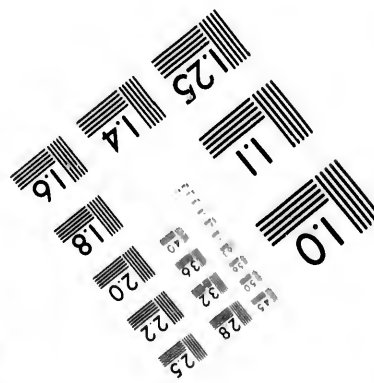
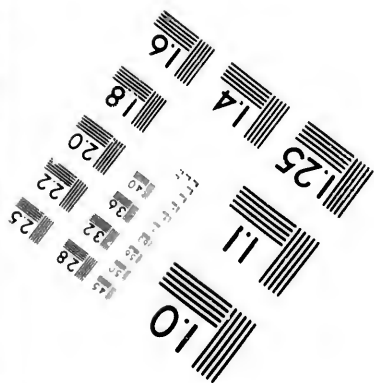
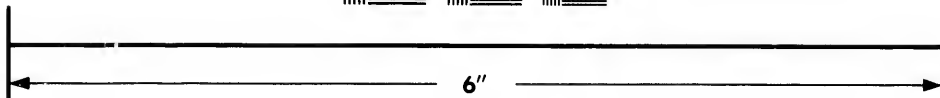
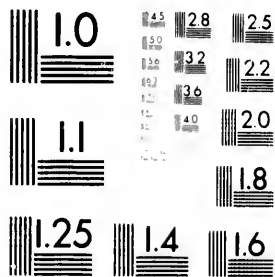


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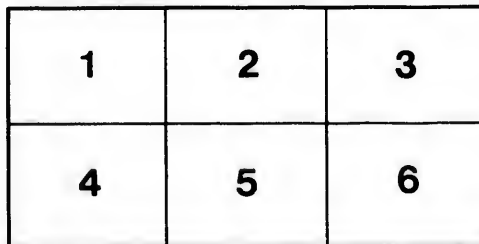
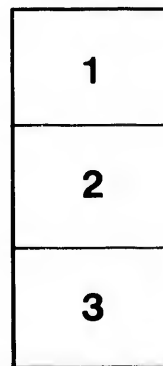
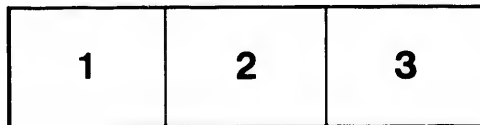
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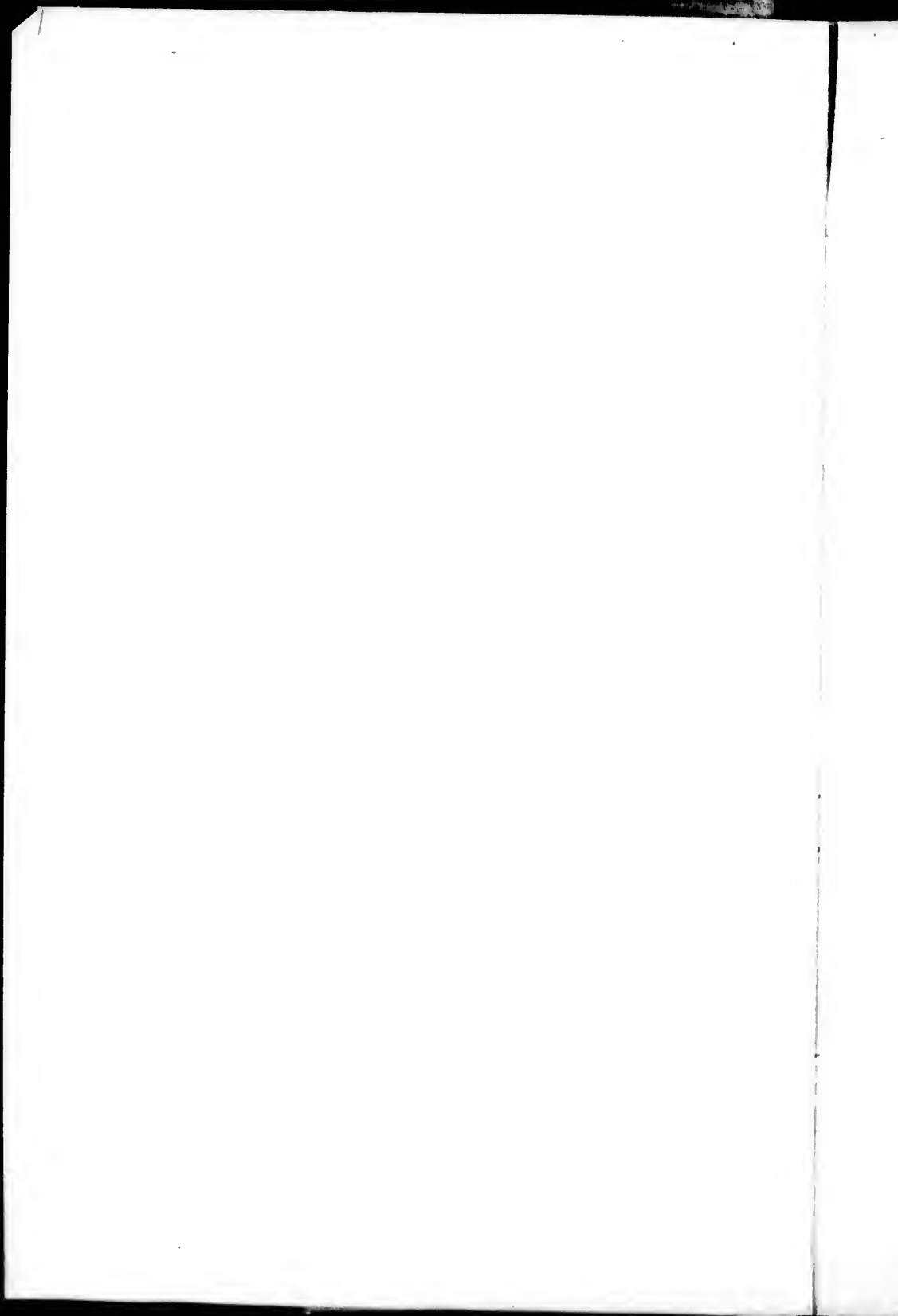


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THE  
BANKER'S DAUGHTER

OR  
HER FIRST AND LAST BALL.

A NOVEL

BY  
J. SHINNICK.

MONTREAL:  
THE GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY.

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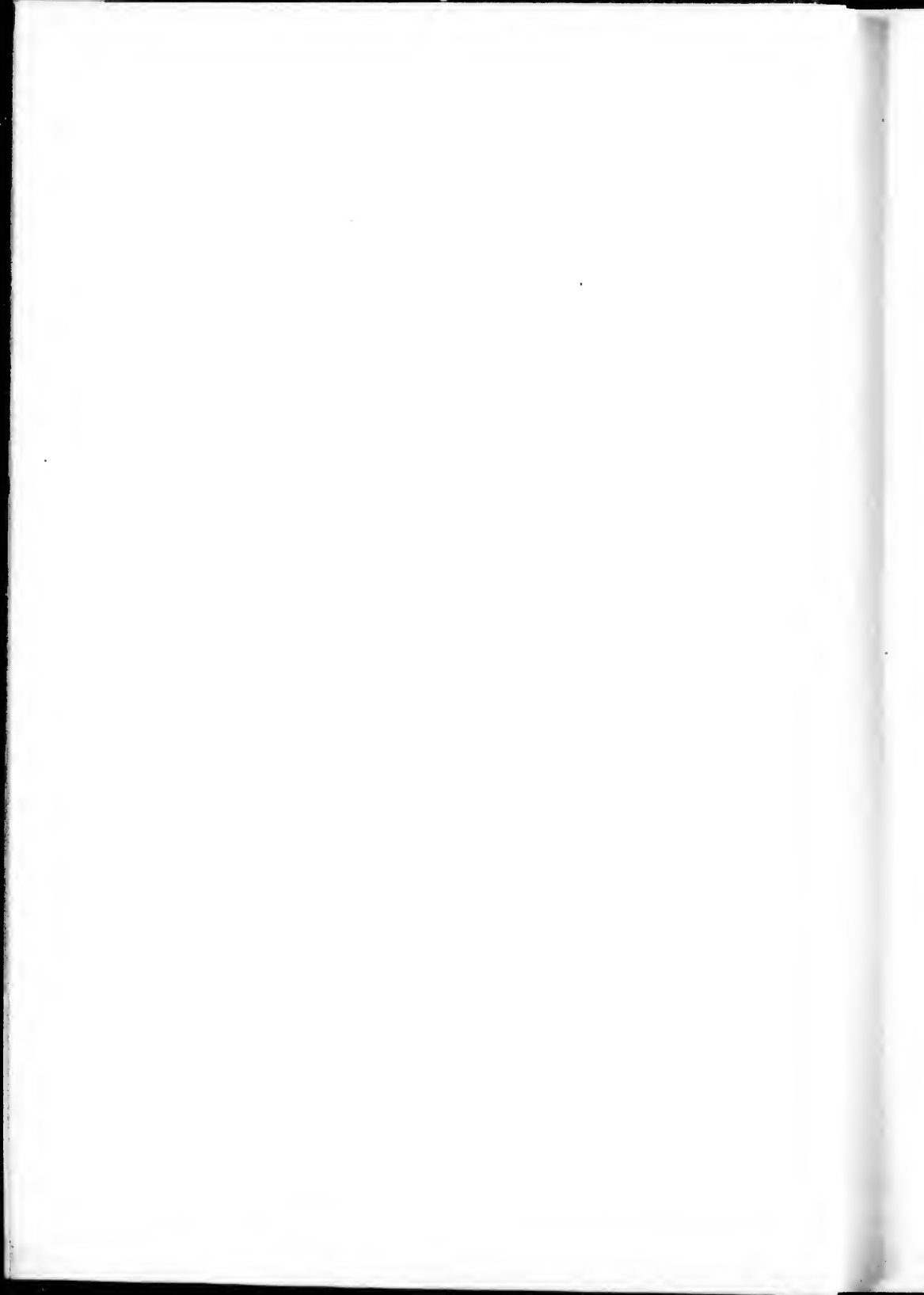
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TO  
D. R. McCORD, ESQ., M.A., B.C.L.,  
AND TO OTHER SCHOOL COMPANIONS NOW LIVING,  
IN PLEASANT REMEMBRANCE OF  
SCHOOL-BOY DAYS,  
**This Volume is Dedicated.**





## INTRODUCTION.

In offering this little volume to the public we do not claim for it any literary merit. It is a simple story of an everyday occurrence. We have not enlarged it, preferring to offer it more as a subject for meditation. Every woman who has been deceived by a false lover has a different tale to tell. With some women the deceiver is speedily forgotten, while with others, they never can forget him, nor the wrong done to them, and their whole life bears traces of early sorrow.

Our object in offering it for publication is that a leisure hour may be agreeably spent, and those who read it, will not have their minds disturbed by descriptive, exciting scenes that only exist in the imagination of authors.

THE AUTHOR.



THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER:  
OR,  
HER FIRST AND LAST BALL.

CHAPTER I.

At the time of the commencement of our story, the ancient city of Quebec was socially gayer and more attractive, in many ways, than it is at present. Any ill-feeling that had been engendered by the rebellion of 1837-38 amongst the French and English citizens was rapidly passing away.

The predominating idea with the inhabitants and more especially with the ladies, was how much profit and social pleasure could be secured by their becoming intimately acquainted with the numerous British officers, who were then stationed with their regiments in the city.

Anyone who visited the city at that time could not have failed noticing its quaint buildings, its narrow streets, more particularly those in the

Lower Town, the steep hills which had to be ascended so as to reach the Upper Town. They were more like two separate and distinct cities instead of one. The upper one was surrounded by a stone wall, with numerous iron gates, which were closed every evening at nine o'clock. Military sentinels were placed at every gate, and these sentinels challenged everyone who through the night sought admittance.

The stillness of the night was disturbed by the sentries calling out: "Halt! Who comes there?" The answers come, "Rounds," "Grand Rounds," or "Relief," as the case may be. If it is the relief, then a soldier, from the relieving party, steps forward, ports arms, receives the password or countersign, and exchanges place with the one on guard. All guards are similarly visited until each sentry is relieved by one who is told off for that duty.

Point Levis is situated on the other side of the river, directly opposite Quebec. Its highest rock-points over-shadow any of the highest peaks of the City.

The river St. Lawrence flows between them,

onward to the sea, and carrying on its mighty bosom, the majestic ships of all nations. By the ebbing and flowing of the tide, there is sufficient depth of water in the harbour of Quebec for the largest ships afloat to find shelter and protection from the storms, which so frequently prevail in the Gulf and on the Atlantic Ocean. On the northwest, as far as the eye can reach, are vast plains. The whole scenery commands one's admiration.

The gorgeous sunsets, which take place during the short summer season, are scarcely surpassed, except by more numerous ones in Italy. The sun frequently declining in the west in appearance as a ball of fire, numerous small clouds which seem to be stationary and which appear to be held between the earth and the heavens by an invisible thread, are of every hue, reflecting the rays of the setting sun, while the sky itself is like a vast sheet of fire.

The leaves of the trees appear in variegated colors, and the blades of grass in every tint, while the waters of the St. Lawrence do not re-

fuse to respond to the playful rays of the sun.

The thunder storms equal in grandeur those that occur in Switzerland, and had the poet Byron enjoyed one of them, he could have as truly sang as he did of those he experienced in Switzerland.

"From crag to crag leaped the live thunder."

Every afternoon numerous officers, dressed in gay uniforms, accompanied with French and English ladies, promenaded on the esplanade, or they drove with tandem horses to the Falls of Montmorency. The evenings were spent in festive gaiety, the junior officers all dining at their respective mess-rooms, while the bands of each regiment played for their amusement. On various occasions officers vied with civilians, which would give the grander entertainments.

During the long cold winter months, there is not anything so exhilarating as a sleigh drive, out a few miles into the open country, on a clear frosty morning, over virgin snows, either on a straight road or up-hill and down-dale. On the way passing numerous leafless trees, though

some may be dotted with silver berries, and covered with flakes of pure white snow, resting quietly on various branches, bidding defiance to wind, or a winter's sun to disturb them. Others graciously bending to the breeze, but towering higher and higher towards the sky, showing they are the growth of ages, and are only brought to the ground by the ruthless hand of man. Others are covered with heavy frost that keeps sparkling till twilight turns into night, and then vanishes from view. One requires to be wrapped in warm furs so as to be protected from the cold air and keen blasts which generally prevail at this season of the year.

One should start with a numerous company occupying large double sleighs, drawn by two or four horses, whereon are seated youthful outriders, dressed in gay liveries, with a footman standing on a narrow step in rear of the sleigh, ready to obey every command. The cracking of whips, the merry tingle of the silver bells, the neighing of the horses, as they snuffle the bracing air, all go to increase the



pleasure and excitement of a sleigh drive. One is very loath to return to the city ; but the cravings of hunger, exhilarated by breathing the pure air of the country, reminds one that the dinner hour is approaching, and it is time to hasten the return home.

The dainty five o'clock teas, which are so fashionable in the present day, would be altogether insufficient to satisfy one's appetite, after the invigorating and pleasurable enjoyment of a sleigh drive. It would be difficult to find finer roads for the purpose than those which are in the environs of Quebec. At times the pleasure seekers are overtaken with mishaps. A sudden snowstorm comes on, and with it drifting into one's face, and the roads becoming speedily blocked, it is impossible to proceed. The horses have to be unhitched, and led to the nearest barn, and those on "pleasure bent" have to find shelter in a farm house, and then dine on pea soup, pork and cabbage, the principal food of French-Canadian farmers, if nothing better could be procured.

These drawbacks are speedily overlooked

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by the jovial and exuberant spirits of the younger members of the party. The nearest fiddler is secured, to while away the waiting hours in dance and song, till the coming of the brighter morning, and the snow plough has levelled the snow blocked roads to admit of the return to the City.

## CHAPTER II.

Charlotte Bawtree was the only child of a rich banker, who lived for many years in the City of Quebec. He had the reputation of being very wealthy. He no doubt accumulated his riches by economizing in every possible way and by close attention to business. No one ever heard that he contributed of his abundant means to any charitable object, and more than likely he never did. He had the reputation of being a banker of the strictest integrity, but was considered by the mercantile community a very hard man, and one who exacted the uttermost farthing in every transaction that he had anything to do with; his personal interest was always paramount. He, however, spared no expense upon his daughter, and ungrudgingly granted her all her extravagant, capricious wishes, and indulged her more than was beneficial to her for her future happiness.

Charlotte's mother, who was born in the United States, died while she was very young.

Charlotte scarcely remembered her. Mr. Bawtree was too much engrossed in business to spare the time to woo another, even if he had an inclination. He remained a widower, not desirous of running the risk of joining himself to one, who might possibly question his tyrannical authority, in the domestic management of his household. He desired that his will alone should predominate in everything.

One day he sent for the son of a widow woman, who was frequently employed in his house, receiving the sum of one shilling and three pence per day, commencing work at seven o'clock in the morning and working until nine o'clock at night. He desired the boy to take a basketful of famous apples, a distance of about three quarters of a mile. Mr. Bawtree on handing the basket of apples to the boy said, "Here is one for yourself, you will therefore not purloin any from the basket." The one apple was his sole reward. The boy felt the stab more keenly than any pleasure he derived from the gift, and would have returned the apple to him, only he feared to

give offence, and his mother should thereby unjustly become the sufferer.

She worked hard to earn sufficient means to send her son to a good school, for she had in her youth received a superior education, and she wished her son to receive a like one. Through misfortune she was almost left penniless, and she preferred to labor with her hands, than live a life of idleness, and depend upon charity for support. She never complained of the severe toil she had to undergo, though in her youth she had been unaccustomed to work. She now labored with an object in view and afterwards received her reward.

How different a neighboring gentleman acted, frequently giving the same boy fifty cents, two shillings and six pence, for simply sprinkling water upon the side walk in front of his house for the purpose of laying the dust. The one was a gentleman by birth and education; the other a mercenary incongruous piece of flesh and bones, who lived with the sole object in view of amassing wealth, first for his own glory, secondly for the glorification of his daughter.

Mr. Bawtree gave her all the affection that his sordid nature would permit him, beyond that he could not go.

Charles Sylvestre was a son of a British officer, whose ancestors figured prominently for several generations in military annals. After the death of Col. Sylvestre, whose regiment was stationed in Quebec, Charley was placed in one of the principal banks of the City, with a prospect through the influence of aristocratic and wealthy relations of rapid promotion. After the lapse of several years, Charley became a frequent visitor at the residence of Mr. Bawtree, for he and Charlotte were constant companions. He was looked upon as a probable suitor for her hand. It was a common report in the various clubs of the City, and it was not without some foundation. Though he was not the possessor of great wealth, his family connections were very influential, and prominent society people. When Charley asked Mr. Bawtree for the hand of his daughter in marriage, Mr. Bawtree overlooked his comparative poverty, and for the sake of his social position,

gave a reluctant consent. By so marrying his daughter, she was assured of entering the higher circles of society. The public would, no doubt, shortly be informed of the engagement.

Mrs. Sylvestre took the opportunity of giving a grand ball in recognition of the engagement, marking her approval of it, and that night it was to be publicly announced. "Battles, in love as well as in war, have been lost or won through slight causes."

On the 19th February 1840, the night of the ball, Mr. Bawtree and his daughter arrived at the residence of Mrs. Sylvestre at ten o'clock. The house was gaily illuminated. The elite of the City were there. The rich dresses of the military officers, from the general down to the dashing young ensigns, who were numerous present, added brilliancy to the scene as it appeared to one's view on entering the drawing rooms.

When they arrived, dancing had already commenced. The sounds of music could be heard at a distance from the house. A number of persons were in the vicinity, listening to the

lively strains of the band, or perhaps to catch a glimpse of the ladies, on their entering the house, many of whom were extravagantly dressed for the occasion. Charlotte was richly but not gorgeously dressed, for her father had previously to be consulted, and under the circumstance she could not afford to give him the slightest cause for complaint. She always obeyed his slightest commands and sought to please him on all occasions, and under all circumstances. By so doing she exerted an influence unperceived upon him and obtained many favors, which she otherwise would not have secured, had she acted contrary to his wishes. While he showed the tyrant disposition to his domestics, he was frequently her slave unknown to himself.

Charlotte wore a white silk dress, trimmed with thread lace, low necked bodice with short sleeves. On her finger she wore an engagement ring, a present from her betrothed, and a diamond one, a gift from her father. She wore also a small pair of gold bracelets, diamond earrings, and a pearl necklace. Her hair hung in ring-



lets, and was kept back off her forehead with a tortoise-shell comb studded with diamonds and gold ornaments; she looked remarkably well, though she would not be called strikingly handsome; her features nevertheless were regular and somewhat attractive. She had rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and a straight nose, with a small mouth, which at times conveyed the impression that she was possessed of a firmness of character, if at any time it should be called into requisition. She showed a picture of health, and was possessed of a pleasant mien.

Charlotte not seeing Charley anywhere in the house, became nervous and very anxious. She could not account for it, but she had a presentiment of coming evil, and she listened to every whisper expecting to hear some bad tidings of him. Just then two men entered the hall, and seeing Mr. Bawtree gave him a salute of recognition and walked up stairs. It was soon noised through the house, that they were police detectives, in search of some one whom they expected to find there. They were, however,

disappointed and expressed it in words not commendable.

Mr. Bawtree directed his daughter to go and dress and then he sent for a public carriage to convey them home. He had previously instructed his coachman only to return for them at four o'clock a.m.

If he kept servants, they were engaged to serve him, and he required them to wait upon him as he desired them. He little cared how much they might suffer, for he experienced no sympathy for them. He could at all times find those that would do his bidding.

He never indulged in the extravagance of hiring public carriages, for these independent wage earners, the owners of these vehicles, should not be encouraged at least by him. Servants are now repaying their employers with interest the treatment they received from them in years long ago.

The house was rapidly depleting of guests, many wondering the cause, without making any inquiry, simply following the example set them by Mr. Bawtree and his daughter, and by

a few knowing ones who always obtain information in advance of others, and act as their good or evil instinct guides them, or as their pecuniary interests warrant.

The house which a short time previously was a scene of festive gaiety now became one of sorrow and mortification.

Charlotte became convinced that something had happened to Charley, but she feared to question her father about him, for he appeared to be very angry. It would be dangerous for her to broach the subject in his present humour. She preferred to wait for information until the following day. She had not the least idea what had happened to him. She hoped everything on the morrow would be satisfactorily explained. She thought probably the wedding would be put off for a while, but she never conceived the idea that he had deserted her, so great was her confidence in him.

On the way home her father did not speak a word, and she felt too great an oppression at her heart to indulge in any conversation, even had her father felt so inclined, but he had no

inclination, being morose and dejected. His intended son-in-law was a bank defaulter and a fugitive from justice.

So soon as Charlotte reached the house, she immediately went to her room, and without calling for her maid, threw herself into an arm chair, and with head bowed down, there remained for hours. If tears would come to her relief, but they would not for her sorrow was too great, her heart was bursting with grief suppressed. She finally arose and paced the room for the remainder of the night. It was almost breakfast time when she accidentally cast her eyes upon the clock and noticed the time of day. The struggle had ended and nature prevailed.

Without the assistance of her maid she undressed and putting on a loose morning gown, rang the bell, calling for a servant, desiring her to go to her father who was already in the breakfast room, and tell him she was suffering from a severe headache, and to ask him if he would please not to wait for her for breakfast. In reply she received from him a short note,

saying it was his command, that the name of Charles Sylvestre should never again be mentioned in his house. He gave her no information of the cause of Charley's absence, nor was his name ever mentioned between them.

In time her grief would gradually wear away. She truly loved him, and she had no room in her heart for another. Whether he would remain faithful to her, or wholly abandon her, she did not wait to consider, but there and then decided that no one else should ever take his place in her affections. A faithful woman's devotion surpasses man's understanding.

Mr. Bawtree's unexpected early return, disturbed a gay and festive party who were assembled in his kitchen. A number of neighboring servants whose masters and mistresses were spending the night at various places of amusement, had, by the invitation of the cook and butler, come to partake of their hospitality. No doubt several of the servants present were there without having obtained leave of their masters. A dashing soldier in civilian's clothes

was there, and though out on leave, ran the risk of being severely punished for doffing her Majesty's uniform without having received permission.

One of the chief amusements of the evening was to foretell future events by one who professed the art. She at least pretended she could, either with cards or tea-cups, the latter by the position of the leaves remaining in the cups. If the leaves were at the top of the cup the event predicted would shortly come to pass.

The fortune-teller would keep the company in roars of laughter. Many a fair maiden, however, who placed implicit reliance on what she heard, would retire to her room dejected in spirit, and lose thereby a night's rest, meditating on what had been told her. The fortune-teller told the upper maid servant that Jack, the butler, was deeply in love with her, though everyone knew that she actually despised him. She also told the cook that a certain lieutenant's valet greatly admired her and would shortly propose an elopement. The old withered thing actually blushed and replied: "She did not

know if she would ever marry. She had saved sufficient money to purchase the discharge of the best soldier in the army. She was not at present prepared to give an answer; it would depend on circumstances. She might think over it. If she was not as good-looking and as young as some she knew, she could cook a good dinner, while others would not know how to go about it."

After Mr. Bawtree's arrival all of the company hastened their departure to their respective homes, and none remained to enquire the cause. But the following day it was a subject of discussion in numerous kitchens, and the various opinions given were sufficiently diversified to fill a volume. Liquors were very cheaply sold in those days, consequently the cook had provided some for her favorite guests, and she did not require to entrench upon her master's. Other kitchens were not so scrupulous. She may have acted more from fear of her master than from principles of strict honesty. The fact must, nevertheless, be recorded in her favor, without giving her too great praise.

### CHAPTER III.

Charles Sylvestre had become addicted to gambling, and in an evil hour, on leaving the bank, he took what he described as "a loan from the bank," with the intention of returning it the following morning. Fortunately, or rather unfortunately for him, play that night went in his favor, and he was able to return to the bank what he had previously borrowed. But on other occasions he was not so fortunate, and the sums he took from time to time were gradually increased, until one evening he decided on taking a much larger amount than usual. He attributed his losses on former occasions to not having sufficient available funds with him. Now he would retrieve these losses, and return to the bank all the money he had



taken from it, and never again touch any funds that did not strictly belong to him. "Good resolutions are seldom kept."

He had formed the idea that he only played cards with gentlemen who contended with him in a game of chance, simply for amusement and without any ulterior object: at least this impression was forced upon him by designing villains. They were mere crafty and sharper than he was, for he was only a youth, while they were of maturer years. The last night he played he lost the large amount which he had taken from the bank with the hope of recouping his previous losses. His nominal friends accomplished their object, not caring how much he should suffer, providing they ran no risk of a public judicial prosecution and they enriched themselves by his delinquencies. When he had parted with all the money he realized his position, and begged for the return of it, offering to pay them a certain portion every month (on receiving his salary), but they were deaf to all his entreaties and laughed at him for his simplicity in making such a request. They advised him to

leave the city, as it would save him considerable trouble and annoyance. In those days a criminal was punished by an even handed justice. His social position would not have saved him from being sent to the penitentiary for the remainder of his life. To-day it is different; the larger the amount stolen, the less punishment the thief receives.

Now all the enormity of his offence rapidly passed before him, and he realized his dreadful position. He fled from his own shadow, and he imagined all looking at him were reading his thoughts and they would speedily deliver him up to justice. At night he could not sleep. If he closed his eyes he would start up imagining that a policeman was knocking at his door seeking admittance. He would at times get up, timidly open his room door, or his window, and look stealthily out to see if anyone was watching him or the house. He could not endure the strain much longer, and he decided leaving the city, and the night of the ball was a favorable opportunity, and he availed himself of it.

He disguised himself and escaped unperceived from the house, and took the road for New York, and on his arrival there he engaged his passage on a steamer bound for Spain. There were then no telegraph wires by which he could be intercepted. He had a few hours' start of his pursuers and he made good his escape. He left behind him one who deeply mourned his departure, and who only heard of his death many years after it occurred.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Bawtree lived but a few years after Charley's surreptitious disappearance. His purse-proud and overbearing spirit was broken, and he could not long survive the blow he thus received. He had sought to introduce his daughter into a circle of society that he in his younger days was entirely unaccustomed to, and paid the penalty he so justly deserved. Not that one should not seek the association of those in higher positions in life, but the earlier intimate associates should not be entirely discarded, and should be treated at least with common courtesy and civility, and even with some recognition of past friendship.

Mr. Bawtree bequeathed all his large fortune to his daughter, and appointed a gentleman in

whom he had great confidence her sole executor. In after years he sadly betrayed the trust confided to him. Many men while they are prosperous are strictly honest in all their dealings, but should they ever become poor, turn out great rascals and seek to retrieve their fortunes by robbing their friends.

All Mr. Bawtree's investments of his capital were, with great wisdom and forethought, properly and judiciously made, and he left written instructions for the guidance of the executor, as well as for his daughter. A few years after Mr. Bawtree's death the executor spoke despondingly of several of the securities and advised their disposal; with the proceeds he purchased shares of a bank in which he and his relations were largely interested.

For a while the dividends were regularly paid, and Charlotte was recovering her former vivacity and somewhat forgetting her sad bereavement. Then disquieting rumors began to circulate regarding the solvency of the bank of which she held a great number of shares. These had been purchased in her name by her

executor, and on enquiry she learned that the stock that had been transferred to her was either owned by her executor or his relatives. She now fully realized that it was premeditated that she should be the sufferer instead of them. However, the rumors ceased for a while, and it was reported the bank had overcome its difficulties, and though no dividends would for a couple of years be paid the bank would not be forced to close its doors. Ere a year was past the bank was irretrievably insolvent. The shareholders not only lost their stock, but were called upon to pay an equal amount in cash in proportion to the number of shares held by the different stockholders. The executor had foreseen what was coming and transferred his risks upon Charlotte to save himself from loss. Some persons would call this a good stroke of business, but rightly called a dishonest transaction. Charlotte took her monetary affairs into her own hands, and exhibiting some of her father's indomitable spirit and energy, converted the remaining investments into cash, disposed of her household establishment, paid in full all the

calls upon her, and taking with her a widowed aunt, removed to the town of Newport, Rhode Island, in which place her mother was born. She proposed forming new associations, with the view of forgetting as far as possible the past.

Twice was she deceived by those who pretended the greatest friendship for her. She had tried society in its various phases, and was greatly disappointed. Now she would devote her time and energy in assisting her fellow-creatures in whatever way would be most conducive to their happiness. Without becoming a recluse, she would not seek any longer to find enjoyment in festive gaiety.

Charlotte, after living about a year in Newport, built a cottage not far from the seashore, furnishing it very tastefully and comfortably, and engaging only one servant to do the rougher work. She devoted a considerable portion of her leisure hours in visiting the sick and distributing, where required, considerable sums from her income. She had invested her capital at a good rate of interest with a view of future use.

She never went to any public place of amusement; in fact she refused all invitations of any social kind, but was a regular attendant at Church. She did not dress in any particular order of sisterhood, but her attire was never changed in style from year to year. She always conformed to one mode of living. Several ladies more curious than others in the neighborhood sought to ascertain the cause of her extreme exclusiveness. They were simply told in polite language that it was agreeable to her, and they made no further attempt to penetrate her secrets.

Various were the comments made concerning her in social and church assemblies. These gossips are not sufficiently interesting or edifying to record them.

The town of Newport is a very fashionable watering place, and here is situated one of the United States navy training schools, where boys are taught how to handle guns and ships, with a view of defending the country from foreign aggression, but not with the object of planting the "Union Jack" in foreign coun-



tries. War now is seldom justifiable, unless under great provocation, and a country should only have recourse to it when all other means have failed of securing peace. No doubt in past years, through the instrumentality of war, great benefits have resulted to the human race; but it is now questionable if any greater good could be accomplished by it.

All countries are now brought into such close connection by means of railroads and fast steamships that any great war occurring in any country will more or less affect the whole world.

The desire to secure wealth is now the main-spring of all human action; with it a spirit of corruption is prevalent amongst all classes of society, which is almost more to be deplored than even war with all its atrocities, and if not speedily suppressed will lead to direful results.

An officer in Persia was found guilty of corruption and has been sentenced to be boiled alive. This is executing justice with a vengeance. The mode of punishment is too severe, but officials found guilty of corrupt acts should be severely dealt with.

The cottages on the sea shore are numerous and are occupied with wealthy families from various cities in the Union. While there they spend most of the time in festive amusements, and many return to their homes completely worn out, instead of having secured the rest which was the original intention for summer cottages at the sea shore.

When Charlotte went to live at Newport the cottages were few and far apart, and the persons residing there were not numerous.

For her it was a place of retirement, which she greatly enjoyed.

One sultry summer day, in the month of July, Charlotte, from her cottage window, espied a sail-boat too far out at sea for it to reach the shore in safety should a storm arise. There were only two persons in the boat, and it was making for shore. The sails were tacked to catch any breeze going, so as to hasten its return. There was hardly a ripple upon the water. The sea was as smooth as glass, and only its undulation showed that it was at all in motion.

Just then a sudden breeze arose which speedily developed into a squall. The boat was still visible; the helm was guided by a skilful hand. Charlotte and her aunt watched in breathless silence, and with intense anxiety, the boat as it glided through the boisterous waters.

It would disappear in the trough of the sea and then reappear on the top of a wave, making steadily for shore, when suddenly deep, black clouds covered the face of the sky, and great darkness coming on, that no objects were at all visible. Not even if one's hand were raised could it be seen, so great was the darkness.

As the wind ceased the rain came down in torrents, causing all the streams to overflow and rapidly run into the sea.

The sky was occasionally illuminated by quick successive flashes of forked lighting which darted here and there in majestic splendor. Then came the voice of heaven, peal after peal of thunder, which vibrated through the air, and there came one louder crash than the previous ones, which caused the earth to tremble and the cottages to shake to and fro. After a

few flashes of sheet lightning the storm abated, the sky cleared, and the sun shone, if possible, more brilliantly than it did before it. The air again became calm and serene.

Charlotte asked her aunt to accompany her in search of the boat to ascertain what had become of it and its occupants.

“Man’s steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields  
For earth’s destruction thou dost all despise;  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
And send’st him shivering in thy playful spray,  
And howling to his gods, where happily lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashed him again to earth—there let him *stay*.”

—BYRON.

Charlotte and her aunt walked a considerable distance on the beach without seeing anything of the boat. Proceeding on their way they came across the lifeless bodies of a young man and young woman, who, no doubt, were the persons Charlotte saw sailing the boat. Through the darkness they could not find a landing place, and the boat must have struck a rock and sank to the bottom of the sea out of sight.

The youth was holding the young girl in his arms with a death's grip. He most likely endeavored to swim with her to a place of safety, but his strength must have failed him. They were carried into shore by an incoming wave, and were left exposed on the beach by the receding tide. Charlotte sent her aunt to a distant cottage for assistance, and while her aunt was away she removed the arms of the youth and laid them gently by his side, turning him over with his face downwards, with his head a little raised and supported by her. The young girl could not be resuscitated, for she was dead. When help came she was removed to a place of shelter. The young man showing signs of life, stimulants were given to him which caused him to open his eyes, but he immediately relapsed into unconsciousness.

Charlotte's cottage being the nearest one in the vicinity of the accident, willing hands brought the young man there, and laid on a bed of down in a small but neatly furnished bedroom.

The doctor, who had been previously sum-

moned, arrived, and used all remedial measures in vogue in his profession for his recovery, and gave instructions that no one should be admitted to the room save a nurse, and that it should be kept completely darkened. He said he might with great care recover, but on no account was anyone to hold conversation with him in regard to the accident until he had fully recovered his strength.

For some considerable time the young man lay in a precarious condition, hovering between life and death, or what might even be worse than death, the loss of his reason. The time arrived when the doctor told Charlotte that he had safely passed through the critical stage without showing any bad results, but he was not constitutionally strong. He required no good nursing, with pleasant and amusing conversation, so as to divert his thoughts from the scene of the accident, and for her to avoid telling him, if at all possible, of the death of his companion until such time as he would be better able to bear hearing the account of her sad death.

All through his illness Charlotte scarcely ever left the room, for she would not trust to anyone to attend on him, or do what she considered could be better done by herself.

He frequently questioned her how he came there, and what had caused his sickness. His mind was apparently blank regarding the accident. She would tell him the doctor forbid her to talk to him for the present, and he would not like hearing the doctor scolding her for disobeying his orders. Thus she diverted his thoughts into other channels, until he was sufficiently recovered to sit in an arm chair. Then she frequently read for his amusement, and by degrees they became more familiar and enjoyed many pleasant conversations. He said to her one day: "My mother was a Spanish lady and died of consumption while I was very young. My father sent me to England when I was only seven years of age, to be educated at a private boarding academy. When I reached the age of fifteen years I received a letter from him directing me immediately to proceed to Quebec, his native city, for he had ap-

pointed my aunt, and his only maiden sister, my guardian and executor. My father was an officer in the Spanish army, and during one of the revolutionary outbreaks, so common in Spain at that time, received in battle a mortal wound, of which he shortly afterwards died."

Charlotte simply placed her hand on her breast and a spasm passed away without Charley noticing any change in her countenance.

He also informed her: "I have been engaged for several years to the young woman who was out boating with me, and would shortly have been married had she survived. I made her acquaintance on the steamer while crossing the Atlantic ocean. She was returning to New York in company with her father and a younger brother, who was about seven years of age. He was a sturdy little fellow, and was always on the move, and scarcely ever at rest. When the steamer was about mid-ocean, on an exceedingly calm day, not a breath of air was stirring, most of the passengers were promenading on the deck, when all of a sud-



den a splash in the water was heard, and a cry raised, 'a child overboard.' Without a moment's hesitation I leaped into the sea, for I am an expert swimmer, having practiced on the coast of England, and catching hold of the boy I held his head above water until a boat was lowered, and we were safely landed on deck. The father of the boy expressed his gratitude and thankfulness, which were plainly shown in his countenance, and when the steamer arrived in port, I was invited to spend a couple of weeks with the family at their mansion in New York.

From a casual acquaintance with the young lady, but by closer intimacy, it finally ripened into love. We were engaged, and would have shortly been married, and nothing could have broken that tie but this sad accident, for we were truly fond of each other. She was passing the summer with an aunt who has lived here for many years. I received permission from her father to spend my vacation with her here. The day was so fine that we overlooked the distance and did not perceive we

were that far from shore until we saw the storm approaching from the east. We could have weathered it only for the darkness coming suddenly upon us. We lost our reckoning, and the boat drifted at the mercy of the waves. I heard the breakers, but not in time to turn the boat, for I could not see anything before me except when the lightning flashed; then only for a few seconds. I think she died from fright before we were cast upon the shore. It is now time for me to return to Quebec, and I do not know how I will ever be able to repay you for your kindness to me. If acceptable to you, I will write you every month, and now I have a favor to ask you. It will be too formal to address you by name; I want your permission to call you aunt, for I am all alone. I am the last surviving one in Canada of a numerous family connection."

She readily gave her consent, and she could have clasped him to her bosom, for it was the first true expression of friendship shown to her since the death of her father.

He now bade her adieu and left for his home

in Quebec. He could not help feeling some regret on leaving the cottage where he had received much kindness and watchful care during his long illness.

For several years Charlotte continued her regular round of visits, and nothing occurred to disturb the precise aged maiden's methodical mode of living. The widower parson came occasionally to the cottage, but finding he was only received with dignified courtesy, if he had had any idea of pressing his suit, he abandoned it for other pastures, where he was more graciously received.

Whenever Charlotte received a letter from Quebec she was always in brighter spirits; it was like an oasis to a sorrowful heart; though to all outward appearance she showed no signs of heart trouble or of mental anguish.

## CHAPTER V.

Charles Sylvestre, a youth of sixteen summers, arrived in Quebec from England. He came almost amongst strangers, but he soon made many friends. He entered with such zest into all the sports then in vogue that his company was soon sought after. Though he was naturally impetuous, and at times excitable, yet generally lively and agreeable, that any little fault in his temper was easily overlooked and speedily forgotten. He was favorably impressed with the city and its inhabitants. They were not so thoroughly occupied with business as to prevent their enjoying themselves on all suitable occasions. Perhaps they too frequently neglected business for pleasure. Wealth was not the only desideratum

with the people of those days, and especially of that city ; and Charley having a gay disposition enjoyed himself.

The Prince of Wales visited Montreal in the fall of 1860, and Charley availed that opportunity of coming to the city. It was his first visit to Montreal. He had heard it highly spoken of, but on approaching it by the Grand Trunk Railway, more especially when nearing the Bonaventure depot, he was greatly disappointed with the squalid appearance of the neighborhood, and was unfavorably impressed with the city. However, after he had viewed it from within, and had ascended the mountain, a magnificent scene expanded to his view, and he was led to exclaim : " Oh, how grand ! " The small mountains of Belœil, the larger ones of Vermont, and the white capped hills of Maine and New Hampshire, appearing in the distance, the scene surpasses in grandeur more than the imagination can conceive.

On a clear day, with a good telescope, the tall masts of the ships when in the harbor at Portland can even be seen.

A sail at night down the river, starting from the foot of the rapids to the Richelieu company's wharf, when the lamps in the streets and in the stores facing the river are all lighted, gives to strangers an idea of the vastness of the city, especially to those who see it for the first time, and it leaves an impression on their minds never to be effaced, and they carry away with them pleasing recollections of the beauties of the city.

On the day Charley arrived the various national societies were assembled in front of the Bonsecours market, then the City Hall as well as a market, to march in procession to do honor to the Prince. A descendant of a son of Erin espied Charley and called out, "Come hither," placing a white rosette on his breast, the insignia of membership for the time being, and landed him in the ranks of one of the Irish societies. He was but slightly acquainted in the city, and visited alone the various places of amusement. Wearing the rosette during the day was advantageous to him in his lonely rambles in the city.

In the afternoon the Prince of Wales was to open the great Victoria bridge, then a work of vast engineering skill, which established the reputation of the engineer, and his name is handed down as one worthy of emulation.

A train was waiting at the depot to convey the Prince and his suit with invited guests out to the bridge.

Charley, out of curiosity, proceeded to the depot, still wearing the rosette, and was by an official shown into the Prince's car, supposing he was an important person, or a member of the Prince's suit. A regiment of volunteer soldiers from the United States were here visiting the city, and the officers were introduced to the Prince. The Colonel of the regiment came first and extended his hand; the Prince readily and warmly shook it. One or two of the other principal officers followed suit, while the younger ones simply saluted and passed on. Charley always retained a pleasing recollection of the affable manner the stranger citizen soldiers were received by His Royal Highness. The introduction took place in a

car at the bridge. Charley was standing in it almost alongside of the Prince.

On another day the Prince visited the Crystal Palace, which was situated on St. Catherine street. Charley also made his way there. A crowd had already gathered in front of the building, waiting until the doors would be opened to get admittance. From within could be heard the steady tramp of the regular soldiers, who had previously been admitted to test the strength of the building by their marching over the galleries with military precision. But science to-day has discovered a surer mode of proving the safety of a building without risking the lives of Her Majesty's loyal troops.

The Irish people have again and again been accused of disloyalty to their Sovereign, but whenever members of the Royal family have visited the country they proved their loyalty by receiving them with loud acclamations of joy. While Charley was standing outside the building there were beside him two buxom lassies of the Emerald isle, and as the Prince came up exclaimed: "Oh, the dear little angel!"



One night the city was grandly illuminated. Everyone that could procure a vehicle was out with it that night. At times the jam was fearful. Then the boys would send flying about any number of small fire-crackers. Whole bunches would be set off just under the horses' feet, but through it all no accident occurred to mar the enjoyment of the night, nor were any of the pleasure-seekers injured, and everyone was delighted with the grand display.

Now came the grandest ball ever given in Canada. A large, round wooden building was especially erected for the occasion, and it was beautifully frescoed. Champagne flowed freely from every pillar of the vast structure. Various bands discoursed sweet music, and the best society Montreal could produce was there to do honor to the Prince.

Some were there flitting round with borrowed plumage. Their chief desire was to be recognized by the Prince, so that their social standing in society should be augmented, and then be everywhere received as the cream of society.

Others were there having political aspirations, and with blandish smiles spread their nets to catch all persons they thought could be of political service to them, but who were speedily discarded when higher game was in view, or more pliable tools to their machinations were likely to be secured.

The migratory, mercenary politician was there, who, like the chameleon, changes his coat whenever his political allegiance becomes merchantable.

Worse than all were the flippant political nonentities who were dressed in the garb of the butterfly, but beneath it exhibited all the characteristics of the caterpillar.

In the ball-room were wealthy men, who acquired it by honest toil, and there were other wealthy men, but we must draw the curtain and leave to the historians to record the actions of those who have marked their footprints in the sands of time for weal or for woe.

On the following night another ball was given in the same building, admitting the general public; price of admission, one dollar.

Very few ladies were present, and it was difficult for a stranger to get an introduction to them, for the gentlemen that brought ladies kept them to themselves, so as they would only take part with them in the several dances.

The Prince appeared ill at ease confined to the seat provided for him. He showed by his manner that he wished to descend to the floor of the house and take part in a dance, but the sturdy and strict Duke of Newcastle would not give his consent. This was only an impression Charley got at the time, without any foundation, perhaps, to warrant it.

The Prince was almost considered a Canadian boy. He walked Canada's streets; he joined in her amusements; he worshipped at her altars, and no one here hesitated to exclaim, "Long live the Prince of Wales!"

An incident that occurred in later years, and is a little out of order in regard to point of time, is still of sufficient interest to be here recorded. When Prince Arthur was stationed with his regiment at the Town of St. Johns, one beautiful moonlight night, he was standing with a

number of other officers at the door of his hotel, when a volunteer soldier came staggering up, halted, straightened himself and saluted the Prince, remarking, "I am a little on the 'bum to-night." The officers looked grave and stern, when the Prince jokingly replied: "Well, bum it round my man." The soldier again saluted and marched staggering off, but not to the guard house, for the gracious reply of the Prince saved him from a court-martial, and the regiment from an exposé. The Prince thereby greatly gained in popularity with the inhabitants, for some present had an indistinct recollection when Duke of Kent was stationed in Nova Scotia he ordered a soldier to receive one thousand lashes on his back for insobriety. Here the Prince overlooked a fault which greatly redounded to his advantage.

On his return to Quebec, Charley took the steamer that leaves Montreal at seven o'clock p.m. There were on board a regiment of Highland soldiers, who were on their way to England. The harsh and discordant notes of the bagpipes when played in the streets of a city

were mellowed by being played upon the waters, and as the boat descended the river the music became sweet and harmonious. Many persons were assembled on the wharf to bid them adieu. The moon was at her full and shone so brightly that one could almost see to read by her light.

Amongst the motley crowd that stood on the wharf to bid the Highlanders adieu, on their leaving Canada's hospitable shores, for their distant native homes, was a woman with two children. She held her little girl of four years of age by the hand, and in her arm, her latest born, a child of two years. Her tears flowed down her cheeks, for she had been rudely pushed aside by the sentry, and was not permitted to go on board the steamer to join her husband. While she stood eagerly watching the boat, her baby-boy looked up to her face and seeing the tears dropping from her eyelids, raised his little hand and placed it on her cheek, and said in baby-voice, "See, see, papa, papa," and stretched out his little arms for his father to take him. He who had stood un-

daunted while the bullets from the guns of the enemy with hissing sound flew past him, at Alma, Balaklava, at Inkerman, and in the Redan, now shook like an aspen-leaf and frantically sought, as the boat left her moorings, to jump ashore, but he was immediately seized by several soldiers and placed in irons.

His wife remained motionless until the boat was out of sight. The notes of the lively song, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and those of "Auld Laug Syne," and the sweet air of "Home, Sweet, Sweet, Home," were wafted back, and came mockingly to an aching heart and to an unappreciative ear. Home she had none. She would find shelter in the backwoods of Canada, or take up her abode in the slums of a city, to be spurned by even those who too were left behind; mothers they were, but not wives. She would work to support her children, and perhaps the boy, who was the image of his father, would, in the days to come, be a solace and a comfort to her, when he who was forced to leave her behind him will have gone the way of all flesh.

After several years the soldier was discharged from the army, and he decided on returning to Canada to seek his wife and children. The ship, while in a dense fog, and through the insufficiency of fog-signals, or through carelessness or wanton indifference on the part of the lighthouse keeper, was wrecked on the barren coast of Labrador, and the soldier lost his life. The widowed mother, having no relatives to make enquiries about her, was lost, like many others, in the surging masses who move from place to place, seeking where their daily toil will be more remunerated.

The green water of the St. Lawrence was visible, and though flowing alongside of the dark, muddy water of the Ottawa refused to mingle with it.

On the way down are many picturesque farm cottages on both sides of the river. The bright steeples of numerous village churches were very attractive.

Charley rose the following morning at break of day, on approaching Quebec, in time to view the grand and bold scenery of the Lower St. Lawrence.

## CHAPTER VI.

On Charley's return to Quebec from Newport he was lionized by his friends, for an account of the accident had preceded him. He resumed his situation in the bank. A similar one was held by his father many years ago. Numerous were the invitations sent to him to attend public and private balls, boat races and various public amusements, but he soon tired of these sports, which a few years ago were his great delight.

One dark afternoon, a drizzly rain was falling, Charley, who was on his way to his lodgings, noticed a young girl on the street going towards her home without an umbrella. He had frequently spoken to her in the store where he was accustomed to lunch. He raised his hat



and offered her the use of his. At first she declined it, but finally permitted him to accompany her home. She appeared to him as one having a superior education for the position she held in the store. In her younger days, he subsequently learned, she had attended one of the numerous convents so common in Quebec, and there had acquired a first-class education. It was not of any pecuniary service to her, in consequence of these numerous establishments, for all classes sent their children to them, and none employed private or public tutors.

She lived on the west side of the city, at St. Rochs, a suburb of Quebec, which was reached by descending a long flight of stone steps. The house she and her widowed mother occupied consisted of only two rooms; they were kept scrupulously clean. She had several brothers, but they were residing in different parts of the United States, and she knew not if she should ever hear from them again. They had enlisted in the northern army, and possibly may have been slain in battle, for she had not heard from them for a long time, or prob-

ably they might unexpectedly come home any day.

The mother, a complaining invalid, was constantly wining, because of her extreme poverty; she could not procure the various delicacies which she had been accustomed to in previous years. At one time the family was possessed of considerable property, but the head of the house neglected his business and became more and more addicted to gambling. One loss never comes alone, and thus it was with them. The bank in which was deposited the greater part of their available funds failed, and they thereby were financially ruined. The father became a confirmed drunkard and finally committed suicide. He was the man that, through cheating at cards, robbed Charley's father of a large sum of money shortly before he was forced to flee from the city.

Charley frequently visited them, and many presents reached their abode, of which they could only surmise from whom they received them.

After many months one of the boys returned

home. He had lost both his feet by a cannon ball at the battle of Antietam. He brought with him a considerable sum of money, for he had received a large bounty from a merchant who had been drafted into the army, but preferred to part with it rather than run a risk of losing his life by going to the war.

The cash he brought home, and the prospect in the far future of a pension, relieved their present necessities. The widow ceased grumbling, for now she had an invalid son to occupy her attention and to minister to his necessities. The poor girl who had struggled hard to support her mother received but scant sympathy from her. Such is life.

The insidious disease of consumption commenced to make inroads into Charley's constitution. He, no doubt, inherited it from his mother. He struggled hard to retard its progress, but it rapidly gained upon him, and he was forced to seek a warmer climate.

The following letter, which he sent to his adopted aunt at Newport, conveys the informa-

tion of declining health, and, when she received it, caused her deep sorrow :—

MY DEAR AUNT,—

I have been suffering for some time with a severe cold. At first I paid little attention to it, thinking it would pass away. Now a hacking cough disturbs my rest at night, and I am frequently troubled with cold night sweats, which afterwards leave me in the mornings very weak. The doctor advises me to spend the winter in the south of France.

I have secured a berth on one of the Allan line of steamers, and will leave here on Thursday for Liverpool. I expect to return in the month of June *via* New York, and I will remain over at Newport before returning to Quebec, with a view of seeing you once more, and also to recruit my strength, after the fatigue of the long journey, by a short rest on the sea shore at your charming cottage.

By the way, I anonymously receive every Christmas day twenty-five pounds, and I do not know anyone to thank for them but your dear self. I only allude to it to tell you that I am well provided with funds for my journey. The bank not only granted me a year's leave of absence, but also voted me in advance one year's salary. So you need not feel at all anxious on my account.

Your affectionate nephew,

CHARLES SYLVESTRE.

The voyage to Europe was an uneventful one. For the first few days Charley had to re-

main in the cabin, for he found the sea air too strong for his weak lungs, consequently he could not go upon the deck. After being out at sea for a while he gradually gained in strength, which gave him great hopes of ultimate recovery. On the ship arriving in Liverpool he made no stay in England, but proceeded directly to France.

He had not been long there when war between France and Prussia broke out. If Charley had only been in good health he would have followed his father's profession, and unsheathed his sword in defence of the flag of the country of his present temporary abode. Spanish blood flowed in his veins, and he was more in sympathy with the Latin than the Teutonic race. It was only the positive orders of his physician that prevented him joining the army of Napoleon. France was unprepared for war. The many divergent views entertained by Monarchists and Republicans were a cause of weakness to her. After several engagements between the armies of France and Prussia, at Sedan, Napoleon was forced to surrender to the

victorious Prussians. How different it was with his uncle, Napoleon Bonaparte, who fought, with the soldiers of France alone, the allied armies of Europe.

The French soldiers lacked the enthusiasm which usually characterized them, and they only returned home to fight with the Republican soldiers of Paris. The conflict cast a shadow upon France that has taken years to efface. France is now prospering because she is at peace at home and abroad. May she never draw sword, except it be to drive an invading army from her shores. Science and art are not in accord with the ravages of war. May she ever uphold the former and denounce the latter. Oh! France, the flower of nations, "May peace ever reign within thy borders and prosperity within thy gates."

One morning the postman brought a letter to the cottage bearing the New York postmark. It was unusual for Charlotte to receive letters from that city, and she got into a state of excitement before opening it, wondering all the while who could have sent it, and what it was

about. Of course she could have opened it and found out, but no, she had first to give vent to her woman's curiosity, and then it became in consequence more important in her estimation. Perhaps all women are not thus gifted.

The letter was from Charley, but it was not addressed by him. It gave the information that he had arrived in New York, and would come to Newport within the course of a few days, and would spend a couple of weeks with her before proceeding to Quebec.

Charlotte, with the servant, immediately set about getting a room in order. She hung out the bed clothes to air, and started a fire in the grate in case any dampness had lodged anywhere in the room. All delicacies that could be procured were immediately purchased, and she waited his coming with some degree of anxiety and apprehension.

When Charley arrived at the cottage his strength was thoroughly exhausted, from the fatigue of the journey. He was shown to his room, which he never left until he was cold in death.

Bleeding at the lungs started, and the doctor was immediately summoned. Charley had experienced a rough voyage, and being in the last stages of consumption his weak constitution was not capable of enduring the heavy strain of a sea voyage.

The doctor succeeded in allaying the bleeding, but held out no hopes of his recovery. He might linger for a month, but probably not more than a couple of weeks. Day after day he gradually grew weaker, and could scarcely turn in his bed. Charlotte saw the end was approaching, and she took an opportunity to speak to him on different subjects which were uppermost on her mind.

He was at all times very patient; his only complaint to her was: "I give you so much trouble." She soothed him by telling him that since she became acquainted with him he had been quite a comforter to her.

She remarked: "I have longed to tell you that I was once engaged to be married to your father. He left one night suddenly without assigning any cause. It would have been use-



less for him to have sought assistance in his trouble from my father, but with me it was different, and had he explained his circumstances I could have come to his relief. He knew that I was my father's only child—"

"And all his wealth was marked as mine,  
For he had only me."

—GOLDSMITH.

"I had frequently told your father that I approved of a gentleman attending a club, playing billiards, and taking part in other amusements. I would not like him to follow my father's example, for wealth acquired by discarding all social amusements was dearly purchased. I may have been injudicious, but as he always placed so high a value on noble birth, aristocratic relations, and he disparaged persons who were engaged in trade, I never suspected he would so lower himself as to play cards for money, if only as a pastime."

There are many snobbish gentlemen who put on kid gloves on entering a tradesman's store, fearing they should soil their hands; they certainly must take them off when they stoop to

play a game of chance, and unlawfully deprive their friends of their possessions.

Many men have neglected their families, bringing them down to poverty, and bringing on themselves the ruin of their character, and afterwards are shunned by those who encouraged them in their mad course and were the cause of their poverty and degradation.

Manly amusements are not to be despised, and it is difficult to separate the dross from the gold. Everyone must be his own judge in the matter.

Charlotte said: "I lost through my executor's wrong-doing a large portion of the fortune which my father left me, but I have recovered it all, and some time ago I made my will leaving it to you. There is now no likelihood that you will live to inherit it, and I am going to ask you a favor. I would like to build an orphan asylum to be called the Bawtree-Sylvestre Orphan Asylum, and I would like your consent."

Charley smiled and bowed his head in approval, but he was too weak to speak; his consent remained unspoken.

Charlotte kissed his forehead and dropped a tear, which was the first she shed since the days of her childhood.

The following Sunday morning, as the church bells were ringing for early service, Charley's glassy eyes became fixed, his lips moved, and he articulated the words, "All is well," and then gave three gentle sighs and his spirit passed away.

For a while his face was ashy pale, but it soon recovered its natural appearance. The eyes were closed; there was not a wrinkle upon his forehead; his lips became red, his whole countenance lifelike, and he appeared as if he was only sleeping. Sleep on, gentle sleeper, thou art at rest.

Charlotte soon after Charley's death set about putting her project into execution. She sold the cottage and removed to a large city, where she would have a greater field for her charitable work. She superintended the construction of the building herself, and before the expiration of three years she had it in active operation.

The boy who Charley saved from a watery

grave sends yearly a sum of money to Quebec to purchase flowers, and also to keep his grave in order.

He freely contributes from his extensive means to the orphan asylum, and his contributions materially assist Charlotte in properly conducting the institution.

The youth never cast any reflections upon Charley for the death of his sister, for he knew that Charley was so mild in his disposition that he always gave way to her guiding spirit. She generally led, while he followed.

Most of the women of the United States take pride in their imperative and independent traits of character. No doubt these traits are the outcome of the Republican form of Government existing there. They are not always to be condemned, providing they are kept within certain bounds.

But may the day be far off before woman suffrage be granted, for if that should come men will cry out in the agony of their souls: Oh, ye gods, save us from our electorate lady friends.

The last words of the widow, to whom refer-

ence is made in a previous chapter, were : " Put more wood on the fire, I feel cold." " It's getting dark, light the lamp." Then her spirit took its flight, and her boy was bereaved of his best earthly friend.

Though he was left alone on the stormy ocean of life, he nevertheless safely steered his barque through many tempestuous seas and dangerous inlets, evading, however, the treacherous quick-sand that had a deceitful surface, for over it bright, sparkling waters might flow, but beneath the surface there was a deep abyss, and so as not to be engulfed therein, or entangled in the encircling arms of the libertine, and thereby sink lower and lower in the depths of human depravity and lose his reputation, he sailed a straight course.

He had often been tempted and advised, like other youths have been, to take a wrong path ; he preferred to follow the instructions he received in his youth from his righteous mother, thereby to-day the flag of rectitude proudly floats over his head, and he is respected by his fellow-citizens.

With Charlotte we must now part company, for as night succeeds day, and winter succeeds summer, so does age follow youth, and, like a fading flower, no one cares whether it survives the day or not; its beauty is almost gone. So is it with persons that have arrived at the age of three score years and ten; they are but tottering to the grave. Their bones will there crumble into dust, but where will their spirits go?

Though Charlotte, during her whole life, only attended the one ball, still the passing days were not unenjoyable, for the greater portion of her long life was spent in doing good to her fellow-creatures, which brings its own reward. Now she occupies a portion of every day reading and answering letters she receives from many of the orphans who have left the home of their childhood, and are taking an active part in the battle of life in all parts of the world.

If we have failed in riveting the attention of our readers, or drawing out their sympathy towards the characters portrayed, the fault lies

with us, and we crave the forbearance of a generous public.

“Come hither, Evan Cameron ; come stand beside my knee,  
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea.  
There's shouting on the mountain side, there's war within  
the blast—  
Old faces look upon me now, old forms go trooping past ;  
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,  
And my spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.”

END.

