

Her husband's chief characteristic is pride. An English man is proud of his national pre-eminence, his church, his university, his sovereign, his home, and even of himself—with "Pride in his port, defiance in his eye," he will give you to understand that he does not like foreigners, and above all the inhabitants of America. He does not think much of the prospects or wealth of a nation that is expressed in a decimal system instead of in pounds. He almost invariably underrates the strength and intelligence of other peoples. Without bragging, and yet in a manner that is vaguely irritating, he suggests to your mind the words of the vivacious Mrs. Squeers, "I pity your ignorance and despises you". And why not? It is well known that the Almighty is English, or at least possesses only English traits.

If you are a Canadian, he is mildly surprised at the fairness of your skin. He had an idea that you were half French and half Indian. It must be that the hot-air furnaces in the colonies bleach your complexion. He is distinctly charmed when he finds you do not eat with a knife. As he does not of necessity read the daily papers, he sneers at your passion for news and dubs you, "the inquisitive Canadian."

The male Briton claims that when the fogs allow it, he is capable of seeing the ludicrous side of a thing. He has an extravagant passion for walking. Rude foreigners say that he walks straight ahead like a mad dog. To summarise him brutally, he is a queer conglomerate of obstinacy, pride, justice, refinement, acquisitiveness, hard-headedness, bravery and sensuality.

