

THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

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WILHELM LIEBKNECHT.

NEVER since the death of Marx has international Social-Democracy suffered so severe a blow as befel it on the 7th of last month, when that veteran soldier of the revolutionary army, Wilhelm Liebknecht, breathed his last. The death of that other leader, Friedrich Engels, keenly felt and lamented at the time, did not touch us all so nearly; for Engels, although he exercised a considerable influence in the movement right up to the time of his death, had lived for many years in retirement, while our friend and comrade Liebknecht was actively engaged in the struggle to the very last. He died in harness. The loss to the German Party is great, but we here are more concerned with the loss to the movement internationally. The German Party has other leaders, but there is no man now living who had the knowledge, experience and grasp of the movement internationally which Liebknecht possessed. This is no reflection on any living member of our party, as the fact is due, like most others, to circumstances. But it is a fact, all the same. With the death of Eleanor Marx international Social-Democracy lost a most valuable centre and connecting link, and all that she was to the movement, that was our grand old warrior Liebknecht, and much more besides.

Above all, we English Social-Democrats have occasion to mourn his loss on account of the knowledge he had of this country, of our difficulties and struggles, and the consequent sympathy he manifested for the movement here. None who were present on that occasion will ever forget the magnificent meeting which was held in St. James's Hall during the time of his last visit to this country in March of last year. Liebknecht was no stranger to this country. For thirteen years he lived here, and his love for England and Englishmen was warm, deep, and sincere. It was his love for this country and her people which made him condemn so strongly

the war in South Africa, which, he saw quite clearly, if our jingo " patriots " did not, could only mean loss and degradation for England.

Three years before that historical meeting in St. James's Hall Liebknecht was in London for the International Congress of 1896, and in that year he made a tour of the country, addressing meetings in a number of the large towns of England and Scotland, renewing old friendships and making many new ones. He returned to Germany to undergo four months' imprisonment for a speech he made at Breslau, not for what he said, but for the interpretation which might be put upon his speech. Late in the following year he actually underwent this scandalous sentence. On November 18, 1897, he wrote to us from Berlin: " In a few minutes I have to go to prison. In four months I shall be free again, on March 18—a day of good augury! Good-bye! My and my wife's love to you, and fraternal greetings to all friends." Now, alas! it is good-bye for ever.

The following brief account of his life is taken from the pamphlet written by Dr. Aveling and issued by the Organising Committee at the time of the 1896 International Congress:—

Liebknecht was born March 29, 1826, at Giessen, of what is commonly called a good family. As far back as the beginning of the eighteenth century an ancestor of his was Professor and Rector of the University of Giessen, and as far back as the middle of the sixteenth century a certain ancestor of his, Martin Luther, was making some stir in the world. At the early age of 16 Wilhelm Liebknecht entered the University of Giessen. Theology, philology, and later, and with much more intensity, philosophy, were his studies. Afterwards he was at the Universities of Marburg and Berlin. He was training for the position of a teacher, and at one time he had some idea of becoming an advocate. But events, in their inexorable way, forced him out of these quiet paths—if, indeed, the path of an advocate is very quiet. The absolute rule of Metternich and the writings of Saint Simon were among the forces that drove him into the revolutionary movement. What would be called an accident was another of the forces. Feeling that, with the conditions then obtaining in Germany there was little chance for him as either teacher or advocate, he made up his mind to go to America. He was actually on his way thither when he met a Zurich teacher, who induced him to come to Zurich. Just after his arrival, the Sonderbund War broke out, and then the February Revolution of 1848 in Paris. The young enthusiast hurried over to Paris, and was just in time to be too late. The Revolution was over. The German poet Herwegh had got into his poetic head a scheme to form a regiment out of the German workers living in Paris, who were to march into Germany and found a Republic. As showing the political foresight of Marx and Engels, as a single instance out of the innumerable instances of that singular political foresight, it should be noted that both Marx and Engels had strongly disapproved of this plan as playing with revolution. However, Liebknecht was young then, and he went in for it. Fortunately for him, illness prevented him from going with the poetic regiment, which was completely routed by

the Württemberg troops at Nieder Offenbach on the Rhine. Herwegh fled to Zürich and Liebknecht followed him there.

The next playing with revolution was Struve's attempt to get together troops in Switzerland, who were also to cross the frontier and found republics. Struve started bravely enough with a flag and a dozen or so of men at Lauffen, on the Swiss Rhine. In three days he had a considerable force. Liebknecht, who had joined him, was sent south across the Oberland to bring up another detachment. On his way, he heard that Struve had been decoyed into the plains by the orthodox soldiers, beaten, and taken prisoner. Liebknecht could easily have made his escape, but he pressed across the Rhine into Germany, and was caught for his pains at Freiburg. For nine months he lay in prison without a trial, whilst the authorities were concocting charges by virtue or by vice of which criminal and not merely political offences were to be laid against him. But a day or two before his trial the orthodox soldiers were found fraternising with the people, and the Grand Duke of Baden had run away. Under these trying circumstances an acquittal at the trial was certain.

Then, instead of wisely getting away, our enthusiast made a hopeless attempt to win over a Württemberg regiment bodily to the side of the people, was as nearly as possible re-arrested, and had to get off to Baden. There the precious Committee, with the equally precious Brentano at its head, was sitting. For the nature and actions of this Committee the reader is referred to Karl Marx's work, just published, on "Germany in 1848." Liebknecht, after a passionate interview with Brentano, made up his mind that this worthy was secretly intriguing with the reaction, and he told Struve and Johann Philip Becker, his elders, of his belief. They, however, did not share it at that time, and in a few days he was arrested again, and his cutlass and pocket-knife taken from him, as the bold Brentano for two whole days affirmed, or swore, perhaps, that these deadly weapons were intended for him. At the expiration of the two whole days, Liebknecht was set free, just in time to take his share in the actual physical fighting in Baden. When our English audiences see and hear this pleasant, genial, benignant old gentleman, they will hardly believe that in 1848 he was bombardier in the battery of Becker. When the "Rebels" were defeated, Liebknecht made his way again into the sanctuary of Switzerland, this time to French Switzerland and Geneva. There he met for the first time Frederick Engels, who in the same warfare had served as an adjutant in Willich's volunteers.

The German Swiss Trade Union movement was at that time moving vigorously. Liebknecht tried to unify the trade unions on the basis of a Socialist programme. It was proposed to hold a conference at Murten or Morat on Lake Morat. This gave the necessary pretext to the authorities, who straightway arrested Liebknecht again. This time they determined to get rid of him thoroughly, so he was carried to the French frontier by the Swiss police, handed over to the French police, escorted by them through France, and seen safely into a ship and packed off to England like a bale of contraband goods. This took place in February, 1850. Arrived in London,

he for the first time made the personal acquaintance of Karl Marx and his family, and was an intimate and daily visitor at the rooms in Dean Street, Soho, nearly opposite the present Royalty Theatre, in which Marx was writing the "Kritik" and "The 18th Brumaire." Afterwards, when times bettered a little, the Marx family moved to Grafton Terrace, Haverstock Hill, and Liebknecht with his belongings lived almost opposite the "Mother Shipton" in that neighbourhood. It is worth noticing, as showing Liebknecht's kindness and self-sacrifice, that on one occasion—an occasion never forgotten by Marx—when Marx's wife was down with small-pox, Liebknecht, although he had a child of his own, took the Marx's children into his house.

In those days Liebknecht was very straitened in his means. What little he possessed had been confiscated, and although he had a little newspaper correspondent work, most of the thirteen years that he lived in England were years of hunger, and all of them were years of sorrow. During that time he joined the celebrated Communist League.

In 1862, on the accession of William III., there was an amnesty for political offenders, and Liebknecht returned to work upon the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. Ostensibly this paper was to attack Napoleon. Its editor, August Brass, wanted Liebknecht to write extreme articles to win over the working classes. As a matter of fact, Brass was really working with and for Bismarck, whose astute object in allowing the Liebknecht articles was to get hold of the working classes and use them against the advanced middle class. When Liebknecht found this out, he at once gave up the position, although it was one that secured him against pecuniary difficulties as long as he held it.

About this time, after considerable hesitation, Liebknecht joined the organisation founded by Lassalle, and known as the Allgemeine Deutsche Arbeiter Verein. Lassalle was then, of course, dead, and von Schweitzer was the leader of the party. He had founded a newspaper, the "Social-Democrat," to which at first Marx, Engels, and Liebknecht contributed. But here also these three writers believed after a time that treachery was again at work, and they all three withdrew from the paper. In the year 1865 Liebknecht was again banished from Berlin and Prussia. He went to Hanover and then to Leipzig. In Leipzig he met Bebel for the first time, and from their meeting and the work done by them and others dates the commencement of the formation of the present immensely powerful German Social-Democratic Party. The trade unions in Saxony were growing greatly in strength, and between them, Bebel and Liebknecht on the one hand, and the Lassallean party on the other, there was conflict. When the war of 1866 between Prussia and Austria broke out, the workers' unions of Saxony, led by Liebknecht and Bebel, declared, most unpatriotically and most socialistically, against Bismarck and Prussia. About this time Liebknecht and his friends managed to get hold of a Leipzig paper, the *Mitteldeutsche Zeitung*, which was promptly suppressed.

In 1866 again, August, a congress was held at Chemnitz between the

Saxony unions and the Lassalleans. This congress accepted a more or less Socialist programme which had been drawn up by Liebknecht. One of the results of the Congress was the formation of the Saxony Volkspartei (People's Party). This Volkspartei had a short life, for the good and sufficient reason that in 1868, at the Eisenach Congress of the anti-Lassalleans, the great Social-Democratic Party of Germany was founded. This at once absorbed the Saxony Volkspartei, and has since absorbed all other sectarian organisations.

In February, 1867, took place the elections for the North German Parliament. Although Liebknecht was a candidate in the 19th Saxony district, embracing the towns of Stollberg, Lugau and Schneeberg, he could not take part in the election owing to the little accident that he was undergoing three months' imprisonment. This particular imprisonment was due to the fact that when, after the Prussian and Austrian war, an amnesty for political offenders was declared, he thought the amnesty covered him, and went to Berlin to arrange certain business matters. Consequence—arrest, and three months' imprisonment. Further consequence—failure at the elections, a failure atoned for in September of the same year, when he was elected. In January, 1868, the organ of the party, *Demokratische Wochenblatt*, was founded, and Liebknecht was made the editor of it at the princely salary of thirty shillings a month. Then followed more strife with the Lassalleans, ending ultimately in the chief of them coming over to the new Social-Democratic Party.

In September, 1869, Liebknecht, who was a member of the "International," was sent as a delegate to the International Congress at Basel. There he had a brave fight for his resolution in favour of the abolition of private property in all the means of production and exchange. His little work on the land question, written about this time, is still of great value on this subject.

The *Demokratische Wochenblatt* became the enlarged *Volkstätt*, appearing three times a week, and Liebknecht was still the editor. Not very long after its starting occurred the Franco-German war of 1870-71. Here Liebknecht, along with Bebel and others, both in the newspapers and in the German Parliament, raised their voices fearlessly against the iniquity of the war on both sides. They pointed out that the workers of France and the workers of Germany had no quarrel, and they protested against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine. Both Liebknecht and Bebel believe to this hour that their arrest, which followed hard upon these their righteous denunciations, was prompted by the King and Bismarck, then at Versailles. Anyhow they were arrested on December 17, 1870, on the charge of preparation for high treason. With them was arrested Hepner, one of their fellow workers on the *Volkstätt*. The arrest and the trial both took place at Leipzig; the trial, however, not until three months after the arrest, *i.e.*, on March 28, 1871. Their sentence was two years, and the three and a-half months that they had been lying under arrest was mercifully counted as part of the two years, but only as equivalent to two months. As Bebel

has written of this trial: "The trial itself, in which Liebknecht appeared as the chief accused, was, as far as the party was concerned, the most splendid means of agitation we could have wished for, and the effect it produced was worth all that we had to undergo."

After his release Liebknecht was the chief instrument in bringing about the Congress of 1875 at Gotha, where the final and complete union between the Lassalleans and the Eisenachers, as the others have been called, took place. From that time forward there was only one party in Germany, the German Socialist Workers' Party, and the *Volkstaat* became the *Vorwärts*, with Liebknecht still its chief editor, although Hasenclever was associated with him. In 1878 Bismarck made his celebrated attempt and his most ignominious failure: the anti-Socialist law. That lasted twelve years, up to 1890. During those twelve years Liebknecht was obliged to live at a little village called Borsoff, separated from his wife and children. What a failure the anti-Socialist law was—how during the time of it and in consequence of it the strength of the party grew by leaps and bounds—all the world knows now. And it is admitted on all hands that one of the greatest causes of that failure, so ignominious and so complete, was Liebknecht. Hear again what Bebel says: "How this attempt (to break up the German Social-Democracy) failed, everyone knows. But that it failed to do this, Liebknecht has contributed to most efficiently."

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

We are indebted to *Vorwärts* for the following:—

In 1872 Liebknecht was brought before the High Court at Leipzig, charged with high treason. The prosecution gave a fancy biography of him, and Liebknecht's defence is really a fragment of autobiography. He apologises for speaking so much about himself; he says that he came from an official family, and was destined for official life. "But when at school I already had become acquainted with Saint Simon's writings, which opened a new world to me. I was not so anxious to make a living as to endeavour to do my duty to the State and to society. I entered the University when I was 16, and studied many subjects. I had given up the idea of entering the Civil Service, but I had some idea of becoming a tutor, and hoped eventually to become a Professor. But I soon found out that if I wanted to go in for that career I should have to sacrifice all my opinions, and so in 1847 I determined to emigrate to the United States. I was setting out for Hamburg, but in the coach I made the acquaintance of a man who made me quite change all my plans, and I determined to go to Switzerland. I got down at the next stage, and went to Zurich instead of Hamburg. Well, the prosecution say that I wrote a tragedy which I could not get acted. I did nothing of the kind, but I do not mind saying that I wrote some verses in my youth—that is one of the weaknesses of youth, but I soon got over it.

“In February, 1848, I heard of the revolution in Paris, and I thought that the people had won. I went there at once, and found that the fighting was over. I then hoped that a Republic might be established in Germany. I do not wish to conceal my opinion from the judges and the jury. Since I have been able to think I have been a Republican, and as a Republican I will die. Owing to illness I was not able to join Herwegh in his attempt on Germany, and I went to Zurich. Then I took part in all the movements of Struve in Baden, and I was taken prisoner. For nine months I was in prison without trial, but was released and afterwards fought in Baden.” After the final defeat Liebknecht went to Switzerland. There he tried to organise trade unions, but was arrested by the Government and put over the French frontier and sent by the French police to England. “In London I became a member of the Communist society, and I then became the friend of Marx; previous to that time I had known only Engels. This society was not one of conspirators, but a propagandist one. It was obliged to be secret, as there was no toleration of unions and societies of this kind in Germany—like the early Christians, we had to meet in secret.” “In London I lived thirteen years working at politics and having a very hard time. In 1862 I went back to Germany and worked with A. Brass, who had been a red republican in 1848, on a newly-founded newspaper, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, which was attacking the empire of Napoleon III. But I did not stay long on the paper, for I found that Herr von Bismarck had a good deal to do with the financing of this organ. Brass tried to keep me and said that I should have full liberty on my part of the paper, that dealing with foreign politics, but I would not stay. And I have always declined to be bought.” “I cannot, of course, positively say that Herr von Bismarck wished to buy me, but I can say that agents of Herr von Bismarck wished to buy me. He does not mind apostates, because he knows that they must work hard for their new master and will be very docile.” Liebknecht then went on to speak of Lassalle and of a new newspaper which he founded. In 1865 he was again banished from Russia, as he was considered dangerous to the public safety. He went to Leipzig and managed to start a paper, which was soon suppressed. “In 1867, thinking that the amnesty included me, I went to Berlin and was arrested and sentenced to three months’ imprisonment. I was told that I could appeal but that I should be kept in prison during the appeal. I declined to do so, and told the judges that I would only appeal to the court of public opinion, and that I have done, since my release, in the press and in the German Parliament.

“Since 1867 you have probably all heard of my actions.

“I have given you these facts about myself with great reluctance, and should not have done so had not the prosecution told a lot of falsehoods concerning me. But I had to defend my honour and the honour of those with whom I have worked. I have kept back nothing. I am what I have always been, and I have held the same opinions ever since I was a lad of 22. I have striven to fight manfully, and I am not an adventurer who only wishes

to make his fortune. I have not thought of personal advantages, and if there was a conflict between principle and interest I have always held fast to my principles.

"I am poor, but I am proud of it, for it is the proof of the purity of my honour. I am not an adventurer, I am not a conspirator, but I am a soldier of the revolution, and am proud of it."

"When I was young I formed two ideals of a free and united Germany and of the emancipation of the proletariat, the freeing of mankind. I have fought for these ideals with all my might, and I will do so as long as there is breath in my body. That is my bounden duty."

LIEBKNECHT'S FIRST SPEECH.

The German papers give Liebknecht's own account of his first speech. "When I was in Switzerland in 1848 at Zurich it was determined by the many German exiles there to found a society of exiles, and after some persuading I agreed to give the inaugural address. It did not trouble me much. The evening before I just noted a few thoughts on paper and then slept the sleep of the just.

"The next day—the day of battle—the first thing I did was to look at my notes, and then it occurred to me that the thing was not so easy as I had imagined. But I was eager for the fray, and had no doubt that I should pull through. I determined to go on, and wrote out the speech. Then I read the mighty work, put a couple of fine thoughts at the end, and a beautiful peroration—and now I was at ease, till midday.

"At dinner I was with friends. They talked about the meeting, about the speech, and all kinds of ideas were developed about which I had not thought. I determined to re-write my speech. I did so, and had just finished when it was time to go to the meeting. Now I first felt the gravity of the situation. Suppose I should be stuck? How ashamed I should be. How foolish I should look. I just said a few words to myself, it went very badly. When we came near the hall I said a few more. Dash it—it went worse. The doors opened.

"I heard many people speak to me who were going to hear me speak. I was led to a seat and the chairman—who had a bald head—was opposite to me. I bowed and smiled mechanically and felt very hot and uncomfortable. I could not help noticing the candelabra and saw what pretty pieces of glass hung from them, and they seemed to go round and round. At last I was called upon to speak. I rose, but everything seemed to be dancing round and round. I began by saying, 'Gentlemen and Citizens,' and then I stopped. But by chance I saw the chairman's bald head. This saved me, the spell was broken, but I had forgotten the speech which I had so carefully prepared, but I felt that I was on my feet. I went on speaking, I do not know how long I spoke or what I said. But I was cheered to the echo and a republican union was founded. I was astonished, however, at the compliments paid me seeing that I had nearly run away. In the same way

a soldier under fire for the first time must often feel frightened, but yet sometimes he rushes at the enemy and gets the Iron Cross.

"Since that time I have always felt much pity for the man who has to make his maiden speech. I mean for those who are not fools. For fools never hesitate, they go straight on and make no mistakes. They are the people who learn their speeches by heart and then fire away. But they will never become good speakers. I have often noticed this and could give many examples.

"The union came to nothing, for the events of 1848 broke it up."

The reader who has to make a speech and feels frightened, even to such an extent that he breaks down, may take courage from Liebknecht's example.

LETTERS FROM LIEBKNECHT TO HIS WIFE DURING HIS JOURNEY TO ITALY
IN FEBRUARY, 1900.

In February of this year Liebknecht was able to do what he had wished to do for many years. A friend invited him and his son to go to Naples and then to make some stay at San Remo. He enjoyed the visit very much, and meditated writing a book on it, but he never had time to do it. We are enabled, by the courtesy of Mme. Liebknecht, to publish the following letters and post-cards which he sent her. These show how he enjoyed with enthusiasm everything beautiful and great in nature, art and life. On one of the last notes are these words: "Italy. Dreams are realities; realities are dreams."

From Milan he wrote :

"My Darling,—We came here in good health, but have had very bad weather, although only for a day. To-day I received your two letters, and also saw the sun of Italy. Yesterday we went to the cathedral and to several other places. . . . I must go out now as the youngsters make me. Greetings from all and a thousand kisses from thy Wilhelm."

On February 17 he writes on a post-card from Rome :

"We are sitting in front of St. Peter's. It is too warm for an overcoat. We are half-dead with looking at all the beautiful things. Professor Soldi is our guide. In an hour's time we are going to Ferri."

On February 18 he says :

"To-day you are going to Grunewald; we have been to the Palatine, we have been in old Rome, and are now sitting in a Roman inn thinking of you and of Germany. We are going to the Capitol. Everything is very beautiful. A thousand kisses."

On February 19 he writes from Rome :

"My Darling,—We are now sitting with Professor Soldi near the Temple of the Sibyl. We have been to see the waterfall and the Cave of Neptune. It is May in February. Everything is green, and the trees are in full bloom. It is wonderfully beautiful. A thousand kisses."

From Naples, on February 22, he wrote as follows :

"My Darling,—We arrived here yesterday at 3.47 p.m., and it is now 1.29 p.m.

"We are with an Italian friend, Signor Croll, who is taking us about. The sky is blue! We have not yet seen Vesuvius. Everybody is very

good to us. The more I see of the Italians, the more I like them. I send you two violets which I gathered near Frascati and Tivoli. I received your dear letter yesterday. It brought good news and made us all sleep well.

"The hotel in which we live is very good; the beds are all right, the food is excellent. Italian cooking is better than its reputation, and in the large hotels it is, of course, international cookery. I am going to send by telegram a birthday greeting to Bebel. A thousand kisses for you and the children."

On the following day, February 23, he wrote from Naples:

"We have just come back from Pompeii; the weather is finer than our May days. On the one side is Vesuvius, on the other side is the sea, snow-covered mountains and the city of the dead. I cannot describe all that we have seen. We all feel as if we were in heaven."

NICE, February 27.—"We arrived here after 25 hours' torture by rail. We have been well received here and are quite well. We shall soon be at San Remo" (where his host lived). "To-day is Tuesday and the end of the Carnival."

Next he sent an illustrated post-card, dated March 2, saying: "As you see, we live here under palm trees, but to-day it was as cold as if we had been in Berlin, and we had to have a fire."

A few days later he wrote: "We have just come from a walk round the town and through the hills near. It is wonderful, and such a cloudless sky. I cannot tell you how beautiful it is here and how heartily people greet us. On Saturday or Sunday we start for San Remo."

From Villafranca he wrote: "We wanted to go to Monte Carlo, where we were going to gamble. I thought that I might win a million; if I had I would send you half. Yesterday we saw the blue tones over mountain, sky and sea which only a painter could paint."

On March 11, writing on an illustrated post-card, he says: "I write you these lines from San Remo. On the card you will see washerwomen of Nice. There, and all along the Riviera, washing is done in the open air and the clothes are put on stones to dry. I am getting home-sick. Nature is so beautiful that I seem to live in a dream, and everybody is so kind."

The next day the "old one" (this is a pet name in Germany for Liebknecht) wrote: "My Darling,—I am feeling lonely and rather melancholy. I send you two violets, which I found growing. Everything seems to grow here in the open air: all kinds of hot-house flowers and cherries, oranges and lemons. Good-bye, one kiss more."

On March 14, he says: "You cannot think how well I feel and how kind everybody is to me."

The last long letter is as follows:—

"My Darling,—It rains, and I am sitting in my room and am looking on palms and cedars. Willy is upstairs and Mr. A. is teaching him how to break the bank at Monte Carlo. We are going to try it on next Tuesday. The rain makes me melancholy, but it does the plants good which have not had a drop for six weeks. Mr. A. is very kind to me and wants to send you a present, but I shall only accept something of trifling value; he wants me to stay longer here, but that is impossible. I shall be at Berlin before the 29th" (his birthday).

Just before his return, he wrote :—

“Yesterday we went to a village which was destroyed by an earthquake in 1887. It is like a modern Pompeii, not a soul lives in the ruin. To-day it is rain, rain, rain. On Sunday I am off; it seems hard to go. I feel like the beggar in the ‘Arabian Nights’ who was a prince for a day. I wish you had been here as my princess. A thousand kisses to you and the children, from thy Wilhelm.”

FUNERAL ADDRESS OF BEBEL.

Liebknecht was buried at Berlin on Sunday, August 12. Orations were delivered over his grave by representatives of all European countries. That by his friend and comrade Auguste Bebel was as follows :—

“We are here because Wilhelm Liebknecht, our great leader, our brave fighter, is no more. It is with a sad heart that we meet here, a sadness which is shared by all workmen of the West. Death has overthrown him as the lightning from a clear sky shatters the sturdy, noble oak. His death was sudden and unexpected. When, on August 7, the news of the death of our dear Liebknecht spread through the world there was everywhere grief and sorrow, but also much doubt. I was among those who doubted. I was in Switzerland, and saw the announcement in the newspapers. The telegram said, ‘Liebknecht is dead.’ ‘Impossible,’ said I to myself. For, had I not read in the newspapers how recently he had made speeches? Did I not know that he was soon coming to beautiful Zurich, and on the very day of his funeral he was to make a speech there in favour of the union of Swiss, German, and Austrian workmen? I thought of all this. And it was not till I saw *Vorwaerts* that I knew that the sad news was only too true. It is, alas, true that the voice is still which has so often spoken in defence of popular rights, and that the pen has fallen from the hand of him who wrote in our defence.

“It is not my object now to say what services were rendered by Liebknecht to German workmen and to the workmen of the whole world. That will be done by others who are better qualified for the task than I am. He was always ready for the fight, and in his seventy-fourth year he was more active than many a young man. His whole life was devoted to the service of mankind; for 58 years he served the working-classes. When a young man of 21 he was working for the proletariat in Switzerland, and when he was 22 he hastened back to Germany, as the Revolution had broken out. Imprisoned, but released, he fought for freedom and the unity of Germany. Then, beaten, he went into exile for 13 years. His activity during the last 37 years we all know. All of us owe him much, especially myself, who have been his friend for the last 35 years, and have fought many a hard battle by his side. I thank thee, my old friend, from the bottom of my heart for the good thou hast done me.

“Whenever there was any fighting to do he was to the fore, whether in Parliament, the press, in unions or in meetings. He was never tired and was always ready to do his best for the cause. The news of his death makes us feel this more. He, who though old and at an age when many retire

from active life, was full of energy and zeal and was struck down by death as by a flash of lightning. He was not only a fighter for the sake of the German proletariat, but he fought for the international proletariat. He was the incarnation, so to speak, of international thought, but that did not prevent him being a good German, in a true democratic sense, though not in the official meaning of the word. All workmen looked up to him and asked him for advice. He never refused to help whenever he could do so. Not only was Liebknecht a great party leader; he was a great man. He was a true friend, a good comrade and a genius. We shall never know a better comrade. He, who, according to our opponents, wanted to destroy honour and family, was the most honourable man, the best father that could ever be found. He was loved by all the proletariat. When four years ago we celebrated his seventieth birthday we saw how he was loved and respected by all. But these last few days have shown how much greater was the love felt towards him. We see around us thousands of tokens of love; there are here hundreds of delegates, not only from Germany, but from the West, who testify their esteem and affection for him. Our opponents, some of whom even now are belittling him, may learn from these tokens his great worth and what an affection the people had for him. The seed he has sown will yield a rich harvest, his name will be inscribed in golden letters in the history of the emancipation of labour. The harvest will be great, the goal for which he strove will be reached by our successors. Farewell, dear and true friend. We will always think of thee and will strive to follow thy example. Rest in peace! We thank thee for thy work!"

LIEBKNECHT'S POLITICAL TESTAMENT.

On July 28 last Liebknecht made a speech at Dresden on foreign politics, and he just finished correcting the proofs before he died. The following extracts give a good idea of this important speech:—

"Great events will soon occur. The future is born of the present. And already in the old world we have glimpses of the new. And instead of the dangerous and disastrous foreign policy of the old world we see glimpses of the new foreign policy, as in the International Textile Congress which was recently held at Berlin. There is a working, a pacific foreign policy. The workmen who come to these congresses have neither stars nor orders, but they have done more for peace than all the diplomatists.

"As long as workmen of different nations are under the control of nationalist capitalists there is a danger of capitalist war. But if once labour is organised internationally then there is no danger. New societies will be formed based on freedom and equality. Noble ideas ennoble men. In a few months we shall have an International Congress in Paris which will be the greatest that the world has ever seen. It will be far different to the Hague Conference, and will not be convened by a semi-Oriental despot. There all the workmen of the world will be represented. There will be a meeting based on freedom, on equality, on brotherhood, whose aim will be

so to organise labour that man may live a life that is worth living, so that all men may share in the advantages which civilisation brings, so that art, science and culture may be for all and not for a few. That is the foreign policy of the proletariat, the foreign policy of international Social-Democracy."

THE LAST ARTICLE WRITTEN BY LIEBKNECHT.

The following is a translation of the last article that Liebknecht ever wrote for *Vorwaerts*. It is only a fragment ; it is called " Fishing in Troubled Waters," and refers to the Junkers (the squires of Prussia) who want to make use of the present situation as they did 22 years ago when they made use of the anti-Socialist laws to get something for themselves. The article begins :—

" In the beginning of 1890 Caprivi suddenly came to the conclusion that the State existed for the benefit of the whole nation and not for the good of a petty clique, and that is why he made commercial treaties with Austria and with Russia. As a punishment for this wicked action of his he was severely punished and buried alive." Then Liebknecht goes on to show how the Junkers managed to make a good thing out of the troubles : " The Junkers want to be rich but they do not want to work ; they want to be kept by the people. They consider that that is their duty. The German people ought to give tithes of all their possessions to the Junkers in order that these may live in idleness." Then he goes on to show how they are always wanting money, and finishes by saying :

" Be on the alert, German people, and spoil the game of these people.

" There is no time to lose."

Thus he wrote in his last article. It is a call to arms which will lead us to battle and to victory. Rally ! " There is no time to lose ! "

JACQUES BONHOMME.
