

*Times*. Meantime, we remain of the opinion that, in event, the no very threatening event we admit, of a visit from a Russian cruiser, unless we were fully prepared to receive it, we should have ample opportunity for learning by experience the meaning of that past participle, which experience once taught the French, that is the word *connaque*. Whatever be the rules of civilised warfare the scratched Russian will be able to find room enough to make himself very disagreeable, and we should prefer to see colonial goods sold in some other market. Although of course, our Tartar friend will be on the losing side, and obliged to pay the piper.

SIR JULIUS  
PROVES  
REMARKABLY  
CIVIL.

Whatever may have been Sir Julius Vogel's method of dealing with a certain deputation in Dunedin, he proved himself capable of acting most agreeably towards at least one deputation at Christ-church.—And if Sir Julius did venture to suggest that all single women were not young, he gave no

hint of a suspicion that even one of them could fail in being good looking, and that omission, together with the homage he rendered to the intelligence of the sex generally more than atoned, no doubt, for the rest.—The deputation was one that waited upon the Treasurer in the interests of women who desire to vote on all questions under the Licensing Act, and it was under the presidency of Mrs. Ward, wife of Mr. Justice Ward.—Sir Julius professed himself ready to do much more than the deputation asked him to do, but that particular thing he declined to undertake, as not being alone of sufficient consequence. He, however, merited the expressed thanks of Mrs. Ward by declaring that he thought women quite equal to men in intellect, and, therefore, deserving to exercise the general franchise.—Sir Julius thought moreover, that it was the indifference of women that prevented them from obtaining the franchise, but Mrs. Ward explained that it was rather their modesty that did so.—She explained, moreover, that the impediment in question was on the point of being removed, for women were "now getting more like American women, and were going in for social rights. They felt that they should raise themselves and help man."—To which Sir Julius gracefully replied that "men had an idea that women were more attractive when gentle and clinging." We may, nevertheless, gather that Sir Julius himself differs in this respect from men in general, or otherwise he would not advocate the introduction of the sex into public life.—But how delightful is the prospect that now opens before us.—We of the male sex shall no longer stumble along the road of life unaided.—Our womankind invigorated by Yankee ways and Yankee notions, are advancing to offer us their arms and lead us in safety through all the quag-mires.—Our womankind are raising themselves by Yankee ways and Yankee notions to the level of this undertaking and the millennium is hastening forward.—What man is there who will not go up more confidently to the polling booth, for instance, following in lovely woman's footsteps—primed with his wife's or his sweetheart's opinions concerning the candidate he is to vote for and not daring to register his vote in any other direction.—What man will not find himself helped amazingly in beholding his whole path in public life accurately mapped out for him by fair fingers, and by being obliged to walk without faltering step by step as he is ordered in that very path, and no other? The American public woman, as we all must admit, is a divine creature, and it can only be with exultation that we shall witness the development of our fair sex according to her pattern.—In every sphere in life we find the public woman comporting herself admirably among our American cousins,—at the bar, in the consulting room of the physician, on the platform, in the pulpit, in the boxing ring, on the race course.—She is everywhere.—How blessed shall we be when we find her reproduced among ourselves. Women, of course, we need hardly add have no part in that rottenness of society that, as authorities tell us, is hastening the Republic to some unknown doom—men are alone in that, and somehow, in spite of woman's helping hand, walk in a downward course. Women meantime, among ourselves we need hardly remark are not interested in the least in the support of the public houses, on their own account—and when Mrs. Ward and her companions go, as they threaten, to pray at the doors of the establishments in question it is quite impossible that their pious bands will ever be interrupted by the passage of a fellow woman, or by those who are sent to fetch drink to her at home.—But Sir Julius Vogel was firm in his admiration of the intellect of lovely woman, for him it evidently required no additional polish or Yankee adornment whatsoever. He would not even advise these ladies what to do but replied that he thought them "fully able to advise themselves in the matter."—It remains, therefore, for us to see what it is that women more or less formed in the American mould and resolved upon helping man, as Mrs. Ward so kindly and encouragingly promises, will finally do, and we shall wait for further developments with impatience.—Some agreeable surprise or another is certainly in store for us.

THERE is nothing that makes one man more deeply interested in another, or more his admirer, MOST "UMBLE" friend, and partisan, than the fact of his entertaining great expectations concerning him. And nations, or Governments and their followers and dependents, perhaps, more properly in the instance we are about to

allude to, are but composed of men, and show all men's weaknesses as well as their better points. The Italian Government and the Press that supports it, then, have lately been full of admiration for England. Such a glorious, magnanimous, and, above all, munificent people as the English had never before been heard of. Italy, from the first moment of her existence had idolised them, and desired nothing better than to frame all her institutions on those prevailing among them, to adopt all their ways, their very climate, perhaps, and certainly to exchange her macaroni for their roast beef and plum pudding—though she would probably be permitted to enjoy these delicacies more in an Italian form. All these expressions of gratitude, delight, and admiration were made in connection with the consent of England that Italy should occupy Massowah, and the expectation entertained by Italy that England would accept her aid in the attempt to overthrow the Mahdi. It was discovered, in fact, that Italy had extensive and important interests in North Africa, and that she and England were nature's chosen allies in this respect. Italy that cannot rule her own house, whose revolution has issued in the most deplorable state of things, whose population starves under an excess of taxation amounting frequently to 50 per cent., and all whose robberies—down to the most recent and possibly the most infamous of all, that of the Propaganda—have failed to do more than enrich a crowd of hungry officials, Italy thirsts for foreign conquests, and longs for rich possessions abroad. But what more natural than that the class, who have plundered every thing on which they could lay their hands at home, should long for an opportunity of extending their raids into other lands, and should spare no excess of flattery and adulation that they thought conducive to secure the aid of an ally by whose assistance they could attain to such an end. For this was the meaning of all the mawkish and fulsome praise lavished on England, and from this praise and these expectations we may judge of the view that Italians really take of England's objects in occupying Egypt and undertaking the pacification of the Soudan. When England, on the other hand, went first to Egypt, and Italy as yet had formed no expectations we may remember how there was much talk of an Italian expedition to aid Arabi, and which would probably have been organized had it not been found that the undertaking would have involved danger—a matter that our loud-boasting Italians do not care much about. And even now, since the expectations formed in connection with this African expedition have met with some check, and the offer of Italy was not received as eagerly by England as it was made, the tone of the Press has in some degree changed, and, as we were told a couple of years ago that Arabi was the Garibaldi of Egypt, so now we are informed that the Mahdi represents that hero in the Soudan. Within the last month or so, however, matters have taken a turn that may yet lead to the alliance that Italy so highly desires, and it is quite possible that the diversion made in the Mahdi's favour may prove premature. Should a conflict with Russia really ensue the Italian alliance will probably be formed, and the hordes of the Soudan will probably be kept in check, if not pursued and encountered, by Italian troops. It is likely, then, that the utterances of statesmen and journalists in the Peninsula may have resumed their strain of admiration for England, and that their expectations of making a profitable bargain in the matter are still high. The satisfaction to be derived, however, by England from the praise and adulation lavished on her under such circumstances is somewhat doubtful. They are mercenary strains alone.

SIR JULIUS VOGEL told us the other day that there A "RUSSIAN" were Russian spies in these colonies of ours, and IN DISGUISE. now we have discovered where one of them may possibly be found. Somebody, in fact, has forwarded to us from Gundagai, in New South Wales, what purports to be a little more than a pen'oth of prophecy—for, in estimating its value, we must reckon, besides the penny stamp, the envelope, the wear and tear of the pen, and the ink spent in writing the address, as well as the sheet of paper and the printer's ink made use of in printing. As prophecy, although we are not the least deceived in receiving it as genuinely intended for such, the production is of the usual kind.—The Pope occupies a large part in it, and the prophets, we may remark in passing, owe an immense deal to the Pope. Without the Pope they would be left like puppy-dogs without the moon. The unsophisticated puppy-dog, as we all know, occupies his hours of idleness at night by barking at the moon, and the Prophet by day or night finds employment for the idle hands, that Satan must otherwise monopolise in some other way, by writing high sounding words concerning the Pope. If there were no moon the puppy-dog could not bark at it and the chaste Dian is thus the puppy's charming friend. The Pope stands in somewhat the same relation to the prophet, and as the puppy-dog is related to the moon so is the prophet to the Pope. We have besides in this pretended prophecy the usual jumble of toes, and kingdoms, and days, and weeks, and years, and time times and a half, and all the rest of it. We have even that proof that the Babylon of revelation cannot mean Rome because the only Roman export is cement, a most convincing proof we must admit, but not original to the pretended prophet of Gundagai, since we