

all kinds, to call into existence factory-life on as large a scale as possible, as though this were one thing needed to make communities prosperous and happy. Wealth, no doubt, the factory-hand produces, and possibly he may prove hereafter to be good material for the community and the Parliament of Man, but he is about the worst of all material for the nation. He is apt to be a citizen of the labor market and to have those socialistic or half-socialistic tendencies with which patriotism cannot dwell. England has been inordinately enriched by the vast development of her manufactures. But for her force, perhaps even for her happiness, it would be better if Yorkshire streams still ran unpolluted to the sea and beside them dwelt English hearts. It seems at all events scarcely possible that such an electorate should continue to hold and administer the Indian Empire.

Some day we may be sure the schism in the Anglo-Saxon race will come to a end. Intercourse and intermarriage, which are every day increasing; the kindly words and acts of the wiser and better men on both sides; the influence of a common literature and the exchange of international courtesies and good offices—these, with all-healing time, will at last do their work. The growing sense of a common danger will cause Americans, if they hold property and love order, to give up gratifying their hatred of England by fomenting disorder in Ireland. The feud will cease to be cherished, the fetish of hatred will cease to be worshipped, even by the meanest members of either branch of the race. No peddler of international rancor will then be any longer able to circulate his villain sheets and rake up his shekels by trading on the