

conspicuous by contrast; and in some cases we have actually been requested to recommend that there should be a separation of classes, as the parents of well-dressed children found it offensive to their feelings that they should mix with their inferiors."

These are grave utterances from a Royal Commission of fourteen members, four of whom were members of the National Board, one a President of a Queen's College, and another since appointed President, and two others her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools in England. Seven of the fourteen were Catholics, five Episcopalian Protestants, and two Presbyterians.

The alleged literary proficiency of the pupils is fully disposed of, but the most important arguments in favour of Denominational Training Colleges as distinct from the model schools, cited by the Bishop of Raphoe, are:—

"No system, however carefully devised, which ignores the power to be derived in forming the character, from unity of religious conviction, can be effectual. In Marlborough-street (Central Training School), at every turn, religious differences are kept before the pupils. It is no happy family which is divided into these sects, continually separating from each other for religious duties, we cannot say even 'Our Father' in common. The young people are not any longer children fresh and light-hearted; they have learned to feel already the bitterness and difficulty which religious differences create. Would it not be far better that the training of teachers should be denominational, even if no other part of the system should be altered. We wish to record our decided conviction of the impolicy of the present arrangements."

And, again—

"Brought from distant homes," and so withdrawn from parental and pastoral care, these young men pass their days and nights under a schoolmaster who, however skilful as an elementary teacher, has not been selected for ability to mould the character and form the manners of boarders, and who, sincere and well instructed as he may be in his own religion, cannot undertake to enforce the obligations of religions which are not his own. This portion of the Model Schools appears to us to be extremely ill-advised, costly without being effective, and calculated to alienate those most deeply interested in the welfare of the young men, without securing a sound class of teachers.

Not even the Queen's Colleges have attempted boarding-houses of mixed religions. (Rep. vol. i., part ii., p. 760)."

It was the late Conservative Government, chiefly the Duke of Abercorn and Lord Mayo, that constituted that Royal Commission, Jan., 1868, while its Chairman, Earl Powis, and several of its members, as Lord Clonbrock, Dr. Butcher, Bishop of Meath, Master Burke, Judge Morris, and Mr. Waldron, were leading Conservatives. Now returned to office that Report and those recommendations lie before Mr. Disraeli's Government awaiting action. Sir M. Hicks-Beach has evinced a disposition to move in the matter of Training Colleges. The motion, early in March, of which Major O'Reilly has given notice respecting the report of that Primary School Commission, before which he himself gave admirable evidence, will test the intention of the Government on the subject. Meantime the admirable letter of the Bishop of Raphoe is an opportune contribution to the discussion.

The Bishop might have called the attention of the noble Marquis to the Model Schools in Newtown-Stewart, close beside Baronscourt, the residence of the Duke of Abercorn. When the school census was taken, the week ending 17th June, 1871, of 160 children present in the three schools there were 46 Episcopalian and 114 Presbyterians and others; but not even one Catholic, although the majority of the population of the town are Catholics. Yet this costly institution is set down as a model of Mixed Education.—'Tablet.'

## CRIME AND THE ROMAN CARNIVAL.

It cannot be said that the Roman Carnival of 1875 was a success. The Municipality, it is true, gave its accustomed subsidy, and the military authorities lent some waggons, and were ready to lend as many more as might be required. The Princess Margherita likewise did her part by hiring a balcony in the Corso, and a few enthusiastic Americans followed her example. But all was in vain. No persons cared to give their names to any Carnival Committee, nor were any races of riderless horses organized, nor did the artists come forward to arrange processions, grotesque or picturesque, for the purpose of displaying their tastes and amusing themselves and their friends. During the last two days of the Carnival week the throwing of *confetti* was prohibited, and the *moccoli* on Shrove Tuesday brought to a close a Carnival which was scarcely worthy the name. Pleasure seekers, in truth, must go elsewhere for excitement. Rome is no longer the city which attracted in so many persons. The grand Catholic ceremonies have ceased. Society is divided into opposing cliques. The houses of the Roman nobles are as it were in mourning. There are no sumptuous receptions in the palaces of the Ambassadors. The saloons of Cardinals are no longer opened for conversazioni, and the rich Catholic families which formerly selected Rome for a winter residence have almost all of them abandoned the Holy City. The class of Protestants who now come to Rome is, in comparison with those who formerly resorted thither, an inferior class, inferior both in wealth and in social position. The very artists have, in a considerable degree, migrated from a city now too expensive for men of moderate means. But in return for all it has lost Rome has gained, since the breach of Porta Pia, the Court of the Quirinal, heavy taxation, increase of crime, and, lastly, Garibaldi. The hero of Aspromonte is the hero of the hour in Rome. To him bow down the plebs, the unwashed mob of the streets, the leading men of Liberal journalism, the orators of the Chamber of Deputies, the Senators of the new Kingdom, the courtiers of Victor Emmanuel, and Sir Augustus Paget. If the King himself does not wait on Garibaldi at least he gives him special invitation to the Quirinal, and a reception such as he would give to an Ambassador. Rome looks to Garibaldi for

deliverance if not from the Monarchy, at least from an inundation of the Tiber. And Garibaldi is propitious. "Talk not to me," said the great man, recently to an admiring audience, "of the clerical question, *questione prete*, nor yet of the political question. I am come to stay the overflows of the Tiber by means of a canal which will not only prevent inundations, but will also give Rome a seaport." The King approves the scheme, the country provides the money for preliminary expenses, and Garibaldi is happy. But meanwhile a worse flood than that of yellow Tiber is advancing over the city, a flood that is of iniquity and profligacy. When the troops of Victor Emmanuel entered Rome in 1870 a crowd of evil-disposed persons, as Mr. Gladstone confessed, entered along with them. General Giuseppe Garibaldi makes his ingress into the same city in 1875, and, by a strange parallel, a series of atrocious misdeeds signalizes his presence. We do not intend to insinuate that Garibaldi has part or knowledge in any of these crimes, which he doubtless deprecates as much as any man. Almost the first words spoken by Garibaldi to the mob in Rome were words of exhortation to be quiet and not to disturb public order. He himself by his conduct in the Chamber of Deputies set an example of forbearance and modesty. But the fact is indisputable that since Garibaldi's arrival the police in Rome have had more than the usual amount of unruliness to contend with, while the passions of vicious men have been heated beyond ordinary limits. The newspapers afford daily narrations of brawls in wine shops, in private houses, and in the Piazzas. The knife is freely used in these quarrels, and a stab in the body, often fatal, seems the usual termination of the riot. The opening of masked balls in the theatres during the Carnival week afforded fresh facilities for licentiousness and its attendant evils. The very lads in the streets seem to have caught the infection of unrestrained passion, and to be ready, on the most trifling provocation, to take a comrade's life. One boy jostled another to snatch from him a bon-bon flung from a Corso balcony, and is forthwith "knifed" on the spot by his juvenile antagonist. A young man is mocked by his frail sweetheart, and takes revenge by shooting her in the brain. These crimes were perpetrated near each other, in the Corso, in the very thick of the so-called Carnival. Within a few hours of the last homicide, and not far from the same locality, a husband and wife begin to squabble, the wife's brother interferes, and is mortally stabbed for his pains. Sudden fury or drink may have caused these murders. But worse remains to be told. The last of the homicides, which occurred on Saturday, the 6th of February, in Rome, was the awful and mysterious assassination of the editor and proprietor of the 'Capitale' news-Raffaele Sonzogno was one of those who entered Rome when the bombs of Cadorna opened its gates to the votaries of liberty. It is no libel on him to say that he feared neither God nor man, and hated equally the Monarchy and the clerical regime. If he blasphemed and caricatured Christianity and its head, he was also daring enough to assail his political enemies and to attack the constitution. His Republican ideas made him nearly as much the foe of the Quirinal as of the Vatican. He was, as might have been expected, feared rather than liked. But he was a power, for evil, it must be said, in Rome. His newspaper was the most popular of all the Liberal journals, and the most influential among the members of the Republican party. Sonzogno was writing in his study in the 'Capitale' office, on the evening of the 6th February. A strong man, one Pio Frezzo, an utter stranger to Sonzogno, enters and assassinates him, inflicting upon him thirteen wounds with a sharp-pointed, two-edged poignard. So fiercely sudden was the assault that Sonzogno had barely time to cry out for help, when he expired. The assassin was seized on the spot and lodged in prison. He appears to have been hired for the fearful deed, but by whom or for what motive is yet unknown. The lips of Sonzogno are closed by death. Frezzo continues to assert that he knows nothing about it. Some say political causes were the motive, and others that private revenge occasioned this terrible *vendetta*. The ways of the secret societies are dark, and often baffle the keenest efforts of justice to search them out. Unfortunately, the mode of life and the past career of the murdered man were such as to render it not improbable that personal hatred, with or without a mixture of political enmity, brought his years to an untimely and violent end. One thing is, however, certain, and that is that the murderer had no connection with the clerical party. Although a Roman, he was a Republican, and belonged to the party of Sonzogno and Garibaldi. This makes the crime all the more mysterious. The capture of the assassin was a fortunate circumstance, for if he had escaped it would have certainly been given out that the Pope and Antonelli had contrived the murder in order to suppress the 'Capitale.' That newspaper, however, has not been extinguished by the removal of its famous proprietor. Its issues were continued without intermission or suspension. Editors of Republican and Liberal journals in Italy have, it must be confessed, a dangerous employment. It is not long since the owner of the 'Libertà,' Signor Arbib, was assaulted in broad day in the Corso and received some violent blows which drew blood. He and most of the Revolutionary writers are prepared for any number of duels, but deprecate sudden attacks and protest against assassination. To judge from reports of the *Questura* and from trials in criminal courts the tone of morals among the new comers into Rome is such that the increased frequency of crimes of violence, *reati d sangue*, occasions no surprise.—'Tablet.'

The polindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve—"Madam, I'm Adam!" Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he would have sacked London, replied, "Able was I ere I saw Elba!" The latter is the best polindrome probably in the language.

The 'New Zealand Times' says that Joe Small left a wife who is an invalid, and two young children, almost destitute. The 'Times' suggests an amateur performance in aid the bereaved family.