military position vis-à-vis Germany generally? If you don’t like that topic, do something on France, say, or Russia, or anything else.

I had forgotten to enclose Blind’s ‘pamphlets’. Unfortunately I can’t lay my hands on the most idiotic one, Aufruf an Schleswig-Holstein—yes, here it is at last. In addition I am sending you a speech by that clown Edgar Bauer from the London Neue Zeit.a Keep the things.

Next week I have to pay more than one pound interest at the pawnshop. As it’s impossible for me to draw on the Tribune just now, I’d be grateful if you would send me the pound.

Mind you write and tell me your opinion of Mr E. Bauer’s ‘Philosophy of History’.

Salut. Regards to Lupus.

Your
K. M.

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MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE
IN BERLIN

London, 12 November 1858
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill

Dear Lassalle,

Post tot pericula!b My answer to your last letterc was held up by an infamous toothache. I didn’t answer your letter from Frankfurtd because you gave no address.

Well, d’abord: beatus illec who is not seen through Köster’s eyes but who sees with the eyes of Köster. I and Freiligrath had explained at length to Köster himself that throughout the summer

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a E. Bauer, ‘Vorträge über die Geschichte der Politik...’, Die Neue Zeit, No. 20, 6 November 1858. - b After so many dangers! - c of 22 October 1858 - d This letter is not extant. - e first: Blessed is he (Horace, Epodes, II, 1).
the most severe liver trouble had virtually incapacitated me for work. And as for my 'splendid circumstances', Freiligrath and I had deemed fit to conjure up the brightest of pictures for the benefit of this average German bourgeois, while altogether concealing the darker side, since we both opined that even the best bourgeois of this type could not fail to derive a certain malicious satisfaction from the knowledge of what the fuorusciti's\textsuperscript{a} circumstances were really like. So far Köstel.

As regards the delay in sending off the manuscript,\textsuperscript{b} I was first prevented from doing so by illness, and subsequently had to catch up on the other 'bread and butter' work. But the real reason is this: the material was to hand and all that I was concerned with was the form. But to me the style of everything I wrote seemed tainted with liver trouble. And I have a twofold motive for not allowing this work to be spoiled on medical grounds:

1. It is the product of 15 years of research, i.e. the best years of my life.

2. In it an important view of social relations is scientifically expounded for the first time. Hence I owe it to the Party that the thing shouldn't be disfigured by the kind of heavy, wooden style proper to a disordered liver.

My aim is not to produce an elegant exposé, but only to write as I usually do, which, during these months of sickness, was impossible—at least on this subject, although over the same period I was compelled to write, and hence did write, the equivalent of at least 2 printed volumes of English leading articles \textit{de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis}.

I believe that even if someone less intelligent than you were to acquaint Mr Duncker with this state of affairs, he could not but sanction a mode of conduct which, so far as he as a publisher was concerned, merely signified the endeavour to give him the best value for his money.

I shall have finished about 4 weeks from now, having only just begun the actual writing.

There is a further circumstance which, however, you should not put to him until the arrival of the manuscript. The first section, 'Capital in General', is likely to run to 2 instalments since I have discovered while elaborating it that here, at the very juncture where the most abstract aspect of political economy is to be discussed, undue brevity would render the thing indigestible to the public. But on the other hand this second instalment must come

\textsuperscript{a} refugees' \textsuperscript{b} K. Marx, \textit{A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy}. \textsuperscript{c} about everything under the sun and more
out at the same time as the first. This is demanded by their intrinsic coherence, and the whole effect depends upon it.

Apropos. In your letter from Frankfurt you said nothing about your economic work. As far as our rivalry is concerned, I don't believe that the German public suffers from an embarras de richesses in this field. In fact economics as a science in the German sense of the word has yet to be tackled and to that end not just the two of us but a dozen will be needed. I hope, at any rate, that my work will result in drawing a number of better brains into the same field of research.

I should be infinitely obliged to you if you could write to me from time to time about conditions in Prussia and send me the relevant newspaper clippings.

My wife sends her regards and says she is afraid Köster is as mistaken about 'her beauty' as he is about her husband's health.

Freiligrath likewise sends his regards. He is completely immersed in his profession of banker. Hence you should not hold his silence against him.

Salut.

Your
K. M.


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MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 24 November 1858

Dear Frederick,

Yesterday I wrote about Prussia. So for Friday you have all the rest of the world at your disposal.

Have received the £1. The 'particular' pickle in which I find myself at the moment arises from the fact that I was compelled to pay out all at once more than £8 to the newspaper man, who had

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a 'Affairs in Prussia'
been giving me credit for over a year. I'm stone broke, which in
this weather is not comfortable. In Trier, my sister\textsuperscript{a} would now
seem to have frustrated my mother's perfectly rational inten-
tions, or at least to have postponed their realisation sine die.

Blind was here the day before yesterday with wife.\textsuperscript{b} It was over a
year since I had seen this family. From them I learnt sundry pieces
of gossip.

1. Mrs Kinkel threw herself out of the window a week ago last
Monday and has since been buried. Gottfried,\textsuperscript{c} with a sublimity all
his own, attended the post-mortem and delivered an 'oration' at
the graveside. Freiligrath is so moved that he'll shun me, as a
'frivolous' man, for a fortnight at least.

2. Fröbel is over here. Has married a rich wife. Is returning to
America. According to him Russia and America must share the
world between them, a point of view that makes him feel very
superior. He enthuses over American 'luxury' and gentleman-
likeliness, despises the Germans and gives practical proof of this by
engaging in the German slave trade to Central America. It's really
too comical that, because deeply impressed by bourgeois society in
its American reality, this son of Rudolstadt should believe himself
more 'advanced' than the 'rest of Europe'. Once they have found their
bread and cheese, all these scoundrels require is some blasé pretext to
bid farewell to the struggle.

3. Asinine Ruge, in a piece for Prutz, has proved that
'Shakespeare was not a dramatic poet' because he 'had no
philosophical system', whereas Schiller, being a Kantian, is a truly
'dramatic poet'.\textsuperscript{d} Prutz then wrote a 'vindication of Shakespeare'.\textsuperscript{e}
In addition, Ruge described Moleschott in the American papers as
'a silly ass', whereupon Heinzen sacked him from the Pionier.
However, the old bounder is now finding a place for his inanities
in Börnstein's Anzeiger des Westens.

4. The foolish Ewerbeck returned to Paris two years ago,
corresponds regularly with Blind. Had let himself be inveigled by
Ribbentrop into marrying Ribbentrop's maid, only to discover that
the former was tumbling the latter, after which came divorce,
lawsuit, etc. He was assistant in a Paris library, and was sacked by
the priests. Writes to say he only has 1,200 frs left, threatens to
come to England having read in the Univers, etc., that 'socialism
and atheism' are flourishing in the latter country.

\textsuperscript{a} Emilie Marx \textsuperscript{b} Friederike Blind \textsuperscript{c} Gottfried Kinkel \textsuperscript{d} A. Ruge, 'Idealismus
und Realismus im Reich des Ideals', Deutsches Museum, Nos. 14, 15, 19, 1 and 8 April, 6
May 1858. \textsuperscript{e} R. E. Prutz, 'Literaturgeschichte', Deutsches Museum, No. 24, 10 June
1858.
5. Dr Freund is said to be so down on his luck that he has allegedly approached people in the street for a shilling.

6. Loutish Landolphe has reappeared in England as a beggar and through Blind's intervention, has been engaged by Dr Bronner at a German school in Bradford.

Salut.

Your
K. M.


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MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 29 November 1858

Dear Frederick,

Article received. Very good. Quoad Bonaparte, I have lately dealt with two separate points—the sham provocation of England in the Portuguese affair and how the fellow is generally avenging Waterloo only in so far as he can do so by sham demonstrations within the 'limits of the English alliance' and hence, in fact, with the permission of the English government, although he is, in reality, England's underling. Secondly, his edict re the corn-granaries, by which this 'socialist' proposes to remedy the ruinously low prices of corn—dangerously low, in view of the grumbles of the peasantry—by creating an artificial demand at the bakers' expense. Generally, a very dangerous experiment this, to raise the price of corn through government ukases. Increasing the cost of bread will do more harm to his popularity in the towns than it can do good in the country.

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a F. Engels, 'Europe in 1858'. b As regards Napoleon III's decree on grain reserves of 16 November 1858, Le Moniteur universel, No. 322, 18 November 1858. c K. Marx, 'Project for the Regulation of the Price of Bread in France'.

I have not written about the general rising of the bourgeoisie in Europe but did, of course, allude to it in what I wrote about Prussia. I have dealt with the Russian peasant movement about twice in 6 months, the second time simply to show that on the first occasion my diagnosis was correct.

As regards the reform movement in England, all I have discussed latterly is Bright's meeting in Birmingham, the gist of the article being that his programme is a reduction of the People's Charter to the middle class standard. Earlier on, about 8-12 weeks ago (I think Parliament was actually still sitting), a piece to the effect that Whiggism must dissolve and coalesce with Toryism into the party of the aristocracy. That is all.

My wife is copying the manuscript and it's hardly likely to go off before the end of this month. The reasons for the delay: long intervals of physical indisposition which, with the cold weather, has now come to an end. Too much domestic and financial trouble. Finally, the first section is now longer because the two initial chapters, of which the first, The Commodity, did not appear at all in the rough draft while the second, Money, or Simple Circulation, was only sketched in the briefest outline, have been written at greater length than I originally planned.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

Mr Edgar Bauer is now the real, and Mr Lout and Weitlingian Scherzer the nominal, editor of the London Neue Zeit. Mr Edgar, of course, has a great deal to say on the subject of Mr Edgar and his lectures to the working men, for he himself writes about everything concerning Mr Edgar. This clown deems it necessary to take a revolutionary turn. He presided at the Robert Blum ceremony. In an essay in the last issue the clown makes the discovery that 'imperialism' has now been introduced into Prussia.

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a K. Marx, 'Political Parties in England.—The Situation in Europe', 'The Question of the Abolition of Serfdom in Russia'. 

b A reference to J. Bright's speech at a meeting of Birmingham constituents on 27 October 1858 (the meeting was reported in The Times, No. 23136, 28 October 1858).

c Marx expressed this idea in his article 'Political Parties in England.—The Situation in Europe'.

d K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.

e E. Bauer, 'Vorträge über die Geschichte der Politik...', Die Neue Zeit, No. 20, 6 November 1858.
in constitutional form. This same issue is not uninteresting by reason of an article from Struve's *Sociale Republik* which was, however, written over here by a certain Feibel and in which Freiligrath, on the occasion of the publication of his poems in America, had himself extolled as the true hero of the proletarian party.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 11 December 1858

Dear Engels,

Can you let me have an account of Bright's meeting by Tuesday, so worded as to make it clear that the writer was at Manchester?

Herewith Kinkeliana. Freiligrath seems to think that, because the Kinkel woman has broken her neck, her husband has become a great man, or at very least a noble one. So melodramatically did Kinkel organise the funeral—with 'trembling hand' and 'laurel wreath', etc.—that Freiligrath, who could not wring from his lyre a single note of sorrow for the 'tragic' events, either in his own party (as at Daniels' death) or in the world generally (Cayenne, Orsini and so forth), suddenly goes and hymns the wretched humbug.

From *The Daily Telegraph* cutting you will see how the coterie is exploiting the death of the nasty, 'acrimonious shrew' (for such was the affected, speciously clever, essentially coarse personage whose meanness was glaringly displayed in, e.g., her ingratitude to Strodtmann and to Mrs von Brüningk once she had squeezed the latter dry, etc.) in just the same way as the creature herself exploited 'Kinkel's hat, shot through and through', and wrote to Germany from London: *'Have you an idea what it is to be looked upon as a sort of mother to all emigrants?'* That was what

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a E. Bauer, 'Preußens constitutioneller Imperialismus', *Die Neue Zeit*, No. 22, 27 November 1858.

b [G. Struve,] 'Bildung macht frei!', *Die Neue Zeit*, No. 22, 27 November 1858.
the creature wrote at a time when she and Gottfried, as a sort of beggar, were knocking at the doors of all the Jews in the City.

And there's something else I don't like in the palliative letter Freiligrath wrote me. I am expected to regard his opposition to the general craze for amnesty, i.e., in fact, to Rudolf Schramm's idiosyncrasy, as something revolutionary. But a few weeks ago our Freiligrath got himself naturalised English and would be a fool indeed were he to yearn nostalgically for the post of a badly paid clerk in Germany so long as those nice Crédits mobiliers last. Very vividly do I remember Mrs Freiligrath—at a time when people were already drivelling about amnesty but the General Bank of Switzerland had as yet no place in the Royal Exchange Buildings—most earnestly seeking to persuade me not to raise any objection to the acceptance of amnesty.

All these people sense that there is something moving again. And, of course, are pushing their way onto the stage bearing banners of liberty.

Keep the enclosed poem and letter.

In this house things look more dreary and desolate than ever. Since my wife cannot even arrange Christmas festivities for the children—instead, she is beset on all sides by dunning letters, on top of which she is having to copy my manuscript and, in between whiles, to run errands to the pawnshop in town—the atmosphere is gloomy in the extreme. Moreover, my wife is quite right when she says that, after all the misère she has had to go through, the revolution will only make things worse and afford her the gratification of seeing all the humbugs from here once again celebrating their victories over there. Women are like that. And the womanish behaviour of Freiligrath, etc., and other acquaintances justly embitters her. À la guerre comme à la guerre, she says. But there is no guerre. It's day-to-day routine.

Salut.

Your
K. M.


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a A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy - b One must take the rough with the smooth (literally: that's how it is in wartime).
MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

London, 16 December 1858

Dear Engels,

My best thanks. How welcome the money was you will see from the enclosed letter, which arrived at the same time. It is my belief that Schapper and I and 100 others know better what it is to 'fight' in London than do the 'scattered remnants' beside the old harridan's grave. The Heckscher story calls for further investigation. Nice of Freiligrath to give the signal for a Kinkel revival in Germany. For Lupus' amusement I enclose some of my Berlin gossip articles which I have cut out of the Tribune; also your article on Montalembert, which Dana included under 'Paris', so that in that particular issue of the Tribune we represent the whole of Europe at once.

Salut.

Your
K. M.

News will soon reach Lupus that the manuscript has gone off, but I'll be blowed if anyone else in similar circumstances and with as rotten a liver could have got it done as soon.


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Published in English for the first time

MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 17 December [1858]

DEAR Frederick,

£2 received with thanks.

I knew about Blind’s confection (just the kind of thing, as he told me himself, that Hecker used to do), although I wasn’t, of course, aware of some of the nicer details. D’abord, this Telegraph Morning Express is edited by several English Seilers, and all its telegraphic despatches, or at any rate the better part of them, are reprinted from London morning papers. I can vouch for the fact that Blind smuggled a bogus ‘TELEG. DESPATCH’ (dated Brussels) into The Morning Advertiser. This was, of course, instantly appropriated by the Telegraph Morning Express. Secondly, Dr Bronner is not merely an but the agent of Blind, [he] having ‘no other’ to send. I also believe it was he himself who ‘decreed’ that [the missive] be sent to Lupus, since Bronner never does anything [without] official sanction. In today’s Daily Telegraph also, you will find in the letter from Berlin: *‘Similar petitions have been presented to the (Holstein) Diet by the German merchants resident at Bradford and Liverpool.’* The industry of these little Baden fleas hatched in the democratic midden is touching. Even the Ancients indulged in sundry edifying reflections on the subject of flea jumps.

I’ve had a satisfying experience with the Tribune. For months that rotten sheet had published as leaders all my articles on China (a complete history of Anglo-Chinese trade, etc.) and had even been complimented on them. But when the official text of the Anglo-Chinese treaty was finally released, I wrote an article in which I said inter alia that the Chinese ‘would now legalise the import of opium, likewise put an import duty on opium and, lastly, might even permit the cultivation of opium actually in China’, and thus the ‘second opium war’ would sooner or later deal a deadly blow to the English opium trade, and notably to the Indian exchequer. Well! Mr Dana printed this article as being from an occasional correspondent in London, and himself wrote a bombastic leader...
refuting his ‘OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.’a Now, [the day before yester-
day]b (on Monday, rather), my predictions were confirmed word for word in the HOUSE OF COMMONS by Fitzgerald and Stanley in the
name of the Ministry.347 So on Tuesday, qua ‘OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT’
I wrote a somewhat mocking though, of course, restrained piece about
my ‘castigator’.348

Apropos. My brother-in-law, c a tall and tedious if worthy
Dutchman, is coming up to Manchester on business. And notably
to ascertain the solvency of certain individuals. Send me your
private address, as he wishes to contact you. But avoid any allusion
to my PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

Little by little philistine Freiligrath is coughing up sundry things
about Gottfried.d 1. that Gottfried is sending Gerstenberg to see
various MERCHANTS in the City, suggesting they subscribe to the
Hermann. After all, says he, the poor man has got to ‘live’ and
make up for the ‘loss’ incurred through the death of his wife.
2. He tells me that Gottfried, immediately after the Mockel woman’s
death, approached him and asked whether (and how big) a deal
might be done with Cotta over her literary estate. ‘After all’, says
Gottfried, ‘I enjoy the favour of the public.’

It could be that Blind himself is again hoodwinking The Morning
Advertiser and getting friend Schütz to send bogus telegraphic
despatches from Brussels.

Cluss has married someone he met at Dr Wiss’s in Baltimore.

Apropos, on the strength of Blind’s recommendation, Bronner
has found Landolphe the gree e a schoolmaster’s post in Bradford.

Mr Liebknecht has introduced Edgar Bauer into the Workers’
Society.50 I WATCH HIM.

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Vol. XXII, Moscow, 1929

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a ‘Our London correspondent suggests...’, New-York Daily Tribune, No. 5455, 15
October 1858 - b ‘the day before yesterday’ is deleted. - c Johann Carl Juta -
d Kinkel - e swindler
Dear Engels,

Yesterday I wrote about Buchanan's message — reviewed the English papers' criticism thereof. I should be very glad if you could let me have an article by Friday on, say, Campbell's latest campaign, or anything else. Since the manuscript must go off to Duncker before the end of this year there is, quite literally, no time to lose.

Salut.

Your
K. M.

A Happy New Year!
Ditto to Lupus.
How with Servia?
Salut.

K. Marx

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a J. Buchanan, "The President's Message to the XXXVth Congress", The Times, No. 23181, 20 December 1858. The paper reviewed the 'Message' in the same issue, in a leader beginning with the words, 'There is nothing in the Message of President Buchanan...'.
b K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.
198. Marx to Engels. 30 December 1858 365

MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 30 December 1858

DEAR Frederick,

Of Colonel Hodges it has been observed—and this puts the seal on Pam's participation in the Serbian affair—that he was a sort of Palmerstonian Bangya.

I shall for a time again be writing articles on economics for the Tribune and also on Prussia, so all the rest of the world is at your disposal. In addition, yesterday I wrote about Ireland and the conspiracies there and the government's dodge. Whenever I deal with a theme other than the two mentioned above I shall always advise you.

Will you be so good as to send me Lupus' private address.

Salut, and for the 2nd time, this time seasonably, a Happy New Year.

Your

K. M.


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Published in English for the first time

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a This probably refers to Marx's articles 'Project for the Regulation of the Price of Bread in France' and 'Affairs in Prussia' (three instalments).

b 'The Excitement in Ireland'
Dear Engels,

Will you be so good as to send me Lupus' address.

If you have done with Serbia, there is fresh material ready to hand in the (proposed) changes in the Landwehr in Prussia, on which I shall have to report. Today's *Times* contains a detailed account dated Vienna of the latest brughaha in Serbia.

While Mr Edgar Bauer is editor under the auspices of Scherzer and is even adopting 'class contradictions' and giving them a Berlin twist, Mr Gottfried Kinkel, who can't afford to let slip the opportunity presented by the Kinkel revival, is bringing out a weekly in London, to wit, the *Hermann* (not the Cheruscan, I presume, but Goethe's simpleton). Freiligrath, or so it seems from a brief note he sent me, is already repentant of the blunder he committed. If you write, tell him (but most politely, of course, for he complains about the crude, brash tone of your letters) that in Manchester there is much talk among the Germans about his alliance with Kinkel; you might also slip in Heckscher's anecdote, quoting your source. At this particular time it is of moment to us that Freiligrath should break with these swine for good.

Apropos, Willich is now editing the gymnasts' paper in Cincinnati. Was 'selected' as editor there. He accepted the appointment (doubtless obtained for him by Cluss so as to rid himself of the man) in a superb circular letter in which he says

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*a 1858 in the original - b 'The Revolution in Servia', The Times, No. 23196, 6 January 1859. - c Die Neue Zeit - d See this volume, pp. 359-60. - e Die Turn-Zeitung*
that the time has come for him to take charge of propaganda since the people are not in need of military leaders just now.

Salut.

Your
K. M.


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MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 8 January 1859

Dear Frederick,

Herewith letter from Freiligrath. (I had written him something about the Kinkel affair.) Prospectus for the Hermann. Mr Willich's letter.

Salut.

Your
K. M.

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MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London, between 13 and 15 January 1859]

Dear Engels,

If possible, let me have an article by Tuesday (I would then do next Friday's\(^a\)); this is crucial, as I'd like to be able to send Duncker

\(^a\) On Tuesdays and Fridays Marx sent articles to New York.
my manuscript\(^a\) by Wednesday, which would be impossible unless I have Tuesday free.

The manuscript amounts to about 12 sheets of print (3 instalments) and—don't be bowled over by this—although entitled *Capital in General*, these instalments contain nothing as yet on the subject of capital, but only the two chapters: 1. *The Commodity*, 2. *Money or Simple Circulation*. As you can see, the part that was worked out in detail (in May, when I was staying with you\(^{318}\)) is not to appear at all yet.\(^{355}\) This is good on two counts. If the thing is a success, the third chapter on capital can follow very soon. Secondly, since the matter in the published part will, by its very nature, prevent the curs from confining their criticism solely to tendentious vituperation, and since the whole thing has an exceedingly serious and scientific air, the canaille will later on be compelled to take my views on capital rather seriously. Besides, I believe that, all practical considerations apart, the chapter on money will be of interest to experts.

I have had to alter your article on Bonaparte-Italy\(^b\) somewhat, having myself written about the same subject on Tuesday.\(^c\) Among the agencies which are egging Bonaparte on you forget Russia. Pam did not visit Paris for nothing, nor were the Russian *M@oves in Italy* without significance, nor yet Russia's coquetry with Bonaparte since the Peace of Paris.\(^{356}\) If Russia does no more than compel the Austrians, through Bonaparte, to sack their minister Buol and replace him with a Pan-Slav Russian agent, she will have achieved a great deal.

As Berlin correspondent I have promised an article on the Prussian army which you might do one of these days.\(^{351}\)

*In the American press Ruge is emerging as the fanatical champion of the Prince of Prussia*. Schramm\(^d\) has been given permission to return to Prussia (the warrant against him having been withdrawn) and to appear before a new jury without undergoing preventive detention.

Your

K. M.

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MARX TO ENGELES

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 21 January [1859]

Dear Engels,

The ill-fated manuscript\(^a\) is ready but can't be sent off as I haven't a farthing for postage or insurance. This last is essential since I have no copy of it. Hence I must ask you to let me have a little money by Monday (Post office in Tottenham Court Road Corner). If you could send £2 it would be most welcome as I have put off paying various small tradesmen until Monday, after which any further postponements will be absolutely out of the question. As you can imagine, it is far from pleasant for me to burden you again just now when you have paid, or have got to pay, Freiligrath's bill. But iron necessity. Next week—as I am giving myself a week's holiday quoad the next part of the manuscript—I shall see if I can't manage to pull off some financial coup or other. I don't suppose anyone has ever written about 'money' when so short of the stuff. Most autores on this subject have been on terms of the utmost amity with the subject of their researches.

Should the thing prove a success in Berlin, there's a chance that I might get out of all this mess. It's high time I did.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

If the thing proves a success in Berlin, it might be possible to strike a bargain with a London publisher in respect of an English translation, and there's no comparison between what one is paid over here and in Berlin. Besides, such an event would dreadfully annoy our worthy enemies. The canaille believed that we were both of us done for—the more so just now when Mr Clown 'Edgar Bauer' has 'supplanted' us 'in the eyes of working-men', as Gottfried Kinkel is telling all and sundry in the City. With every word they publish, the canaille are making out their own death warrants and well may they wonder what 'sort of life' we have preserved.

\(^a\) K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. - \(^b\) as regards
I'm uncertain whether I should mark the thing 'THE AUTHOR RESERVES TO HIMSELF THE RIGHT OF TRANSATION'. (As you know, there's a copyright agreement between Prussia and England.) My aversion to all humbug and semblance of vanity or pretentiousness says 'No'. On the other hand my own interests say 'Yes'. The more so since some scrawl about monetary matters is published almost weekly in England. **WHAT DO YOU THINK, SIR?** This point requires an immediate answer since I myself must decide by Monday.

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**ENGELS TO FERDINAND FREILIGRATH**

**IN LONDON**

[Draft]

Manchester, 25 January 1859

Dear Freiligrath,

The bloody boy who was to have got the Post Office Order yesterday idled away the time instead, which is why the 22/- will only arrive today. Many thanks for your trouble and for the outlay.

As to the *Neueste Rheinische Zeitung*, due provision has been made, never fear. We have in the meanwhile learnt a great deal and forgotten nothing, and that's more than the others can say. Of this you could find no better illustration than the *Hermann* (clearly a misprint for *Gottfried*), otherwise the title's meaningless), which you recently described as the *Rheinische Zeitung's* John the Baptist. It's a long time since I've read rubbish as insipid, namby-pamby, tail-wagging, lavish of compliments, conciliatory, propitiatory and atrociously written as is found in this, the latest product of the pseudo-noble sometime *Maikäfer* which, to judge by its style and content, is aimed solely at and tailored to the tastes of the Camberwell philistines and the German ditto in the City. The man has even forgotten what little he managed to pick up in 1848 and has become a real bourgeois windbag. Now, since it was you who brought up the topic of this cheery customer,

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* An allusion to Gottfried Kinkel's weekly *Hermann.*
presently touting round his 'grief', I will not conceal from you the
fact that I have recently been asked by various philistines how it is
that you have formed such a bond of friendship with Monsieur
Kinkel. Though an exaggeration, this placed me, as you can
imagine, in something of a quandary. Needless to say, I attributed
it largely to the malicious exaggeration with which Kinkel and
clique had seized on what was a mere encounter with you and
blazoned it in all the papers as an offensive and defensive
alliance—directed against us—and this I roundly denied. As for
your social intercourse with the worthy citizen, all I could do was
crack bad jokes, such as that, since poets live in a world apart,
Kinkel could only pass himself off as a poet by citing his
intercourse with you, etc. Suffice it to say that, although a poor
diplomat, I succeeded well enough in defending the party's
position. Moreover, it eventually transpired that one of the Jewish
females who patronised the gentle Gottfried when he was last up
here, had said: ‘Ah, just let Kinkel, the naughty man, visit
Manchester again—he seduced a girl of good family in London
and keeps her as his mistress, and that's the reason why his
wife....’

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Works, First Russian Edition, Vol. XXV,
Moscow, 1934

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London, 26 January 1859]

Dear Frederick,

The £2 safely received; the manuscript\(^b\) gone off; wrote
economical review for the Tribune yesterday.

More tomorrow, and something very amusing too.

Your
K. M.

First published in Der Briefwechsel zwischen:
F. Engels und K. Marx, Bd. 2, Stuttgart,
1913

Printed according to the original
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\(a\) The manuscript breaks off here. \(b\) K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of
Political Economy.
Dear Moor,

I look forward keenly to your communication. Meanwhile herewith some bits of Paris gossip.

Yesterday I wrote to Freiligrath about Kinkel, the pretext being provided by the good fellow himself. I had written to him about the matter of the bill, adding a few comments on the political and economic aspects of the international situation, and this inspired him to declare: "The Hermann will undoubtedly be followed one day by a Neueste Rheinische Zeitung." What led him to mention Kinkel's rag I cannot imagine, unless he hoped to induce me to speak my mind on the subject of Johann Gottfried, in which case he was not disappointed. I must say that his attempt to establish some sort of connection between ourselves and that rotten little paper annoyed me very much. The day before yesterday I tried twice to write him a letter, but it was too crude, I was too angry, so I left the thing over until yesterday. I treated him very decently, but Monsieur Gottfried with considerable asperity. I told him that Kinkel was exploiting him in order to establish his credentials as a poet, since his own literary fame, spuriously acquired as a result of his wife's importunate advertising, would not otherwise endure; that the Hermann had only served to increase the contempt I had always felt for this vacuous, affected, dandyish jackanapes, and that I'd not forgiven the 'cur' the dirty tricks which he had played on you and me in America and was too cowardly to admit. It was a three page letter; as I said, Freiligrath can have no complaint about the way I treated him but, indirectly and by reading between the lines, he will learn a great deal. I'm curious to see what he will do.

I have had another visitor in the person of a Wuppertal poet and distant relation of mine; in London he made straight for Freiligrath, of course, who wrote saying that he seemed to be a nice chap. I replied that he was at any rate robust, healthy and neither vain nor affected—qualities which, modern German poets

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\(a\) Gottfried Kinkel. Engels ironically calls him Johann after his wife, Johanna Kinkel. \(b\) See this volume, pp. 370-71. \(c\) Carl Siebel
being what they are, made up for a comparative lack of talent. Freiligrath told this chap that his salary was a thousand pounds. I was terribly annoyed at Freiligrath's surreptitious introduction of the Hermann into his letter, but he'll never play another trick of that kind on me, you may be sure of that.

Many regards to your wife and children.

Your

F. E.

Just for a joke I enclose one of the rejected drafts of my letter to Freiligrath.

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DEAR Engels,

All manner of troubles prevented me from writing to you yesterday. Today is article day. Till tomorrow, then. But I enclose the 'joke'.

I am writing today about Clotilde mild, angelic child. I expect an article from you on Tuesday. Couldn't you write about the cotton trade, industrial prospects, etc., in Manchester? I deliberately left this field open in my economic article on Tuesday.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

Freiligrath showed me your letter. It's splendidly written.

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a 28 January was a Friday. On Tuesdays and Fridays Marx sent articles to New York.
MARX TO JOSEPH WEYDEMEYER
IN MILWAUKEE

London, 1 February 1859
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park,
Haverstock Hill

Dear Weiwi,

Your letter is dated 28 February 1858, arrived here (or at any
rate reached me) at the end of May and is being answered in
February 1859. This is easily explained: During the whole of
the spring and summer I suffered from liver trouble and it
was only with difficulty that I found time for essential work.
Hence such writing as was not absolutely necessary was out of the
question. Later in the year, however, I was overwhelmed with
work.

Well, to start with, I must convey cordial regards to you and
yours from all members of the family, likewise from Engels, Lupus
and Freiligrath. In particular I would wish to be most kindly
remembered to your dear wife.

Engels is still in Manchester, also Lupus, who is giving lessons
and doing moderately well; Freiligrath is manager of a branch of
the Swiss Crédit mobilier in London; Dronke is a commission
agent in Glasgow; Imandt (I’m not sure if you know him) is a
teacher in Dundee; our dear friend Weerth died in Haiti,—an
irreplaceable loss.

Things have gone badly rather than well for me during the past
2 years; for on the one side the good old Tribune made the crisis a
pretext for halving my income although in times of prosperity
they never gave me an extra penny; on the other, the time
demanded by my work on political economy (of which more
anon) compelled me (if with a heavy heart) to turn down
very remunerative offers made me in London and Vienna.
But I have got to pursue my object through thick and thin
and not allow bourgeois society to turn me into a money-making
machine.

Mr Cluss was over here last May. I happened to be staying with
Engels in Manchester at the time. Cluss called on my wife and
accepted an invitation for the following day; and who failed to put
in an appearance? Why, Cluss! He [dis]appeared from London
and never showed his face again. Instead he sent my wife a scrawl to which ‘embarrassment’ had given an uncouth tournure.\footnote{F. Freiligrath, ‘Nach Johanna Kinkels Begräbnis’, 20 November 1858.} He didn’t turn up in Manchester either. Subsequently we learned that he had allied himself with Mr Willich. This, then, also explains the mysterious discontinuation of his correspondence. If we were conceited we would feel duly chastened by the news that a fool like Willich had been able to oust us from the good graces of a shrewd chap like Cluss. But as it was, the whole story was so funny that it eliminated any bitter feelings.

I have broken with Ernest Jones.\footnote{Ch. O. von Schönaich, Hermann, oder das befreyte Deutschland...} Despite my repeated warnings, and although I had predicted exactly what would happen—namely that he would ruin himself and disorganise the Chartist Party—he took the course of trying to come to terms with the bourgeois radicals. He is now a ruined man, but the harm he has done to the English proletariat is incalculable. The fault will, of course, be rectified, but a most favourable moment for action has been missed. Imagine an army whose general goes over to the enemy camp on the eve of battle.

You’ll have heard that Mr Kinkel has become a famous man again because Mrs Kinkel fell out of a window and broke her neck. The ‘cheery’ customer—never has he felt so jolly as since the death of the old Mockel woman—promptly decided to tout round his ‘grief’. Freiligrath allowed himself to be misled by Gottfried’s melodramatic scenes into writing a poem about Johanna\footnote{A pun: Gottfried (Kinkel’s sun na-)—Oott (God)+Friede (peace)} which he already regrets. For he has come to realise, firstly, that Gottfried is merry as a grig, and secondly that he immediately used the poem to disseminate to all and sundry the lie that Freiligrath had entered into an alliance with him and broken with us. A week later, in an attempt to exploit the Kinkel revival sparked off by his wife’s death, Gottfried published in London a weekly dubbed the Hermann; unless this is the Hermann sung by Schönaich\footnote{Ch. O. von Schönaich, Hermann, oder das befreyte Deutschland...} and crowned by Gottsched,\footnote{The title ought to be Gottfried. In the first place the rag preaches peace with God and the world, and secondly it is nothing more than a puff for Mr Gottfried vis-à-vis German Philistia in the City of London. Nothing more pitiful has ever seen the light of day, and we can thank our stars that the 10 years of exile have so completely laid bare the hollowness of our democratic friends. The Kölnische Zeitung is witty and daring by comparison.} the title ought to be Gottfried. In the first place the rag preaches peace with God and the world, and secondly it is nothing more than a puff for Mr Gottfried vis-à-vis German Philistia in the City of London. Nothing more pitiful has ever seen the light of day, and we can thank our stars that the 10 years of exile have so completely laid bare the hollowness of our democratic friends. The Kölnische Zeitung is witty and daring by comparison.
What is really choice about Kinkel’s exploitation of his wife’s death is that the latter creature, who was suffering from heart disease, was outraged because our suave parson had seduced a Jewess by the name of Herz, and generally treated her ‘coldly’. In Manchester the Jewish women swear that this is the reason why Johanna Mockel of blessed memory fell out of the window. Anyhow, this would show that, inane though Gottfried may be in other respects, he is cunning enough to exploit public credulity. But that’s enough about this humbug.

The wind of revolution which is blowing across the Continent of Europe has, of course, awakened all the great men from their winter sleep.

At the same time as this letter, I am sending one—indeed, my first—to Komp. I have given up associations—organised ones. They were, I thought, compromising for our friends in Germany. Over here, on the other hand, after the dirty tricks I have suffered at the hands of the louts who have allowed themselves to be used as mere tools against myself by a Kinkel, a Willich or some other such humbug, and since the Cologne trial, I have withdrawn completely into my study. My time was too precious to be wasted in fruitless endeavour and petty squabbles.

And now for essentials. My Critique of Political Economy is to be published in instalments (the first ones in a week or ten days’ time) by Franz Duncker of Berlin (Bessersche Verlagsbuchhandlung). It was only thanks to Lassalle’s extraordinary zeal and powers of persuasion that Duncker was induced to take this step. He has, however, left himself a loophole. A firm contract depends on the sale of the first instalments.

I divide the whole of political economy into 6 books.

Capital; landed property; wage labour; the State; foreign trade; world market.

Book 1, on capital, comprises 4 sections.

Section 1: Capital in general comprises 3 chapters, 1. The Commodity; 2. Money, or simple circulation; 3. Capital. 1 and 2, about 10 sheets, make up the contents of the first instalments to be published. You will understand the political motives that led me to hold back the third chapter on ‘Capital’ until I have again become established.

The contents of the instalments now being published are as follows:

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a A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy
Chapter One: The Commodity

A. Historical notes on the analysis of commodities. (William Petty (Englishman, Charles II’s reign); Boisguillebert (Louis XIV); B. Franklin (first of his early works 1729); the Physiocrats; Sir James Steuart; Adam Smith; Ricardo and Sismondi.)

Chapter Two: Money or simple circulation

1. Measure of value

B. Theories of the standard of money. (Late 17th century, Locke and Lowndes, Bishop Berkeley (1750); Sir James Steuart; Lord Castlereagh; Thomas Attwood; John Gray; Proudhonists.)

2. Medium of circulation
   a) The metamorphosis of commodities
   b) The circulation of money
   c) Coin. Token of value

3. Money
   a) Hoarding
   b) Means of payment
   c) Money of the world

4. The Precious metals

C. Theories of the medium of circulation and of money. (Monetary system; Spectator, Montesquieu, David Hume; Sir James Steuart; A. Smith, J.-B. Say; Bullion Committee; Ricardo, James Mill; Lord Overstone and school; Thomas Tooke (James Wilson, John Fullarton).)

In these two chapters the Proudhonist socialism now fashionable in France—which wants to retain private production while organising the exchange of private products, to have commodities but not money—is demolished to its very foundations. Communism must above all rid itself of this ‘false brother’. But apart from all polemical aims, the analysis of simple money forms is, you know, the most difficult because the most abstract part of political economy.

I hope to win a scientific victory for our party. But the latter must itself now show whether its numbers are great enough to buy enough copies to banish the publisher’s ‘moral scruples’. The continuation of the venture depends on the sale of the first

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b G. Berkeley, The Querist... c This refers to Report from the Select Committee on the High Price of Gold Bullion... d Cf. 2 Corinthians 11:26
instalments. Once I've got a firm contract, everything will be ALL RIGHT.

Salut.

Your
K. M.


Printed according to the original

Published in English in full for the first time

MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE
IN BERLIN

London, 2 February 1859
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill

Dear Lassalle,

The manuscript\(^a\) went off from here on 26 January; by 31 January notification had already got back here from Berlin that the manuscript had arrived. The parcels company received this notification from their correspondent. On the other hand there is your letter dated 31 January in which you say the manuscript hasn't arrived. So whatever the circumstances the Prussian government—friend Stieber perhaps—has spent 3 days rummaging through\(^b\) the manuscript. Legally, so far as I am aware, all they were empowered to do was ascertain whether the parcel contained Brussels lace, other parcels being no concern of theirs. Who is going to assure me that some junior official hasn't amused himself by using a page or 2 for spills?

I presume that, in its own interest, the Prussian government hasn't taken any FALSE STEPS with my manuscript. Otherwise I should see to it that all hell was let loose in the London press (Times, etc.).

\(^a\) K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. - \(^b\) Marx makes a pun on the name Stieber and the verb durchstöbern (rummage through).
I shall write you a proper letter tomorrow or the day after. This is simply a business notification, and it's nearly time for the post.

Your piece, by the by, pleased me enormously.

My wife sends her kindest regards; now that her cher frère has been dismissed, she believes that manuscripts, at any rate, may safely be sent to Berlin.

Salut.

Your

K. Marx

I may bring out an English version of the first instalments straight away. Duncker must put on the title-page: *'The author reserves to himself the right of translation'.*


Printed according to the original

MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 2 February 1859

Dear Frederick,

The Constitutionnel wins since, according to The Times, the author was none other than Mr Boustrapa. Today came a letter (which I'll send you later) from Lassalle saying that the manuscript has not yet arrived. Now take note: It went off on Tuesday (25); I was notified as early as 30th January by the packet company here that the manuscript had arrived in Berlin. Lassalle's letter is dated 31 January. Hence the government has been holding back my manuscript for 3 or 4 days at least (if Duncker got the manuscript after Lassalle's letter went off). Maybe Mr Stieber has been rummaging through it, or Mr von Patow has been endeavouring to make a hasty acquaintance with economics.

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a This refers to Ferdinand von Westphalen, Jenny Marx's stepbrother, who until October 1859 was Prussian Minister of the Interior. 
b K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. 
c Marx makes a pun on the name Stieber and the verb durchstöbern (rummage through).
Wrote to Lassalle straight off. *Your philistines* have *intercepted* the stuff you were sending me (for Tuesday). It didn't arrive. I waited until 3 in the afternoon. Then I dashed off another article.

*Salut.*

Your

K. M.


Printed according to the original

Published in English for the first time

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MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE¹⁰⁰

IN BERLIN

London, 4 February 1859
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park,
Haverstock Hill

Dear Lassalle,

I've not yet had an acknowledgment of receipt from Mr Duncker and am therefore still in doubt whether the manuscript¹ is yet out of the clutches of the authorities. You will see from the enclosed note that it left London on 26 January.

*Ad vocem bellum*: The general view here is that war in Italy is inevitable.³⁷⁰ This much is certain: Mr Emmanuel⁵ is in earnest and Mr Bonaparte was in earnest. What has swayed the latter is 1. *Fear of Italian daggers.*³⁷¹ Since Orsini's death, he has been constantly engaged in secret 'intrigues with the Carbonari, the go-between being *Plon-Plon*, the husband of 'Clotilde'.⁶ 2. *An exceedingly bleak financial situation*: it is, in fact, impossible to go on feeding the French army 'in peacetime'; Lombardy is fat and fertile. Moreover a war would again make 'war loans' possible. Any other loan is 'impossible'. 3. Over the last two years Bonaparte's repute has dwindled daily amongst all parties in France, and his diplomatic transactions have also been a succession of *failures*. So

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¹ K. Marx, *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*. ² As regards the war. ³ Victor Emmanuel II ⁴ Clotilde, the Princess of Savoy
something has got to happen if his prestige is to be restored. Even in the rural areas there is a great deal of grumbling about the ruinously low price of grain and Mr Bonaparte has tried in vain to push up the price of wheat artificially by means of his decrees on granaries. a 4. The parvenu in the Tuileries is being egged on by Russia. Given the Pan-Slav movement in Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, southern, northern and eastern Hungary, Illyria, etc., and a war in Italy, Russia would almost certainly break the resistance that Austria continues to offer her. (Russia regards the prospect of an internal agrarian revolution with horror, and war abroad might come as a welcome diversion to the government, quite apart from any diplomatic objectives.) 5. Mr Plon-Plon, son of the ex-King of Westphalia, b and his clique (headed by Girardin and a very mixed bag of Hungarian, Polish and Italian pseudo-revolutionaries) are doing all in their power to force the issue. 6. A war against Austria in Italy is the only one in which England, who cannot take a direct stand for the Pope, etc., and against so-called liberty, would remain neutral, at least at the start. Russia, however, would keep Prussia in check should the latter feel inclined, which I doubt, to intervene at the very outset of the campaign.

On the other hand one may be perfectly sure that Mr Louis Bonaparte is devilishly afraid of a really serious war. 1. The man is always full of misgivings and, like all gamblers, is far from resolute. He has always inched his way to the Rubicon, 372 but those standing behind him have invariably had to chuck him in. In every case—Boulogne, Strasbourg, December 1851 373—he was, in the end, forced to proceed in earnest with his plans. 2. The exceptionally cool reception accorded his scheme in France is not encouraging, of course. The masses appear to be indifferent. On the other hand there have been outright and earnest remonstrations against it on the part of high finance, trade and industry, the clerical party and, finally, the senior generals (Pélissier, for example, and Canrobert). Indeed, prospects on the military side are far from rosy, even if the braggadocio in the Constitutionnel c is taken at its face value. Assuming France can muster all in all 700,000 men, 580,000 of these, at the very highest estimate, will be fit for military service. Deduct 50,000 for Algiers; 49,000 gendarmes, etc.; 100,000 (minimum) for guarding the cities (Paris.

a Napoleon III, Decree on grain reserves of 16 November 1858, Le Moniteur universel, No. 322, 18 November 1858. - b Jérôme Bonaparte - c This refers to the article marked 'L. Boniface. Paris, le 29 janvier' in Le Constitutionnel, No. 30, 30 January 1859.
etc.) and fortresses of France; 181,000 at least for the army keeping watch on the Swiss, German and Belgian frontiers. This leaves 200,000 which, even if you add the minuscule Piedmontese army, is by no means an overwhelming force to employ against the Austrians in their fortified positions on the Mincio and the Adige.

However that may be, if Mr Bonaparte draws back now, he will be done for so far as the bulk of the French army is concerned; and this might ultimately induce him to go ahead after all.

You apparently believe that in the event of such a war Hungary would rise. I very much doubt it. Austria will, of course, place a corps on the Galician-Hungarian frontier to observe the Russians, and this will simultaneously keep the Hungarians in check. The Hungarian regiments (in so far as they have not—and many of them already have—been dispersed among their enemies, e.g. the Czechs, Serbs, Slovenes, etc.) will be stationed in German provinces.

The war would, of course, have serious, and without doubt ultimately revolutionary consequences. But initially it will maintain Bonapartism in France, set back the internal movement within England and Russia, revive the pettiest nationalist passions in Germany, etc., and hence, in my view, its initial effect will everywhere be counter-revolutionary.

Be that as it may, you should expect nothing of the émigrés here. Apart from Mazzini who, at least, is a fanatic, they’re a bunch of confidence tricksters whose one ambition is to extract money from the English. Mr Kossuth has positively sunk to the level of an itinerant lecturer who hawks the same old nonsense round the various provinces of England and Scotland and sells it over and over again to ever new audiences.

The scoundrels here have all become so conservative that they would indeed deserve to be amnestied. Mr Gottfried Kinkel, for example, is publishing a weekly here, Hermann by name, compared with which even the Kölnische Zeitung is a daring and witty paper. (By indulging in sundry flirtations with aesthetic Jewesses, the suave, melodramatic parson is said, amongst other things, to have driven his wife to fall out of the window and break her neck. Freiligrath, being a kind-hearted fellow, was so taken in by the scenes of grief that he wrote a poem about the late Johanna Mockel, only to discover a day or two later that the grief was

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*a* Kossuth’s lectures were published in Brussels in 1859 under the title *L’Europe, l’Autriche et la Hongrie*. - *b* F. Freiligrath, ‘Nach Johanna Kinkels Begräbnis’.
merely feigned and that never had Mr Gottfried felt so free and easy as since the death of his spouse.) The fellow preaches ‘optimism’ in a namby-pamby, hat-doffing, somewhat breathless manner. The paper should be called Gottfried. For my part I would rather write under Manteuffel’s yoke than under that of the German philistines in the City of London. To Mr Kinkel, however, the yoke is all the sweeter and lighter for the fact of his being not one jot superior to the said philistines where character and insight are concerned. The to-do made by the ‘Lewald’ woman, alias ‘Stahr’, about the late Mockel has compromised the latter person still further.

Salut.

Your
K. M.

It would be a great help to me if you could obtain in Breslau, and let me have as soon as possible, particulars about a person of the female sex by the name (allegedly) of von Paula-Kröcher, who used to live there and is now over here.


Printed according to the original

Published in English in full for the first time

MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 8 February 1859

Dear Engels,

It’s a fortnight ago today since I sent the manuscript to Berlin; since then 2 letters have gone off to Lassalle: up to this moment I’ve had no acknowledgment of receipt. Moreover, I had made this ‘acknowledgment of receipt’ a condition for the despatch of

a Wroclaw - b K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.
the preface. As you can imagine, one begins to lose all patience when everything goes so wrong. I am quite ill with vexation.

Herewith Lassalle's letter. Let me have it back. Today I have written about Bonaparte's rotten speech and his pamphlet.\(^{375}\)

Salut.

Your
K. M.

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London.] 9 February 1859

Dear Engels,

At last a letter from Duncker today. He didn't receive the manuscript\(^{b}\) until 1 February. Not printed this week, because just completing some work or other—I don't know which—of Lassalle's.\(^{c}\)

Enclosed a letter from Eccarius and Pfänder from which you will see that poor Eccarius is down with consumption. This is the most tragic thing I have yet experienced here in London.

Pieper, who had been discharged as cured, is back from Bognor again and in the German hospital. This time starvation treatment. SERVES HIM RIGHT.

I meant to send you the enclosed letters from Weydemeyer and Komp long ago.\(^{391}\) I have at last replied to them.\(^{d}\)

Dronke has been to Bonn, where one of his brothers was dying. Having obtained Flottwell's permission, he attended a ball given by

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\(^{a}\) This refers to 'Discours de S. M. L'Empereur. Session législative de 1859' (Le Moniteur universel, No. 39, special edition, 7 February 1859) and the pamphlet inspired by Napoleon III: [A. La Guéronnière,] L'Empereur Napoléon III et l'Italie. - \(^{b}\) K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. - \(^{c}\) F. Lassalle, Franz von Sickingen. - \(^{d}\) See this volume, pp. 324, 338 and 374-78.
his [students’] ‘corps’ in Bonn. The little man\(^a\) has written to Dingelstedt (of Fulda), through whom he hopes to arrange a performance of a play he himself has written. In addition, the little man writes ‘Glasgower Briefe’ for Prutz’s Museum.\(^b\) I had all this news from philistine Freiligrath.

From the latter, who came to see me yesterday (I myself being confined to the house with a bad throat), I also learned that Gottfried’s—or Hermann’s\(^c\)—behaviour towards ladies is invariably so ludicrous (the buffoon now supposes he need only throw down his handkerchief) that he has become an object of general dégoût.\(^d\) Moreover, Freiligrath has now also tumbled to the fact that Gottfried feels exceptionally ‘free and easy’ now that the Mockel woman\(^e\) is dead and—strangest of all—it now transpires that, even before the day of the funeral, philistine Freiligrath and wife had discovered brother Hermann’s ‘lack of concern’.

According to Gottfried, the Hermann, to which the Prussian government has, as the Berlin National-Zeitung announces, granted a licence for postal distribution, is to cover the ‘loss’ to his funds occasioned by his wife’s death.

In due course, no doubt, Mrs Daniels will become Mrs Bürgers. She has written to Lina\(^f\) saying that ‘Bürgers has grown still more energetic and self-confident’. In proof of that ‘self-confidence’ she writes, ‘we are delighted by Freiligrath’s poem about Mrs Kinkel,\(^g\) which was mutilated by the “perfidious” Kölnische Zeitung’.

Steffen has written to Freiligrath asking for your address and mine as he has lost them. Steffen’s address is: W. Steffen, Harrison Square near Boston, Mass. U. St.

Salut.

Your
K. M.


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\(^{a}\) Ernst Dronke - \(^{b}\) Deutsches Museum - \(^{c}\) An allusion to the weekly Hermann published by Gottfried Kinkel. - \(^{d}\) disgust - \(^{e}\) Johanna Kinkel - \(^{f}\) Caroline Schöler - \(^{g}\) F. Freiligrath, ‘Nach Johanna Kinkels Begräbnis’.
Manchester, 10 February 1859

Dear Moor,

The news about Eccarius is truly staggering. What a heroic letter he wrote you! That such a fine chap should come to such a pitiful end! We are losing our best men during this wretched period of peace, and the new blood is very pauvre. Herewith Lassalle's letter. I'm glad the manuscript has arrived. What did Freiligrath have to say concerning my letter about Kinkel? To me he wrote, 'All right, all right' and said he had given his answer to you. So you still owe it to me.

I am going home now and shall get an article on the Austrian and German federal army done in time for the 2nd post.

Your
F. E.

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Manchester, 14 February 1859

Dear Marx,

Something I forgot to mention. Certainly you must reserve the translation rights on your book. Even if only to stop some jackass or industrialist from massacring the thing. Moreover it is now a

a poor  b K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.  c See this volume, pp. 370-71.  d F. Engels, 'German Resources for War'.  e K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.
mere legal formality which anyone can accomplish without any hesitation.

Statesman Blind has a friend in the telegraph office who occasionally sends the provincial papers some pretty tall stories by telegraph. More about this anon.

Your

F. E.

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 15 February 1859

Dear Engels,

Herewith:

1. Letter from my brother-in-law (the CAPEMAN)\textsuperscript{a} from which you will see that the fellow will be landing in London tomorrow. Since I am sans sou\textsuperscript{b} (only last Saturday I had to pawn my wife's last 'spare' skirt in order to send Eccarius some comforts) and have got to entertain the man decently—he is going to Trier and carries some weight in the TRANSACTIONS with my mother\textsuperscript{c}—I must once again press you to mail me AT LEAST £1. Luckily I have what is known as mumps, which means that I only have to entertain the man here at home and, as an invalid, can refuse to do any gadding about.

2. Letter from Eccarius. I had told the latter (who seemed, I thought, to be improving a little) that if he needed wine he was to let me know. So you should send him about 2 bottles of port wine.

3. 2 enclosures from The Free Press (the more important for having been reprinted from The New York Herald) will give you some idea of the Chinese war\textsuperscript{d} and Mr Palmerston's policy.

\textsuperscript{a} Johann Carl Juta \textsuperscript{b} penniless \textsuperscript{c} Henriette Marx \textsuperscript{d} 'Revelation by a Russian of the Object of the Chinese War and Treaty', The Free Press, No. 24, 22 December 1858.
Ad vocem. Freiligrath. I came, most opportunely for him, on the very day he got your letter. He gave it to me to read and excused himself for the non-political nature of the poem on the grounds that he was a 'poet'. Also said he had written to you about the Hermann simply as a 'joke'. Well, after these very meagre explanations, he said he would write and tell you that he had made everything all right with me. By the by, your letter 'tickled' him tremendously. I told him that it was 'very well written' and he, of course, couldn't help laughing at me for looking to 'style' first of all on such an occasion. The fact is, Freiligrath realises that Kinkel has used him and, having used him, is actually becoming somewhat uppish towards him. (Thus, to Freiligrath's intense annoyance, the 'Schriften von Gottfried und Johanna Kinkel' figure in large type among the Hermann's advertisements and, under the same heading, 'F. Freiligraths Gedichte' in small type, so that Freiligrath's poems are annexed to the works of Gottfried and Johanna. This greatly riles our philistine.) On the other hand, Freiligrath is very much beholden to Kinkel for having, apparently against all expectations, again put him in the way of a political purgative which, by the by, and if I am not mistaken, has earned him high praise and even, it is said, presents from philistines in Germany. Nota bene: Mrs Daniels wrote to Lina (in reply to some quips about the Kinkel case the latter had sent her): 'We' (she and Heinrich, the quiet one) 'are delighted and entranced by Freiligrath's poem' and the day-dreaming Heinrich, who had grown 'still more self-confident and still more energetic', had actually discovered that 'the perfidious Kölnische Zeitung' had suppressed the 'most important verse', a verse which existed only in Heinrich's Olympian imagination.

What's this about Blind?

Apropos. Did you and Lupus see in the papers (maybe a month or six weeks ago) that Madame Bangya in Paris had been sentenced to six months hard labour for soliciting?

Salut.

Your

K. M.

I've lost Lupus' address again. It's 59 Boundary Street, Greenheys, isn't it? At any rate I sent him a letter to that address.

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a As regards - b See this volume, pp. 370-71. - c F. Freiligrath, 'Nach Johanna Kinkels Begräbnis'. See also this volume, p. 359. - d See this volume, p. 372. - e Caroline Schöler - f Heinrich Bürgers
Schapper's wife has produced a son, and the old fool, who now goes in for phrenology, has discovered that the seven days'-old IMP has a sanguine-choleric temperament.

DEAR Frederick,

My brother-in-law\(^a\) will be travelling to Manchester on Thursday and will probably come and see you on Friday. But you must let me have your exact address. On closer acquaintance, by the by, Juta proves to be a far from [healthy]\(^b\) chap. He suffers damnably from his liver, and hence must go to Carlsbad.\(^c\) I should be glad if Gumpert would examine him and, since his liver is presently giving him a great deal of pain, do something to alleviate this. But if the thing is really serious, Gumpert must not give any indication of the fact.

Tomorrow I am writing about the Factory Report,\(^d\) and expect an article from you, the more so as I am now working out Capital.\(^e\)

Your

K. M.

Nota bene.

I have written asking Dana whether he can find me a Yankee for the English edition of the Political Economy.\(^f\) In which case, if the

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\(^a\) Johann Carl Juta  
\(^b\) Ms. damaged.  
\(^c\) Karlovy Vary  
\(^d\) Marx means his article ‘The State of British Manufactures’, for which he used data from Reports of the Inspectors of Factories to Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, for the Half Year Ending 31st October 1858.  
\(^e\) K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.
thing looks like being *lucrative*, I should have to spend a few weeks in Manchester, putting it into English with you.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 22 February 1859

Dear Engels,

The bearer of these lines is my brother-in-law Juta, whom I most warmly recommend to you.

Your

K. Marx

Eccarius received the wine on Saturday and believes he can already feel the benefit of it. It seems probable that the wine will help him pull through.


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MARX TO FRANZ DUNCKER

IN BERLIN

London, 23 February 1859

Dear Sir,

The ‘Preface’ *a* enclosed herewith.

Yours very faithfully,

Karl Marx


* to *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*
Dear Lassalle,

I have today sent off the preface to Duncker. Perhaps you would be good enough to ensure that I am sent the fee as soon as the manuscript has been printed. I would certainly not write to you about this point had it not become a question brûlante due to unforeseen circumstances.

I hope to have a letter from you soon and, notwithstanding your coyness, something about 'conditions in the homeland', or at least the gossip there, this being essential for forming an opinion.

Salut.

Your

K. M.


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Published in English for the first time

MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE
IN BERLIN

London, 23 February 1859

Dear Lassalle,

Iterum Crispinus.

It is Engels' intention to publish—anonîmously to begin with—a short pamphlet entitled Po and Rhine.379

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a to A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy - b burning question - c Iterum Crispinus—Crispinus again (Juvenal, Satires, I, 4). Here: It's me again.
Main content: Military proof, i.e. based on military science, that all the reasons advanced to the effect that Austria must have the Mincio line in order to protect Germany, correspond precisely to the argument that France must have the Rhine frontier in order to protect herself; further that, whereas Austria's interest in the Mincio line is considerable, that of Germany, as a single power, is nil, and that Italy will always be dominated militarily by Germany so long as the whole of Switzerland isn't French. The thing is mainly directed against the strategists of the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung, but otherwise against Mr Bonaparte—from a national viewpoint, of course.

I am willing to stake all my 'powers of discernment' on the fact that the publication of this pamphlet, which will entail hardly any outlay because consisting of only a few sheets, would, at the present time, actually be a speculation (in the eminent sense of the word) for a bookseller.

Since taking part in the Baden campaign, Engels has made military matters his special study. Added to which his writing, as you know, is exceedingly plausible.

However, the publisher must preserve the secret of the writer's identity until the author himself chooses to disclose it. You may be sure that the most eminent military writers of Prussia will be suspected of being at the bottom of the thing.

Now here we have something the publication of which is intimately related to the times—a question of the day. Hence it must be pushed through quickly. Do you think that Duncker will agree to do it? It would undoubtedly be in his own interests. One can never know in the case of purely scientific stuff whether and to what extent the philistines will buy it. Where questions of the day such as these are concerned, this can be calculated with almost mathematical exactitude.

Should Duncker agree, Engels authorises you to conclude the transaction in his name and on whatever terms you think fit. Should he refuse, might there not be some other possibility? I know a publisher in Hamburg who would take it. But this fellow was always personally hostile to the Neue Rheinische Zeitung, as he plainly told our friend Heine, and hence it would vex me sorely were he to obtain so much as a single line from any of us. Besides, he treated our never-to-be-forgotten and irreplaceable friend Weerth in the most outrageous fashion.

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a Marx has 'kritische Urteilskraft', an allusion to the title of Kant's book Kritik der Urteilskraft. b Marx probably refers to J. Campe.
Let me have an answer as soon as possible, and please don't begrudge the considerable time and effort I cost you. I can only plead the general party interest.

Your
K. M.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 25 February 1859

Dear Engels,

Po and Rhine is a first-class idea and must be put in hand straight away. You must set to at once, time being everything in this case. I have written to Lassalle this very day and am sure that little Jew Braun will put the thing through.

The pamphlet (how many sheets? Let me have the answer to this by return) must first appear anonymously so that the public believes the author to be an eminent general. In the second edition, which you may account a certainty provided the thing comes out on time, you will reveal your identity in a 6-line foreword, and then it will be a triumph for our party. In my 'Preface' I have done you a few honneurs; and thus it is all to the good if you yourself take the stage immediately afterwards.

Those dogs of democrats and liberal riff-raff will see that we're the only chaps who haven't been stultified by the ghastly period of peace.

In any case, you'll get the copies of the Tribune. Not one of the military articles has so far been published. Mr Dana didn't print the first, which you wrote a long time ago, but will probably do so now. I too constantly experience the like. It's often three months before the asses discover that we've foretold events for them, whereupon they print the relevant articles.

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* A slip of the pen in the original: 29 February. - b to A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy - Marx presumably means Engels' articles 'German Resources for War' and 'The Austrian Hold on Italy'.
Dear Engels,

I am writing to you again this evening because time presses. I am morally convinced that, in view of what I've written to Lassalle, Duncker will accept the pamphlet. Admittedly, little Jew Braun hasn't written to me since my manuscript arrived, and that was over four weeks ago. For one thing, he was busy with the publication of his own immortal, 'inflammatory' work (still, the little Jew, even his Heraclitus, although atrociously written, is better than anything the democrats could boast of), and then he will probably have to do the final proof-reading of my scrawl. For another thing, he may be a trifle stunned by the terrible knock on the head dealt him indirectly by my analysis of money. For his Heraclitus contains the following note which I shall now quote verbatim despite its interminable length (you've got to read it, though):

‘If we remarked above that in the said fragment Heraclitus has specified the true nature and function of money in political economy’ (Heraclitus in fact says:

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My brother-in-law's address is correct save that he forgot to add 'City (near the general post office). But I imagine he'll be in Manchester by now and able to tell you about himself.

Salut.

Your
K. M.
'τινῶς τ’άντεμείβεθαν πάντα καὶ πῦρ ἀπάντων ὠσπερ χρυσόν χρήματα, καὶ χρημάτων χρυσός)\(^a\), 'this, we need hardly point out, is not to make a political economism of him, and hence it is far from our intention to suggest that he had grasped any of the wider implications of that fragment. But although this science neither existed nor could have existed at that time and therefore was not the object of Heraclitus' thought, it is correct to say that, precisely because he never goes by reflex categories but only by the speculative concept, Heraclitus has, in that fragment, discerned the nature of money in all its profundity and this more truly than many a modern economist. And it may not be altogether without interest or, indeed, so irrelevant as might at first appear, to observe how what is simply a consequence of that thought automatically gives rise to the modern discoveries in this field.\(^b\) (Nota bene. Lassalle doesn't know the first thing about these discoveries.)

'When Heraclitus suggests that money as a medium of exchange is the antithesis of all real products entering exchange and owes its real existence solely to the same' (I underline where Lassalle has underlined), 'this is not to say that money as such is itself a product invested with a material value of its own, one commodity among other commodities, as Say's school' (a nice Continental delusion that there is such a thing as Say's school) 'persists in regarding coin up to this very day; rather it is but the ideal representative of circulating real products, a symbol of value for the latter, which merely stands for them. And that is only in part a conclusion drawn from the fragment, in part only the concept implicit in it for Heraclitus himself.\(^c\)

'But if all money is merely the ideal unit or expression of value of all real circulating products and owes its real existence solely to these, which are at one and the same time its antithesis, it follows from the very consequence' (nice style! It follows from 'the very consequence') 'of this concept that a country's sum of values or its wealth may be increased only by an increase in real products, but never by an increase in money since money, of course, far from being even merely a factor of wealth and value' (now we have wealth and value; before it was sum of values or wealth), 'never expresses, as an abstract unit, more than the value which is situated in the products' (and a nice district, too\(^c\)), 'and is real only therein. Hence the error of the balance of trade system.' (This is worthy of Ruge.) 'It further follows that All money is always equal in value to all circulating products, since it merely reduces the latter to an ideal unit of value, hence merely gives expression to their value; hence that, by an increase or decrease in the amount of money available, the value of this total sum of money will never be affected and will always remain equal only to that of all circulating products; that strictly speaking it is never possible to talk of the value of all money as compared with the value of all circulating products, because such a comparison supposes that the value of money and the value of products are two values in their own right, whereas only one value exists, which is realised in concrete form in the material product, and expressed as an abstract unit of value in money; or rather, value itself is nothing but a unit abstracted from real things, in which it does not exist as such, and finding its special expression in money; not only, then, does the value of all money remain equal to the value of all products but, properly speaking, all money is only the value of all circulating products.' (This ultra-bold type is the author's.) 'Hence it follows that, with an increase in the

\(^a\) 'All things are exchanged for fire and fire for all things, as wares are exchanged for gold and gold for wares.' Here and below the insertions in parentheses are Marx's.  
\(^b\) Marx's italics  
\(^c\) An allusion to a joke current at the time: one woman tells another of her son's death in action near Leipzig (1813), whereupon the other remarks: 'And a nice district, too!' ('Auch eine schöne Gegend!')
quantity of coin, since the value of the total remains the same, that of each individual coin can only fall, just as it will rise again with a decrease in the quantity of coin. It further follows that, since money is merely the unreal theoretical abstraction of value and represents the antithesis of real products and materials, money as such does not need to have any intrinsic reality, i.e. need not consist of any truly valuable material, but may equally be paper money, and it is precisely then that it corresponds most closely to its concept. All these and many other conclusions, which have only been reached, and along entirely different lines, since Ricardo's studies and have by no means found universal acceptance, follow from the mere consequence of that speculative concept discerned by Heraclitus.'

I, of course, paid not the slightest heed to this Talmudic wisdom but roundly slated Ricardo for his theory of money which, by the way, did not originate with him but with Hume and Montesquieu. So Lassalle may feel this to be a personal insult. There was actually no harm in it, for in my anti-Proudhon piece I myself adopted Ricardo's theory. But I'd had a perfectly ridiculous letter from little Jew Braun in which he said that he had 'the early publication of my manuscript at heart, although he himself was engaged in writing a major work on political economy' for which he had 'allocated two years'. But if I were to 'deprive him of too much that was new, he might abandon the whole thing'. Well, to this I replied that there was no fear of rivalry since this 'new' science could accommodate himself and me and a dozen more besides. My disquisition on money will now show him, either that I know nothing of the subject—although if I'm wrong, so is the whole history of the monetary theory—or else that he is an ass, since, with a few empty abstract expressions such as 'abstract unit', he presumes to lay down the law about empirical matters which, if one wishes to hold forth about them, call for study, and prolonged study into the bargain. For this reason he may, in the innermost recesses of his heart, be nourishing something of a grudge against me just now. But—and this is what I have been leading up to—firstly, Lassalle has really too great a stake 'in the cause' and, secondly, he is too much of an 'Ephraim Artful' not to keep in with us coûte que coûte, which is all the more necessary to him because of his quarrel with the Düsseldorf people. Moreover, living in Berlin has made him see that, for an energetic fellow like himself, the bourgeois party holds out no prospects whatever.

So with clever management the man will be ours, body and soul, no matter how much he indulges in 'inflammatory' antics or makes

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a The Poverty of Philosophy. Answer to the Philosophy of Poverty by M. Proudhon - b See this volume, p. 355. - c cost what it may - d See this volume, pp. 23-24 and 27.
Heraclitus pay for being the most succinct of philosophers by providing him with the most prolix of commentaries. For the same reason I am sure that en cas de besoin he will force Duncker to take your pamphlet. I have, by the by, so framed my letter that he can show the whole of it to Duncker. It was, in fact, written for Duncker rather than Lassalle, though for all his artfulness Ephraim is unlikely to notice the fact.

Hence I consider it certain that Duncker will take the pamphlet, so the main thing now is for you to set to work on it at once, for this is like a newspaper article. There’s no time to be lost. For the same reason—immediacy of impact—I believe you shouldn’t exceed 4 or 5 sheets (if as much is needed). So you may regard yourself as totally absolved from the Tribune work (unless some martial occurrence steals a march on your pamphlet, which is improbable), until you’ve finished the thing. The most sensible thing to do would be to plead sudden illness and stay away from the office, so as to write the thing all at one go.

Amicus Engels Senior, amicus Ermen (Gottfried!), sed magis amicum τὸ φρονεῖν.\(^b\)

\[\text{"φεῦ, φεῦ, φρονεῖν ὡς δεινόν, ἐνθα μὴ τέλη λύει φρονοῦσιν,"}^{c}\]

as your old man might say to you, like Tiresias did to King Oedipus, to which, however, you would reply that he

\[\text{"ἐν τοῖς κέρδεσι μόνον δέδορκε, τὴν τέχνην δ’ἔφυ τυφλός."}^{d}\]

Salut.

Your

K. M.


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\(^{a}\) in case of need  \(^{b}\) Engels Senior is dear to me, Ermen (Gottfried!) is dear to me, but knowledge is dearer still. An adaptation of ‘Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas’—‘Plato is dear to me, Socrates is dear to me, but truth is dearer still’ (Ammonius Saccas, Vita Aristoteles). \(^{c}\) ‘Alas, ‘tis terrible to be wise when it brings the wise man no reward’ (Sophocles, Oedipus Tyrannus, 324, 325). \(^{d}\) ‘In usury but sharp-eyed, yet in his sooth-saying blind’ (Sophocles, Oedipus Tyrannus, 396, 397).
Dear Engels,

From the enclosed letter of Lassalle's you will see that I know my men and what management means.

As regards the letter, I would make the following observations:

1. You must now really follow my advice and shun the office altogether for a few days. I did, of course, put the thing in such a way as to suggest that I'd already read your manuscript. A few days here or there are of no importance, but if you only work in the evenings you won't finish in time.

2. In your position you cannot agree to the small fee but must, if only honoris causa, settle for the alternative of half the net profits.

3. Lassalle's direction that you send the title (i.e. not write it on the manuscript), the foreword (which I'd suggest you don't write) and the table of contents to him personally (F. Lassalle, 131 Potsdamer Strasse, Berlin), is a sensible one. For parcels are being opened by the Post Office, and the government mustn't know the title, which would give them the key to the whole secret.

The manuscript, on the other hand, I shall send from here, as I sent my own manuscript (i.e. insured), to Duncker via Fräulein Ludmilla Assing. Only I'll get Pfänder to put himself down as the sender.

4. You should indeed include something national, anti-Bonapartist, but the tone should be careful and gentlemanly. You can the more readily employ this colour in that the intention of your pamphlet is, in fact, a great victory for Mazzini vis-à-vis the National Assembly of 1848 (Radowitz-Mincio), and you enable Germans for the first time to interest themselves with a good conscience in Italy's emancipation.

Now, good-bye, old boy.

Your

K. M.

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a Po and Rhine (see this volume, pp. 391-92) - b A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy - c Marx refers to J. M. von Radowitz's speech of 12 August 1848 in the Frankfurt National Assembly.
In his latest Gottfried Mr Gottfried a kow-tows to Suse-Sibeth, whom he describes as a model merchanting house, likewise to that wretched publisher, Trübner, who has compiled a worthless American bibliography. b Macte puer virtute. c


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ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

[Manchester,] 4 March 1859

Dear Moor,

Little Jew Braun d has managed things well; I agree to half the net profits. The work is going ahead fairly quickly, e 9 long double pages of the kind I send you for the Tribune are ready, 2 or 3 more will see the finish of the Po and then comes the Rhine, which won't be as long—barely 3 sheets in all. This evening, Saturday and Sunday will certainly dispose of the better part of the thing, and I shall let you have it by Wednesday, provided all goes smoothly. However I must be on my guard since I'll have all the official military writers against me, and if they can pick any holes in the thing they'll certainly do so. So better too short than too long, and the historical examples can be done quite briefly. Besides, if the manuscript arrives in Berlin at the end of next week, it will be soon enough; after all, there's going to be war. f So there's no need to worry about time. It's impossible just now to absent myself from the warehouse for several days. There's no real need and it wouldn't be much help. What holds one up is poring

over the map, which must be done staccato, otherwise one gets bemused.

I'm not doing a foreword. That would be asking for too much.

Your
F. E.

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MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 10 March 1859

Dear Engels,

Pamphlet received. Will run to about 4 printed sheets if not more, considering the way pamphlets are printed. Have read it all; exceedingly clever; the political side is also splendidly done and that was damned difficult. The pamphlet will have a great success.

I've deleted nothing but one short sentence about Reuss-Schleiz; not where you discuss the 'natural frontiers' of that state but in the first passage where it makes for double emploi and detracts from the effect.

I suggest that the subtitle 'Military Studies' detracts from the effect and should be deleted.

Should you be writing to Lassalle tomorrow I'd like you to do something in your own name which I can't do in mine. The facts are as follows: Last Monday (7 March) something arrived from Berlin! What do you think it was? The first proof-sheet and since then I have not had another. Contrary to what Mr Duncker expressly said in his letter, they did nothing at all about my manuscript for 6 weeks and would now seem to be printing 1 sheet a week. When your manuscript arrives they'll perhaps break off again and thus the thing may drag on for months. I find this quite deplorable,

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and you might drop some words in your own name to Lassalle about the matter. Do the fellows want to put the piece off until the very eve of war, thereby ensuring that it comes to nothing and giving Mr Duncker an excuse to refuse the sequel?

Besides, I was counting on the money, and this delay has rendered intolerable my already distressing mode of existence. On this occasion Freiligrath (who is seeking in every way to reestablish himself) was decent enough to try and negotiate bills for me here in London. However the thing came to nothing.

Apropos the Tribune. For the past 6 weeks they have not published one article either of yours or mine. The intrigues associated with a presidential election are already beginning. In the light of experience I should say that the omission of our articles was a preliminary manoeuvre enabling them to notify me that they will only be requiring one article per week for the time being.

Salut.

Your
K. M.

I believe there will be war. However, a diplomatic intermezzo is necessary, partly on account of the clamour in Germany, partly on account of the vociferousness of the French bourgeoisie, lastly on account of the English Parliament; perhaps also in order that Russia may in the meantime extort sundry concessions from Austria. The Russians have achieved one main object. In 1846, when, for the first time, Austria's finances showed no deficit, Russia used the Cracow affair to plunge her back into the most appalling financial predicament. In 1858 the Austrians appeared to have got their finances in some sort of order and announced an immediate payment by the Bank, which is why Bonaparte was promptly sent into the field and Austria's finances are back where they were in 1848. The dissolution of Parliament, the absence of government here in the interim, and subsequently Palmerston as Foreign Minister are similarly moves required by Russia for the purpose of war.

First published in Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx, Bd. 2, Stuttgart, 1913

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a See this volume, pp. 402-03. b See this volume, pp. 360 and 366.
Dear Lassalle,

First of all my thanks for your *bons offices* with Duncker, which have met with such outstanding success and will, for the first time in nearly ten years, give me the opportunity of appearing before the German public. I sent the manuscript to Marx last Wednesday and he will have forwarded it on Thursday. The title page should read simply *Po and Rhine*, Berlin, Published by ... etc., etc. Marx and I both consider it better that the thing should first appear anonymously because specialised and, at the start, the name of a civilian could only be detrimental to a military paper. If the thing is successful, as I hope, it will be time enough to put my name to it. There's no need for a table of contents, the sections being merely numbered. Nor have I written a foreword.

Marx thinks it will amount to 4 sheets, which I doubt, but it all depends on the printing, of course.

As regards terms, I have decided in favour of half the net profits; it goes without saying, of course, that there should be the usual number of free copies, one of which you must naturally bespeak in advance. They can be sent through publisher's channels, though I'd like one (or else proofs) to be sent direct to me by post. I might bring it out in English. The matter lends itself less readily to a French translation which would, furthermore, be difficult to place; however, I shall see.

How is the printing of Marx's manuscript getting on? So far I've only heard of one sheet having been printed, and yet the manuscript has been in Berlin for over a month. This seems to me very slow. One or two instalments at least should be out in time for the Leipzig Fair and there's not long to go.

Reiterated promises notwithstanding, Marx hasn't yet sent me your *Heraclitus*, which I greatly look forward to seeing, although both my Greek and the speculative concept have grown exceedingly rusty. I am equally anxious to read your play, which I have

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seen advertised. Despite your versatility, I would never have expected you to take up this speciality as well.

Since I've been here I have been devoting myself largely to militaria, also dallying at intervals with an old love, comparative philology. But when one has engaged in noble commerce all day long, it's impossible to go beyond sheer dilettantism in so vast and extensive a discipline. And even though I once cherished the brash idea of writing a comparative grammar of the Slavonic languages, I gave it up long ago, the more so since Miklosich has undertaken the same thing with such brilliant success.

So once again very many thanks and kind regards from your

F. E.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 16 March 1859

Dear Frederick,

£5 received. Thanks.

Yesterday proof sheet II arrived. If it goes on like this it'll take them three months. There can't possibly be more than one type-setter employed on this affair.

I don't know what to write about on Friday. Can you do something—on Armstrong's gun, perhaps?

Mr Bruno Bauer has, I am told, written a pamphlet on the 'question of the day', pro-Russia and France and anti-Austria and England. He is now the ally of Manteuffel, in support of whom he has already written recently in the *Zeit*.

I am sending you that *Clown* Edgar Bauer's paper. The man has become a great communist and working men's representative. He and his little rag are almost finished. The first article, 'Zank', is a

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*a* F. Miklosich, *Vergleichende Grammatik der slawischen Sprachen*.  
*b* of Marx's *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*  
*c* Die *Neue Zeit*  
*d* Die *Neue Zeit*, No. 37, 12, March 1859.
direct attack on me. I am, it seems, quietly to join up with Mr Edgar and emerge from my 'surly' and 'distrustful' isolation. The clown has turned into a real preacher. He doesn't dare attack the Hermann for fear the fellows may disclose his 'past'.

Kinkel's paper is doing excellent business. Prudently, he has quite given up writing himself. The money comes partly from a Dr Juch and partly from the Portuguese Jew, Castello (an old Portuguese financial house), who was talked into it by the great Gerstenberg.


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MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE

IN BERLIN

London, 16 March 1859
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill

Dear Lassalle,

Your latest work and accompanying letter have not yet arrived, nor are they to be here so soon. Despatch through publisher's channels is about as expeditious as if you were to send me the things via Petersburg, Kamchatka and North America.

If it's not too late, get them to print 'The right of translation is reserved' on the last manuscript I sent you. Otherwise some of the German clowns over here might massacre the thing.

Owing to circumstances which I can't go into today (for I am dictating an article in English while writing this note to you), I am very hard pressed for money. Might it be possible for you to carry out some sort of bill transaction for me in Berlin having a currency of a few weeks, in return for which you could subsequently take the fee Duncker owes me?

a The letter is unsigned. - b Franz von Sickingen - c F. Engels, Po and Rhine. - d K. Marx, 'The War Prospect in Prussia'.
Yesterday I had a visitor from Paris, a man by whose judgment I set tremendous store. Speaking of war, he said: 'Il n'y a pas deux opinions à Paris. Nous avons la guerre.' He was quite convinced that, were Bonaparte to draw back, he would crack up and, like the Empereur Soulouque, would be betrayed by the army itself. Even the Parisian bourgeois, though rabid for peace, are already beginning to mutter that the fellow has no more courage than Louis Philippe.

There's one factor, by the by, which you must not overlook; Russia is stirring up the whole thing, and her ally, Palmerston (you only have to look at The Times) is doing all he can to drive Bonaparte to war. On top of that there'll soon be a change of ministry here, and then Palmerston will run the thing direct. The pro-Poerio, etc., demonstrations here are wholly inspired by him. He has placed his son-in-law, Lord Shaftesbury, at the head of these, as responsible editor.

I am now, after all, beginning to believe that the war might hold out some prospects for us as well.

Salut.

Your
K. M.

Don't forget, by the by, that if you write to me about certain conditions, it will benefit a vast public, amongst whom a great many Germans. The Tribune numbers some 200,000 regular subscribers.

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MARX TO FRANZ DUNCKER
IN BERLIN

[London,] 17TH MARCH 1859

Dear Sir,

I am returning the proofs in an envelope because advised by the Post Office over here that, while proofs may be sent from

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a 'There's no two opinions about it in Paris. We shall have war.' - b i.e., about the position in Germany (see this volume, p. 391) - c of the book A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy
Berlin to London, they must go from London to Berlin as letters.

Page 32, in the final lines I forgot to amend 'more profound economic differences between English and French, etc., political economy' to 'more profound fundamental, etc.'

My memory may be deceiving me, but it seems to me that the beginnings of the sentences on p. 33, both in the text and in the first note, were missing on p. 32.

Yours very faithfully,

K. M.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London, 22 March 1859]

Dear Engels,

Herewith Eccarius' letter. Unfortunately he had to return to his tailor's sweat-shop for which, or so it seems to me, he is by no means sufficiently recovered.

I wrote about the Reform Bill today; you should write (if your eyes [are alright], as I hope—otherwise, OF COURSE, DONT THINK OF IT) about the likelihood of war. This I regard as necessary, if the rascals on the Tribune are not to reprint anything. Nothing from Berlin. Only 3 proof-sheets received in 8 weeks.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

First published in Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx, Bd. 2, Stuttgart, 1913

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a In response to this request Engels wrote the article 'War Inevitable'. — b of Marx's A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy
Dear Engels,

I think you have misunderstood Lassalle’s letter.\(^a\)

All he says is:

‘I’m most anxious to see what the pamphlet\(^b\) contains. Marx’s work\(^c\) will also be appearing soon, etc.’ By this he means he has not read your pamphlet. Voilà tout.\(^d\) The same affectation as in the case of my manuscript which he purports not to have read. I had a letter from him this morning which I shall send on to you later. Had your manuscript not arrived he would at least have told me.

Your manuscript left London the same day as it arrived. Pfänder was given a receipt for it. Anyway it is sure to have arrived. Duncker is a slow coach. To date (8 weeks) I have had only 3 proof-sheets.

Your,

K. M.

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\(^a\) Marx refers to Lassalle’s letter to Engels of 21 March 1859. \(^b\) F. Engels, Po and Rhine. \(^c\) A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. \(^d\) That’s all. \(^e\) As regards \(^f\) First
means, namely writing to my mother asking her if she will lend me the money for a few weeks. *Je verrai.* Here in London a bill could have been negotiated only through Gerstenberg. But the latter, a petty pompous gentleman and Kinkel's patron, shall not have the gratification of being asked to do me a service, even a purely formal one.

*Ad vocem Duncker:* This Wednesday (day after tomorrow), the man will have had the manuscript\(^b\) for almost 9 weeks. So far I've been sent only 3 *proof-sheets*. Between ourselves I should say quite frankly that Duncker is regretting having undertaken the business and that's why he is handling it in this dilatory, Wetzlar chancellery fashion.\(^{391}\) If he goes on like this the thing won't even be out by Easter. And this puts me in another quandary. I am negotiating with an Englishman over the English rendering of these first instalments. This last depends, of course, on the publication of the work in German, and since everything is done at high pressure in London, the Englishman is growing mistrustful. You absolutely cannot make an Englishman understand the German way of doing business.

You will see that the first section does not comprise the principal chapter, i.e. the 3rd, on *capital*. I thought this advisable on *political* grounds, for it's in III that the battle really begins and it seemed to me better not to frighten people *de prime abord.*

*Ad vocem telegraphy:* I *ACCEPT THE OFFER.*\(^{392}\) The matter isn't as simple as you think. Obtaining the information is nothing, but takes up *a great deal of time.* I shall set up office near the Exchange (where the telegraphic companies who despatch the things also have their offices). However, your cousin\(^d\) must now let me know: 1. By what route does he want the despatches sent? There are 3 companies, one sends via France, the second via Ostend and the third via Antwerp. The only things which should be sent via France, I think, are those for which no French censorship can present a danger. This is, incidentally, the shortest route. 2. *What* does he want telegraphed? Different papers base their views of what is important on very different principles. 3. How frequently does he want me to telegraph? 4. Besides *news* from England, do these people want news from America, in short, from outside Europe? He must give me exact instructions about all this since telegraphy demands first and foremost that all non-essentials should be omitted. 5. Finally, I must know at what hour of the day

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\(^a\) I shall see. \(^b\) K. Marx, *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.* \(^c\) at the very outset \(^d\) Max Friedländer
the *Presse* prefers to receive its news (in the English provinces, at any rate, this varies with individual newspapers, according to the time they come out). In the case of extraordinary events no time could, of course, be laid down, as it could, presumably, for ordinary despatches. For stock-market news I would, of course, have an exceptional source of information in Freiligrath.

*Ad vocem* *'Presse'*: I accept this offer, too: *Firstly*, because, unlike last time, no conditions are imposed on me as regards the treatment of specific political personalities. I make it an absolute principle never to assent to a *condition*. On the other hand, every newspaper has a right to expect tact of its correspondents. *Secondly*, because times have changed and I now consider it essential that our party should secure positions wherever possible, even if only for a time, so that others should not gain possession of the terrain. For the time being, of course, it must be used cautiously, but the most important thing is to acquire influence at various points against more crucial contingencies. I never received the copies of the *Presse* which you say Friedländer sent me, probably because they were wrongly addressed. I ought, by the by, to be sent a few numbers immediately; one has to find out from the actual paper *how*, not *what*, one should write for the Viennese public.

*Ad vocem* your *writing for the 'Presse'*. I am quite convinced you should write for them. True, it would be 'improper' for you, as a Prussian, to write for an Austrian paper just now. But on principle we should, as Luther says of God, 'use a thief to catch a thief', and whenever we get the chance, contribute to the general state of disintegration and confusion. Before the start of the present troubles I would neither have written for the *Presse* myself, nor have advised you to do so. But the fermentation process has begun and now it's up to everyone to do what he can. It is now advisable to infiltrate poison, no matter where. Should we confine ourselves to writing for papers which on the whole share our viewpoint, we'd have to postpone all journalistic activity indefinitely. And should one really allow so-called *'PUBLIC OPINION'* to have nothing but counter-revolutionary stuff pumped into it?

*Ad vocem* *'Tribune'*: You certainly misunderstood me if you thought I was asking you to take the *Tribune*’s subscribers into account. The fact of the matter is this: My real business with the *Tribune* consists in writing leaders about anything I choose. Here, England heads the bill and France comes second. Much is of an

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economic nature. But since the change of course in Prussia, I have amused myself on the sly by writing an occasional report from ‘Berlin’ and owing to my ‘internal’ ties with the Hohenzollern homeland I have been able to assess conditions there with great assurance. Among the said subscribers to the Tribune there are a great many Germans. Moreover, the German-American newspapers, whose name is legion, reprint stuff from it. This being so, it was important for me to give local colour to the occasional article I wrote from ‘Berlin’ in order that my polemic with the Prussian State might also be pursued in the New World. A little gossip is indispensable to local colour of this kind. Besides, present Prussian history consists largely of chronique scandaleuse. Hinc illae lacrimae. In this respect your last letter served me to good purpose.

Salut.

Your
K. M.

P.S. Have just received a letter from Nutt, the City booksellers, advising me that your parcel has arrived. I shall collect it without fail today.

What is happening about Engels’ pamphlet? I sent it off on the 10TH OF MARCH. I’d have thought this kind of thing could have been done in 5 days.


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MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 1 April 1859

Dear Engels,

Herewith letter from Lassalle. Herewith letter from Dana, which you must return. I shall wait to hear from you before answering it.

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a Hence these tears (Terence, Andria, I, i, 99). - b Po and Rhine
Have written articles on the Reform Bill, Ministry. My article for next week: Indian Finances. All the rest of the world is therefore at your disposal.

So Palmerston, as was decided at Compiègne (but in effect at Petersburg), is to return to the ministry whatever its denomination. Without him Russia could not allow a war. Now, as in 1852 and 1855, Bright and Russell have pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for him.

By the by, the debate in parliament was very funny. The Whigs and Radicals attacked the Tories largely on the grounds of their being revolutionists. Here, Bright's and Gibson's role most abject. (The latter even went so far as to declaim romantically against electoral districts.) On the other hand, the farce of Tories, in the name of the middle class, advocating their own rubbish in opposition to Whigs and middle class, who advocate theirs in the name of the working class. A sign of great progress in England.

Salut.

Your
K. M.


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MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE
IN BERLIN

London, 4 April 1859

Dear Lassalle,

All my attempts to raise money have failed. I have also had an answer in the negative from home—you know how much attached

a K. Marx, 'Great Trouble in Indian Finances'.
old people are to ‘things finite’. Unpleasant though it is for me to approach you—since your own funds are on the ebb just now—I have no other choice. If 20 Friedrichsdors is too much, send less. But draw the money from Duncker later on.

Has Engels’ pamphlet⁰ come out?

I shall write to you from here at length next week (this week there’s absolutely no time). In the meantime my thanks for the playᵇ and the accompanying letter.

Salut.

Your

K. M.


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MARX TO ENGELS³⁹⁶

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 9 April 1859

Dear Frederick,

Have written to Dana telling him he can have the articles if he pays better.⁰⁰

Pieper, finally cured and out of hospital (after a serious relapse), is off to Bremen. He has an ugly inflammation on his forehead.

Have you been following the exposure of Palmerston over the Italian question (1848)?⁰⁰

Anstey is back from Hong Kong and is threatening to have his revenge on Palmerston. As an opponent, the latter will find Anstey not a little dangerous—more so, at any rate, than Urquhart.⁰⁰

The financial muddle in India must be seen as the real result of

the Indian Mutiny. A general financial breakdown seems inevitable unless those classes are taxed which to date have been England’s most solid supporters. However, even that will be of no substantial help. The joke is that John Bull will now have to pay out annually between 4 and 5 million cash in India in order to keep the wheels turning, and will in this nice roundabout way restore his national debt to the proper progressive ratio. It must certainly be admitted that the Indian market is being paid a damned high price for Manchester cottons. According to the report of the Military Commission 80,000 Europeans as well as some 200,000 to 260,000 natives will have to be maintained in India for years to come. This costs about £20 million and the total net revenue amounts to no more than £25 million. Moreover, the mutiny has added a permanent debt of £50 million or, according to Wilson’s calculations, a permanent annual deficit of 3 million. In addition, there is the guarantee of £2 million per annum to the railways until they are running and, indefinitely, a smaller sum if their net revenue falls short of 5%. So far (apart from the short stretch of railway that has been completed) India has got nothing out of the thing save the privilege of paying English capitalists 5% for their capital. But John Bull has cheated himself, or rather has been cheated by his capitalists. India’s payments are merely nominal, whereas those of John Bull are real. E.g. a substantial part of Stanley’s loan was simply to be used for paying 5% to English capitalists, even in respect of railways the building of which has not yet begun. Finally, the revenue from opium, amounting hitherto to £4 million per annum, is under serious threat as a result of the Chinese treaty. Whatever happens the monopoly is bound to collapse and in China itself the cultivation of opium will soon be in full swing. Revenue was derived from opium precisely because it was an article of contraband. To my mind the present financial catastrophe in India is a more serious affair than was the war in India.

What do you make of Duncker? Was there ever such a rascally slow coach?

Salut.

Your
K. M.


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ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

[Manchester,] Monday, 11 April 1859

D.M.,

Article for *Friday* on war.\(^a\) The Austrians evidently intend to seize the initiative after all. Very sensible. If I'm not mistaken I have already sent the plan of the war to the *Tribune*\(^b\): An Austrian offensive to defeat, first, the Piedmontese and then the invading French severally as they debouch from Mont Cenis, Mont Genèvre, the Col di Tenda and Bocchetta—was that it? I can no longer remember exactly. It'll be a very jolly affair.

What clever-clever slow coaches they are in Berlin. They can't even print a pamphlet!\(^c\) I've heard absolutely nothing more—it's enough to drive one insane.

*En attendant, vive la guerre!*\(^d\) In 10 days' time they will, I hope, be at each other's throats in Alessandria or Casale, and then who knows what kind of foxes I shall be hunting next *season*!

Your

F. E.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 12 April 1859

Dear Engels,

Yesterday Lassalle wrote to me about your pamphlet\(^e\) as follows:

\(^a\) F. Engels, 'War Inevitable'.
\(^b\) F. Engels, 'Chances of the Impending War'.
\(^c\) This refers to Engels' *Po and Rhine*. 
\(^d\) In the meantime, three cheers for war!
\(^e\) *Po and Rhine*
'Engels' pamphlet came out 3 days ago. Today I am sending him two copies by book post, as I shall do each day for 6 days in succession. For this is the only way we could devise' (!) 'of avoiding heavy postal charges on the one hand and, on the other, preventing certain persons from guessing who was the pamphlet's author. Write and tell him this."

Have you ever known such tomfoolery? To distract attention from you, they send you copies by book post '6 days in succession'!

Of the thing itself Lassalle writes:

'The pamphlet is truly impressive by reason of the pungency and sterling quality of the strategic knowledge evinced therein.'

(The 'pungency' of 'knowledge' may be regarded as a lapsus pennae.)

As to my own affair, Lassalle writes:

'Duncker tells me that the instalments will be ready by mid-May.'

(So that's another month's delay.)

'He maintains he is getting on with the printing as quickly as he can. At any rate you are utterly wrong in supposing that he is deliberately dragging his feet. He's always rather slow.'

What I do know, however, is that another 10 days have gone by without my getting a proof-sheet.

Apropos. The Neue Zeit is on its last legs. Mr Edgar, who actually ended up by gracing its columns with a short story of his own contriving, resigned a week ago—realising that the world was thoroughly unamenable to his genius. Last Saturday it came out as a half number, and this week will probably see the end of it. The Hermann, too, according to current rumour, will soon depart this life. A good thing the curs snatched so eagerly at the opportunity of thus shamelessly laying bare their nonentity before all the world. Kinkel has killed the Kinkel humbug with his own hand. The clown, for his part, has found out just how 'easy' it is to take our place in communist literature.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

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a Here and below Marx quotes Lassalle's letter to him of 8 April 1859 (the italics are Marx's). - b slip of the pen - c i.e. the publication of the book A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy - d E. Bauer, 'Das Kloster', Die Neue Zeit, Nos. 38-42, 19 and 26 March and 2, 10 and 16 April 1859. - e 9 April - f Edgar Bauer
You explained the Austrian plan of attack in the *Tribune*\(^a\) just as you describe it.

*Pas trop de zèle!*\(^b\)


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

London, 16 April [1859]

Dear Engels,

I trust that by the time you get this note your toothache will have gone. It's a fiendish thing.

MEANWHILE I have made arrangements which, within a short time, will double my income and thus put an end to the habitual misery. Friedländer, Lassalle's cousin (sometime editor along with Eisner and Co. of the *Neue Oder-Zeitung*), present editor of the *Presse* in Vienna (which, *en passant*, has 24,000 subscribers), offered, in January 1858, to appoint me correspondent to his paper.\(^{254}\) I turned this down at the time because he stipulated that only Bonaparte, not Palmerston, be attacked. Now he has renewed the offer, *ALL CONDITIONS LAID ASIDE*. Since, however, this will *as a rule* involve only 1 article (20 frs) per week, it is comparatively unimportant. But I am at the same time to be their despatcher of telegrams (in French), 10 frs per telegram, and this, though time-consuming, is lucrative.

The only point that remains to be settled is that of instructions to a banking house in London, since telegraphing necessitates considerable expenditure. Negotiations—before the terms were settled—extended over 3 weeks. It was only yesterday that I sent a definite answer to a letter received the same day from Vienna. So it will be 8-10 days before the thing gets under way.

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\(^a\) F. Engels, 'Chances of the Impending War' - \(^b\) Not too much zeal! (The dictum is attributed to Talleyrand.)
MEANWHILE the interest on our most valuable silver, watches, etc., is due for payment next Tuesday. By private transactions with the pawnbroker my wife has already put off the date of foreclosure for 3 weeks, but Tuesday is the ultimus terminus. So my request that you send me a few pounds goes hand in hand with the hope that this will definitely be the last time and the tax upon you will cease for good.

Be so kind as to send 1 copy\(^a\) for me. As soon as you are in possession of several, Freiligrath and Pfänder ought each to have one.

Salut.

Your
K. M.


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MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 19 April [1859]

Dear Engels,

1. £5 arrived. Best thanks.
2. I shall look out the Tribunes for you and send them in the course of this week.
3. The Tribune which arrived today (dated 5 April) contains an attack (enclosed),\(^b\) probably by some idiot of a Hungarian, which you should answer by Friday at the latest. The answer of the '14th inst.'\(^c\) to which the idiot alludes is not to hand. However his own repetition will tell you everything he said in 'his short answer'.\(^401\)
4. What did the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung say about your Tribune articles\(^402\)?

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5. Yesterday I saw Duncker's advertisement for *Po and Rhine* in the *Hamburger Correspondent*.  
6. I myself have so far received 8 proof-sheets. So the thing’s approaching its end, but no doubt it will be another fortnight before Duncker sends any more.  
7. *Ad vocem* Lassalle, I shall deal with this *inter alia* in a longer letter tomorrow.  

*Salut.*

Your  
K. M.

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**MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE**

**IN BERLIN**

London, 19 April 1859

Dear Lassalle,

I sent no separate acknowledgment of the £14 10/- because the letter was registered. But I should have written earlier had I not been plagued by a damned ‘cousin from Holland’, who laid claim to my surplus working time in the **most cruel manner**.

He is now gone, and so I can breathe again. Friedländer has written to me. The terms are not as favourable as those originally communicated to you, but are nonetheless *respectable*. Once a few subsidiary points have been settled between us—which will, I think, be done in the course of this week—I shall write to him.

Here in England the class struggle is progressing in a most gratifying way. Unfortunately there is no longer any Chartist paper in existence and hence I had to give up literary collaboration with that movement **about** two years ago.

Now I come to *Franz von Sickingen*. D’abord, I must applaud

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* K. Marx, *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*. - b As to - c Johann Carl Juta - d See this volume, p. 416. - e First
both composition and action, and that's more than one can say of any other modern German play. In the second instance, and aside from any reactions of a purely critical nature, the work excited me very much at the first reading and hence will induce this reaction to an even greater degree in more emotionally inclined readers. And that is another and very important aspect.

Now for the other side of the medal: Firstly—and this is purely a question of form—since you have chosen to write in verse, you could have put a touch more artistry into the iambics. However, though your neglecting to do so might well shock a professional poet, I regard it by and large as a merit, our breed of poetical epigones having retained nothing but formal polish. Secondly, the implicit conflict is not just tragic; it is the tragic conflict upon which the revolutionary party of 1848-49 justly foundered. Hence making it the fulcrum of a modern tragedy can only meet with my wholehearted approval. But then, I ask myself, is the theme in question suitable for the portrayal of that conflict? Balthasar may indeed imagine that had Sickingen not pretended that his rebellion was a knightly feud, but had instead raised the standard of opposition to the emperor and open war against the princes, he would have won. But are we able to share that illusion? Sickingen (and with him Hutten, more or less) went under, not because of his cunning, but because, as a knight and as representative of a declining class, he rebelled against existing reality, or rather against the new form of existing reality. Strip Sickingen of the appurtenances of the individual and his particular education, natural disposition, etc., and you have—Götz von Berlichingen. In this latter, miserable fellow the tragic opposition between knights on the one hand and emperor and princes on the other is adequately personified and that is why Goethe rightly made him his hero. In so far as Sickingen—and even Hutten up to a point, although in his case, as in that of all ideologists of a class, such assertions call for substantial modification—is fighting the princes (he turns against the emperor only because the emperor of knights has become the emperor of princes), he is, in fact, nothing more than a Don Quixote, if with some historical justification. The fact that he begins his rebellion in the guise of a knightly feud merely means that he begins it in knightly fashion. Were he to begin it in any other way, he would have to appeal directly and at the very outset to the towns and the peasants, i.e. the very classes whose development=the negation of knighthood.

a J. W. Goethe, Götz von Berlichingen. - b Charles V

15
Unless, therefore, you wished to reduce the conflict to no more than what is portrayed in Götz von Berlichingen—and such was not your plan—Sickingen and Hutten were bound to go under because they imagined themselves to be revolutionaries (which cannot be said of Götz) and, just like the cultivated Polish aristocracy of 1830, turned themselves on the one hand into the organs of modern ideas while on the other actually representing a reactionary class interest. The aristocratic representatives of revolution—behind whose catch-words of unity and liberty there still lingers the dream of the imperial past and of club-law—ought not in that case to monopolise the interest as you make them do; rather the representatives of the peasants (of these in particular) and of the revolutionary elements in the towns should provide an altogether significant and dynamic background. This would have enabled you to give expression in far greater measure precisely to the most modern ideas in their most unsophisticated form; whereas, in fact now, the dominant idea, apart from religious freedom, is civic unity. Then you would automatically have had to ‘Shakespearise’ more, whereas your principal failing is, to my mind, ‘Schillering’, i.e. using individuals as mere mouthpieces for the spirit of the times. Have not you yourself—like your Franz von Sickingen—succumbed, to some extent, to the diplomatic error of regarding the Lutheran-knightly opposition as superior to the plebeian-Münzerian?

Again, I miss what is characteristic in the characters. I except Charles V, Balthasar and Richard of Trier. And was there ever a time of more robust character traits than the 16th century? To my mind Hutten is, to far too great a degree, merely a representative of ‘enthusiasm’, which is boring. Wasn’t he also witty, an infernal wit, and hence hasn’t he been done a grave injustice?

The extent to which even your Sickingen—who, by the way, is portrayed much too abstractly—suffers as a result of a conflict that is quite independent of all his personal calculations is evident from the necessity he is in of urging friendship with the towns, etc., upon his knights and, on the other hand, from the satisfaction with which he himself imposes club-law upon those same towns.

To come down to details, I would censure the sometimes excessive preoccupation of individuals with themselves—the result of your predilection for Schiller. E.g. on p. 121, when Hutten is telling Marie the history of his life, it would have been quite natural to make Marie say:
'The whole gamut of sensations',

etc., up to the words,

'And weighs more heavily on me than did the years'.

The preceding verses, from 'They say' to 'grown older', might follow at this point, but the comment, 'The virgin in a single night matures into a woman' (although showing that the love Marie knows is more than a mere abstraction), is completely pointless; still less should Marie have begun by reflecting upon her own 'ageing'. After recounting all that she had said during the 'one' hour, she might have given general expression to her feelings in the phrase about her 'ageing'. Again, what offends me in the lines that follow is: 'I thought it was my right' (i.e. happiness). Why give the lie to the ingenuous view of the world which Marie has hitherto professed to hold, by turning it into a doctrine of rights? Maybe some other time I shall give you my opinion in greater detail.

I consider the scene between Sickingen and Charles V to be particularly felicitous, although the dialogue on both sides is rather too much in the nature of pleading; also the scenes in Trier. Hutten's lines about the sword I thought very fine.

Well, that's enough for this time.

You have made my wife into a special admirer of your play. Only Marie doesn't satisfy her.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

Apropos. There are some bad misprints in Engels' Po and Rhine. I append a list of them on the last page of this letter. 


Printed according to the original

The list is in Marx's handwriting.
Manchester, 20 April 1859

Dear Mother,

At last a modicum of peace and quiet in which to write to you again. I got both your dear letters and am glad to hear that you are all well and that the Blank children have recovered from the measles. I am very well; my back teeth are gradually breaking up, but not too painfully on the whole, otherwise there’s absolutely nothing wrong with me; my appetite and digestion are first-rate and there hasn’t been a trace of the old troubles.

So little Delius has finally been unable after all to help coming the Bradfordian over you. I should have thought he would mind his p’s and q’s a bit more, but since he has evidently begun to stir up these little troubles, I can only tell you that in Bradford talking big is in the very air, and that, in the long run, it’s a sheer impossibility for a Bradfordian to tell the truth. Now that the little chap shares lodgings with Wilhelm Kutter, who is the greatest tall story teller under the sun, he seems increasingly to be acquiring the same virtue. If a Bradfordian were to tell me that twice two makes four, I would immediately begin to doubt the accuracy of the multiplication table. I’m warning you of this in advance, so that you’re not too hard on the little chap; Bradforadians are all alike, they’re fluent liars. The story about the horse originated simply from my having told the owner that, if he would sell the animal for less than £120, he was to let me know—nothing more. It’s a long way from there to buying. Were it now to be offered me at £120, I would think twice before giving £100 for it, since it is in fact rather too light for me and for the same money I could get a very fine, strong hunter. Come to that, it’s not such a tall story about his bolting into a shop. Any horse that’s really mettlesome and has done little or nothing for a whole week will, with an indifferent rider, engage in all manner of strange antics, and whether the pair of them break their necks is entirely a matter of luck. But no horse is going to find it easy to take me into a shop against my will, you may be sure of that.

The other story, the one about Carl Siebel, is still more of a fabrication. Far from leading a dissipated life, he spends nearly every evening at home, hardly ever goes out and has hardly any
acquaintances. I don’t believe there are twenty young men of his age in the whole of Manchester who live as soberly as he does. True, in the early days he did once or twice drink a glass too many, and indulged in all kinds of childish pranks but, being in the company of myself and a few acquaintances and seeing that we found nothing to admire in these puerilities, he gave it up. Altogether he’s still half a child, terribly immature and incapable of coping with the most everyday problems. But time will take care of that. We Barmen lads all seem to have this in common—that it takes us a long time to emerge from uncouth adolescence; I must have been just as queer a fish when I was 23. His parents, by the way, must have gone about it very oddly if they could do nothing with the lad, for he has an excellent side to him, namely awareness of his own weaknesses, and, far from being self-willed, is on the contrary very amenable to persuasion. What prepossesses me in his favour is that, despite all the fulsome praise that has been lavished on his verses, he knows at the bottom of his heart that these are nothing but immature, unfinished, superficial affairs, and the nice young chap was awfully grateful to me when I explained this to him good-humouredly but no less clearly for that; for after he had presented me with the whole of his immortal works, I told him outright that, while they showed talent, it was wasted talent, and that none of his stuff was of any value as a work of art. The lad must really have been very much of a dilettante in Berlin, and in danger of going to the dogs among the bellettristic riff-raff of the literary world there. Whenever I see him, I regularly take him to task on the subject and tell him he should turn his back on versifying for a time and make a thorough study of the classical poets of all nations in order to educate his very confused taste a little, and to learn German, of which he still knows nothing. If he does this, he may yet become a very steady sort of chap. His parents, by the way, ought to have sufficient gumption to place themselves on a rational footing with him—one that he can tolerate—or so arrange matters that he can gradually find the means and the opportunity of setting himself up, here or elsewhere, as an independent business man. The boy knows that he can at any time earn sufficient to live on by his writing, and if his dear papa has neither the intelligence nor the tact to treat him like a grown-up person, he has only himself to blame if the chap finally gets sick of the whole thing and decides to do nothing but write, when he would quite certainly go completely to the dogs. Old Siebel may perhaps imagine that I’m putting all kinds of nonsense into his son’s head, but he can rest
assured that I am bringing my whole influence to bear on him to deter him from over-much writing (because the boy isn't yet ripe for it) and to make him realise that there's no more wretched existence than dependence on earnings from literary work, and that the sooner he comes to terms with his prosaic, bourgeois trade, the better (for without it, since he is au fond reluctant to learn, there would be nothing to restrain him and he'd go to the dogs altogether). If he does this and gains a little more experience of life and sheds his awkwardness, I have no doubt he will become a very steady sort of chap and achieve something worthwhile in the literary field too. I like the boy very much since he is exceedingly good-natured, not at all conceited and very frank and straightforward. I normally see him twice a week or so.

I didn't know that E. Blank was in London and hope that he'll come up here one of these days; anyhow, a few months ago he promised he would. War or no war, by the way, let nothing prevent you from coming over here this summer—I'm counting firmly on it. As you know, we're bound for Scotland this summer, and in the meantime you can take another look at your Walter Scott so that you'll know what's what.

But now I must stop as it's 7 o'clock and I still have sundry business letters to write. I had really meant to enclose a note for Father, but it is absolutely impossible and I must have the statements done for him as well. So I'll write to him as soon as I can, in two or three days' time.

Meanwhile give him my love, and also to my brothers and sisters and their families.

With much love from your son,

Friedrich

You needn't, of course, tell Mrs Siebel every word I've said about Carl.

From the bottom of my heart I wish you many happy returns of the day, and hope that I shall be able to do so many, many times again.

First published in Deutsche Revue, Jg. 46, Bd. 2, 1921
MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 22 April 1859

Dear Frederick,

I have modified your article\(^a\) to accord with the latest news. You didn't, I suppose, waste your time (as I was obliged to do) wading through last Monday's parliamentary debates.\(^b\) Their gist was as follows:

1. England has been duped throughout the negotiations.
2. England is decidedly pro-Austrian.

Ad 1. The English ministers had announced once before that everything was settled. This was when the news of the evacuation of Rome\(^{405}\) was appearing in all the papers. From statements made in the House of Lords it follows: that the Pope\(^c\) really had requested that his territory be evacuated. France had repeatedly complained to the English about the falsity of her position in Rome. She had wished to withdraw but was prevented, on the one hand, by the Pope's apprehensions and, on the other, by the Austrians' refusal similarly to withdraw. This was actually the official pretext Boustrapa\(^{406}\) gave England to justify the scene with the Austrian ambassador on 1 January.\(^{406}\) Well, the Pope scotched that pretext. Austria actually withdrew 2 battalions from Bologna and had given orders for the remaining troops to leave. Then Bonaparte discovered a pretext for not evacuating, and thus the whole business fell through. This put Mr Derby into a very bad temper and, to soothe him, Bonaparte unbosomed himself about the 'Italian question' to Lord Cowley, who telegraphed London saying he found his demands satisfactory. Thereupon Cowley was sent to Vienna bearing Bonaparte's demands which England had accepted. (This man Cowley is the selfsame swine who, in Vienna in 1848/49, intrigued against the German revolution.) This was at the end of February. Austria, being exceedingly reluctant to engage in a war and having at the time not progressed nearly so far in the matter of armaments as by the middle of March, accepted

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\(^{a}\) 'The State of the Question.—Germany Arming' - \(^{b}\) An account of the debates in the British Parliament on 18 April 1859 was published in The Times, No. 23284, 19 April 1859. - \(^{c}\) Pius IX
everything. When Cowley arrived in London on his way back to Paris, both 'he' and the 'Ministry', as Derby himself says, were fully convinced that everything was settled, and again discredited themselves by making a fresh statement to that effect before Parliament. So Cowley departs in sanguine mood for Paris. Here he learns that they've been playing blind man's buff with him and that, at Russia's suggestion, Boustrapa has agreed to a general congress at which, again at Russia's suggestion, only the 5 great powers were to be represented, i.e. Sardinia was to be excluded. Derby declared outright that Russia's intervention (although agreed with France; but Bonaparte, of course, could not reject conditions put to Austria by England in his name) was alone to blame for the fact that peace had not been achieved. On the same day Palmerston said in the House of Commons that he didn't (of course) blame Russia; had England's mediation been successful Russia would not have played the role she would certainly play at a congress and which was her due where European questions were concerned. Although with very bad grace, Derby accepted the Russian proposal under certain conditions, of which the principal was that territorial settlements of the Treaty of Vienna of 1815 should not be infringed. Austria, who had already assumed that everything was settled, now clearly perceived that war had been decided upon and that an attempt was being made to lead her by the nose. Hence her reply to the new English proposal was the outrageous demand that, by way of a preliminary to the congress, Sardinia must disarm. Whereupon Derby proposed to Bonaparte that Sardinia should be induced to consent to this outrage on condition that both France and England simultaneously undertook to guarantee her against a breach of the peace by Austria during the congress. That ass Bonaparte rejected this. Had he accepted he could have got his agents to stage some sort of fracas on the Austro-Piedmontese border, when England would have been bound down to an offensive treaty with France and Sardinia against Austria, and Palmerston would have certainly compelled the Tories to be as good as their word. The Austrians, for their part, were alarmed by the ease with which, under certain circumstances, England was prepared to enter into an offensive alliance against them. They therefore promptly declared themselves in favour of the English proposal, and made Sardinia's disarmament a general disarmament. Then came the row as to whether disarmament should take place before the meeting of the congress, as maintained by Austria, or after it, as maintained by Bonaparte, and then as to whether or not Sardinia should be admitted, etc. In short, all the
new difficulties stemmed from Bonaparte, 1) the *quibbles* about disarmament; 2) after all, *he* and Russia had *proposed* the exclusion of Sardinia from the congress. So enraged was Derby last Monday that he is said to have literally shouted when he declared that England would now make one more, *ultimate* proposal; but he was weary of *trifling* and if that one failed he would no longer act as mediator, etc.

*ad 2.* Bonaparte could accept these latter proposals since they were *detrimental* solely to Austria in so far as she was in the lead with her armaments. He *had* to accept them if Derby was not to be given a pretext for taking an outright stand against him. Austria had to reject them if she was not to deprive herself of every advantage, etc. Bonaparte, who had counted on Derby’s fall and Palmerston’s accession, was *in a plight the worse* since in their speeches Derby and Disraeli had plainly indicated that they were tired of being duped by Bonaparte and Russia and had, moreover, definitely sided with Austria. Malmesbury said he failed to understand *upon what pretext* Bonaparte had intervened in the Italian imbroglio. Derby said that England would at first observe *armed neutrality*, but turn against any power which ‘for no good reason’ instigated a war. Derby said that England’s interests in the Adriatic did not permit him to look on with folded arms; and that he would regard an attack on Trieste almost as a *casus belli*. Disraeli said that Austria had behaved with ‘*dignified moderation*’ and that Sardinia was ‘*ambiguous, vexing and even ambitious*. Finally they all said that the treaties of 1815 must be *maintained*, and repeatedly emphasised, with immediate reference to the *territorial settlement in Italy*, that those treaties ‘*intended putting a check upon the encroaching ambition of France*.’

This much is certain: The ruse whereby Derby, instead of resigning, consigned Parliament to the devil, thus temporarily banishing Palmerston into private life, has placed the Russo-French game in a serious dilemma.

There are only two alternatives.

Either Austria allows herself to be intimidated by minatory *telegrams* from London and Berlin, and withdraws Gyulay’s ultimatum to Piedmont, in *which* case not even God will be able to help Bonaparte. For then he will, *in fact*, be compelled to *disarm* and be treated by the army as a Souluque. As it is, the workers in Paris have been infuriated by the turpitude of Blanqui’s deportation to Cayenne. Or else Austria wearies of diplomatic trifling and marches on Turin. In which case Mr Bonaparte has won a diplomatic victory in as much as Austria will
have been the first to declare war; but that diplomatic victory will have been bought at the expense of an ugly military defeat. In which case I don't give 4 months purchase for his crown and dynasty.

I'll send you the Tribunes tomorrow.

Apropos.

The great imperial Vogt has written Freiligrath an epistle in which he informs him that this imperial gang is bringing out a new newspaper in Zurich (or Berne, I forget which). He invited Freiligrath to write for the feuilleton and to enlist the profound Bucher as political correspondent.

The platform upon which imperial Vogt proposes to build a new 'party' and which has, as he himself puts it, been most warmly welcomed by A. Herzen, is this: Germany surrenders her extraterritorial possessions. Does not support Austria. French despotism is transitory, Austrian permanent. Both despots to be allowed to bleed to death. (Even some predilection for Bonaparte in evidence.) Armed neutrality for Germany. A revolutionary movement in Germany, as Vogt 'knows on the best authority', is not to be thought of during our lifetime. Consequently, as soon as Austria has been ruined by Bonaparte, the fatherland will experience the spontaneous beginnings of a moderate, liberal-national development à la imperial Regency, and Vogt may yet become Prussian court jester. From Vogt's letter it is evident that he believes Freiligrath to be no longer connected with us in any way. The ignorance of this imperial Vogt about the people he is dealing with! Bucher, as an Urquhartite, is an Austrian. The great Blind, on the other hand, finding himself in the dilemma of being anti-Bonaparte as a German and anti-Austria as Rotteck, is at the present moment convening a 'German Parliament', as the telegraph will soon announce in Manchester.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

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Published in English for the first time

a K. Blind, 'Der Befreier Napoleon', Hermann, No. 15, 16 April 1859.
MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE

IN BERLIN

London, 5 May 1859
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park,
Haverstock Hill

Dear Lassalle,

From the enclosed letter dated April 12, which I should like to have back, you will see that there is a very considerable difference between the terms offered me by your cousin Friedländer and the terms you originally communicated to me. Nevertheless I replied by return accepting them. I merely noted:

1. that I could not make disbursements for telegrams, a point, by the by, that hardly needed mentioning and had been anticipated in your letter;

2. that, if we came to an arrangement, I should like (though I did not make it a conditio sine qua) to be able to draw on them with a banker here for articles, etc., sent, as is done in the case of the Tribune.

So far there has been no answer, which I find strange. If the editors have changed their minds, they might have had the decency to inform me. As you are aware, I did not in any way thrust myself forward in this matter. But, having accepted, I made one or two preliminary approaches to English newspapers, etc., and I am specially anxious not to be compromised in the eyes of these people and other acquaintances whom I have informed of the matter for business reasons. That I, for my part, have not yet sent off any article is only natural, since there is still no firm engagement.

The elections here have not, alas, turned out to be sufficiently Tory. Had this been the case there would, by and by, have been the beginnings of a revolutionary movement here. Palmerston's return to the Foreign Ministry can now, after some shuffling, be

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a A letter from M. Friedländer inviting Marx to contribute to the Vienna newspaper Die Presse. b See this volume, pp. 408-09. c necessary condition
regarded as certain and hence Russia will again be in direct control of English policy.

Salut.

Your

K. M.


Printed according to the original

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 6 May 1859

DEAR Frederick,

Your article received. You will have seen from a telegraphic despatch that Hess has come out against Gyulay's plan (perhaps one should describe it as absence of plan). Looked at from our—i.e. a revolutionary—point of view, it would be by no means undesirable if Austria were to begin either by suffering a reverse or, which is morally the same thing, by withdrawing into Lombardy again. This will greatly complicate matters and thus allow sufficient time for things to come to a head in Paris. All in all the state of affairs is such that, no matter on what side blunders occur, they will necessarily redound to our advantage. If, at the outset, Austria were to beat the Piedmontese army, take Turin and thrash the French as they debouched from the Alps, Russia might immediately turn against Bonaparte—having in any case not yet actually entered into any obligations against Germany, and our rotten Prussian government would be extricated from the only dilemma that might cost it its neck. Again: Such a devastating defeat at the very beginning could bring about a mutiny in the French army and an anti-Bonaparte revolution in Paris. What then? At this juncture the upshot would be victorious armed intervention by the Holy Alliance against a potential revolutionary government in Paris, something which certainly doesn't come into our calcula.
Even Radetzky had the revolutionary ardour of 1848 in his veins. On the other hand I believe that on both sides, Austrian and French, the war will now be conducted with reactionary mediocrity.

It was wrong of you not to have sent us at least two more pamphlets—a—for Pfänder, who sent off your manuscript under his own name, and for Freiligrath. It would also be fitting to send a copy to P. Imandt (Dundee Seminary, Dundee). You must pay some heed to party relations and keep the chaps in good humour.

Apropos, I deleted the whole of the preamble to your last Friday's article, firstly because I had my misgivings about the Austrians; secondly because it is absolutely essential that we do not identify our cause with that of the present German governments.

In my view, the worthy Palmerston will very shortly be back at the helm as Foreign Minister or War Minister. Those dolts of Tories are indeed making things too easy for him. First they go and spoil the Austrians' game by their miserable show of mediation. Then, as soon as the Franco-Russian treaty has been made known, they bend every force to deny its existence, so as to prove that they have not been taken by surprise. This in turn gives The Times the opportunity to deride them and adopt a patriotic attitude towards Russia. But the long and short of it is that The Times, like all the rest of Palmerston's papers (though these, depending on their allotted role, either oppose or support the various powers involved), is hinting at the necessity of reappointing 'the truly British Minister' (The Morning Advertiser and The Daily Telegraph, which write for the mob, are saying it openly). The wretched Tories ought instead to have 'lent credence to' the Russo-French treaty and seized on the chance of going for Pam. They had the best of opportunities. Firstly, Pam was in Compiègne when the whole plan was hatched. Secondly, Mr Whiteside, speaking on behalf of the ministry, had in fact already told silly old John Bull what had long been apparent from the Blue Books, namely that in 1848 Austria approached Palmerston and offered to relinquish the whole of Lombardy but to install an Italian government in Venice under an Austrian archduke, if he would mediate. Piedmont had approached him at the same time, France ditto. What did Pam do?

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a F. Engels, Po and Phine.  
b 'Prospects of the War'.  
c 'In our long list of telegrams...'. The Times, No. 23295, 2 May 1859.  
d A reference to J. Whiteside's speech in the House of Commons delivered on 25 March 1859, The Times, No. 23264, 26 March 1859.  
e Marx refers to the Blue Book Correspondence Respecting the Affairs of Italy published in 1849.
He rejected the proposal, on the pretext that Venice, too, must be given up altogether. He gave this answer after a three weeks' silence. As soon as Radetzky was victorious he called upon the Austrians to carry out the plan they had divulged to him. In the Hungarian affair (with reference this time to the conditions upon which the already desperate Hungarians were willing to submit) he performed the same manoeuvre. The fellow's return to the ministry constitutes a real danger. In Germany, by the by, the fellows are beginning to see through him. In a book by Prof. Wurm of Hamburg (a history of the war in the East), and a book on Nicholas by another German, whose name I can't recall, Pam is attacked outright as a Russian agent.

Ad vocem business. That ass Friedländer wrote to me on 12 April but had forgotten the crucial point, i.e. instructions to a banking-house. Instead, he spoke of an 'advance'. This last is nonsense. £8-10, and often £15, will be needed each week for telegrams. I wrote and told the ass so. Up till now no answer, although he regularly sends me the Vienna Presse (from which I gather that it now has 26,000 subscribers). Yesterday I wrote Lassalle a fulminating letter. I see from the Presse that Lassalle has embarked on his articles and telegraphic despatches for that paper with great zeal albeit small talent. However he did not accept this post until I had 'given him permission' in writing, not wanting—or so he says—to take the political risk without my consent. It would be a rum business, would it not, if all the transaction led to was Lassalle's installing himself in that quarter? It's possible, however, that the delay is due to Friedländer's difficulty in arranging the financial side in Vienna during the present troubles. Meanwhile, out of impatience, I am devoting myself to algebra.

Salut.

Is Lupus in Manchester?

Your

K. M.


Printed according to the original
Published in English in full for the first time

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MARX TO MAX FRIEDLÄNDER
IN VIENNA
London, 16 May 1859
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill

Dear Sir,

I have been receiving the Vienna Presse regularly and my debt to you for sending it is the greater in that it throws light on conditions in Austria at this important juncture.

I have not yet had a reply to the letter I wrote you some weeks ago. If, by chance, the proposed arrangement has come to nothing as a result of the DERANGEMENTS of the Vienna money market, I would beg you to advise me of this by return, for I have made certain agreements regarding telegrams with newspapers over here which commit me to financial outlays and which I shall accordingly terminate forthwith.

Yours very truly,
Dr K. Marx


Printed according to the original
Published in English for the first time

MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 16 May 1859

Dear Engels,

From the enclosed letter of Lassalle’s, which I must have back by return, you will see how far things have progressed with the

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a Marx’s work for the Vienna newspaper Die Presse (see this volume, p. 432).
Vienna business. I wrote to Friedländer at once. The fact is that Lassalle doesn't know that I get the *Presse* every day— I enclose a few excerpts from it—and thus have seen that, up to the time of my letter, a he regularly contributed to the paper, but that the latter stopped his telegrams from Berlin on account of their inordinate length; moreover his articles were inept and would be something of an embarrassment to any paper. It is possible that the whole business is off, but it is also possible that the commercial panic in Vienna, comparable only to the one in Hamburg, b has so far prevented the chaps from making any arrangement. *Nous verrons.* b

More in my next—highly comical, too. This much today: our c *ex-gérant* d Korff has been sentenced in New Orleans to 12 years penal servitude for forgery of a bill.

Ex-imperial regent Vogt e has sold himself to Bonaparte. f

Salut.

Your

K. M.

though he had contributed to the *Presse* only after a tremendous struggle, on ‘my’ insistence. But at one point in the same letter he admits that he had already begun sending articles to Vienna *before* I had stated my case. Then, however, he proceeds to reverse the ‘nexus’. When he sent me Friedländer’s offer he drivelled away for two pages about whether or not he should write to Vienna, and made the thing dependent on my decision. *D’abord*, it went without saying that, if I thought writing for the *Presse* good enough for me, I wouldn’t think it beneath Lassalle. Moreover, I could see from his letter how anxious he was to obtain my consent. Why then do we now have this self-aggrandizing misrepresentation of the causal nexus? What he says about ‘bias’ and having written to Friedländer ‘telling him off’ about it, is nonsense. As Austrian papers go and considering the circumstances, the Vienna *Presse* is edited cleverly and fairly, with far greater tact than Lassalle would be able to command. Finally, I did not invite the laddie’s instructions as to what is or is not ‘worthy’ of me. I consider it rather arrogant of him to drop hints to me on the subject. If Friedländer manages to settle the financial side, I shall *positivement* stand by my decision, which is in no way altered by the fact that Lassalle’s articles don’t seem to suit Friedländer. From recent issues of the *Presse* I see that the number of its subscribers has risen to 27,000.

Lassalle’s pamphlet¹ is an enormous blunder.² The publication of your ‘anonymous’ pamphlet³ made him envious. Admittedly the position of the revolutionary party in Germany is difficult at present, yet a little critical analysis of the circumstances suffices to make it plain. As regards the ‘governments’, it is clear from all points of view, if only in the interests of Germany’s existence, that they must be urged not to remain neutral but to be, as you rightly say, patriotic. But the affair can be given revolutionary pertinence simply by stressing opposition to Russia more strongly than opposition to Boustrapa.⁴ That’s what Lassalle should have done vis-à-vis the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*’s anti-French clamour. Indeed, it is this point which, as the war goes on, will in practice involve the German governments in high treason and at which it will be possible to seize them by the throat. Incidentally, if Lassalle takes it upon himself to speak in the name of the party, he must in future either resign himself to being publicly disavowed by us, since circumstances are too grave to take account of feelings, or else he must first ascertain the views held by others besides himself before following

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¹ *Der italienische Krieg und die Aufgabe Preußens*  
² Po and Rhine
the joint inspiration of fire and logic. We must now absolutely insist on party discipline, otherwise everything will be in the soup.

The confusion presently reigning in men's minds has reached a curious peak. *D'abord, there is* that traitor to the Empire, the 'imperial regent', who has received cash payments from Paris. In the Hamburg *Freischütz*, Mr Meyen praises Vogt's piece. There is a type of vulgar democrat (some sincere ones among them believe that an Austrian defeat, complemented by revolution in Hungary+Galicia, etc., would bring about revolution in Germany. The dolts forget that revolution in Germany now=disorganisation of her armies and would benefit, not the revolutionaries, but Russia and Boustrapa), a type, I say, of vulgar democrat who delights in being able to pipe the same tune as the decembristising Hungarians (Bangyas all) and Poles (in the Prussian chamber a few days ago Mr Cieszkowski called Nicholas the Poles' 'great Slav ally') and Italians. Another lot—e.g. Blind who seeks to combine patriotism and democratism—are making asses of themselves (and old Uhland too among their number) by demanding war with Austria against Bonaparte and, at the same time, an imperial parliament. *D'abord*, the asses fail to see that the conditions for the fulfilment of this repellent wish are entirely wanting. Secondly, however, they pay so little heed to what is really happening as to be wholly unaware that, in the only part of Germany which counts, namely Prussia, the bourgeois are proud of their Chambers, whose power is bound to grow with the growing embarrassment of the government; that these bourgeois are justifiably (as recent transactions in the Chambers go to show) disinclined to be dictated to by Badeners and Württembergers under the style of 'parliament', just as the Prussian government is reluctant to be ruled by Austria under the style of 'Federal Diet'; that these bourgeois know from the experience of 1848 that a parliament alongside their Chambers destroys the power of the latter while itself remaining nothing more than a phantasm. In fact there is much more revolutionary purchase in the Prussian Chambers, which have to vote budgets and which, in certain eventualities, have part of the army and the Berlin mob behind them, than in a debating club under the style of 'Imperial Parliament'. That Badeners, Württembergers and other small deer take a different

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a E. Meyen's review of K. Vogt's book *Studien zur gegenwärtigen Lage Europas* was published anonymously under the title 'Oesterreich und Deutschland' in *Der Freischütz*, Nos. 55 and 56, 7 and 10 May 1859.
view because of their own importance goes without saying. There is a very real fear among our own party friends and other sincere revolutionaries that war against Boustrapa would mean a reversion to 1813-15. Finally, those who speak for the Crédit mobilier in Germany (Kölnische Zeitung, Fould-Oppenheim, etc.) naturally share the democrats’ apprehensions and pin their hopes on the Prussian dynasty’s traditional short-sighted perfidy (Peace of Basle, etc.). On the other hand, a section of the democratic and revolutionary party feels bound for patriotic reasons to adopt a Jahn-Arndtian tone. In view of all these confusions, and since I believe that Germany’s fate is hanging in the balance, I think it behoves the two of us to issue a party manifesto. If the Vienna business is settled, you must come up for the purpose at Whitsun. If not, I shall come to Manchester.

From these general things I now come to the state of parties (German) in London, and here I must recapitulate certain matters which I considered too boring to recount to you so long as they were still in progress.

First, you will recall that Mr Liebknecht introduced the clown E. Bauer into the so-called Communist Society just when I had publicly broken with Bauer and that the clown took over the Neue Zeit in which the ignorant blockhead, by his exaggeration of the few communist catch-phrases he had picked up from Scherzer, turned our party into a laughing-stock. For me it was a most disagreeable affair—not because of the few louts in London, but because of the malicious glee of the democratic crew, because of the false appearances evoked by smartly sending copies of the filthy rag to Germany and the United States, because of the knowledge the clown gained of the rotten state of the party; finally, because of the contacts he made with the International Committee here. Throughout the time the clown was editing the Neue Zeit and lecturing to the Society, Mr Liebknecht remained in the latter and, moreover, talked a great deal of nonsense about having to defend me against the great odium felt for me by the workers (i.e. louts), etc. Well, after only half a number (I sent it to you) of the Neue Zeit had appeared because of lack of money, Liebknecht acted as chairman at a meeting to which the various associations had been invited for the purpose of saving the paper. The result, of course, was nil. After this performance, I convened our people (a small gang, Pfänder, Lochner, etc., and a few newcomers, whom

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a The question of Marx’s contributing to the Vienna newspaper Die Presse.
Liebknecht had for a long time—ever since my removal out of town—treated as his private club) and took the occasion to pitch into Liebknecht in a manner far from pleasing to him until he declared himself a contrite sinner. He said that an attempt had been made to bring out the Neue Zeit again, but had been frustrated by his vigorous intervention. I was therefore surprised to receive, a day or two later, what appeared to be a successor to the Neue Zeit, entitled Das Volk. However, the matter was elucidated in a curious way, as follows (see also enclosed letter):

Mr Clown had finally written to Biskamp (you have a letter to him from Biskamp) saying that Kinkel had ruined the Neue Zeit by his intrigues, appeared to be seething with vindictive feelings, etc. Well, Biskamp comes up to London and is d'abord startled by the fact that one of his own articles intended for the Neue Zeit has appeared in the Hermann somewhat watered down. He hurries to the Clown, who seems far from pleased to see him, says he is ill, simulates disillusionment and ends up by telling him that the whole thing is a mess, that he (Biskamp) should not get involved in it, that Kinkel is too strong, etc. But Biskamp, struck by the fact that Kinkel had transferred his Hermann to the Neue Zeit's press, having given up his former press, and that he was printing his manuscripts, hastily sought out Hirschfeld at the press where he discovered—Edgar Bauer's manuscript and proof corrections. In one word, Mr Edgar had used the Neue Zeit to sell himself to Kinkel and—evidence of the man's fecundity—made the most of the occasion by printing Biskamp's manuscripts as contributions of his own. That oaf Kinkel! He seeks to ruin the Neue Zeit, not by giving the Clown money and allowing him to continue as editor, but by buying the said Clown who, throughout his editorship, had eschewed all polemic! But in this way Gottfried thought to rid himself once and for all of competition, however small. One more word about the activities of this same Gottfried. A third German paper made its appearance here, first under the title Londoner Deutsche Zeitung, then under the title Germania. This paper, edited by a certain Ermani, had Austrian leanings. Gottfried revealed that the editor had committed some felony, got Dr Juch to threaten him, bought up his paper and press for a mere song (whether out of the Revolutionary Fund or with money supplied by the Prussian Embassy isn't known) and, they say, intends to continue publishing the sheet under Juch's management and a different title. Kinkel's paper has 1,700 subscribers, is coming to be a source of income, and the fellow wishes to secure it against any competition or polemics.
After the clown's betrayal, Biskamp, etc., founded *Das Volk*, and he and the louts first approached me indirectly through Liebknecht. Then Biskamp came to see me.

I told him that we could not contribute directly to a small paper nor, for that matter, to any party paper which we did not ourselves edit. However, the latter was a move for which every prerequisite was lacking at the moment. On the other hand *Mr Liebknecht* might give Biskamp the benefit of his collaboration. I appreciated, of course, that Gottfried has not been left in command of the field and that his dirty schemes should be baffled, but all I would undertake to do was to let them have from time to time 'published' *Tribune* articles which they could use; to urge my acquaintances to take the paper; and, finally, to give them verbally any information that reached me and 'pointers' about this and that. On the other hand I stipulated that Biskamp should forthwith publish (he will do so in the very next number) a documented account of Bauer's and Kinkel's dirty work. (I shall thus have killed 2 birds with one stone, even if the little paper ceases publication.) Further, that the clown's objective heights must be abandoned and that the tone adopted must in every respect be aggressive and polemical and, indeed, as amusing as possible.

Consequently, I would ask you, Lupus, Gumpert and anyone else you can get hold of (point out that our only interest in the thing is that it's anti-Kinkel) to subscribe to *Das Volk*, office: 3 Litchfield Street, Soho. (Quarterly subscription 3/6d post free.) Gumpert and Biskamp both come from Hesse-Cassel and since the former may have an occasional bon mot up his sleeve, he might send it to his compatriot. Finally, let me have the name of some fellow (a stationer) in Manchester to whom *Das Volk* could be sent for distribution. (Write to the Bradfordian as well.)

I consider *Das Volk* to be a dilettante rag like our Brussels and Paris papers. But covertly and without intervening directly, we can use it to worry the life out of Gottfried, etc., etc. Again, the moment may come, and that very soon, when it will be of crucial importance that, not just our enemies, but we ourselves should be able to publish our views in a London paper. Biskamp works for nothing and hence is all the more deserving of support.

What is really choice is that in No. 18 of the *Hermann*, the clown wrote a highly inane, piddling sort of article in which he 'proves' that, because of 'England's neutrality', the present war is con-

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\(a\) An item on the subject appeared in *Das Volk*, No. 4, 28 May 1859 ('Vereins-Nachrichten'). - \(b\) Wilhelm Strohm - \(c\) the *Deutsche-Brüsseler-Zeitung* and *Vorwärts*.
deni ned to be a 'hole and corner war'. ‘Conclusive’ deeds are no longer possible on the unhappy Continent, which is the reason why noble England remains 'neutral'. In No. 19 the clown is given a dressing-down by Blind from the indignant democratic-patriotic standpoint and by Bucher from the Urquhartite and thus, having been stamped upon by all parties, he will doubtless soon get the sack, even from the Hermann.\(^b\)

This has been a very good lesson for the louts. Scherzer, that old-Weitlingian jackass, imagined that he could nominate party representatives. At my meeting with a deputation of the louts (I have refused to visit any association, but Liebknecht is chairman of one and Laplander\(^c\) of another\(^3^{31}\)) I told them straight out that we owed our position as representatives of the proletarian party to nobody but ourselves; this, however, had been endorsed by the exclusive and universal hatred accorded us by every faction and party of the old world. You can imagine how taken aback the oafs were.

If you haven’t any Po and Rhine left, you must order some. Copies are also needed for Steffen, Weydemeyer and several reviews here.

Might it be possible to send poor Eccarius, who is again going to pieces in his sweat-shop, a fresh consignment of port?

Salut.

Your

K. M.

Have received a letter from Weydemeyer and Komp.\(^4^{32}\) Shall send it you very soon. Thanks to them Duncker has already had orders for about 100 copies of my Economy\(^d\) from the united states. Tell Lupus that, from the beginning, Beta (Bettziech), editor of How do you do?, was also Gottfried’s real editorial factotum.

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Manchester, 18 May 1859
6 Thorncliffe Grove

Dear Lassalle,

You will have found it somewhat strange that I haven’t written to you for so long, the more so since I owe you an opinion on your *Sickingen*.1 But that is precisely what has kept me from writing to you for so long. With the current and universal barrenness of fiction I seldom have a chance to read such a work, and for years I have never had a chance to read one of this kind *in such a way* that the reading of it resulted in a detailed judgment, a precisely stated opinion. The rubbish isn’t worth the trouble. Even the few better English novels I read from time to time, e.g. those of Thackeray, have never been able to elicit this interest in me, despite their undeniable literary and cultural significance. But, having lain fallow for so long, my judgment has lost most of its edge and I need a good deal of time before I can permit myself to express an opinion. Your *Sickingen*, however, deserves better treatment than that sort of stuff and so I’ve taken my time. The first and second readings of what is in every sense, both as regards material and treatment, a German national drama, stirred my emotions to the extent that I was compelled to put it aside for a while, the more so as my taste has become so vitiated in these lean times that it has reduced me, I’m ashamed to say, to a state in which sometimes even stuff of inferior quality inevitably has some effect on me at the *first* reading. So in order to be wholly unbiassed, wholly ‘critical’, I put *Sickingen* away, i.e. allowed a few of my acquaintances to borrow it (there are still a few Germans here who are more or less knowledgeable about literature). *Habent sua fata libelli*—if they’re borrowed one rarely sets eyes on them again, and so I actually had to recover my *Sickingen* by force. I can tell you that, after the third and fourth readings, my impression has remained unaltered and, in the knowledge that your *Sickingen* can stand up to criticism, I shall now speak my mind.

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1 F. Lassalle, *Franz von Sickingen*.
2 *Books have their destinies*—from Terentianus Maurus, *De litteris, syllabis et metris* (*Carmen heroicum*, 258).
I know that I am not paying you any particular compliment when I state the fact that not one of Germany's present official poets would be remotely capable of writing such a play. However, fact it is and one all too characteristic of our literature not to be voiced. Taking the formal aspect first, your skilful manipulation of the plot and the thoroughly dramatic nature of the piece came as a very pleasant surprise. Admittedly you have taken a good many liberties with the versification but this is more bothersome in the reading than it would be on the stage. I should very much like to have read the stage version; as the play stands here it could certainly not be performed; I have had with me here a young German poet (Carl Siebel), a distant relative who hails from my neighbourhood, and has had a good deal to do with the stage. He may be coming to Berlin as a reservist in the Prussian Guard, in which case I may take the liberty of giving him a note for you. He thought highly of your play but considered a performance quite impracticable by reason of the long speeches in which only one actor is occupied while the others may run through their entire miming routine 2 or 3 times so as not to stand there like dummies. The last two acts give adequate proof that you experience no difficulty in making your dialogue brisk and lively and since, with the exception of a few scenes (as happens in any play), the same thing would seem to be feasible in the first 3, I don't doubt you have taken this circumstance into account in your stage version. The intellectual content must, of course, suffer as a result—but that's inevitable, and the complete fusion of greater intellectual profundity, of a consciously historical content (both of which you ascribe, not without reason, to the German drama), with Shakespearean vivacity and wealth of action will probably not be achieved—and perhaps not even by the Germans—until some time in the future. Indeed, that, to my mind, is where the future of the drama lies. Your Sickingen is entirely on the right lines; the chief protagonists in the action are representative of certain classes and tendencies, hence of certain ideas of their time, and derive their motives not from the petty appetites of the individual but from the very historical current by which they are borne along. But there is one advance that might yet be made in that these motives should emerge more of themselves, in a live, active, as it were spontaneous manner, more through the development of the action, while on the other hand reasoned debate (in which, by the way, I rediscovered with pleasure your old eloquence before the Assizes and the popular meeting) becomes increasingly superfluous. You yourself seem to recognise this ideal as a goal, since
you draw a distinction between stage drama and literary drama; I admit that *Sickingen* could be turned into a stage drama along the lines indicated, difficult though this would be (for it is truly no mean accomplishment). The characterisation of the protagonists is linked with this. You quite rightly oppose the cheap individualisation now prevalent, which amounts to nothing more than petty intellectual fireworks and is an essential characteristic of ineffectual imitative literature. At the same time it seems to me that a person is not characterised merely by *what* he does, but also by *how* he does it; and in this respect it would, I think, have done the intellectual content of the play no harm had clearer distinctions and stronger contrasts been drawn between individual characters. The characterisation of the ancients no longer suffices today, and it is here, I think, that you might to your own advantage have paid rather more attention to the importance of Shakespeare in the historical development of the drama. But these are minor points which I bring up only to show you that I have also concerned myself with the formal aspect of your play.

Now, as regards the historical content, you have presented what to you were the two most important aspects of the movement of that period very vividly and with justifiable reference to subsequent developments: the national aristocratic movement represented by Sickingen, and the humanist-theoretical movement, with its more extensive ramifications in the theological and ecclesiastical field, the Reformation. The scenes I like best are those between Sickingen and the Emperor* and between the Legate and the Archbishop of Trier* (here, in the contrast between the narrow-minded German prince of the church and the worldly Legate with his aesthetic and classical culture and political and theoretical foresight, you have, too, pulled off a nice piece of individual characterisation which nevertheless stems directly from the representative character of the two protagonists); in the scene between Sickingen and Charles the characterisation is also very striking. However, in making Hutten tell his life-story, the content of which you rightly describe as essential, you have chosen a desperate means of introducing that content into the play. Also of great importance is the conversation in Act V between Balthasar and Franz during which the former remonstrates with his master about the genuinely revolutionary policy he should have followed. It is here that the real tragedy becomes apparent; and, precisely

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* Charles V - Richard von Greifenklau - a scene between Hutten and Maria in Act III
because of this significance, it seems to me that it should have been rather more strongly indicated as early as Act III, in which there are several opportunities for this. But again I digress.

The attitude of the towns and the princes at that time is likewise portrayed more than once with great clarity, thereby pretty well exhausting what might be called the official elements of the movement as it then was. But something upon which I should say you had failed to lay due emphasis are the non-official, plebeian and peasant elements, with their concomitant theoretical representation. In its own way the peasant movement was just as national, just as hostile to the princes, as that of the aristocracy, and the colossal dimensions of the struggle in which it succumbed contrast most significantly with the levity with which the aristocracy, leaving Sickingen in the lurch, gave itself up to its historical calling of sycophancy. Even allowing for your concept of the drama which, as you will have seen, is rather too abstract, not realistic enough, in my opinion, I should say that the peasant movement deserved closer attention; certainly, the peasant scene with Joss Fritz is true to type and the individuality of this 'agitator' 437 is very accurately portrayed but, relative to the aristocratic movement, it does not represent with sufficient force what was then already a surging torrent of peasant agitation. In accordance with my view of the drama, which consists in not allowing the ideal to oust the real, or Schiller to oust Shakespeare, the introduction of society's plebeian section, so wonderfully colourful at the time, would have provided material of a quite different kind with which to animate the play, an incomparable backdrop for the national aristocratic movement going on down-stage, which would itself thus appear in its true light for the first time. What bizarre portraits does this period of dissolving feudal ties not bring forth! Vagabond beggar kings, hungry mercenaries and adventurers of all kinds—a Falstaffian 4 a backdrop which, in a historical play in this sense, must needs be even more effective than in Shakespeare! But apart from that, I should say more particularly that neglect of the peasant movement is what has led you to give an incorrect idea, or so it seems to me, of one aspect of the national aristocratic movement also, while at the same time allowing the truly tragic element in Sickingen's fate to escape you. In my view, it never occurred to the bulk of the nobility then subject directly to the emperor to form an alliance with the peasants; their dependence on the income deriving from oppression of the peasants did not admit of this. An

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a Falstaff is a character in Shakespeare's Henry IV and The Merry Wives of Windsor.
alliance with the towns would have been rather more feasible, but this did not come about either, or only in isolated instances. The national aristocratic revolution could, however, only have been effected by means of an alliance with the towns and the peasants, particularly the latter; and to my mind the tragic element lies precisely in the fact that this essential condition, alliance with the peasants, was impossible; that the policy of the aristocracy was therefore necessarily petty; that at the very moment when the aristocracy sought to take its place at the head of the national movement, the *bulk* of the nation, the peasants, protested against its leadership and hence ensured its downfall. To what extent there is any historical foundation for your assumption that Sickingen really did have some contact with the peasants, I am not able to judge, nor is it in any way relevant. So far as I can recall, by the way, whenever Hutten's writings are addressed to the peasants, they skate over the ticklish question of the aristocracy and seek to focus the peasants' wrath primarily on the clergy. But in no way do I dispute your right to portray Sickingen and Hutten as though it had been their intention to emancipate the peasants. However, this immediately presented you with the tragic contradiction whereby these two found themselves placed between the aristocracy on the one hand, who definitely did *not* want this, and the peasants on the other. Here, in my view, lay the tragic clash between the historically necessary postulate and the impossibility of its execution in practice. By discarding this element you reduce the tragic conflict to the fact that Sickingen does not join battle straight away with Emperor and Empire, but with one prince only\(^a\) (although here too your tact rightly leads you to introduce the peasants), while his downfall is made to ensue from nothing more than the indifference and pusillanimity of the aristocracy. This would, however, have been quite differently motivated had you laid more stress at an earlier stage on the mounting peasant movement and the mood of the aristocracy, inevitably grown more conservative as a result of the earlier *Bundschuh* and Poor Konrad movements.\(^{438}\) All this, incidentally, represents only one way in which the peasant and plebeian movement might be brought into the play; one could think of at least ten others which would be just as good, if not better.

As you can see, I am judging your work by a very high standard, indeed the *highest there is*, from both the aesthetic and the historical point of view, and the fact that I have to do so in

\(^a\) Richard von Greifenklau
order to raise an objection here and there will provide you with the best proof of my appreciation. Between ourselves criticism has, of course, for years been necessarily as outspoken as possible in the interests of the party itself; but this aside, it is always a great pleasure to me and all of us when we are given fresh proof that our party, irrespective of the field in which it makes an appearance, invariably does so with distinction. And that is what you, too, have done on this occasion.

In other respects it would seem that world events are about to take a truly delectable course. It would be difficult to imagine a better basis for a thorough-going German revolution than that provided by a Franco-Russian-alliance. The water has to be right up to our necks before we Germans are gripped en masse by the furor teutonicus\(^a\); and this time we would seem to be in sufficient danger of drowning. Tant mieux.\(^b\) In such a crisis all existing powers must necessarily be ruined and all the parties crumble one after another, from the Kreuz-Zeitung to Gottfried Kinkel, and from Count Rechberg to ‘Hecker, Struve, Blenker, Zitz and Blum’\(^439\); in such a struggle the moment must necessarily come when only the most ruthless and resolute party is in a position to save the nation and, at the same time, the conditions be given which alone make it possible to jettison completely all the old trumpery—internal dissension on the one hand and, on the other, the Polish and Italian appendages which are the legacy of Austria. We must not cede an inch of Prussian Poland and what...\(^c\)

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MARX TO FRANZ DUNCKER
IN BERLIN

London, 21 May [1859]

Dear Sir,

From a communication I have received from North America\(^432\) I see that about 100 copies of the first instalment\(^d\) have been ordered

\(^a\) From Lucan’s Pharsalia, I, 255. \(^b\) So much the better. \(^c\) End of letter missing. \(^d\) K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.
by party friends of mine. Whether you have already received the order, I do not know. However, I was advised at the same time that we can count on 100 more copies being ordered in the same circles as soon as the price is known. I would therefore request you to advise me of the latter by return. This does not, of course, mean that the work could not be advertised for the benefit of the general public in North America at some later date.

The slowness with which the matter is being handled would not appear to be in your own interest. It is certainly not in mine. In the list of printer's errors for the sheets I have had I would request you to include the following: ..."
subscribers get fewer every week. So send Thimm a dozen copies of the early numbers, particularly the one dealing with the Kinkel affair, and another half-dozen or so to Dunnill and Palmer; as soon as it appears I shall set that chatterbox Heckscher in motion and he will start the thing circulating here as sure as $2 \times 2 = 4$. But the stuff for Thimm must be sent direct to the Thimm up here; the London chap would be perfectly capable of intercepting the things. Then, as soon as Thimm gets subscriptions here, the local salesmen will perhaps take a greater interest in the matter.

I shall deal with the battle of Casteggio next Friday; the affair is too insignificant to warrant 2 articles and the telegrams are too vague to permit of anything worthwhile being said about it. Your old map of Lombardy has stood me in very good stead, the scale being approx. 1/160,000, hence quite large. Unfortunately the delineation of the ground is very poor.

Many regards,

Your
F. E.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 24 May 1859

Dear Engels,

If you could possibly let me have some 'TIN', you would greatly oblige me. That wretched Duncker, whom I had been counting on, appears to be putting the thing off ad infinitum. Once again 11 days have gone by without my receiving anything from the dolt. Who do you think it is stops my way? None other than Lassalle. First,

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a See this volume, p. 439. - b The New-York Daily Tribune published two articles by Engels on the battle of Casteggio (or Montebello) fought by the French and Austrians on 20 May 1859: 'Fighting at Last' and 'The Battle of Montebello'. They may have been two instalments of what was originally one article. - c Marx's A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy
my thing was held up for 4 weeks on account of his Sickingen. Now that it is nearing its conclusion, the fool must needs cut in yet again with his ‘anonymous’ pamphlet, which he only wrote because your own ‘anonymous’ pamphlet gave him no respite. Can’t the scoundrel see that decency, if nothing else, demands that my thing be brought out first? I shall wait a day or two, but after that write a really filthy letter to Berlin.

I have seen to your orders for Manchester. If you can possibly find the time tomorrow, write 20-30-40 lines for me in German on the subject of the war; I shall pass them on to Dishrag Liebknecht, not in your writing but by dictating them. There is no time to be lost since the Volk boasts only one type-setter and everything has to be ready by the morning of each Friday.

A point not to be overlooked. With something more original from the theatre of war we ought to catch at least 50 more customers in London. I shall manage the thing in such a way that initially you and I are not directly responsible.

You will be able to judge Gottfried’s manoeuvres from the fact that last week in the East End the parson was selling his Hermann to the Whitechapel public for a halfpenny, solely in order to stop the sale of the Volk. But where did the funds come from? Schapper tells me that Willich has been over here. In which case the fellows must have shared out the money and flung the small change to watchdog Heinzen, for the dog has ceased to bark. We shall get to the bottom of it.

As regards the business of publishing our manifesto I shall look out.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

Imandt is marrying his landlady’s daughter, a Scotswoman. A nice district, too.


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*a Der italienische Krieg und die Aufgabe Preußens - b Po and Rhine - c Engels wrote an article entitled ‘The Campaign in Italy’ for the Volk - d Gottfried Kinkel’s - e funds - f See this volume, p. 437. - g An allusion to a joke current at the time: one woman tells another of her son’s death in action near Leipzig (1813), whereupon the other remarks: ‘And a nice district, too!’ (‘Auch eine schöne Gegend!’)
MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London.] 25 May 1859

Dear Fred,

As things stand here just now, it's doubtful whether I shall be able to leave London, certainly not at the beginning of next week.

It is now a whole fortnight, or so I see from a note in my diary, since I sent that scoundrel Duncker the last 3 proof-sheets (i.e. sheets 9-11). The thing was ready, therefore, and all the chap had to do was send me the clean proofs of the last 3 sheets for the list of misprints. Instead of that, what do I get? Lassalle's pamphlet and, as we hadn't any money in the house and pretty well everything has been pawned that can be pawned, I had to send my last wearable coat to the pawnshop since there was 2/- to pay on this rubbish, which might perhaps cost 8d in Berlin. But to come to the point:

It is now evident, then, that a further fortnight's embargo has been placed on my thing in order to make way for Mr Lassalle. The work still to be done on it would take 3 hours at the most. But that infernal and conceited fool has decreed the embargo in order to secure the undivided attention publici. Duncker, the swine, is happy as a sandboy, however, since it gives him a further excuse to postpone payment of my fee. I shan't forget the trick the little Jew has played. The speed with which his tripe was printed shows that he was magna pars responsible for our stuff being delayed. Besides the oaf is so enamoured of his laborious emanations that he takes it for granted that I'm burning with impatience to see his 'anonymous' pamphlet and am 'objective' enough to take the killing of my stuff as a matter of course.

The confounded Jew in Vienna hasn't written either. Lupus is greatly mistaken about Liebknecht if he imagines that this worthy citizen could himself have composed a piece such as 'Der Reichsregent'. Biskamp wrote it (I gave him the facts) and it must be Biskamp that writes everything. Nothing is attributable to Liebknecht save the 'Politishe Rundschau', dated London with the

\[\text{a K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.} \quad \text{b Der italienische Krieg und die Aufgabe Preußens - of the public} \quad \text{c Max Friedländer} \quad \text{d in large measure} \quad \text{e} \quad \text{f [E. Biskamp,] 'Der Reichsregent', Das Volk, No. 2, 14 May 1859.}\]
symbol $\pi$, and not even all of that. Liebknecht's uselessness as a writer is only equalled by his unreliability and weakness of character, about which I shall have more to say later. The fellow would have been kicked out for good this week had there not been special circumstances that necessitated his being kept on for a while as a scarecrow.

Even if my private circumstances—apart from waiting for Duncker—were not likely to preclude my coming up to Manchester next week, there would be the further consideration that, were I to abandon my post, everything might easily go to rack and ruin in view of the vast intrigues being conjured up here, there, and everywhere by the émigré democrats, the merchants of Camberwell, the Weitlingians, etc., etc., and in view of the extraordinary feebleness of the people who are supposed to represent us here. Yesterday, by the by, I got Pfänder to give categoric instructions to that inert hunk of flesh, Schapper, to the effect that if he did not rejoin the Workers' Society (the so-called communist one) forthwith and take over the management thereof, I would sever all 'connections' with him. This is the one sphere in which we could make use of the hippopotamus, yet the fool thinks it beneath him. *Mais nous verrons.* Never have we had a poorer staff. Pieper would have been very useful just now, instead of which he is in Bremen and doesn't even write.

*Salut.*

Your

K. M.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London.] 27 May [1859]

Dear Engels,

£5 received.

You must colour your war-articles a little more seeing that you are writing for a general newspaper, not for a scientific military journal.

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*a Das Volk, No. 3, 21 May 1859. - b But we shall see.*
Something more descriptive and individual could easily be gleaned from the *Times* correspondent, etc. I can't interpolate it myself as this would lead to unevenness of style. Failing this Dana will go and insert some utter nonsense off his own bat.

Today I am sending you 2 numbers (the last ones) of the *Presse* as samples, so that you can see whether you can use the paper.

At 7 o'clock yesterday evening Mr Liebknecht turned up with 6 lines for *Das Volk* having, by his failure to appear (and the idiot is always taking on all manner of things), thrown the entire setting into disorder, or so Biskamp tells me. I had told the blockhead exactly which bits of your pamphlet were to be reproduced. Instead he tries to make a leader of it, in which, of course, he doesn't succeed. Bürgers *redivivus* but far worse, since Bürgers could at least be used for purposes of attack in societies, etc.

Garibaldi has, in my opinion, deliberately been consigned to a position that will spell his ruin.

Unlike Kossuth who, with Klapka, has already 'recognised' 'Constantine' as the Russian king of Hungary, Mazzini (undoubtedly a greater authority on Italian patriotism than Mr Lassalle) is behaving very well. I shall try and lay hands on the last, concluding number of his *Pensiero ed Azione*. Send me your last copy of *Po and Rhine* for Mazzini. I shall write a short accompanying note, or better still, write it yourself.

*Salut.*

Your

K. M.

Still nothing from Berlin today. I.e. 16 days to correct the misprints in the last 3 sheets!


MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 28 May [1859]

Dear Engels,

Herewith a letter I have received from Dana. What should I answer?

Apropos. I have just learned from Biskamp, on the authority of
the clown himself, that Bruno Bauer was definitely in the pay of
Russia. He received 300 friedrichsdors from von Budberg, the
Russian ambassador. The clown was brought in as accomplice.
Bruno dropped the thing because Budberg didn't treat him
'respectfully' and left him to chambre in the antichambre. He came
to England for the purpose of attempting, with his brother — par
nobile fratrum — a similar transaction with the English government.
Fell through, of course. What do you say to this?

Salut.

Your
K. M.

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F. Engels und K. Marx, Bd. 2, Stuttgart,
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MARX TO FRANZ DUNCKER
IN BERLIN

London, 28 May 1859

Dear Sir,

You have not thought fit to reply to the letter in which I
requested you to advise me of the price of the book. Since the
American mail leaves only twice a week, I have thus been

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a Edgar Bauer - b cool down - c a noble pair of brothers (Horace, Satires, II, III, 243) - d K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy (see this volume, p. 447).
prevented from replying to my friends. After your receipt of my manuscript a fortnight elapsed before I got any acknowledgment. In it you said that printing was to commence a week later. That week turned into more than three weeks. About eight weeks ago Lassalle wrote to say that the thing would be finished by the middle of May. More than three weeks ago I received the last three proof-sheets. The amendments that were called for could easily have been made in a single day. Instead, work would again seem to have been completely suspended during that time, although printing was complete. I hereby declare that I am tired of this systematic and deliberate procrastination and that I hereby demand, and indeed categorically, that you desist from these machinations, the purpose of which seems to me exceedingly suspect. All my acquaintances in England are of the same opinion and have earnestly enjoined me to take the above step.

Yours faithfully,

Dr K. Marx

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MARX TO FRANZ DUNCKER

IN BERLIN

[London,] 30 May 1859

Dear Sir,

I can find no misprint in the sheets sent to me.\(^{a}\)

I am sending you the enclosed envelope so that you may, if you deem it worth while, have the postage refunded by the Prussian post. I paid 4/- and some d for this parcel and 2/-, etc., for the last but one. The envelope of the latter is in the hands of the English postal authorities, who declare that all such items, even if stamped, must be paid extra unless sent via Calais.

Yours faithfully,

Dr K. Marx

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\(^{a}\) The proofs of Marx's *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*. 
Dear Engels,

Enclosed 1 copy of the *Presse* containing some particulars that may be of interest to you. No answer from that fellow, Friedländer, needless to say. However, my present explanation for this is as follows: When he lectured Friedländer about bias, Lassalle did so, of course, not only in his but also in my name. Friedländer believes that I am hand in glove with Heraclitus the Dark Philosopher. So he naturally can’t imagine that under present circumstances I can write for a Viennese paper. Every day the Vienna *Presse* contains veiled attacks upon the Berlin wiseacre. Thus, for instance, in a leading article on 29 May:

‘But how can one demand a sense of national self-respect of those speculative minds which see in Napoleon III the avenging arm of history and, in his alleged genius for liberating the peoples, complacently admire the reflection of the ineptitude, pedantry and aridity of their own categorising intellects.’

The very insistence with which Lassalle required of me not to write any more to his cousin is evidence that the fellow carried on his intrigues in my name also. Thus the blockhead has frustrated the best prospect I had for the summer. Besides, in certain eventualities it would be a good thing if I had some say in the Vienna *Presse*.

When you next write about Garibaldi, whatever may be his fate, crack a joke about the curious position in which only ‘his uncle’s nephew’ could have found himself, namely that beside him the leader of the volunteer corps figures as a hero. Can you imagine anything of the kind happening under the old Napoleon? By the way, in today’s *Times* the Paris correspondent writes that the Bonapartists are already grumbling loudly about Garibaldi’s ‘fame’, and that ‘a few select police’ have been smuggled into his corps and send in detailed reports about him. Adhering strictly to Mazzini’s instructions, Garibaldi omitted all mention of Bonaparte in his proclamation. Mazzini’s latest thing is not, by the by, as good as

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\(^{a}\) See this volume, p. 434-35. \(^{b}\) Ferdinand Lassalle, author of *Die Philosophie Herakleitos des Dunklen von Ephesos*. \(^{c}\) Max Friedländer \(^{d}\) Napoleon III \(^{e}\) The *Times*, No. 23321, 1 June 1859. \(^{f}\) Mazzini’s manifesto ‘La Guerra’ published in *Pensiero ed Azione*, No. 17, 2-16 May 1859.
I thought. I had only run my eye over some excerpts. His old complaints about socialism. We can do nothing with him direct. But he could with advantage be used as an authority against Kossuth, etc. By the by, in his last number,\(^a\) which I shall send you at the end of this week, you will reacquaint yourself with Mr Karl Blind’s importance.

_Salut._

Your

K. M.

Incidentally, Blind is no longer with the _Hermann_, but is greatly mistaken if he’s hoping to get onto the _Volk_. Feeble though the little sheet may be, it has made the entire emigration down here froth at the mouth with rage. Among others Tausenau and Co., who are paid by Kossuth-Bonaparte to form German ‘OPINION’ in London.

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MARX TO FRANZ DUNCKER

IN BERLIN

London, 2 June 1859

Dear Sir,

I am indeed very sorry if I wrote you an offensive letter.\(^b\) Please allow me, therefore, to say a few words in extenuation. To begin with I have in fact been away from Germany for too long and have grown too accustomed to conditions in London to form a correct estimate of the way business is conducted in Germany. Secondly, as I informed Lassalle some two months ago,\(^c\) I am engaged in negotiations with a London publisher with regard to an English rendering of the first instalment.\(^d\) The constantly misleading information which I, constantly labouring as I was

\(^a\) _Pensiero ed Azione_ - \(^b\) See this volume, pp. 453-54. - \(^c\) See this volume, pp. 407-10. - \(^d\) K. Marx, _A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy_.
under a false assumption, have been forced to give this man regarding the appearance of the book, has more than sufficed to show me up as a regular humbug in the eyes of the aforesaid John Bull. The repeated and impatient inquiries of my friends and in the end, the rumour that the thing will not be coming out at all—a rumour carefully disseminated, out of what motives I cannot say, by a Berlin clique here—finally proved too much for my patience.

Lastly, I trust that, in consideration of these reasons, you will regard my letter merely as the hasty expression of an irritability aroused by all manner of circumstances and absolve me of any intention of wishing to give offence.

Yours very faithfully,

Dr K. Marx


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 7 June [1859]

Dear Frederick,

You must excuse me for not writing to you before, and only these few lines. My time has been completely taken up with work and with running private and party errands.

D'abord\(^a\) I was delighted to hear that you liked the first instalment,\(^b\) for your opinion is the only one I value in this matter. To my wife's considerable amusement, I awaited with some anxiety your judgment.

Ad vocem\(^c\) 'Volk': Admittedly its administration leaves a great deal to be desired, since there is only one type-setter, no errand-boy, etc., on top of which not a single 'trustworthy' despatch clerk has yet presented himself, and above all, no money. Nevertheless, recent issues have been virtually sold out and if ways and means

\(^a\) First - \(^b\) K. Marx, *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*. - \(^c\) As regards
can be found of appointing a reasonably reliable despatch clerk, the thing will survive. Moreover, the 'little sheet', although only indirectly given a turn by us, has set the whole of democracy by the ears. Not just here, but also in Switzerland, where Vogt-Kinkel have pitched into me in the Handels-Courier with one of those blackguardly little articles with which you are familiar. I'll get them to reproduce it in the next number.

I shall speak to Biskamp on the Manchester question. For his part, he asked me yesterday to write and tell you that not a single copy had been ordered in Manchester. It looks to me as though Hollinger (the printer) has already been bribed by Kinkel. Nous verrons.

Kinkel, following an audience with Kossuth and money payments from Vogt, has gone over to the camp of high treason. Bucher and Blind have resigned in 'indignation'. Kinkel's colleagues are now as follows: Bamberger, Ed. Bauer, Beta (How do you do?) and Born (our ex-Born's brother). A fine lot. Add to which one or two old whores.

Ad vocem Freiligrath. Between ourselves, a rotter. Having now seen that things are taking a revolutionary turn (you must have heard about the labour riot in Berlin) and that Kinkel is becoming disrespectable, he reviles him. But the sixth and last volume of his collected works (\(\frac{3}{4}\) of it translated rubbish) published in America, which he has just received and sent me, concludes with the poem about Johanna Mockel, whereas he has suppressed the anti-Kinkel poem. This is a filthy thing to do and it was with very sceptical mien that I listened to his excuses on the subject. The devil take the bardic profession.

Ad vocem Vogt. Has placed himself at Prussia's 'disposal' in the Volks-Zeitung (Berlin).

Ad vocem Duncker. That dolt Duncker, to whom I had written in exceedingly rude terms about his dilly-dallying, has sent me a letter admitting outright that the last delay of 3 weeks (when everything had been completed save for the list of misprints) was due to the publication of the 'anonymous pamphlet', the one concocted of 'sweat, fire and logic'. I deliberately divulged to the press the fact that you were the author of Po and Rhine, because

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\(\text{a} \quad [\text{K. Vogt,}] \quad \text{Zur Warnung}, \quad \text{Schweizer Handels-Courier}, \quad \text{No. 150 (supplement), 2 June 1859.}\)

\(\text{b} \quad \text{The article was reprinted with editorial comments in Das Volk, No. 6, 11 June 1859.}\)

\(\text{c} \quad \text{We shall see.}\)

\(\text{d} \quad \text{David Born}\)

\(\text{e} \quad \text{Stephan Born}\)

\(\text{f} \quad \text{F. Freiligrath, Nach Johanna Kinkels Begräbnis' (see this volume, p. 359).}\)

\(\text{g} \quad \text{F. Freiligrath, 'An Joseph Weydemeyer'.}\)

\(\text{h} \quad [\text{F. Lassalle,}] \quad \text{Der italienische Krieg und die Aufgabe Preußens.}\)
I had good reason to suppose that the author of the 'anonymous pamphlet' was quietly 'switching places' with you. I must say, it's a bit thick, Mr Lassalle placing an embargo on me at will! The thing is coming out in Berlin this week—my first instalment, I mean.

Finally, whatever happens and as soon as the means ready, I mean. I shall come to Manchester for a few days as we have all sorts of things to settle.  

Salut.

Your
K. M.

Regards to lupullum.  
Tomorrow I shall send you copies of the Presse (in which quarter the ‘anonymous one’ has put a spoke in my wheel good and proper).  
The rotten staff here is no joke, I assure you. Biskamp at least writes quickly and has a ready wit. Liebknecht is an awful nuisance. Due to his over-ingenious manoeuvrings, the little sheet was only able to publish the gossip about Kinkel and Bauer in a much attenuated form.  
Your article appeared in the Volk on the same day it arrived. The last number contains the preface to my affair, i. e. with such omissions as Mr Biskamp thought fit.

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MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE

IN BERLIN

[London,] 10 June 1859

Dear Lassalle,

Since I wrote to you last I have had to prepare and send off 15 printed sheets for the English-American cyclopaedia, which is

a the little wolf, i.e. Lupus (Wilhelm Wolff) - b Das Volk, No. 4, 28 May 1859 ('Vereins-Nachrichten'). See also this volume, p. 489. - c F. Engels, 'The Campaign in Italy'. - d A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy
appearing in New York. This is no joke, what with my other work. Today is the day for the *Tribune* articles. So there's not a minute to spare. Hence I'm merely writing to let you know that I got your letters as well as the pamphlet.

This much for the present:

*Ad vocem* 
*Sickingen:* Shall read it as soon as I have time and let you have a reply.

*Ad vocem pamphlet:* In no way corresponds with my own view or that of my party friends in England. It is probable, by the by, that we shall express our view in print.

*Ad vocem Duncker:* Have written to tell him I'm sorry if my letter offended him. However it's a scandalous piece of procrastination. I received the last proof-sheet as much as 5 weeks ago. You can't expect me—*once I have a contract*—to behave towards a publisher or permit myself to be treated by him as though he were printing the thing only as a 'favour' to yourself. One good turn he has already done me, and that is to lose me my English publisher until further notice.

*Ad vocem Vogt* (Imperial bailiff): *We possess evidence,* not only that the man has received money for himself from Bonaparte, but also money to suborn Germans in the interests of Franco-Russian propaganda. Up till now he has succeeded only in the case of that politically negative quantity, Gottfried Kinkel.

*Ad vocem Proudhon:* Is said to have gone out of his mind and been put in a lunatic asylum in Brussels.

*Salut.*

*Your*

*K. M.*


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a The *New American Cyclopaedia*  

b 10 June 1859 was a Friday. On Tuesdays and Fridays Marx sent off his articles to New York.  
c [F. Lassalle,] *Der italienische Krieg und die Aufgabe Preußens.*  
d As regards  
London, 10 June 1859

Dear Frederick,

Two manuscripts received today. One of them splendid—yours on 'fortification', though I must say I feel some twinges of conscience about having made such demands on the little spare time you have. One grotesque, viz. Lassalle's reply to myself and you respecting his Sickingen. A whole sheaf of closely written pages. Incredible that at this season and in the present historical circumstances, a man should not only find time to produce stuff of this kind himself, but actually presume that we have time to read it.

Ad vocem Volk Should your booksellers actually deliver the little paper to you, which I doubt, you and Lupus will be surprised to see in tomorrow's issue an announcement that there is some 'prospect' of our, etc., collaboration. The diplomatic reasons which decided me to take this step will be communicated by word of mouth.

Duncker: Nothing yet received, neither money nor copies. Tell Lupus about this; he'd already have had one otherwise.

Ad vocem Schramm: This great man was a failure in Berlin. His wife's family council therefore decided that he should take a minor commercial post in Krefeld. Thereupon the 'failure' addressed a long scrawl to the Ministers in Berlin saying he had considered it his political duty to join combat with Minister Manteuffel, whom he abhorred, but now, having fulfilled that duty, and finding that Prussia was not à sa hauteur à lui, requested to be released from the commonwealth of subjects. Granted, and Schramm arrived in London along with the other parcels. Now intends, as he warned the Hohenzollern cabinet, to get himself 'naturalised' an Englishman. The worst blow that has befallen Prussia since the battle of Jena.

Ad vocem Lassalle. In reply to his gigantic manuscript, wherein, by the by, he also mentions the 'anonymous' pamphlet he wrote

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a As regards - b 'Statement by the Editorial Board of the Newspaper Das Volk' - c K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. - d Rudolf Schramm - e good enough for him - f [F. Lassalle,] Der italienische Krieg und die Aufgabe Preußens.
'in the name of the party', I sent him (today) a letter about \( \frac{1}{3} \) as long as the present one.\(^a\) As regards the pamphlet, all I said was: 'Not our view at all. No point in writing about it, as we should be expressing our opinion publicly in print.'\(^{446}\)

Salut.

Your

K. M.

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MARX TO FRANZ DUNCKER

IN BERLIN

Manchester,\(^{444}\) 22 June [1859]

Dear Sir,

I would request you to send the balance of the fee for my book\(^b\) \textit{without delay} to my wife in London.

In the letter you wrote me at the end of May you said that the book would come out and the fee be paid \textit{'next week'}. Neither the one nor the other was done until today, 22 June. Your principle would seem to be that a 'strictly scientific work' can never come out too late and, more particularly, that one should wait until such time as the general spread of the war\(^{370}\) has stimulated a 'strictly scientific' interest.

The same circumstances as have induced you to sanction this further postponement might, perhaps, justify a postponement until 1860, particularly in view of what you say in your letter, namely that, in the case of scientific works \textit{in respect of which there is no undertaking as to the time of publication}, it is customary for German publishers to place an embargo on their appearance in favour of topical works whenever this would seem to be opportune.

\(^a\) See this volume, pp. 459-60. \(^b\) \textit{A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy}
Since it is impossible for me to reply privately to the many inquiries I receive—in connection with these delays—I shall, after waiting a few days longer, issue a public statement.\(^{447}\)

Yours very faithfully,

Dr. K. Marx

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**MARX TO ENGELS**

**IN MANCHESTER**

[London.] 14 July 1859

Dear Frederick,

You must have been wondering about my long silence, but there was a perfectly natural explanation for it. During the first week\(^{448}\) I had to scurry round like mad in an attempt to get *Das Volk* into some kind of order, and this week private matters obtruded.

Well. The state of the *Volk* when I got back was as follows: Kinkel had been felled by our latest quips. (Since then I have gone on with the ‘Gatherings’.\(^{449}\) In the current issue I’ll do this section by myself. Unless, of course, some piece of news gives Biskamp occasion to introduce a few more drolleries.) But at the same time *Das Volk* showed every sign of disintegrating, and it was doubtful whether it would continue to appear. During my absence debts had been contracted amounting to over £6, since the ‘agents’, printer,\(^{3}\) old Uncle Tom Cobley and all suspected that my return would put an end to the fun. Biskamp was in the most dejected state. He had been given notice by the *Kölnische*\(^{b}\) (having been denounced by a competitor); to receive charity from Speck went against the grain, and he had therefore spent several nights camping out in the ‘park’. Finally, the printer had been approached by ‘genuine democrats, likewise socialists, but moderate, and inimical to any kind of personal politics (Blind?)’, who were prepared to take over *Das Volk* and provide the necessary subsidies. Such was the general state of things when I arrived at London.

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\(^{a}\) Fidelio Hollinger - \(^{b}\) *Kölnische Zeitung*
First I gave Biskamp £3, at the same time persuading him to accept a schoolmaster's post in Edmonton which, since he won't be required to live in, do any supervision or give more than 4 lessons, will permit him to write just as much for the paper as hitherto. Otherwise he would soon have been disarmed by misfortune and idleness. He is moving there on the first of August. Actually he won't be any further away from London than I am. On the other hand, it will be better for me if he is not present in person when I myself have more to do with the paper, as I intend to do by and by. I only paid out £1 5/- for the paper (debts) and compelled Garthe, Speck and a few louts to get together the sum of £3 15/- as part payment for Hollinger. In addition I had to repay Mr Liebknecht the 16/- he had advanced to Hollinger during my absence. Hence £5 1/- had to be expended before 'current' operations began. These included 15/- paid to Carstens, 5/- for rent of the despatch room, 4/- for stamps, 2/6d advanced to Mr Hollinger in respect of No. 9. So as you can see, I've pretty well scraped the bottom of the barrel before I've begun. However, if we maintain the pressure for a few more weeks there is every prospect that the Hermann will go under and leave us in complete possession of the field. Moreover, with the new despatch arrangements the thing will become self-paying. I am of the firm opinion that, even if we have to set the little paper's sights rather lower for a time, we must, at a certain moment, give it a meaningful line. Should the Hermann go under we shall change over to Hirschfeld's press. (Cheaper, gives more credit, more expeditious.) For the moment, however, it's absolutely essential that a few more subsidies be sent from Manchester.

Napoleon's peace exceeds all my expectations. Yesterday the French revolutionary gang in London were all of them exultant and Louis Blanc was running around like a madman; the Italians, however, are gnashing their teeth. Even Mazzini, although he foretold the result 6 weeks before the end of the war, succumbed afterwards all the same to the illusion that Bonaparte would at least throw the Austrians out of Italy. I have read a letter (private letter) from an Irishman who sleeps with the Duchesse de Padua in Paris. According to this man, the secret articles of the treaty stipulate two Turkish provinces for Austria; the amalgamation of the Prussian Rhine Province and Belgium into a 'Catholic state', or rather the use of this 'new empire' as a pretext for snapping up the delicious titbits.

a Friedrich Lessner
The over-ingenuity of Prussia, with the support of Lassalle,\(^a\) etc., has got Germany (and Prussia) into such hot water that the only hope of salvation lies in a ferocious revolution.

I would draw your attention to the first article in *The Free Press,\(^b\)* which I am sending you.

*Salut*

Your

K. M.

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ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

[Manchester,] Friday, 15 July\(^c\) 1859

Dear Moor,

I'd have written something about the peace\(^450\) for the *Volk*, but since I neither see nor hear anything of what's going on, I conclude that you are dealing with the subject yourself and hence that my article would be *double emploi*\(^d\).

Excepting the continuation of the war, nothing could be more welcome to us than *this* peace. Prussia discredited, Austria discredited, Bonaparte discredited, Sardinia and vulgar Italian liberalism discredited, England discredited, Kossuth ruined, Vogt & Co. discredited, no gains for anybody except the Russians and the revolutionaries, i.e. what little Jew Braun\(^e\) would call a 'tidy revolutionary situation'.\(^451\) But His Excellency Ephraim Artful\(^e\) is the most discredited of all.

Your

F. E.

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\(^a\) A reference to Lassalle's pamphlet *Der italienische Krieg und die Aufgabe Preußens*.  
\(^b\) 'Memoir on Russia, for the Instruction of the Present Emperor', *The Free Press*, No. 7, 13 July 1859.  
\(^c\) A slip of the pen in the original: 14 July.  
\(^d\) Needless duplication.  
\(^e\) By 'little Jew Braun' and, below, 'Ephraim Artful' Engels means Ferdinand Lassalle.
MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 18 July 1859

DEAR Frederick,

Since the last number of the Volk proved so very exiguous, I
tend this week to put something in about Russia. It would please
me greatly if an article by you could appear at the same time.
Wouldn’t it be possible to do something military summing up the
campaign, or else ridiculing the whole affair? But it would have
to be here by Thursday. If the little sheet fails to appear on
Friday, it always means a serious loss of revenue; last time this fell
off appreciably, another reason being that we suddenly had to
change all our agents and get rid of Scherzer among others. The
clown Edgar Bauer (an admirer of Bonaparte) has uttered a
mighty threat, viz. that we are to be attacked in the next Hermann.
Nous verrons ....

Have you seen my book advertised anywhere yet?

Salut.

Your
K. M.

Little Jenny has been awarded the General Prize, Laura two special
prizes.

Moscow, 1929

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a In compliance with Marx’s request Engels wrote an article entitled ‘The Italian
War: Retrospect’. - b We shall see. - c A Contribution to the Critique of Political
Economy
Manchester, 18 July 1859

Dear Moor,

I shall send you tomorrow or the day after the £5 still required to pay off the Volk's arrears. It was too late for me to do it today, and besides I have the company of the 'little man', scilicet Dronke, who sidled up to me at the Exchange; the little chap's business seems to be doing passably well. Apart from current day-to-day gossip, on which he holds forth like a pothouse politician, he seems reluctant to talk about politicis, particularly of the past, and this I encourage, for after all I treat him as an extraneus. His knowledge, however, has not increased, and the profundity of his politics may be summed up in his remark that the Italians 'have got to hit out now, or they're not worth a thing'.

But to revert from the little man to the Volk; we must at once discuss what is to be done. If the £7 you took with you has vanished so quickly, and the louts' £3 15/- as well, the £3 I have in reserve will doubtless soon be gone too. Que faire? I've heard nothing about Strohn's return. There's not much more to be done with Borchardt. As soon as Lupus returns—but heaven knows where he is—I shall at all events get him to carry out a reconnaissance. Before that I wouldn't care to approach him personally. Nor do I run across him any more, though I've several times kept half an eye open for him in Oxford Road.

At any rate you must let me know sometime exactly how matters stand financially under the new administration, so that I can have an answer ready to eventual queries. How many copies are now being sold? Have you cut down the newsboys, etc., to ½d per copy? What do the total weekly expenses amount to and what is the income—hence what is the deficit?

Mr Thimm has been talked round very nicely. Das Volk is now displayed in his window in a conspicuous position, a much better one than the Hermann and the Колокол, which flank it. A few more 'Gatherings' and the last-named will doubtless be done for

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a to wit  b outsider  c What is to be done?  d Engels has 'den letzteren', probably a slip of the pen; 'den ersteren' ('the first-named') would fit the context better, as the 'Gatherings' were directed against the Hermann, not against the Колокол.
altogether. The way in which Kinkel has suddenly taken to his heels is very funny.\(^a\)

Next week's *Leader* on the peace ought to be done by you. It's important, I think, since we've been lucky enough to get hold of the secret articles,\(^b\) that this point be fully exploited. As you are making a *Tribune* article\(^c\) out of it anyway, that should be easy for you. This point may well give the *Volk* a significance of quite a different order, and *exact* for it a position in the press. Think this over.

Let me know also *by return* what you people would like me to write about this week; then I shall do it on Wednesday evening.

I have sent for the *Portfolio* and am studying these and other Russian documents and Palmerstoniana; shall also get hold of as many **back numbers** of *The Free Press* as possible. It's really high time I went through the stuff, seeing what importance the thing is now assuming. Can you tell me where the Russian memorandum on Russian policy\(^d\) originated and which Prussian ministerial crisis brought it to the light of day?\(^452\) So far as I am concerned the internal evidence and the classic phraseology are, of course, more than sufficient, but I need these facts for the debate with Philistia; anyway it is stupid of Urquhart to be so unnecessarily secretive.

Is there anything to be wormed out of Blind *quoad\(^e\) Vogt*? The 'little man' doesn't believe the thing, of course, and asks 'why, then, didn't we see to it that the documents were printed'?

Generally speaking the documents in Vol. 1 of the *Portfolio* are not the most important, though there are some nice things among them, particularly those by Pozzo di Borgo and the memorandum to the German governments.\(^f\) What idiots they are and how the Russians must laugh at them!

The memorandum in *The Free Press* is a true classic from start to finish, including the almost comical way in which the worthy diplomats make out that regicide is at once self-sacrifice and a republican virtue. Still, it seems to be going a bit far when Nicholas\(^g\) gives his son\(^h\) this kind of lesson with regard to the

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\(^a\) G. Kinkel, 'An unsere Leser', *Hermann*, No. 26, 2 July 1859. - \(^b\) See this volume, p. 464. - \(^c\) K. Marx, 'The Treaty of Villafranca'. - \(^d\) 'Memoir on Russia, for the Instruction of the Present Emperor', *The Free Press*, No. 7, 13 July 1859. - \(^e\) 'Copy of a Despatch from Count Pozzo di Borgo, Addressed to Count Nesselrode. Dated Paris, 10th (22nd) December, 1826'; 'Copy of a Very Secret Despatch from Count Pozzo di Borgo, dated Paris, the 28th November, 1828'; 'Memoir on the State and Prospects of Germany, Drawn up under the Direction of a Minister at St. Petersburgh, and Confidentially Communicated to Several of the German Governments'. - \(^g\) Nicholas I - \(^h\) future Emperor Alexander II
murder of his own father; I should say this passage has been altered.\textsuperscript{453}

Is it not possible to get hold of the complete document? Dronke tells me that in Glasgow there is a stationer by the name of Love in St. Enoch Square who sells the Hermann and would be a very suitable man to sell Das Volk. It might be a good idea to send him a few copies and a letter.

Have you sent it to America? It's about time you did. To Weydemeyer, Steffen and the chap in New York\textsuperscript{297} who once wrote to you about communist matters.

Warmest regards to your wife and the girls.

Your

F. E.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 19 July 1859

Dear Frederick,

I would gladly have written the article on the peace, for it would simply have meant combining last Friday's and today's articles for the Tribune.\textsuperscript{b} They were, moreover, good articles, for \textit{ira facit poetam}.\textsuperscript{c} However, as Biskamp has begun the thing, has already announced No. II,\textsuperscript{d} and is effectively, or at least nominally, in command, decency precludes one interfering in this way. Once he is in Edmonton, his very remoteness will ensure that at crucial moments such as this the

\textsuperscript{a} Friedrich Kamm - \textsuperscript{b} Marx refers to his articles 'The Peace' and 'The Treaty of Villafranca'. - \textsuperscript{c} Anger gives wings to one's words. An allusion to 'Facit indignatio versum'—'Indignation makes verse' (Juvenal, \textit{Satires}, I, 79). - \textsuperscript{d} [E. Biskamp.] 'Der Friede von Villa Franca', \textit{Das Volk}, No. 11, 16 July 1859. The second instalment was published in the next issue of \textit{Das Volk} on 23 July.
Leader can be taken out of his hands without hurt to his amour propre—which is all he gets out of it.

But what the two of us can do to put some stiffening into the next issue, is support him on his left and right flanks. On the pretext of discussing Urquhart's document, I shall briefly sum up Russia's part in this tragi-comedy and at the same time disparage Bonaparte. You, on the pretext of writing a final article on military affairs, must also set about Bonaparte, etc. (and on the same occasion take a swipe at Prussia). In my view it is of the utmost importance morally that a belief in Bonaparte's greatness should not be allowed to arise among the Germans. As for Austria, the agreed line we have adopted of blaming everything on the sovereign is sufficient.

Ad vocem the document. Fell into the hands of the 'Prince of Prussia' during the regency crisis on the occasion of Manteuffel's sudden removal. More than that is not to be coaxed out of Urquhart's idiots. Certain passages have been forged because they didn't get hold of the complete document. The authenticity of the whole is vouched for by the style peculiar to all, even 'secret', Russian documents, in which certain stereotyped, conventional untruths take turn and turn about. It is a line even Pozzo di Borgo adopts in his writing. The plain truth about Russia's machinations comes to light only with the chance publication of the documents of Russian agents not in the direct employ of the Russian state. E.g. Theyls' (a Dutchman) and Patkul's (came out in Berlin in 1796) memoirs and correspondence.

Portfolio. I shall obtain for you (and myself) from Paris the complete edition published there of the papers of which the Portfolio was allowed to contain only those authorised by Palmerston.

Volk. Agents' remuneration reduced to 1/2d. Expenditure has been heavy because Biskamp required personal sustenance; because the rows the fellows were having with each other during my absence meant that the administration was at sixes and sevens; because the entire staff has been changed since my return. By the end of the week I shall have a full statement of accounts. This involves a great deal of work in view of the way the thing has been run hitherto. £4-£5 worth of advertising will have to be obtained

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a 'Memoir on Russia, for the Instruction of the Present Emperor', The Free Press, No. 7, 13 July 1859. b F. Engels, 'The Italian War. Retrospect'. c Francis Joseph I. d As regards e William f W. Theyls, Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de Charles XII, roi de Suède; J. R. von Patkul, Berichte an das Zaarische Cabinet in Moscau, von seinem Gesandschafts-Posten bei August II, Könige von Polen, Th. I-III.
this week in order to liquidate the debt to Hollinger for Nos 9 and 10.

Biskamp wanted to write a short review of my *Critique of Political Economy*, etc. I dissuaded him, for he knows nothing about the subject. But since he has undertaken (in the *Volk*) to say something about it, I should like you to do it for him\(^a\) (say next week, but not this). Briefly on the method and what is new in the content. In this way you would set the tone for the correspondents down here. And likewise help frustrate Lassalle’s plan to *kill* me.

*Salut.*

Your

K. M.


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\(^{a}\) Engels did write a review: ‘Karl Marx. A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy’. \(^{b}\) F. Engels, ‘The Italian War. Retrospect’. \(^{c}\) Ernst Dronke
perhaps bear fruit and he can fork out at least a few pounds himself. But I wouldn't care to do this without consulting you, for there's no knowing what boasts the little fellow might not subsequently make with a letter like that in his pocket. This apart, père Freiligrath, too, ought to fork out a £5 note. If the louts can pay, so can he, and after all if our party has to support the paper out of its own money for the present, the fat philistine must also do his bit.

Many regards to the family.

Your

F. E.

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MARX TO ENGLS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 22 July 1859

Dear Engels,

£3 received. Immediately paid out £2 to Hollinger and 15/- to Lessner. Out-of-town subscriptions are increasing (there are already 60) but are not payable until the end of the quarter and call for a weekly outlay on stamps. I am now convinced, 1. that there was a debt of about £7 of which I was not told before I left for Manchester; 2. that the advertisements (instead of £5, receipts were about 20/-) and Mr Scherzer's London subscriptions—I have sacked him—were just a piece of private skulduggery. With proper management, which is now under way but whose results won't make themselves felt for weeks to come, the advertisements alone will pay for the little sheet. Since more money is needed immediately, write to Dronke. If you tell the little man that for the time being the paper can only exist by party sacrifices and hence we are asking all party members to make such sacrifices, he can, if he wishes, get the letter printed. I am convinced that, within 6 weeks, the thing will be on a solid footing. But there can be no question of giving it up now that Gagern and
Co., in short the entire 1848 gang, are again taking the stage. Thimm has asked us to put his name in the paper as our distributor in Manchester. I could not carry out my intention this week, for I was overcome by a kind of cholera as a result of the heat and was vomiting from morning till night. Being able to write again today, I have written for the Tribune, a glorious vindication of your military article, basing it on Francis Joseph’s and Bonaparte’s manifestos. The paper had been so much intimidated that it suppressed all your articles for a time. During my absence Blind was scheming to gain control of the Volk. I wrote him an exceedingly rude letter, which was followed by an interview. After that, however, there’ll be no dunning the man for money for a while. Philistine Freiligrath hasn’t even paid his subscription, although pressed twice. Instead, when speaking to Mr Juch, he deprecated the ‘undignified’ tone of the Volk, although he tells us that he is ‘delighted’ with it. *By and by we shall take our revenge upon these diplomatical fellows.*

You forgot to let me know whether you wish to do a review of my piece. There is great rejoicing among the fellows here. They imagine the thing’s a failure because they are ignorant of the fact that Duncker hasn’t even advertised it yet. Should you write something, don’t forget, 1. that it extirpates Proudhonism root and branch, 2. that the specifically social, by no means absolute, character of bourgeois production is analysed straight away in its simplest form, that of the commodity. Mr Liebknecht informed Biskamp that ‘never has a book disappointed him so much’, and Biskamp himself told me that he didn’t see ‘à quoi bon’. Is Lupus back?

In your second article on the war you will not, I am sure, forget to stress the inadequate strength of the pursuit after victory had been won, and the pitiful whining of Bonaparte, who had at last got to the point where Europe did not, as hitherto, out of fear of revolution, permit him to play the old Napoleon within given limits. In this connection it would be pertinent to recall the 1796-97 campaign, when France was not able to take her time

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a Marx probably means Engels’ article ‘Historical Justice’. - b K. Marx, ‘Truth Testified’. In this article Marx cites Francis Joseph’s manifesto of 15 July 1859 (reported in The Times, No. 23364, 21 July 1859) and Napoleon III’s speech at a reception for members of the State Council, the Senate and the Corps législatif in the Palace of Saint-Cloud on 19 July 1859 (Le Moniteur universel, No. 201, 20 July 1859). - c K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. - d ‘what use it was’ - e ‘The Italian War. Retrospect’ (was published in three instalments in Das Volk)
preparing all her resources for ‘A LOCALISED WAR’ but, with her finances completely disrupted, had to fight not only beyond the Rhine, but also beyond the Mincio and the Adige. Bonaparte is actually complaining that his ‘succès d’estime’ are now begrudged him.

Salut.

Your
K. M.

Can’t anything be got out of Heckscher?
Have you written to Duncker?
Ask Dronke to write for us as well.

First published in Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx, Bd. 2, Stuttgart, 1913
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ENGELS TO MARX
IN LONDON
Manchester, 25 July 1859

Dear Moor,

Have written to Duncker. Also about the total absence up till now of any advertisements of your book in the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung and Kölnische Zeitung. I can’t possibly do an article on it this week; it is quite an undertaking and I should have had notice of it somewhat earlier. Besides, I’ve begun the military article and want to get it finished quickly. However, I promise to do the article for next week.

Some nonsense was edited into my last article. I said that, during the march from Pavia, the 5th corps so exerted itself on the 3rd and 4th that, had the 4 1/2 hours lost through the halt been put to use, the result would not have been materially different, nor would the corps have arrived on the battle-field

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\( a \) A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy - \( b \) ‘The Italian War. Retrospect’ - \( c \) ‘Karl Marx. A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy’ - \( d \) 3 and 4 June 1859. Engels speaks of the first instalment of his article ‘The Italian War. Retrospect’.
appreciably earlier. In print it says that it was the halt alone which made that exertion possible, which 1. is just the opposite and 2. is nonsense. In the first place the troops were not in the least tired at 6 o'clock in the morning of the 3rd, having only just moved off, so that the halt could be of no benefit to them, and secondly the halt deprived them of the cool hours of the morning and forced them to march when the midday heat was at its greatest. To any military man, the sentence as it now stands would seem quite preposterous. Much good all these stylistic improvements do me anyway, if printing errors are responsible for the most egregious nonsense, e.g. rest for thrust (!) and so forth. My articles are particularly distinguished by this kind of nonsense, the remainder being tolerably well corrected.

How, by the way, could you permit Herwegh's lousy poem\textsuperscript{a} to be included?

Quanto al danaro,\textsuperscript{b} Dronke will be back here again in a fortnight's time (about 10 days from now, that is), so I shall have to put everything off till then. Nor have I any news of Lupus. Where to get money from in the meantime is difficult to say. I'll try Heckscher, but just now I have my hands full and a great deal of my time is taken up with the article on your book. If only Strohn were here! Gumpert is at home, confined to bed with laryngitis and unable to speak. However, I shall see; if at all possible Heckscher will have to keep the paper going this week. But the miserly Freiligrath should certainly be made to cough up.

How funny that you should have obtained so flattering an opinion from Mr Liebknecht too.\textsuperscript{c} It's just like these folk. The gentlemen are so used to our doing their thinking for them that invariably and without exception they want to have everything presented to them not only on a platter, but already pre-digested, not only the quintessence in the smallest possible space, but also a detailed exposition, ready cooked and dried. One is expected to perform miracles, ni plus ni moins.\textsuperscript{d} What does an ass of that species really want? As though he couldn't discover for himself from the first 3 lines of the preface that this first instalment was to be followed by at least 15 others before he got to the final conclusions. Naturally, the solutions to ticklish monetary problems, etc., mean nothing whatever to Liebknecht, seeing that such problems simply don't exist for him. But the least one could ask of

\textsuperscript{a} Engels refers to Georg Herwegh's poem written on the occasion of the Federal Marksmen's Festival in Zurich and published in Das Volk, No. 12, 23 July 1859. - \textsuperscript{b} As for money - \textsuperscript{c} See this volume, p. 473. - \textsuperscript{d} neither more nor less
such a blockhead is that he should take in at least those few points that happen to suit his book. However, what recks a cow of Sunday?

The Russian document\textsuperscript{452} ought not to be reprinted in such short \textit{bits}, otherwise one completely loses the thread.\textsuperscript{a} Mr Petersen's lucubrations also become tedious in the long run.\textsuperscript{b}\textsuperscript{457} It's true you were in difficulty last week.

Mr Bonaparte's speeches get ever more comical. The one he made before the diplomatic corps is really too funny.\textsuperscript{c} And the fellow kept clapping his hand to his sword all the while! The fool seems quite seriously determined to impose himself on the world as the 'old one',\textsuperscript{d} at least so far as \textit{le dehors}\textsuperscript{e} is concerned.

Kossuth has been spreading it about that he's been away in Lussinpiccolo!\textsuperscript{f}

Many regards.

Your

F. E.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 1 August 1859

Dear Frederick,

\textit{D'abord}\textsuperscript{g} I must acknowledge the £2 10/-.. This time I myself corrected the proofs of your article.\textsuperscript{h} If it still contains misprints,

\begin{flushleft}
\textsuperscript{a} A reference to 'Russisches Memoir zur Belehrung des gegenwärtigen Kaisers' (\textit{Das Volk}, Nos. 12-16, 23 and 30 July and 6, 13 and 20 August 1859), a German translation of 'Memoir on Russia' published in \textit{The Free Press}, No. 7, 13 July 1859. - \textsuperscript{b} [N.] Petersen, 'Feierstunden-Arbeit eines Arbeiters', \textit{Das Volk}, Nos. 8-10, 12 and 16, 25 June; 2, 9 and 23 July; 20 August 1859. - \textsuperscript{c} Napoleon III made this speech on 21 July 1859 and it was published in \textit{Le Moniteur universel}, No. 203, 22 July 1859. - \textsuperscript{d} Napoleon 1 - \textsuperscript{e} outward appearance - \textsuperscript{f} Town in Lussin island in the Adriatic, then under Austrian rule. - \textsuperscript{g} First - \textsuperscript{h} 'The Italian War. Retrospect'
\end{flushleft}
the printer is the only one to blame. Herwegh's rotten poem\textsuperscript{a} got in without my knowing about it. I therefore compelled Biskamp to give an explanation in the last issue\textsuperscript{b} and, into the bargain, I got him to publish the Landwehr soldier's song (as a fitting sequel to Herwegh).\textsuperscript{458}

What is catastrophic so far as I'm concerned is that Biskamp isn't going to Edmonton but (it would seem) has accepted the post of tutor chez Bibra (the innkeeper) in the middle of the West End. If this is so I shall press for a written agreement with the gentleman. For, like all professional humorists he's a capricious, hysterical old woman, and we're not going to right the apple-cart so that someone else can drive it away. We must make sure we get possession of the thing.

Lina\textsuperscript{c} is back here from Cologne. Bürgers has grown quite 'high-minded' since his release. He reprobates the Volk's 'reversion' to the old manner of using 'bad jokes' to split the 'party'. For him, it would seem, the 'party' comprises anyone who is 'not' official, and that includes Vogt and Kinkel. Needless to say these 'hints' were given merely out of tender regard for 'me'. 'One' copy of my work\textsuperscript{d} had arrived at Bermbach's for the dozen or so party friends in Cologne. Bürgers hadn't read it, of course, nor will he, 'but in my interests' expressed his indignation that the thing should be coming out 'by dribs and drabs' and not all 60 sheets AT ONCE. For the rest, he's tutor at some 'merchant's', which only takes up a few hours each morning, and apart from that he gives one other lesson. All in all, he earns 700 talers. His 'work' is confined to mornings. After the midday meal he starts 'recovering' from his half day's work and lounges about chatting by the hour at Mrs Daniels' house where, however, he has a serious rival in Dr Klein. But in the evenings he hurries to Lollchen's to preside with great dignity over the Cologne debating club until far into the night. He 'esteems' Lassalle's activities but hasn't 'read' anything of his, not even Franz von Sickingen. The spurious pretext of having contracted a serious chest complaint during his time in prison has provided him with a splendid means of masking his habitual idleness. In addition, the 'high-minded man' frequents 'music clubs'. As regards the Cologne trial\textsuperscript{71} he actually repeated to Lina several most infamous and far from unwitting lies, e.g. that it was us not him and the other asses in Cologne who sent that ass

\textsuperscript{a} ['On the Occasion of the Federal Marksmen's Festival in Zurich',] Das Volk, No. 12, 23 July 1859. - \textsuperscript{b} This explanation by the Editorial Board was published in Das Volk, No. 13, 30 July 1859. - \textsuperscript{c} Caroline Schöler - \textsuperscript{d} A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy
Nothjung to Germany as emissary.\textsuperscript{459} He has, it seems, grown 'even more handsome' than he used to be. \textit{En passant}, Georg Jung has become a gambler and has apparently pretty well dissipated his fortune. A few weeks ago Countess Hatzfeldt again took up residence in Berlin.

As soon as you have some hours to spare, it would be a good thing to go ahead with 'Infantry'.\textsuperscript{a} My finances are closely linked with this. I should like to send my wife to the seaside for a few weeks. But that would be feasible only if I could draw an additional sum on \textit{America}.

\textit{Salut}.

Your

K. M.

\textsuperscript{a} an article for \textit{The New American Cyclopaedia} - \textsuperscript{b} F. Engels, 'K. Marx. A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy'. - \textsuperscript{c} Engels means the 1848 revolution in France and subsequent revolutionary events in other European countries.
trouble, despite Rüstow, who must, of course, be treated with some reserve.\(^a\)

Can you shed any further light on the particulars contained in Crawshay’s letter in *The Free Press* of 27 July regarding the Russian document?\(^b\) Surely the ‘German’ isn’t Mr Bucher? And in which German paper is the thing supposed to have appeared?\(^460\)

When you saw Blind, did you speak to him about the Vogt affair?\(^461\) *N’y avait-il rien à faire?\(^c\)*

The gentle Heinrich\(^d\) is acquitting himself well in his new role. Gloomy as ever, but all the lazier for that, redeeming the world by his courageous and intelligent Grumbling.

Lupus has had another adventure, this time with a parson who swapped travelling bags with him. The deadly earnestness of the affair was, however, alleviated by the fact that the bag that had been left behind contained the said parson’s maiden sermon which he was due to rattle off the following day. This lent the thing certain humorous extérieurs;\(^e\) otherwise Lupus was again on the point of exclaiming: *‘There are so many rogues in this country, and not of the working class, but of the middle class.’*\(^*\)

Your
F. E.

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MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 8 August 1859

Dear Engels,

As a result of an attack of vomiting that has now lasted for two whole days, I am as weak as a fly and hence cannot write more than a few lines.

\(^a\) W. Rüstow, *Geschichte der Infanterie*. \(^b\) G. Crawshay, ‘The Russian Memoir of 1837’, *The Free Press*, No. 8, 27 July 1859. \(^c\) Could nothing be done about it? \(^d\) Heinrich Bürgers \(^e\) aspects
Would it be possible to scrape together some money for the Volk by Wednesday morning?

Last Monday (Monday is always settlement day; i.e. a week ago today) the total deficit had been reduced to no more than about £2. (This did not, of course, include the charge for No. 13, which only has to be met today, and still less for No. 14, where payment doesn’t fall due until today week. The issues are, of course, only charged at the end of the week following publication.) So things are in good shape. But today there is further expenditure to be met, in addition to the usual £1 extra (15/- for Lessner, 5 for the office). I myself am under so much pressure that I cannot at this moment advance a single farthing and am, moreover, wasting an inordinate amount of time over the business. As for philistine Freiligrath, he imagines that he is giving adequate proof of his ‘convictions’ by maintaining a ‘neutral’ attitude towards ourselves and the Hermann.

Ledru and L. Blanc have united to publish a paper, the Union Républicaine. It is to appear at the beginning of next month from the same press as the Volk, and would benefit the latter in as much as Hollinger would then print by machine instead of by hand as heretofore. It makes the continued existence of the Volk all the more essential, by the by.

Later on (as soon as I’m fit again), I shall write to Germany about the business. And to Borchardt too?

To make the thing a paying proposition more quickly, fresh outlays would be necessary in a town like London: errand-boys besides Lessner, etc.

Strohn not back yet?

No answer yet from Duncker, the swine?

Regards to Lupus and Gumpert.

Salut.

Your

K. M.


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Published in English for the first time
Manchester, 10 August 1859

Dear Moor,

Just now I'm in such a jam, paying off private debts which have accumulated in respect of the new financial year, that only in the case of direst need shall I be able to advance any money to the Volk during the next few weeks. I neither see nor hear anything of Strohn, but should know at once if he returned to Bradford. If the worst comes to the worst you could always write to Borchardt—I don't see why not. Then you could let me know and, if necessary, Lupus might also drop in on him. I neither see nor hear anything of Borchardt.

Yesterday evening, when about to write the 2nd article on your book,\(^a\) I was interrupted in such a way as to preclude further work. I shan't be able to make up for lost time today and so the article will have to be put off till next week, greatly to my annoyance.

I was out of town from Saturday to Monday, and on Monday evening found the enclosed scrawl from Duncker.\(^463\) The note I enclose will enable you to obtain the 6 copies of Po and Rhine; send me those you don't need. Freiligrath has had one. It's really high time the fool was forced to adopt a less equivocal position, or at very least to shell out.

Duncker is frankly trying to do me down. Lassalle mentioned 2,000 copies; now he claims to have printed only 1,000. Siebel, who is back here again, tells me that, to judge by his own experience of the pamphlet's success with booksellers, this must be a lie. Que faire?\(^b\)

What do you think of the pretty excuse for failing to advertise your book?

So Mazzini has finally made his diplomatic revelations in a frightful tirade in The Times.\(^c\) All the same, the facts are

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\(^a\) F. Engels, 'Karl Marx. A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy'. - \(^b\) What's to be done? - \(^c\) G. Mazzini, 'To the Editor of The Times', The Times, No. 23381, 10 August 1859.
important and confirm our information and conclusions. Perhaps this will shake Urquhart's view that Mazzini's a Russian.  

Salut.

Your

F. E.


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MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 13 August 1859

Dear Engels,

I received the enclosed note on Thursday afternoon. I therefore hastened into town. Matters could only be arranged by my borrowing £4 from Garthe, which will have to be returned. On Monday I shall write to Borchardt. To abandon the paper now would seem to me foolish on several counts: 1. because this would save the now foundering Gottfried; 2. because after the King of Prussia's death there will be radical changes in Germany, when we must have a paper of our own; 3. because of the growing number of subscribers (although for the time being this is simply a disadvantage financially, since the cost in stamps increases weekly while payments aren't due until the end of the quarter). The Volk already wields considerable influence in the United States. For instance the preface to my book has been reprinted from the Volk and variously commented on by German papers from New England to California.

You couldn't, I suppose, arrange to let me have your article by Wednesday, there being nothing 'topical' about it this time?

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* The note is not extant.  
  * the weekly Hermann, of which Gottfried Kinkel had been publisher until July 1859  
  * Frederick William IV  
  * A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy  
  * F. Engels, 'K. Marx. A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.'
Might it be possible to raise some money from German business employees in Manchester through your cousin Siebel?

I shall certainly succeed in getting some money out of Berlin and New York. But there’s the next 6 to 8 weeks to be taken care of.

As to Freiligrath, just come and try extracting one shilling from him if you can!

Incidentally, and between ourselves, we’d have done better over money if new deficits hadn’t continually arisen as a result of renewed thefts. But these were perpetrated by the old agents. Beginning with Scherzer, I’ve thrown out all those who had compromised themselves. But what remained of the old leaven wasn’t any good and, even if these uncouth louts have been well-behaved hitherto, they blot their copybook when they make their exit. I finally threw out the last of them—Mr Lange—last week. It would have been relatively much easier to start up a completely new paper from scratch rather than, as Biskamp and Liebknecht did, continue, if only nominally, the existence of an organ that was rotten through and through.

Herewith a letter from Dana.

Though I don’t think much of his poetry, could your relative Siebel do some little piece of verse for the Volk? But nothing sublime, please! So as to nettles Freiligrath, we simply must unearth some poet or other, even if we have to write the verse for him ourselves.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

Copies of Po and Rhine next week.


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a 1 Corinthians 5:7  b See this volume, pp. 437-39.
Dear Fred,

'Das Volk' is no more. I had already advanced to Hollinger the £2 you sent at the end of last week, for otherwise last Friday's issue (a week ago today) would not have come out. I have therefore paid it back to myself. In addition I owe Garthe £4 (for the paper) and about £2 more to Lessner, £6 in all. Moreover in Hollinger's case the deficit has accumulated—which doesn't, of course, concern us so immediately. However, it ought not to be allowed to grow any more. This can only be charged when the money for the subscriptions has come in. The French paper is not going to appear because of the amnesty.\textsuperscript{465}

Borchardt, the braggart, wrote to say there was nothing doing in Manchester. First, because of the peace, then because of the amnesty. But more especially—and this was something he had not himself felt able to refute—because Das Volk was a scurrilous paper (oh, you idiot of a philistine!). I.e. not nice enough for the Steinthals and other such Ikeys. On the other hand a letter arrived at the same time from Lupus in which he spoke very highly of Das Volk. But the fact is that as the paper improved, losses increased and readers fell off. Besides, that idiot Biskamp, with all sorts of people on at him, appeared to be jealous on account of his dwindling importance on the paper.

Lastly, in view of Liebknecht's ineptitude and Biskamp's instability and weakness, it would have become increasingly necessary for me to intervene directly in the editorial work (for if sales were low among the louts, they were correspondingly high among the German \textit{diplomatic haute volée}\textsuperscript{a} in London). Distances being what they are here, the thing was in any case taking up too much of my time, and my own circumstances are in such a desperate state that I must look to them.

\textsuperscript{a} upper crust
That wretch Dronke hasn’t even subscribed for one copy. Your cousin Siebel, however, as you will see from the enclosed, is the Hermann’s bard under Beta’s management.\(^a\)

Salut.

Your

K. M.


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MARX TO ENGELS\(^{466}\)

IN MANCHESTER

[London, 5 September 1859]

Dear Engels,

Could you possibly send me a military piece on China by Friday? I have written today (but not last Friday since I had a tiresome visitor) about Italy and Hungary.\(^b\) The purely political stuff is AT AN END until the opening of Parliament.

Salut.

Your

K. M.


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\(^a\) Probably a reference to the item ‘Sprüche von Carl Siebel’ in *Hermann*, No. 33, 20 August 1859. - \(^b\) ‘Kossuth and Louis Napoleon’
ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

Manchester, [8 September 1859]
7 Southgate

Dear Moor,

Unfortunately the article can’t be sent today. It’s now 7 o’clock and I still have at least half an hour’s work at the office; it takes me 1/2 hour to get home and, what is more, I haven’t yet set eyes on The Times, nor should I be able to borrow it for this evening. I’d have to finish the whole thing by 11.30 at the latest if I were to get it off—it’s clairement impossible, particularly in the case of names which have been wrongly telegraphed and can only be deciphered after one has spent ages poring over the map. However, I’ll go over the material for Tuesday and, should the Calcutta mail be in by Monday, rectify it accordingly.


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MARX TO WILHELM LIEBKNECHT

IN LONDON

London, 17 September 1859

Dear Liebknecht,

I should ere now have returned Blind’s letter of 8th September, which you passed on to me, had not various passages therein made it necessary for me to take further steps to ascertain the facts of the case.

In this letter Blind maintains that he had had ‘nothing whatever to do with the problem in question’ (i.e. with the public denunciation of Vogt). He further maintains that ‘the remarks’ he made ‘in the course of a private conversation...’ (implying that he’s only spoken about Vogt ‘in private’) ‘were completely misinterpreted’. The words
'completely misinterpreted' are used with reference to myself. It was I who 'completely misinterpreted' Blind's 'remarks made in the course of a private conversation' and hence 'completely misrepresented' them to you and Biskamp. The misrepresentation in question is not witting, deliberate misrepresentation, but misrepresentation due either to the inherent difficulty of Blind's account, or to the feebleness and natural perversity of my powers of comprehension.

As to which I would observe:

1. Vogt was a tool used by Bonaparte to corrupt liberals in Germany and German revolutionaries abroad. Vogt further offered 30,000 gulden to a certain liberal writer in Germany in order to win him over in the interests of Bonapartist propaganda.—These two on-dit were imparted to me in the most serious manner by Blind on 9 May, the day of Urquhart's first meeting. He imparted them to Freiligrath. He imparted them to others. He repeated, or rather reaffirmed, them in your presence, in Hollinger's presence, in my presence, on the day we all three of us had an interview with him. In regard to these two points, therefore, there can be no question of any interpretation, false or otherwise. They have been admitted. They can be proved by evidence. They are facts in so far as we consider Blind's statements as facts.

2. Now as to Blind's 'interpretation'—minus the name Vogt qua agent of Bonapartist corruption, and minus the affair of the 30,000 gulden—it is to be found in an article in the London Free Press dated 27 May with the heading: 'The Grand Duke Constantine to be King of Hungary'. Blind is the author of this article in which he says that *he knows the name of a Swiss Senator to whom he (Prince Jerome Napoleon) broached the subject*, and even knows what Plon-Plon did broach to the Swiss Senator; in which he further knows of 'the attempts made ... to win over to the Russo-Napoleonic scheme some of the exiled German Democrats, as well as some influential Liberals in Germany*; in which he further knows that *large pecuniary advantages were held out to them as a bribe*; and in which, finally, he is *glad that these offers were rejected with indignation*. This 'interpretation' is printed and did not therefore occur 'in the course of a private conversation'. Again, it would seem from this that Blind, far from having had nothing to do with 'the problem', played the part of initiator.

3. Add together 1. the facts related, and admitted to have been related, by Blind and 2. the 'interpretation' which Blind had
printed and which is legally verifiable as such, and what do you get?

The anonymous pamphlet *Zur Warnung* minus a few irrelevant phrases. Whether or not Blind composed this pamphlet is therefore completely immaterial. He is responsible for publishing the elements which go to make it up.

He mentioned the name Vogt and the affair of the 30,000 gulden 'in the course of a private conversation'. Not only with me but with Freiligrath and others. And not as a private and 'confidential' matter but as political denunciation. He himself had the 'interpretation' relating to these two points printed.

It is quite immaterial, therefore, whether or not the pamphlet which subsequently came out was composed by him! All it contains is the sum total of verbal Blind and printed Blind. It is Blind added together. Hence it was not only *I* who regarded him as its author. Freiligrath did too. He even questioned him about it.

Author or otherwise, it in no way alters the case. He is still the instigator responsible.

You will recall that at the above-mentioned meeting he stated on his word of honour that he had not composed the pamphlet. Composing and writing are in effect two separate things. I now have documentary, legally valid evidence (which is at your disposal) to the effect that the pamphlet was printed by F. Hollinger, was handed to him by Blind, was written in Blind's hand, and was regarded by F. Hollinger as Blind's product.469

What remains, then, is my interpretation, described not merely as a 'misinterpretation' but a 'complete misinterpretation'.

As regards the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the relationship between myself and that paper has always been one of outright hostility. What is at issue in the law-suit that is to be heard in open court at Augsburg on the 28th of October is not a quarrel between the A. A. Z. and Vogt but a legal ruling on the relationship between the German ex-imperial regent Vogt and the French Emperor Louis Bonaparte. In my view, then, what is at issue for every German revolutionary, even if not a member of a 'Fatherland Association', is not, in this instance, 'the affairs of a newspaper with which he had nothing whatever to do'; rather it is his own affair. That, however, is a matter of taste. *De gustibus*, etc.a

Salut.

Your

K. M.

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*a De gustibus non est disputandum—Tastes are not matters for discussion.*
Dear Engels,

I have received your letter together with the enclosure. My domestic affairs, by the by, have again reached the inevitable point of crisis, worse this time than ever before, because I can’t see any way out. A go at my brother-in-law ended in nothing. Freiligrath’s business is winding up. Whether the Swiss will set up a new London agency, and for him, in 1860 is still in doubt. So he now has a better excuse than ever to refuse to handle any bill transactions. Dana has warned me about overdrawing. Consequently I’m in a complete fix. Apart from minor hazards (e.g. this week they are threatening to cut off the gas and water) the more considerable debts have all been mounting up and a substantial portion of these can no longer be put off. E.g. house, school, etc.

As I shall have to write to Duncker shortly about the second instalment, let me know whether he has advertised the first instalment in the press. It seems to me that he would gladly let the whole matter drop.

The damnable thing about it is that I no longer have a Bamberger in London. Otherwise I could certainly arrange a few accommodation bills which I would subsequently pay with the money from America. In these circumstances it can never be a question of anything but makeshifts.

You must forgive me for telling you this tale of woe. But down here there is absolutely no-one to whom I can freely unburden myself.

As I’ve already told Lupus in my letter, you will both be hearing from me shortly about some odd political scandals.

Salut.

Your

K. M.
Dear Moor,

Lupus has just brought me your letter. I only got back the evening before last from a tour of Scotland with my parents and have now packed them off home again.

A day or two before my old man arrived I had the most damnable bit of bad luck. At a drunken gathering I was insulted by an Englishman I didn’t know; I hit out at him with the umbrella I was carrying and the ferrule got him in the eye. The chap immediately put the matter in the hands of his lawyer. I made the necessary counter-moves, and since his eye wasn’t permanently damaged and he has now recovered, it at first seemed probable that the affair would be settled—though I would still be responsible for the costs. Now, however, the swine has suddenly done a volte-face and is threatening me with an action; and if it came to that the thing would cost me over two hundred pounds, on top of which there would be a public scandal and a row with my old man, who would have to put up the money. However I still hope to get round the jobbing lawyers; if all goes really well the drunken brawl will cost me forty or fifty pounds. The worst of it is that I’m completely in the hands of this swine and his solicitor, can do nothing to force the issue and must put up with everything to avoid a scandal, otherwise the costs will be even heavier. Needless to say these blasted English don’t want to deprive themselves of the pleasure of getting their hands on a bloody foreigner.

So this time my troubles have certainly not come singly. I simply don’t know what to do until I can see how the business is going to turn out. My English acquaintances are behaving very honourably and instantly took the thing up, but I’m going to be bled, that’s certain, and how much, heaven only knows.

At all events I shall send you a five-pound note about Saturday or Monday to prevent the worst happening; meanwhile I can get it carried over to the October account. You may rest assured that I

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a Friedrich and Elisabeth Engels - b Daniells
shall do whatever I can, but as you can see for yourself I don't really know where I am myself at the moment.

Warm regards to your wife and children.

Your

F. E.

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

London, 23 September [1859]

Dear Frederic,

Bad news. This time I'm in some doubt whether the business down here can be got over. There are very nasty difficulties in the way.

I'm also in some doubt about your own affaire. Apart from the scandal—if the fellow's eye is better, if it can be proved that he offended you first and, further, that he had already agreed to your compromise, etc.—I don't see that, under English law, there is very much he can do. In London you would at worst be fined £2-£5. It seems to me that the purpose of the whole thing is to obtain money on false pretences.

If the situation here is not to get any worse, I believe it essential that I should be able to send off 'Infantry' to Dana in about a week or 10 days from now. Although he said 15 September it certainly won't be too late and in any case he must admit that we have shown good will. The main thing is that it should be not so much profound as prolix.

If, immediately after your arrival in Manchester and after having made inquiries about the 'Englishman', you had departed again, for London, say, and made it known to the swine through a third party that you were on your way to the Continent, you would have been able to come to any arrangement you wanted. This might still be possible for, judging by Allen, etc., all Englishmen now believe that there will be a general amnesty on the Continent and

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1 Daniells
hence are afraid that their debtors will quit the country. (After all, the Prussian amnesty is to be on the 15th of October.) Every stratagem should be used against a chap like that.

Salut.

Your

K. M.


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ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

Manchester, 7 Southgate
[between 24 and 26 September 1859]

Dear Moor,

Enclosed fiver B/B 95281 Manchester, 1 January 1859.

Shall deal with the other matters very shortly.

For the present just one more point to which an answer is required by return if possible.

1. How much money is needed to return to those subscribers to the *Volk* who have paid direct, the few pence due to them in respect of undelivered copies?

2. What arrangement was made about this with Thimm and others? Have the booksellers deducted what was not delivered, or how? Or not paid at all yet?

I must have clarification of these matters, if possible at once, and I shall, if possible, raise the money—it can’t amount to much—to settle the sorry business of the direct subscribers. Up here the bourgeois are complaining like mad that they’ve been cheated, and Lupus and I have to swallow it all. So let me have an answer at once. The day before yesterday Lupus was involved in a row on this account and I shall have to see the ‘third party’ as soon as possible.

‘Infantry’ is in hand and if at all possible I shall finish it before the week is out.
As to my own affair up here, surely you don't imagine that I, for my part, didn't also have sense enough to hand the thing over to a lawyer and listen to his opinion. It's not a case of some miserable fine imposed by a magistrate but of an action at nisi prius for damages, in which the costs alone could be as high as £200. You surely don't imagine that I shall let myself be swindled like this without lifting a finger; as to running away, I need hardly say that, my circumstances being what they are, there can be no question of it, even for a fortnight; and being as well known in Manchester as I am, no one here would imagine that I would run away from the firm, etc., in order to escape a lawsuit of this sort.

The real joke is that the use of pretty well any instrument gives a lawyer a handle with which to sway a British jury, namely moral indignation at bloody foreigners who don't use their fists, etc. In which case the verdict goes against the foreigner as sure as $2 \times 2 = 4$, and on top of that he has to fork out the costs. Anyway you can count on it that I shall fork out no more than is absolutely necessary. As yet the affair hasn't progressed an inch but I hope it will soon be settled so that I may at least get a clear idea of what can be done to help you through the crisis.

Many regards to your wife and the girls.

Your
F. E.


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MARX TO BERTALAN SZEMERE

IN PARIS

London, 26 September 1859

My dear Franck,

In reply to your letter d.d. Sept. 23 I beg to state: 1) On the arrival at London of the N. Y. T. containing P’s declaration, which to sign with his name he had not dared,¹ I sent the

two letters with a full statement of the case. Simultaneously, I addressed a *private note* to the Editor in which I insisted upon the necessity of exposing the manoeuvres and intrigues of the wide-mouthed charlatan.479 *We shall, by and by, ascertain, whether or not my letters were published by the N. Y. T.*

As to the great London Daily Papers, it is quite out of the question to induce them to give publicity to a full exposure of Kossuth. The statement, in the first instance, would imply a *libel case*, which to stand the editors are, or at least affect to be, afraid of, considering the difficulty to prove such charges of bribery, and to summon the witnesses before a British tribunal. In the second instance, Kossuth is too unmitigated a humbug to not share the secret sympathies of the venal London press-gang. I have, however, put down a summary for the *Free Press* (the Urquhartite paper which appears on the last Wednesday of every month) b I have authorised them, if they think it necessary, 'to dress the salad' in their own style, and I think myself warranted in supposing that the 'thing' is to come out *this very week*. In that case I shall forward you a copy. Although circulated among a very exclusive public, the *Free Press* finds its way to all the cabinets and capitals of Europe. It is well known at Constantinople. Besides, the statement having once appeared in the *Free Press*, some London correspondents, connected with the German press, and more or less influenced by me, will find it easier to transplant the thing to the Teutonic soil.

I enclose Asboth's declaration from the *N. Y. T.* c The turn now given to K's proceedings is, that that 'illustrious' patriot attempted only to prevent 'a premature rising in Hungary', and that the clever 'statesman' altogether succeeded in this 'difficult' task.

Some time ago, Urquhart had his correspondence with Kossuth (which I alluded to, as you will recollect) translated into Italian, and copiously distributed throughout Italy. d

2) *In regard to the wine-affair*, I became informed, soon after your departure from London, that my brother-in-law e was not to return to Amsterdam before October. I have, therefore, *not yet* written to him on the business.

*For England* I have till now vacillated between two men, both of whom, though in different ways, appear fit for undertaking the

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task. The one is a German, without capital, but very energetic, speculative, and industrious. The other is an Englishman, who deals in French and German wines, a 'respectable' merchant, although no large one. At all events, he has contrived to get on with his wine-business and to rise, in the short period of 6-7 years, from very small beginnings to comparative affluency. The former candidate would have been exclusively given to the business in question; the latter has the advantage of greater means, a settled concern, and established connexions. If, as will be decided in a few days, the German is, for the present, not yet ready to enter on the affair (and I have reason to think so), I shall make a conditional offer to the Englishman. You will then be informed of his conditions and may decide yourself.

Yours truly
A. Williams

P.S. At this moment I receive your second letter. I think it is already answered by the preceding lines.

27. Sep. The proof-sheet of the 'thing' in the Free Press has been forwarded to me.

First published in Revue d'histoire comparée, t. IV, Nos. 1-2, 1946

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London, 27 September 1859]

Dear Engels,

Your letter with enclosure received.

I knew as soon as the letter had gone off that some of my critical remarks were idiotic.\(^b\)

I myself am involved in a County-Court process on account of the Volk. As regards the 'direct' subscribers in Manchester, these were only Lupus and a 'cobbler' who had already cancelled his order before the paper ceased to be.

\(^a\) conspiratorial pseudonym of Karl Marx - \(^b\) See this volume, p. 491.
Thinim has not yet paid and was, moreover, requested to pay only for the numbers received. How can we have done anything to the prejudice of the philistines in Manchester when they have not yet paid a single farthing?

Send the names of the fellows with claims. Tell Thimm (on Biskamp's behalf) that he must not send another farthing here until he hears from us again. You may instruct him to pay 'bona fide' claimants in Manchester.

Biskamp has now taken lodgings at my expense here in Hampstead. The poor devil has had an operation for pleurisy at the German hospital, where he spent 1½ weeks—sans sou.* All in all a nice state of affairs.

Today is article day, so I shall close.

Salut.

Your

K. M.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

London, 28 September [1859]

Dear Engels,

Yesterday evening I had a visit from Lessner, whom I had sent for in connection with the Manchester subscribers to the Volk.

Like Biskamp, he assures me that (apart from Lupus) there wasn't a single direct subscriber to the Volk. And up till now no one has sent a farthing to London.

After the Volk ceased publication Thimm wrote to Lessner asking for an account. Lessner replied that he could send him an account only in respect of the period in which he, Lessner, had been despatch clerk. He then sent him an invoice for the individual numbers. Up till yesterday there had been no reply from Thimm.

* without a penny
So I'd like to know what fellows are kicking up the fuss in Manchester and on what pretext.

Down here we (and I especially) have unpleasantnesses enough in respect of the Volk without that.

The 'Particulars' about Kossuth in The Free Press are mine. (I have made 2 articles out of them for the Tribune and shall see whether they are accepted.) I got them from Szemere, partly in writing, partly by word of mouth. Szemere was here a few weeks ago.

Salut. Regards to Lupus.

Your
K. M.

It's doubtful whether Biskamp will pull through. The poor devil is as low as can be. We seem to attract every damned spot of bother that's going.


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MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE

IN BERLIN

London, [not before 2 October 1859]
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill

Dear Lassalle,

It is very good of you to be the first to take up the pen again, and this in a matter touching my interests, despite the fact that appearances speak against me.

As for my silence, let me say briefly:

First, I didn't get either of your letters until weeks after their despatch, namely on my return to London from a journey to Scotland via Manchester, made for business reasons.
events had moved so fast that they had, as it were, removed the point of our debate. For the point in question did not relate—nor, between you and me, could it have related—to the nationalities issue, but rather to the most suitable policy to be pursued by the German revolutionaries towards their own governments and other countries. Now I would nevertheless have sent a reply, if a belated one, had there not been fresh grounds for delay. In one of your letters you asked for evidence relating to Vogt. That evidence was in the hands of Karl Blind. The 'worthy democrat', however, though privately inclined to play at moral indignation as well as stir up scandal, resisted all expostulations to come out. Consequently I broke with him. (He even denied authorship of Zur Warnung, the anonymous pamphlet published in London and reproduced in the Augsburger. However, I have succeeded in obtaining documentary evidence against him (Blind) in this matter, to which I shall revert 'at the right time and the right place'.) This provided a fresh occasion for prolonging my silence. And, since 'the evil deed is accursed in that it must constantly engender evil' my silence itself became an obstacle to my breaking it. On top of that—and I beg you not to regard this simply as a figure of speech—there was a whole series of domestic complications, as yet by no means eliminated, which in fact robbed me of all desire to write. So much for my silence, which, however, and despite all appearances to the contrary, was in no way motivated by ill-will.

Now as to Duncker, on my return to London I found a letter from him which apparently rendered it impossible for me to make any further direct approach to the man regarding the sequel. On the other hand, not having written to you for so long, I couldn't possibly start off by suddenly writing to you about my own concerns. So I let the matter drop on the tacit assumption that, if I hadn't heard from Duncker by a certain date, I should have to approach another publisher.

However, one of your earlier letters led me to suppose that Duncker had undertaken to publish 2 instalments, or rather the first section ('Capital in General') in its entirety. But on the other hand the first instalment was much more compendious than had

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a See this volume, p. 460. - b [K. Blind.] Zur Warnung, Allgemeine Zeitung, No. 173 (supplement), 22 June 1859. - c An allusion to the following lines from Schiller's drama Wallenstein. Die Piccolomini, V, 1: 'Das eben ist der Fluch der bösen That,/Daß sie, fortzeugend, immer Böses muß gebären' ('This is the curse of every evil deed,/That, propagating still, it brings forth evil'). - d See this volume, pp. 270 and 368. - e K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy.
been originally planned, nor, for that matter, did I want him to be a ‘publisher malgré lui’. However, since the first 2 instalments form a whole, it would be desirable for them at least to appear under the same imprint.

I shall now be obliged to remodel the thing completely, as the manuscript for this second instalment is already a year old; and, since my circumstances do not permit me to devote much time to the matter just now, I hardly think I shall be able to finish it before the end of December. That, however, would be at the very outside.

I am busy with an English rendering of the first instalment and this, too, has been disrupted by a bad domestic spell. At any rate I am assured of a better reception in England than in Germany where, so far as I am aware, nobody inquires after the thing or gives a straw for it. All I want is to place the whole of this first section, at least, before the German public. Should the latter continue to pay no heed to the work, I intend to put all subsequent sections straight into English and no longer concern myself with the German philistines.

Vale faveque.

K. M.


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ENGELS TO MARX
IN LONDON

Manchester, 3 October 1859

Dear Moor,

What you wrote and told me about Das Volk was most welcome news. It now transpires that the philistine who raised an outcry had taken out a subscription with Thimm après tout.

What’s this about proceedings in the County Court?

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a against his will. Cf. Molière’s Le Médecin malgré lui. - b Good-bye and farewell. - c after all - d See this volume, p. 495.
Because of sundry interruptions and an (otherwise insignificant) inflammation of the left eye which prevents me doing much writing by gas-light, 'Infantry' is not quite finished. You'll get it by Friday for sure.

My quarrel not settled yet and might still be damnably long-drawn-out. But I've got the scoundrel\textsuperscript{a} pretty well pinned down and believe I can now stand back and watch; whatever happens, though, it's going to cost money—that's the most annoying thing about it; moreover, the law being what it is here, one can never be quite sure of one's case. At all events, things look a good deal better now.

The Free Press hadn't arrived the day before yesterday; I shall go and have another look presently. What sort of a branch is it that Urquhart has opened in Berlin?\textsuperscript{b}

So it now transpires that the Russian memorandum appeared in the Preussisches Wochenblatt! (I've only just seen the August number of The Free Press.)\textsuperscript{c} Apart from what's in The Free Press,\textsuperscript{d} have you any other scandalous stuff about great men?\textsuperscript{e}

Your

F. E.

Have a complete account made out for Thimm as soon as possible, i.e. covering the pre-Lessner period as well; the fellow apparently intends to pocket the money. But send me a full list of the people who subscribed through Thimm, so that I can keep a check on reimbursements and send round a circular telling people that they can reclaim their money from Thimm.

Siebel's indifferent verse\textsuperscript{c} was sent to the Hermann behind Siebel's back by a chap in Germany to whom he had written enclosing it. He promptly wrote to the editors, and only then did he learn how this had come about.

First published in Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx, Bd. 2, Stuttgart, 1913

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Published in English for the first time

\textsuperscript{a} Daniells - \textsuperscript{b} Engels means Marx's article 'Particulars of Kossuth's Transaction with Louis Napoleon'. - \textsuperscript{c} 'Sprüche von Carl Siebel', Hermann, No. 33, 20 August 1859. See this volume, p. 485.
Dear Engels,

In view of the way things are managed here (Speck has gone bankrupt and disappeared; Garthe, the cashier, is in Brighton) and always have been managed so far as the Volk is concerned, it is impossible to obtain an accurate account as to foreign [out-of-town] subscribers during the pre-Lessner period. Biskamp maintains that, with the exception of the very first issues, Thimm was always sent a dozen copies.

Hollinger is suing me for £12 and a couple of shillings arrears in respect of Das Volk, together with the type for the last issue, which did not appear. The dirty dog is trying to make out all of a sudden that I’m the ‘proprietor’, although the whole business, I won’t say foundered (for your philistine here is a hopeless proposition), but closed down with a deficit because I wasn’t the proprietor and was unable to knock the slipshod management into shape despite all the time I spent on it. Still less did I ever give the chap a legal guarantee. I think his account is wrong, for apart from the other moneys received, the fellow had had £7 from me for the 3 penultimate issues alone (his account covers the last 2 issues).—The 15/- for Lessner did not go through his hands but was paid direct by me.—However, I’m not going to engage in any controversy on the subject since I would thereby immediately acknowledge his right to sue me. The dirty dog will swear on oath and get one of his type-setters to swear on oath that I gave a guarantee. (Even were this the case he should have sued Biskamp first.) I shall call in Biskamp, etc., to give counter-evidence. Had I the means, I should have avoided all public proceedings, not by paying Hollinger, but by buying the debt he incurred with one Lisle, Hollinger’s landlord and owner of the press. Hollinger owes this man some £60 and has never paid him a farthing.

But circumstances being what they are, there can be no question of anything of the kind.

Unless I bring off some sort of coup—and I simply cannot see how I can do so—my position will become completely untenable. Freiligrath made another attempt at negotiating a bill. But
yesterday evening, at the same time as threatening letters from the landlord, etc., etc., a letter arrived from him saying it was definitely no go. The enclosed letter from Lassalle, which I answered by return, looks like good news to me. The thing appears to be selling despite the conspiration de silence. Otherwise I wouldn't have received this indirect request from Duncker. I shall, by the by, be totally incapable of going on with the thing until I've cleared up the worst of the domestic mess d'une manière ou d'une autre. Your articles on my affair have been reprinted in German papers from New York to California (with the tiny little Volk we hooked the whole of the German-American press). To show you the kind of rubbish that's appearing in Germany, I enclose a cutting of the advertisements in the Vienna Presse. Il suffit to read the index. (By the by, I am giving lectures about the first instalment to a select circle of artisans. It seems to interest the chaps a great deal.)

Lastly, a report on two 'great men'.

Ad vocem R. Schramm. Some while ago this pitiful blockhead was in Ostend, whence he sent a contribution to the Hermann. Not that I'm in the habit of reading that trashy sheet; I heard about this through Freiligrath. In his contribution R. Schramm declares that one could gauge the depths to which the Germans had sunk simply by listening to their conversations on the beach. Thus he had, for instance, overheard two ladies chattering away in broad Wuppertal accents and one of them had addressed the other as 'Mrs Engels'. So that's the kind of revenge this wretch takes! But by way of retribution the blockhead recently lost £2,000 (testi Freiligrath), having, like a fool, entered the 'precious stones business'. This had, moreover, frustrated his scheme of starting a German paper of his own in London (was to have come out this month). To the chap's intense annoyance and as a riposte to his childish malice, I got Biskamp to see that the facts—non-appearance of the paper, gem trade and loss of money—were published in the Weser-Zeitung.

Ad vocem K. Blind. With regard to this homme d'etat, I must go into greater detail.

About a fortnight after my return to London from Manchester, Biskamp told me that Blind had proposed, through Hollinger, that he (i.e. Das Volk) amalgamate with Blind and company but

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a See this volume, pp. 497-99. - b K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. - c one way or another - d F. Engels, 'Karl Marx. A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy'. - e It suffices - f Marx has: Knoten. - g As to - h [C. Schramm,] 'Ostende 31. August', Hermann, No. 36, 10 September 1859 ('Vermischte Nachrichten'). - i witness
that I, and the communist element generally, must go. In our stead—sensible socialism. At that time I had, as you know, written nothing for the Volk save for a pleasantry or two. However, I forthwith wrote Blind, not a letter, but a communication of about 10 lines in which I called him amongst other things an ‘homme d’état’ and an ‘important man’, and alluded to his henchman ‘Fidelio’ (i.e. Hollinger). Next day along comes Liebknecht, and tells me that Blind and Hollinger are sitting in the pub on the corner. The former, he said, was expecting me. I therefore went there with Liebknecht. Blind gave his word of honour that there was nothing in the thing. That swine Hollinger ditto. Hence I could only believe them. However, the meeting gave me a chance of finding out about other machinations of Blind’s. Inter alia, the conversation came round to Vogt. Blind assured me on his word of honour (as he had already assured Freiligrath, though omitting his word of honour) that he had neither written the anonymous Zur Warnung nor launched it upon the world. I said this surprised me, since it contained no more than what he had told me by word of mouth on the occasion of Urquhart’s meeting on 9 May. I reminded him that he had assured me at the time that he possessed tangible evidence, knew the name of the man to whom Vogt had offered 30,000 or 40,000 gulden, but ‘unfortunately’ could not divulge it, etc. Well, Blind hadn’t the face to deny this but expressly admitted it more than once in Liebknecht’s and Hollinger’s presence.

Well! A few weeks ago the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung wrote to Liebknecht, who had sent them Zur Warnung. Liebknecht came to me. I told him to go and find Blind, and that I should await the homme d’état ‘in the pub at Blind’s corner’. Blind was at some resort—St. Leonard’s, I think. Liebknecht wrote to him; wrote once, twice. At last a letter from the homme d’état. In the coolest and most ‘diplomatic’ manner the latter regretted that I should have called to see him in vain. Liebknecht, he went on, must understand that he (Blind) had no desire to intervene in the affairs of a ‘paper with which he had absolutely nothing to do’ and in a matter with which he had absolutely nothing to do. As for Liebknecht’s allusions to ‘remarks’ let fall ‘in the course of a private conversation’, these could only be attributed to a ‘complete’ misunderstanding. And that, or so the ‘homme d’état’ imagined, was that.

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a Marx means his reviews published in the section ‘Gatherings from the Press’. b Fidelio—the assumed name of Leonore, heroine of Beethoven’s opera Fidelio.
I now took Liebknecht with me to Collet. I recalled that *The Free Press* of 27 May ('The Grand Duke Constantine', etc., p. 53) had contained a paragraph which I immediately suspected to be Blind's handiwork and which, taken in conjunction with Blind's *verbal* admissions before Liebknecht, Hollinger and myself, constituted the entire contents of the anonymous pamphlet, besides providing *proof* that it was not just *en passant*, in the course of a 'private conversation', that Blind had touched on this 'matter with which he had absolutely nothing to do'. Hence to Collet, who *instantly* declared Blind to be the *author*. He still had Blind's letter in which the latter had enclosed his card but had asked that his *name* should not be disclosed. This was convincing evidence.

By a series of manoeuvres which it would take too long to describe here, I further extracted the enclosed (which you must let me have back by return. I have also shown it to Freiligrath). So much for the respectable citizen's 'word of honour'!

Well, last Saturday Liebknecht sent the *homme d'état* a letter (modelled on a letter from myself to Liebknecht in which I had summed the matter up in somewhat forceful terms*). We are awaiting the answer and will let you know the details.

*Salut.*

Your

K. M.


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**MARX TO BERTALAN SZEMERE**

**IN PARIS**

London, 8 October 1859

My dear Franck,

I have received your last letter, in which you appear to suppose that, as yet, nothing has been done in the affair K. Now, this is altogether a mistake.

* See this volume, pp. 486-88.
1) On Thursday (Sept. 29), I sent you a copy of the London Free Press d.d. 28 Sept., containing a statement headed: Particulars of K's Transaction with L. N. On the very day of its issue that number of the F. P. was forwarded to all the newspaper offices of London. The Times published its article in K's favour only after having made sure from the F. P., that K. is as venal a fellow as the Times writers.

For the case of the number of the F. P., sent to you, having been intercepted by the French Post-Office, I enclose the article above said in this letter.

2) The statement of the F. P. has been reprinted in English, Scotch and Irish provincial papers. A literal translation of it has, by friends of mine, been inserted in the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung and the Bremer Weserzeitung. Another German translation is said to have appeared in the Berlin 'Nationalzeitung'.

3) Simultaneously with your letter, I received to-day the New York Tribune d.d. September 24 which, under the title 'K. and L. N.', brings an elaborate article of mine, filling two and a half columns, and put forward in a prominent place of the paper. The Tribune having always had a faible for K., and P. being its London correspondent, this publication is a real success, the more so, since P. is nominally denounced in the article, and the apologetical passages of his own letter to the New Y. T. are ridiculed. There exist at least some hundred smaller American papers, published in the English language, which receive their mot d'ordre from the Tribune, and, consequently, will reprint that article. The German American press, from New York to San Francisco, will, by this time, have translated the article into the Teutonic vernacular.

Moreover, it should not be forgotten that New York is the centre of the Hungarian emigration in America.

If you [should] be unable to get the Tribune d.d. Sept. 24., I shall send you the article on the condition of your remitting it, since I possess no other copy, and stand in need of it should it be replied to by P.

4) K's letter to Mac Adam, on which the Times leader remarks, has been generally ridiculed by the London papers, so much so

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that K. induced that same Mac Adam to declare in the same papers, that the letter was a *private* letter and not meant for publication." As a specimen, of the manner in which K's letter was handled, I enclose a leader from the London *Daily Telegraph*.

5) If you can forward me any further particulars on K's proclamations and intrigues in Hungary, they will be very welcome, and are sure to find their way into the Press.

6) My stationer was unable to get the *Times* copies you ask for. Generally, some days after their issue, London Daily papers are difficult of procuring.

7) The remark on Perczel in the *F. P.* article is based on a public declaration of his. I thought fit to allude to it, in order to throw confusion into the ranks of K's partisans as to the source from which the information proceeds.

8) From the note enclosed, you will see that the English merchant, on further consideration, declines entering upon the wine-affair. The German, I spoke of, has returned to the Continent. Thus I see no prospect of pushing on this affair in England.

As to my brother-in-law, I have written to him, but not yet received his answer.

Yours truly

Williams

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

London, 10 October 1859

Dear Frederick,

The money arrived on Saturday and really 'saved our lives', for on that day the gang of creditors, or part of it, launched a concerted attack. *My best thanks*. Likewise for the manuscript.

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*a* J. M' Adam, 'To the Editor of *The Times*', *The Times*, No. 23431, 7 October 1859. *b* Johann Carl Juta *c* conspiratorial pseudonym of Karl Marx *d* F. Engels, 'Infantry'.
I enclose herewith my *Tribune* article on Kossuth. Let Lupus have a look at it as well. *Then send it back to me.* There'll be a major rumpus, since Pulszky is the *Tribune*’s London correspondent. The words I cite re ‘AUSTRIAN SYMPATHIES’, ‘ANTI-NAPOLEONIC RAGE’, etc., are taken from Pulszky’s *LETTER* in the *Tribune* in which he sought to defend Kossuth and Co. In fact I’m surprised that, in these circumstances and in view of its general faible for Kossuth, the *Tribune* printed the article. True, I enclosed a brief note in German which put heart into Dana.

Collet has sent Kossuth 5 copies of the last *Free Press*. The Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* has reproduced the thing. Likewise the *Weser-Zeitung*.

Collet came to see me yesterday. Statesman Blind had called on him and complained forcefully about his (Collet’s) having failed to preserve editorial secrecy vis-à-vis myself. He (Collet) must call on me to prevent my doing any more mischief. The Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* was ‘a Russian (!) organ’, which was why he (Blind) would not hold out a helping hand to it. To me, Collet said: ‘At the outset, he made upon me the impression of a very sneakish fellow.’ Statesman Blind, like the gentleman he is, has not deigned to answer Liebknecht, and imagines he’s been able to spike my guns through Collet. The fool! At the same time he tried to get Collet to tell him who had written about Kossuth in the [*Free*] *Press*.

*Salut.*

Your

K. M.

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Dear Engels,

I trust that you aren't ill or that some other misfortune hasn't befallen you, but would beg you, whatever the case, to drop some lines since your protracted silence worries me. Do please return me the cutting from the _Tribune_ which I enclosed in my last.

Duncker has now definitely declared himself willing to bring out the second instalment. Lassalle speaks of his 'Italian' tactics _quasi re bene gesta_ and, in the course of pressing me to make a statement, lets fall the modest hope that perhaps I have revised 'my' opinion.

The Kinkel or Schiller festival here, a festival, by the by, that will turn out to be an altogether wretched affair, is something Freiligrath, 'as a German poet', could not but associate himself with, though I warned him that he was required simply as an accessory to Gottfried.

As regards the _Volk_ I have avoided the _County Court process_ by sacrificing about £5 while, on the other hand, getting Hollinger to recognise Biskamp as _proprietor_ on the receipt; he (Biskamp) is therefore responsible for the balance, but since he possesses no property whatsoever, he is absolved of any further liability. This step—a highly unpleasant one under the actual circumstances—had to be taken because Kinkel's gang was only waiting for the case in order to raise a public scandal, and not one of the paper's hangers-on was presentable enough to be exhibited in court.

At the request (encompassed in two very plaintive, abject letters) of the _Augsburger Zeitung_ I sent them the document relating to Blind. It served the laddie right, the more so because he went to Collet and 1. tried to make use of him for sundry subterfuges, 2. denounced Liebknecht to Collet as 'belonging to the Communist party'...
and, finally, in order to blacken him completely, 3. described the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* as a 'Russian' organ.

Remind Thimm to settle his account with us.

*Salut.*

Your

K. M.


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ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

Manchester, 28 October 1859

[...] The Blind affair is very funny indeed; it's always a particularly agreeable spectacle when a would-be diplomatic wiseacre comes a cropper. The fellow could be terribly discredited as a result. Needless to say he gave his 'word of honour' simply *IN THE DIPLOMATIC SENSE OF THE WORD*, just as it is no insult to call someone a *SWINE IN A PARLIAMENTARY SENSE.*

This enrichment of the language by Blind is worthy of recognition. What would be nicest of all, by the way, would be to discover that Mr Blind's 'evidence' had no basis other than hot air which, this sinister saviour of his country being what he is, I think highly probable.

Lupus is in despair over the deterioration of *BITTER BEER*, which is forcing him to drink *PORTER* and *HALF AND HALF*; this apart, he is keeping pretty well and is still living in Chatsworth.

Not long ago Siebel had a letter from a ludicrous German *literatus* who, for lack of money, was seeking to sell himself to the revolution and wanted him to negotiate the deal, I being supposedly the purchaser. At the same time he threatened, should the revolution refuse to buy him, to throw himself into the arms

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*a* The beginning of the letter missing; the date is at the end of the letter. - *b* See this volume, pp. 502-04. - *c* Hugo Oelbermann
of the Jesuits. They, however, wouldn't accept him gratis, for I need hardly tell you that the fellow is a colossal blockhead.

Warm regards to your wife and children.

Your

F. E.


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ENGELS TO E. J. FAULKNER

IN MANCHESTER

[Draft]

Manchester, 2 November 1859

Dear Faulkner,

Will something like the enclosed do? I shall call here again before 7 o'clock.

Yours

F. E. a

Mr Daniells

Sir,

After what happened between you and me on a certain evening, b I should have been the first to make to you that apology which one Gentleman owed to another under the circumstances, if you had not at once taken such steps as precluded me entirely from doing so. Indeed I at once requested a friend of mine to call upon you for the purpose but when he arrived it was too late. If Mrs Daniells as I hear feels aggrieved at anything I may have said, I should be very sorry not to withdraw most emphatically any expression which may have given umbrage to a lady whom I have not the honour of knowing and upon whose character it could

a In the rough copy this note to Faulkner was written after the draft of Engels' letter to Daniells. - b See this volume, p. 490.
therefore never enter into my intention to cast the slightest imputation.

As to the other matter between you and me, I am only sorry that it ever should have occurred and am prepared to pay to you £30.—in the shape of compensation.

I am Sir

Your obedient servant


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 3 November 1859

Dear Frederick,

Lessner hasn't got the names of the people to whom *Das Volk* was sent. All he knows is the number of copies (12) which he regularly despatched to Thimm.

Biskamp maintains that the books he ordered from Thimm were not for his own account but for that of the parson who employed him as a schoolmaster. Nor, come to that, had Thimm ever said a word about the matter. He will be writing to him about it, likewise about Panzer's acquisitive propensities. A few days ago he was taken on by the *Weser-Zeitung* at 50 talers a month.

My work is making poor progress.\(^{295}\) I'm plagued by too many domestic disruptions and too many worries. You'll have heard about the 'grand' Schiller festival here.\(^{486}\) Freiligrath and Kinkel, or rather Kinkel and Freiligrath, are to be its heroes. Seeing that the whole thing emanated from the Kinkel clique here and that even the invitations to form a committee were sent out by that wretch Beta, Gottfried's factotum, I wrote to Freiligrath weeks ago saying I hoped HE WOULD KEEP ALOOF FROM THE KINKEL DEMONSTRATION.\(^{488}\) In reply I received a not exactly unequivocal letter from the fat philistine in which, *inter alia*, he said:

'Even should Kinkel secure Briseis in the shape of the festive address, this would be no reason for Achilles to withdraw sulking into his tent.'
So Kinkel is Agamemnon and Freiligrath Achilles! Moreover, he says that the festival 'is relevant in more ways than one' (in what ways we shall presently see), and finally that he has written a poem on Schiller commissioned by the city of Boston (United States).

Later I discovered from the Hermann that Freiligrath was acting as a member of the committee and that there was some talk of his having written a cantata on Schiller (set to music by Pauer); in other words, that the philistine had kept something back from me. Later still I got another letter from him in which he said I would seem to have been right after all, though his participation had partially frustrated Gottfried's plans.

Well, when I saw the man he told me with bated breath about all that had happened. Beta and Juch, Kinkel's agents, had heard from America that Freiligrath had written the poem on Schiller for Boston. Gottfried had, besides the address, reserved the festive cantata for himself. Believing, however, that non bis in idem, and that it wouldn't be feasible to co-opt Freiligrath without conceding, or rather offering, him the poetic part (though they counted on his turning down the offer), Juch and Beta invited Freiligrath, on behalf of Kinkel's committee, to join that committee and write the cantata. Freiligrath said he had already composed a poem for Boston, gave an inconclusive reply but promised to serve on the committee. This last treated the matter as a mere formality and did not renew its request. Freiligrath, however, hastily sets to work (no such difficulties here as in the case of the Volk for which he never could manage as much as 3 lines), writes a cantata (in the same metre as Schiller's dithyrambs; he read me the stuff—pomp and circumstance), hurries to Pauer, has it set to music and, through his friends in the Schiller festival choir, compels Kinkel and Co. to renew their invitation to him. Then he sends them the rubbish which, 'by an anachronism', happened to be already finished and complete, not only written but actually set to music, and likens himself at the end of his epistle to a 'menial' who has served his 'master' without waiting for orders (Messrs Kinkel, Beta, Juch and Co.)! (And it's the philistine himself who tells me this.)

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*a* In Homer's *Iliad* Agamemnon and Achilles quarrelled for the possession of Briseis, the captive queen of Lynnessus.  
*b* Here and below Marx refers to Freiligrath's poems 'Zur Schillerfeier. 10. November 1859' which are subtitled 'Festlied der Deutschen in Amerika' and 'Festlied der Deutschen in London'.  
*c* 'Die Sitzungen des Schiller-Comité's', Hermann, No. 49, 29 October 1859.  
*d* the same thing must not be done twice (from Roman law)  
*e* F. Schiller, 'Dithyrambe'.  

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However the 'tension' between him and Gottfried was not yet at an end. Freiligrath attended the committee, where Gottfried behaved very coolly towards him. Now Freiligrath—'quite fortuitously' or so he says—had introduced into his cantata a passage during which it was 'essential' for Schiller's bust to be unveiled. Gottfried, no less fortuitously, had arranged for the climax of his sermon to coincide with the 'moment of unveiling'. After a prolonged tussle, throughout which philistine Freiligrath sat in silence and let his friends (riff-raff of all kinds) do the talking, it was at length decided that the 'unveiling' should fall to Freiligrath, whereupon Gottfried, sighing heavily, declared that in that case he would now be obliged to address his entire oration to 'the veiled portrait'. Whereupon one of Freiligrath's pals rose to his feet and said that this difficulty could be overcome if Kinkel were to make his speech after the cantata. Gottfried, however, voiced his unqualified opposition to this, declaring with the utmost indignation that 'he had already made so many concessions over the affair that this could not possibly be demanded of him'. And that was the end of that. So the sermon will come first.

And Freiligrath told me all this rubbish with great seriousness and gravity; on the other hand he finds it perfectly natural that he should never have breathed a word to the committee about the Kinkel gang's having taken it for granted that his (Freiligrath's) supposed 'party friends' should not be invited to join the committee, thus making a Kinkel demonstration of it. Though he knew perfectly well that I wouldn't attend, he should never have permitted such 'ostracism' on the part of a committee on which he himself sits. Blind is on it, of course.

Ever since his poem about the Mockel woman, Freiligrath has treated us 'strictly in private' as his friends while openly walking arm-in-arm with our enemies. *Qui vivra verra.*

*Ad vocem* Blind: The scoundrel has now been to see Hollinger. For the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* had written to him saying that, if he persisted in his reticence, he would be brought out into the open in the most unpleasant manner, and that they possessed a document incriminating him. He accused Hollinger of having let the cat out of the bag. Hollinger, with justice, said *quod non* and asked why Blind refused to admit responsibility for it. The latter told him that, while he had indeed written the manuscript, a friend of his had composed it. The fact of the matter is that while Blind wrote and composed it, Goegg supplied the most inculpating

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*a* F. Freiligrath, 'Nach Johanna Kinkels Begräbnis'. - *b* He who survives will see. - *c* As to - *d* that such was not the case
bits. Now the respectable Goegg is 'apparently' Vogt's friend, as he needs must be since Fazy, through the Swiss bank, owns shares worth 25,000 frs in his looking-glass factory and generally serves him as banker. Hence Goegg's indignation at the act of 'high treason' can only be ventilated sotto voce. Such are the 'serious republicans'.

 Couldn't you do me an article on the recent changes in the Prussian army?

 Regards to Lupus.

 Salut.

 Your

 K. M.


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ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

Manchester, 4 November 1859

Dear Moor,

 Freiligrath really deserves to be severely chastised for once and I hope that an opportunity will present itself before the Schiller nonsense is over (or its after-pains). Such poet's vanity and literary presumption combined with toadyism is altogether too much, and on top of that the Augsburgerb credits him with political virtue!

 I suppose you read about Vogt's law-suit in the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung, No. 297 et seq.? The thing went quite well, but Biskamp's letter is shockingly discreditable. The fellow could

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a In compliance with this request, Engels wrote, at the end of January and beginning of February 1860, the article 'Military Reform in Germany'. - b Allgemeine Zeitung - c The Allgemeine Zeitung carried reports on the case on 25 October 1859 and on the following days.
perfectly well have dealt with his private affairs in a separate note but, as things are, it is exceedingly distasteful that the editor of the Volk should send the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung a testimonial, begging to be taken on as correspondent, and that this should appear in print.\(^a\) Vogt will make a great noise about it. Why do we always have such tactless idiots hanging round us?

But most satisfactory is the discrediting of Blind. The statement in your letter\(^b\) and the document\(^{487}\) have now obliged the worthy diplomat to come creeping out into the open, if only to save himself being discredited still further. He has boasted about the evidence he possesses and, if he holds his tongue, will seem an unmitigated liar.

Vogt is in no less nice a mess. Case dismissed for lack of jurisdiction, ordered to pay all the costs, and referred to a jury—what can he do?

He will have to sue either the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung before a Bavarian jury—in which case he will be doomed in advance—or the Volk—and then Blind will be subpoenaed—or else Blind himself. In any case, it will turn out badly for him, and I don’t see how he can do anything but discredit himself still more.

All this is most consoling.

Garibaldi would seem to be playing a somewhat ambiguous role. A general of that ilk is in a difficult position. Once he had been forced to compound with the devil, there was no turning back. For Victor Emmanuel the obvious thing is, of course, first to exploit Garibaldi and then ruin him. Altro esempio\(^c\) of how far you get with a ‘practical attitude’ in a revolution. It’s a pity about the chap, though. Excellent, on the other hand, that Piedmont should lose its spurious character as representative of Italian unity.\(^{489}\)

I shall do you an article about army reform in Germany when this affair has progressed a little further. Far-reaching things are happening in the sphere of military organisation, not only in Prussia but elsewhere, in Austria, etc. Everywhere the French style of uniform, etc., is being adopted, and in many respects this even means quite definitely putting the clock back. But so far everything’s still rather confused; as soon as I can clarify my ideas a little I’ll do the article for you.\(^d\)

I also hope that soon there’ll be something further for me to report on in China and the Far East generally. Likewise Morocco.\(^{490}\)

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\(^a\) Biskamp’s letter, dated 20 October 1859, was published in the Allgemeine Zeitung, No. 300, on 27 October 1859. - \(^b\) to the Editor of the Allgemeine Zeitung - \(^c\) Another example - \(^d\) Somewhat later Engels wrote an article on the subject, entitled ‘Military Reform in Germany’. 
But none of this has come to a head yet. About Morocco next week perhaps. Have you already written about it, or could you, perhaps, let me have some political information ad vocem Pam on the subject so that I am au fait.

At the moment I’m deep in Ulfilas. It was really high time for me to polish off that damned Gothic, which I’d always been so desultory about. To my surprise I find I know far more than I thought; if only I can get hold of another reference book, I think I shall polish this off completely in a fortnight. Then I shall go on to Old Norse and Anglo-Saxon, with which I’ve never been on more than noding terms. So far, I’ve been working without a dictionary or other reference book save the Gothic text and Grimm. However, that old fellow is really splendid.

What I need badly here is Grimm’s *Geschichte der deutschen Sprache*. Could you let me have it back?

I think I shall see Lupus this evening.

We are having a Schiller festival up here too (programme enclosed). Needless to say, I have nothing whatever to do with the thing. Mr Alfr. Meissner is sending a prologue, and Siebel will do the epilogue, straightforward recitation, of course, but done in proper form. In addition, this flâneur is producing a performance of ‘Wallenstein’s Lager’; I’ve been to two of the rehearsals and, if the chaps keep their nerve, it might be quite passable. The committee members are, without exception, a bunch of fools; among the public Borchardt plays at being in opposition. He’s no less negatively pompous than the others are positively so, except that his negation is based on the same point of view as the position of the others, i.e. he admits that he is essentially one of their number.

Salut.

Your
F. E.

*Nil novi ab Ephraim Artful?*


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*a Early in December 1859 Engels wrote the article ‘Progress of the Moorish War’ and later several more articles on the subject. - b as regards - c J. Grimm, *Deutsche Grammatik*, Th. I-IV. - d first part of Schiller’s trilogy *Wallenstein* - e No news from Ephraim Artful (Ferdinand Lassalle)*
ENGELS TO JENNY MARX

IN LONDON

Manchester, 5 November 1859

Dear Mrs Marx,

I must really beg you to forgive me for having been so shockingly remiss that Moor finally had to get you to extract the article in question from me. However, I had no idea that it was needed for anything except staving off possible ructions on Mr Pulszky's part and hence was in no hurry at all about returning it. But this time it really is enclosed.

Freiligrath, the fat philistine, is really behaving in a most disgraceful way and deserves to be well and truly chastised, for which an opportunity will, I trust, soon present itself. Most amusing is the Trojan War over the momentous question as to who should have the cantata and who the festive speech, and which is to come first, the speech or the cantata. The philistines up here are greatly vexed by Lupus' and my refusal to get mixed up in the Schiller do. Only yesterday evening I had another sparring match with three enthusiastic Schillerians. These folk are quite unable to comprehend how anyone could fail to jump at such a beautiful opportunity for self-advertisement. They want to found a 'Schiller Institute' here, i.e. a German club in which to read, eat, drink, hold lectures, do gymnastics, act plays, make music and goodness knows what else. Borchardt was silly enough to attend the preliminary meeting and to speak against it (he urged me to go too but for that very reason I stayed away) and when it was put to the vote, Hoyoll the crippled painter and one other man voted with him, and Borchardt, of course, suffered a spectacular defeat. Subsequently he subscribed £4 10/- to the thing, which makes him a member for 3 years. You have no idea what German erudition has suddenly come to light here on this occasion. There's a Dr Götze, a Dr Marcus, a Dr Dolch, a Dr Samelson, all fellows of whom one had never heard before. These and a few aesthetic Jews have taken charge of the whole thing, and once again erudition plays mentor to the Jews—save in the

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case of Samelson, he’s a doctor who, for the past four years, has ‘quite recently settled in Manchester’. Nothing but self-advertisement and tittle-tattle, and they actually expect one to take part in it.

For that matter, I myself am indulging in tittle-tattle, as you see, and hence it would be best for me to break off altogether. Please give my warmest regards to the girls, and do not forget Moor.

Your
F. Engels

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MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE

IN BERLIN

London, 6 November 1859

Dear Lassalle,

You’d have had a reply from me sooner if my spare time hadn’t been entirely taken up with a mass of repulsive domestic business.

1. Thank you for your good offices with Duncker. You’re mistaken, by the by, if you think that I expected glowing tributes from the German press, or gave a rap for them. I expected to be attacked or criticised but not to be utterly ignored, which, moreover, is bound to have a serious effect on sales. Considering how vehemently these people have, at various times, railed against my communism, it was to be expected that they would now unleash their wisdom against the theoretical argument in support of the same. For after all, Germany is not without its specialised journals on economics.

In America the first instalment was discussed at length in the entire German press from New York to New Orleans. I only fear that it is too theoretical in tone for the working-class public there.

2. ad vocem Vogt.

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a K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. - b as to
You'll have been surprised by the information in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* concerning Vogt's law-suit and by the strange company in which I find myself in that journal.\(^a\)

Here, in brief, is the story:

Besides the *Hermann*, there used to be a so-called working-men's paper here, *Die Neue Zeit*, whose last editor was Edgar Bauer. One of his colleagues on that paper was Biskamp, who was a schoolmaster out in the country. The paper was opposed on what is called principle to the *Hermann*. For Edgar Bauer thought it was time he played at being a communist. I, needless to say, had nothing to do with this. Bauer wrote and told Biskamp that, in order to rid himself of a rival, Kinkel had transferred his sheet to the printer of the *Neue Zeit* which last, depending as it did on that printer's credit, was completely in his power. On receipt of this letter, Biskamp rushed up to London to discover, not only that Kinkel had destroyed the *Neue Zeit* by swapping printers, but also that Edgar Bauer, the editor of the so-called 'working-men's paper', had joined the editorial staff of the *Hermann* and gone over to Kinkel.

A brief note re Biskamp: He was at one time a co-publisher of the *Hornisse*. He edited the *Bremer Tages-Chronik* in company with Dulon and Ruge. In Switzerland he joined the Communist League.\(^b\) His relationship with Ruge meant that we never saw each other while he was in London. I took no notice of him, but he occasionally took notice in a polemical way of me. This man is a strange mixture of noble instincts, innate (and also physical) weakness, asceticism and idleness, Kantian moral consciousness and tactless whimsicality. His nervous irritability makes him liable to surrender any position 'on principle', to precipitate himself suddenly into the most hopeless situation, to endure it passively and stoically for a while, and then suddenly perpetrate stupidities bordering on the iniquitous. The man as I paint him here is not, of course, the man I used to know. I am painting a portrait which experience has gradually pieced together for me.

But to return to my story. Biskamp at once gave up his schoolmaster's post to take up 'the struggle of labour against capital' (i.e. Kinkel), started *Das Volk* without any means whatsoever except subsidies from a workers' society, etc. So long as the thing lasted he was, of course, on the verge of starvation. He had secured work as correspondent to a couple of papers in Germany, but lost this as soon as his new function became known. A few

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\(^a\) *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 298, 25 October 1859.  
\(^b\) Fidelio Hollinger
private lessons barely enabled him to eke out the life of a Bohémien.

Before continuing I should point out that I have had no connection whatever with any of the public workers' associations (including the so-called communist one) since 1851. The only workers with whom I foregather are 20-30 picked men to whom I give private lectures on political economy. Liebknecht, however, is chairman of the workers' society which helped Biskamp to start Das Volk.

A few days after the birth of this paper Biskamp and Liebknecht came to see me and invited me to collaborate. At the time I declined outright, partly for want of time and partly because I was about to leave London for a longish spell. All I promised was to obtain a few financial contributions from friends in England, which in fact I did. On that same day I related to both of them what Blind had told me with great moral indignation the day before about Vogt, and also named my source. Biskamp used this for an article, as I later saw. During my absence he reprinted in Das Volk Blind's anonymous pamphlet, which was printed by the same press as Das Volk. At the same time Liebknecht sent a copy of the pamphlet to the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung for which he supplies the English article. (As to this last circumstance, I should point out that the refugees here contribute to all papers indiscriminately. I believe myself to be the only exception to this, as I do not contribute to any German paper. Be it noted, by the by, that Palmerston, through the channel of the Prussian embassy, which in turn used Williams—the English bookseller—for its organ, has tried to get Liebknecht removed from the A. A. Z. on account of his anti-governmental tendencies.)

After my return to London, Das Volk received from myself and Engels various contributions wholly unrelated to the affaire Vogt. Apart from a few attacks on Schleinitz's diplomatic circulars, all I supplied was a humorous comment or two on Kinkel's aesthetic dissertations in the Hermann, viewed from a grammatical standpoint. Life here in London is too tough for one not to indulge in distractions of this kind every 8 years or so.

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a [E. Biskamp,] 'Der Reichsregent', Das Volk, No. 2, 14 May 1859. - b [K. Blind,] 'Warnung zur gefälligen Verbreitung', Das Volk, No. 7, 18 June 1859. - c Schleinitz's despatches to the Prussian embassies in Britain, Russia and Germany (Berlin, June-July 1859) were reported in the Neue Preußische Zeitung, No. 170, 24 July ('Zu der "Vermittlung"'), No. 171, 26 July ('Preußische Depeschen'), No. 174, 29 July 1859 ('Deutschland'). - d Marx refers to his series of articles Quid pro quo and his reviews published in the section 'Gatherings from the Press'.
The paper came to a sudden end, mainly for lack of money. Biskamp, besides being wholly without means of subsistence, contracted a painful disease and had to go into the German hospital. When he was discharged he must literally have starved to death if I hadn't taken care of him. During this period he wrote to several German papers in the hope of becoming their correspondent, but to no effect. Then he got a letter from the editorial board of the A. A. Z., whereupon he wrote them that shockingly discreditable epistle—behind the backs of his friends, of course. Naturally he believed he was writing a private letter. The idiot is now overcome with contrition and for a couple of days has neither eaten nor slept. I don't know what will become of him. If I have told you all this at some length, it is not in order to justify the man's behaviour, but to explain it. If he were so venal a fellow as most of the 'democrats' here, he wouldn't have precipitated himself into a situation which he hadn't the strength to endure.

As to my statement in the A. A. Z., the circumstances are as follows:

As you know, Blind published his denunciation of Vogt. At the same time an anonymous article by him appeared in the London Free Press (Urquhart's paper), containing much the same information—I enclose the article with this letter—but omitting Vogt's name and sundry other particulars. Now when Vogt brought his action against the A. A. Z., and the latter appealed to Liebknecht, he, being responsible to the A. A. Z., naturally appealed to me and I to Blind. The latter refused to answer for his statements. It was all due to a misunderstanding, he said. The whole thing had nothing to do with him. He even went so far as to give his word of honour that he had had nothing to do with the anonymous pamphlet. Repeated requests were of no avail. This conduct was all the more infamous in that the worthy fellow knew that Vogt was citing me—privately in London and publicly in Switzerland—as the source of the denunciation so as to represent the whole thing as deriving from the malicious ill-will borne by the communist towards the 'eminent democrat' and 'ex-imperial regent'. I therefore began by turning to Collet, who made no bones about stating that Blind had written the article in The Free Press. Next, I obtained a statement from the type-setter who had set the type for the pamphlet. Blind's duplicity called for

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castigation. I had absolutely no intention of pulling this ‘republican’s’ chestnuts out of the fire for him. Indeed, it is only by forcing him and Vogt to attack one another that the truth will come out. Finally, like any paper which accepts a denunciation of this kind, the A. A. Z. deserves to be supplied with any information that can possibly help to throw light on the facts.

I shall now have the whole of Germany’s vulgar democracy about my ears, and Biskamp’s folly will make this all the easier for them. Needless to say, it would never occur to me to skirmish in insignificant journals with all these insignificant scoundrels. However, I believe it necessary to make an example of one of them, namely Mr Eduard Meyen of the Freischütz,\(^a\) pour encourager les autres\(^b\). I’m sending one copy to the A. A. Z., one to the Reform\(^c\) in Hamburg and I’d like the copy I sent you to appear in a Berlin paper.

I must save up my exposé of the Italian war,\(^485\) an affair upon which I have in no way changed my views, for my next letter\(^d\) (shortly).

Salut.

Your

K. M.

P.S. Much as I detest alluding to this point, my financial affairs are in a dangerously critical state—so much so that I can hardly find time for my articles for the Tribune, let alone the political economy.\(^473\) Admittedly I shall be receiving over £40 in 8 to 10 weeks’ time. But for me the essential and crucial point is to anticipate its receipt. Can you help me with a bill transaction towards that end? In 8, or at most 10, weeks’ time I shall be good for £50.

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\(^a\) E. Meyen, ‘Der Proceß Carl Vogt’s gegen die Augsburger Allg. Ztg.’, Der Freischütz, No. 132, 3 November 1859. - \(^b\) to encourage the others - \(^c\) K. Marx, ‘Statement to the Editors of Die Reform, the Volks-Zeitung and the Allgemeine Zeitung. - \(^d\) See this volume, pp. 536-39.
MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

London, 7 November 1859

Dear Engels,

I shall send you the Grimm.\(^a\)

*I have not written anything yet about Morocco,\(^490\)* or about the Caucasus,\(^495\) or any military stuff on Asia. I have no diplomatic particulars about Morocco, so you will have to pick up your pen again. My circumstances are such as to preclude my doing sufficient work on the 2nd instalment, which I regard as of crucial importance.\(^473\) It does, in fact, contain the pith of all the bourgeois stuff.

Biskamp's letter\(^b\) is infinitely discreditable; in view of his situation one can explain but not excuse it. The whole of vulgar democracy is seeking to hush up the Blind affair in the German press while assailing me. E.g. Mr Meyen, present editor of the *Freischütz*.\(^c\) I have now sent a sharply-worded statement to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Reform* in Hamburg.\(^d\) I shall bring Vogt and Blind face to face even if it has to be done at gunpoint.

In a couple of lines in the *Tribune* the wretched Pulszky dismisses my letter\(^e\) as emanating from the camp of the 'cracked' Urquhart.\(^f\) The fellows dare not open their traps. For they don't know what kind of evidence we have at our disposal. For Kossuth, or so Szemere wrote and told me, secretly decamped after the treaty of Villafranca without a word to Klapka and the other officers. For he was afraid of being handed over to the

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\(^b\) E. Biskamp, [Letter to the Editor of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, 20 October 1859,] *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 300, 27 October 1859. 
\(^c\) [E. Meyen,] 'Der Proceß Carl Vogt's gegen die Augsburger Allg. *Ztg.*: Der Freischütz', No. 132, 3 November 1859. 
\(^d\) K. Marx, 'Statement to the Editors of *Die Reform*, the Volks-Zeitung and the *Allgemeine Zeitung*'. 
\(^e\) K. Marx, 'Kossuth and Louis Napoleon'. 
\(^f\) Marx refers to Pulszky's report of 11 October 1859 published in the *New-York Daily Tribune*, No. 5775, 26 October 1859.
Dear Lassalle,

I am answering your by return. It isn't a question of your finding the money, but of a bill transaction. Would you allow me to draw on you at 3 months? If so you would be provided with security (guaranteed not only by myself, but also by Engels) before the bill fell due. It's a question, therefore, of an accommodation bill or, to put it more crudely, kite-flying. It still remains very doubtful, of course, whether I could manage to negotiate a bill of this kind over here. However there might be some chance of it. Engels would have procured what was necessary had not all his liquid assets been tied up as a result of an action for causing bodily harm to an Englishman. The affair is costing more than £100 and accommodation bills drawn in London on Manchester are only possible between businessmen.

I think it is now too late to insert the anti-Meyen statement. Assuming the Reform and the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung accept it, it would arrive too late in Berlin. Assuming they don't accept it, it will in any case be too late for any consideration of the great Meyen's article, which will by then be outdated.

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As regards Vogt, it behoves our party—as opposed to vulgar democracy—to force him to pick up the gauntlet thrown down by Blind. Both gentlemen seem to be equally anxious to keep their distance. It was very clever of Vogt to make me out to be the source of the denunciation, but also to select as his target the A. Z. in Augsburg rather than the Volk in London. As regards myself, he can attribute the thing to rancour, if only because of the erstwhile opposition to him on the part of the Neue Rheinische Zeitung. (You are doubtless aware that, when Lupus came to the National Assembly in Frankfurt, he opposed Uhland's vote of thanks to John, the imperial regent. Vogt seized this opportunity to vent his spleen and made an abusive speech attacking the N. Rh. Z. en général and Lupus in particular. Lupus thereupon called him out. But Vogt thought his skin too valuable to the Fatherland to risk it in this way. Lupus thereupon threatened to box his ears publicly in the street. Thereafter Vogt never made an appearance unless flanked by his sister on one side and a woman acquaintance of his sister's on the other. And Lupus was too courteous, etc.) But again, Mr Vogt knew that Germany's vulgar democrats regard me as their bête noire. Furthermore, had he sued Das Volk instead of the A. Z., Blind, etc., would have been legally compelled to give evidence on oath and the matter would have been bound to come to light. Finally, it was one thing to break a lance with a revolutionary paper direct, and quite another to do so with the reactionary A. Z. The way in which the 'noble' Vogt (Vogt the 'well-rounded', as his barrister described him, is rather more to the point) attacked me in the Biel Handels-Courier rejoiced my heart. I am, it seems, in communication with 'the police', live off the workers, and such-like inanities.

As to Kossuth, all the particulars about his transaction with Bonaparte were provided by Szemere (formerly Hungarian Prime Minister, presently in Paris). I sent him my anti-Kossuth article in the Tribune and shall let you have it as soon as he returns me the cutting from Paris. The nicest part of it is that Kossuth's agent, Pulszky, is the Tribune's London correspondent.

The Schiller festival here was a Kinkel festival. Freiligrath himself, who took part in it despite my warning, now realises that Gottfried used him simply as a tool. He told me that Kinkel's melodramatic speech was a veritable farce which literally had to be seen to be believed. You'd laugh heartily were I to tell you what

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a [K. Vogt,] 'Zur Warnung', Schweizer Handels-Courier, No. 150 (supplement), 2 June 1859. The article was reprinted, with editorial comments, in Das Volk, No. 6, 11 June 1859. 
b K. Marx, 'Kossuth and Louis Napoleon'.
went on behind the scenes between Kinkel and Freiligrath before the public performance actually took place. In the days of the N. Rh. Z. Gottfried invariably figured in the press with a travelling-bag for attribute. Later on, it was a musket, then a lyre, then a distaff. Now our parson never does so without a black, red and gold flag. The so-called ‘working men’ whom he has gathered round him belong to a guild; article 1 of the rules of their society runs: ‘In accordance with the rules, all politics are to be excluded from the society’s debates.’ Before 1848 these same fellows enjoyed Bunsen’s patronage.

Well, enough of gossip, for this note was simply intended to be de re pecuniaria.  

Salut.

Your
K. M.


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MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE
IN BERLIN

[London,] 15 November 1859

Dear Lassalle,

Could you possibly get the Volks-Zeitung to publish the following reply to Blind’s declaration in No. 313 of the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung? If so, please send me 2 copies of it. En passant, I would draw your attention to the hymn of self-adulation struck up by Gottfried Kinkel in the latest Hermann to the accompaniment of general rejoicing on the part of the Germans in London.

In haste.

Your
K. M.


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a See this volume, pp. 511-12.  
b about financial matters  
c K. Marx, ‘Declaration’.  
Dear Engels,

I hope that a Morocco will arrive from you on Friday. Apart from everything else, this is the time of the presidential elections, and in any case I fear that restrictions will again be put on the quantity of articles to be delivered. This fate will befall me all the sooner if, given the present shortage of material, I don’t write about themes like this that interest the fellows.

You must also write something for me, privately, of course, not for the Tribune, about the Schiller tomfoolery in Manchester. In my next I shall tell you about the Kinkel festival down here. Just now Freiligrath is deeply resentful of Gottfried. Meanwhile you should read the latest number of the Hermann and see with your own eyes how ‘Parson Charming’ drools over himself.

The Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung has not, it seems, accepted my declaration because it was apparently rendered superfluous by the one sent to them by Blind. I have now sent them an answer to this slyboots from Baden with a positive demand—for I refer at the same time to the letters they wrote me—that they print my answer.

Salut.

Your
K. M.


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Dear Emil,

Our procedure and method of adjustment are simply as follows: The rollers are removed and the yarn laid over them, after which they are replaced; the upper roller is then moved upwards by means of screws (one at either end of the machine) until there is sufficient tension on the yarn.

1. The rollers are made of iron with rectangular pegs at the ends which fit into rectangular apertures (in the axle). This, however, applies only to the lower roller, which is rotated by the machine; the upper one rests in a simple socket and runs automatically with the other.

2. As already said, the screws are at either end of the upper roller and are tightened by the machine, not by hand.

3. The brushing cylinder has fixed mountings for its axle so as to ensure that it is in the right position immediately the yarn is in place and tightened. For all but the very fine counts we now have cylinders clothed alternately with brushes and wooden slats which rub against the yarn.

4. Your final question—how the connection is effected between the roller one inserts and the part that rotates—is not clear to me; however I think it has already been answered under 1.

It's impossible for me to make you a sketch of the machine, as I can't describe the wheels from memory. But you'll have no difficulty in making one of your own, since to the best of my knowledge all the essential parts correspond exactly to yours, and we use the same machine both for coarse and fine counts, altering the pulleys, if anything, in order to reduce the speed. For normal use the average diameter of the pulleys for the brushes is 20 inches and for the rollers 14 inches, the speed of the shaft being 163.90 revolutions per minute. For really fine counts we increase the diameter of the pulley for the rollers to 18 inches. The screws are driven by an *open and cross strap*.

Our machines are made partly by ourselves, partly by Wren & Hopkinson; you wouldn't be able to buy a complete machine or individual parts over here unless you approached G. Ermen.
Tell Father that I shall make inquiries on behalf of Linkenbach, though with little prospect of success until he comes over himself. Young fellows who come over with good recommendations (and he should bring as many as possible to different houses) generally fix themselves up before long, whereas no one does so by remaining over there. However there's always a risk in coming here on the off chance.

My love to Lottchen, Father, Mother, Elise, Adolf, and the two families, also to all the cholera refugees should still lodging with you. My new horse is a splendid goer.

Your

Friedrich


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London, 17 November 1859]

Dear Engels,

If you have nothing ready on Morocco by tomorrow, there will be time enough until Saturday (i.e. via Cork). I am writing today (not having written on Tuesday) about the Suez question. The Morocco affair must follow. Otherwise they'll be compelled to copy from The Times.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

First published in Der Briefwechsel zwischen F. Engels und K. Marx, Bd. 2, Stuttgart, 1913

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a Charlotte Bredt - b Elise von Griesheim - c Adolf von Griesheim - d At the beginning of December Engels wrote the article 'Progress of the Moorish War'. - e seaport in Ireland
Dear Moor,

As though it wasn't enough to be saddled with a Russian, I have a Genevan arriving today, and Ermen shows an increasing tendency to foist onto me the onerous side of representing the firm. Nevertheless I still had hopes this morning of finding time for an article, but it proved utterly impossible. Next Tuesday, however, you will get an article on Morocco, you may be sure of that. This will be followed as soon as possible by more on the Rifle Volunteer Movement, Prussian army reform and diverse other matters.

The business of the Assault has been settled. Thirty pounds damages and twenty-five costs. It's been paid—partly by borrowing. The action was brought in London and, quite apart from the scandal up here, the publication in the German papers of The Times report of the affair would have been a nice juicy titbit for Kinkel & Co.

Schiller festival. Programme enclosed, likewise the original poetical creations consisting, as you will observe, of

Prologue by Meissner,
Catalogue by Samelson,
Epilogue by Siebel.

Pro- and epi- only saved by the antithesis of the catalogue.

The first part went off in a resounding failure. Dr Marcus (bankrupt woollen merchant with an Erlangen doctorate à 66 talers, 20 silver groschen) read the committee's report in a lachrymose voice, Siebel declaimed the prologue passably well, but indistinctly, Theodores spoke flowery nonsense very indistinctly indeed, all that one could hear being rrrrrr—the choir sang splendidly—Morell delivered himself of platitudes in English, but audibly and fluently—'Die Kraniche des Ibykus' sent the entire

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a At the beginning of December Engels wrote the article 'Progress of the Moorish War'. b F. Engels, 'Military Reform in Germany'. c See this volume, p. 490. d University town in Bavaria e a poem by Schiller
audience to sleep. Fortunately this made everything so late that a
full performance of the programme would have lasted until 1
o’clock in the morning. Samelson’s stanzas were therefore con­
signed to the lumber room. The ‘Armada’\textsuperscript{a} was excellently recited
by one Link, then came the play.\textsuperscript{b} A very nice stage, but bad
acoustics, excellent grouping, much—almost too much—activity
constantly going on up stage. All in all, the lads acted quite well
but were difficult to understand on account of the unduly
voluminous beards they wore in front of their mouths and also
because they didn’t address the audience properly. The friar was
good (Dolch, a former corps student, author of a \textit{Geschichte des
Deutschen Studententhums}, a fool and a donkey). Siebel’s epilogue,
delivered by Link in a most melodious voice and with much
decorum, was effective. In short, part 2 saved the day; in the
second part and in the piece dropped from the first the lads
predominated (also indirectly attributable to a good deal of
\textit{UNDERHAND INFLUENCE} on my part, for the introduction to \textit{Wallensteins
Lager} was composed from data supplied by me and was actually
very good); the first was dominated by the wiseacres and
self-assertive philistines and schoolmasters.

Now they propose to found a Schiller Institute\textsuperscript{492} with the
surplus, the surplus, however, being a deficit of £150!

On Saturday a festive guzzle which I didn’t attend. Numerous
toasts and readings of all the \textit{REJECTED ADDRESSES}.

On Friday night the singers and actors went on carousing until
four o’clock in the morning—a very merry affair.

Your

F. E.

What is all this about a brawl at the Crystal Palace\textsuperscript{503}?

\begin{flushright}
First published in: Marx and Engels,  
\textit{Works}, First Russian Edition, Vol. XXII,  
Moscow, 1929  
\end{flushright}

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\begin{flushleft}
\textsuperscript{a} F. Schiller, ‘Die unüberwindliche Flotte’.  \textsuperscript{b} F. Schiller, \textit{Wallensteins Lager}—first part of the trilogy \textit{Wallenstein}. 
\end{flushleft}
MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

London, 19 November 1859
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park,
Haverstock Hill

Dear Engels,

Today I am sending you all sorts of curious things: 1. a letter from philistine Freiligrath to me; 2. a letter from Orges (of the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung) to Biskamp; 3. an issue (No. 43) of the Gartenlaube, published in Leipzig, and 4. a letter from Imandt to me together with a cutting from the Trier Volksblatt. Finally, I would advise you to buy today's Hermann as it contains the story, devised by Mr Beta, of the Schiller festival here and casts a strange light on the conduct of our friend Freiligrath.

Before going into these matters and in case I forget, I would mention that the Hungarians in New York, Chicago, New Orleans, etc., have held meetings at which they resolved to send Kossuth a letter suggesting he vindicate himself with reference to my article in the New-York Tribune. Otherwise they would renounce their allegiance to him. I don't know whether I have told you about the latest news I have received from Szemere. D'abord, that after the peace of Villafranca, Kossuth decamped from Italy without a word to his officers, amongst whom Klapka. Kossuth was afraid Bonaparte would hand him over to Francis Joseph. Originally, so Szemere now writes, this same worthy had not been included in the Bonaparte business. Klapka, Kiss and Teleki had, off their own bat, agreed with Plon-Plon to instigate a revolution in Hungary. Kossuth got wind of it and, from London, threatened to denounce them in the English press should they not include him in the compact. Such are those worthies.

In some ways I envy you for being able to live in Manchester, cut off as you are from the war between mice and frogs. Down here I have to wade through all this ordure and do so in circumstances which already consume too much of the time I...
should be devoting to my theoretical studies. Conversely, I'm glad that you only have to put up with all the ordure at second hand.

Last Thursday I received the enclosed letter from Freiligrath. What follows will help you understand the full extent of his depravity and pettiness. Throughout the time when that fellow (Blind) was playing his perfidious role vis-à-vis ourselves, he was on the most intimate terms with Freiligrath. He acted as his *homme d'affaires*—in the matter of the great Kinkel-Freiligrath controversy—on the organising committee for the Schiller festival. At that festival the Blind and Freiligrath families sat cheek by jowl throughout the performance. Well, on the following morning a *The Morning Advertiser* carried a report in which Freiligrath's poem was described as 'above mediocrity'.b The same critical sense (whereof, indeed, not much is needed to strip student Blind of his mask of anonymity) which told me that Blind, and Blind alone, had written the anti-Vogt paragraph in *The Free Press*,c also told me that he was the author of this article. The only thing which surprised me was that the obsequious sycophant had had the courage to speak about Freiligrath in this cool manner. I sent the latter the cutting. Whereupon I received from him the enclosed letter which, if one reads between the lines, more or less voices the suspicion that I was responsible for introducing a forgery into student Blind's exercise—namely, the quip about Freiligrath. On Saturday I went to see Freiligrath. I didn't yet know about the statement he had made in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* (to wit, that he was not one of Vogt's accusers, nor had he ever written a line for the 'Volk').d He was careful, too, not to breathe a word to me about it. I told him *de prime abord*e that I thought it by no means a crime on Blind's part to consider Freiligrath's poem as 'above mediocrity', for this was an aesthetic judgment; but that it did seem to me altogether too much when he allowed Blind to bamboozle him into thinking I had amended Blind's task for him—through some mysterious third party—and interpolated the quip about himself (Freiligrath). Greatly embarrassed, the philistine now admitted, *d'abord*,f that he had shown Blind my letter, and proceeded to show me the two letters from Blind. In the first, student Blind describes a person frequently seen near me at the Urquhartite meeting of 9 Mayg and who had skulked round him

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Footnotes:

In the second letter (Freiligrath was condescending enough to write to Blind saying he couldn’t believe I had interpolated the insulting bit) Blind declares that that wasn’t really what he’d meant to say. I next told the philistine that the only two Germans or, for that matter, persons, who had accosted me more than once on the platform on 9 May had been Blind and Faucher and nobody else. Well now, Blind knows Faucher, whom he asked to be introduced to on the Schiller committee and whom he thanked on Freiligrath’s behalf for backing Freiligrath’s ‘cantata’ against the ‘speech’.

Again, the slyboots from Baden failed to mention Faucher’s name. (I immediately informed the latter of the fact.) For Faucher knows Editor Grant of The Morning Advertiser, and might help to get Blind kicked out of the licensed victualler paper were he to demand that Blind make a personal statement as to whether he (Faucher) had got him (Grant) to interpolate something in Blind’s article, which is why student Blind is capable of remembering what Faucher’s features were like on 9 May. He recalls that they were the same features that skulked round him at the Crystal Palace on 10 November. But he forgets that this individual he knows so well is that selfsame Faucher.

This whole business is so rotten—tortuous—and so typical of philistines Freiligrath and Blind that I had to go into this nonsense at some length. It’s altogether typical of philistine Freiligrath that he should not deem himself accountable to me for his appearance in public with Kinkel and Co., for his statement in the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung, for his coquetry with the Hermann, for his intercourse with Blind at a time when he knew about that scoundrel’s ‘word of honour’, etc.—but believes that everything should revolve round somebody’s having had the audacity to find his poem (I enclose it) ‘above mediocrity’ instead of crying it up as the very incarnation of the beautiful and sublime.

I told him I didn’t give a fig for that affair, compared with which there were far more important things at stake between myself and Blind, etc.

As for the ‘machinations’ against him on the part of Kinkel, etc., he had only himself to blame. Why demean himself with the fellows?

Finally I wanted to know what was contained in No. 43 of the Gartenlaube: It then transpired that Mr Freiligrath was on very

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a by Kinkel (see this volume, pp. 512-13) - b See this volume, pp. 502-04. - c It contained Beta’s article ‘Ferdinand Freiligrath’.
close terms with Mr Beta, had entertained him in his own house and had ‘suffered’ Beta to write a fulsome biography of himself and an apotheosis of his family, and was irritated only at Beta’s having concluded (at Kinkel’s instigation, of course) with the suggestion that Freiligrath’s poetry, like his character, was being ruined—by me. It was I who was to blame for the fact that Mr Freiligrath, never particularly prolific in the matter of original work, had for years pursued the business of banking rather than the business of poetry. Mr Freiligrath showed no feeling of shame in my presence for having demeaned himself by consorting with that scoundrel Beta, one-time sub-editor of Louis Drucker’s How do you do? Nor for the gross flattery ladled out by that abject creature. What shocked him was to be publicly portrayed as ‘influenced’ by me. He wasn’t sure whether he oughtn’t to make some statement on the subject, being deterred from doing so only by his fear of a counter-statement on my part. The fellow thinks it ‘in the nature of things’ that, if he lets out a fart, it should cause a great flurry; that on the one hand he should serve Mammon and, on the other, be ‘priest to the Muse’; that his want of character in practice should be hailed as ‘political virtue’ in theory. The man is sensitive to the tiniest pin-prick. His petty histrionic bickerings behind the scenes with Gottfried he treats as weighty intrigues. On the other hand he considers it quite in order that my family should forego, not just recognition but even notice, of a closely reasoned work such as the instalment on money, and that, as a result of my uncompromising political attitude, they should have to endure much misère and, in fact, lead a joyless existence. The man thinks that my wife should, moreover, gratefully bear with the slights publicly inflicted on myself in the knowledge that Mrs Freiligrath is eulogised and extolled and that even his Käthchen, a silly goose who doesn’t understand a word of German, is commended to your German philistines. The man has not a vestige of fellow-feeling. Otherwise he would see how my wife is suffering, and how much he and his spouse contribute thereto. How false and ambiguous his behaviour is, both from the personal and the party point of view.

Nevertheless, I cannot and dare not risk any kind of éclat with the fellow. He sees to my bills on the Tribune, something I’m bound to regard as a favour (although the standing thus gained with Bischoffsheim is to his advantage, not mine). Otherwise I should

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a Gottfried Kinkel - b K. Marx, A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy. - c Käthchen, Freiligrath’s daughter - d row
find myself in the same old quandary about how to get my money from the *Tribune*. On the other hand, nothing would please Kinkel and Co.—the whole of vulgar democracy (*including Mrs Freiligrath*)—more than that this row should take place. If only for that reason it shouldn’t be allowed to happen *just now*. However, it will be hard for me to take all these slights lying down.

About the happenings at the Crystal Palace and subsequently on the Schiller committee in my next.

*Salut*.

Your

K. M.

Another thing you should note in the latest rotten *Hermann* is the way Mr Blind commends himself as a prophet.\(^a\)

The *upshot* of all the *Hermann*’s revelations from Berlin re Stieber is that Duncker, the old policeman, is again trying to *take the place* of Stieber, his rival and enemy (since 1848).\(^b\) Moreover, in the last issue but one of the *Hermann*, the reinstatement of Police Superintendent Duncker was declared by the Berlin correspondent to be the true aim of modern world history.\(^c\)

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**MARX TO FERDINAND LASSALLE**\(^506\)

**IN BERLIN**

[London,] 22 November 1859

Dear Lassalle,

For one thing today is mailing day for America\(^d\); for another I have taken medicine. So writing is difficult either way. Hence I shall be quite brief.

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\(^a\) [Blind,] ‘Prognostikon des wahrscheinlichen Verlaufes des italienischen Krieges; geschrieben kurz vor Ausbruch desselben’, *Hermann*, No. 46, 19 November 1859. – \(^b\) [K. W. Eichhoff,] ‘Stieber’, *Hermann*, Nos. 36-38, 40, 42, 43; 10, 17, 24 September, 8, 22, 29 October 1859. – \(^c\) [K. W. Eichhoff,] ‘Berlin, 8. Nov. (Stieber)’, *Hermann*, No. 45, 12 November 1859. – \(^d\) It was a Tuesday. On Tuesdays and Fridays Marx sent off articles for the *New-York Daily Tribune*. 

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1. **THANKS** for your last letter but one. I shall, however, probably succeed in arranging a bill *on myself* here in London, at an exorbitant rate of interest.

2. You had best abandon your anti-Vogt statement now that the *Reform* has already printed a statement of mine. My chief concern now is to compel Mr Vogt to pursue the matter in London.

3. I have told Freiligrath that you have praised his poem on Schiller and criticised his conduct towards you. He will now write to you. Read No. 43 of the *Gartenlaube* wherein Kinkel’s sycophant, Mr Beta (sometime editor of the *How do you do?* published here by *Louis Drucker*, and presently *faiseur-en-chef* of the *Hermann*, whose editors are all recruited from the literary *Lumpenproletariat*), makes the discovery that Freiligrath ‘seldom sang any more’ after he had been ‘inspired’ by me. During recent years Freiligrath has been whoring too much after the idols of Babylon, so great is his thirst for popularity. His wife may not be an altogether beneficent influence in this respect. I will dilate no further on this theme, except to say that I show more consideration for old personal and party friends than seems right to many very clever people in our party.

4. *Ad vocem* Bonaparte. So far as I can see, the Italian war has temporarily strengthened Bonaparte’s position in France; betrayed the Italian revolution into the hands of the Piedmontese doctrinaires and their henchmen; made Prussia exceptionally popular with the liberal *vulgus* by virtue of her Haugwitzian policy; increased Russia’s influence in Germany; and, finally, propagated demoralisation of an unprecedented kind—a most repulsive combination of Bonapartism and drivel about nationalities. I for my part fail to see any reason why members of our party had to give dialectical support to these nauseous, counter-revolutionary illusions of philistine-liberal provenance. It is my belief that, from the moment when Disraeli publicly admitted the existence of an alliance between Bonaparte and Russia, and more especially from the moment when Russia sent out her shameless circular note to the German courts, the battle-cry should have been raised against the Russo-French...

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alliance. Opposition to Russia would instantly have disposed of the delusion that there was anything anti-liberal about a turning against France.

Schleinitz's despatches,\(^a\) which I have studied in detail, together with the statements made by the ministers over here, some direct to Parliament, some in the press, confirm my view that *Prussia* had no intention of intervening so long as the German frontier was not violated. Bonaparte, as the protégé of Russia and England, had at the time been given permission to conduct a 'localised' war in order to keep him in France. Prussia would not have dared lift a finger and, had she done so, there would have been war between Germany and Russia, than which nothing could be more desirable. But in fact there was no question of it, because Prussia would never have had the courage to take such a step. Rather it was a question, partly of exposing the Prussian government in all its miserable weakness, partly and above all of unmasking Bonapartist delusions. Nor would the game have been too difficult, since all the representatives of the revolutionary party from Mazzini to Louis Blanc, Ledru-Rollin and even Proudhon would have joined in. This would have meant that the polemic against Bonaparte's imposture could not have acquired the appearance of hostility to Italy or France.

I am not, of course, going into the matter thoroughly here, but merely jotting down a few points. However, I shall, with your permission, make one further observation. There is a possibility that things will come to a head again soon. In that case one of two things must prevail in our party: either no one speaks for the party without prior consultation with the others, or everyone has the right to put forward his views without any regard for the others. Now this last is certainly not to be recommended, since a public polemic would in no way benefit so small a party (which, I hope, makes up in vigour for what it lacks in numbers). I can only say that, during my travels through England and Scotland (this summer)\(^444\)—for our old party friends are scattered about the country—I did not find anybody here who would not have wished you had modified your pamphlet\(^b\) in many respects. I see a quite simple explanation for this, namely that foreign policy, in

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\(^a\) to the Prussian embassies in Britain, Russia and Germany (Berlin, June-July 1859); reports on the despatches appeared in the *Neue Preußische Zeitung*, No. 170, 24 July 1859 ('Zu der "Vermittlung"'), No. 171, 26 July ('Preußische Depeschen') and No. 174, 29 July 1859 ('Deutschland'). See also p. 520 - \(^b\) F. Lassalle, *Der italienische Krieg und die Aufgabe Preußens*. 
MARX TO FERDINAND FREILIGRATH

IN LONDON

[London,] 23 November 1859

Dear Freiligrath,

I have just received a copy of your letter to Liebknecht in which the following passage occurs:

'I possess only one letter from Vogt, dated 1 April 1859. This letter, as Marx conceded only last Saturday, does not contain a single syllable that might be used to substantiate a charge against Vogt.'

Since accuracy is desirable in matters of this kind, I must register a formal protest in regard to this passage.

Firstly, I conceded nothing. To concede (concedere) presupposes a debate in which one of the assertions originally put forward is withdrawn and the opposing view accepted. Nothing of the kind happened between us. The initiative was mine. I told you something; I conceded nothing. The facts were as follows:

I recalled that you yourself had asked Mr Blind whether he was the author of the anonymous pamphlet, since both the tone and the content of his verbal account tallied entirely with the pamphlet. I stressed that, before encountering Mr Blind at Urquhart’s meeting of 9 May, I knew nothing of Vogt’s participation in the Italian imbroglio, save only for his letter to you. I reminded you that, on the evening you showed me that letter, it never remotely occurred to me to infer therefrom that Vogt had been bribed, or anything of the kind. All I found in the letter was the same old, all too familiar, superficially liberal

a Freiligrath’s letter to Liebknecht of 21 November 1859. - b Zur Warnung
pot-house politics of his. If I laid any emphasis on all this, it was—à tout seigneur tout honneura—so as not to detract in any way from Mr Blind's merit in uncovering Vogt's high treason.

Secondly, however, it never occurred to me to say that 'Vogt's letter did not contain a single syllable that might be used to substantiate a charge against Vogt'. All I said was that, having read the letter, it would not occur to me to draw such a conclusion. But the immediate subjective impression made upon me by the letter is very far removed from an objective judgment on the content of the letter, or even on conjectures which might be made about it. I never had either the occasion or the opportunity to subject the letter to the critical examination necessary for such an objective judgment. That Mr Blind put a different construction on, for instance, the letters Vogt addressed to you, him, etc., is and was known to you. E.g. in his article in The Free Press (27 May)b these letters are expressly mentioned as corpora delicti,c even though no names are given. This is again the case in his statement in the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung.d

From Mr Vogt I now come to Mr Beta, whose No. 43 I bought after getting your letter.e Having perused the opus, I decided to do exactly what I have been doing for the past 10 years, namely ignore such stuff. But I have today heard from two very close friends (not in London) urging me to make a statement in the interests of the party. I shall first deliberate the pros and cons for twice 24 hours. If, after mature deliberation, I should decide to speak, my statement would contain essentially the following:

1. If an attempt were made wrongly to attribute to me any influence over you, this could at most apply to the brief life-span of the Neue Rheinische Zeitung, at which time you were writing what was truly splendid and indisputably your most popular poetry.

2. A biographical sketch in a few sentences of Mr Betziege, alias Hans Beta, starting from the time when he wrote for a blackmailing theatrical rag in Berlin, going on through his editorship of the How do you do? under Louis Drucker, vintner and clown (including my visit to the How do you do's lair506) and his

subsequent activities in Leipzig, when he simultaneously libelled me in the Gartenlaube, i.e. reproduced the tripe from the How do you do? and appropriated my anti-Palmerston pamphlets, and ending up with his present occupation of factotum to Gottfried Kinkel. It might, perhaps, do some good if the German public were to be shown what a scoundrelly bunch of lumpenproletarians it is that is croaking loudest in the foul swamp of current German literature.

3. Two letters from Heine to myself which will enable the public to decide between the authority of Heine and the authority of Beta.

4. Finally, a couple of letters written to me by Johann Kinkel and Johanna Kinkel at the time of the N. Rh. Z. I would use these to unseat the melodramatic parson from the high horse upon which this Father Brey (it is in that sense that your version of Goethe should be amended) is charging me in what is for him the typical arena of a Gartenlaube.

I am telling you all this so that, as is fitting between friends, you will have been informed in advance should I decide to make a statement.510

As for Liebknecht, Kolb is clearly seeking to justify himself in Cotta’s eyes by using your letter to sacrifice Liebknecht as a scapegoat, for his own, not Liebknecht’s quid pro quo. Peccant reges, plectuntur Achivi still holds good.

To obviate all misunderstanding I have, at the same time as this letter to you, sent Liebknecht a copy of the passages in it relating to the Vogt affair.

Your

K. M.

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a K. Marx, ‘Lord Palmerston’. b Gottfried Kinkel. Marx ironically calls him Johann after his wife, Johanna Kinkel. c A character from Goethe’s Ein Fastnachtsspiel auch wohl zu tragieren Ostern, vom Pater Brey, dem falschen Propheten. d The chiefs sin, the Aacheans suffer. Paraphrase of Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi (whatever madness possesses the chiefs, it is the Aacheans who suffer), Horace, Epistle, I, ii, 14.
MARX TO ENGELS
IN MANCHESTER

London, 26 November 1859
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park,
Haverstock Hill

Dear Engels,

On Monday I sent you a long letter about the wrangles down here. On Tuesday I sent you the Gartenlaube and Beta's article. Well, every day I've been waiting to hear from you since, in affairs of this kind, it is only your letters that revive my wife's drooping spirits. One can simply laugh off such rubbish if the rest of one's life is tolerable. But in my circumstances they weigh heavily upon the family.

Well, today I'm sending you:

1. A letter from Lassalle to myself. The 'statement' I sent the Volks-Zeitung is the same as appeared in No. 325 of the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung. (Another, two columns long, about my attitude to vulgar democracy, etc., appeared in No. 139 of the Hamburg Reform. I took the opportunity of naming you as the author of Po and Rhine, a fact obstinately kept dark by that same vulgar democracy.) From Lassalle's letter you will see that he, who in point of fact was piping the same tune as Vogt, would much rather the Berlin public did not know about my opposition to Vogt and his propaganda.

From the same letter you will see that he at last intends to set to work on his 'Political Economy', but is clever enough to wait another 3 months until he is in possession of my second instalment. The motives for the consistent failure, even on the part of one who is 'friendly', to break the conspiratio de silence are now plain.

I have taken the opportunity of giving Lassalle a brief outline of my views on the Italian question, at the same time telling him that, should anyone wish at such a critical moment to speak in the name of the party, the following alternatives must hold good. Either he consults the others beforehand, or the others (euphemis-
tic for you and me) have the right to put their own view before the public, without regard for that anyone.

2. A letter from Liebknecht to Freiligrath. You will have seen from the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung that Freiligrath declared, firstly, that he had been made out to be Vogt's accuser 'without his knowledge and consent'; secondly, that 'he had never written a line for the Volk' (doesn't write at all).\(^a\) Mr Kolb, who had wrongfully construed a private letter from Liebknecht to himself and had been told off by Cotta after this statement of Freiligrath's, naturally sacrificed Liebknecht as a scapegoat.\(^51^1\) But Freiligrath, who is a subaltern of Fazy's, was outraged and wrote an exceedingly rude letter to Liebknecht.\(^b\) I enclose Liebknecht's reply to it.\(^c\)

Now Freiligrath's letter to Liebknecht contained the following passage:

'I possess only one letter from Vogt, dated 1 April 1859.\(^50^8\) This letter, as Marx only last Saturday conceded' (I underlined), 'does not contain a single syllable that might be used to substantiate a charge against Vogt. Why on earth, then, should I be trying to prove him guilty of attempted bribery?'

Now although on the one hand Freiligrath is indispensable to me for drawing bills on New York, although on the other I wish for political reasons to avoid a breach with him, and, lastly, am fond of him personally with all his faults, I could not do otherwise—it was absolutely essential—that send him a formal protest about the above lines. For who is to guarantee that he will not write the same thing to Vogt and that the latter will not have it published?

The matter he misrepresents was as follows:

During my meeting with him, at which the topic was Blind, not Vogt,\(^d\) I told him (there was no question of a debate, and still less of his calling me to account, as might be inferred from the words 'Marx conceded') that he himself had considered Blind to be the author of the pamphlet,\(^e\) the latter having told him what he had told me; also that, before my meeting with Blind on 9th May,\(^42^0\) I had known nothing at all about Vogt's activities, save his letter to Freiligrath from which—as he, Freiligrath, would recall—I did not infer bribery, but rather found therein the same old, all too familiar, superficially liberal pot-house politics of his. This is, after all, not at all the same thing as conceding that the letter did not

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\(^a\) F. Freiligrath, 'Erklärung', Allgemeine Zeitung, No. 319 (supplement), 15 November 1859.  
\(^b\) on 21 November 1859  
\(^c\) Liebknecht replied on 23 November.  
\(^d\) See this volume, p. 533.  
\(^e\) Zur Warnung
contain a single line that might be used to substantiate a charge. I pointed this out to him, at the same time expressing my astonishment at his failure to call Blind to account for having, in The Free Press,\(^a\) treated similar letters (including Freiligrath's) as corpora delicti.\(^b\) So far I have had no answer from him, although he usually replies at once. It is possible—and this would be disastrous—that he has taken this opportunity to sever old party ties which, or so it would seem, have long become irksome to him. However that may be, I was bound to protest against his account of the affair.

Enough of this rubbish.

Yesterday a Tory journalist told me it was his intention to provide evidence next week in a Tory weekly (the Weekly Mail, I think) to the effect that Garibaldi was receiving money from Bonaparte while still a merchant in South America. Nous verrons.\(^c\)

Regards to Lupus.

Your

K. M.

Apropos. In my article in the Tribune\(^d\) yesterday I said that I would shortly be writing about the Rifle Movement over here. So I should be glad if you would write about it.\(^502\)

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ENGLERS TO MARX

IN LONDON

Manchester, 28 November 1859
7 Southgate

Dear Moor,

If I didn’t write last week it was because I had given Lupus all the papers; nor did I recover them for several days having, in the

\(^b\) incriminating evidence 
\(^c\) We shall see. 
\(^d\) K. Marx, 'The Invasion Panic in England'.
interval, repeatedly failed to get hold of him. Lupus is of the same opinion as myself, namely that Freiligrath’s behaviour hardly admits of further party relations with him, but that on purely party grounds, and aside from your personal position, you are absolutely justified in avoiding any breach for the present *s’il y a moyen*—it would be a triumph for Kinkel and Co. which they would trumpet abroad and exploit for all they were worth. But it’s something we shan’t forgive the weak-minded ass. If his relationship with Fazy really compelled him to make a statement at all, Freiligrath ought to have consulted *you*, which would at any rate have resulted in something other than the inane affair which he caused to be published in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*. He would seem to be dead keen on an amnesty, to judge by his strenuous denials of all participation in the *Volk*. But his getting on to personal terms with Mr Bettziech, receiving him in his own house, is something which Lupus, who went *with Freiligrath* to see Bettziech at the time of the *How do you do?* affair, will never forgive him. And it really is a dirty trick. As things are now, however, it seems questionable whether we can go on much longer without an open breach with Freiligrath; he is increasingly subject to the literary man’s itch, nor will madame fail to point out morning, noon and night that Mr Beta, Kinkel and company do at least praise him publicly, whereas all he gets from us even privately is a *modicum* of recognition, and we can never be relied on to make him ‘known by reason of his fame’.

However, Freiligrath is all too well aware that, while Kinkel and Co. may be of use to him in peacetime, he would be nothing without us at the moment of battle, and that he could never ally himself with our enemies without running all manner of unpleasant risks. He will, I think, take care not to go too far and will finally pin his hopes on our forbearance.

Your ‘Declaration’ in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* will put Blind into a very nasty position. How, without discrediting himself, he will lie his way out of the pass his lies have brought him to, I fail to see.

These shabby goings-on must indeed be a sore trial to your wife. However, this rubbish, too, will pass and, I hope, soon. Within a few weeks it will no doubt be possible to drop Mr Freiligrath and

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*a* if possible  
*b* F. Freiligrath, ‘Erklärung’, *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 319 (supplement), 15 November 1859.  
*c* Ida Freiligrath  
*d* Probably an allusion to Nicolas Chamfort’s dictum: ‘Celebrity: the advantage of being known by those who don’t know you’ (*Maximes et Pensées*).  
*e* K. Marx, ‘Declaration’. 
leave him to stew in his own juice. But now I must say goodbye for today; I am about to go home and shall send an article on the RIFLE MOVEMENT\textsuperscript{502} by the night mail. There will be several of them, at any rate.

Warm regards to your wife and the YOUNG LADIES.

Your

F. E.


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MARX TO FERDINAND FREILIGRATH\textsuperscript{514}

IN LONDON

[London, about 30 November 1859]

Dear Freiligrath,

I am neither Liebknecht's letter-writer, nor his ATTORNEY. I shall, however, send him a copy of that part of your letter which relates to him.

I have decided against the statement I had briefly envisaged, bearing in mind that 'odi profanum vulgus et arceo'.\textsuperscript{a}

While the statement was certainly against Beta, it was for that very reason bound to be also \textit{about} you, as you will have seen from the SUMMARY. If only for that reason, I gave you notice of it, quite apart from the intimacy in which your family and his appear in his \textit{opusculum}.\textsuperscript{b}

You find it unpleasant to have your name mixed up in the Vogt affair. I don't give a damn for Vogt and his infamous lies in the Biel \textit{Handels-Courier},\textsuperscript{c} but I will not have my name used as a mask by democratic tricksters. As you know, if someone is forced to call upon witnesses, no other person can 'object' to being cited as a witness. In accordance with ancient English legal \textit{use}, \textit{RESTIVE WITNESSES} may, \textit{horrible dictu},\textsuperscript{d} actually be crushed to death.

\textsuperscript{a} I loathe the profane rabble and shun it (Horace, \textit{Odes}, III, 1, 1). - \textsuperscript{b} [H.] B[eta,] 'Ferdinand Freiligrath', \textit{Die Gartenlaube}, No. 43, 1859. - \textsuperscript{c} [K. Vogt,] 'Zur Warnung', \textit{Schweizer Handels-Courier}, No. 150 (supplement), 2 June 1859. - \textsuperscript{d} horrible to say
Finally, as regards party considerations, I am used to being treated on behalf of the whole party as target for mud-slinging by the press, and to seeing my private interests constantly damaged by party considerations; on the other hand, I am equally used to being unable to reckon on any kind of private consideration towards myself.

*Salut*

Your

K. M.

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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

London, 10 December 1859

Dear Engels,

Article received.* I trust your health has improved.

As to the Freiligrath business, more in the course of this letter. I presume you saw the *Hermann* of a week ago today containing 'Vorletzte Sitzung des Schiller-Comités', a self-portrait of the scoundrelly bunch of lumpenproletarians which has gathered round Gottfried Kinkel. The article was written by the worthy Beta.

What do you make of Mr Lassalle's notifying *me all at once* of his 'Political Economy'. Does this not explain why my work was, firstly, so much delayed and, secondly, so badly advertised? Lassalle *lives in Duncker's house*, or so I am told by Fischel of Berlin (was in England for a few days; editor of the Berlin *Portfolio*—Urquhartite—of which Nos. 1 and 2 contain excerpts from my anti-Palmerston *pamphlets* on Poland and Unkiar-Skelessi). In

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*a* F. Engels, 'Progress of the Moorish War'. *b* *Hermann*, No. 48, 3 December 1859. *c* A *Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy*. *d* K. Marx, 'Der "wahrhaft" englische Minister und Russland am Bosporus' and 'Lord Palmerston und die polnische Insurrection. 1831' (excerpts from the pamphlet *Lord Palmerston*), *Das Neue Portfolio*, Berlin, 1859, Heft I; 1860, Heft II.
Berlin, it would seem, he (Lassalle) is noted for his vanity. The stick with which he was given a drubbing—a memento bought in Paris, Robespierre's stick—bearing the device, liberté, égalité, fraternité!

I wrote and asked Lassalle whether he might not be able to get hold of some money for me (against a bill on myself which I would give him). He replied saying that he himself was living on credit until July, and had appropriated Duncker's floating surplus. Then he suggested I draw a bill on him (Lassalle), discount it here, and send him the money before it fell due. But over here the name of Lassalle is not, of course, worth 1/100 of a farthing. I have latterly been cited at the county court by sundry fellows—quite small ones, such as the milkman, etc., and can, in fact, see no way out of the crisis which has grown steadily worse for the past half year. Extra expenses, e.g. about £5 for the rotten Volk lawsuit, and Mr Biskamp, whom I have fed for three months (and am not yet quit of), have, indeed, contributed their mite to the predicament. But all in all that made little odds. What is really devilish is not having a Bamberger here in London any more, for there are at present considerable possibilities in regard to bill transactions. Had fat philistine Freiligrath so wished, he might even have procured me a loan, for after all the philistine had the security to hand. But the fellow imagined (and no doubt actually boasted) that he was doing a great deal if, a week before I drew a bill on the Tribune, he loaned me £2 for a week. I have, by the by, made various other attempts to find a usurer. But till now without any result.

I know that you yourself are in a fix as a result of being taken to court recently, and hence am telling you about the state of things only because I feel a need to discuss it with somebody. I hope that our domestic misfortunes won't deter you from coming up here for a few days. It's absolutely essential for my girls to have a 'human being' in the house again for once. The poor children have been too early tormented by domestic misery.

Now ad vocem Freiligrath.

Having waited a week, the philistine wrote the following letter:

'Dear Marx,

'I have received your letter of the 23 inst.' (November) and Liebknecht's of the same date and, in order to simplify matters, am replying to both in this letter to you.'

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a See this volume, p. 319. - b Ibid., p. 524. - c Ibid., pp. 490, 498, 499, 530. - d as to - e See this volume, pp. 539-40.
'As far as Liebknecht's letter is concerned, neither its presumptuous and impertinent tone, nor its content—an unsuccessful attempt to turn the tables—could surprise me! Very nice, I must say! The London correspondent of the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung thinks fit to put my name at Mr Kolb's disposal ad libitum and without previously notifying me; but I, if I protest against that abuse, must first give due notice! The argument used by Liebknecht in support of this pretty doctrine is so jejune that it calls for no serious refutation on my part. I would simply remark that, in no circumstances and for no personal or party considerations whatsoever, shall I put up with arbitrary actions of this nature.

'That's all about and for Liebknecht!

'And now for your letter.

'I gladly allow your objection to the word "conceded" used in my letter to Liebknecht (of 21 November). I set no store by that word. Nor did it conceal any implication of any kind, and I might just as well have used "remarked" or "said". So without further contention I concede your "conceded". If we were both of the same opinion from the start, so much the better!' (The slyboots doesn't tumble to the fact that he is thereby conceding my opinion of Vogt and Blind.)

'As regards your anti-Beta statement you must, of course, do exactly as you think fit. All the same, I believe that your first impulse to ignore the thing was the better one and more worthy of you! Now that you have had more than twice 24 hours for deliberation, you will have decided one way or the other. Whether this way or that is quite immaterial to me!

'You should have wished to inform me beforehand, "as is fitting between friends", of your anti-Beta statement is most deserving of thanks. For that matter your statement, so far as I can see, was to be directed against Beta, not against myself, and hence scarcely called for prior notification of your intention

'At all events let me not omit to mention en revanche that I myself shall probably be publishing another statement in which I shall repeat, once and for all, that I object to the use of my name in connection with the Vogt affair.

'Your
F. Freiligrath.'

Under the circumstances I could, of course, only reply in a very moderate tone to this letter, 'malicious' in intent and adorned with so many!! I therefore wrote by return:

'Dear Freiligrath,

'I am neither Liebknecht's letter-writer, nor his attorney. I shall, however, send him a copy of that part of your letter which relates to him.

'I have decided against the statement I had briefly envisaged, bearing in mind that "odi profanum vulgus et arceo". While the statement was certainly against Beta, it was for that very reason bound to be also about you, as you will have seen from the summary. If only for that reason, I gave you notice of it, quite

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[a] [W. Liebknecht,] 'Erklärung', Allgemeine Zeitung, No. 327 (supplement), 23 November 1859. - [b] by way of a return - [c] See this volume, p. 546. - [d] I loathe the profane rabble and shun it (Horace, Odes, III, I, 1).
apart from the intimacy in which your family and his appear in his *opusculum.*

'You find it unpleasant to have your name mixed up in the Vogt affair. I don't give a damn for Vogt and his infamous lies in the Biel *Handels-Courier,* but I will not have my name used as a mask by democratic tricksters. As you know, if someone is forced to call upon witnesses, no other person can "object" to being cited as a witness. In accordance with ancient English legal use, restless witnesses may, *horribile dictu,* actually be crushed to death.

'Finally, as regards party considerations, I am used to being treated on behalf of the whole party as target for mud-slinging by the press, and to seeing my private interests constantly damaged by party considerations; on the other hand, I am equally used to being unable to reckon on any kind of private consideration towards myself.

'Salut.

Your
K. M.'

To this Freiligrath has not replied, and I don't know exactly what footing we are on now.

Regards to Lupus.

Your
K. M.


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ENGELS TO MARX$^{515}$

IN LONDON

[Manchester, 11 or 12 December 1859]

Dear Moor,

Herewith Post Office Order for £5 payable at Camden Town. Beta is the dirtiest dog I have ever come across. The infamous article$^d$

put me into a real rage. Unfortunately the chap's such a cripple already that no amount of beating could make him more misshapen than he is. However, sometime we shall have to wreak personal vengeance on the rascal. At any rate, some satisfaction can be derived from the fact that Kinkel's beautiful soul is forced to seek its mate in a filthy pig of this kind. Just think what it takes to produce one single Bettziech! Whole generations of crippled moles having, by the Darwinian process of natural selection, evolved to the highest degree the faculty to live on dung, with shit for their chosen element. Filthy, blatant lies and impotent malice—such are the tools with which that mendacious parson Kinkel's bad conscience seeks to keep on its legs. Let us get these fellows once face to face again, and you'll see what becomes of the gang of scoundrels.

Darwin, by the way, whom I'm reading just now, is absolutely splendid. There was one aspect of teleology that had yet to be demolished, and that has now been done. Never before has so grandiose an attempt been made to demonstrate historical evolution in Nature, and certainly never to such good effect. One does, of course, have to put up with the crude English method.

Warm regards to your wife and children.

Your

F. E.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London,] 13 December 1859
9 Grafton Terrace, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill

Dear Engels,

My best thanks for the £5. You can imagine how opportune it was, for in a day or two my wife has to pay an instalment to some fellow at

a Ch. Darwin, On the Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection....
the County Court. Yesterday I attempted one last family coup which may, perhaps, succeed. In which case there would be a chance of our being able to breathe again.

In Russia the movement is progressing better than anywhere else in Europe. On the one hand the constitutionalism of the aristocracy versus the Tsar, on the other of the peasants versus the aristocracy. Moreover, having at long last realised that the Poles have not the least inclination to be dissolved in Slav-Russian nationality, Alexander blustered frightfully. Thus the extraordinary successes of Russian diplomacy during the past 15 years, notably since 1849, are more than counter-balanced. Come the next revolution and Russia will oblige by joining in.

You have, I imagine, read Bonaparte's uneasy document addressed to the préfets in which he demands that exact returns be made of, inter alia, all respectable Orleanists,*124 Legitimists,*303 republicans and socialists, but more especially of ‘reliable’ Bonapartists?

From the enclosed note you will see that that louse, Juch—proprietor of the Hermann—feels entitled to approach me about the Stieber affair.a The rotten swine had deleted from Eichhoff's denunciation of Stieber in the Hermann everything relating to our trial,b the ‘small, insignificant party’ being alluded to only en passant. I shall give the low scoundrel a proper dressing-down while, of course, doing everything in my power to damage that rascal Stieber. Eichhoff, by the by, was simply a tool where all these Stieber revelations were concerned. The business originated with ex-policeman Duncker in Berlin, whose removal in 1848 was largely brought about by Stieber's yapping from the democratic camp. From then on Duncker got his private police to watch Stieber's every step until he finally thought the moment had come for him to be kicked out. Furthermore, that ass Eichhoff was stupid enough to show his ass's ears in his last article from Berlin in the Hermann, in which he wound up his denunciations against Stieber—with what? With the request of the restitutio in integrum of virtuous Police Superintendent Duncker.b

Nothing but fools and rapscallions, all these chaps, against whom Freiligrath bears no grudge, even if they do ‘take liberties with his name'.

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*a [K. W. Eichhoff,] ‘Stieber’, Hermann, Nos. 36-38, 40, 42 and 43; 10, 17, 24 September and 8, 22 and 29 October 1859.  
UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES I HOPE TO SEE YOU HERE FOR SOME DAYS.

Regards to Lupus.

Salut.

Your

K. M.

Little Jenny has made a copy of a Raphael Madonna especially for you, and of 2 wounded French soldiers for Lupus.


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ENGELS TO MARX

IN LONDON

Manchester, [19 December 1859]

7 Southgate

Dear Moor,

I slaved away all day so as to have the afternoon free for the article and, when I came to light the gas, it burnt so low that the whole office had to stop work. At home it’s been worse if anything for almost a week now; the prolonged spell of frost and fog has so increased the consumption of gas during the day that by the evening there’s no pressure at all and hence no light. This makes it impossible for me to do the article today, and anyhow it may well gain by my having to wait until the day after tomorrow or Thursday, since the move from Ceuta against Tetuan should begin any day now.\(^{519}\) Admittedly, this will be pretty awful for you, since it means you’ll have to slave away tomorrow when you had been counting on me.

Siebel has been to Hamburg, where he was told by the literary Bohemians that ‘Freiligrath has broken with Marx’. So you can see how Mr Kinkel is still carrying on the business of article-writing, self-advertising tittle-tattle even now that Mockel\(^a\) is dead. Mr Strodtmann, presently on the Hamburg *Freischütz*, has apparently reverted to being a faithful disciple of Johann Gottfried.\(^b\)

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\(^a\) Johanna Kinkel - \(^b\) Gottfried Kinkel. Engels ironically calls him Johann after his wife, Johanna Kinkel.
My eyes are aching so I'll stop. Warm regards to your wife and children. I can't come at Christmas. G. Ermen has again been making changes at the office and this makes it impossible for me to go away, especially at the year's end, without incurring very great responsibility. I shall come for certain at Easter or Whitsun.

Your
F. E.


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MARX TO ENGELS

IN MANCHESTER

[London.] 20 December 1859

Dear Engels,

You do not appear to have read both Freiligrath's and Blind's statements in the Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung (supplement, of presumably 8, 9, 10 or 11 December). This shows that the rumour that 'Freiligrath has broken with Marx' could have got about without Kinkel's help.

I have had a meeting with Juch about the Stieber proceedings in Berlin (the charge against Eichhoff concerns only his comments about the communist trial—the case comes up on the 22nd—so that the whole of that trial will be re-enacted before the public in Berlin. I've sent Eichhoff my pamphlet. If Schneider, Bürgers, etc., weren't so spineless, they could now take a lovely revenge); he also asked me about the Blind-Freiligrath alliance, of which I was then not yet aware. Unfortunately I am compelled for the time being (on material and 'possibly' political grounds) to show some égards for the chap.

\(^a\) Allgemeine Zeitung, No. 345 (supplement), 11 December 1859. \(^b\) Revelations Concerning the Communist Trial in Cologne. \(^c\) consideration
317. Engels to Jenny Marx. 22 December 1859

In the last issue of the *Hermann*, student Blind got 'Borkheim'\(^a\) to describe him (Blind) as the Kinkel of South Germany.\(^{520}\)

I must now do my article. Don't know what about.

*Salut.*

Your

K. M.


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ENGELS’ TO JENNY MARX

IN LONDON

Manchester, 22 December 1859

Dear Mrs Marx,

I take the liberty today of sending you a dozen bottles of wine for the festive season in the hope that they will be to your liking and contribute to the family's cheer.

The champagne and Bordeaux (Château d'Arcins) can be drunk at once, while the port wine should be allowed to rest a little and won't be in proper condition until about New Year.

I have been frankly annoyed here by the Freiligrath goings-on.\(^b\) It's forever the same old thing with that bellettristic lot; they always want the newspapers to pay them homage, always want their names kept before the public, and the most inept little couplet of their own devising is of greater moment to them than the most tremendous historical event. Since none of this is attainable unless organised by a coterie, it goes without saying that the latter becomes the prime requirement, and we poor communists are, alas, completely useless in that respect; worse still, we are fully alive to the swindle, deride this *organisation du succès*, and ourselves feel almost criminally averse to becoming popular personalities. Now it shows great stupidity if, for these reasons, such a poet feels ill at ease in such a party, for here there is absolutely none of the

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\(^a\) S. L. Borkheim, 'An die Redaktion des *Hermann*', *Hermann*, No 50, 17 December 1859.  
\(^b\) See this volume, pp. 532-36, 543-44 and 548-49.
competition which he is bound to encounter everywhere else—and it shows even greater stupidity if he throws in his lot with a bunch in which competition from a Kinkel is a foregone conclusion. Mais que voulez-vous? In order to exist a poet requires incense, a great deal of incense, and Mrs Poet consumes even more. Competition or no competition, Mrs Poet will always be in raptures for the side which daily parades before the public her noble genius of a Ferdinand, herself, her interesting offspring, her cats, dogs, rabbits, canaries and other vermin, and indeed, showers them with Bengal lights, sentimentality and romantic lies. And what Mrs Poet wants, Mr Poet must needs want also, and this all the more in that madame gives expression to his own innermost thoughts. Das Volk, INDEED! The Gartenlaube is a very different kind of paper, and unctuous Bettziech a very different kind of man from the communists. After all in the Gartenlaube they still treat us as a poet’s family and accord us a weekly mention, nor does crooked Bettziech ever let slip an opportunity to pay us a little compliment or give us a puff.—True, Kinkel is praised far more highly for his poetry, which is greatly inferior to ours, and they publish many more anecdotes about him, but the man is Bettziech’s patron after all, and everything will come right in the end. And then, take the Schiller festival! These communists despise and deride Schiller, so how could one run a Schiller festival with them? But the Schiller festival is more important than all the rest of history put together and, after all, why was Schiller born a 100 years ago if not for us to write a cantata about him today?

And then there is the further consideration that the noble Ferdinand’s poetry pretty well dried up years ago and the little he still manages to extract from his noodle is appallingly bad. This necessitates thinking up DODGES such as collected editions, etc., and that’s something that can’t be done every day. So, in order that one should not be forgotten, a puff becomes daily more of a necessity. Who, IN FACT, ever talked about Freiligrath between 1849 and 1858? Nobody. It was Bettziech who first rediscovered this classic writer, who had been so lost from mind that he was used only as Christmas and birthday presents and no longer figured in literature but in the history of literature. And, of course, nobody was to blame for all this save Karl Marx, with his ‘inspiration’. But once F. Freiligrath has been thoroughly warmed up by the incense

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\[a\] But what can you expect? \[b\] An allusion to Beta’s article ‘Ferdinand Freiligrath’ published in Die Gartenlaube, No. 43, 1859. \[c\] This refers to Freiligrath’s poem ‘Zur Schillerfeier, 10. November 1859. Festlied der Deutschen in London’. See also this volume, p. 511.
of the Gartenlaube, then you'll see what poetry will come bubbling out of him!

How petty, shabby and paltry are the doings of these poets! Give me Siebel any day; he may be a rotten poet, but he does at least know that he is a thorough humbug and all he asks is to be allowed to advertise himself—nowadays a necessary procédé without which he would be a complete nonentity.

But you really mustn't take all this bickering too much to heart. As a 'personage' Freiligrath is bound sooner or later to betray weaknesses such as will put him into our hands when the time is ripe. Meanwhile, no breach if it can be avoided.

I am very sorry that I shan't be able to come up on Friday, but there are such a lot of changes going on here that yesterday, for instance, I had to slave away till 9.45 at night, and there can be no question of getting away.

My warmest regards to Moor and the Young Ladies.

Your

F. Engels


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a Presumably an allusion to a line from Chapter 24 of Heine's satirical poem Atta Troll which describes the hero as 'no talent but a personage'.

b Jenny and Laura Marx