

say the least of it. *Appropos* of this insanity in Prussia,* we may remark that its cause amongst educated people is often found to originate in forcing on the education of children. Nature has not intended their brains to be overworked, and insanity frequently results. This is particularly worthy of notice here, where we find so much nonsense occasionally talked—mischievous nonsense, were it put into practice—with regard to what children should be made learn.

THE Dunedin election has come and gone, and the result is that Mr. W. D. Stewart is our new representative. We manage these things remarkably in these antipodes of ours, and the ups and downs of life amongst us are more striking than elsewhere. A week or two ago, we think we may safely say, there were a great many of those who now find themselves the constituents of Mr. W. D. Stewart who did not know that there was such a person in existence, and now he is their M.H.R. Let us hope that in his new capacity he may develop some talent or another that has hitherto remained latent; although of what that talent may be we have not the least idea. A lawyer, in fact, who has long resided amongst a community, and managed to remain in obscurity enough to be unknown to very many of them, is not likely to have any talent to develop. Gentlemen of his cloth generally come to the front in some way pretty soon, if there be any stamina in them, and when we find them hanging in the rear after a fair period of years, we are justified in coming to the conclusion that however respectable they may be as members of society, their abilities are, to say the least of it, not of the most brilliant nature. We are, in short, accustomed to think the privates of the "Devil's Brigade" a very humdrum set of individuals indeed.—We respect the prejudices of Miss Lucretia Tox. We have all heard the old quotation *vae et praterita nihil*, but such a gentleman we should say would be hardly entitled to be described by it; he would be simply *nihil*. But Mr. W. D. Stewart has one qualification it seems, we can hardly call it a talent, it exists in such extremely empty people and forms their only fulness. He is pious, a pious attorney! There shall never be written over his tomb the famous epitaph to the effect that he had followed the law, but that, presumably in consequence, on his demise had been addressed with a most undesirable familiarity by an unpleasant personage:—"Jack, give us your paw." If he can do nothing else, he can at least vote for such an alteration to the present educational laws as would enable committees to provide for Bible reading in schools, and as our Biblical member he goes to the Assembly at Wellington. It is most fortunate for him that his tastes lie in the peculiar line alluded to, for they have gained him distinction to which he could not otherwise have attained. He may be looked upon as the Presbyterian member *par excellence* and as nothing else, and we find it a little suggestive that in the original Presbyterian settlement of New Zealand so moderate a genius and little prominent a personage could only be obtained to be sent up as representative of Presbyterianism to the Legislative Assembly. We know that in Scotland, as the advance of culture goes on, the upper strata of society are forsaking the kirk and seeking "fresh woods and pastures new," as more suitable to their increased refinement; but here in Otago, where the rough if honest sons of labour are but beginning to ascend from life below stairs, we should have expected to find that their very pick and choice would still be offered to the *manes* of John Knox. Is our Presbyterianism then running down before the advance of refinement has time to begin amongst us? It would seem so; at least Dunedin, its chief stronghold in this hemisphere, can do no more for it than send a Mr. W. D. Stewart to Parliament. Meantime we all may rejoice that we have as our representatives two gentlemen remarkable for nothing on earth.

"NONE but the brave deserve the fair." This is a very fine idea, but like a good many other fine poetical ideas of the kind we doubt if it has any firm foundation in truth. It is true that there have been men in whose companionship "the fair" have had a prosperous time of it; indeed, we have heard of cases in which under certain circumstances "the fair" had it all their own way, and led "the brave" the life of a dog. For instance, we have been told of a certain military man who had distinguished himself in the Peninsular war; he was described to us as a fine strapping fellow, six feet in his socks, and stalwart in proportion. Yet "the fair" who had matrimonially obtained a right over him used to thrash him mercilessly and he never said a word, but "ginned and bore it." We may add that on his death the lady in question married a man who had not distinguished himself in any war; he was a little bit of a clerk in some public office—but when she tried the thrashing process with him, he turned round and gave her such a drubbing that she never after dared to lift her finger at him, or what is still more marvellous so much as to wag her tongue. But what kind of a life would "the fair" have, or how would it serve her to be deserved by a man who was only "the brave," but could not be described as the honourable; we fear she would come off very badly, and therefore we doubt the complete justice of the line we have quoted. For it cannot be denied that bravery is not always accompanied by the other traits that make the perfect man; we are admonished of this by having seen in v

northern contemporary a paragraph relating a series of dishonest actions, performed by a man whose name we forbear from mentioning, but whom we recognise by the description given as having been in the memorable days of the Crimean war a gallant young officer, who reaped abundant laurels on that bloody scene of battle. It is one of the gloomy moments of life when you come across a paragraph which justly says of such an one that he has become a "habitual swindler. Fortunately, however, this is the exception and not the rule. We hope after all that "the brave," although we deny their right of monopoly, are generally deserving of "the fair."

A WOULD-BE liberal parson has been chatting agreeably at the reunion on the 12th of Orangemen at Christchurch. He is called the Rev. C. Fraser. There was too one Rev. Mr. Watson there, who seemed desirous to make the company, if they had not already done so, cast in their lot with himself and "certain lowd fellows of the baser sort," and to him we recommend as a most congenial study the lectures delivered in abuse of Rome by the filthy criminal, Widdows, so finely exposed by a canny Scotch editor in Dundee lately. This reverend person's bigotry made no attempt at disguise—it was blatant, repulsive, and idiotic, according to its kind. The Rev. Mr. Fraser it was who distinguished himself by an attempt at liberality. And by the way, shall we ever be allowed to rest from our wonder at the rubbish that people will listen to if only it be spoken by a man who styles himself "Reverend;" it is to us one of the strangest phenomena of human nature that it will delight people to sit still and listen endlessly to such silly jargon. This minister then informed his hearers that the battle of the Boyne made Catholic emancipation possible; he did not inform them that the guillotining of Louis XVI. led to the restoration of the Bourbons, but this was probably a fault of memory—he evidently meant to say it, and a good deal more to the same effect. Poor man, he is short in his recollection, or something else of a useful nature, but he is more to be pitied than blamed. He said—"He would refer to the complaints made here, that it was not sufficient for men to be allowed to teach their children in their own faith, yet, not long ago, the Pope had complained of the existence of schools near his own, where different doctrines were taught. The very freedom which was complained of as too great in Rome was here complained of as too little. No it is not, that is not it at all, this worthy memory is again defective. He does not remember that what the Pope complains of in Rome is precisely what Catholics complain of here. Neither the Pope nor New Zealand Catholics complain that Protestant children are being educated in a Protestant way but both complain that impudent or tyrannous attempts are being made to educate Catholic children as Protestants and atheists. Our rev. gentleman is out in his reckoning here too. It seems, however, that he has made a discovery that actually has a good deal of truth in it. Listen to this: he may recover after all—"He dwelt upon the need of properly instructing the young in the principles of their own religion and of other religions, and deprecated mis-statements being made as to the tenets taught by the Church of Rome. Many of the conversions to that Church had been caused by people finding that she did not teach what they had supposed that she did." There is not the least doubt of this; many conversions have taken place in this very way, and we doubt not many more with the blessing of God will so take place, for if all the parsons in the world were of the same opinion as this one, the Father of Lies would not allow them to tell the truth about the Church. Here is proof positive of it; this rev. gentleman with the very words of his warning hardly passed over the "fence of his teeth," began a course of whoppers himself:—"Children," said he "should be told that she (the Church) introduced a fourth person, so to speak, into the Trinity, and of her errors in the points of baptism and purgatory." Children should be told a parcel of stuff, then, and filled with falsehoods from their infancy, in spite of the danger of their finding out a trace of the truth and following it up. Our worthy has absurdly contradicted himself. He then alluded to the good done by the Rev. Father Hennebery in the cause of temperance, and with a sensible word for once on his lips we take our leave of him.

THAT gentleman in Dunedin who sends news by telegraph to the *New Zealander* in Wellington is not particularly chary of his character for veracity. For instance, we find him telegraph from Dunedin on the 9th inst., as follows:—"Some very intemperate language was used at the Catholic meeting last night." This is a distinct and deliberate falsehood, as may be seen from the very full reports of the meeting in question, which appeared in our columns, and those of our daily contemporaries in Dunedin. If, however, our contemporary the *New Zealander* prefers to be misinformed it is a matter of taste, we have no desire to interfere in it.

We find a paragraph inserted by a contemporary, and which seems to us to have been originally written as a sneer at Irishmen. It runs as follows: The chief of the Chinese Legation in the United States was asked, it is stated, what would become of those of his