Communications invited on Social Questions. They should be written on one side of the paper and signed by the name and address of the writer, not necessary for publication.

As all articles are signed, no special signature attaches to them because of their position in this paper. None to be taken as more than a general manner expressing the views of the Editor as a body, except it be explicitly declared by the Editors.

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Business communications to be addressed to Manager of the COMMONWEAL, 15 Farringdon Road, E.C. Remittances in Postal Orders or half-crowns approved.

C. D.—There have been several celebrated men of John Bull’s name, among them two sassenachs. One, a Puritan divine (1650-1664), of whom Richard Baxter says he deserved “as high esteem and honour as the best bishop in England”; and the other a Presbyterian minister (1680-1745), also C. D. Maurice, author of “English Popular Leaders in the Middle Ages,” but are very far from the level of the labor work.

Periodicals received during the week ending Wednesday June 27.

R. I.

Relation English News 2.
Jutland 2.
London News 3.
Labour Tribunes 1.
Lion's—Prix Dose 2.
Newport—Daylight 2.
Nature Reviews 1.
Telegraph Review 2.

FRANCE

Partie—Or de Punja (daily) 1.
Le Parti Ouvrier 1.
La革新火 1.

HOLLAND

Hague—Broadsheet Allen 1.
Le Bulletin 1.
Brussels (Guillet—Le Revue 1.

THOUGHTS ON EDUCATION UNDER CAPITALISM.

The other day I heard Mr. Charles Leland (better known as Hans Breitman) speak on the teaching of the “minor arts” (we want trouble for the present as to what they are) and he told us he was engaged in carrying out a plan (in America) by which all children should be taught these arts and so gain an interest in handicrafts which he thought, and I heartily agree, would be a great aid to the art and the sense.

Quently to the happiness of people generally. Mr. Leland said that he had been engaged in this work of educating children’s bands for many years, and be expected success to follow his efforts, a success which would mean, if it were worth speaking of, that the interest in sound workmanship combined with beauty would become general, and that a demand for such work would follow and compel the manufacturers to get such work turned out.

But such success is impossible even supposing that hundreds of persons were following Mr. Leland’s laudable example. It would indeed be possible enough, say it would be certain, if the capitalists the “manufacturers” were the servants of society as they sometimes pro, feas to be; but who shall force such a prodigious change upon them? success even in such a minor matter as this would indicate, so long as they are the masters of society, which is their real position? For Mr. Leland’s scheme means, if it were logically carried out, i.e., if it were successful, the substitution of handicraft for “manufacturing” in all the ways of which art or beauty forms a part and which admit of being done by handicraft, in short to take us back to the Middle Ages as far as these wares are concerned. But it is clear that the wares so produced, will, if the labour on them is decently paid, cost so much more than the manufactured wares which they are intended to supplant, that only rich people with a whim for art will be able to buy them; they will not be produced in any great quantity, and if there should be a demand for them, the manufacturers would imitate them by machinery and “organized labour,” and cheat them out of existence; or indeed if the whim of rich people for the genuine article still went on, another process of cheapening would be resorted to; wholesale dealers in such articles would exploit the unfortunate handicraftsmen (or women), whose cheap work would certainly be largely used for such wares. They would take advantage of the competition for the most miserable livelihoods in the world; people in dire necessity to produce “cheap art” for the swelling of their own purse; thing grew it would be a favourite form of exploitation, as it would require little capital and little managerial capacity, and would have a dash of philanthropy and “practical remedy” about it, which would help to make such weaving an honourable as well as pleasant occupation. Cheap art indeed—and nasty! But in all probability the fashions for such articles would be limited and transitory, and all that would happen to the persons educated into a capacity for and in refined handicraft would be that they would have to be used up in the mere mechanical drudgery of commercial production.

But it is not the matter of art that I wish to illustrate by the mention of this feeble attempt of Mr. Leland and others (for the kind of futility is common enough). It is rather the relation of our capitalist system to general education. For just as the capitalists would at once capture this education in craftsmen’s mind, so much as the average working man (of any grade) really acquire this capacity by means of the short period of education which he is painfully dragged through I doubt it. Though even our mechanical school system cannot crush out natural bent towards the arts (with the literature of observation and imagination which that word means) yet certainly its dull round will hardly impart such a taste in any one’s mind; and as for the caput mortuum, the dead mass of material, such as the workman comes away with when his “education” is over, he will and must soon forget this when he finds out that it is of little use to him and gives him no pleasure.

I must say in passing that on the few occasions that I have been inside a Board-school, I have been more depressed by the mechanical drill that was too obviously being applied there to all the varying students of society and ages. My heart was saddened by the sight of almost all the arts, literature and what may be called the intellectual work of the common people, but it ameliorated by the knowledge that must be the contributions towards life, and I thought how much luckier I was to have been born well enough off to be sent to a school where I was taught—and nothing; but learned archéology and romance on the Wiltshire downs.

And then supposing the worker to be really educated, to have acquired both the information and the taste for reading which Mr. McChesney’s child will do to allow him under the most favourable circumstances, how will this treasure of knowledge and sympathy accord with his daily life? Will it not make his dull task seem fuller? Will it not increase the suffering of the workshop or the factory to him? And if so, must he not rather strive to forget than strive to remember? Will not nature force him to that? I cannot help thinking that as a rule it must be so, unless he has joined the ranks of the discontented; in which case he will gain something of pleasure from mere bitterness and railing if he is not a Socialist, and how much more than that some of our readers know well, if he is one.

If I am told that this is all a figment, I am prepared to fortify it by my own observation. I have often been told by working-men (Socialist and others) that they cannot read books; are too tired with the day’s work to do so, and the like. Also amongst my middle-class acquaintances, who believe that they work hard, I meet with men who clearly do not read books, and therefore, I suppose, cannot; and I move in more cases in a circle that has decided literary tendencies. By workmen and other persons who have this leisure, I put them to conclusions on this point no more favourable than mine.

There then is the enormous mass of printed paper which is not books or literature, but which the public pays for every day, since I suppose a general faculty once acquired possesses habits even when it is the mechanical one of reading print. The quality of this joint product of paper-maker, compositor, and sub-editor, confirms my previous remarks, for no doubt there is no use for the wares has any chance of success if it has more than the merest suspicion of a flavour of literature or thoughtfulness, as we have often been told when the prospects of the Commonweal have been under the better chance it has of success, but that if it intends to succeed it must
appeal to habits that are as much skin to the reasonable aims of education as is the twiddling of a bit of string by a figdgety person. I believe, indeed, it is thought by some that this habit of the con- sumers is a sufficient reason for their existence. Good! the second step, I take it, will be the cessation of that habit.

All this betokens the end towards which our shan Society directs its efforts. It is the end of Waller's cause, and all the means that his followers use, and the position of the United States, are additions to it. The dealings are directed to, the sustaining and easy working of its usurpation of true Society. People are "educated" to become work- men, or the employ of workmen, or the employment of the employers, they are not educated to become employers. With this condition every other condition under which true education can go on are impossible. For the first and most necessary of these are leisure and deliberation; and leisure and deliberation mean the right of habeas corpus. Nothing remains by grant to his slave as long as he grants it rations; when the leisure begins the rations end. Constant toll it the only terms on which they are to be had, and that can make the continuous, hopeless, mechanical drudgery of the man who whatever he produces will have all taken from him that exceeds a bare subsistence.

In this, our position, as to our enemies, the masters of Society, is good for one thing, the creation of discontent. I doubt it will serve us in no other way. —WILLIAM MORRIS.

REVOLUTIONARY CALENDAR.
WEEEDING JULY 7, 1885.

1 Sun. 1867. T. F. Meagher drowned.
2 Mon. 1864. Battle of Marston Moor. 1846. Anti-Corn Law League
4 Wed. 1776. Declaration of Independence. 1777. Trial of John Horne
5 Thur. 1786. Trial of John McCaun, W. B. Byrne, and Oliver Bond for for treason.
7 Sat. 1797. Trial of David Maclean for high treason. 1831. W. Cobbett tried for sedition.

The Declaration of Independence."—The 4th of July, 1776, witnessed the appeal to the world of the United British Colonies of North America, announce- that they would they would with their lives, their fortunes and their estates, and that without the power to defend there forever hid.

Thomas Francis Meagher.—Born at Waterford, August 3, 1823; drowned near Providence, R. I., August 1, 1867. Educated at Clongowes Jesuit College and Stonyhurst. Left college in 1842, and after making a very good preliminary speech at the great national meeting at Kilkenny, presided over by O'Connell, when only 18 years old, he was sent to Paris with an address from the Confederation to the Provisional Government, and on his return brought an Irish oration which he presented to the citizens of Dublin in the name of France in a fiery patriotic speech. Arrested March 21, 1848, in Paris, and sent to the Bastille. Elected to the Chamber of Deputies for Queen's Bench; while on bail the Treason Felony Act was passed, and he was immediately re-estimated under the act and sentenced to death in October, 1848. Sentence afterwards commuted for transportation for life, and he was sent to Tasmania, which was then the worst penal settlement in the United States. He studied for the bar and was admitted, but at the outbreak of the war of 1861 he returned to Ireland and took a prominent part in the war. At the close of the war he became Secretary of Montana Territory, and in September, 1866, was made Governor pro tem. While engaged in taking measures for the protection of settlers from the Indians, he fell off the back of his horse, and died the next night and was not missed at the time. His body was never recovered. By dying then he opened the breach of the treachery of the United States Govern- ment, which had got the hearty support of the American-Irish through a rather matter-of-fact implied promise of a quick pro quo when the latter were fighting England.—S.

Battle of Marston Moor.—This famous struggle of the Civil War, fought within a few miles of our Grand Army Park. It was a battle fought by the very "gentlemen of England." Here Cromwell first came to the fore as the master spirit in that field of relentless spirit. The Scotch army under Leslie and two English armies under For were greatly defeated by the royal stronghold, the capital of the Yorkers. The ever restless Rupert raised the siege of Oxford and was defeated at Marston Moor by Cromwell, who gave battle at the moor near lay. The Parliament army was almost routed, the situation was desperate, but Lord Fairfax, the commander-in-chief, who had charge of the regiment of "Ironsides." The result is almost like an Arabian fable. Fairfax with the bodies of thousands of slaughtered Royalists, of whom with grim satisfaction the Parliament's soldiers, were many whose faces so rich and ducal betokens the hitherto insurmountable death of every man, the blood and the weakness of the South to recast his shattered ranks, while a whole body of the new men. They were the brothers Cavendish, the brothers Withering- to the Low Countries, to gather courage for the Nearby Field in the following year. It is interesting to note how strongly the soldiers of the new men, the weakened through hopelessness and the temperaments of the two of the Cavendish. The Marquis of Newcastle, though jealous like others of Rupert, nevertheless fought to the bitter end, while Sir Charles Caven- dish, the chosen leader of the "Devil's Own," the Templars from London, a little men never did in their lives, although they did not know the prodigal of valor, though unable to meet the glorious fate of his cousin and namesake who died in the war surrounded by enemies who gave no quarter but received many a death blow before they pulled down their prey. Britain is divided to-day between two sects, the sects of the houses of Cavendish and Cecill. The first is a sect of the rich and the second is a sect of the poor. It is not love. It is a common mistake to speak of the Cavendish as spring simply fighting with the counties. They are fighting with each other, not with their position with almost unexampled valor, and never professed any hypo- critical regard for the democracy. They boast that their progenitors, not Lord W. R. G. and a long list of well-known names, which raise strange thoughts of the puritanic chivalry of the 17th century. They have fought only the day only the faintest of memories, while others are still alive and fighting. The story is that on February 10, 1848, a new state was born, which was carried on, which has no equal in the way of agitation and propaganda of lies. It is urged that the Cobdenites, as they are called, were men of only one line, that a poor one, that may be quite true, but may also be urged that they attacked a giant monoply, strong in years of precedent and vested interests of immense value. The fight was blazed for the monopolist fought to the death or at least secured good terms at the finish; for, although the Bill for repeal of England was on the statute books, the Bill, which was signed by W. R. G., was on the statute books, the Bill, which was signed by him, on the 1st of April, 1849. Byron in "The Age of Bronze," says, giving a really vivid summing up of the position attacked by the Cobdenites, and for a seven years' fight a very fair show was made in that campaign of the present agitation.