Communications on Social Questions. They should be written on one side of the paper, addressed to the Editors, 15 Farrington Rd., R.C., and accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

As all articles are reviewed, no special significance attaches to them because of their position in these pages. None to be taken as more than in a general manner expressing the views of the League as a body, except as so explicitly declared by the Editors. Rejected MSS. only returned if a stamped directed envelope is forwarded with them.

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Business communications to be addressed to Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 15 Farrington Rd., R.C., Postal Orders or halfpenny stamps.

CLUB SECRETARY.—We shall be pleased to insert notices of lectures regularly if you send them in time. We make no charge.

G. F.—The "White Terror" was that which followed the restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, when the clericals and reactionaries took a wild and sweeping vengeance.


M. S.—Warren Hastings, Governor-General of India, was tried by the peers on July 11, 1820, for committing "a great fraud, a great crime, a great massacre, the taking of slaves, etc. The trial lasted 145 days, covering seven years and three months; beginning February 13, 1815, ending with his acquittal April 28, 1823." Sheridan's was chief among the great speeches delivered in the course of it.


Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday December 19.

TALK AND ART.

The Art Congress (or whatever is the proper name for it) at which I was last week, may easily be made a mark at which to shafts of ridicule. The crowds of lion-worshipping ladies, the many worthy artists set up to speak about an art which is above all things a matter of the instructed eye and deft hand; and many of them into the haggard but poor speakers, in all senses of the word (small blame to them for that same, since above all things their craft is of doing). The bands of idle busy-bodies; the stock phrases bandied about by people, who, if questioned about them, would have been able to give but a sorry account of their meaning; and which phrases, when repeated to a reasonable person for the fifteenth time, became at last difficult to reply to with the amiably grim expected on the occasion instead of in, "Oh! of course! of course!" 

But the manifestation of the set of fashion towards "earnestness" in the minor arts is encouraging enough, and I thought I discerned in the faces of my Scotch countrymen when I met them that the shame-facedness which I myself felt. Nor did I wonder that the "manufacturers" lay low under the storm of open denunciation and implied censure and scorn which was the leading feature of the Congress: say, I had no uncertainty from knowledge of the fact of women having to carry on the business of their homes, to whom all the expense, as if they were saying, "Well, after all, this fine gathering for talk, and all its materials, including the well-fed, well-clothed, well housed artists—women who have been through hands before they got here, and by no means unfairly for us. You also our friends the artists, are our slaves, though your tether may be something rather than that of our factory hands; nor do we much heed your talk, for it, and your Congress and your village industries do us no harm on the one hand, and are rather good for trade on the other. In short, we are the masters of the situation, and you cannot help it; and indeed the greater part of you would be very sorry to help it if you could, and sacrifice your comforts to disturbance in the present and severity of life in the future."

That at first seemed to me to be the mocking echo of our talk at last year; I have a doubt not of the correctness of the latter in that horrible South Lancashire by all the murmuring sea of talk. Yet after all even this set of fashion against commercial production on one side of it, and the silence of the manufacturers under it, are tokens of the slackening of the spirit of criticism and the cheapening which your system is healthy and flourishing does not protest against and is not conscious of any loss which it suffers from the necessary process of simplification. You have brought, and only think of fresh gains to be obtained by the perfection of the processes which has been found necessary to the conditions of life of the passing day. Nor, in spite of their chockling, are the manufacturers in the ancient game, you see that.

They are driven by necessity to find work for the demons which they have created, and which threatens to eat them up. Perhaps it is the knowledge or suspicion of this fact that keeps them silent under the attack of the artists. Else one would have expected to have seen many utterances like a clever letter published the other day in the Manchester Guardian, the writer of which told the artists roundly that his "aim is to make everybody a "manufacturer" or a "manufac-
turer's assistant." To him the sickly, which not because it produces yarn which the public can use, but because it produces "hands" whom the manufacturers can use; so no wonder that "P.'s" aim is to realise a world for the manufacture of market-wares—i.e., manufac-
turers' goods—made without the will of the makers and in the teeth of their miserable aim.

And what for? That Manchester may be made. And why should Manchester be made? That market-goods bearing a profit may be made without any respect to quality, or even shape. Why? For the sake of human industry. The aim is that all men should be artists. Folly! cries "P.," and perhaps also some of our readers. But wait a little! What is an artist? A man who works at useful work that is fit for him and according to his own will. Therefore the artists are right in their aim; for when work is so done the world will be happy, but not before. Here is a worthy aim indeed; whereas "P. and his brethren have it no aim, nothing more than an interest in getting on living at the expense of the world's useful work.

I say again, in wishing to make all people artists, the artists are absolutely right, whatever follies they may be entangled in while they are unconscious of their own aim. And I say further, that those of them who are worth anything will not long remain unconscious of their aim. They see through the hypocrisy about the world-grief, with which the Philistines try to sentimentalise faith, stink, and hideousness; their desire is that all the animals have led lives which are worthy of the earth, as to demand beauty and interest in life themselves at any rate, and they will soon find out that they cannot have this except by means of the co-operation of the labour that produces the ordinary wares of life; and that co-operation again they cannot have as long as the workmen are dependent on the will of a master. They must co-operate consciously and willingly for livelihood, and out of that free co-operation springing, even in expression of co-operation on the one hand, they may call art. Then those spinning jennies which so affect "P.'s" soul will be used for producing yarn which we want, and not yarns that we only want to sell. William Morris.

NOTICE.

Subscribers who find any red mark against this notice are thereby reminded that their subscriptions have expired and must be renewed before the New Year if they wish to continue to receive COMMONWEAL.

Engine-drivers' Hours.—What does Colonel Rich mean when, in his address at the meeting of the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, he presents to the Board of Trade the hours of duty of the engine-
driver in such a form as he has selected? He says the driver commenced work at 4.45, but it was not working between 7.30 and 12.37, p.m. and 1 and 2 p.m. at 7.18 p.m. he came into collision, but Col. Rich declines to say that he had been on duty at 1.45 as he had been engaged in a flash of his engine before it began to run. If Col. Rich is so ignorant of railway matters as to believe that in those intervals he has quoted the driver had nothing to do but twirl his thumbs or lie on his back? If he is so credulous as to believe such things, the fact is to be deplored that one holding such a position as he does should be so easily gullible.—Railway Review.