

NEW STAMP ADVERTISER.—Advertisers who wish to extend their business will do well to send in their advertisements at as early a day as possible to the "COLONIAL STAMP ADVERTISER" St. John, N. B. It will contain 8 pages of 2 columns each (same size as "Gazette"). The terms of advertising are 3 pence per line. This paper will have a very extensive circulation throughout the world and more especially in America. The first number will be issued on or about the 20th instant. *

TO THE READERS OF

THE "STAMP COLLECTOR'S GAZETTE."

Kind reader, once again we claim
Your favour on our humble task :
'Tis not for wealth, nor yet for fame,
That we in truth your aid do ask.
We seek a worthier aim than this—
The spread of knowledge far and wide ;
And hope to "stamp" on all who read—
Fresh truths from every sea and tide.

Nor deem our mission foolish, vain,
When we incite the youthful mind
To learn of countries far away—
Its laws and language, and the kind
Of manners that pertain to each,
In every clime beneath the sun :—
By "stamps" we converse as by speech,
And learn what they in Art have done.

Deter not you, our youthful friends,
From stamp collecting and its toils :
We give advice to all who seek—
And wait in patience for the spoils.
We hope to stamp on all our friends,
This cherished token of regard :
May you in postal knowledge grow—
As we do hope to gain reward. S.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE".]

LAWRENCE DANTON,
THE MAN OF FEELING.

BY W.

[CONTINUED.]

WHAT spell is so potent as that of love; what joy so thrilling, what rapture so intense and sweet? It is only when one has experienced every passion and feeling peculiar to the refined sorrow of love that we can fully sympathize with others over whom the god exerts his influence. This thought naturally suggested itself to my mind in thinking of my friend and the intimacy which existed between us. I had known him many years; long ago we spent many happy days in rambling through some of the loveliest and most fertile portions of our native country and during our acquaintance I had many an opportunity to study those peculiar

idio-syncracies of mind and character from which no man living is free. I had chiefly discovered in his character an intense and passionate love for the person and society of woman, allied to a chivalrous sentiment of respect and esteem. His love was a feeling with him that had nothing carnal in it, but on the contrary purely spiritual and unearthly; and yet there was allied with this feeling a habit of fickleness and inconstancy. The idea of his soul was yet to be attained; into the fascinations of their society he reluctantly went and often came away dissatisfied and weary in the vain desire of finding the idol of his fondest imagining. He indeed truly learned that in passing through temptations which line the path of youth to a person of ardent temperament and high animal spirits it is hard in truth to regulate the habit.

Business at the office of great importance which I soon learned on my arrival, prevented me from visiting Danton that evening. I communicated this intelligence to him by a note, at the same time promising to visit him before his departure from the city. On my way home to the Hotel I met with my old college chum, Gordon, who immediately button-holed me at a well-known locality, and speaking in a hurried and excited state, enquired if I had seen her. "Seen who?" I calmly replied "Why don't you know? is it possible you have not called upon her? Can it be that you have forgotten the languishing beauty, Miss Vernon, from Boston, who had such a penchant for Postage Stamps and antique medals, and all that sort of thing?" After saying this in an affected kind of way, Gordon laughed heartily. "Do you not remember our scenes of love and adventure last summer, that never to be forgotten year in each others history, the visit to F——, the introduction on the steamboat, the talk about postage stamps, the drives among the beautiful groves at F——, the boating on the lake, the lonely walk on the banks of the river at sweet twilight's hour? I leave, my dear George, the accessories of this scene. I know how saddening it is to speak of these things now; but do you think you will ever forget that bit of white muslin that leaned upon your arm, and the winning, fascinating smile, of her who looked down on you? By jove, it makes me smile, notwithstanding the spirit of sentiment and retrospection I have evoked when I think of the discussion about the various kinds of postage stamps which you enjoyed with her." Well well "can such things be and overcome as like a Summer's cloud and not excite our special wonder?"

"No more for us will be the splendour on the grass,
The glory in the flower."

"You are," I replied, "like Shakspeare's melancholy Jacques, whom he so well describes; and since you have got over sentimentalizing and moralizing, to speak these words conjunctively, I remark, that since you have mentioned the lady's name, and painted, so remembrance like, the