

ENIGMA.

I consist of two words of 17 letters.

My 3, 7, 11, 9, 15, 7, 8, 16, 6, practising robbery.

" 14, 2, 8, 15, 9, 11, 12, 14, 2, a kind of plum.

" 11, 2, 15, 9, 7, 14, 13, 1, a dependant.

" 8, 9, 17, 12, 5, 2, 1, capacity.

" 11, 13, 17, 9, 15, 7, 10, 14, a narrative.

" 16, 3, 1, 12, 8, 10, 15, a species of fruit.

" 5, 4, 17, 6, 13, 15, a projectile.

My whole is the inscription on a South American stamp.

[Answer next month.]

N.

Answer to enigma in our last: *Stamp Collecting.*

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE "GAZETTE."]

LAWRENCE DANTON,
THE MAN OF FEELING.

BY W.

[CONTINUED.]

"There is nothing so hard in poesy as a beginning," says one who knew, notwithstanding he had written folios of passionate and beautiful poetry. But this remark is especially applicable to those novices who, young in art, have yet to master the difficulties of prose composition. And yet no man can write it well who has not in some measure the instinct of the poet, his subtle fancy, his warm imagination, and that constructive quality of mind which enables one to write in an easy, flowing, and natural manner. Art is often but not always allied with great ability. This thought suggested itself to my mind at the commencement of this chapter, and the difficulty of embodying into proper expression the various incidents in our tale, arises chiefly from the lack of that art so necessary to all who would represent on the written page forms calculated to excite the imagination, or interest the reader.

There are many writers who have the faculty of magnificent and glowing conception, yet lack expression. Such a great German author calls "the dumb ones of heaven." But to our tale. After a walk of some minutes, Gordon directed me to a favourite seat beneath one of the largest trees, where he always in a talkative mood disclosed to me some interesting news connected with scenes of a previous evening, and in which he took a not unwilling part. "I have been thinking to-day," said he, "of leaving these shores and taking up my permanent residence in the States. To an ambitious man of education and ability, who contemns the sordid and worldly spirit of money making, and who is anxious to improve his mental character, and gratify the feelings of a student, it seems to me there is no country so peculiarly attractive as a place of residence. Recollect, I speak of those who have an object to attain, and are desirous of winning renown in the path of literature,

science, and art, and not of the mere self-satisfied egotistic and sensitive recluse. Small societies offer better advantages to mould and form character than large ones; but when once the mind is matured, and habits calculated to ensure success are formed, there it seems to me advancement will be rapid to those who have the ambition and talent to exert themselves, so many are the roads to distinction and honour. And as regards a mercantile life, what advantages are there combined for a good education as a means to the amassment of wealth, and the gaining of position and influence?"

"All this may be perfectly true," I replied, "but the institutions under which the people live, arising from their form of government, and which has a great deal to do towards forming their character as a people, present to my mind an insuperable objection to the country as a place of residence. I speak of those who have been educated under English institutions, not at all denying the many excellent qualities which exist in their form of government, which I regard as one of the noblest in the world. But they lack the highest elements of character which finds its just representation under English institutions, and which has been the means of preserving their country entire through two successive revolutions. We have had some very interesting books on England and its institutions, by American authors, but the best I have ever read is that by Emerson, entitled, 'English Fruits.' I would advise you to read it if you have not already availed yourself of the opportunity. A bright era of wealth and prosperity is about to dawn on the great republic, compared to which the progress of all other countries sinks into mere insignificance. But let me not enlarge on this now; it is time we should visit Miss Vernon, who will, no doubt, be expecting a call." "Yes," said Gordon, "and it pains me to think, after the thoughtful discussion we have held here for so long a time, that we shall finally have to descend to the common place talk about postage stamps. I cannot conceive how Danton, well-read, thoughtful, and intelligent as he appears to be, can be so fond of the society of one who manifests such a love for trifles. But then, in this case, the aphorism is true love is blind." "Yes," I replied, "and where any demand upon his heart is made, and where his affections are enlisted, there he is a mere child. O how well the fine, delicate perception of a woman enables her to read the susceptible heart of a bashful lover by whom she is beloved." Saying this, I took the arm of my friend, and we hurried on. In a few minutes we reached the hotel, situated in one of the principal streets of the city, and patronized chiefly by our American neighbours. "In truth," said Gordon, "it requires a Yankee to keep an hotel." "No doubt," I replied, "you are reminded of our good friend at F——, who performed for us so many acts of kindness last summer. Well, well, it is idle now to recall