

controlled. "Results must always form an important factor in calculating remuneration. But there ought to be in every well-devised educational scheme something analogous to the governor in a steam-engine, to prevent this principle from leading teachers to overtax the energies and abilities of their pupils, and in the State System this moderating power is wanting. We are not accusing the teachers. Their errors in this particular at any rate are rather their misfortune than their fault. The loud protest which they have already made shows that many among the more experienced are aware of this evil, and wish to avoid it. But an irresistible influence drives them on. Young rivals assail the labour before them with all the energy of youthful ambition; the ready answers of the children at examination satisfy the Inspector that the work is not too heavy; in his zeal he advises a slight increase; whatever the older and more prudent teacher may think, he must either advance with the rest or retire to the rear. And so the cruel machine moves on like the car of Juggernaut, and all must move with it if they do not wish it to run over them. This is the process by which the boasted success has been attained, and therefore we for our part are inclined to think it is not an unmitigated good."

FATHER SPLAINE concludes his article as follows:

A PLEA FOR FAIR-PLAY. — "A modern historian has written: 'There is no more fear of a reaction against freetrade in England than there is of a reaction against the rule of three.' And really when one looks back at the commercial marvels of the last fifty years, one can scarcely realise that it is only that length of time since men believed in protection. But are we so certain that there is no chance of a reaction? Monopolies at their best are bad, and they are nowhere worse than in education. Government may manage the post and telegraphs, perhaps even railways as well, or better than private companies. It is, however, to be borne in mind that if in these matters anything were to go wrong, if there were any irregularity or remissness, a million throats would wake up the authorities to their duty. But schools have no such safeguard. Therefore we would advise those who seem bent on cramping, and ultimately strangling competition in school systems, to pause for a while. Voluntary Schools have clearly something to say for themselves, and anybody who inspected the work of the Christian Brothers, in the Health Exhibition, will be ready to allow that they have also something to show for themselves. Why then refuse them a hearing? If you are confident of the excellence of your system, why act invidiously? You can afford to be generous, why lay yourselves open to surmises and sinister comments? Why not throw down the glove to all competition, on equal terms, and stop the mouths of malcontents? Denominationalists are unfairly weighted. They must tax themselves to build schools for their own children; they are taxed by the State to build schools for yours; for both these works they are taxed again, first by the sanitary authorities, and then by the guardians of the poor. Lastly they are taxed to keep schools going, but all the money goes to you. Give us a chance on even ground. Monopolies are things of the past; they are out of joint with the century in which we live. This is an age of exhibitions, when all the world may compete in open market, and he gets the prize medal who exhibits the best fabric, be he Jew or Gentile. As to religion, it is not to be mentioned on either side. What has religion to do with boats, or fishing-nets, or drain-traps, or short-horns? Neither ought it to have anything to do with the verdict which is to be passed on the produce of our schools.—Shall we be heard? that depends on the answer to another question. Is our liberalism to be the good old honest English type that enjoyed a stand-up fight on even ground or is it to be that of Paris mobs and Aston Park?"

IT would seem however, as if it were the Parisian mob liberality of which Father Splaine speaks that we were to have with respect to education in New Zealand. Our contemporary the Dunedin *Evening Star*, at least, appears bent on reproducing among us the venom of the extreme revolutionists, and, produced at second hand, it is even worse than when put forth by those with whom it originated. The attempt for example to exhibit Victor Hugo in a word for word translation is particularly ludicrous and grotesque, and quite places it beyond the power of anyone capable of over-fatigue and disgust to read the matter so reproduced. What a series of snort after snort and gasp after gasp we find in such a production, and the sensation to be experienced when reading it would only be that of listening to someone speaking under the impetus of a sound thump between the shoulders—bestowed to bring out every two or three words at a bound. We confess, then, that we have found it simply impossible to read through that speech translated from the French of one delivered on education by Victor Hugo in 1850, for our contemporary the *Evening Star*, and we are, therefore, incompetent fully to decide on the gems of wisdom or of rhetoric that it may contain. We perceive, however, that it contains an exaggerated edition of most of the anti-Catholic stock arguments and calumnies propounded by our Evangelical and atheistical, as well as our Jewish, friends in common, and that they have

evidently been declaimed in that screeching style of oratory which distinguishes the poet when he speaks under the influence of excitement. Read history says M. Victor Hugo, for example, in his own peculiar style, which we shall be far from following the *Star's* translator in an attempt to reproduce, and see how the Inquisition put to death 5,000,000 victims, all of them good men and true of course, advanced scientists, or something superior to that if possible.—But we, for our part, say *pecca fortiter*, lie boldly, without calling ill-used history to your aid, and say ten or twenty millions, or even thirty, or forty, or fifty thousand—for, as the saying is, it is as good to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, and why should the lying tongue be staggered by any sum of numbers whatsoever? We have heard Victor Hugo, then—that is those of us who could summon up sufficient endurance to read the extraordinary jargon and farrago put forth by the *Evening Star* under M. Victor Hugo's name have heard him. Shall we not also hear Rochefort, or Felix Pyat, or Féouillas the Foul, or that educationist who expelled the Sisters of Mercy from their orphanage and turned it into a harem for himself and his fellow bell-hounds, as M. Maxime du Camp relates in his history of the Commune—for all these fellows also may be cited as authorities on education and stern denouncers of the Church as opposed, say they, to science and enlightenment, and we admit that their utterances will find a very consistent and becoming place of publication in the columns of the *Evening Star*. They will fit in with his frame of mind and fortify his arguments, amazingly. But as for M. Victor Hugo himself, he also is a famous educational authority! What respectable mother of a family, for example, could desire a better monitor to instruct her as to how she should bring up her daughters than the man who unblushingly claims it as his mission to free the young girl from the wearing bonds of chastity, in which he conceives her to be painfully bound—to enable her to hold up her head, and meet all men's gaze unflatteringly in the character of the emancipated *fille-mère*, as he honourably calls her? Or what brave man need desire a better leader than the writer who has glorified suicide, and made it the method of death chosen by his most nobly-pictured heroes? But have we not been told within the last week or so, by a certain French Deputy, that the transported recidivists would be an acquisition to our colonies, and that we colonists should be glad to receive them. Let us accept this as an explanation of the anxiety of our contemporary the *Evening Star* to cultivate among us beforehand the ideas of the revolutionists as to education. The recidivists, as anyone who has read M. Othenin d'Haussonville's description of criminal life in Paris must know, are all revolutionists, and we are happy to congratulate the *Evening Star* on the part he has adopted of endeavouring to make things smooth for them. Nor would it be becoming in us to deny that he is admirably fitted for the task, and quite well versed himself in the liberality that distinguishes the Parisian mob—especially that portion of it about to visit us, if all goes well.

#### A NOBLE AND PATRIOTIC LADY:

(To the Editor of the *Nation*.)

SIR,—Much is said at present, and with great cause, against "landlordism," but it is only fair that, whilst the cruel action of rack-renting and exterminating landlords should be detested, we should also express our admiration of those whose noble deeds merit our appreciation, and generosity and tender feeling have brightened many a gloomy fireside, arrested hunger from the doors of those who often felt its fiercest pangs, and kept many in their homes to-day who would otherwise be in the grasp of want and sorrow. Sir, I think you will agree with me in saying that Miss Augusta Jane Gould, who has performed those many acts of goodness, who has stayed so many evictions, and whose charity has been extended to the needy peasantry of Donegal, as well as to the cottiers and farmers of her late father's estate deserves not only the applause and good wishes of her own tenantry, who have experienced to much of her gracious benevolence, but the regard of all Ireland. Her name is, I am sure, familiar to many of the Irish journalists of the day as a staunch advocate of "national independence,"—as the Goolds always were. The name of her grandfather, Thomas Goold, M.C., must always be respected by the Irish people as one of the incorruptible bands of patriots who opposed the "Union" to the last. His brilliant speeches and powerful arguments in the last Irish Parliament may be compared with those of even the immortal Grattan, of whom Mr. Goold was the lifelong friend and political colleague. Miss Goold's uncle, the late deeply lamented and beloved Wyndham Goold, Esq., M.P. for the county Limerick, did such acts of kindness to his tenantry that his memory must always live in the grateful hearts of the people. At one time he forgave £1,800 of rents in one morning, such was his genuine sympathy with the difficulties of his people; on another occasion he paid all the poor-rates for his tenants when those rates amounted to no less than 7s in the pound. It would take so long to recount even a small part of his good deeds that I pass at once to his successor, the Ven. Archdeacon Goold, who, during the twenty-five years in which he was landlord of these estates behaved with the most paternal kindness to his tenantry, acting on the principle that the landlord should be the tenant's best friend, and cultivating those feelings of mutual confidence and sympathy which it is to be regretted so many Irish landlords ignore. I have only mentioned the immediate ancestors of Miss Goold, but when I add that her family has always been distinguished for patriotism, and