AT THE DOOR OF GOOD FORTUNE. It was the middle of a night in June, or rather in the very earliest hours of a morning in the full height of a London season, that two young men ran down the steps of a handsome house near Eaton Square. Our young men were in evening dress. One was tall and dark with a superb full beard; the other, much with a supero full beard; the other, much slighter in frame, wore the look of a man wonted to society and to London ways. Both had cigars between their fingers; that of the younger man was already lit, and he gave a light to his companion as soon as they found themselves in the street.

"Are you bound for your lodgings, Colonel Wolcott?" asked the younger man.
"Indeed I am," replied the colonel, laughing. "I am not habituated to London hours as yet, though I shall be broken in soon as a matter of course and find them all right, as I did rising before daybreak all

right in the East."

"You are fortunate in coming to London just when you did," said his companion.

"There is nothing in the world more delightful than the life you are likely to lead for the next six months. Your book has made a hit in fashionable and literary circles which will ensure you a successful season in town, and that will be followed by another town, and that will be followed by another round of engagements in the country during the shooting and hunting seasons; or, if too much lionizing proves a bore, you can break away at any moment and take a run across the channel. Indeed, that is one of the good things of being in England. You are certainly a lucky fellow, Colonel. Here you wake up one fine morning and find you was fellowed. ly a lucky fellow, Colonel. Here you wake up one fine morning and find yourself famous in a certain way, and that at the beginning of the season, too, in the very heart of the civilized world. I hope you realize your The other laughed. It was rather a forced

"It is no use for me to sham indiffere he said, "for truly I am very much gratified at my little success. The position is wholly unexpected. It is what cultivated Americans all dream of as about the best thing that can happen to anybody. A trip to Europe is the great holiday of our lives, you know; the hope of it sustains us through the toil and moil of business, which from lifteen to thirtyfive gives most of us few chances of pleasur For an obscure American like myself to find himself a lion, even in a small way, in the best—I mean the best literary—English society is very like what popularity would be to a classic author permitted to return to earth and enjoy his fame; and I have had too few of it is entertaining. Why, there was a fellow at my lodgings this morning before I was out of bed—a reporter, or whatever you call a man who collects artistic matter for the illusrated papers—to get my photograph for 'The Illustration.' I felt the compliment to my beard too much to deny him, only I was afraid my complaisance did not do him much service; for I told the maid who kocked at my door to give him a carte de visite from the mantel-piece of my sitting-room, and I have a strong impression that she mistook and got hold of the likeness of an old general of mine, sow serving the Khedive, whom I stopped at Caire to see on my way from Constantinople to Males."

He pansed a moment, and went on :—

"It's another of the strange new things that crewd upon me to find myself so kindly received by all of you at the Legation. When I quitted civilization, just after the fall of our Confederacy, Uncle Sam was my stratement at the end of five years I find nyself restored to his protection and hon d with the consideration of his represe ives abroad. It gives me a queer sense aving outlived my former self, and of b having outlived my former self, and of being on a visit to posterity. To differ the charges of the past five years have been gradual, but to me they have been unsoftened even by newspaper intelligence. To become conscious of a feeling of security under the old flag is a surprise indeed to me. I was astonished by a throb of old-time feeling when, in the harbour of Constantinople, I recognized the Stripes and Stars. There is nothing like five years' exile in the East to revive one's love of country."

Secretary of Legation, "subsiding, that is to say, as fast as politicians and reconstruction ists will permit. Americans certainly are the most wonderful people in the world for accepting the inevitable. We are educated to it. Ours is a land of fever and ague in politics, Colonel Wolcott—of hot fits suc-seeded by cold chills. But prosperity and peace are springing up finely in Georgia, your own State. It is five years, is it not, since Lee's surrender? I admit that more ought to have been done rolitically to settle our years. been done politically to settle our vexed questions; but so far as social feeling is con-cerned, I believe all bitterness at the North

has passed away."
"You mean to hint that the South is not so placable? I presume not. But then i was the seat of war. Would the non-combat was the seat of war. Would the non-compat-ants of Massachusetts be able, do you think, to feel kindly towards Southern troopers, stragglers, bummers, and camp-followers, who had chopped up their fruit-trees, laid waste their fields and gardens, scattered their families, burned down their homesteads, and overturned the very foundations of their social customs?—However, that is not what we were talking about." "No; and here we are at the door of your

lodgings. Shall I come to-morrow mornin and take you to see some of the sights of mean—I am to breakfast with my publish who has asked a lot of literary men travellers' to meet me—members of the Geo-graphical Society, the Asiatic, and the Travel-iers' Club. I look forward with great pleasure to seeing these men, whose very names have been full of associations and interest to me for

"Well, I can only repeat that you are a fortunate fellow, and I envy you the frank upirit in which you accept your popularity even more than I do your literary position, though that might gratify any man. Your havels out only six weeks, three editions already called for ! reviews in the Times and the Quarterlies, and all flattering! A man without family incumbrances too. Well, you have the ball at your feet—and it will be pleasant to watch you kick it. Good night and bon repos!"
Colonel Wolcott ran lightly up the stairs to his sitting-room, where a lamp was dimly burning in expectation of his arrival.
"Yes, I am a lucky fellow!" he exclaimed,

is he entered his apartment. "I am fortunate indeed to have no ties, no responsibilities, no lrawbacks to my thorough enjoyment of this right streak of prosperity.

"A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world;
Here, Arab-like, is pitched my tent,
And straight again is furled."

The quotation seemed to call up some sad-

lening reminiscences. He did not go on to the next verse about the "two locks" of hair, the next verse about the two locks of hair, out, with a passing gesture of impatience and discomfiture, turned up the lamp, and made a sudden brightness in the chamber. On the table, underneath the lamp, lay a thick letter.
"Ah!" he said, looking at the cover.

He broke the seal, and read :-"Dear Sir,—I forgot, this morning, when I had the pleasure of seeing you that some letters for you had come addressed to our care. I forward them with apologies. I have secured Murchison, Layard, Kinglake, and the rest, for breakfast to-morrow morning. Sir Roderick will afterwards introduce you at the Travellers' and the Oriental. Nothing

must prevent your coming. We shall break-last at sharp ten. "Yours truly,

about the old bed of the Oxus? Lett from America! Alas! I have friends th no longer. I propose to begin a new life, and to make new friends and a new future. Let me see, from my mother's lawyer in New York. Ha! I know what he writes about. I hope he can manage it."

"New York, April 10, 1870.

"MY DEAR COLONEL WOLCOTT,—Permit me to express the high gratification it was to us to receive yours from Constantinople, dated the 9th of March, after a total silence of so many eventful years. We have noted the contents of your communication, and believe that by proper application to the courts of the State of Indiana the thing you desire can be very easily accomplished. We will set about it at once, and a few weeks may relieve you. You gave us no address, so that I direct my letter to your London publisher. Allow me to congratulate you as an authorand a traveller—nothing like since Eothen.

"Your most obedient,"

"Robert S. Deane."

"So far. so good," said Colonel Wolcott. "New York, April 10, 1870.

"So far, so good," said Colonel Wolcott, "So far, so good," said Colonel Wolcott, and took up the second letter.

"MY DEAR COLONEL,—In pursuance of the business intrusted to our firm in your favor of March 9, from Constantinople, I have called on Mr. Engels—Mrs. Wolcott's father,—and have informed him that we desire to avail ourselves, with as little delay as possible, of the well-known facilities for divorce offered by the laws of Indiana. I represented to him that as you had lived apart from Mrs. Wolcott for nine years, neither party holding to him that as you had lived apart from Mrs. Wolcott for nine years, neither party holding communication during that time with the other, there could be no difficulty in dissolving your union on the ground of desertion. I suggested that it might be more speedy and satisfactory if, on his daughter's part, he should bring suit, and so join us in an amicable arrangement for the dissolution of the marriage. He expressed his entire willingness to do so, provided Mrs. Wolcott be permitted to retain the child.

retain the child . . . "
" Child !" exclaimed Colonel Wolcott, "Child!" exclaimed Colonel Wolcott.
"What child? My child? I the father of a
child? I never heard of any child! What
can the man be thinking of? Why have I
never heard of it before? Why did she never
send me word I had a child?"

He flung himself back in his chair, still
holding the lawyer's letter.
"True—true," he said at last, "during
the war I got no letters. Left he would call.

the war I got no letters. I left her suddenly. the war I got no letters. I left her suddenly. I had borne everything from her and from her friends which a man is bound to bear. I was driven to leave her. She said nothing to me of her situation, but it may have been so. The child must have been born while I was in Alabama, and when the war was over I went at once abroad. I wrote her father word that I was some the said of word that I was going to the East, and got no answer. To be sure, answer was not easy. Even the news of my poor mother's death reached me at second hand. It was a difficult matter even for loving wives, during our war, to communicate with their husbands in the Confederacy, and she—Well, I never wrote to her, that is true. But a child !—it seems incredible. A child would alter everything.

incredible. A child would alter everything. Son or daughter, did he say?..."

"He expresses his entire willingness to do so, provided Mrs. Wolcott be permitted to retain the child, from whom nothing, he was sure, would prevail on her to part. I told him that the child being already more than seven years of age, the father is its legal guardian, but that after the divorce, if proceedings had been satisfactory, it was probable some arrangement might be made by us to meet their wishes. We will therefore see Mrs Wolcott's lawyer, and hurry on the Mrs Wolcott's lawyer, and hurry on the suit, leaving you to advise us further on this point as you think proper. Old Mr. Engels hinted an intention of amply providing for his grandson, and even of settling an annuity upon yourself, should you waive all claim to the child's custody."

"The hargaining Venkes!" are lained.

"The bargaining Yankee!" exclaimed Colonel Wolcott, starting from his chair. "Does he think his dirty Northern dollars "Does he think his dirty Northern dollars can buy from a Southern gentleman his own flesh and blood? It is, a boy, then! His graftleon! My boy—my own boy! He is more than eight years old, and they have never let me hear a word about him. I—his own father! And I do not even know his name! I never heard of him before!"

He flung open the window in strong excitement, and leaned out to catch a breath of morning air. As he did so his ear caught the hum that in a mighty city precedes the dawn. In London streets there is one hour of night to twenty-three of day. Colonel Wol-

night to twenty-three of day. Colonel Wol-cott turned from the open window, and paced up and down his sitting-room, with a tempest raging in his bosom.

As he walked, the circumstances of his life rose up before him.

CHAPTER II.

UNADVISEDLY AND LIGHTLY. He saw himself a little boy upon a Georgia farm, playing in the woods with many dogs and many little darkies. He was an autocrat among his playfellows, but an autocrat whose sway was tempered by nature into a very endurable disposition.

He remembered himself in the woods upon

He remembered himself in the woods upon a summer's day with Harry, Cato, Jefferson, Lias, Melchisedeck, and James Buchanan, when a slow procession came wending through the trees up to the mansion. An old mauma, wiping her eyes, came to fetch him to the house. In the great hall he found relatives and friends, who had brought his father home, wounded to death in a duel. In less than an hour after the child was summoned from his play, the tragedy was over. The than an hour after the child was summoned from his play, the tragedy was over. The shock of that moment he could feel still. It would go with him to the last hour of his life, burnt into memory as with a fiery brand.

Next he saw himself bidding a sad and long farewell to the home of his childhood, the stronghold of his Southern pride. His mother had been a Northern beauty, wooed and won at one of the Virginia springs. She hated the seclusion of Southern country life, though she liked well enough the importance of owning a large plantation. On her husband's death she purchased a pretty place on the Northern River, living there, or at Newport, during the summer months, and passing the during the summer months, and passing the winters usually at a New York hotel or

He saw himself at school—a school which brought him under better influences than did his mother's intimates. He saw himself a half-grown lad upon the lawn of his Southern half-grown lad upon the lawn of his Southern home, under the live oaks, draped with hanging moss, during such happy brief vacations as he was permitted to pass upon the old plantation. There lived the uncle and consins who were allowed to reside, rent free, in the old homestead; there was his blooded riding mare, his favourite gun, the dogs who hailed his holiday with wild delight, the dusky faces lingering round the porch, the boys, who looked upon his stay as a perpetual Whitsuntide. The cousins worshipped him; his uncle deferred to him; his dogs and dependants fawned upon him. Education, means, experience, acquirements and position gave the boy a weight far greater than any to which he was entitled from his years in that simplehearted, primitive, hero-worshipping society. boy a weight lar greater than any to which he was entitled from his years in that simple hearted, primitive, hero-worshipping society. Lancelot Wolcott's memory dwelt tenderly upon his Southern home, and his hand clenched and his brow darkened as he thought of his property laid waste, his horses requisitioned, his dogs masterless. He remembered, with a thrill of anger and bitterness, his last sight of the charred ruins of his homestead—a black blot on the green landscape, marking the swathe of Sherman's mighty scythe.

Again the tableau shifted, and he was at Bonn, whither his mother had taken him when he was seventeen. There, with the German language, he had learned German notions—a little rationalism, a little materialism, something of the German Protestant ideas of loose obligations in marriage. He had imbibed these things unconsciously, yet they formed an important part of that substructure of impressions—the "gold or silver, wood, hay, stubble," of ideas and principles, which we collect to build our future lives upon.

ives upon.

Then his thoughts shifted to Newport. He ing Second Beach, in days when fashion still encouraged horseback exercise on the long stretches of those glorious sands. Beside him rode Cora Noble, faultless in beauty and equestrian equipment. Again he felt his heart beat as she floated with him through the waltz, or coquetted in the mazes of the German;

again she trusted to his strong arm in the un-der-tow, and let him battle (with that arm around her waist) the stringent force of the receding tide; again he led her from the surf over wet shingle to one of those unpainted pine-board boxes which they call "bathing houses" on the Newport beach.

pine-board boxes which they call "bathing houses" on the Newport beach.

He recalled the sudden shock with which he learned one day of her-engagement to an elderly New York banker, and the moment when, in her cool seaside drawing-room, he sat in the half-light thrown by the summer sunshine through green blinds, waiting to hear his fate—to lose or win her.

He saw her enter, in a fresh and faultless robe of crispest frills and flounces, and take a seat near him. Again he pleaded his deep love, his long devotion: and she answered calmly that his foreign education had given him no insight into the social necessities of American society: that an American girl, being chaperon to herself, could not be blamed for tentative efforts to find out who might best suit her as a husband; that, as guardian of her own interests, she was bound to look out for the best possible match, and that she sincerely regretted if anything in her manner had given rise to hopes which she had never supposed him seriously to expect her to fulfil.

That night he left Newport on a fishing expedition. To the day of his death he would remember the awful loneliness of the Isles of Shoals, where he stayed a week. The blow was a severe one—all the more that it "came not as a single spy," but followed by battalions. His pecuniary affairs, just at this time, proved out of joint. The Wolcott estate had never been properly divided. A black storm was gathering on the political horizon, which alarmed all holders of Southern property, and "great stirring of heart" was felt amongst those to whom the Southern States were dear.

The accounts laid before Lancelot Wolcott, about a year after, his coming of age, were by no means satisfactory. His mother had been

about a year after his coming of age, were by no means satisfactory. His mother had been extravagant, their agents incompetent, his uncle supine. In the bitterness of his heart, he was forced to tell himself that the mer-

senary beauty who had thrown him over had lone wisely. "Perhaps," he exclaimed, "in her capacity of chaperon and guardian to herself, she may have already satisfied her own mind by private inquiry as to my 'means,' or the want Who knows? Women of that stamp are

Who knows? Women of that stamp are very wise in their generation, and capable of calm, keen management of their owninterests, untroubled by superfluous delicacy.

When Lancelot reappeared at his mother's cottage on the North River, the cause of his ill looks required no conjecture. Every gossip in every circle of the federated upper ten cackled to every morning visitor and detailed to every correspondent in "the set" the news that Cora Noble—wasn't it too bad of her?—had flung over young Wolcott for of her?-had flung over young Wolcott for

One of the first annoyances that greeted Lancelot Wolcott, when he came back to the world again, was his mother's importunate esire that he should marry-marry at once, without delay.

without delay.

Her arguments were varied and cogent. It would be the best way of getting over all feeling about Cora Noble. It was desirable to marry before he had in any way hardened into being a bachelor. It was particularly to be wished that he should choose a rich woman, and so mend the falling fortunes of his family. Why should not rich girls be as charming as poor ones? more so, indeed, for they had full command of those advantages on which many of a well-bred woman's charms depend. In short, Mrs. Wolcott brought her arguments to a point by assuring hin that she had found the very match for him in Miss Adela Engels, only daughter of the very rich old merchant who owned the hand-some villa next her own. me ville next her own

some villa next her own.

"Fresh from school, my dear Lancelot—an unsophisticated reature! You can mould her into anything you wish. Very pretty, very dutiful, religious, and all that; ready to look up to her 'Sir Lancelot' as a hero. She knows all the things schools ever teach young ladies, and her father is as rich as—well! they say there is nothing to which we can compare old Engels' riches. She is a girl who will have crowds of men after her as soon as she puts her head into society, but she appears to have no taste whatever for fashionable life, and her father and Mrs. Engels are keeping her baok—keeping her for you, keeping her back—keeping her for you, Lancelot, for I've sounded them, and their views are mine precisely. You may have the first chance, if you please, with this girl. And, my dear son, if you win Adela Engels for your wife, I think I shall ask nothing

more to make me happy."

At first Lancelot smiled languidly at these appeals, then he became exasperated to the highest degree by his mother's pertinacity; and he took a dislike to old Mr. Engels, who

omitted no possible opportunity of thrusting upon him his unwelcome society. Adela, absent from home at the moment.

Adela, absent from home at the moment, was sent for. Lancelot saw perfectly well, and marked, each careful step taken for their introduction to each other. He was languidly amused by the commotion and his mother's vain hopes. They first met at a dinner-party at Woodbine, the Engels' villa, to which his mother made it a matter of especial concern that he should accompany her.

Adela was arrayed in white muslin and blue ribbons—the very picture of an ingenue. He found her unformed, self-conscious, a thorough school-girl, perfectly aware of what her elders were expecting, intrenched behind two giggling comrades of her own age, who looked on Lancelot Wolcott (the most finished man of fashion they had ever seen) as the declared and accepted lover of the great heiress. Had Lancelot been in spirits, he might have thought it good fun to attack her prudery, and, after overpowering the friends who held the out-works, to approach her by the lines and parallels of scientific flirtation. But he had no heart just then for jesting in any way

the out-works, to approach her by the lines and parallels of scientific flirtation. But he had no heart just then for jesting in any way with young ladies—no heart even for taking flight, no spirit to resist the small machinations of their respective mothers.

Day after day, under the joint manœuvres of both families, he drifted on to the fate prepared for him. He saw enough of Adela to be sure that she was a thoroughly good girl, unspoiled as yet by any taint of family vulgarity; he perceived that she was absorbed in a sort of awful admiration of himself, for which he could not but be grateful. She was apparently a tabula rasa, upon which might be written anything that suited him. Of his affair with Cora Noble she had somehow learned, for even in boarding-schools the matter had been canvassed and discussed as an interesting item of current gossip; and he came at last to the point of saying to himself that, as to feel a passion for any woman was thenceforth impossible to him, might it not be well that he should gratify everybody by throwing his handkerchief to this highly eligible and attainable young person?

Then came a day when, by the river's brink—very much as Pendennis offered himself to Adela. She, poor child, in no wise resembled that self-possessed, complaisant Laura, with theories which she was prepared to carry out at all hazards—a just consideration for her own importance, experiences with Mr. Pyncent to fall back on, and a predetermined con-

laws of Indiana, he felta moment's tender thrill pas through his heart as he remembered the soft trustfulness with which this girl had given herself to him for life, and her blush of pride and pleasure as he first pressed her to his

Their engagement was short, and Lancelot Wolcott was absent a good deal of the time. The fuss of preparation annoyed him much, and tota a tota with Adela bored him and depressed him. They left him more disappointed with himself than with her, and yet there was a certain feeling of irritation at her evident satisfaction in the affair and in the love she had won.

She had him fast. Surely, that was enough for her and for her parents. Why must they expect him to address to her the vows that were still sacred, to the memory of another? Nor, truth to tell, was Adela fitted for light lover's chat—the give and take of happy girls and men who are consciously in love with each other.

Had Lancelot cared for her, their talk Had Lancelot cared for her, their talk would probably have risen to high themes of abstract speculation, to disquisitions upon social science, discussions of ethics, mild metaphysics, or points of feeling; for, strange to say, this kind of conversation is an unerring symptom of a mutual inclination between men and women. The young people who engage in it are feeling their way in the dark towards mutual discoveries; and Adela could have done her part in such grave speculation (on which she had thought much) far better than she did in merely conversational small change, with thoughts which secretly wandered as her sweet, shy fancies shrank back, rebuked at her lover's indifference.

Adela could think, feel, and reason, but neither training nor experience had given her any skill in the battledore-and-shuttlecock of lively conversation. She was too much afraid of the exalted Lancelot to let her real tenderness or her timid hopes peep out from under the veiling propriety and decorum of her demeanour.

Still less was Lancelot pleased with the

the veiling propriety and decorum of her demeanour.

Still less was Lancelot pleased with the light in which he appeared to be regarded in the Engels family. Mr. and Mrs. Engels hardly seemed to consider him a free agent. Their daughter's sense of his exalted worth did not apparently extend to her family. They failed to recognize that the moment was at hand when rights that they themselves had thrust upon him would become his rightful claim; rather, they regarded him as a sort of steward of their own selection—worthy and satisfactory, no doubt, but in some subordinate way an appendage and some subordinate way an appendage a appurtenance to the glories of the Eng

connection.

That autumn brought a time of fierce political excitement, and Lancelot gladly absented himself during the wearisome discussion over the trousseau and the wedding, feeling that his real interest and destiny lay far more in the results of the election of John Bellor Abra ection. the results of the election of John Bellor Abraham Lincoln than in matters connected with his marriage. Like the victims who stood quietly to let men gild their horns, be-garland them with flowers, and lead them to the pompous fate prepared for them, he went through one of the most magnificent of tedious weddings—a wedding whose mere details of the stood of the most magnificent of tedious weddings—a wedding whose mere details of the stood of t weddings—a wedding whose mere details, at "the usual rate" per line, furnished many a

poor reporter with a supper.

They were married, and set off alone to begin a new existence, to weld their two lives into one, make their far different antecedents coalesce, and fashion unity out of diversity; to combine into strength, disintegrate into indifference, or to harden into hostility, as

might happen.
As Nature invents ways for completing her own processes, and provides by natural instincts for the careful cherishing of all things newly born, so has she invented the glamour of "truelove" by which to set a wedded couple forward on their road to happiness. They see

forward on their road to happiness. They see each other, and they see life, only through this beautifying, glorifying medium. It serves them till their eyes can bear the light; it tides them over quicksands; by its help they walk in cataleptic safety among gins and snares; and by the time it fades, there has sprung it is a healthy undergrowth of permanent affection.

In this case, there was no glamour in the husband's eyes, and the young wife soon saw her situation in the dispiriting and chilly morning light of uncompromising reality. She had dreamed a young girl's dreams, she had read in poetry and fiction of the devotion of lovers. She found keen disappointment in her honeymoon. Was it so with every married pair? she asked herself. Was it true that all romance, all happiness in life, was only a creation of aovelists and poets? Did they earn their daily bread, their favour with the public, by trading on the impressibility of inexperienced victims whom poetry and art could mislead?

She was far too proud and sensitive to confess her disappointment or complain of it, but the little loves and charms and eccentrication.

she was far too proud and sensitive to con-fess her disappointment or complain of it, but the little loves and charms and coquetries, that were already to peep forth had there been sunshine to entice them, ran back into their winter nests, and left her dull and un-attractive. She was glad when she got back to New York and to familiar people. Life did not look so chilly and so strange in the

attractive. She was glad when she got back to New York and to familiar people. Life did not look so chilly and so strange in the shelter of her family circle. She began to receive and to make visits, to display herself as a rich bride; and this still further estranged her husband. He thought her frivolous, contented with mere vulgar gauds and fashionable observances; and each day they drifted more and more apart.

Then came secession. Lancelot's heart. empty and bruised by disappointment, began to brood over the news from the far South, though he was not prepared as yet to be an advocate of actual separation. The heart of Adela began to stir within her too, responsive to the traditions in which she had been brought up, and to the feelings of her family. There were times when Lancelot Wolcott could hardly keep his seat at his father-inlaw's table, days when his dependent position galled him past all endurance. Each day he wished himself away, at the South with his own people, free to express his sympathies, free to discuss unsettled points in politics, free to offer his wisdom in council (so long as moderation and forbearance might appear of any use), and then, if need were, to draw his sword. word.
At last arrived the crisis; the balls that

At last arrived the crisis; the balls that tore the Stars and Stripes at Sumter, the 19th of April in the streets of Baltimore, fell like a lightning-bolt on the country, and with a fierce suddenness rent apart Lancelot Wolcott's relations with his wife and family.

No blaze of popular fury, since the world began, ever equalled in rapidity and fierceness that which followed the events at Charleston and at Baltimore. In old times, popular excitement took weeks to diffuse itself over a broad area: this spread like a prairie-fire, lighted at a thousand points by eager hands; and ardent patriots, both at North and South, started, like Clan Alpine, from the earth, with weapons in their hands.

In the general effervescence, words were from the earth, with weapons in their hands.

In the general effervescence, words were said in the presence of Lancelot Wolcott that a far tamer nature would not have endured to hear. In the conjugal chamber even, Adela herself raised the standard of battle and grew aggressive. In what appeared a holy cause, she dared to measure herself against her husband. The lights she followed showed her wholly in the right, and Lancelot wholly in the wrong. From such safe standing-ground, backed by all history, by the pulpit, by the Word of God as she interpreted it, and by her own surroundings, she dared to discharge some keen shafts of patriotism. He answered with bitterness. To her the dispute was no mere matrimonial jar, in which it might have been her wifely duty to show tenderness to the prejudices of her husband—no, she was called on as a patriot to lift her voice against treason, treachery, and national suicide, in a tremendous crisis. For the cause of her country, the honour of its Then came a day when, by the river's brink—very much as Pendennis offered himself to Laura Bell, to take or to fling away, as she thought proper—he offered himself to Adela. She, poor child, in no wise resembled that self-possessed, complasiant Laura, with thories which she was prepared to carry out at all. hazarda—a just consideration for her own importance, experiences with Mr. Pyrecent to fall back on, and a predetermined on-section of the control o

ment died within him. He rose up, deadly pale.

"I have an engagement," he said, looking at his watch. "I will say good-by to all of

you."
Adela was short-sighted. She did not see Adela was short-sighted. She did not see the expression of his face as he quitted them. Days passed, no one heard of him. At last arrived a note to Mr. Engels, dated simply, "The left bank of the Potomac:"—
"I have joined my own people. Let my mother know this. Make what arrangements you think proper."

To Adela there was not one word.

To Adels there was not one word.

Thus stood the case as it now opened itself before him in his London lodgings, five years after the collapse of the Confederacy. Lancelot had fought until the war was over. When the "Lost Cause" was hopelessly lost, he had sailed for Europe, being indeed excluded from pardon by the terms of the first amnesty. He wrote to his mother's lawyer in New York, and, after long delay, received the news of her death. The North River estate had been sold at a great sacrifice, during the worst period of depression—only a few thousand dollars remained to him. Like another outcast of whom we all have heard, he gathered his substance together and went into a far outcast of whom we all have heard, he gathered his substance together and went into a far country. It had always been his ambition to explore the unknown interior of Asia. In his present mood his heart cried out that better than the convulsions of the New World was the stagnation of Cathay. As a traveller he exhibited striking personal qualities and made some fortunate hits. He succeeded in preserving his journals through various risks and some fortunate hits. He succeeded in preserving his journals through various risks and dangers, and, during a forced detention in the mountain fortress of a tribe of Afghan robbers, occupied himself by writing out the narrative of his perils and discoveries. A young Englishman was in his company, and they were released, by British influence, at the same time. The Englishman went back to England, taking with him the MS., which he put into the hands of a great London publisher. It chanced to come out at the right moment and under the right auspices. When Colonel Wolcott (having reached London the night before) woke up on the morning of the day in which our story begins, he found himself well on the way to be the temporary lion of a London season.

London season.

The raw chilliness of early dawn stole in apon him through the open window after this night of agitation and reminiscence. When the maid came to put his little sitting-room in order she was surprised to see its occupant there, still in evening toilette, with morning twilight struggling with the yellow flicker of the lamp, which yet burned on the table.

The first order he gave her was to call the landled when he actitled his bill add landlady, when he settled his bill and gave up his lodgings. After this he hurried to an International ticket-office, and applied for passage to New York in the next steamer. passage to New York in the next steamer.
"The Crimea is next, she sails to-morrow," said the clerk. "Or will you waite for a Cunarder?"

"Whichever goes first. I am impatient to get home on pressing business," said the olonel.
"I doubt if there if there is any berth to be had in the Crimea, "said the clerk, consulting a plan of the vessel. "All were taken up a day or two ago by a large party. But perhaps," he added, "if you apply to the office at Liverpool or on board, at the last moment,

you may happen on a vacancy. Passengers often give their berths up just as the ship is ready to sail."

The colonel had stimulated this man's interest, either by the look of disappointment in his face, or by the propitiatory offering of a

fine cigar.
"Thank you. I shall lose no time. I'll take the first train to Liverpool."

He drove to the house of his friend, the Secretary of Legation, whom he found still in bed. In a few words he announced that, in ence of letters received the night fore, he was going home in the Crimea.
"What! give up all your prospects for the

season?"
"I must leave London by ten o'clock.
Will you make my apologies at the Legation, and to your chief, with whom I am engaged to dine on Monday, and,—another thing,—if you can, oblige me by seeing my publisher? you can, oblige me by seeing my publisher? though that is not necessary, perhaps, since I have sent him anote full of regrets and excuses. Tell him how disappointed I am to miss his breakfast this morning. I shall never have such a chance again. I am sure you will excuse my troubling you."

"Oh! certainly. I will do it for you with pleasure, or rather, I should say, with extreme regret. I execute many commissions in my official capacity. We of the diplomatic corps are the servants of our republican sovereigns."

"I shall be back again, perhaps, before the season is over, but I know that by going home now I miss my chance. Mrs. Leo Hunter will find her material elsewhere. A traveller differs from a literary man,-he has but one success. His reputation is worthless after it grows stale. I should worthless after it grows stale. I should have enjoyed the pleasant things that seemed in store for me. Good-by, and thank you for much kindness at the Embassy."

So saying, Colonel Wolcott ran down the stairs, opened the front door before the servant could perform that duty, and closed it after him, as no Englishman, whatever his excitement, would have done. For English social etiquette demands that a stranger's exit shall take place in the presence of a competent witness, who is held responsible for the propriety of the departure.

In half an hour he was in a first-class carriage at the Euston Square station, waiting to start for that New York that he had left, in a white heat of pain and anger, nine event-

n a white heat of pain and anger, nine event ful years before. (To be continued.)

A Prisoner's Queer Predicament.

There was a very funny incident happened at the police station yesterday, and one which caused the guardian angel of the office, "Pop" Hemingway, considerable trouble. A drunken person was put into one of the cells on the lower floor, and hay down on the stone pavement to sleep. In the bottom of the cell door, and close to the floor, is an aperture nine inches in height and six inches in width, through which food is passed to the prisoner. The drunken man, it is fair to suppose, tried to crowd through the hole, or else attempted a novel mode of suicide, for when an officer went into the prison to light the gas he found the man's head outside the door and his body inside the cell. Soap was brought into rethe man's head outside the door and his body inside the cell. Soap was brought into requisition, and the head of the unfortunate man and the bars of the aperture covered with it, and then, by the use of considerable force and trouble, the unfortunate man was released from the position where he was slowly but surely choking to death, for he could move neither one way nor the other until the soap had been applied.—New Haven (Conn.) Register, Oct. 27. A Murderous Bride.

As I went up the stone steps of the Court House to cast my vote, I began to realize the

HOW A WOMAN VOTES.

Now Electioneering is Done in Wyoming-Cooking Receipts and Politics Very Muci Mixed. A lady correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean writes from Laramie City as follows:

Between the covers of a big book, in the Council Chambers of Wyoming Territory, are written these words:

"Be it enacted by the Council and House of Representatives of the Territory of Wyoming:

ing :"SECTION 1. That every woman of the age of 21 years, residing in said Territory, may at every election to be holden under the laws at every election to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote; and her rights to the elective franchise, and to hold office, shall be the same under the election laws of the Terri-tory as these of other electors.

"SEC. 2. This Act shall take effect and be

in force after its passage.

"Approved Dec. 10, 1869."

This Act was considered a very important one in the history of Laramie City, as it was the first place in the Territory, and probably in the world, where this Act or anything similar world, where this Act or anything similar world. lar was put in force, as will be shown by the records of a term of district court held in this city on the 7th day of March, 1871, the Hon.

J. W. Howe, Chief Justice, presiding, wherein the merits of the law were discussed and a

WOMAN JURISTS IN COURT. The court was duly opened by the Sheriff of the county, whereupon an equal number of men and women were sworn in and served as grand jurors. The petit jury of the same court was also composed of males and females, and from that time female suffrage became a fixed fact,

And, while the United States of America,

And, while the United States of America, by the fifteenth amendment to its Constitution, has seen fit to extend the right of suffrage to the male portion of the poor and down-trodden of all nations, regardless of race or colour; the Territory of Wyoming, by an act of its Legislature, has taken up the grand principle that their wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters are at least entitled to the same rights and privileges; and it is the same rights and privileges; and it is believed that the good reputation which Laramie City has gained within the few years of its existence, is due, in part, to the ience of

WOMEN AT THE BALLOT BOX. Our wanderings over the earth's surface found us in Wyoming Territory in the month of June, and as the summer advanced we began to indulge some anticipations with regard to the coming election on the 2nd day of the following September. We had no idea that the casting of our individual vote would control the weal or woe of the Territory in the least. But as a three months' sojourn in this least. But as a three months' sojourn in this city would entitle us to citizenship, we hought we would like to vote just once for thought we would like to vote just once for the novelty of voting, and to catch a glimpse of that great political elephant—the ballot box (as we had never yet gazed upon one)— and to realize, if possible, that indescribable sensation of exalted citizenship and patriotic "swelling of the heart" which were experiences incident to the casting of their first vote, at the mature age of twenty-one years—when they stand with so much pride upon the threshold of manhood.

WOMEN AS CANVASSERS. The last week in August was one of unusual interest to me, much of my time being occupied in receiving and entertaining ladies whose calls were prompted not only by an excess of friendship for myself, but for their chosen candidates for various offices. The usual salutations and kindly greetings over, and the best interests and health of myself and family inquired after and discussed, ad-ding a little harmless gossip in a very confi-dential way and ofter the interests. dry domestic recipes for gingerbread, sponge cake, etc., and after various useful hints about the best treatment of whooping cough, measles, worms, etc., the all-important sub ject of the coming election was brought for-

Many of these ladies talked in a business

like, intelligent way upon the probable issued of the election, and SOLICITED VOTES FOR THE CANDIDATES of their choice like men of understanding, and urged upon our consideration the best interests of our city and territory with regard to temperance and morality, in a way that would have made quick work for a re-

porter. "Well, Mrs. C—, you have been a resi dent here three months, "said one lady, "and you will certainly go with us to the polls and vote, won't you? By the way, Mrs. C—, what are your husband's politics? and will you be obliged to vote as he does, or will you have independence enough to vote as you please? And won't you vote for Mr. —? He is such a particular friend of our family?"

I assured my callers that to the best of my knowledge I should vote on election day, and in all probability should

VOTE AS MY HUSBAND DID. until I got my hand in," and I would be "until I got my hand in," and I would be most happy to meet them at the polls.

The second day of September dawned under a heavy snow cloud, and as I sat down by the fire to shell some peas for dinner, the only green things visible were the pea-pods in my basket, and as my cold fingers flew nervously among the cold pods, I said to myself:

"What matters it if women do have a right to hold office; to nominate and voted for officers, make speeches at mass meetings."

right to hold office; to nominate and votel for officers, make speeches at mass meetings, and sit on the jury? Why! It's more than one's vote is worth to pay taxes to live in a climate that will show such inconsistencies on election day; and as I warmed my benumbed fingers over the fire, while my thoughts went back among the flowers still blooming in my father's dooryard in my far eastern home, and the glories of autumn tints on hill and vale away back there in "God's country," God's country," MY ZEAL AS A VOTER

and my patriotism in behalf of Wyoming Territory, fell several degrees, and I con-cluded that I would at least vote for a change of office at the weather department, or call a counsel to send a petition to "Old Proba-

counsel to send a petition to "Old Probabilities" not to have it snow on the Fourth of July or election day.

While thus bemoaning the inconsistent weather, the sun came smiling through the window and nestled lovingly among the cold pea-pods, the snow clouds flew away to their homes among the glittering ice peaks of the snowy ranges, and by noon all nature was once more serene, and the town wore the appearance of a grand celebration; bands of music, banners and flags flying, elegant equippages driving in all directions, bringing ladies and gentlemen to and from the polls. No less than a dozen earriages called to carry me to the Court House to vote, but being one of the unitiated, and not sure I should be able to endure the ordeal of voting, I declined to endure the ordeal of voting, I declined going until my husband could leave his busi-A WOMAN'S FIRST VOTE.

convenience of a strong arm to lean on, as I found myself growing weak and nervous, like one on the way to the gallows to be hung for murder, but I met crowds of ladies who had murder, but I met crowds of ladies who had just voted, laughing and chatting along, and when I remembered the heroism and bravery of my noble forefathers, I was quite overwhelmed with shame at my own timidity, and, holding up my head like a man, felt quite reassured by the time I reached the ballotbox, and was about to cast my vote with as much sang froid as a newly-naturalized citizen, when a little, sharp-nosed man, with sore eyes and a very red nose, red hair, and a squeaky voice, challenged my vote on the plea that I had not been a resident long enough.

enough.

But some friends standing near came to my rescue, and saw my ticket at last disappear within the mysterious ballot-box, and turned away, glad to escape the scrutiny of a dozen pairs of iron-bound spectacles, which were levelled at me from behind a big table,

WEAKER AND WISER THAN I WENT. Election day brings together all orders of society, yet there is perfect order, everybody well dressed, and on their good behaviour; no loud vulgar jesting, yelling, swearing, or

betting, and it looked like business to see a man with his wife on one arm and his daughter on the other, all going to vote. An extra police force adds dignity to these occasions, and it all passes off pleasantly.

THE BETROTHAL OF A PRINCE.

The Story of an Eastern Courtship, The London Globe in a recent issue says :-

His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda was, as is well known, married last January, and The Times of India says :- "The story of his court-Times of India says:—"The story of his court-ship is as thoroughly Eastern as anything in the 'Arabian Nights.' The young Maharajah himself loyally felt, or feigned, that he had no right whatever to meddle in such a matter as selection of a consort for himself, a matter which exclusively belonged to his affectionate mother. And her Highness, the Maharani Jumnabai Saheb, as the head of the Gaekwar family, had to desire the Dewan himself to lend 'his utmost personal assistance' in this delicate has increased. (Matharabia) in this delicate business. 'Match-making,' says Sir Madava Row, in his account of the progress of the State of Baroda, 'is fraught with pleasant anxieties for any mother, and in the present instance, the mother is one of the highest ladies in the land. Trusted emissaries started from Baroda and went to emissaries started from Baroda and went to divers countries, some travelling in disguise, and others with pomp and circumstance. In a short time, descriptive letters, illustrative photographs, and complete horoscopes, wonderfully showing all the planets on their best behaviour, poured in upon the Maffrani in almost embarrassing abundance. The blessing of the tutelary deities was devoutly invoked. The good will of the priests was propitiated, and astrologers in solemn conclave were bidden to unerringly interpret the mystic influences of the zodiac. But the Maharani was also desirous of fulfilling more prosaic conditions, and she had to satisfy in her choice such worldly persons as the Governor-General's agent and the Dewan of the State.'

"Marathi girls are, however, always mar-

"Marathi girls are, however, always mar-ried young, and as the Gaekwar's marriage had been deferred until he was seventeen years old, it was not only necessary that his bride should be a young lady of high family, of health and beauty, education and accom-plishments, but that she should be of adolescent age. It was almost impossible to find a girl approaching to the required ideal who was still unmarried or unengaged. Even when the poorest parents were approached they were proud enough to disdain to send their daughters to Baroda, as if on inspection, even on the chance of being married to the first Maratha prince in India. Things came to a dead-lock; and the Queen-Mother had to press the Dewan to relinquish high politics for a time, and set out for the Deccan in search of an eligible lady. Accompanied by a band of the Maharani's relatives and dea band of the Maharam's relatives and dependents, he started for Poona on this curious quest, 'It had been arranged,' he says, 'that just at that time several girls reported eligible should happen by pure accident to be present at Poona. We saw them, but we could not decidedly approve of any.'

"The rest of the story must still be told in the words of the same high authority.' This

"The rest of the story must still be told in the words of the same high authority: 'This result perplexed her Highness not a little. The quarters supposed available had been exhausted. The marriage of the Maharajah could not be postponed beyond the next season; and yet the most plastic Shastrees of the palace could not cite authority to perform the marriage without a bride. Her Highness, therefore, directed the Dewan to extend the politico-esthetic exploration beyond the Bom-bay Presidency. This was, of course, done; and the predestined sharer of the young Gaekwar's fortunes was at last found on the banks of the Canvery.' The Tanjore family, to which the bride belongs, had long been intimately connected with Sir Madava Row, intimately connected with Sir Madava Row, and the marriage, so far as those who were present at Baroda during the marriage festivities could possibly judge, was decidedly popular among the Sirdars and Maratha people generally, while the English residents of Baroda were pleased to find in the orphaned niese of the Princess of Tanjore a young lady who had enjoyed all the great advantages of a thorough English education."

What is the cause of the decadence of romance? It is unnecessary to repeat truisms about our introspective, scientific, analytic age. Science, analysis, introspection—these are our malady, says the Saturday Review. There is another cause of the decline of stories of adventure. We have become very provincial, and are interested beyond all r in the petty details of our own modern existence. Novels must be written, like newspaper articles, up to the newest fashions of the hour, and they are all the better liked if they contain some reference to contemporary scandal, or to some personal sature on people of contemporary notoriety. Now the nineteenth century is not precisely an epoch of adventure. The novelists of the beginteenth century is not precisely an epoch of adventure. The novelists of the beginning of the age saw this, and they took refuge in the historical novel. When gentlemen wore swords and travelled on horseback, when highwaymen were common, and when the police force did not exist—still more when robber barons could carry off carties may be to their towers. The winter will prove a season of fa

off captive maidens to their towers—there was room for the romance of adventure. "Anything might happen under the Plantagenets," says Miss Braddon; and under the Tudors, the Stuarts, or at any time up to the French revolution, there was ample playing-ground for the writer of fiction. But now the historical novel is thoroughly out of fashion. Perhaps the authors are partly to blame. They wore out their machinery. They would insist on beginning with a booted traveller who arrives at a hostelry, and does ample justice to a pasty and a flagon of claret or a pot of sack. The love affairs became too obvious, the adventures were supplied at much too slight an expense of imagination. Then the historical critics of this iron time came down on the novelists. room for the romance of adventure. "Anyof this iron time came down on the novelists. A German musical critic (of all people) has been known to remark that "Scott knew nothing of the middle ages." This kind of remark shows the nature of the critical spirit. An historical novel is read as if it were, or ought to be, as gravely learned as a treatise by Prof. Stubbs. Indeed, the young Amerithe gross carelessness of these European Stubbs would not be at all satisfied with that measure of accuracy. Now novelists seldom know more of the middle ages than Scott did, and, being aware of this, they avoid that en-chanted period in which cloaks and swords, witches, robbers, knights and ladies passed through delightful adventures. To be sure, some of our historians, in revenge, have many of the charms and style and all the freedom of fancy once peculiar to the novelist. Thus our science, and our love of modern gossip, which we call "realism," and our languor, and our dandified historical accuracy, all make against romance of the old exuberan

As Others See Us. For many years the Toronto Globe was the

first newspaper in the Dominion. Whatever those not agreeing with its Puritan style of politics, and hardness, and bitterness generally might say, there was no other paper to equal it for its news or leader writing. But gradually THE MAIL has been overhauling the Globe, and now the positions are reversed. THE MAIL is far ahead of the Globe. Its matter is better arranged, its advertisements are not so glaring and vulgar, and its leading articles have a more dignified tone and a better literary style. If anyone is disposed to doubt this statement, let him take the two papers and compare them without reference Ague Conqueror Will Cure

Ague Conqueror Will Cure.

There is no disease or affliction more easily cured than the ordinary Fever and Ague of this country, and yet it is one of the most dreaded. In fact, in some persons, Fever and Ague, Intermitting, Remitting, and kindred Fevers, if continued, bring on other diseases which eventually prove very difficult to cure, and sometimes result in death. The Ague Conqueror, although a vegotable preparation, containing no poisons, has never falled to cure any case of Ague within our knowledge, and the chills do not return during that season. Price 50 cents and \$1 per bottle. To make a permanent cure of a difficult case it will require a \$1 bottle to cleanse the system and leave the Liver and other organs in a healing condition so that the chills will not return. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

THE FARM.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

French-Canadians who left their nat ince for the United States are return aking up land. Agricultural progr been most marked in Lower Canada the past few years, and the large comined have stimulated new-comers into farming pursuits. There is, hen ample field for all settlers who may for, according to the Montreal Star, thousands of acres of fine land within of from fifty to two hundred miles of real waiting for occupation, and Gov-land, with a fine rich virgin soil, car tained anywhere in the province cents an acre.

A visitor to Thomas Hughes' co Rugby, Tennessee, writes to the I Courier-Journal giving his impression are not at all favourable. The young n brought over by Mr. Hughes idea of engaging in anything so low as labour. With them the whole thing is as a frolic, and they lounge about twhile the people of the neighbourh hired to do all the necessary work. the prominent movers in the matter s posed to become permanent residents dea is evidently to sell out to some of The land is described as poor. It riously been settled in spots, but then riously been settled in spots, but ther iigns of agriculture having been suco pursued. The correspondent thinks the company have paid more than per acre they have got a dear bargain. The enormous grape crop secured

Dominion during the past season enable the manufacturers to supply lent native wine at a very low price. is no reason why pure grape wine sho become a regular beverage among our Private growers have demonstrate varieties of grape specially adapted f ing light sparkling as well as stil prejudice entertained in some quarters Canadian wines will, no doubt, g wear/away, just as the merits of Calwines are being recognized in the States. It is satisfactory that the proof, pure Canadian wines is income. States. It is satisfactory that the proof pure Canadian wines is included in imported wines are yearly by more adulterated. The French Govhave just passed a measure for diminist adulteration with plaster of Paris, when the control of the proof paris were applied by the plaster of Paris, when the plaster of plaster developed into a crying abuse. By this affect of age, and common, coarse we shus made palatable. Drinkers of wines may possibly find comfort in Act, under which no wine is allow brought into commerce if it contains trammes of potassium sulphate per li

Mr. Mackenzie's speech of last se which he depreciated the value of the West and declared that the extent land had been vastly over-estima always be remembered as an unpatric useless attempt to injure the Dominic falsity of his accusations has been est beyond cavil by Professor Macoun, just returned from a journey of four over the salt plain which forms the part of the alleged "desert," and a country: Lest we should be accused. country: Lest we should be accused aggerating the Professor's statement low our contemporary to show the f

"In point of climate it greatly ex fertile belt' further north, while the drawbacks supposed to exist turn be something very like figments: To of water turns out to be a much less able difficulty than has generally posed, and so far from the soil being getation, he thinks this will yet be regetation, he tains this will yet bed great grain-raising region, while the district to the north will be given up production of cattle. The water nuch-abused tract has been always is unfit for use; but he found it r good, but easily obtainable, even w surface of the ground seemed arid." The statements made by Mr. Ma were what the Globe describes as "fig and our contemporary may justly outs old leader for forming "hasty of the statement of the ts old leader for forming "hasty from imperfect data." The result Macoun's observations goes to show the area of land suited for agricultural I West is much larger than has been s by those who did not desire to extra anfavourable passages from the sur

the peasants of many districts of What tracts of country, which in pa have exported millions of bushels to England, have failed this year to sufficient for the inhabitants, wh possibly be supported on American stuffs. The insect plague will, it is be repeated next year. The railw which were extended in such marks for war purposes will prove the salv the country. Orenberg, the frontier Central Asia, is now connected with terior by a railway to the Volga Samara. Ekaterinberg, the gatev Western Siberia, is now but two hours by rail from the great iron fa Permon-the-Kama, whence steame twice a week down into the Upper Volack. A third frontier relieves to back. A third frontier railway the Tiffis (the capital of the Caucasus)
Caspian port of Baku—is fast app mpletion, while Sebastopol and to cation with Moscow. The Indian system saved millions of lives during amine, and if the Russian author with energy equal to that displayed British viceroy, a like result may In the Immigration Committee of th of Commons last session the compla

New Brunswick representatives we and long that their province had n visited by English agricultural d Within the last few weeks Messrs. and Sparrow, two English farming sentatives, have inspected New Br at the appearance of the country.

John News now fails to perceive the ficial results can flow from the visit. that if provincials move from the fartheir places are supplied by Englithe the Brunswickers will move to the prairies, and no advanta accrue to the province. Possible might be the case, but if the of hardy New Brunswickers mour North-West and settle on the our North-West and settle on the they materially contribute to our development. We are too apt to view questions solely from a provincial point. The people of the Eastern pare apt to be jealous of the growth of took. Although the agricultural cap of Quebec have been well advertised Dominion Government, yet the absurplaint is made that the Minister of Plant is made ture has endeavoured to prevent d from visiting the Eastern Tewnshi Canada has ever to become a great na North-West must be colonised, and t North-West must be colonised, and to that the action of any Dominion Gove towards accomplishing that end is surviewed with jealousy by the other preaffords, a strong reason for handing tract over to a syndicate in return for construction and operation.

The British agricultural returns f ssued from the Statistical and Con Department of the Board of Trade studied with special interest, on acc the controversy which has for some tin raged as to the future of English agric the area returned as under cultiva Great Britain has increased by 126,0