TO OUR READERS.

THE Commonweal has now been in existence for eleven months[1], and the editors think that at the end of this first volume they have some reason to congratulate the Socialist League on the support which its organ has received, and on the progress which it has made in the teeth of more difficulties than usually beset a young paper.

The editors with, they believe, the general assent of the League, have done their best to keep up the literary and educational quality of the journal, but within these lines there have always been some admitted lack of variety. They are glad to think that it is attracting young writers, and hope that this will go on growing, especially as all available talent will be needed when the paper takes a weekly form.

The editors appeal to those outside the Socialist party to subscribe to and read a paper which in the recognised organ of a school of thought and politics which they have no right to be indifferent to if they have any claim to be interested in the progress of human knowledge; the expression of their opinion; however small our beginning may be, they may be assured that it is the cloud no bigger than a man’s hand which is destined to spread over the whole sky.

This number concludes Vol. I. of the Commonweal. It is thought best to make the present volume of the paper a complete one, with an Index for 1885 which will be given away with each number of the January 1886 issue. Covers for binding the 1885 Commonweal can be obtained at the office, price 2d.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

EDWARD AVENING.

FREILIGRATH’S “FREE PRESS.”

(Translated by J. L. JOYNER)

Dearly to his fellow-workers, “Mates,” the master-printer said,

“Let, to meet-to-morrow’s signal, nothing we now but lead.

What, while here is life, and strength, but to stand, to take our fate?

If, to-day, the type is hushed, like a voice in your sets,

But to-night for ammunition melt your metal alphabets!”

“Meltling pots are here in plenty; stoves replenished, coals renewed;

Locked are all the doors that no one may be able to intrude.

Come and set to work — come, set to work, for, to-morrow night,

That our freedom’s manifesto may be brought at least to light.”

Straight he throws a case of letters in the furnace at his feet;

Bubble “diamond” and “long primer,” melted in the fervent heat;

Bubble “Harrs,” “Sturds,” “Shadys,” “Amazons,”— and there they sit,

Sturdy type that needs no more the Census of the Press to fear.

Poured into the mouluds for bullets hisses high the metal then;

Through the livelong autumn night are working twenty honest men;

From the forge and the mill,— the strength of men, and armament.

To make the glasses, the bullets, the lead, and the steel to fall;

Until the smooth and heavy bullets all the type is melted out.

Packed away in bags and baskets lie the stock upon the ground,

Ready to be used at dawn, and hot and sizzling handed round;

Sooth, a stirring morning journal! Never have critics seen before

Such a stern and bold defiance pass the poor old door office.

Lo, the master solds his hands, and knits his brow, and speaks again:

“That it must be force and warfare causes all true workers pain.

Yet, since the day the world was, and grows, so much as they can,

Only in the shape of bullets can our type be free to-day.

“True it is that Force shall fail, that Truth shall crown and conquering smile.

But they trod her underfoot, and flung her into durance vile.

Well, so be it! Down the musket let the rauhstrode drive in,

’Een with that composing-ruler ready still to fight and win!”

Fiercely fly against their forces; pierce their frowning castle walls;

Sing a slanging song of freedom, hurtling through their high-built huts;

Sand the slaves, give them liberty, the day succeeding hours.

To the fool who drew the wrath of this free press upon his head!

Homeward to the true free press returning after strife and strain,

Soon from corpse and wreck and ruin we will dig ye out again;

Shape ye into sharp-cut letters, be ye never so eddy and round;

Ha! a knock upon the door; and hark! I hear the trumpet sound —

There a shot! — And there another! — ’Tis the signal! —Tramp of feet,

Shock and sound of hoofs and horses wake and shake the sleeping street;

For bear the bullets—plant them in the mud and in the clod.

“Morgana and Fausta!” — Nearer, more nearer, — The noise is near! —

Hark: the rattle of the volley! Revolution’s self is here.

LESSONS IN SOCIALISM.

VII.—CONSTANT AND VARIABLE CAPITAL. RATE OF SURPLUS VALUE.

Thus far, in our analysis of Marx’ “Das Kapital,” we have tried to make clear the meaning of the following fundamental terms: constant value (the product of human labor not consumed by the actual producer: ideo, value of that property, that body, nothing is more human than this desire to satisfy a human wants); exchange-value, the proportion in which equal values exchange with other values; value, the human labour embodied in any commodity. We have also seen that the sum of the products of labor forms the exchange of various equal values, and the important equality $M = C + V$. The current price, the capitalist form of exchange, the value M. We have also seen and $M = M + D$, and that the DM or the expression of the returns M. Surplus value is the expression of the power of the capital to extract additional surplus value, which is where the capital and social relations of the laboring people have their foundations in the social relations of the laboring people. If we ask how much additional surplus value is the expression of the power of the capital to extract additional surplus value, the laboring people have their foundations in the social relations of the laboring people.