

we have not. Now please tell me frankly whether our wives seem to conduct themselves worse than English ladies in a neighbourhood of the same kind." I said, "It is just like an English neighbourhood; one never thinks about the morality of ladies, it is a matter of course." This is a subject, indeed, which it seems almost wrong to mention even here, though I do so for the best of purposes. There exists in foreign countries, and especially in England, a belief that French women are very generally adulteresses. The origin of the belief is this, the manner in which marriages are generally managed in France leaves no room for interesting love stories. Novelists and dramatists must find love stories somewhere, and so they have to seek for them in illicit intrigues. These writers are read greatly in foreign countries, and as the interest of the story turns generally upon a passion for a married woman, an impression is thereby conveyed that such passions are the main interest of French life. It is also, I believe, perfectly true that there is too much of such passion in the luxurious and idle society of Paris, which is much better known to foreigners than the simpler and more restricted, yet in the aggregate incomparably more numerous, society of the country. All these influences together have produced an opinion in foreign countries which is most unjust to the ordinary provincial French lady, whose qualities and faults are exactly the opposite of what the foreigner usually believes. She may have impractical views on politics, and not see the beauty of representative government, but she is thoroughly aware of the difference between morality and immorality. She may be uncharitable to Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, and have exaggerated ideas about the special sanctity of Pius the Ninth, but at any rate she knows the Ten Commandments as well as if she was a Protestant, and keeps them. Besides her religion, she has too many home occupations for indulgence in amorous intrigues. Her time and strength are chiefly absorbed in managing a house with half or one-third the number of servants which English experience would prove to be necessary. She is like the skipper of one of those insufficiently manned vessels which have attracted Mr. Plimsoll's attention; he does not simply command, he works, and so does she. It is hardly possible, after witnessing for many years the simple and laborious kind of life which these women lead, with that constant burden of petty cares and duties which they bear so bravely and cheerfully, to avoid feeling indignation at the absurd and monstrous calumnies which are received by foreigners concerning them.

There can be but one excuse for such calumnies: an impression produced by a certain class of literature, and intensified by international ill-will. The reader who cares to have just opinions will only believe the truth if he simply takes it for granted that the virtue of the ordinary housekeeping French lady is no more questionable than that of his own mother and sisters. There are a few exceptions; so there are in England—the Divorce Court proves it.

The place of women in provincial French society would be stronger if they saw more of the men, and it would be better for society generally if the sexes were not so widely separated. This will become possible if ever women come to share the modern spirit, instead of condemning it as something wicked. It is positively realized by a few superior women, such, for example, as Madame Edgar Quinet, but they are rare, and in country towns they would probably be misunderstood. It is not necessary that women should dazzle us by brilliant intellectual display, but it is desirable for us and for them that they should be able to enter into the hopes and ideas of laymen. The provincial French lady of to-day is a very respectable person, often indeed much more than respectable; for the ideal she strives to realize is, in its perfection, truly admirable. But she is like the angels in Murillo's picture in the Louvre called "La Cuisine des Anges." Those angels represent her very completely in their combination of a religious ideal with the fulfilment of the commonest household duties. The picture represents the two sides of her life, and might very well be entitled "The Allegory of the Frenchwoman."—*By Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

THE ENGLISH BEYOND THE SEA.

"YES!" said Sir Thomas Mellwraith, somewhat bitterly, "I am going back to the colony with a deep conviction that so far as the Liberals—or, at any rate, such leaders of the Liberals as Mr. Gladstone, Lord Derby, Lord Kimberley, and others—are concerned, they would not stretch forth a finger to save the colonies to the empire. They would just as soon as not that all the colonial possessions of England were declared independent to-morrow, as that they should remain under the old flag. It has been a bitter disappointment to me, but it has been impressed on me again and again. I have travelled up and down the country, I have had interviews with many representatives of both parties, and that is the conclusion to which I have arrived; and that conviction I will express as soon as I reach Queensland." "But, Sir Thomas, you are entirely and totally wrong. Cannot we induce you not to utter such a calumny at the other end of the world? What you say may perhaps be true concerning the old school of Cobdenite policy, which is now effete, and will soon be decently interred. But do not judge the Liberal party by the few representatives of an antiquated school of political thought. The new Liberalism—the Liberalism of the future—looks at all those matters in a very different light. To us the English beyond the sea and the English at home are but one family and one State; and the maintenance of its integrity and unity is to our minds a question immeasurably greater than any now before the public." "I think so," said Sir Thomas; "but do you tell me that Lord Derby thinks so, or Lord Kimberley, or Mr. Bright? What was said only the other day by an eminent member of the present Government? 'We are more interested if our neighbour's chimney takes fire than if a thousand men perish at the other end of the world. For our neighbour's chimney may spoil our dinner, whereas the death of a thousand men there

will not even spoil our appetite.' As if among those thousand men there were not your own sons and brothers! But what is that to you?" "Everything to us; for an Englishman in Canada or Queensland is as much an Englishman as if he lived in Cornwall or Cumberland. Have you not seen Professor Seeley's book on 'The Expansion of England'?" "Have I not!" said Sir Thomas. "I read it through twice from cover to cover. It is a great book, a prophetic book, a book that presents truths to you in such a fashion that you marvel you never realized them before." "Then in that book, Sir Thomas," said his visitor, "you have the expression of the convictions and the aspirations of that Liberalism which is destined before very long to be the dominating force in English politics."—*From an Interview with the late Prime Minister of Queensland in the Pall Mall Budget.*

CLEAR THE WAY!

Clear the way, my lords and lackeys! you have had your day.
Here you have your answer—England's yea against your nay;
Long enough your House has held you: up and clear the way!

Lust and falsehood, craft and traffic, precedent and gold,
Tongue of courtier, kiss of harlot, promise bought and sold,
Gave your heritage of empire over thralls of old.

Now that all these things are rotten, all their gold is rust,
Quenched the pride they lived by, dead the faith and cold the lust,
Shall their heritage not also turn again to dust?

By the grace of these they reigned, who left their sons their sway:
By the grace of these, what England says her lords unsay:
Till at last her cry go forth against them—Clear the way!

By the grace of trust in treason knaves have lived and lied:
By the force of fear and folly fools have fed their pride:
By the strength of sloth and custom reason stands defied.

Lest perchance your reckoning on some latter day be worse,
Halt and harken, lords of land and princes of the purse,
Ere the tide be full that comes with blessing and with curse.

Where we stand, as where you sit, scarce falls a sparkling spray;
But the wind that swells, the wave that follows, none shall stay:
Spread no more of sail for shipwreck: out, and clear the way!

—*Algernon Charles Swinburne.*

THERE is little else than the appointment of a Governor-General by the English administration, and the bestowal of absurd titles of knighthood on those Canadian politicians who are especially zealous for the British Connection, to distinguish Canada from an American free State.—*The American.*

THE prominent position taken by the North-West in Parliament, and the general interest it has excited all over the country, are having their natural effects. Two Ministers of the Dominion Government are at present visiting this country, not in the capacity of holiday sight-seers, but as heads of departments bent on learning as much of the actual condition of the North-West as they can by personal observation and enquiry.—*Winnipeg Times.*

LAST week's festivities attending the opening of the Montreal session of the British Science Association was a marked contrast to the little gathering of learned men who fifty-three years ago associated themselves together to compare notes on their various specialties. The solemn gathering of a half-century ago becomes in the Canadian city a fashionable and brilliant occasion, graced with oratory and the presence of the first men and dignitaries of the country.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

SOME time ago it was complained that in the United States a man delivered up in Canada for one crime had been tried for another; and there was some diplomatic correspondence on the subject. But this case only proved how desirable it is to make extradition easy, so that the officers of the law would not resort to tricks in order to carry their point. The interests of commercial morality are concerned in making easy the arrest of rogues, and in Canada there would be but one feeling on this matter.—*St. John Globe.*

VEGETARIANISM seems to be spreading. A new venture has been attempted in Holborn under the name of The Porridge Bowl, where for sixpence one can get three courses or nine combinations so abundant and satisfying that nobody who has feasted from the vegetable world will lust after the delights of the animal kingdom. City clerks, well-to-do shopmen, and artisans crowd the place daily, and they pretend that vegetables give them all that their natures require. Moreover, the midday meal does not prevent them at all from working.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

THUS, through a series of misadventures and mistakes, France finds herself at war with a vast Empire of which she knows very little, and which has few interests opposed to hers. The collision which was foretold from the moment when first Annam and then Tonquin were invaded has at last come to pass. The Power which claimed suzerainty over those regions, is at last driven, almost in spite of herself, and perhaps in consequence of the crooked diplomacy and tortuous dealings with which she has surrounded her path, to resist by force of arms the power which invaded them.—*London Mail.*