

THE Christchurch correspondent of the *Dunedin Evening Herald* telegraphed on Saturday the details of a case in which a disgraceful charge was brought against the head-master of the Govern-

ment school at Lake side by one of his pupils. The girl, aged ten, and her sister, aged thirteen, broke down on cross-examination, and gave conflicting evidence, which also showed an animus against the master arising from his strictness. He was, therefore, discharged.—It, however, remains for parents to decide as to whether it would be preferable for them to place their children in the hands of a teacher capable of the conduct ascribed to the gentleman thus falsely accused or to submit them to the companionship of girls capable of bringing such a false accusation.—The system under which such things can occur, and have more than once occurred, is evidently vicious and dangerous in the extreme.

A DUTCH ATALANTA.

(By THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, in an American paper.)

IN 1659, when the headstrong Peter Stuyvesant was Governor and District-General of the New Netherlands and ruled over New Amsterdam and its dependencies, there was a wealthy farmer far over on the Bergen side of Hudson River. He had boldly, with two others, taken up his residence among the Indians on the banks of the Hakkingsak River, where he had a grant of land from the council, to which he extinguished the Indian title by purchase, and became a prime favourite with his red-skinned neighbours, who, though they engaged in raids upon the men of Bergen and Gemoenepa, never troubled him. He bore the name of Pieter Van Saan, which merely meant that he had taken his surname from the village of Saan, from whence he came, instead of Pieter Pieterzon, which he brought across the Atlantic. His farm or bowerie extended from the Hakkingsak on the west over to the Over Beck, a brook which ran through the valley two miles on the east, and extended a mile and a half northward to the beginning of the Schraalem Berg, a ridge which may be found there at the present day, and is, therefore, a strong proof of the truth of my story. For, though there are no Van Saans on that particular ground, they are to be found within a few miles of it, and the Schraalem Berg is there yet.

Pieter at the time was a widower, his wife, Annetje, a sister of Nicasius de Sille, one of the Governor's council, having died a year before. This worthy and very much better half had been an excellent housewife and manager, the bustling and busy head of her household, noted for thrift and cleanliness, as she well might have been, since she had been born and bred in the village of Brock. But with her other qualities she possessed a tongue of forty-venom power, and was never weary of wielding that domestic weapon. No one could tell why her reproaches fell so fiercely and so often on Pieter, who was placid and good tempered. Perhaps it was that very placidity of his that ruffled her temper, just as we see a great wave moving along quickly until it meets with a quiet and serene rock, whereupon it breaks into fragments, and sputters its spite in a shower of spray. Pieter grievously offended her by not returning railing for railing, but kind words for her reproaches. His conduct was aggravating. The man who obstinately refuses to quarrel, by his very calmness incites to a breach of the peace. He is obdiliging, for he refuses to gratify his adversary. He commits a grievous fault of which, I am proud to say, I have never been guilty. When a man or woman evinces a desire to quarrel with me, such is my good nature that I never refuse him or her. To gratify my opponent's pugnacious propensity, I am willing to put myself to some discomfort. But Pieter was not of my yielding and estimable disposition and annoyed his peppery spouse by indifference or soft words. When she died she left a void and an appalling silence in the house. The stillness was embarrassing. The widower, no longer lulled to rest by sneers and abuse, found it difficult to sleep. He resorted to company, that is, he invited his only two neighbors, Gerrit Gerrebrantsen and Cornelis Kuyper, to come every night to his house to drink schnapps, smoke tobacco, and discuss affairs. Though very quiet and peaceable folk, they differed from him on almost everything, and their constant opposition, quiet though it was, afforded him great comfort. They, therefore, indeed, formed the whole community, for there were no other settlers nearer than Hoebrit or Gemoenepa. Cornelis was a man of positive assertion, and Gerrit of constant negation. Between the "It's my opinion, neighbour Van Saan," of the one, and the "Now, I don't think, friend Peter," of the other, prefacing doubt, dissent, or distrust, life began to be worth living for. Consequently the hours spent together every night by the three formed a delightful mixture of gin, tobacco smoke, and exasperation.

But in the midst of this blissful existence of Pieter, the serpent entered into the Dutch Eden.

Pieter had a daughter, Elisabet, or Lysbet, as she was usually called. She was a blooming, plump little maiden of twenty, who was a favourite with her aunt De Sille, who was childless, and the girl spent a great part of her time with her relations in New Amsterdam. There she managed to obtain a fair education for the time, together with a share of the airs and graces which had begun to invade the staid colony. Marvellous accounts of the reckless doings at the capital reached the ears of the country folk, and it was even said that there were tea drinkings twice a week, and that at some of these social gatherings they danced until after ten o'clock at night, but that was doubtless an exaggeration. It was on one of these junketings that Lysbet met a lover, who henceforth received more favour than she had shown to any of the many young bachelors who paid her court. But, what was worse than all, he was not of the colony, but an interloping foreigner, and, which was unpardonable he was a Yankee. A deputation of three had come from Connecticut to settle with Governor Stuyvesant a dispute between the New Haven

people and the Dutch settlers up the river, and with these, having nothing better to do, came Mark Wallingford. He was a welcome companion, for, besides being wealthy, he spoke the Holland tongue fluently. He pleased the Governor very much. His air, his manner, and his handsome face and figure made a deep impression upon Lysbet, and her grace, beauty, and lively manner fascinated him. The deputies transacted their business and returned home, but young Wallingford lingered. The result of this was that when, at the beginning of winter, Lysbet returned to the bowerie on the Hakkingsak, Mark, on the pretext of desiring to see something of the ways and manners of the Indians in that quarter, with whose sachem, Wawapehak, he had made acquaintance, followed shortly after, and engaged board for a month at the house of Gerrit Gerrebrantsen.

Mark had not long been domiciled before the real nature of his errand became known to Gerrit. His host had a vague notion that his long legged son, Stoffel, would be the most proper mate for Lysbet and her acres, and lost no time in imparting his discovery in strict confidence to the maiden's father. Pieter was so astonished that he exclaimed "Goodness!" his nearest approach to profanity, and then replaced his pipe in his mouth and smoked it all out before he recovered from his amazement. To his notion, Lysbet was too young to be married; but, if not, he determined she should not mate with a Yankee, no matter of what family he might come, or how rich he might be. On that point he was immovable. He had never checked his daughter before. She had always had her own way. But now her irresistible impulse was against his views, and hitherto her impulses had been powerful. Everyone had heard of the difficult problem as to what would happen when an irresistible force comes in contact with an immovable body; and here it was to be brought to a solution. Pieter had two conferences with his daughter on the subject, and finding her difficult to convince, set his wife to work to find a way that would secure him a more desirable son-in-law. He did not consult his two cronies, of whose mental capacity he had a poor opinion, but thought over the thing alone.

The winter, in the meanwhile, moved on. The ground was covered with snow, and the sluggish Hakkingsak took on a thick coat of ice. Mark stayed on, and partly amused himself by hunting with the Indians, still paying court on opportunity to Lysbet, despite the frowns of her father.

At length one night, when the three friends and neighbours were seated together smoking and drinking, as usual, Pieter broke the silence.

"Did you see my Lysbet skating on the river to-day?"

His friends nodded assent.

"She seemed to beat your boys easily. She is the finest skater in the colony."

"It is my opinion, neighbour Van Saan," said Garrebrantsen, removing his pipe from his mouth and clearing out the ashes preparatory to refilling, "that my Christophel would beat her in a long race."

"I don't think, friend Pieter," said Kuyper, "that she could get away in a mile with my son Cornelius."

Having thus uttered their dissent from the proposition of their host, the two, whose pipes had been exhausted simultaneously, refilled and relighted, and then relapsed into silence.

"Lysbet is old enough to be married," continued Pieter.

To this remark nothing was said. The neighbours understood it to be preliminary to some other proposition.

"The Yankees are poor skaters," continued Pieter.

A proposition so self-evident to a Hollander required neither assent nor dissent, and the cronies smoked on silently.

"The ice on the river is good," resumed Pieter, "On Monday, if all be fitting, Lysbet shall skate down to the ford, which is a mile. She shall have 100 yards' start. The young man who can deposit 100 guilders with me as a stake, and can overtake her before she reaches the ford, shall have her."

Pieter paused, out of breath. He had never made so long a speech before. He awaited the dissent of his neighbours.

"It is my opinion, neighbour Van Saan," said Gerrit, "that my Stoffel will put up those guilders and win."

"I don't think friend Pieter," said Kuyper, "that my Cornelis will be behind in that race."

(Concluded next week.)

SOME REASONS WHY CATHOLICS LOSE THE FAITH IN NEW ZEALAND.

(Rev. P. E. Hurley, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.)

THE object of the present paper is, to give a simple statement of facts as they have come under the writer's observations during a brief missionary career in a part of New Zealand. I claim no originality and assume no critical airs. My labours, confined as they have been, to two localities, may strip my opinions of that weight to which experience in a more extensive area can usually lay claim. But this much without arrogance, I think I may allege in my favour. First, it is not always admissible that all knowledge is the result of experience, nor do they who travel farthest, and bustle most through the busy scenes of varying life, always glean the vastest and most accurate information. They may saunter carelessly and think superficially. But in addition to this, I am not singular or alone in the statements and conclusions that will be found through this paper. They are shared to a considerable extent by those whose venerable forms bend under the weight of years, and the pressure of missionary labours undertaken in many districts of the country far apart from each other, and whose capacity for judgment is enlarged by their practical, religious, and pensive lives. I am, then, but penning down a few coincident reflections, stamped with the approbation of those who are competent to judge of how much truth or error they may contain.

What shall be said of the religious education of our people before leaving Ireland, will be written in no hostile spirit to my brethren of the clergy in the old land. No one can appreciate more the real