

forgery and swindling. The judge told him that if he desired to be tried about the Panama corruptions England would be asked to raise her ruling, that in acceding to the extradition of Arton he must only be tried for forgery. He declined. The general impression is that he is a *funiste*, or impostor, and has no compromising evidence to produce. Finis Panama; ring down the curtain.

Although the 1870 war commenced in July, opinion considers that the heat is too great for the breaking out of any big all-round fight. Even the Turks are rumoured to be fatigued killing Armenians and Cretans. The only objection made to British diplomacy is, that it is in a hurry settling its difficulties, rather a proof of sagacity, with outside Europe countries. England claimed not to be deeply interested, and so, taking after the Anglo-Saxons of the United States, in continental traps and spring guns. It is whispered that the Venezuela hornet's nest may be regarded as disposed of; that the new Anglo-Saxon Tribunal of Arbitration will henceforward render any misunderstandings between the two branches of that great race impossible. By the resignation of Mr. Cecil Rhodes and two minor planets, Colonial Secretary Chamberlain has thrown a trump card. Cecil Rhodes can take unofficially in hand the development of Rhodesia so as to cut out Rand prosperity. In time he will be pardoned, and may look forward to a grave in Westminster Abbey, more important than a peerage. The Abbey includes no great colonist among its illustrious dead. South Africa may be all the better after its tragic trials. Prepared to witness the Soudan-British territory, the French see nothing extraordinary in Sirdar Kitchener taking his time to smash the Mahdi. Here diplomatists are preparing to migrate to the Spas to cure the evil consequences caused by delicate dishes and fine wines. All that looks as if the immediate future was tranquil. Everyone requires a little vacation; may no bolt be shot from the blue to deprive head labourers of a few days' rest.

Beauvais, in the department of the Oise, a part of Picardy, is famous for other attractions than its cathedral and carpets. Its women have the reputation of being the bravest in France, thanks to Jeanne la Hachette, who in 1472, when Charles of Burgundy laid siege to the city, and men being few, headed the women, resisted the besiegers, and after a fearful struggle, compelled them to retire. Since then the event has been celebrated by an annual procession, where in fifteenth century costumes, the women take precedence in the procession over the men. Since ten years the observance of the fete was compromised; one part of the population would not tolerate the clergy, as heretofore, to join in, hence, why the fete of Jeanne—who, forty-one years after the Maid of Orleans was honoured fitly as a heroine—kept her memory green by a ceremony in the cathedral. The Materialists had their display of patriotism round her statue. In order to bring about a reconciliation between the two parties, who only wished to unite, the mayor submitted the question to a referendum of the citizens. The majority was in favour of the clergy taking part as heretofore, and could not see how their doing so would injure the Third Republic. The fete has been revived on the old lines, and the rejoicing was general. The referendum is adopted in another form very generally in France. Thus, if a new road, or an asylum, etc., be projected, the inhabitants of the locality are invited to write down in a book at the mayor's office if they oppose. Only the minority register protests.

Proof of the efficacy of the Franco-Russian alliance, in a juvenile periodical, is a picture, coloured, of a little child at the Zoo Gardens that fell into the bear's pit. Bruin arrived, sat down beside the child, and did it no harm. The infant was dressed in red, white, and blue.

Paris, June 30th, 1896.

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This generation does not remember the sensation that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" caused, nor the large part it played in the great slavery controversy in the States. It is not a great work of literature, it is hardly written with distinction, but it comes from the heart, and there are surely things in it which will stir men's and women's breasts till the end of time. Mrs. Stowe was an authoress of one book. She made a disastrous appearance in a great literary and personal controversy, but her true life was lived in its earlier years.

Letters to the Editor.

NEW RESPONSIBILITIES.

SIR,—In these days of much agitation for woman's rights, might it not be with a sense of relief that we turn for an instant to the consideration of some of the new responsibilities in the way of work for others that the ever-widening field throws open to the new woman.

For the great majority of happy women these lie immediately around her, but there are more than a few of us who are not so fortunate as to be absorbed by those we love. In this army of those who have, or who ought to have, ample leisure, not all have much to spare in the way of brain power, and still fewer—vastly fewer—have adequate education. Of course by education is not meant mere school work, but the training which gives the power to think and to form a clear calm judgment, comparatively free from prejudice. Not entirely so, perhaps, for that might mean freedom also from enthusiasm, and a woman's intellect without the enthusiastic quality would be bereft of much of its feminine charm and, therefore, of its power.

There are many clear-headed, whole-souled women among us who might form a new "round table." The Holy Grail of our time, which its knights would engage themselves to search for, is surely none other than the old, old, but never till now so burning a question—the unnatural conflict between capital and labour.

The great question of the unemployed calls to us from every side, and if we would be worthy of our old name of "lady" or "loaf-giver" we must respond. The men who have laboured at the question are comparatively few, for it is not their special province but ours. Each man must work for himself and for those depending upon him, not for other men whose interests may clash with his. And those who do work for the most part write books with a view to their commanding a wide and immediate circulation, and give lectures which they must make popular. They have probably forfeited for this grand purpose other ways of making their daily bread, and appetite cries out to them that they must live, even if to do so the great cause be lowered a little.

But for women who have leisure to read, and, above all, to dream—whose strong imagination, guided by practical common sense, could look into the near future and realize how it might be with us all under different conditions, whose wild projects need not be taken seriously, and whose saner suggestions might be gravely considered by men of experience, the womanish (not womanly) parts eliminated, and then acted upon in the large hearted manner in which some of our Canadian statesmen know how to act upon occasion—this would, indeed, be a mission worthy of us and of our time.

That the subject bristles with difficulties at every step ought not to deter the brave women of to-day from taking hold of it—not recklessly, though, but with much serious study. Remember that now, as of yore, a long night spent in contemplation and watching the armour in the chapel is necessary before being entitled to receive knighthood at or take one's place at the Round Table of this new King, whose war cry is "universal brotherhood."

H. R. M.

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Art Notes.

AS the Norwich School in dying gave birth to the school of 1830, so the painters of Barbizon became the artistic forefathers of that small band of poet-painters, living and working in our midst to-day, of which some are already proclaimed, though others yet await general acknowledgment. It was doubtless due in a measure to their seniority that Mark Fisher and A. D. Peppercorn secured a somewhat earlier recognition than many of their artistic congeners. Certain it is that it was to these two, first to Mark Fisher and then to A. D. Peppercorn, the emancipated young men of the early eighties, whether art workers or critics, turned their eyes, hailing them as beacons in the dark places of British art. It was not, however, until 1884 that Mr. Peppercorn made his first definite appeal to critical England. Then it was Mr. Peppercorn held an exhibition at the Goupil Galleries. The works shown were for the most part illus-