the Allies, his heirs and successors, shall be obliged to take care of, and promote, as much as in him lies, the profit and honour of the other, to detect and give notice to his other ally (as soon as it shall come to his own knowledge) of all imminent dangers, conspiracies, and hostile designs formed against him, to withstand them as much as possible, and to prevent them both by advice and assistance; and therefore *it shall not be lawful for either of the Allies, either by themselves or any other whatsoever, to act, treat, or endeavour anything to the prejudice or loss of the other, his lands or dominions whatsoever or wheresoever, whether by land or sea; that one shall in no wise favour the other’s foes, either rebels or enemies, to the prejudice of his Ally,*’ etc.

“Query I. How the words marked in italics agree with our present conduct, when our fleet acts in conjunction with the enemies of Sweden, *the Czar commands our fleet, our Admiral enters into Councils of War, and is not only privy to all their designs, but together with our own Minister at Copenhagen* (as the King of Denmark has himself owned it in a public declaration), *pushed on the Northern Confederates to an enterprise entirely destructive to our Ally Sweden, I mean the descent designed last summer upon Schonen?*

“Query II. In what manner we also must explain that passage in the first article by which it is stipulated that one Ally shall not either by themselves or any other whatsoever, act, treat, or endeavour anything to the loss of the other’s lands and dominions; to justify in particular our leaving in the year 1715, even when the season was so far advanced as no longer to admit of our usual pretence of conveying and protecting our trade, which was then got already safe home, eight men-of-war

in the Baltic, with orders to join in one line of battle with the Danes, whereby we made them so much superior in number to the Swedish fleet, that it could not come to the relief of Straelsund, and whereby *we chiefly occasioned Sweden's entirely losing its German Provinces*, and even the *extreme danger his Swedish Majesty ran in his own person*, in crossing the sea, before the surrender of the town.

"Article III. By a special defensive treaty, the Kings of Sweden and England mutually oblige themselves, 'in a strict alliance, to defend one another mutually, as well as their kingdoms, territories, provinces, states, subjects, possessions, as their rights and liberties of navigation and commerce, as well in the Northern, Deucalidonian, Western, and Britannic Sea, commonly called the Channel, the Baltic, the Sound; as also of the privileges and prerogatives of each of the Allies belonging to them, by virtue of treaties and agreements, as well as by received customs, the laws of nations, hereditary right, against any aggressors or invaders and molesters in Europe by sea or land, etc.'

"Query. It being by the law of nations an indisputable right and prerogative of any king or people, in case of a great necessity or threatening ruin, to use all such means they themselves shall judge most necessary for their preservation; it having moreover been a constant prerogative and practice of the Swedes, for these several hundred years, in case of a war with their most dreadful enemies the Muscovites, to hinder all trade with them in the Baltic; and since it is also stipulated in this article that amongst other things, *one Ally ought to defend the prerogatives belonging to the other, even by received customs, and the law of nations*: how come we now, the King of Sweden stands more than ever in need of using that prerogative, not only to dispute it, but also to take thereof a pretence for an open hostility against him?

"Articles IV., V., VI., and VII. fix the strength of the auxiliary forces England and Sweden are to send each other in case the territory of either of these powers should be invaded, or its navigation 'molested or hindered' in one of the seas enumerated

in Article III. The invasion of the *German* provinces of Sweden is expressly included as a *casus fœderis*.

"Article VIII. stipulates that that Ally who is not attacked shall first act the part of a pacific mediator; but, the mediation having proved a failure, 'the aforesaid forces shall be sent without delay; nor shall the confederates desist before the injured party shall be satisfied in all things.'

"Article IX. That Ally requires the stipulated 'help, has to choose whether he will have the above-named army either all or any, either in soldiers, ships, ammunition, or money.'

"Article X. Ships and armies serve under 'the command of him that required them.'

"Article XI. 'But if it should happen that the above-mentioned forces should not be proportionable to the danger, as supposing that perhaps the aggressor should be assisted by the forces of some other confederates of his, then one of the Allies, after previous request, shall be obliged to help the other that is injured, with greater forces, such as he shall be able to raise with safety and covenience, both by sea and land. . . .'

"Article XII. 'It shall be lawful for either of the Allies and their subjects to bring their men-of-war into one another's harbours, and to winter there.' Peculiar negotiations about this point shall take place at Stockholm, but 'in the meanwhile, the articles of treaty concluded at London, 1661, relating to the navigation and commerce shall remain, in their full force, as much as if they were inserted here word for word.'

"Article XIII. ' . . . The subjects of either of the Allies . . . shall no way, either by sea or land, serve them (the enemies of either of the Allies), either as mariners or soldiers, and therefore it shall be forbid them upon severe penalty.'

"Article XIV. 'If it happens that either of the confederate kings . . . should be engaged in a war against a common enemy, or be molested by any other neighbouring king . . . in his own kingdoms or provinces . . . to the hindering of which, he that requires help may by the force of this treaty himself be obliged to send help: then that Ally so molested shall not be obliged to send the promised help. . . .'

"Query I. Whether in our conscience we don't think the King of Sweden most unjustly attacked by all his enemies; whether consequently we are not convinced that we owe him the assistance stipulated in these Articles; whether he has not demanded the same from us, and why it has hitherto been refused him?"

"Query II. These articles, setting forth in the most expressing terms, in what manner Great Britain and Sweden ought to assist one another, can either of these two Allies take upon him to prescribe to the other who requires his assistance a way of lending him it not expressed in the treaty; and if that other Ally does not think it for his interest to accept of the same, but still insists upon the performance of the treaty, can he from thence take a pretence, not only to withhold the stipulated assistance, but also to use his Ally in a hostile way, and to join with his enemies against him? If this is not justifiable, as even common sense tells us it is not, how can the reason stand good, which we allege amongst others, for using the King of Sweden as we do, *id est*, that demanding a literal performance of his alliance with us, *he would not accept the treaty of neutrality for his German provinces*, which we proposed to him some years ago, a treaty which, not to mention its partiality in favour of the enemies of Sweden, and that it was calculated only for our own interest, and for to prevent all disturbance in the empire, whilst we were engaged in a war against France, the King of Sweden had so much less reason to rely upon, as he was to conclude it with those very enemies, that had every one of them broken several treaties in beginning the present war against him, and as it was to be guaranteed by those powers, who were also every one of them guarantees of the broken treaties, without having performed their guarantee?"

"Query III. How can we make the words in the 7th Article, *that in assisting our injured Ally we shall not desist before he shall be satisfied in all things*, agree with our endeavouring, to the contrary, to help the enemies of that Prince, though all unjust aggressors, not only to take one province after the other from him, but also to remain undisturbed possessors thereof,

blaming all along the King of Sweden for not tamely submitting thereunto?

“*Query IV.* The treaty concluded in the year 1661, between Great Britain and Sweden, being in the 11th Article confirmed, and the said treaty forbidding expressly one of the confederates *either himself or his subjects to lend or to sell to the other's enemies, men-of-war or ships of defence*; the 13th Article of this present treaty forbidding also expressly the subjects of either of the Allies *to help anyways the enemies of the other, to the inconvenience and loss of such an Ally*; should we not have accused the Swedes of the most notorious breach of this treaty, had they, during our late war with the French, lent them their own fleet, the better to execute any design of theirs against us, or had they, notwithstanding our representations to the contrary, suffered their subjects to furnish the French with ships of 50, 60, and 70 guns! Now, if we turn the tables, and remember upon how many occasions our fleet has of late been entirely subservient to the designs of the enemies of Sweden, even in most critical times, and that *the Czar of Muscovy has actually above a dozen English-built ships* in his fleet, will it not be very difficult for us to excuse in ourselves what we should most certainly have blamed, if done by others?”

“*Article XVII.* The obligation shall not be so far extended as that all friendship and mutual commerce with the enemies of that Ally (that requires the help) shall be taken away; for supposing that one of the confederates should send his auxiliaries, and should not be engaged in the war himself, it shall then be lawful for the subjects to trade and commerce with that enemy of that Ally that is engaged in the war, also directly and safely to merchandise with such enemies, for all goods not expressly forbid and called contraband, as in a special treaty of commerce hereafter shall be appointed.

“*Query I.* This Article being the only one out of twenty-two whose performance we have now occasion to insist upon from the Swedes, the question will be whether we ourselves, in regard to Sweden, have performed all the other articles as it was our

part to do, and whether in demanding of the King of Sweden the executing of this Article, we have promised that we would also do our duty as to all the rest; if not, may not the Swedes say that we complain unjustly of the breach of one single Article, when we ourselves may perhaps be found guilty of having in the most material points either not executed or even acted against the whole treaty?

“Query II. Whether the liberty of commerce one Ally is, by virtue of this Article, to enjoy with the other’s enemies, ought to have no limitation at all, neither as to time nor place; in short, whether it ought even to be extended so far as to destroy the very end of this Treaty, which is the promoting the safety and security of one another’s kingdoms?

“Query III. Whether in case the French had in the late wars made themselves masters of Ireland or Scotland, and either in new-made seaports, or the old ones, endeavoured by trade still more firmly to establish themselves in their new conquest, we, in such a case, should have thought the Swedes our true allies and friends, had they insisted upon this Article to trade with the French in the said seaports taken from us, and to furnish them there with several necessities of war, nay, even with armed ships, whereby the French might the easier have annoyed us here in England?

“Query IV. Whether, if we had gone about to hinder a trade so prejudicial to us, and in order thereunto brought up all Swedish ships going to the said seaports, we should not highly have exclaimed against the Swedes, had they taken from thence a pretence to join their fleet with the French, to occasion the losing of any of our dominions, and even to encourage the invasion upon us, have their fleet at hand to promote the same?

“Query V. Whether upon an impartial examination this would not have been a case exactly parallel to that we insist upon, as to a free Trade to the seaports the Czar has taken from Sweden, and to our present behaviour, upon the King of Sweden’s hindering the same?

“Query VI. Whether we have not ever since Oliver Cromwell’s time till 1710, in all our wars with France and Holland,

without any urgent necessity at all, brought up and confiscated Swedish ships, though not going to any prohibited ports, and that to a far greater number and value, than all those the Swedes have now taken from us, and whether the Swedes have ever taken a pretence from thence to join with our enemies, and to send whole squadrons of ships to their assistance?

“Query VII. Whether, if we inquire narrowly into the state of commerce, as it has been carried on for these many years, we shall not find that the trade of the above-mentioned places was not so very necessary to us, at least not so far as to be put into the balance with the preservation of a Protestant confederate nation, much less to give us a just reason *to make war against that nation, which, though not declared, has done it more harm than the united efforts of all its enemies?*”

“Query VIII. Whether, if it happened two years ago, that this trade became something more necessary to us than formerly, it is not easily proved, that it was occasioned only by the Czar’s forcing us out of our old channel of trade to Archangel, and bringing us to Petersburg, and our complying therewith. So that all the inconveniences we laboured under upon that account ought to have been laid to the Czar’s door, and not to the King of Sweden’s?”

“Query IX. Whether the Czar did not in the very beginning of 1715 again permit us to trade our old way to Archangel, and whether our Ministers had not notice thereof a great while before our fleet was sent that year to protect our *trade to Petersburg*, which by this alteration in the Czar’s resolution was become as unnecessary for us as before?”

“Query X. Whether the King of Sweden had not declared, that if we would forbear trading to *Petersburg*, etc., which he looked upon as ruinous to his kingdom, he would in no manner disturb our trade, neither in the Baltic nor anywhere else; but that in case we would not give him this slight proof of our friendship, he should be excused if the innocent came to suffer with the guilty?”

“Query XI. Whether, by our insisting upon the trade to the ports prohibited by the King of Sweden, which besides it being

unnecessary to us, hardly makes one part in ten of that we carry on in the Baltic, we have not drawn upon us the hazards that our trade has run all this while, been ourselves the occasion of our great expenses in fitting out fleets for its protection, and by our joining with the enemies of Sweden, fully justified his Swedish Majesty's resentment; had it ever gone so far as to seize and confiscate without distinction all our ships and effects, wheresoever he found them, either within or without his kingdoms?

"Query XII. If we were so tender of our trade to the northern ports in general, ought we not in policy rather to have considered the hazard that trade runs by the approaching ruin of Sweden, and *by the Czar's becoming the whole and sole master of the Baltic, and all the naval stores we want from thence?* Have we not also suffered greater hardships and losses in the said trade from the Czar, than that amounting only to sixty odd thousand pounds (whereof, by the way, two parts in three may perhaps be disputable), which provoked us first to send twenty men-of-war in the Baltic with order to attack the Swedes wherever they met them? And yet, did not this very Czar, this very aspiring and dangerous prince, *last summer command the whole confederate fleet, as it was called, of which our men-of-war made the most considerable part?* The first instance that ever was of a Foreign Potentate having the command given him of the English fleet, the bulwark of our nation; and did not our said men-of-war afterwards convey his (the Czar's) transport ships and troops on board of them, in their return from Zealand, *protecting them from the Swedish fleet,* which else would have made a considerable havoc amongst them?

"Query XIII. Suppose now, we had, on the contrary, taken hold of the great and many complaints our merchants have made of the ill-usage they meet from the Czar, to have sent our fleet to show our resentment against that prince, to prevent his great and pernicious designs even to us, *to assist Sweden pursuant to this Treaty,* and effectually to restore the peace in the North, would not that have been more for our interest,

more necessary, more honourable and just, and more according to our Treaty; and would not the several 100,000 pounds these our Northern expeditions have cost the nation, have been thus better employed?

“*Query XIV.* If the preserving and securing our trade against the Swedes has been the only and real object of all our measures, as to the Northern affairs, how came we the year before the last to leave eight men-of-war in the Baltic and at Copenhagen, when we had no more trade there to protect, and how came Admiral Norris last summer, although he and the Dutch together made up the number of twenty-six men-of-war, and consequently were too strong for the Swedes, to attempt anything against our trade under their convoy; yet to lay above two whole months of the best season in the Sound, without convoying our and the Dutch merchantmen to the several ports they were bound for, whereby they were kept in the Baltic so late that their return could not but be very hazardous, as it even proved, both to them and our men-of-war themselves? Will not the world be apt to think that the hopes of forcing the King of Sweden to an inglorious and disadvantageous peace, by which the Duchies of Bremen and Verden ought to be added to the Hanover dominions, or that some other such view, foreign, if not contrary, to the true and old interest of Great Britain, had then a greater influence upon all these our proceedings than *the pretended care of our trade?*”

“*Article XVIII.* For as much as it seems convenient for the preservation of the liberty of navigation and commerce in the Baltic Sea, that a firm and exact friendship should be kept between the Kings of Sweden and Denmark; and whereas the former Kings of Sweden and Denmark did oblige themselves mutually, not only by the public Articles of Peace made in the camp of Copenhagen, on the 27th of May, 1660, and by the ratifications of the agreement interchanged on both sides, sacredly and inviolably to observe all and every one of the clauses comprehended in the said agreement, but also declared together to . . . Charles II., King of Great Britain . . . a little before the treaty concluded between England and Sweden in the year

1665, that they would stand sincerely . . . to all . . . of the Articles of the said peace . . . whereupon Charles II., with the approbation and consent of both the forementioned Kings of Sweden and Denmark, took upon himself a little after the Treaty concluded between England and Sweden, 1st March, 1665, to wit 9th October, 1665, guarantee of the same agreements. . . . Whereas an instrument of peace between . . . the Kings of Sweden and Denmark happened to be soon after these concluded at Lunden in Schonen, in 1679, which contains an express transaction, and repetition and confirmation of the Treaties concluded at Roskild, Copenhagen, and Westphalia; therefore . . . the King of Great Britain binds himself by the force of this Treaty . . . that if either of the Kings of Sweden and Denmark shall consent to the violation, either of all the agreements, or of one or more articles comprehended in them, and consequently if either of the Kings shall to the prejudice of the person, provinces, territories, islands, goods, dominions and rights of the other, which by the force of the agreements so often repeated, and made in the camp of Copenhagen, on the 27th of May, 1660, as also of those made in the . . . peace at Lunden in Schonen in 1679, were attributed to every one that was interested and comprehended in the words of the peace, should either by himself or by others, presume, or secretly design or attempt, or by open molestations, or by any injury, or by any violence of arms, attempt anything; that then the . . . King of Great Britain . . . shall first of all, by his interposition, perform all the offices of a friend and princely ally, which may serve towards the keeping inviolable all the frequently mentioned agreements, and of every article comprehended in them, and consequently towards the preservation of peace between both kings; that afterwards if the King, who is the beginner of such prejudice, or any molestation or injury, contrary to all agreements, and contrary to any articles comprehended in them, shall refuse after being admonished . . . then the King of Great Britain . . . shall . . . assist him that is injured as by the present agreements between the Kings of Great Britain and Sweden in such cases is determined and agreed.

“*Query.* Does not this article expressly tell us how to remedy the disturbances our trade in the Baltic might suffer, in case of a misunderstanding betwixt the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, by obliging both these Princes to keep all the Treaties of Peace that have been concluded between them from 1660-1670, and in case either of them should in an hostile manner act against the said Treaties, by assisting the other against the aggressor? How comes it then that we don’t make use of so just a remedy against an evil we are so great sufferers by? Can anybody, though ever so partial, deny but the King of Denmark, though seemingly a sincere friend to the King of Sweden, from the peace of Travendahl till he went out of Saxony against the Muscovites, fell very unjustly upon him immediately after, taking ungenerously advantage of the fatal battle of Pultava? Is not then the King of Denmark the violator of all the above-mentioned Treaties, and consequently the true author of the disturbances our trade meets with in the Baltic? Why in God’s name don’t we, according to this article, assist Sweden against him, and why do we, on the contrary, declare openly against the injured King of Sweden, send hectoring and threatening memorials to him, upon the least advantage he has over his enemies, as we did last summer upon his entering Norway, and even order our fleets to act openly against him in conjunction with the Danes?

“*Article XIX.* There shall be ‘stricter confederacy and union between the above-mentioned Kings of Great Britain and Sweden, for the future, *for the defence and preservation of the Protestant, Evangelic, and reformed religion.*’

“*Query I.* How do we, according to this article, join with Sweden to *assert, protect, and preserve the Protestant religion?* Don’t we suffer that nation, which has always been a bulwark to the said religion, most unmercifully to be torn to pieces? . . . *Don’t we ourselves give a helping hand towards its destruction?* And why all this? Because our merchants have lost their ships to the value of sixty odd thousand pounds. *For this loss, and nothing else, was the pretended reason why, in the year 1715, we sent our fleet in the Baltic, at the expense of £200,000; and*

as to what our merchants have suffered since, suppose we attribute it to our threatening memorials as well as open hostilities against the King of Sweden, must we not even then own that that Prince's resentment has been very moderate?

"*Query II.* How can other Princes, and especially our fellow Protestants, think us sincere in what we have made them believe as to our zeal in spending millions of lives and money for to secure the Protestant interest only in one single branch of it, *I mean the Protestant succession here*, when they see that that succession has hardly taken place, before we, only for sixty odd thousand pounds, (for let us always remember that this paltry sum was the first pretence for our quarrelling with Sweden) go about to undermine the very foundation of that interest in general, by helping, as we do, entirely to sacrifice Sweden, the old and sincere protector of the Protestants, to its neighbours, of which some are professed Papists, some worse, and some, at least, but lukewarm Protestants?

"*Article XX.* Therefore, that a reciprocal faith of the Allies and their perseverance in this agreement may appear . . . both the fore-mentioned kings mutually oblige themselves, and declare that . . . they will not depart a tittle from the genuine and common sense of all and every article of this treaty under any pretences of friendship, profit, former treaty, agreement, and promise, or upon any colour whatsoever: but that they will most fully and readily, either by themselves, or ministers, or subjects, put in execution whatsoever they have promised in this treaty . . . without any hesitation, exception, or excuse. . . .

"*Query I.* Inasmuch as this article sets forth that, at the time of concluding of the treaty, we were under no engagement contrary to it, and that it were highly unjust should we afterwards, and while this treaty is in force, which is eighteen years after the day it was signed, have entered into any such engagements, how can we justify to the world our late proceedings against the King of Sweden, which naturally seem the consequences of a treaty either of our own making with the enemies of that Prince, *or of some Court or other that at present influences our measures?*

“*Query II.* The words in this article . . . how in the name of honour, faith, and justice, do they agree with the *little and pitiful pretences* we now make use of, not only for not assisting Sweden, pursuant to this treaty, *but even for going about so heartily as we do to destroy it?*”

“*Article XXI.* This defensive treaty shall last for eighteen years, before the end of which the confederate kings may . . . again treat.

“*Ratification of the abovesaid treaty.* We, having seen and considered this treaty, have approved and confirmed the same in all and every particular article and clause as by the present. We do approve the same for us, our heirs, and successors; assuring and promising our princely word that we shall perform and observe sincerely and in good earnest all those things that are therein contained, for the better confirmation whereof we have ordered our great seal of England to be put to these presents, which were given at our palace of Kensington, 25th of February, in the year of our Lord 1700, and in the 11th year of our reign (Gulielmus Rex).¹

“*Query.* How can any of us that declares himself for the late happy revolution, and that is a true and grateful lover of King William’s for ever-glorious memory . . . yet bear with the least patience, that the said treaty should (that I may again use the words of the 20th article) be *departed from, under any pretence of profit or upon any colour whatsoever*, especially so insignificant and trifling a one as that which has been made use of for two years together to employ our ships. our men, and our money, *to accomplish the ruin of Sweden*, that same Sweden whose defence and preservation this great and wise monarch of ours has so solemnly promised, and which he always looked upon to be of the utmost necessity for to secure the Protestant interest in Europe?”

1. The treaty was concluded at the Hague on the 6th and 16th January, 1700, and ratified by William III, on February 5th, 1700.

CHAPTER V

Before entering upon an analysis of the pamphlet headed, "*Truth is but truth, as it is timed*," with which we shall conclude the *Introduction* to the Diplomatic Revelations, some preliminary remarks on the general history of Russian politics appear opportune.

The overwhelming influence of Russia has taken Europe at different epochs by surprise, startled the peoples of the West, and been submitted to as a fatality, or resisted only by convulsions. But alongside the fascination exercised by Russia, there runs an ever-reviving scepticism, dogging her like a shadow, growing with her growth, mingling shrill notes of irony with the cries of agonising peoples, and mocking her very grandeur as a histrionic attitude taken up to dazzle and to cheat. Other empires have met with similar doubts in their infancy; Russia has become a colossus without outliving them. She affords the only instance in history of an immense empire, the very existence of whose power, even after world-wide achievements, has never ceased to be treated like a matter of faith rather than like a matter of fact. From the outset of the eighteenth century to our days, no author, whether he intended to exalt or to check Russia, thought it possible to dispense with first proving her existence.

But whether we be spiritualists or materialists with respect to Russia—whether we consider her power as a palpable fact, or as the mere vision of the guilt-stricken consciences of the European peoples—the question remains the same: "How did this power, or this phantom of a power, contrive to assume such dimensions as to rouse on the one side the passionate assertion, and on the other the angry denial of its threatening the world with a rehearsal of Universal Monarchy?" At the beginning of the eighteenth century Russia was regarded as a mushroom creation extemporised by the genius of Peter the Great. Schloezer thought it a discovery to have found out that she possessed a

past; and in modern times, writers, like Fallmerayer, unconsciously following in the track beaten by Russian historians, have deliberately asserted that the northern spectre which frightens the Europe of the nineteenth century already overshadowed the Europe of the ninth century. With them the policy of Russia begins with the first Ruriks, and has, with some interruptions indeed, been systematically continued to the present hour.

Ancient maps of Russia are unfolded before us, displaying even larger European dimensions than she can boast of now: her perpetual movement of aggrandizement from the ninth to the eleventh century is anxiously pointed out; we are shown Oleg launching 88,000 men against Byzantium, fixing his shield as a trophy on the gate of that capital, and dictating an ignominious treaty to the Lower Empire; Igor making it tributary; Sviataslaff glorying, "the Greeks supply me with gold, costly stuffs, rice, fruits and wine; Hungary furnishes cattle and horses; from Russia I draw honey, wax, furs, and men"; Vladimir conquering the Crimea and Livonia, extorting a daughter from the Greek Emperor, as Napoleon did from the German Emperor, blending the military sway of a northern conquerer with the theocratic despotism of the Porphyro-geniti, and becoming at once the master of his subjects on earth, and their protector in heaven.

Yet, in spite of the plausible parallelism suggested by these reminiscences, the policy of the first Ruriks differs fundamentally from that of modern Russia. It was nothing more nor less than the policy of the German barbarians inundating Europe—the history of the modern nations beginning only after the deluge has passed away. The Gothic period of Russia in particular forms but a chapter of the Norman conquests. As the empire of Charlemagne precedes the foundation of modern France, Germany, and Italy, so the empire of the Ruriks precedes the foundation of Poland, Lithuania, the Baltic Settlements, Turkey, and Muscovy itself. The rapid movement of aggrandizement was not the result of deep-laid schemes, but the natural offspring of the primitive organization of Norman conquest—vassalship

without fiefs, or fiefs consisting only in tributes—the necessity of fresh conquests being kept alive by the uninterrupted influx of new Varangian adventurers, panting for glory and plunder. The chiefs, becoming anxious for repose, were compelled by the Faithful Band to move on, and in Russian, as in French Normandy, there arrived the moment when the chiefs despatched on new predatory excursions their uncontrollable and insatiable companions-in-arms with the single view to get rid of them. Warfare and organization of conquest on the part of the first Ruriks differ in no point from those of the Normans in the rest of Europe. If Slavonian tribes were subjected not only by the sword, but also by mutual convention, this singularity is due to the exceptional position of those tribes, placed between a northern and eastern invasion, and embracing the former as a protection from the latter. The same magic charm which attracted other northern barbarians to the Rome of the West attracted the Varangians to the Rome of the East. The very migration of the Russian capital—Rurik fixing it at Novgorod, Oleg removing it to Kiev, and Sviataslaff attempting to establish it in Bulgaria—proves beyond doubt that the invader was only feeling his way, and considered Russia as a mere halting-place from which to wander on in search of an empire in the South. If modern Russia covets the possession of Constantinople to establish her dominion over the world, the Ruriks were, on the contrary, forced by the resistance of Byzantium, under Zimiskes, definitively to establish their dominion in Russia.

It may be objected that victors and vanquished amalgamated more quickly in Russia than in any other conquest of the northern barbarians, that the chiefs soon commingled themselves with the Slavonians—as shown by their marriages and their names. But then, it should be recollected that the Faithful Band, which formed at once their guard and their privy council, remained exclusively composed of Varangians; that Vladimir, who marks the summit, and Yaroslav, who marks the commencing decline of Gothic Russia, were seated on her throne by the arms of the Varangians. If any Slavonian influence is to be acknowledged in this epoch, it is that of Novgorod, a Slavonian

State, the traditions, policy, and tendencies of which were so antagonistic to those of modern Russia that the one could found her existence only on the ruins of the other. Under Yaroslav the supremacy of the Varangians is broken, but simultaneously with it disappears the conquering tendency of the first period, and the decline of Gothic Russia begins. The history of that decline, more still than that of the conquest and formation, proves the exclusively Gothic character of the Empire of the Ruriks.

The incongruous, unwieldy, and precocious Empire heaped together by the Ruriks, like the other empires of similar growth, is broken up into appanages, divided and subdivided among the descendants of the conquerors, dilacerated by feudal wars, rent to pieces by the intervention of foreign peoples. The paramount authority of the Grand Prince vanishes before the rival claims of seventy princes of the blood. The attempt of Andrew of Susdal at recomposing some large limbs of the empire by the removal of the capital from Kiev to Vladimir proves successful only in propagating the decomposition from the South to the centre. Andrew's third successor resigns even the last shadow of supremacy, the title of Grand Prince, and the merely nominal homage still offered him. The appanages to the South and to the West become by turns Lithuanian, Polish, Hungarian, Livonian, Swedish. Kiev itself, the ancient capital, follows destinies of its own, after having dwindled down from a seat of the Grand Princedom to the territory of a city. Thus, the Russia of the Normans completely disappears from the stage, and the few weak reminiscences in which it still outlived itself, dissolve before the terrible apparition of Genghis Khan. the bloody mire of Mongolian slavery, not the rude glory of the Norman epoch, forms the cradle of Muscovy, and modern Russia is but a metamorphosis of Muscovy.

The Tartar yoke lasted from 1237 to 1462—more than two centuries; a yoke not only crushing, but dishonouring and withering the very soul of the people that fell its prey. The Mongol Tartars established a rule of systematic terror, devastation and wholesale massacre forming its institutions. Their numbers being

scanty in proportion to their enormous conquests, they wanted to magnify them by a halo of consternation, and to thin, by wholesale slaughter, the populations which might rise in their rear. In their creations of desert they were, besides, led by the same economical principle which has depopulated the Highlands of Scotland and the Campagna di Roma—the conversion of men into sheep, and of fertile lands and populous abodes into pasturage.

The Tartar yoke had already lasted a hundred years before Muscovy emerged from its obscurity. To entertain discord among the Russian princes, and secure their servile submission, the Mongols had restored the dignity of the Grand Princedom. The strife among the Russian princes for this dignity was, as a modern author has it, “an abject strife—the strife of slaves, whose chief weapon was calumny, and who were always ready to denounce each other to their cruel rulers; wrangling for a degraded throne, whence they could not move but with plundering, parricidal hands—hands filled with gold and stained with gore; which they dared not ascend without grovelling, nor retain but on their knees, prostrate and trembling beneath the scimitar of a Tartar, always ready to roll under his feet those servile crowns, and the heads by which they were worn.” It was in this infamous strife that the Moscow branch won at last the race. In 1328 the crown of the Grand Princedom, wrested from the branch of Tver by dint of denunciation and assassination, was picked up at the feet of Usbeck Khan by Yury, the elder brother of Ivan Kalita. Ivan I. Kalita, and Ivan III., surnamed the Great, personate Muscovy rising by means of the Tartar yoke, and Muscovy getting an independent power by the disappearance of the Tartar rule. The whole policy of Muscovy, from its first entrance into the historical arena, is resumed in the history of these two individuals.

The policy of Ivan Kalita was simply this: to play the abject tool of the Khan, thus to borrow his power, and then to turn it round upon his princely rivals and his own subjects. To attain this end, he had to insinuate himself with the Tartars by dint of cynical adulation, by frequent journeys to the Golden Horde,

by humble prayers for the hand of Mongol princesses, by a display of unbounded zeal for the Khan's interest, by the unscrupulous execution of his orders, by atrocious calumnies against his own kinsfolk, by blending in himself the characters of the Tartar's hangman, sycophant, and slave-in-chief. He perplexed the Khan by continuous revelations of secret plots. Whenever the branch of Tver betrayed a velleité of national independence, he hurried to the Horde to denounce it. Wherever he met with resistance, he introduced the Tartar to trample it down. But it was not sufficient to act a character; to make it acceptable, gold was required. Perpetual bribery of the Khan and his grandees was the only sure foundation upon which to raise his fabric of deception and usurpation. But how was the slave to get the money wherewith to bribe the master? He persuaded the Khan to instal him his tax-gatherer throughout all the Russian appanages. Once invested with this function, he extorted money under false pretences. The wealth accumulated by the dread held out of the Tartar name, he used to corrupt the Tartars themselves. By a bribe he induced the primate to transfer his episcopal seat from Vladimir to Moscow, thus making the latter the capital of the empire, because the religious capital, and coupling the power of the Church with that of his throne. By a bribe he allured the Boyards of the rival princes into treason against their chiefs, and attracted them to himself as their centre. By the joint influence of the Mahometan Tartar, the Greek Church, and the Boyards, he unites the princes holding appanages into a crusade against the most dangerous of them—the prince of Tver; and then having driven his recent allies by bold attempts at usurpation into resistance against himself, into a war for the public good, he draws not the sword but hurries to the Khan. By bribes and delusion again, he seduces him into assassinating his kindred rivals under the most cruel torments. It was the traditional policy of the Tartar to check the Russian princes the one by the other, to feed their dissensions, to cause their forces to equiponderate, and to allow none to consolidate himself. Ivan Kalita converts the Khan into the tool by which he rids himself of his most dangerous competitors, and weighs

down every obstacle to his own usurping march. He does not conquer the appanages, but surreptitiously turns the rights of the Tartar conquest to his exclusive profit. He secures the succession of his son through the same means by which he had raised the Grand Princedom of Muscovy, that strange compound of princedom and serfdom. During his whole reign he swerves not once from the line of policy he had traced to himself; clinging to it with a tenacious firmness, and executing it with methodical boldness. Thus he becomes the founder of the Muscovite power, and characteristically his people call him Kalita—that is, the purse, because it was the purse and not the sword with which he cut his way. The very period of his reign witnesses the sudden growth of the Lithuanian power which dismembers the Russian appanages from the West, while the Tartar squeezes them into one mass from the East. Ivan, while he dared not repulse the one disgrace, seemed anxious to exaggerate the other. He was not to be seduced from following up his ends by the allurements of glory, the pangs of conscience, or the lassitude of humiliation. His whole system may be expressed in a few words: the machiavelism of the usurping slave. His own weakness—his slavery—he turned into the mainspring of his strength.

The policy traced by Ivan I. Kalita is that of his successors; they had only to enlarge the circle of its application. They followed it up laboriously, gradually, inflexibly. From Ivan I. Kalita, we may, therefore, pass at once to Ivan III., surnamed the Great.

At the commencement of his reign (1462-1505) Ivan III. was still a tributary to the Tartars; his authority was still contested by the princes holding appanages; Novgorod, the head of the Russian republics, reigned over the north of Russia; Poland-Lithuania was striving for the conquest of Muscovy; lastly, the Livonian knights were not yet disarmed. At the end of his reign we behold Ivan III. seated on an independent throne, at his side the daughter of the last emperor of Byzantium, at his feet Kasan, and the remnant of the Golden Horde flocking to his court; Novgorod and the other Russian republics enslaved—Lithuania diminished, and its king a tool in Ivan's

hands—the Livonian knights vanquished. Astonished Europe, at the commencement of Ivan's reign, hardly aware of the existence of Muscovy, hemmed in between the Tartar and the Lithuanian, was dazzled by the sudden appearance of an immense empire on its eastern confines, and Sultan Bajazet himself, before whom Europe trembled, heard for the first time the haughty language of the Muscovite. How, then, did Ivan accomplish these high deeds? Was he a hero? The Russian historians themselves show him up a confessed coward.

Let us shortly survey his principal contests, in the sequence in which he undertook and concluded them—his contests with the Tartars, with Novgorod, with the princes holding appanages, and lastly with Lithuania-Poland.

Ivan rescued Muscovy from the Tartar yoke, not by one bold stroke, but by the patient labour of about twenty years. He did not break the yoke, but disengaged himself by stealth. Its overthrow, accordingly, has more the look of the work of nature than the deed of man. When the Tartar monster expired at last, Ivan appeared at its deathbed like a physician, who prognosticated and speculated on death rather than like a warrior who imparted it. The character of every people enlarges with its enfranchisement from a foreign yoke; that of Muscovy in the hands of Ivan seems to diminish. Compare only Spain in its struggles against the Arábs with Muscovy in its struggles against the Tartars.

At the period of Ivan's accession to the throne, the Golden Horde had long since been weakened, internally by fierce feuds, externally by the separation from them of the Nogay Tartars, the eruption of Timour Tamerlane, the rise of the Cossacks, and the hostility of the Crimean Tartars. Muscovy, on the contrary, by steadily pursuing the policy traced by Ivan Kalita, had grown to a mighty mass, crushed, but at the same time compactly united by the Tartar chain. The Khans, as if struck by a charm, had continued to remain instruments of Muscovite aggrandizement and concentration. By calculation they had added to the power of the Greek Church, which, in the hand of the Muscovite grand princes, proved the deadliest weapon against them.

In rising against the Horde, the Muscovite had not to invent but only to imitate the Tartars themselves. But Ivan did not rise. He humbly acknowledged himself a slave of the Golden Horde. By bribing a Tartar woman he seduced the Khan into commanding the withdrawal from Muscovy of the Mongol residents. By similar and imperceptible and surreptitious steps he duped the Khan into successive concessions, all ruinous to his sway. He thus did not conquer, but filch strength. He does not drive, but manœuvre his enemy out of his strongholds. Still continuing to prostrate himself before the Khan's envoys, and to proclaim himself his tributary, he eludes the payment of the tribute under false pretences, employing all the stratagems of a fugitive slave who dare not front his owner, but only steal out of his reach. At last the Mongol awakes from his torpor, and the hour of battle sounds. Ivan, trembling at the mere semblance of an armed encounter, attempts to hide himself behind his own fear, and to disarm the fury of his enemy by withdrawing the object upon which to wreak his vengeance. He is only saved by the intervention of the Crimean Tartars, his allies. Against a second invasion of the Horde, he ostentatiously gathers together such disproportionate forces that the mere rumour of their number parries the attack. At the third invasion, from the midst of 200,000 men, he absconds a disgraced deserter. Reluctantly dragged back, he attempts to haggle for conditions of slavery, and at last, pouring into his army his own servile fear, he involves it in a general and disorderly flight. Muscovy was then anxiously awaiting its irretrievable doom, when it suddenly hears that by an attack on their capital made by the Crimean Khan, the Golden Horde has been forced to withdraw, and has, on its retreat, been destroyed by the Cossacks and Nogay Tartars. Thus defeat was turned into success, and Ivan had overthrown the Golden Horde, not by fighting it himself, but by challenging it through a feigned desire of combat into offensive movements, which exhausted its remnants of vitality and exposed it to the fatal blows of the tribes of its own race whom he had managed to turn into his allies. He caught one Tartar with another Tartar.

As the immense danger he had himself summoned proved unable to betray him into one single trait of manhood, so his miraculous triumph did not infatuate him even for one moment. With cautious circumspection he dared not incorporate Kasan with Muscovy, but made it over to sovereigns belonging to the family of Menghi-Ghirei, his Crimean ally, to hold it, as it were, in trust for Muscovy. With the spoils of the vanquished Tartar, he enchained the victorious Tartar. But if too prudent to assume, with the eye-witnesses of his disgrace, the airs of a conqueror, this impostor did fully understand how the downfall of the Tartar empire must dazzle at a distance—with what halo of glory it would encircle him, and how it would facilitate a magnificent entry among the European Powers. Accordingly he assumed abroad the theatrical attitude of the conqueror, and, indeed, succeeded in hiding under a mask of proud susceptibility and irritable haughtiness the obtrusiveness of the Mongol serf, who still remembered kissing the stirrup of the Khan's meanest envoy. He aped in more subdued tone the voice of his old masters, which terrified his soul. Some standing phrases of modern Russian diplomacy, such as the magnanimity, the wounded dignity of the master, are borrowed from the diplomatic instructions of Ivan III.

After the surrender of Kasan, he set out on a long-planned expedition against Novgorod, the head of the Russian republics. If the overthrow of the Tartar yoke was, in his eyes, the first condition of Muscovite greatness, the overthrow of Russian freedom was the second. As the republic of Viatka had declared itself neutral between Muscovy and the Horde, and the republic of Pskof, with its twelve cities, had shown symptoms of disaffection, Ivan flattered the latter and affected to forget the former, meanwhile concentrating all his forces against Novgorod the Great, with the doom of which he knew the fate of the rest of the Russian republics to be sealed. By the prospect of sharing in this rich booty, he drew after him the princes holding appanages, while he inveigled the boyards by working upon their blind hatred of Novgorodian democracy. Thus he contrived to

march three armies upon Novgorod and to overwhelm it by disproportionate force. But then, in order not to keep his word to the princes, not to forfeit his immutable "Vos non vobis," at the same time apprehensive, lest Novgorod should not yet have become digestible from the want of preparatory treatment, he thought fit to exhibit a sudden moderation; to content himself with a ransom and the acknowledgment of his suzerainty; but into the act of submission of the republic he smuggled some ambiguous words which made him its supreme judge and legislator. Then he fomented the dissensions between the patricians and plebeians raging as well in Novgorod as at Florence. Of some complaints of the plebeians he took occasion to introduce himself again into the city, to have its nobles, whom he knew to be hostile to himself, sent to Moscow loaded with chains, and to break the ancient law of the republic that "none of its citizens should ever be tried or punished out of the limits of its own territory." From that moment he became supreme arbiter. "Never," say the annalists, "never since Rurik had such a event happened; never had the grand princes of Kiev and Vladimir seen the Novgorodians come and submit to them as their judges. Ivan alone could reduce Novgorod to that degree of humiliation." Seven years were employed by Ivan to corrupt the republic by the exercise of his judicial authority. Then, when he found its strength worn out, he thought the moment ripe for declaring himself. To doff his own mask of moderation, he wanted, on the part of Novgorod, a breach of the peace. As he had simulated calm endurance, so he simulated now a sudden burst of passion. Having bribed an envoy of the republic to address him during a public audience with the name of sovereign, he claimed, at once, all the rights of a despot—the self-annihilation of the republic.

(In editing Secret Diplomatic History of the Eighteenth Century, Eleanor Marx brought the discussion of Russian history to an end at this point.

The original text, published in The Free Press, February 25, 1857, continues with a vigorous denunciation of Russian policy.)

As he had foreseen, Novgorod answered his usurpation with an insurrection, with a massacre of the nobles, and the surrender to Lithuania. Then the Muscovite contemporary of Machiavelli complained with the accent and gesture of moral indignation. "It was the Novgorodians who sought him for their sovereign; and when, yielding to their wishes, he had at last assumed that title, they disavowed him, they had the impudence to give him the lie formally in the face of all Russia; they had dared to shed the blood of their compatriots who remained faithful, and to betray heaven and the holy land of Russia, by calling into its limits a foreign religion and domination." As he had, after his first attack on Novgorod, openly allied himself with the plebeians against the patricians, so he now entered into a secret conspiracy with the patricians against the plebeians. He marched the united forces of Muscovy and its feudatories against the republic. On its refusal of unconditional surrender, he recurred to the Tartar reminiscence of vanquishing by consternation. During a whole month he drew straighter and straighter around Novgorod a circle of fire and devastation, holding the sword all the while in suspense, and quietly watching till the republic, torn by factions, had run through all the phases of wild despair, sullen despondency, and resigned impotence. Novgorod was enslaved. So were the other Russian republics. It is curious to see how Ivan caught the very moment of victory to forge weapons against the instruments of that victory. By the union of the domains of the Novgorod clergy with the crown, he secured himself the means of buying off the boyards, henceforth to be played off against the princes, and of endowing the followers of the boyards henceforth to be played off against the boyards. It is still worthy of notice what exquisite pains were always taken by Muscovy as well as by

modern Russia to execute republics. Novgorod and its colonies lead the dance; the republic of the Cossacks follows; Poland closes it. To understand the Russian mastication of Poland, one must study the execution of Novgorod, lasting from 1478 to 1528.

Ivan seemed to have snatched the chain with which the Mongols crushed Muscovy only to bind with it the Russian republics. He seemed to enslave these republics, only to republicanize the Russian princes. During twenty-three years he had recognized their independence, borne with their petulance, and stooped even to their outrages. Now, by the overthrow of the Golden Horde, and by the downfall of the republics, he had grown so strong, and the princes, on the other hand, had grown so weak by the influence which the Muscovite wielded over their boyards, that the mere display of force on the part of Ivan sufficed to decide the contest. Still, at the outset, he did not depart from his method of circumspection. He singled out the prince of Tver, the mightiest of the Russian feudatories, to be the first object of his operations. He began by driving him to the offensive and into an alliance with Lithuania, then denounced him as a traitor, then terrified him into successive concessions destructive of the prince's means of defence, then played upon the false position in which these concessions placed him with respect to his own subjects, and then left this system to work out its consequences. It ended in the abandonment of the contest by the prince of Tver and his flight into Lithuania. Tver united with Muscovy—Ivan pushed forward with terrible vigour in the execution of his long-meditated plan. The other princes underwent their degradation into simple governors almost without resistance. There remained still two brothers of Ivan. The one was persuaded to renounce his appanage; the other, enticed to the court and put off his guard by hypocritical demonstrations of fraternal love, was assassinated.

We have now arrived at Ivan's last great contest—that with Lithuania. Beginning with his accession to the throne, it ended only some years before his death. During thirty years he confined this contest to a war of diplomacy, fomenting and improving the internal dissensions between Lithuania and Poland, drawing over

disaffected Russian feudatories of Lithuania, and paralyzing his foe by stirring up foes against him; Maximilian of Austria, Mathias Corvinus, of Hungary; and above all, Stephen the hospodar of Moldavia, whom he had attached to himself by marriage; lastly, Menghi Ghirei, who proved as powerful a tool against Lithuania as against the Golden Horde. On the death of king Casimir, however, and the accession of the weak Alexander, when the thrones of Lithuania and Poland became temporarily disjoined; when those two countries had crippled each other's forces in mutual strife; when the Polish nobility, lost in its efforts to weaken the royal power on the one head, to degrade the kmetons and citizens of the towns on the other, deserted Lithuania, and suffered it to recede before the simultaneous incursions of Stephen of Moldavia and of Menghi Ghirei; when thus the weakness of Lithuania had become palpable; then Ivan understood the opportunity had ripened for putting out his strength, and that conditions exuberated for a successful explosion on his part. Still he did not go beyond a theatrical demonstration of war—the assemblage of overwhelming forces. As he had completely foreseen, the feigned desire of combat did now suffice to make Lithuania capitulate. He extorted the acknowledgment by treaty of the encroachments surreptitiously made in king Casimir's time, and plagued Alexander at the same time with his alliance and with alliance and with his daughter. The alliance he employed to forbid Alexander the defence against attacks instigated by the father-in-law, and the daughter to kindle a religious war between the intolerant Catholic king and his persecuted subjects of the Greek confession. Amidst this turmoil he ventured at last to draw the sword, and seized the Russian appanages under Lithuanian sway as far as Kiev and Smolensk.

The Greek religion generally proved one of his most powerful means of action. But to lay claim to the inheritance of Byzantium, to hide the stigma of Mongolian serfdom under the mantle of the Porphyrogeniti, to link the upstart throne of Muscovy to the glorious empire of St. Vladimir, to give in his own person a new temporal head to the Greek Church, whom

of all the world should Ivan single out? The Roman Pope. At the Pope's court there dwelt the last princess of Byzantium. From the Pope Ivan embezzled her by taking an oath to apostatize—an oath which he ordered his own primate to release him from.

A simple substitution of names and dates will prove to evidence that between the policy of Ivan III., and that of modern Russia, there exists not similarity, but sameness. Ivan III., on his part, did but perfect the traditionary policy of Muscovy, bequeathed by Ivan I. Kalita. Ivan Kalita, the Mongolian slave, acquired greatness by wielding the power of his greatest foe, the Tartar, against his minor foe, the Russian princes. He could not wield the power of the Tartar but under false pretences. Forced to dissemble before his masters the strength he really gathered, he had to dazzle his fellow-serfs with a power he did not own. To solve his problem he had to elaborate all the *ruses* of the most abject slavery into a system, and to execute that system with the patient labour of the slave. Open force itself could enter as an intrigue only into a system of intrigues, corruption, and underground usurpation. He could not strike before he had poisoned. Singleness of purpose became with him duplicity of action. To encroach by the fraudulent use of a hostile power, to weaken that power by the very act of using it, and to overthrow it at last by the effects produced by its own instrumentality—this policy was inspired to Ivan Kalita by the peculiar character both of the ruling and the serving race. His policy remained still the policy of Ivan III. It is yet the policy of Peter the Great, and of modern Russia, whatever changes of name, seat, and character the hostile power used may have undergone. Peter the Great is indeed the inventor of modern Russian policy, but he became so only by divesting the old Muscovite method of encroachment of its merely local character and its accidental admixtures, by distilling it into an abstract formula, by generalizing its purpose, and exalting its object from the overthrow of certain given limits of power to the aspiration of unlimited power. He metamorphosed Muscovy into modern

Russia by the generalization of its system, not by the mere addition of some provinces.

To resume. It is in the terrible and abject school of Mongolian slavery that Muscovy was nursed and grew up. It gathered strength only by becoming a *virtuoso* in the craft of serfdom. Even when emancipated, Muscovy continued to perform its traditional part of the slave as master. At length Peter the Great coupled the political craft of the Mongol slave with the proud aspiration of the Mongol master, to whom Genghis Khan had, by will, bequeathed his conquest of the earth.

CHAPTER VI

One feature characteristic of the Slavonic race must strike every observer. Almost everywhere it confined itself to an inland country, leaving the sea-borders to non-Slavonic tribes. Finno-Tartaric tribes held the shores of the Black Sea, Lithuanians and Fins those of the Baltic and White Sea. Wherever they touched the sea-board, as in the Adriatic and part of the Baltic, the Slavonians had soon to submit to foreign rule. The Russian people shared this common fate of the Slavonian race. Their home, at the time they first appear in history, was the country about the sources and upper course of the Volga and its tributaries, the Dnieper, Don, and Northern Dwina. Nowhere did their territory touch the sea except at the extremity of the Gulf of Finland. Nor had they before Peter the Great proved able to conquer any maritime outlet beside that of the White Sea, which, during three-fourths of the year, is itself enchained and immovable. The spot where Petersburg now stands had been for a thousand years past contested ground between Fins, Swedes, and Russians. All the remaining extent of coast from Polangen, near Memel, to Torrea, the whole coast of the Black Sea, from Akerman to Redut Kaleh, has been conquered later on. And, as if to witness the anti-maritime peculiarity of the Slavonic race, of all this line of coast, no portion of the Baltic coast has really adopted

Russian nationality. Nor has the Circassian and Mingrelian east coast of the Black Sea. It is only the coast of the White Sea, as far as it was worth cultivating, some portion of the northern coast of the Black Sea, and part of the coast of the Sea of Azof, that have really been peopled with Russian inhabitants, who, however, despite the new circumstances in which they are placed, still refrain from taking to the sea, and obstinately stick to the landlopers' traditions of their ancestors.

From the very outset, Peter the Great broke through all the traditions of the Slavonic race. "It is water that Russia wants." These words he addressed as a rebuke to Prince Cantemir are inscribed on the title-page of his life. The conquest of the Sea of Azof was aimed at in his first war with Turkey, the conquest of the Baltic in his war against Sweden, the conquest of the Black Sea in his second war against the Porte, and the conquest of the Caspian Sea in his fraudulent intervention in Persia. For a system of local encroachment, land was sufficient; for a system of universal aggression, water had become indispensable. It was but by the conversion of Muscovy from a country wholly of land into a sea-bordering empire, that the traditional limits of the Muscovite policy could be superseded and merged into that bold synthesis which, blending the encroaching method of the Mongol slave with the world-conquering tendencies of the Mongol master, forms the life-spring of modern Russian diplomacy.

It has been said that no great nation has ever existed, or been able to exist, in such an inland position as that of the original empire of Peter the Great; that none has ever submitted thus to see its coasts and the mouths of its rivers torn away from it; that Russia could no more leave the mouth of the Neva, the natural outlet for the produce of Northern Russia, in the hands of the Swedes, than the mouths of the Don, Dnieper, and Bug, and the Straits of Kertch, in the hands of nomadic and plundering Tartars; that the Baltic provinces, from their very geographical configuration, are naturally a corollary to whichever nation holds the country behind them; that, in one word, Peter, in this quarter, at least, but took hold of what was

absolutely necessary for the natural development of his country. From this point of view, Peter the Great intended, by his war against Sweden, only rearing a Russian Liverpool, and endowing it with its indispensable strip of coast.

But then, one great fact is slighted over, the *tour de force* by which he transferred the capital of the Empire from the inland centre to the maritime extremity, the characteristic boldness with which he erected the new capital on the first strip of Baltic coast he conquered, almost within gunshot of the frontier, thus deliberately giving his dominions an *eccentric centre*. To transfer the throne of the Czars from Moscow to Petersburg was to place it in a position where it could not be safe, even from insult, until the whole coast from Libau to Tornea was subdued—a work not completed till 1809, by the conquest of Finland. "St. Petersburg is the window from which Russia can overlook Europe," said Algarotti. It was from the first a defiance to the Europeans, an incentive to further conquest to the Russians. The fortifications in our own days of Russian Poland are only a further step in the execution of the same idea. Modlin, Warsaw, Ivangorod, are more than citadels to keep a rebellious country in check. They are the same menace to the west which Petersburg, in its immediate bearing, was a hundred years ago to the north. They are to transform Russia into Panslavonia, as the Baltic provinces were to transform Muscovy into Russia.

Petersburg, the *eccentric centre* of the empire, pointed at once to a periphery still to be drawn.

It is, then, not the mere conquest of the Baltic provinces which separates the policy of Peter the Great from that of his ancestors, but it is the transfer of the capital which reveals the true meaning of his Baltic conquests. Petersburg was not like Muscovy, the centre of a race, but the seat of a government; not the slow work of a people, but the instantaneous creation of a man; not the medium from which the peculiarities of an inland people radiate, but the maritime extremity where they are lost; not the traditionary nucleus of a national development, but the deliberately chosen abode of a cosmopolitan intrigue.

By the transfer of the capital, Peter cut off the natural ligaments which bound up the encroaching system of the old Muscovite Czars with the natural abilities and aspirations of the great Russian race. By planting his capital on the margin of a sea, he put to open defiance the anti-maritime instincts of that race, and degraded it to a mere weight in his political mechanism. Since the 16th century Muscovy had made no important acquisitions but on the side of Siberia, and to the 16th century the dubious conquests made towards the west and the south were only brought about by direct agency on the east. By the transfer of the capital, Peter proclaimed that he, on the contrary, intended working on the east and the immediately neighbouring countries through the agency of the west. If the agency through the east was narrowly circumscribed by the stationary character and the limited relations of Asiatic peoples, the agency through the west became at once illimited and universal from the movable character and the all-sided relations of Western Europe. The transfer of the capital denoted this intended change of agency, which the conquest of the Baltic provinces afforded the means of achieving, by securing at once to Russia the supremacy among the neighbouring Northern States; by putting it into immediate and constant contact with all points of Europe; by laying the basis of a material bond with the maritime Powers, which by this conquest became dependent on Russia for their naval stores; a dependence not existing as long as Muscovy, the country that produced the great bulk of the naval stores, had got no outlets of its own; while Sweden, the Power that held these outlets, had not got the country lying behind them.

If the Muscovite Czars, who worked their encroachments by the agency principally of the Tartar Khans, were obliged to *tartarize* Muscovy, Peter the Great, who resolved upon working through the agency of the west, was obliged to *civilize* Russia. In grasping upon the Baltic provinces, he seized at once the tools necessary for this process. They afforded him not only the diplomatists and the generals, the brains with which to execute his system of political and military action on the west, they yielded him, at the same time, a crop of bureaucrats, school-

masters, and drill-sergeants, who were to drill Russians into that varnish of civilization that adapts them to the technical appliances of the Western peoples, without imbuing them with their ideas.

Neither the Sea of Azof, nor the Black Sea, nor the Caspian Sea, could open to Peter this direct passage to Europe. Besides, during his lifetime still Taganrog, Azof, the Black Sea, with its new-formed Russian fleets, ports, and dockyards, were again abandoned or given up to the Turk. The Persian conquest, too, proved a premature enterprise. Of the four wars which fill the military life of Peter the Great, his first war, that against Turkey, the fruits of which were lost in a second Turkish war, continued in one respect the traditionary struggle with the Tartars. In another respect, it was but the prelude to the war against Sweden, of which the second Turkish war forms an episode and the Persian war an epilogue. Thus the war against Sweden, lasting during twenty-one years, almost absorbs the military life of Peter the Great. Whether we consider its purpose, its results, or its endurance, we may justly call it *the* war of Peter the Great. His whole creation hinges upon the conquest of the Baltic coast.

Now, suppose we were altogether ignorant of the details of his operations, military and diplomatic. The mere fact that the conversion of Muscovy into Russia was brought about by its transformation from a half-Asiatic inland country into the paramount maritime Power of the Baltic, would it not enforce upon us the conclusion that England, the greatest maritime Power of that epoch—a maritime Power lying, too, at the very gates of the Baltic, where, since the middle of the 17th century, she had maintained the attitude of supreme arbiter—that England must have had her hand in this great change, that she must have proved the main prop or the main impediment of the plans of Peter the Great, that during the long protracted and deadly struggle between Sweden and Russia she must have turned the balance, that if we do not find her straining every nerve in order to save the Swede we may be sure of her having employed all the means at her disposal for furthering the Muscovite? And

yet, in what is commonly called history, England does hardly appear on the plan of this grand drama, and is represented as a spectator rather than as an actor. Real history will show that the Khans of the Golden Horde were no more instrumental in realizing the plans of Ivan III. and his predecessors than the rulers of England were in realizing the plans of Peter I. and his successors.

The pamphlets which we have reprinted, written as they were by English contemporaries of Peter the Great, are far from concurring in the common delusions of later historians. They emphatically denounce England as the mightiest tool of Russia. The same position is taken up by the pamphlet of which we shall now give a short analysis, and with which we shall conclude the introduction to the diplomatic revelations. It is entitled, "*Truth is but Truth as it is timed; or, our Ministry's present measures against the Muscovite vindicated*, etc., etc. Humbly dedicated to the House of C. London, 1719."

The former pamphlets we have reprinted, were written at, or shortly after, the time when, to use the words of a modern admirer of Russia, "Peter traversed the Baltic Sea as master at the head of the combined squadrons of all the northern Powers, England included, which gloried in sailing under his orders." In 1719, however, when *Truth is but Truth* was published, the face of affairs seemed altogether changed. Charles XII. was dead, and the English Government now pretended to side with Sweden, and to wage war against Russia. There are other circumstances connected with this anonymous pamphlet which claim particular notice. It purports to be an extract from a relation, which, on his return from Muscovy, in August, 1715, its author, by order of George I., drew up and handed over to Viscount Townshend, then Secretary of State.

"It happens," says he, "to be an advantage that at present I may own to have been the first so happy to foresee, or honest to forewarn our Court here, of the absolute necessity of our then breaking with the Czar,

and shutting him out again of the Baltic." "My relation discovered his aim as to other States, and even to the Empire, to which, although an inland Power, he had offered to annex Livonia as an Electorate, so that he could but be admitted as an elector. It drew attention to the Czar's then contemplated assumption of the title of Autocrator. Being head of the Greek Church he would be owned by the other potentates as head of the Greek Empire. I am not to say how reluctant we would be to acknowledge that title, since we have already made an ambassador treat him with the title of Imperial Majesty, which the Swede has never yet condescended to."

For some time attached to the British Embassy in Muscovy, our author, as he states, was later on "*dismissed the service, because the Czar desired it,*" having made sure that

"I had given our Court such light into his affairs as is contained in this paper; for which I beg leave to appeal to the King, and to vouch the Viscount Townshend, who heard his Majesty give that vindication." "And yet, notwithstanding all this, I have been for these five years past kept soliciting for a very long arrear still due, and whereof I contracted the greatest part in executing a commission for her late Majesty."

The anti-Muscovite attitude, suddenly assumed by the Stanhope Cabinet, our author looks to in rather a sceptic mood.

"I do not pretend to foreclose, by this paper, the Ministry of that applause due to them from the public, when they shall satisfy us as to what the motives were

which made them, till but yesterday, straiten the Swede in everything, although then our ally as much as now; or strengthen, by all the ways they could, the Czar, although under no tie, but barely that of amity with Great Britain. . . . At the minute I write this I learn that the gentleman who brought the Muscovites, not yet three years ago, as a royal navy, not under our protection, on their first appearance in the Baltic, is again authorized by the persons now in power, to give the Czar a second meeting in these seas. For what reason or to what good end?"

The gentleman hinted at is Admiral Norris, whose Baltic campaign against Peter I. seems, indeed, to be the original pattern upon which the recent naval campaigns of Admirals Napier and Dundas were cut out.

The restoration to Sweden of the Baltic provinces is required by the commercial as well as the political interest of Great Britain. Such is the pith of our author's argument:

"Trade is become the very life of our State; and what food is to life, naval stores are to a fleet. The whole trade we drive with all the other nations of the earth, at best, is but lucrative; this, of the north, is indispensably needful, and may not be improperly termed the *sacra embole* of Great Britain, as being its chiefest foreign vent, for the support of all our trade, and our safety at home. As woollen manufactures and minerals are the staple commodities of Great Britain, so are likewise naval stores those of Muscovy, as also of all those very provinces in the Baltic which the Czar has so lately wrested from the crown of Sweden. Since those provinces have been in the Czar's possession, Pernan

is entirely waste. At Revel we have not one British merchant left, and all the trade which was formerly at Narwa is now brought to Petersburg. . . . The Swede could never possibly engross the trade of our subjects, because those seaports in his hands were but so many thoroughfares from whence these commodities were uttered, the places of their produce or manufacture lying behind those ports, in the dominions of the Czar. But, if left to the Czar, these Baltic ports are no more thoroughfares, but peculiar magazines from the inland countries of the Czar's own dominions. Having already Archangel in the White Sea, to leave him but any seaport in the Baltic were to put no less in his hands than the *two keys of the general magazines of all the naval stores of Europe*; it being known that Danes, Swedes, Poles, and Prussians have but single and distinct branches of those commodities in their several dominions. If the Czar should thus engross 'the supply of what we cannot do without,' where then is our fleet? Or indeed, where is the security for all our trade to any part of the earth besides?"

If, then, the interest of British commerce requires to exclude the Czar from the Baltic, the interest of our State ought to be no less a spur to quicken us to that attempt. By the interest of our State I would be understood to mean neither the party measures of a Ministry, nor any foreign motives of a Court, but precisely what is, and ever must be, the immediate concern, either for the safety, ease, dignity, or emolument of the Crown, as well as the common weal of Great Britain. With respect to the Baltic, it has "from the earliest period of our naval power" always been considered a fundamental interest of our State: first, to prevent the rise there of any new maritime Power; and, secondly, to maintain the balance of power between Denmark and Sweden.

“One instance of the wisdom and foresight of our *then truly British statesmen* is the peace at Stalboa, in the year 1617. James the First was the mediator of that treaty, by which the Muscovite was obliged to give up all the provinces which he then was possessed of in the Baltic, and to be barely an inland Power on this side of Europe.”

The same policy of preventing a new maritime Power from starting in the Baltic was acted upon by Sweden and Denmark.

“Who knows not that the Emperor’s attempt to get a seaport in Pomerania weighed no less with the great Gustavus than any other motive for carrying his arms even into the bowels of the house of Austria? What befel, at the times of Charles Gustavus, the crown of Poland itself, who, besides it being in those days by far the mightiest of any of the northern Powers, had then a long stretch of coast on, and some ports in, the Baltic? The Danes, though then in alliance with Poland, would never allow them, even for their assistance against the Swedes, to have a fleet in the Baltic, but destroyed the Polish ships wherever they could meet them.”

As to the maintenance of the balance of power between the established maritime States of the Baltic, the tradition of British policy is no less clear. “When the Swedish power gave us some uneasiness there by threatening to crush Denmark,” the honour of our country was kept up by retrieving the then inequality of the balance of power.

The Commonwealth of England sent in a squadron to the Baltic which brought on the treaty of Roskild (1658), afterwards confirmed at Copenhagen (1660). The fire of straw kindled by

the Danes in the times of King William III. was as speedily quenched by George Rock in the treaty of Copenhagen.

Such was the hereditary British policy.

“It never entered into the mind of the politicians of those times in order to bring the scale again to rights, to find out the happy *expedient of raising a third naval Power* for framing a juster balance in the Baltic. . . . Who has taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honourables of the earth? *Ego autem neminem nomino, quare irasci mihi nemo poterit, nisi qui ante de se noluerit confiteri.* Posterity will be under some difficulty to believe that this could be the *work of any of the persons now in power . . . that we have opened St. Petersburg to the Czar solely at our own expense, and without any risk to him. . . .*”

The safest line of policy would be to return to the treaty of Itolbowa, and to suffer the Muscovite no longer “to nestle in the Baltic.” Yet, it may be said, that in “the present state of affairs” it would be “difficult to retrieve the advantage we have lost by not curbing, when it was more easy, the growth of the Muscovite power.” A middle course may be thought more convenient.

“If we should find it consistent with the welfare of our State that the Muscovite have an inlet into the Baltic, as having, of all the princes of Europe, a country that can be made most beneficial to its prince, by uttering its produce to foreign markets. In this case, it were but reasonable to expect, on the other hand, that in return for our complying so far with his interest, for

the improvement of his country, his Czarish Majesty, on his part, should demand nothing that may tend to the disturbance of another; and, therefore, contenting himself with ships of trade, should demand none of war."

"We should thus preclude his hopes of being ever more than an inland Power," but "obviate every objection of using the Czar worse than any Sovereign Prince may expect. I shall not for this give an instance of a Republic of Genoa, or another in the Baltic itself, of the Duke of Courland; but will assign Poland and Prussia, who, though both now crowned heads, have ever contented themselves with the freedom of an open traffic, without insisting on a fleet. Or the treaty of Falczin, between the Turk and Muscovite, by which Peter was forced not only to restore Asoph, and to part with all his men-of-war in those parts, but also to content himself with the bare freedom of traffic in the Black Sea. Even an inlet in the Baltic for trade is much beyond what he could morally have promised himself not yet so long ago on the issue of his war with Sweden."

If the Czar refuse to agree to such "a healing temperament," we shall have "nothing to regret but the time we lost to exert all the means that Heaven has made us master of, to reduce him to a peace advantageous to Great Britain." War would become inevitable. In that case

"it ought no less to animate our Ministry to pursue their present measures, than fire with indignation the breast of every honest Briton that a Czar of Muscovy, who owes his naval skill to our instructions, and his grandeur to our forbearance, should so soon deny to Great Britain the terms which so few years ago he was fain to take up with from the Sublime Porte."

“’Tis every way our interest to have the Swede restored to those provinces which the Muscovite has wrested from that crown in the Baltic. *Great Britain can no longer hold the balance in that sea,*” since she “*has raised the Muscovite to be a maritime Power there. . . .* Had we performed the articles of our alliance made by King William with the crown of Sweden, that gallant nation would ever have been a bar strong enough against the Czar coming into the Baltic. . . . Time must confirm us, that the Muscovite’s *expulsion from the Baltic* is now the principal end of our Ministry.”

THE LETTERS OF
ELEANOR MARX TO
FREDERICK DEMUTH



The only known photograph of Frederick Demuth (seated on the grass at left), taken c. August, 1908. Courtesy Mr. C. A. Hall.

The Letters of Eleanor Marx to Frederick Demuth

Even while Marx was alive, there were rumors that he had fathered an illegitimate child. Since he was deeply in love with his wife, detested scandal, and was terrified by the thought that his enemies would derive comfort from the knowledge of the child's existence, he did everything he could to conceal his lapse from Victorian morality. He succeeded so well that over a hundred years after the child's birth there were very few people who knew the name of his only surviving son, and there were fewer still who knew what happened to him.

Henry Frederick Demuth was born on June 23, 1851, at 28 Dean Street, London, to Helene Demuth, the twenty-eight year-old maidservant who entered Marx's employ six years before. She was a young woman of considerable beauty, with delicate features, who knew how to dress well and had not lacked for admirers. At one time she had been a servant in the household of Jenny's mother, the Baroness Caroline von Westphalen, and at a time of great need she had been sent to help Marx and his growing family. "Dear faithful Lenchen is the best I can send you," the Baroness wrote, and it was no more than the truth. Helene Demuth, the daughter of Westphalian peasants, became the mainstay of Marx's family, cheerfully supporting them out of her savings when they were in dreadful poverty,

looking after the children, running errands, parlaying with the butcher and the baker, and refusing to be downcast even at the worst of times. *Demuth* means "humility," but she was not always humble. Karl Liebknecht, who frequently visited the small, dark, three-room apartment on Dean Street, described how she sometimes bearded Marx in his rages. "She would go into the lion's den," Liebknecht wrote, "and if he growled, she would give him such a piece of her mind that the lion became as meek as a lamb."

When the bastard son was born, Marx's family consisted of his wife and four children. One child had died the previous year, and a daughter born earlier in the spring was sickly and would die soon. Even if he had wanted to, he was in no position to support the new son by the maidservant. Jenny knew about the birth and was shattered by it. The only possible solution was to give the child out for adoption, or to send it to a foundling hospital. Helene Demuth had practiced all the arts of self-sacrifice while serving the Marx family, and she now performed the supreme act of self-sacrifice by abandoning her son.

We know very little about the early years of Frederick Demuth. On February 18, 1888, we find that he was admitted into the Associated Society of Engineers as a skilled fitter and turner in the King's Cross (London) Branch. He was evidently a highly skilled workman who had gone through a long period of apprenticeship, for he was admitted into what was known as "Section 1," reserved only for the most qualified workmen. Two years later his mother died, and in her will drawn up a few hours before her death in the presence of Engels, Eleanor Marx, and Edward Aveling, she made her son the sole legatee of an estate which amounted to £95. Frederick Demuth is described in her will as "an engineer."

During this period, and for many years afterward, Frederick Demuth was living in a small workman's cottage at 25 Gransden Avenue, Hackney, then and now a working-class district in London. He was a small, neat, somewhat self-effacing man with bright blue eyes and a heavy mustache, very quick in his move-

ments, and it was remembered of him that he always carried a Gladstone bag on his way to work and was unusually well dressed for a workman. He was deeply interested in politics, though he never showed the slightest interest in Communism. Hackney was one of the first London boroughs to elect socialists to the municipal council, and Frederick Demuth was one of the men who worked with the socialist committee.

Engels died of cancer of the throat in the summer of 1895. A week or so before his death Samuel Moore, the translator of *Capital*, came to visit him and asked him whether he knew who Frederick Demuth's father was. On the slate Engels wrote that Marx was the father. Samuel Moore thereupon journeyed to the small town in Kent where Eleanor Marx was staying, and told her what had been written on the slate. A terrible scene ensued, with Eleanor demanding that Engels retract the statement, acknowledge that he was himself the father and exonerate Marx from blame. Samuel Moore returned to Engels' bedside and described his meeting with Eleanor. Once more the chalk moved on the slate. "Freddy is Marx's son," Engels wrote. "Tussy [Eleanor] wants to make an idol of her father."

On August 4, 1895, the day before Engels' death, Eleanor left the village in Kent and journeyed to London, determined at all costs to learn the truth about Frederick Demuth and the father she had idolized. Then once more, for the third time, Engels wrote on the slate that Frederick was the son of Marx. Eleanor was so shattered that she wept on the neck of Louise Freyberger, the last of Engels' many mistresses, a woman whom Eleanor had always detested.

Eleanor, the youngest of Marx's daughters, was a spirited woman and she did exactly what might be expected of her. She sought out her half-brother and established a close, affectionate relationship with him, visiting him in Hackney and sometimes inviting him to the small house she had rented in Sydenham. For many years she had been the mistress of Edward Aveling, the brilliant and diabolical son of a Congregational minister. Aveling was brutally ugly, an inveterate seducer of actresses, a

first-rate scientist, and a fourth-rate poet. Eleanor loved him passionately, and it amused him to leave her whenever he pleased for any actress who had taken his fancy.

The nine letters that follow are all that remains of the correspondence between Eleanor and Frederick Demuth. No letters written by Frederick Demuth survive, yet curiously the character of Eleanor's half-brother shines through the one-sided correspondence. He is the loving companion who can be relied upon in all emergencies, "the good and faithful Freddy" who had inherited his mother's virtues. Eleanor leans on him heavily for advice and spiritual consolation, and he offers it freely. He even lends Aveling money, knowing that he will never see it again.

The letters were written during the last tormented months of Eleanor's life. A month after the last letter was written she was dead by her own hand. Frederick Demuth survived her by thirty years, dying at last in Hackney, which he seems never to have left during the whole course of his life, on January 28, 1929. Marx's only surviving son lived to see the coming of the Russian Revolution. When he died, Stalin was consolidating his power over Russia and in the name of Karl Marx inaugurating a personal tyranny.

The Letters of Eleanor Marx to Frederick Demuth

The Den, 30 August 1897

My dear Freddy,

Naturally not a line this morning! I have dispatched your letter immediately. How can I thank you for all your kindness and friendship? I am really grateful to you from the bottom of my heart. I have written to Edward once more this morning. No doubt it is a weak thing to do, but one cannot wipe out fourteen years of one's life as though they had never been. I believe that anyone who had the least sense of honour—not to speak of goodness and gratitude—would answer this letter. Will he do it? I fear he will not.

Meanwhile I see that M. is playing today in the G—Theatre. If Edward is in London, he will certainly go there in my opinion. But you cannot go there, and I feel myself incapable of going there.

I enclose a letter from C. [Arthur W. Crosse, who was Eleanor's solicitor.], in which he says—but I enclose the letter to spare myself the torment of writing. Please send it back to me. I am writing now to C. to let him know that I am coming, but in the meantime it is possible he will see Edward—in the really improbable event that Edward may appear.

Tomorrow evening the committee of the S— Society will be sitting. I cannot go, and if he is not there I cannot give any reason for his failure. I just must saddle you with all these troubles, but can you go? They start at 8 o'clock and go on till 10 o'clock, so that you could get away by 9.30. You could find out—you could ask—whether he was there. In any case you would then know. If he is there, then you could speak to him about it—he just couldn't run away in front of other people—and wait for him until the meeting is over. Then you might assume he would come here; if you notice that he is simply lying, go with him as far as London Bridge [this was the station for Sydenham]. Then accompanying him and say (you can tell what I am saying in this letter) you have told me you wanted to come, but you could only come late because of your work, and I have already told you I will have a bed ready for you. Then he must either tell you he is not coming and you can then take the opportunity of having a word with him—or he will come. I don't know whether it is very likely, but in any case I hope you will go to * * * and find out whether he is there.

Ever your TUSSY

The Den, 1 September 1897

My dear Freddy,

This morning I received a note by hand: "I have come back. Shall be home early tomorrow morning" (that means today). Then a telegram: "Coming home one thirty definitely."

I was working in my room—because even in all this spiritual misery one has to work—and Edward seemed surprised and highly offended because I did not immediately leap into his arms. He offered no word of excuse, and no explanation. I therefore said—after I had waited to see if he would begin—that we must talk about business affairs, and that I would never forget the treatment I had been subject to. He said nothing in reply. Among other things I said you would come if at all possible—and if you can come tomorrow or any other evening this week

I hope you will. It is only right that he should confront you in my presence and confront me in yours. If you can come, then come tomorrow, and if not, let me know when you can come.

Dear Freddy, how can I ever thank you. I am very, very grateful to you. When I see you, I will tell you what C. said.

Always, dear Freddy,
Your TUSSY

The Den, 2 September 1897

My dear Freddy,

Come if it is at all possible this evening. It is shameful to put this burden on you, but I am so lonely, and I am faced with a fearful situation—extreme ruin—everything to the last farthing—or utter disgrace before the whole world. It is terrible. Worse than I ever imagined. And I need someone to advise me. I know I must make the final decision, and I have undertaken this responsibility—but a little advice and sympathy would be of immeasurable worth to me.

So dear, dear Freddy come. I am broken.
Your TUSSY

The Den, 13 January 1898

My dearest Freddy,

It was a great grief to us that we did not see you, and doubly sorrowful to learn that you were ill. Yes, sometimes I have the same feeling as you, Freddy, that nothing will ever come right for us. I mean you and me. Naturally poor Jenny [Longuet] had her share of trouble and grief, and Laura [Lafargue] has lost her children. But Jenny was glad to die, and it was so sad for the children, but sometimes I think it was all for the best. I would not have wished for Jenny that she should go through the life I have had to go through. I don't think you and I have been particularly bad people—and yet, dear Freddy, it really seems as though we are being punished.

When can you come? Not this Sunday, but the next?—or during the week. I want so much to see you.

Edward is better, but very, very weak.

Your TUSSY

The Den, 3 February, 1898

My dearest Freddy,

I was so glad to learn that you are at least somewhat better. I would very like you, if you are well enough, to come here from Saturday to Monday, or at least on Sunday evening. I know it is brutally selfish of me, but, dear Freddy, you are the only friend with whom I can be completely frank, and so I am always pleased to see you.

I have to deal with such heavy troubles, and all this without any help (for Edward cannot look after himself, and I hardly know what to do). Every day there are bills, and I don't know how to deal with them and with the operation and other things. I am a beast to complain to you about all this—but dear Freddy, you know what it is all about, and I am telling you what I would tell to no one else. I wish I could tell it to dear old Nymmy—but I have not got her, and there is only you. So forgive my egoism, and be so good as to come when you can.

Your TUSSY

Edward has gone to London today. He wants to see a doctor, and there are other matters. He did not want me to go with him. This is sheer cruelty—and there are things which he would not tell me. Dear Freddy, you have your young one. I have nothing—and I see nothing worth living for.

Sydenham, 5 February 1898

My dear Freddy,

I am very sorry you are not coming tomorrow. It is only fair to say that Edward wanted you to come with no thought of

asking you for any money. He wants to see you because he believes he might not see you again after the operation.

Dear Freddy, I know what friendship you feel for me, and how sincerely anxious you are about me. But I don't think you fully understand—I myself am only just beginning to understand. More and more I realize that wrong behavior is simply a moral sickness, and the morally healthy people like yourself are not qualified to judge the condition of the morally sick, just as the physically healthy can scarcely realize the condition of the physically sick.

There are people who lack a certain moral sense, just as many are deaf or short-sighted or in other ways afflicted. And I begin to realize that one is as little justified in blaming them for the one sort of disorder as the other. We must strive to cure them, and if no cure is possible, we must do our best. I have learned to understand this through long suffering—suffering whose details I could not tell even to you—but I have learned it, and so I am endeavouring to bear all these trials as well as I can.

Dear, dear Freddy, don't think I have forgotten what Edward owes you (I mean in money, for what concerns a cherished friendship passes all reckoning), and you will naturally receive your share—about that you have my word. I think Edward will go into hospital the first half of next week. I hope he can go in as soon as possible, for I dread the waiting. I will let you know the definite date, and with all my heart I hope you will soon be well.

Your TUSSY

Sydenham, 7 February 1898

My dear, dear Freddy,

I must confess that I am tormented by the thought that I did not express myself quite clearly. But you have not understood me at all. And I am too deeply immersed in trouble to explain myself. Edward goes to hospital tomorrow, and the operation will

follow on Wednesday. There is a French saying—to understand is to forgive. Much suffering has taught me to understand—and so I do not need to forgive. I can only love.

Dear Freddy, I shall be living as near to the hospital as possible, 135 Gower Street, and will let you know how things go.

Your old TUSSY

The Den, 10 February, 1898

My dear, dear Freddy,

I brought Edward home on Thursday because the doctors thought he would have better prospects of recovery here than in the hospital (and what an awful hospital is it), and they would like him to convalesce in Margate. So all will go well with the One, and the little that remains to me will be used up. You will understand me. Everything must be paid for. And now I must go to him. Dear Freddy, don't blame me. I do not think you will—you are so good and so faithful.

Your TUSSY

6 Ethelbert Crescent, Margate
1 March 1898

My dear, dear Freddy,

Please don't regard my failure to write as negligence. The trouble is that I am depressed, and often I have not the heart to write. I cannot tell you how pleased I am that you do not blame me too severely, for I regard you as one of the greatest and best of the men I have known.

It is a bad time for me. I fear there is little to hope for, and the pain and suffering are great. Why we go on like this I do not understand. I am ready to go and would do so with joy, but as long as he needs help, I have a duty to remain.

So there it is, and the only thing that helps me are the testimonies of affection that come from all sides. I cannot tell you how good people are to me. Why? I really don't know. The

Miners' Union and the Miners' Confederation have sent me a lovely little writing cabinet and a stylograph pen, because I would not accept payment for my services as translator at the International Miners' Conference I am ashamed to take such a present, but I cannot refuse. And it really did please me.

Dear Freddy, how I wish I could talk with you. But I know it cannot be.

Your TUSSY

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