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## Current Topics

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"CIVIS" IS  
AGAIN  
COLLARED.

OH dear no, "Civis," you creature of a most excellent wit! Why, you even fail to give an effectual thrashing with your pen, not to speak of anything else; but your will is good here also, and you must on all accounts be commended as a man

of spirit. The Christians of St. John, nevertheless, have not lost those twelve over whom Archdeacon Edwards makes lamentation, that is if he be reported aright, which seems, however, doubtful—and let us add reporters in some instances are as good scape-goats as typographers themselves. Twelve pupil of the convent schools plucked from the beautiful feet of St. John's successor there have not been. The few children, not in all amounting to twelve, who were the children of mixed marriages, and who were allowed to conform to the faith of either father or mother—albeit in one or two cases a faith not practically observed—on being placed under the care of the nuns, would otherwise most probably have been brought up in no particular church, and the non-Catholic parent was not always an Anglican. Two instances there further were in which the children of Protestant parents asked to be admitted into the Catholic Church, and were immediately referred by the nuns, in one instance to a father, and in the other to an aunt—in both instances being removed from the school, and still remaining Protestants. And we may add that at least one of them, if not both, at no time sat at the feet of the antipodean successor of St. John, but had been and remained a professor of that Calvinism of which the said successor seems to hold no very exalted opinion, but to whose extremes, no doubt, he would prefer to see his flock conformed rather than that they should in any way favour Catholicism. And times must be very much changed in the Church of England, by the way, if the worthy gentleman who poses here as St. John's successor, and bishop of masquerade, does not number in his flock a very considerable share of the Calvinist element. Not only did it largely leaven his Church in England a few years ago, but in Ireland it almost exclusively prevailed, and woe be to the parson who would venture to hint that his flock were not, beyond all backsliding, the Lord's elect. Is Calvinism, then, wholly removed from the Church of England in Otago—are there no Irish "Protestants" here?—and are we to accept as a sign of this doctrine's exclusion the fact that a Wesleyan preacher may, so to speak, take a flying jump over the side of his pulpit and land instantaneously a high-Church divine in the English Church? Or is there a general mixture gathrum in that institution totally indifferent to various shades of doctrine, and content with anything that may befall? Unless there be, indeed, we fear that the project of an Anglican High School, where the children shall be instructed in one creed, is a little Utopian. We can picture the condition of things that would obtain in some households, for example, on their damsels' coming home with the news that their lesson that day had been on baptismal regeneration. In fact, we know of an instance in which a certain parson of an English parish was one day so moved to indignation by the teaching on this point of an ecclesiastical neighbour that it was with difficulty he was prevented from falling into a fit. It is quite possible that a like state of things might take place in some of our good Anglican families, although, of course, we cannot undertake to say what may happen among these newly-discovered Anglicans of St. John—discovered the other day at the antipodes as unexpectedly as the Christians of St. Thomas were a century or two ago discovered in India. But as to the opinion of Archdeacon Edwards that the girls educated at the convent "seemed to lose a great deal of the openness which was so much to be desired."—That, of course, is also a matter of taste.—Men there be we know that agree with the judgment of a certain connoisseur in beauty who declared that the acme of perfection was reached by "fat, fair, and forty," and who can find fault with Mr. Archdeacon if, in his turn, he declares, as to manners, for frank, free, and frolicsome? It is fortunate for him that he is in a position to enjoy abundantly the ways that please his mind, and he must be singularly

unobservant if he can so much as walk through the streets without being filled with delight and complacency. Indeed, it happened to us personally on one occasion to have this state of things we allude to pointed out to us by the foreman of a gang of labourers—an Englishman and probably one of the Archdeacon's own flock—but then they need not all agree with their shepherds about mere matters of taste, need they? He said that never at Home had he seen young girls who would not turn aside at the sight of a large body of workmen, but here they kept their ranks unmoved and marched right through the middle of the men. Everyone to his taste, then, and we may congratulate Mr. Archdeacon on the opportunity he enjoys of finding that which he admires in the fair sex most fully displayed. Meantime, we have already answered "Civis" concerning his unfounded charge of the godlessness to Protestant pupils of convent schools. His attempt to joke, with the basis of the great Protestant tradition, is hardly worth answering—unless it be by a comment on the ease with which he adopts for his own the motto, "the end justifies the means," and bears false witness against his neighbour without a scruple. Verily if there be nothing to hinder one who laughs, or essays to do so, from telling the truth meanwhile, neither, it is clear, is there anything to prevent one who tries to laugh from telling the direct contrary—not to use a naughty word and offend against good manners. But "Civis" here, although, like Joe Bagstock, he may be "sly, sir, sly," is by no means tough—not even "devilish tough." He is, on the other hand, somewhat soft and foolish, as must be every man who has recourse to the quotation and repetition of rubbish as stale as ever it can be, and to be found in any anti-Catholic horn-book. Again, with regard to the post-script touching the London *Tablet's* article on the Rev. Mr. Leach, if "Civis" cannot see its force, neither we nor anyone else can supply him with brains.—God help him! he wants them hopelessly.

OUR heading, it will be seen, is a somewhat strong one, but, by the time our note has been read through IMBECILE one, but, by the time our note has been read through RUFFIANISM OR by them, our readers will, we believe, hold us excused for making use of it. There appeared, then, RUFFIANLY in the London *Spectator* of August 5th an article IMBECILITY. in Mr. Godkin's paper in the *Nineteenth Century* headed, "An American View of Ireland," and in which the writer accuses Englishmen of having, by their hatred of Irishmen, begotten the hatred that Irishmen bear towards them in return. The *Spectator* repudiates this statement, and brings forward several arguments to refute it. "The typical English feeling for the Irishman," he says, "is one rather of bewilderment than of either hatred or contempt,—genuine inability to understand him, genuine desire to do him justice, genuine admiration for his liveliness, genuine fear for his fitfulness, and genuine despair at his ineradicable hostility." Be it so; we have no desire to bring the Englishman in guilty of a deadly hatred towards us, but would far rather have it found with truth that his heart was filled with a genuine benevolence towards Irishmen, for, then, we should be certain that if his all but invincible stupidity could once be overcome the concession to all our just claims would at once follow. But the Englishman's stupidity is almost invincible or wholly so, if indeed, the passage we have quoted from the *Spectator* form a true index to his state of mind. If he cannot understand how the people of a country that has been treated as Ireland has been treated are discontented and hostile to those who have ill-treated them, and if he, earnestly desiring to do justice, cannot see the way that lies plainly pointed out before his eyes. Nevertheless we are content to believe, and even believe gladly, that there are classes of Englishmen who, like those represented by the London *Spectator*, feel nothing of the hatred which Mr. Godkin has described, and would recognise that to harbour such a feeling would be unworthy of them as Christians and as men, and our hope is that the time is not far removed from us in which their charity will be equalled by their understanding, and they will see that the attitude and disposition of the Irishman are but those which any other being on earth would display in a kindred situation. But on the other hand it is not possible for us to doubt that there are classes of Englishmen also who are disgraced by every whit of that hatred spoken of by Mr. Godkin, and who delight in nothing more than its expression on every possible occasion. For us to deny this would be