

chivalry as it is current among English gentlemen, and are favoured with a view of the highest development to which the human race has as yet attained. The perfect English gentleman, we need hardly say, stands at the culminating point—a very narrow point, moreover, at which very few are privileged to stand, of human nature. What is it then, that we have found in these columns which it should be so improving to read, and where we might expect to find all that was chivalrous and all that was magnanimous? Perhaps, however, that, as we cannot pretend to read with the eye of an English gentleman, we are not fit to judge concerning what is most excellent, or to distinguish the noble from the base, and, if we have failed to profit by our reading, the fault may not, after all, be in the *Saturday Review*. But let us examine a little into the matter, so that our readers also may have an opportunity of judging, or of failing to judge, as the case may be. Is it then, a mark of chivalry to bring sweeping and grievous accusations against a whole people without distinction? Is it the part of the gentleman—*sans peur et sans reproche*—to accuse a people whose voice he knows will not be heard in their defence—whom he knows may be safely accused and easily insulted, since, where he is concerned, their mouths are gagged and their hands tied? The Irish people, he tells us, are compelled by “whiskey, patriotism, or true religion” to “break their neighbours’ heads, ‘card’ their neighbours’ daughters, and burn their neighbours’ homes.” “Here, then, is what an English gentleman writes for the reading of English gentlemen—but perhaps it may belong to the chivalry of the period—at least as it exists among Englishmen concerning whose peculiar exaltation of character we have acknowledged our inability to judge. Nevertheless, if this be the chivalry of English gentlemen let us not wonder if, among a less elevated class, it exists in a somewhat rougher tone—as, for example, among those good country-folk who lately attacked an unoffending Irish harvest-man here and there on their roads and beat and kicked him severely and dangerously. By the way, our chivalrous writer further informs his equally chivalrous readers that another writer, doubtless also of chivalrous proclivities, has proved in a book called the “Wife Beater’s Manual,” that an enormous proportion of the men who practise the peculiarly English habit of kicking their wives to death bear Irish patronymics—but what of a patronymic? James Carey’s patronymic according to the *Review* himself was Welsh or Cornish. And as to such fabrications, have we not been assured over and over again, for example, that the vast majority of criminals in Liverpool were Irish, until in Liverpool itself it was stated the other day without fear of contradiction that while the inhabitants of the city were Irish in the proportion of one-third, one-fifth of the criminals only were so. But works such as we may conclude that this manual is, may very properly suit the chivalry of the *Saturday Review*. The true gentleman we know is unsuspecting, and is not the *Saturday Review* a gentleman among gentlemen *par excellence*? The book serves his turn as well as another—and why should he suspect its author of falsehood? The certainty of that he reserves to Irishmen. “Irishmen of one class won’t speak the truth,” he says, “and Irishmen of another won’t bear it.” Among the Irishmen who won’t speak the truth is to be found, moreover, Lord O’Hagan. It also belongs to the chivalry of English gentlemen, as we learn from the *Review* to make utterances here and there *a propos* of little or nothing, which, were they not found among the chivalrous expressions of an imperial people, might remind us of a spiteful woman rather than of a man of any kind. Such, for example, is that where an Irish lady who has published a book on her country and is speaking of the beauties of the early summer, is reminded of recent “Irish martyrs” who “took a walk through the Phoenix Park two years ago on May 6.” And, again, where *a propos* of some remark made by the lady alluded to, Irishmen are taunted with England’s conquest of them.—“It surely does not say much for Ireland that she let herself be conquered by such a crew.” And yet what did Ireland suffer in the conquest but a lot common to primitive peoples, whose independent tribes were conquered by one that proved the strongest of all. But such peoples found themselves happier in the nature of their conqueror who identified himself with their fortunes and interests, than did Ireland in falling into the hands of England, who separated herself from her interests and remained her bitter enemy. Ireland, again, can hardly as yet be said to have been conquered, for her spirit has ever remained unsubdued, and, at any rate, the same people who subdued the Anglo-Saxons in a single battle were resisted for many a long year by the Irish. Among the concluding battles, moreover, whereby Ireland was at length physically overcome, one was lost owing to the incompetence and cowardice of the Anglo-Scotchman who led the Irish troops while England was victorious through the generalship and bravery of a gallant Dutchman—and of these she makes her own as she does of the good qualities of many foreigners—aye, even of those of the very Irishmen her chivalrous gentlemen safely revile and easily insult.—Is it, again, the part of the English gentleman to condemn a people without proof, and to judge them without evidence? The *Saturday Review*, nevertheless, brings the Irish people in guilty of setting fire to a certain village in Lancashire named Cark, making

out his case in what in any other columns but those acknowledged to be the vehicle of chivalry might be taken for a tissue of foul abuse.—He grounds his accusation partly on the explosion in the underground railway concerning which nothing has come to light to implicate any Irishman. “The same notes,” he goes on to say, mark the gallant enterprise at Cark while the absence of anything that could be called a motive by any civilised being tends still more to fix the blame on a race incapable of civilisation.”—Incappable of civilisation, indeed, by English methods—and hated for that by chivalrous English gentlemen with a hatred fierce as hatreds born in hell.—Incappable of extermination by sword or famine or pestilence, or by debauchery following in the wake of English religion—the rum cask rolling in on the path by which the missionary has entered a little in its van. Unconquered still, and therefore incapable of civilisation at the hand of the robber and the murderer.—Here, then, is our lesson in refinement, or part of it, for the columns we have perused are as full as they are foul, and we have but brought a tithe of their infamy before our readers. But is this English chivalry?—a chivalry worthy of that aristocracy whose gross and disgusting gluttony one of their own members exposed to the world the other day, worthy of the people who make the hangman a hero, and purchase his effects as relics when he dies—worthy of the nation whose warfare is a slaughter of comparatively unarmed and defenceless savages, and who on such battlefields are appropriately training their soldiers to follow in the steps of those gallant heroes who of old strove so nobly in the cause of Irish civilisation, and among their other brave exploits found it their amusement and delight to hang the Irish mother on a tree and strangle her baby in her long hair as she hung dying there.—Oh, let us never forget how incapable of civilisation are the Irish people, while we bow to the chivalry that the *Saturday Review* sets forth as an English gentleman, to be fitly read by the English gentlemen, his kindred, and chivalrous supporters.

WE in Dunedin are about to witness a most stupendous ceremony. Of what its details are to be we have as yet received no intimation, but there cannot be the least room for a doubt as to their prodigious and horrifying nature. The Right Rev.

Dr. Nevill, in a word, has threatened to proceed in such a manner as may appear advisable to him for effecting the “public degradation from the ranks of the clergy” of an offending cleric. The cleric, let us remark in passing, is Mr. R. L. Stanford, and his offence consists in his having been called to the Bar of the Colony. This is a mixing up of the sacred with the profane, or a subordination of the sacred to the profane, and as it were a casting of the pearls of divinity into legal swine-troughs, at which Dr. Nevill stands wholly aghast, and, in effect, cries “sacrilege.” Mr. Stanford, however, does not act without honourable precedent. It is now many years, for example, since that well-known and highly-esteemed man of science, the Rev. Samuel Haughton, Professor and Fellow of Dublin University, together with his colleague, the Rev. Joseph Galbraith entered the medical school of his college and became a physician. Neither of the gentlemen alluded to, we may add, lost one tithe of his high reputation by the act, and had Archbishop Whately, who then presided over the arch-diocese of Dublin, threatened to degrade either of them publicly, it would probably have been looked upon as one of the most eccentric things that eccentric, and somewhat irascible, dignitary had ever done in his life. The medical profession and the legal are, of course, not one and the same, but we have always understood them to be considered of equal honour. Dr. Neville, however, holds Mr. Stanford’s change of profession to be incompatible with his position as a “priest in the Church of God,” and evidently considers the matter enormously aggravated by the fact that is “the first occasion of such renunciation of Holy Orders in this ecclesiastical province.” And, we admit, it might prove awkward if the example were to commonly followed, or if the ecclesiastics of the Anglican diocese generally were to insist on being lawyers, at least during the week. We do not know whether it was in his character as late parson or immediately future lawyer that Mr. Stanford made his reply to the Bishop. We do know that it was a very effectual reply, and would by no means disgrace the law-courts.—In fact, its publication should prove worth a brief or two to the neophyte. Its most striking passage, perhaps in more senses than one, is probably the following, and, at any rate, we find at the most interesting. “Had I continued to be enrolled as a clergyman, and followed the profession of the law, though I might have expected adverse criticism from some, perhaps, in and out of our communion, I should certainly not have looked for such from you. As a clergyman in your diocese, I have known from time to time of my bishop being a land speculator, mixed up in the conduct of pottery works, and bargaining over an annuity. To your conduct of these numerous speculative enterprises I have heard many hard epithets applied and have said nothing, feeling that it was your concern, and not mine. You appear to have thought is not inconsistent with the