

the unmerited abuse heaped upon him, her admiration for his manner was plainly visible to myself and Gordon. But now, with Charlton on the floor, and Danton's hand clenched firmly on the collar of his victim's throat, she trembled violently, and seizing him by the arm, requested him to desist, and conduct her to her room. Looking up, his whole frame shaken with emotions of pride, anger, and contempt, he beheld those eyes gazing with mute astonishment and surprise on him, and understanding at once the expression they conveyed, desisted from any further attempt at injury to his rival. Charlton rose to his feet the very personification of shame, cowardice, and self-reproach. During this little scene which had been enacted, I said nothing, but calmly waited to see what further event might take place. Danton looked disdainfully on his rival; his face pale from conflicting emotions, but with determination and pride stamped in every feature. "Why is it," said he, "you have used me thus? I never did you wrong. Nothing but the respect and esteem I have for Miss Vernon—a witness of your passion and folly—prevents me from demanding satisfaction and apology for the insult received at your hands. But go, base calumniator, you are unworthy of her for whom you profess so much affection and esteem; your conduct belies your station and character, and shows not what you pretend to be, but what you really are. Your ignorance of what is due between man and man, the passion and folly you have displayed, have degraded you, not in your eyes only, but in the eyes of her whose affection you have turned into disgust and hatred, and whose confidence in you has been so foully outraged." "Danton talks like a moralist," whispered Gordon to me, "this affair must be settled to-morrow before we depart for St. John. Pistols and coffee at half past five. Such a *denouement* to our evening's walk I did not expect; but there is no use in talking, he did behave nobly, and it but requires a good exhibition of diplomacy on his part now, to enable him to settle the affair amicably, and win the prize. What is the use of talking of long standing engagements between the sexes after the scene we have witnessed, Danton has succeeded before now in winning her love, which, to my mind, could be easily obtained. Oh woman! inconstant woman!

"Nature made them blinder motions
Bounded in a shallower brain."—

"It does not answer," I remarked, "to make such an assertion." "By jove, I can prove it," replied Gordon. "Her love for Charlton may have been assumed, and you know women, like men bow to many idols. We are all the dupe of our own feeling, and passion lures where reason doth betray." This conversation took place in the room to which we had ascended, leaving our friends to settle their dispute in their own way. In a moment Danton entered followed by Miss Vernon and Charlton. The lateness of the hour prevented all further con-

versation. In reply to some remark which Miss Vernon made, Charlton replied, addressing the lady, "permit me, before I depart from you for the last time, to say, that what I have witnessed to-night, ought to bring the blush of shame and self-reproach to your cheek; to think that you, whom I have known so long, and at one time loved so ardently, betrothed by all vows sacred under heaven, should be guilty of an improper intimacy with one who a few days ago was to you a perfect stranger. But the lesson I have received to-night is one I shall never forget, I desire not to throw any reproaches on your name and character, but will banish from my memory all recollection of the past. "As for you, sir," addressing Danton, "I can only say, that by you I have been most foully deceived, and, as a stranger in the country, did not expect such treatment and violation of honour and respect from one who pretended to be my friend." Saying this, he turned and left the room.

The next morning found us on board the steamboat on the way to St. John. Charlton remained in F——, intending to return to the States by another route. We passed through scenes of luxuriance and beauty, through broad meadows of bright waving grain, and grass, where the tann'd haymakers stood in groups beneath the glowing heat of a parting summer's day. Miss Vernon sat with Danton at her side gazing with rapt admiration on every scene which each turn in the river brought into view; but to the most ordinary observer, it could be plainly seen that her mind was not at rest. Her face wore a pensive, melancholy expression, which she would at times try to conceal, but ever and anon the old look would return again, which it would be vain for me to attempt to describe. Regret for the past, mingled, no doubt, with her feelings for one whose conduct had wounded her sensitive nature, when redress was beyond her power. "What could I do," she would often say, "at such a scene as that which occurred last evening? Placed between two persons,—the one cold, calculating, vindictive, and revengeful, the other, ardent in his feelings and devotedly attached to me. Charlton I cannot but despise; his conduct on that occasion has, since I have grown from childhood to the present time when a woman should understand her position and duty, fully confirmed my suspicion, and has taught me to believe the truth of many reports I have received concerning his character, which, if revealed, no woman could esteem. Fortunately for myself I have escaped from the tyranny of one by circumstance the most displeasing to reflect upon, and most harrowing to my feelings, and to which I shall ever look back on with regret and shame. The error I have committed is a slight one when I reflect on what a woman's chief happiness depends, but will no doubt be forgiven when the pure completion of the latter shall one day be fulfilled." "What are you reflecting on," said