



All literary communications should be addressed to the Editors of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. They must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

Rejected MSS. can only be returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them.

All business communications to be addressed to the Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 13 Farringdon Road, E.C. Business communications must NOT be sent to the Editors. All remittances should be made in Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE following leaflets have been issued by the League:—No. 1. "Why be Transported?" No. 2. "Down with the Socialists!" No. 3. "To the Radicals"; No. 4. "The Cause of Prostitution"; No. 5. "The Worker's Claims and 'Public Opinion'"; No. 6. "Tram-car Slavery: an Address to Tram-car Men and the Working Class in general." Copies sent to anyone on receipt of stamp for postage, and supplied for distribution at 2s. per 1,000.

NOTICE TO ALL SOCIALISTIC NEWSPAPERS.—The *Commonweal* will be regularly sent to all Socialistic Contemporaries throughout the world, and it is hoped that they on their side will regularly provide the Socialist League with their papers as they may appear.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is invited to the new *Socialist Platform* series. Three numbers are now ready. 1. "Address to Trades Unions." By E. Belfort Bax. 16 pages. 2. "Useful Work v. Useless Toil." By William Morris. 24 pages. 3. "The Factory Hell." By Edward Aveling and Eleanor Marx-Aveling. 16 pages. The above are issued at one penny each. Quantities will be supplied at a cheaper rate for sale or distribution.

WANTED.—Names of comrades willing occasionally to translate from Spanish, Serb, Greek, and Roumanian.

LIVERPOOL.—Anyone willing to form a Labour Emancipation League here is asked to communicate with Fred Willis, 49 Wood Street. Our comrade writes: "If there were several of us united here, we might soon begin the work by issuing Labour Emancipation leaves, on which we could name persons in the various divisions who would receive help, and thus form groups of workers who would make ready for a duly constituted league. Liverpool is so large, that I hope you may know some one in the other districts who will allow his address to be published also."

BEKANNTMACHUNG!—Genosse Theodor hält jeden Donnerstag abend einen Coursus für Elementar Unterricht in der englischen Sprache, woran alle Genossen welche derselben noch nicht mächtig sind, theil zunehmen eingeladen werden. Näheres beim Secretär, 13 Farringdon Road, E. C.

RECEIVED—Cri du Peuple (daily)—Neu Yorker Volkszeitung (weekly)—Sozial Demokrat (weekly)—Anarchist—L'Insurgé—Worker's Friend—Der Sozialist (weekly)—La Revue Socialiste—Neue Zeit—La Question Sociale—Freiheit (weekly)—Il Paria—Ni Dieu ni Maître—The Altruist—Denver Labor Inquirer—Chicago Alarm—Norwich Daylight—Detroit Labor Leaf—Boston Liberty—Union Socialiste—Christian Socialist—Church Reformer—National Review—The Word—Boston Woman's Journal—San Francisco Chronicle—Watchman (N. Z.)—Index—Republican—Cleveland (O.) Carpenter—Journal Vigilance Association—Progress (N. Y.)—Boston (U. S.) Herald—Boston (U. S.) Globe—Boston (U. S.) Beacon—John Swinton's Paper (N. Y.)—Chicago Herald—Recht voor Allen—Sydney (N. S. W.) Morning Herald—National Bulletin—Brambleboro (Vt.) Woman's Magazine—El Angel del Hogar—La Réveil du Forçat—Le Socialiste de Lyon—La Defense des Ouvriers—La Defense des Travailleurs—Tchas (Belgrade)—O Campino (Portugal)—Voz do Operario (Portugal)—Le Socialiste (Paris)—Stockton (Cal.) Mail—Revista Social (Barcelona)—Spread the Light (N. Y.)—Al-moghreb Al-aksa (Tangiers)—Bandera Social (Madrid)—Petersburg (Ill.) Voice of Labor—Drepturile Omului (Bucharest)—O Protesto Operario (Lisbon)—New Haven (Conn.) Workmen's Advocate—Harden (Athens)—Die Parole (St. Louis)

SINCE last acknowledgment books for the library have been received from English, Morris, Sparling, Wardle, and E. Marx-Aveling.

Notice to Members.

Library and Reading Room.—All papers received by the Secretary have been sorted and filed and are at the disposal of members. The librarians, Nicoll and Benson, attend on Mondays and Fridays from 7 to 9 p.m. for the purpose of exchanging books.

Choir.—The choir meet for practice every Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Standing Committees.—Meet on Wednesdays at 7.30 p.m.

General Meeting.—On first Monday in each month at 8.30 p.m.

Discussion Class.—This class, for members only, will meet at Farringdon Hall every Sunday morning at 11, beginning November 1st. See Lecture-Diary.

Note.—The October Issue being entirely exhausted, we have been compelled to go to press with the present number somewhat earlier than usual; this, together with the extreme pressure upon our space, necessitates the omission of many notes and letters. As many of these as are of more than passing interest will be noticed in next number.

The German Socialists are issuing at Zurich a new series of pamphlets to form a "Socialist library," which promises to be very interesting. In addition to new pamphlets, many of the most important contributions to the old *New Rhenish Gazette*, as well as to the later party organ, will be reprinted. The first pamphlet deals with "Society and Private Property," and is an exposition of the "programme" of the Party. This is almost identical with the excellent one issued by the French Socialists in the "Programme du Parti Ouvrier." The second pamphlet is "Karl Marx before the Cologne jury," and besides an introduction by Engels, contains the remarkable "speeches" of the three men accused of "exciting to armed rebellion" at Cologne in 1849.

A most important contribution to the history of the Revolution and of Humanity has been published at Paris. It is the "History of Gracchus Babeuf and of Babouvisme," written from numerous hitherto unpublished documents by M. Victor Advielle. The work forms two fine volumes of 200 octavo pages, printed on hand-made paper. Only 300 of the first edition have been issued, copies of which may be obtained by sending post-office order for 30 francs to the author at 3 rue Gerénégaud, Paris.

THE PILGRIMS OF HOPE.

VII.—IN PRISON—AND AT HOME.

THE first of the nights is this, and I cannot go to bed ;
I long for the dawning sorely, although when the night shall be dead,
Scarce to me shall the day be alive. Twice twenty-eight nights more,
Twice twenty-eight long days till the evil dream be o'er !
And he, does he count the hours as he lies in his prison-cell ?
Does he nurse and cherish his pain ? Nay, I know his strong heart well,
Swift shall his soul fare forth ; he is here, and bears me away,
Till hand in hand we depart toward the hope of the earlier day.
Yea, here or there he sees it : in the street, in the cell, he sees
The vision he bade me behold 'mid the stems of the blossoming trees,
When spring lay light on the earth, and first, and at last I knew
How sweet was his clinging hand, how fair were the deeds he would do.

Nay, how wilt thou weep and be soft and cherish a pleasure in pain,
When the days and their task are before thee and awhile thou must work
for twain ?

O face, thou shalt lose yet more of thy fairness, be thinner no doubt,
And be waxen white and worn by the day that he cometh out !
Hand, how pale thou shalt be ! how changed from the sunburnt hand
That he kissed as it handled the rake in the noon of the summer land !

Let me think then it is but a trifle : the neighbours have told me so ;
"Two months ! why that is nothing and the time will speedily go."
'Tis nothing—O empty bed, let me work then for his sake !
I will copy out the paper which he thought the News might take,
If my eyes may see the letters ; 'tis a picture of our life
And the little deeds of our days ere we thought of prison and strife.

Yes, neighbour, yes I am early—and I was late last night ;
Bedless I wore through the hours and made a shift to write.
It was kind of you to come, nor will it grieve me at all
To tell you why he's in prison and how the thing did befall ;
For I know you are with us at heart, and belike will join us soon.
It was thus : we went to a meeting on Saturday afternoon,
At a new place down in the West, a wretched quarter enough,
Where the rich men's houses are elbowed by ragged streets and rough,
Which are worse than they seem to be. (Poor thing ! you know too well
How pass the days and the nights within that bricken hell !)
There, then, on a bit of waste we stood 'twixt the rich and the poor ;
And Jack was the first to speak ; that was he that you met at the door
Last week. It was quiet at first ; and dull they most of them stood
As though they heeded nothing, nor thought of bad or of good,
Not even that they were poor, and haggard and dirty and dull :
Nay, some were so rich indeed that they with liquor were full,
And dull wrath rose in their souls as the hot words went by their ears,
For they deemed they were mocked and rated by men that were more than
their peers.

But for some, they seemed to think that a prelude was all this
To the preachment of saving of souls, and hell, and endless bliss ;
While some (O the hearts of slaves !) although they might understand,
When they heard their masters and feeders called thieves of wealth and of
land,

Were as angry as though *they* were cursed. Withal there were some that
heard,

And stood and pondered it all, and garnered a hope and a word.
Ah ! heavy my heart was grown as I gazed on the terrible throng.
Lo ! these that should have been the glad and the deft and the strong,
How were they dull and abased as the very filth of the road !
And who should waken their souls or clear their hearts of the load ?

The crowd was growing and growing, and therewith the jeering grew ;
And now that the time was come for an ugly brawl I knew,
When I saw how midst of the workmen some well-dressed men there came,
Of the scum of the well-to-do, brutes void of pity or shame ;
The thief is a saint beside them. These raised a jeering noise,
And our speaker quailed before it, and the hubbub drowned his voice.
Then Richard put him aside and rose at once in his place,
And over the rags and the squalor beamed out his beautiful face,
And his sweet voice rang through the tumult, and I think the crowd would
have hushed

And hearkened his manly words ; but a well-dressed reptile pushed
Right into the ring about us and screeched out infamies
That sickened the soul to hearken ; till he caught my angry eyes
And my voice that cried out at him, and straight on me he turned,
A foul word smote my heart and his came on my shoulders burned.
But e'en as a kestril stoops down Richard leapt from his stool
And drove his strong right hand amidst the mouth of the fool.
Then all was mingled together, and away from him was I torn,
And, hustled hither and thither, on the surging crowd was borne ;
But at last I felt my feet, for the crowd began to thin,
And I looked about for Richard that away from thence we might win ;
When lo, the police amidst us, and Richard hustled along
Betwixt a pair of blue-coats as the doer of all the wrong !

Little longer, friend, is the story ; I scarce have seen him again ;
I could not get him bail despite my trouble and pain ;
And this morning he stood in the dock : for all that that might avail,
They might just as well have dragged him at once to the destined jail.
The police had got their man and they meant to keep him there,
And whatever tale was needful they had no trouble to swear.

Well the white-haired fool on the bench was busy it seems that day,
And so with the words "Two months," he swept the case away ;
Yet he lectured my man ere he went, but not for the riot indeed
For which he was sent to prison, but for holding a dangerous creed.
"What have you got to do to preach such perilous stuff ?
To take some care of yourself should find you work enough.
If you needs must preach or lecture, then hire a chapel or hall ;
Though indeed if you take my advice you'll just preach nothing at all,
But stick to your work : you seem clever, who knows but you might rise,
And become a little builder should you condescend to be wise ?
For in spite of your silly sedition, the land that we live in is free,
And opens a pathway to merit for you as well as for me."

Ah friend, am I grown light-headed with the lonely grief of the night,
That I babble of this babble? Woe's me, how little and light
Is this beginning of trouble to all that yet shall be borne—
At worst but as the shower that lays but a yard of the corn
Before the hailstorm cometh and flattens the field to the earth.

O, for a word from my love of the hope of the second birth!
Could he clear my vision to see the sword creeping out of the sheath
Inch by inch as we writhe in the toils of our living death!
Could he but strengthen my heart to know that we cannot fail;
For alas, I am lonely here; helpless and feeble and frail;
I am e'en as the poor of the earth, e'en they that are now alive;
And where is their might and their cunning with the mighty of men to
strive?

Though they that come after be strong to win the day and the crown,
Ah, ever must we the deedless to the deedless dark go down,
Still crying, "To-morrow, to-morrow, to-morrow yet shall be
The new-born sun's arising o'er happy earth and sea"—
And we not there to greet it—for to-day and its life we yearn,
And where is the end of toiling and whitherward now shall we turn
But to patience, ever patience, and yet and yet to bear;
And yet, forlorn, unanswered as oft before to hear,
Through the tales of the ancient fathers and the dreams that mock our
wrong,
That cry to the naked heavens, "How long, O Lord! how long?"

WILLIAM MORRIS.

HOW NOT TO TRANSLATE MARX.

THE first volume of "Das Kapital" is public property, as far as translation into foreign languages are concerned. Therefore, although it is pretty well known in English Socialist circles that a translation is being prepared and will be published under the responsibility of Marx's literary executors, nobody would have a right to grumble if that translation were anticipated by another, so long as the text was faithfully and equally well rendered.

The first few pages of such a translation by John Broadhouse, are published in the October number of *To-Day*. I say distinctly that it is very far from being a faithful rendering of the text, and that because Mr. Broadhouse is deficient in every quality required in a translator of Marx.

To translate such a book, a fair knowledge of literary German is not enough. Marx uses freely expressions of everyday life and idioms of provincial dialects; he coins new words, he takes his illustrations from every branch of science, his allusions from the literatures of a dozen languages; to understand him, a man must be a master of German indeed, spoken as well as written, and must know something of German life too.

To use an illustration. When some Oxford Undergraduates rowed in a four-oar boat across the straits of Dover, it was stated in the Press reports that one of them "caught a crab." The London correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* took this literally, and faithfully reported to his paper, that "a crab had got entangled in the oar of one of the rowers." If a man who has been living for years in the midst of London is capable of such a ludicrous blunder as soon as he comes across the technical terms of an art unknown to him, what must we expect from a man who with a passable knowledge of mere book-German, undertakes to translate the most untranslatable of German prose writers? And indeed we shall see that Mr. Broadhouse is an excellent hand at "catching crabs."

But there is something more required. Marx is one of the most vigorous and concise writers of the age. To render him adequately, a man must be a master, not only of German, but of English too. Mr. Broadhouse, however, though evidently a man of respectable journalistic accomplishments, commands but that limited range of English used by and for conventional literary respectability. Here he moves with ease; but this sort of English is not a language into which "Das Kapital" can ever be translated. Powerful German requires powerful English to render it; the best resources of the language have to be drawn upon; new-coined German terms require the coining of corresponding new terms in English. But as soon as Mr. Broadhouse is faced by such a difficulty, not only his resources fail him, but also his courage. The slightest extension of his limited stock-in-trade, the slightest innovation upon the conventional English of everyday literature frightens him, and rather than risk such a heresy, he renders the difficult German word by a more or less indefinite term which does not grate upon his ear but obscures the meaning of the author; or, worse still, he translates it, as it recurs, by a whole series of different terms, forgetting that a technical term has to be rendered always by one and the same equivalent. Thus, in the very heading of the first section, he translates *Werthgrösse* by "extent of value," ignoring that *grösse* is a definite mathematical term, equivalent to magnitude, or determined quantity, while extent may mean many things besides. Thus even the simple innovation of "labour-time" for *Arbeitszeit*, is too much for him; he renders it by (1) "time-labour," which means, if anything, labour paid by time or labour done by a man "serving" time at hard labour; (2) "time of labour," (3) "labour-time," and (4) "period of labour," by which term (*Arbeitsperiode*) Marx, in the second volume, means something quite different. Now as is well known, the "category" of labour-time is one of the most fundamental of the whole book, and to translate it by four different terms in less than ten pages is more than unparadonable.

Marx begins with the analysis of what a commodity is. The first aspect under which a commodity presents itself, is that of an object of utility; as such it may be considered with regard either to its quality

or its quantity. "Any such thing is a whole in itself, the sum of many qualities or properties, and may therefore be useful in different ways. To discover these different ways and therefore the various uses to which a thing may be put, is the act of history. So, too, is the finding and fixing of socially recognised standards of measure for the quantity of useful things. The diversity of the modes of measuring commodities arises partly from the diversity of the nature of the objects to be measured, partly from convention."

This is rendered by Mr. Broadhouse as follows: "To discover these various ways, and consequently the multifarious modes in which an object may be of use, is a work of time. So, consequently, is the finding of the social measure for the quantity of useful things. The diversity in the bulk of commodities arises partly from the different nature," etc.

With Marx, the finding out of the various utilities of things constitutes an essential part of historic progress; with Mr. Broadhouse, it is merely a work of time. With Marx the same qualification applies to the establishment of recognised common standards of measure. With Mr. B., another "work of time" consists in the "finding of the social measure for the quantity of useful things," about which sort of measure Marx certainly never troubled himself. And then he winds up by mistaking *Masse* (measures) for *Masse* (bulk), and thereby saddling Marx with one of the finest crabs that was ever caught.

Further on, Marx says: "Use-values form the material out of which wealth is made up, whatever may be the social form of that wealth" (the specific form of appropriation by which it is held and distributed). Mr. Broadhouse has: "Use values constitute the actual basis of wealth which is always their social form"—which is either a pretentious platitude or sheer nonsense.

The second aspect under which a commodity presents itself, is its exchange-value. That all commodities are exchangeable, in certain varying proportions, one against the other, that they have exchange-values, this fact implies that they contain something which is common to all of them. I pass over the slovenly way in which Mr. Broadhouse here reproduces one of the most delicate analyses in Marx's book, and at once proceed to the passage where Marx says: "This something common to all commodities cannot be a geometrical, physical, chemical or other natural property. In fact their material properties come into consideration only in so far as they make them useful, that is, in so far as they turn them into use-values." And he continues: "But it is the very act of making abstraction from their use-values which evidently is the characteristic point of the exchange-relation of commodities. Within this relation, one use-value is equivalent to any other, so long as it is provided in sufficient proportion."

Now Mr. Broadhouse: "But on the other hand, it is precisely these Use-values in the abstract which apparently characterise the exchange-ratio of the commodities. In itself, one Use-value is worth just as much as another if it exists in the same proportion."

Thus, leaving minor mistakes aside, Mr. Broadhouse makes Marx say the very reverse of what he does say. With Marx, the characteristic of the exchange-relation of commodities is the fact, that total abstraction is made of their use-values, that they are considered as having no use-values at all. His interpreter makes him say, that the characteristic of the exchange ratio (of which there is no question here) is precisely their use-value, only taken "in the abstract"! And then, a few lines further on, he gives the sentence of Marx: "As Use-values, commodities can only be of different quality, as exchange-values they can only be of different quantity, containing not an atom of Use-value," neither abstract nor concrete. We may well ask: "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

To this question it becomes impossible to answer in the affirmative, when we find Mr. Broadhouse repeating the same misconception over and over again. After the sentence just quoted, Marx continues: "Now, if we leave out of consideration" (that is, make abstraction from) "the use-values of the commodities, there remains to them but one property: that of being the products of labour. But even this product of labour has already undergone a change in our hands. If we make abstraction from its use-value, we also make abstraction from the bodily components and forms which make it into a use-value."

This is Englished by Mr. Broadhouse as follows: "If we separate Use-values from the actual material of the commodities, there remains" (where? with the use-values or with the actual material?) "one property only, that of the product of labour. But the product of labour is already transmuted in our hands. If we abstract from it its use-value, we abstract also the stamina and form which constitute its use-value."

Again, Marx: "In the exchange-relation of commodities, their exchange-value presented itself to us as something perfectly independent of their use-values. Now, if we actually make abstraction from the use-value of the products of labour, we arrive at their value, as previously determined by us." This is made by Mr. Broadhouse to sound as follows: "In the exchange-ratio of commodities their exchange-value appears to us as something altogether independent of their use-value. If we now in effect abstract the use-value from the labour-products, we have their value as it is then determined." There is no doubt of it. Mr. Broadhouse has never heard of any other acts and modes of abstraction but bodily ones, such as the abstraction of money from a till or a safe. To identify abstraction and subtraction, will, however, never do for a translator of Marx.

Another specimen of the turning of German sense into English nonsense. One of the finest researches of Marx is that revealing the duplex character of labour. Labour, considered as a producer of use-value, is of a different character, has different qualifications from the same labour, when considered as a producer of value. The one is