

lows keep hounds and game-keepers for me. *Sic vos non robis*, as we used to say at Gray Friars, hey? I'm of the opinion of my old friend Leech of the Forty-fourth; and a devilish good, shrewd fellow he was, as most Scotchmen are. Gad, sir, Leech used to say, "He was so poor that he couldn't afford to know a poor man." These and such as these are the characters which Thackeray describes to the life; and they prove themselves to be life like by the fact that they still live amid all changes in the memory of the English-reading public. No force could put them down. The British Parliament with all its boasted power could not suppress Harry Foker. The Russian army with its countless battalions could not route that veteran campaigner, Captain Costigan. And we hold that in photographing such trifling prilligates, toadies, and misleaders of youth, Thackeray has done a far greater service than if he had sketched thoroughly respectable people of the *namby pumby* sort. Nay, he has acted a fatherly part. When a father is sending his son forth into the world, who are the men he is careful to describe to him? The good? No, the bad—the idlers, de-bauchees, and blacklegs that lie in wait for the unwary. We can suppose the case of a rich youth. He has few friends; but before being launched into the world he reads Thackeray, and becomes acquainted with the likenesses of those that are sure to tempt him. He is forewarned, and when he goes forth and encounters those who are bent on his destruction, he recognizes them and is able to escape them.

(To be concluded next week.)

AT THE ROMAN CARNIVAL.

What sport that was ever imagined or invented by description sounds more inanely foolish than confetti-throwing? or where is there one more irresistibly comic when being indulged in? It has all the delicious flavour of a joke whose finest essence of fun one seems to discover for one's self. The secret spring of its enjoyment lies pre-eminently, I think, in the fact that it allows grown-up men and women the privilege of becoming boys and girls again. Imagine the delight of indulging for three entire days, with no loss of personal dignity, in a perfect bout of pea-shooting! Only that in confetti-throwing the complicated shooter, manufactured by any boy possessed of even average diabolic inventiveness, is replaced by a simple tin ladle, innocent of all those intricate arrangements liable to breakage at the important moment of action. The shot of a single pea is multiplied into handfuls of hard little pellets. It is true that to prevent disasters to certain fragile members, such as the eye, for instance, one generally provides one's self with a small iron mask; but it requires no little dexterity effectively to toss a dipperful of confetti at an enemy with one hand, and to shield one's visage with a mask with the other. Confetti-throwing may be considered as a *le jeu du râteau*, a prologue to the more serious business of the play. With the *corrandali*, or flower and bonbon throwing, the plot, so to speak, thickens. But in the earlier days there is really a finer bead on this wine of mirth. The crowd, for one thing, is neither so boisterous nor so unruly as in the later days. There is no denying the fact—the crowd is in possession. The patrician and the grandee have gone out. "Il Popolo Romano" have come in. The Corso now is the play-ground of the people—that people that imperial Rome scorned, and papal Rome brutalized. The Carnival, once the sport of popes and cardinals, the plaything of princes, is now the people's peculiar festival, their holiday of mirth. Fashionable Romans disdain it, since the plebeian is in possession. Only those modern Goths and Vandals, the tourists, come to see the sport.

As I looked down upon the scene that first brilliant afternoon, the battle that had been waging for centuries, the battle between street and balcony, were going on quite as if there had been no change of actors nor any shifting of scenes during the last thousand years or so. The grand old stage, the Corso, has been peopled with every pattern of man; Rome herself has worn her various tragic masks of civic revolution and of social upheaval; actors have played their great and their little parts; the street itself has been robed in every costume of grandeur and decay—and still the play goes on. Centuries ago, when the great temples stood erect, and the statues of the gods were in their shrines, when Horace strolled down the Via Sacra his ears heard other cries than those now rendering the air. It was "Io Saturnali! Io Saturnalia!" then, from the lips of a reeling multitude of fawns and frolicsome satyrs, on their way to the Temple of the Sun. Some hundreds of years later were grand tournaments and splendid pageants. The palaces, like stately beauties arrayed in their festal robes, glittered with jewelled cloths, their lustre made still more splendid by the beauty of the fair owners, who, in glorious attire, crowded the tapestried balconies to pelt their lovers in the street below. The tournaments and pageants are long since passed away; the beauties and their knighted lovers are crumbling to ashes in the churches yonder; and again the curtain lifts upon another scene. It is no longer ago than the days of reunited Italy, when in Carnival season all Rome swept the Corso to read the air with its glad cries of freedom. Then poetry and art, and better still, the enthusiasm of a great people, lent an aureole of splendor to the paling festival. That was the last grand act in the long drama. Since then the Carnival has become a mere bit of low comedy. Yet I was glad I could see it, even in these latter days of degradation. For Rome in Carnival time is more the Rome of one's ideals than at any other season. It seems more fully alive, for one thing. The streets are richer in colour, with the masks and dominoes lighting up the grim palaces. There is a pleasant whirr of gayety and a holiday spirit abroad which transforms the dull prose of its nineteenth-century toil into a semblance at least of that pagan spirit of revelry which once lived its pyrois life here.—*Anna Bowman Blake, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

An expedition comprising fourteen men, under Lieutenant Gaslington, is now being organized to go to the relief of Lieutenant Greeley's party at Lady Franklin Bay. It will sail from St. John's, Newfoundland, about the first of July.

THE OLDEST FRIEND.

Oh, Life, my Life! 'tis many a year since we
Took hands together, and came through the morn,
When thou and Day and I were newly born—
And far the future looked, and glad and free,
A year as long as whole Eternity,
And I'll of roses with no stinging thorn,
And full of joys that could not be outworn;
And time was measureless for thee and me.

Long have we fared together, thou and I:
Thou hast grown dearer, as old friends must grow:
Small wonder if I dread to say good-by
When our long pact is over, and I go
To enter strange, new worlds beyond the sky
With Death, thy rival, to whom none saith "No."

—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

LOVERS OF PETS.

The fact of having something in the form of a pet seems to lie hidden in the very nature of man. But it is not confined to the adult, but belongs also to the boy and the girl. There are very few grown people who do not like pets for one kind or the other. Some have a peculiar fondness for horses, whilst others care less for this noble animal, but prefer a fine specimen of the cattle family. Others, again, have their fancy for sheep, some for hogs, and so on. All this shows the diversity of tastes among those who are placed over and above the brute creation, and who are looking to these inferior creatures as helpers in the performance of their stupendous work.

But what we observe these fancy tastes creeping out all over the adult race, there is an equal quantity of it in the children. It does one's heart good to see the child express its wish in the hope of now receiving a promised pet in something or other, or to behold the vent of joy in the expressed satisfaction with the pet he has had in his possession for some time.

These things tell us we were not created, neither endowed, to be selfish, either to one another or to abuse the comfort that pets can give us. I look upon them as a noble means to draw out the loving, smiling and happy feelings lying hidden in the soul; and in the enjoyment such little creatures afford us we forget, if not for always, yet for the time being, the sad pressure and the heavy load a wicked and polluted world is still trying to lay upon us. Hence the means by which some alienation at least is brought within reach of those who look for them and delight in their use.

Let not, then, the old man or the aged woman say that they are ashamed that still such a love for pets clings to them, and that such things are merely for the little ones. They are for the little ones, it is true, and alike for the big ones. Parents, get such pets for your children as will encourage them, make life sweet, and bring many a little joy and smile to the sweet little lips which perhaps had to be repressed were it not for the pet or pets papa and mamma get for them. It is noble and inspiring to have a desire for such things. I love the feeling dearly in both old and young, in rich and poor, in high and low, in the learned as well as in the unlearned. To one and all, then, love the little pets that nature has given us.

THE CHILDREN BEFORE QUEEN VICTORIA'S REIGN.

Miss Hesba Stretton, writing in the April number of the "Sunday at Home," says: "Before the reign of our Queen Victoria very little thought had been bestowed on children. The State left them almost entirely to the care and mercy of their parents, placing them practically in the position, a relic of Roman law, of being their parents' property. They were sent to sea; they were sold as chimney-climbers; they were driven into factories, and buried underground in mines, at an age when they would now hardly be out of the infant school. In agricultural counties the children of labourers were taken from their homes at the age of eight, and apprenticed to the ratepayers as servants, and those who have spent their own childhood in the country can recall the memory of little creatures employed from dawn to dark in scaring birds from the growing corn, their monotonous and mournful cry being as familiar to the ear as the 'cuckoo's two-fold shout.' It is true the children of the decent workman were being taught in British and National schools; but in the close and foul slums of our great cities thousands upon thousands of children swarmed, who never heard a word of kindness, or knew an hour's respite from terror. They were unfed, unwashed, and unclad, growing up in ignorance and crime, a race of untutored savages, as Lord Shaftesbury sorrowfully called them."

RECENTLY Professor Blackie preached in the Working-men's Church, Grassmarket, Edinburgh. It was crowded by the working classes. The Professor said he "could not look quite grave or assume a pulpit tone, but he would give them good common sense."

AT a recent soiree in Glasgow, Rev. David Guthrie, Liberton, said there were such openings for young men in Glasgow that parents thought seriously before sending their sons to study for the ministry, as it was known that to adopt that profession was just genteel poverty.

REV. MR. BROWN, of Elstow Church, Bedford, says that the handsomest copy of the "Pilgrim's Progress" which he has ever seen is one he lately received from St. Petersburg. He has also received a Chinese copy, in which the illustrations depict "Christian" as a veritable Chinaman with a pig tail!

THE late ex-Bailie Harris, Dundee, has, in addition to legacies to various local and charitable institutions, bequeathed another gift of £20,000 to the High School for the promotion of higher education, making in all a gift of £40,000 to that institution; and £50,000 for the benefit of education in the town.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

SIXTY Mormon missionaries have sailed from New York for Europe.

MR. SIEMENS, the well-known telegraphic engineer, has been knighted.

It is proposed to erect a statue of Sir George Jessel in the new Law Courts.

ALL the students of the Presbyterian College in Jamaica are total abstainers.

It is probable that the coronation of the Czar will be postponed till the 10th of June.

NEGOTIATIONS are in progress between Austria, Italy and Germany in reference to Socialistic plots.

THE Jesuit Fathers in the United States are celebrating the 250th anniversary of their arrival in America.

A ROMAN Catholic church in New York has a regularly drilled and armed rifle company connected with it.

It is asserted that Jews have, in proportion to their numbers, fewer illiterate children than any other people.

THE degree of D.D. is to be conferred on the Rev. James J. Bonar, Greenock, by the University of Edinburgh.

SENATOR PALMER, of Michigan, has subscribed \$10,000 towards the erection of a \$50,000 art gallery in Detroit.

THE father of Mr. Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General of England, recently celebrated his ninetyeth birthday.

THE Gaelic supplement to "Life and Work" for April contains a poem by the late Dr. John Macleod, of Morven.

THE Queen has intimated that she will open the Universal Fisheries Exhibition, even if unable to walk at the time of the opening.

It is said that an arrangement by which the claims of France are satisfied has been accepted by the Queen of Madagascar.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN is busy with his "Life" of Lady Lyndhurst, which, however, is not likely to be completed for a year to come.

THE first number of "L'Echo des Etats Unis," an organ of the French-Canadian population in Michigan, has just been issued in Detroit.

ADVICES from Sierra Leone state that Earl Derby has authorized the annexation of territory from the British Island of Sherbro to within a few miles of Liberia.

THE Archbishop of York, according to the "Contemporary Review," has signed petitions both for and against the proposed tunnel under the English Channel.

AT Kendal 5,000 persons have joined the Blue Ribbon Army, and the butchers are rejoicing that they are now obliged to order one-sixth more meat than formerly.

ALTHOUGH Britain raises more than half the minerals used in the world, yet the money we get for them only amounts to half of what we spend on strong drink.

AT the last German Cabinet Council the Ministry were unanimous against removing the restrictions against the celebration of mass and the administration of the sacrament.

HON. AND REV. ARTHUR GASCOIGNE DOUGLAS, M.A., Shapwick, Dorset, has been elected to the bishopric of the united diocese of Aberdeen and Orkney, vacant by the death of Bishop Suther.

THE Bill prohibiting the payment of wages in public-houses has been read a second time in the British House of Commons, and Mr. McLagan's local option bill has passed the first reading.

DR. SPROTT, North Berwick, was interrupted by one of his hearers when giving out the text one Sunday lately with the remark, "You're a cauld preacher, Dr. Sprott; but excuse me for saying so!"

THE Rev. Dr. John B. Haygomi, an Armenian, ordained last week in the Calvary Baptist Church, New York, as a missionary to his own people in Turkey and Asia Minor, has sailed for Constantinople.

A DISPUTE about a seat in Thurso Free Church between an old woman and a young man culminated in a grand wrestling match in church, and their appearance subsequently at the Police Court.

THERE are altogether 572 baronets in Great Britain and Ireland, some of whom are very poor. The Bank of England and the Oriental Bank both have baronet clerks. Another is in the Irish police.

MR. JOHN CAMPBELL, Ledaig, one of the worthiest of Highlandmen and a poet of genuine merit, some of whose pieces have been translated by Prof. Blackie, has agreed to publish a volume of his poems.

A BAPTIST minister was once asked how it was that he consented to the marriage of his daughter to a Presbyterian. "Well," he replied, "as far as I have been able to discover, Cupid never studied theology."

WHILE the deaths of which drunkenness could be directly assigned as the cause rose from twenty-nine per million in 1870 to forty-five per million in 1876, it is computed that in 1881 they had sunk to thirty per million.

"EL CRONISTA," of Panama, says the Count F. de Lesseps and Gen. Ture, of Hungary, have formed a partnership with Mr. Nathan Appleton for the construction of a canal across Cape Cod, at a cost of \$3,000,000.

THE clerical politician, Rev. Isaac Nelson, M.P., is evidently very unpopular with a portion of his fellow-townsmen in Belfast. His house has been regularly bombarded with stones, scarcely a whole pane of glass being left in the windows. The police made several captures, and Mr. Nelson is taking steps to prosecute.

AT the sons of the clergy dinner in Glasgow, Lord Advocate Bal'four referred to the fact that all the highest offices connected with the legal profession were held at present by sons of the marse. The Lord President, Lord Watson, the Solicitor-General and himself were sons, which the Lord Justice Clerk is a grandson, of clergymen.