

Saturday night. The parson, whose creed Mr. Greg, till he was seized with social panic, treated with small respect, was not a very powerful organ of industrial virtue, but he did at least supply a real motive, and a pretty stringent one, for obedience to his exhortations; Mr. Greg and his school supply none.

The relations between the masters and the men probably suffer from a cause little noticed, and which, if noticed, could hardly be removed. In former days the masters lived in modest mansions, close to their works, and among their people. You may sometimes see an old master still living in this style. But those of the present generation have migrated to luxurious villas in the country, and see their people only during business hours, if then. The workman going for a breath of air from those dingy rows of unpleasant cottages in which he commonly has his abode, passes an enchanted castle of luxury and splendour, from which issues forth a brilliant equipage, bearing the employer and his gorgeously-attired lady. Perhaps he feels a touch of envy as well as of longing. At all events he begins considering whether the screw of a Trade Union might not squeeze a little more out of the "wages fund." There is no personal relation between him and his master, which can make him scrupulous about taking all he can get. No doubt a man who lives at an Italian villa in the country, with beautiful grounds and gardens, shows better taste than the man who
 1. lives in a square brick house, within hearing of a mill, and it would be chimerical to expect that the old régime should be recalled to existence. But you cannot have the advantage of both systems—the air and ormolu of the villa—the kindly relations of a resident employer with his men. At Saltaire, near Bradford, is a manufacturing Eden, constructed by the beneficence of one of the best of employers and of men, Sir Titus Salt. Everything seems to be there which can minister to the virtue and happiness of a

multitude of workmen and their families. One thing only is wanting—the house of Sir Titus Salt.

Our remarks as to the comparative vitality of the Liberal and Republican parties in England have been illustrated by the large number of votes polled by Bradlaugh at Northampton. That he should fail to be elected was a matter of course. But he was not far behind his opponents, and of the 1,766 votes polled for him every one must have been given in grim earnest, and in defiance of all those influences, social and pecuniary, which in an English borough generally deprive the lower class of voters of any kind of political independence. It must be remembered, too, that Bradlaugh is not merely a Republican, but, with pertinacious imprudence, weights his Republicanism, obnoxious enough in itself, with the most offensive profession of Atheism; for the profession of Atheism on the platform is still offensive, though the belief may be the belief of the drawing-room. The interviewer, to whom every man of eminence who visits New York now submits himself as regularly as he does to the barber, describes Mr. W. E. Forster as saying that the Republican party in England has very little life in it. Mr. Forster probably reads the *Times* and the *Spectator* more than the coarse journals which circulate among the people. He may be right, however, in saying that speculative Republicanism in England is weak; so it was in the Faubourg St. Antoine on the eve of the French revolution. But if, in the great Plutocracy, speculative Republicanism is weak, the Republicanism of Misery is strong, and the wider becomes the gulf between the extremes of wealth and poverty, the stronger it is likely to grow. That Misery, led by Bradlaughs, should prevail against Plutocracy, fenced with bayonets, is extremely improbable, but so, till it happened, was the storming of the Bastille. Nothing, however, would suffice to work the English