

and dirt emitted from half a million of chimneys renders the aspect of misery more hideous. The city being built on the ancient model, the streets are too narrow and tortuous for street railways; the workman, therefore, cannot live at a distance from his work, and the quarters in which work is to be found are necessarily overcrowded. The precarious character of the employment on the Docks, which cannot be helped, as the demand for hands must vary with the arrivals, is also an accidental cause of suffering which affects thousands of people. There is another cause which cannot be called accidental, inasmuch as it is capable of removal, but which nobody as yet has thought of removing. We mean the constant influx into London of destitute foreigners, especially of Polish Jews. The Americans turned back, the other day, a large consignment of these vagrants; and it is difficult to see why, when the labour market of London is already more than glutted, the London poor should not be entitled to the same protection. So long as unlimited immigration is permitted, all attempts to improve habitations, or otherwise to raise the condition of the people, will be merely pouring water into a sieve. It is a pity that Mr. Sims should allow himself to indulge in acrimonious declamation about the worthlessness of British freedom and British empire to the unfortunate inhabitants of the slums. He might as well declaim about the worthlessness of freedom and empire to a man dying of cancer, or to one who had been born blind. Even these children of misfortune are better off; at all events they have more chances of relief in the domain of a great and vigorous civilisation, full of moral energy and sensibility, than they would have as denizens of a nation which was one vast poorhouse and lazaret-house, such as Spain was in her decay. In Mr. Sims's pages the form of active charity, penetrating into the lowest lairs and dens, is frequently seen, and he says himself that though the case of the present generation is almost hopeless, he hopes every thing for the next generation from the influence of compulsory education. Two things, he says, are specially to be noted in these days of revived confidence in the universal action of the State. One is that the Artisans' Dwellings Act and the Improvement Acts have practically done mischief by tearing down blocks of houses which, though bad, were tenanted by the respectable poor, and compelling their former inhabitants to find lodgings in the haunts of crime. The other is that the extraordinary powers conferred on municipalities for the application of the Acts have been used, certainly in one case, and, as there is reason to suspect, in others, for the objects of gross jobbery. Let Mr. Chamberlain look into the results of this experiment before he invests municipalities with the power of expropriation for the purpose of inaugurating a revolution in the tenure of land.

### THE FALL OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

"THE Fall of the Great Republic," which is having a run in the States, is a political "Battle of Dorking." In the form of a prophetic narrative, it forecasts the overthrow of the Republic through the growing ascendancy of the foreign element, and especially of the Irishry. Actual events, such as Irish dynamite outrages, are taken as the starting-point, and the future is traced on their lines. The end is a revolution, of which Chicago is the focus, and which throws the government into the hands of the Irish, who involve the country in war with England, France, and Germany. The three powers invade the United States, and the end is conquest and military occupation. A joint conquest of the United States by England, France, and Germany can hardly be in the Book of Fate. But Chicago bears witness that the growth of the foreign element is becoming a very serious source of danger. American institutions were well suited for a people of Puritan farmers or traders and Virginian gentlemen, all alike accustomed to self-government, and steeped in British traditions. Even under those conditions Hamilton and the statesmen of the higher class were but half satisfied with the safeguards, though for the election of the President they had provided, as they thought, conservative machinery in the shape of a College of Electors, which has completely broken down. But since that time the Republic has become not only the receptacle of a vast and heterogeneous emigration, but the asylum of European revolution. That it has become the asylum of European revolution it owes partly to its own revolutionary character; and this may be reckoned among the consequences of a violent rupture with the British portion of the race, which has hitherto been exultingly celebrated, but perhaps will some day be soberly deplored. The reputed hostility of the Republic to England has certainly been largely instrumental in drawing to it Irish emigration, of which the result, as the writer says, is the formation of a vast clan held together by race and religion, intermarrying little, and never fusing with the native Americans, grasping political privilege and power more eagerly than any other immigrants, but using them solely for the objects of

the clan, giving its affections not to the land of its allegiance, but to that of its origin, always bent on using the government of the Republic as the instrument of its own clan feud with England, and wherever it prevails filling American politics with violence, local tyranny, and corruption. Happily the Irish immigration has been balanced by that from Germany, at least from Northern and Protestant Germany, the people of which, though not trained like the British to self-government, have all the moral, social, and industrial qualities which make men good citizens. The Italian immigration, which is now becoming considerable in volume, comes largely from Calabria, and, though not revolutionary, is barbarous and even savage, as continual affrays and stabbings bear witness. Altogether the danger, though overpainted by a writer who aims at startling effect, is undoubtedly serious, especially as the various elements of disturbance—Socialism, Anarchism, Irishry, and the Labour agitation are blending and preparing to combine their forces for an attack on American civilisation. Still, civilisation has an immense superiority of force, both political and physical, on its side, if only good citizens will unite in its defence, instead of giving themselves up to the senseless and immoral service of parties, for the existence of which there has ceased to be any rational ground. The foreign element by itself will not wreck the Republic: combined with faction it may.

### DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

RICH with the tribute of a hundred fields  
Of clover, purple-globed, or white and fair;  
And hedge-row trailed with honeysuckle rare,  
Or flowery dell, whose shady covert yields  
Moist foothold for the violet, and shields  
Its petals from the sun; the perfumed air  
Blows soft, and over all my senses wields  
A spell. Deep in the grateful shadow where  
The thick-leaved branches scarce admit a ray  
Of dancing sunlight—here in blissful ease,  
Lulled with the drowsy hum of honey-bees,  
I lie and watch the drifting clouds all day,  
Till the warm hues that tint the waving seas  
Of golden grain fade into sober gray.

Chatham, Ont.

HENLEIGH.

### ENGLAND REVISITED.

I do not know whether rural England grows more beautiful, or whether it is that one is more struck with its beauty every time one returns to it from a newly-settled land of promise, with its raw look of recent clearance, its denuded fields, its stumps, its snake fences instead of hedgerows with trees, its unpicturesque though thrifty-looking homesteads, its horizon fringed with the gaunt trunks of pines blackened by the forest fire, its landscape which by the absence of finish shows that no labour has as yet been spared for anything but the absolutely useful. Surely this English union of the highest cultivation, and the trimness produced by the outlay of vast wealth on a small area, with the sylvan character maintained by the interspersed parks and pleasure-grounds, the reservation of which the same wealth has permitted, as well as by the hedgerow timber—this conjunction of all the smiling evidences of present prosperity with the gray church towers and immemorial trees of the past, and the richness of this landscape, which presents a charming view from almost every rising ground, have nothing equal to them in their kind. There may be many lands more romantic, there can hardly be one so lovely. In America the dwellings, artists say, look like structures, and are indicative only of present prosperity; here they look like growths, and are suggestive of a history. In America you see from the windows of the railway carriage at nearly equal distances the nearly equal homesteads of the agricultural democracy; for, there being no such thing as a county gentleman, and little use of hired labour, there are no mansions and few cottages. Here we have the variety of hall, farm, and cottage, which is unquestionably more interesting, though perhaps not economically so wholesome. Yet one cannot help thinking that a life outwardly so beautiful must inwardly be pretty healthy if the different members of the rural community do their duty. There are flowers, the symbols of cheerfulness, on the walls and in the garden of the cottage as well as on the walls and in the garden of the hall. Over this landscape and life Radical agrarian reformers propose to drive the plough. If they are to have their way, one is glad to have had one more look.

The plough, however, not of the agrarian reformer, but of destiny, seems likely to be driven over the parks and pleasure-grounds. Everywhere one hears the same story of reduced rents, overwhelming incumbrances, and county families sinking under their losses and burdens. Many mansions are shut up, more would be shut up if the owners had not sources of income besides land. Farms are everywhere on the hands of the landlord, who is lucky if he manages them without loss. Nor is there any prospect of a change; the vast Canadian wheatfield is only just being opened, and exportation from India still increases. In the end, no doubt, land in the neighbourhood of vast masses of population must have a value, but in the meantime the squire may be ruined. "Divide the farms," say some; "small holdings will pay rent." It is easier to divide the farms