

The large proportion of college-bred fellows among the younger settlers in the North-West is remarkable. Eton, Oxford, Cambridge, and even our own McGill, Toronto, and other Canadian seats of learning, have sent forth many of their sons to the prairie land. The over-crowding of the professions, the locking up of Britain's broad acres in few hands, and the cost of farms in the older parts of the Dominion, have all had their share in this. It is now becoming much more generally known than it was a quarter of a century ago, that scientific agriculture gives ample occupation for both head and hands. Nowhere in the world can labor-saving implements be employed to greater advantage than in Manitoba. There is hard work to be done at farming in Manitoba, but it is not the incessant drudgery that characterizes it in some other countries. In ploughing, all that is necessary is to touch a lever at the end of a long furrow. The seed-drill follows the sulky-plough. Then comes the roller, and you can ride on that. There is entire emancipation from the back-breaking scythe and sickle. You ride on the mower, take in your hay with a self-loader, dump it in the barn, or more likely stack it in the field, with a horse-fork. You ride on the reaping-machine, rather on the self-binder, and have but to pitch the bound sheaves, which is child's play. The race of men in the North-West who farm, as a great artist mixed his paints, "with brains, sir," is already large, and will multiply as the advantageous features of prairie farming become more widely known. To one who has long dreamed of "a good time coming," when the king of callings shall be prosecuted by a kingly race of men, the possibilities of rural life in the North-West seem like a happy realization, "too good to be true." There is, however, both truth and poetry in it.

The most striking feature about society in the North-West is the scarcity of homes. A hotel is not a home. Nor is a bachelor's shanty on the distant prairie, though inhabited by a pair, trio, quartette, or more of those to whom the post-prandial ditty is applicable:—

"For they are jolly good fellows."

An American writer says, "A man in a hotel is like a potted flower plant, carried about from place to place, shorn at the roots, and cut short at the top." A man in a bachelor's prairie shanty may not resemble the potted flower in being carried about from place to place, but he is very like it in being pruned both root and branches. The want of homes has led to Winnipeg's reputation for wickedness,—a reputation as unenviable as it is unfair. Given a large population of young men, and men in the prime of a vigorous manhood; exiled from family and home; passion, sentiment and affection strong within them, the natural flow of these pent up, yet stimulated by the most exhilarating climate—is it any wonder that many of them stray to the billiard saloon, bar-room, and house of ill-fame? Sheer loneliness tempts not a few astray, who, under other circumstances, had never left the path of rectitude. Nearly every single young man who has gone to the North-West, has done so with the definite purpose of returning for some already selected fair daughter of Eve, and the sweetest solace of his lonely hours is the memory of "the girl I left behind me." In most cases it would have been better to have "taken her along." Girls are just as brave as boys. They are quite as hardy too, if not hardier. Women may be, in some respects, "the weaker vessels," but it is not in power of endurance. Divine wisdom did not formulate the axiom, "It is not good that man should be alone," for Eden only. It is as true of the prairie wilderness as it was of the primeval garden. Indeed, the wilderness becomes a garden so soon as it can boast an Eve. It is wiser to make a home with a woman than for one. Give her a share in the task. Many a newly-married couple has gone to the North-West and made a start together. No one who has had extensive observation of life in Manitoba will condemn this plan. The moral phase of this question is of importance. It is a pitiful thing to meet with young fellows in the North-West "dead broke," as the saying is, financially, but this is not an irreparable calamity. The saddest of all spectacles, that of young men "dead broke" morally, may also be seen there. That is an irreparable calamity. "The bloom on the peach" is not more truly lost by a young woman when she falls from virtue, than it is by the young man who lapses into vice. Statesmen, fathers and mothers, teachers and preachers, philosophers and philanthropists, will do Manitoba the best possible turn by using every endeavour to multiply homes there. The ladies will not fail to do their part, if only asked. "Nobody axed me, Sir, she said," is woman's adequate explanation for not being where she is so greatly needed.

W. F. C.

CANON LIDDON is now far advanced with his "Life of Dr. Pusey," and hopes to bring it to a conclusion at an early date.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the war correspondent, is about to issue a biography of "Chinese Gordon," the now famous soldier and diplomat, whose career recent events in Egypt have brought into prominence.

## ROME IN JANUARY.

EVERYONE is disappointed in Rome, I believe. Everyone expects largeness, grandeur, and finds littleness and meanness are the characteristics that force themselves upon the attention. Of course the visitor may climb to the Pincian, and, looking over the city that is stretched beneath him, with the Vatican and St. Peter's piled up, an architectural mass, to the level of his eye, realize that Michael Angelo did indeed "hang the Pantheon in the heavens," as he boasted he would do; and that the Vatican, with its four thousand rooms, is the largest palace in the world. Or he may walk beyond the walls and satisfy his longing for immensity with a sight of the Colosseum and the baths of Caracalla. But it is when walking about the city that the narrowness of the streets, their closeness and unwholesomeness, strike one most forcibly. For, from the time you leave your hotel in the Piazza di Spagna and set out to "do" St. Peter's, Raphael's Sibyls, the Sistine Chapel, or a one-hundredth part of the Vatican, to the time you return to the haunts of the Americans and English in the Piazza di Spagna, you are trudging through a labyrinth of dirty, noisesome lanes and alleys.

But we are looking at Rome from an aldermanic point of view. Surely its streets, of all streets, should be looked at with the eyes of an artist. Surely, once within its sacred walls we should forget civic reform, and be satisfied with thoroughfares that are insanitary because they are picturesque; and, irregular though they be—steep, perhaps, or narrow—full of endless, purposeless twistings and twinings—we should see in them only a succession of paintable "bits," wonderful in colour, and as forceful in their clearly defined light and shade as Regnault drew them, or an Italian sun can make them. Nevertheless, Rome is crowded. Perhaps on entering a piazza (an open space at the junction of two or more streets) you are pleased with the portico of a church of which a good view is here attainable, and of which it is desirable to see more. But that is impossible: a narrow alley is all that intervenes between the remaining three sides of the building and the neighbouring houses; so you must abandon your hopes of gaining further information on the subject by your own enterprise, and "look it up" in "Murray." The city is filling rapidly; the season is just beginning; and one meets tourists everywhere—in the Corso (Rome's most fashionable street; about half as wide as King street, Toronto), in the Vatican, on the Pincian, and, on Sunday afternoons, in St. Peter's, where everyone goes to hear vespers sung by the male sopranos. Our American neighbours are here in great force; proving, by their untiring peregrinations in search of the art treasures of bygone ages, that their love of antiquity is as real as it is deep; and that that played-out old joke of ours about the Yankee who complained that Rome was "out of repair," though, perhaps, characteristic of the American of half a century ago, is far from being indicative of the feelings with which the trans-Atlantic visitor now looks upon the Eternal City and the wonders that are within its walls. But your practical, common-sense-loving New Yorker is sometimes guilty of anachronisms, and it was with some amusement that the writer, while looking at the antique statues that have lately been unearthed in the Forum, listened to a son of the great republic as he described to his lady friends how the Roman sculptors executed these works from sketches in "terra-cotta or plaster of Paris!"

When those *pellegrini* were here, on their pilgrimage to the shrine of Victor Emmanuel, they turned the city upside down. So great were their numbers they had to come in three detachments, and, as each detachment had its procession, there were at least three days this month when everybody was late for his business. Morning dawned in the city offices and had mellowed into noon before the clerks appeared. The man from the *latteria* knocked at the studio door and announced the arrival of the artist's lunch, but not the model whose protracted absence kept the painter idle. The caretaker at the bank warmed his hands over his charcoal fire, and wondered, as the day wore on, why the place was still empty. All day the procession streamed by on its circuitous route to the Pantheon. The main thoroughfares were impassable. An impenetrable crowd lined the pavement, and was kept from encroaching on the street by *garde*. The procession did not strike the foreigner with any degree of awe. The costumes were too fortuitous for that. Local magnates with frock coats, antiquated "stove-pipe" hats, white bosoms and pea-green ties, were very numerous, and followed their leaders, who held aloft banners of rare device and excruciating colour with a solemnity that befitted the occasion. Warriors in their civilian dress, each decorated with a silk hat (very much on one side) and innumerable medals (the non-possession of which made one feel quite conspicuous) marched proudly behind their tattered *gonfalon*. I have it from an eye-witness, that an elderly gentleman of the local magnate type, and evidently a man of distinction, fearing that the onlookers' interest in his person might be limited to that side of his head upon which he had adjusted his "stove-pipe," had obviated the difficulty by placing a red fez cap over the other ear.

There is no music, worth the name, to be heard in Rome just now; and yet the King is here. A concert occurs now and then, with, perhaps, one good thing on the programme, but, to hear it, one has to pay a dollar and a quarter for the cheapest seats. "Carmen" was performed here, for the first time, two weeks ago. It was well put on; the orchestration was first-rate, and the Romans showed their appreciation of it by encoring the overture and other orchestral parts two and three times. But these Italian singers spoil everything by their incessant *tremolo*, which they seem to think it necessary to make use of on every occasion.

The *sirocco*, an unpleasant, warm, damp wind, has prevailed of late, and we poor Canadians long for the cold, clear weather that our friends across the Atlantic tell us about. This wretched wind is so humid and clammy it makes the roads and sidewalks (where any exist) as sticky and