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LAWRENCE DANTON, THE MAN OF FEELING.

BY W.

[CONTINUED.]

OUR party returned from the sporting expedition after three days absence from town, and entering the hotel on the evening of arrival, I observed Danton in close conversation with Mr. Charlton. In a few minutes Miss Vernon entered, followed by Gordon, so we all sat down to a game of whist. I do not think I ever saw *miladi* appear to better advantage; she was dressed in a most becoming costume and talked with so much vivacity of manner and agreeable *bon hommie* that it was pleasing to listen to her. "How do you like the appearance of the country," enquired Danton of Charlton. "It is a magnificent country, well wooded and watered," replied the latter, "and containing most beautiful scenery such as would delight the eye of a lover of the beautiful." "I have not been long here, but the acquaintance I have had with the people induces me to think that it would be an agreeable place to live in. I have met since my arrival here the most extreme kindness and hospitality." "Ah! yes," replied Miss Vernon, "I fully endorse your remark; this place, and especially St. John, have become endeared to me, as far as my recollection extends, by the memory of joys and pleasures long since indulged."

"I suppose," said Danton, "you both can appreciate the change, both in custom and in manner, from the society in which it is your lot to dwell; and can also highly enjoy the calm and secluded life of the country to the bustle and noise of the city." "O yes," she replied "it is refreshing to one's spirits; here I can do as I please without experiencing any care, grief, or anxiety. Nothing troubles me; I rise with the faint song of the birds and take my morning walk along the bank of your romantic river, and experience such a thrill of pleasure as all the gaiety and splendour of a New York ball room could not give." "I am glad to

know," said Danton "that you have not been afflicted with society, that your feelings are still fresh, and that your heart is still susceptible of the holy and pure influences of nature." "It has ever been so with me. The love of solitude, and the craving for society, re-act upon the individual; but, after all, I think he is the wisest and happiest who lives oftener in the joys of the former than in the mocking and hollow pleasures of the latter. I delight in the scenes of nature, and prefer Wordsworth and Shelley to any of the poets."

"Indeed," said Danton, "I am pleased to hear that you have spoken of these writers; they are my own favourites, and, I hope ere you depart from F——, to have the pleasure of entering into conversation with you in regard to their several merits, and of showing you some autographs of literary men which I have lately obtained." During this conversation, which continued for some time, Gordon and myself remained seated some distance from the table, the game having been discontinued. Here I had an opportunity to watch the features of Danton, and saw at once how miserably he was the dupe of his feelings. "What a pity," remarked Gordon, "that he has not been benefited by the study of Chesterfield, or some other polite philosophical writer, who would teach him how to conceal his emotions." "Never mind," said I, "time and experience will do that; he has only to be jilted two or three times to enable him to understand the character of woman." At last they approached the question of postage stamps. Miss Vernon having remarked to him that when at some fashionable academy in the States she sometimes beguiled her leisure hours by the collection of stamps; and in order to complete the collection, carried on a correspondence with the editor of a stamp journal in New Brunswick for the purpose of making enquiries about the celebrated Connell stamp. While this conversation was going on I looked now and again at Charlton, and saw that he was intently watching the countenance of Danton. I thought I perceived a dark shade of anger pass over his melancholy features, as Danton's animation and vivacity became more and more apparent in his conversation with Miss Vernon. He thought not