

HRONICLE ATHOLIC

VOL. XVI.

No. 10.

TRIAL AND TRIUMPH.

CHAPTER III.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er this eye, That once their shades and glory threw, Have left in youder eilent sky, No vestige where they flew.

Ten years passed away from the time at which our tale onened; the corn was ripe, and the field were green again ; silence and evening were gradually settling down upon the scene of tale. A party of women, returning from the harvest-field to their homes, in a village near to Wardenlaw, noticed a man of exceedingly careworn aspect entering the churchyard, and as he was evidently a stranger, it excited in them some curiosity; therefore, as they passed on, they indulged in many surmises as to his motives and identity, but nothing was elecited from their joint conjectures at all satisfactory, and after reaching the village they separated, and probably the most of them, occupied by their domestic cares, forgol the incident, and thought of it no more.

Not so with one of the group, a thought occurred to her which she forbore to communicate to her companions. Resolving, when solitude should take possession of the place, to return to the graveyard, and satisfy herself the truth of ber conjecture.

It was not long before every sign of life had vanished from the village, and all became as dull and silent as though not a creature inhabited the place. The woman then stole forth, and passing over the deserted green, approached the gate at which the stranger had been observed to pass into the graveyard, and atter looking around to note whether she was observed, entered also.

This churchyard, like most others in England, was not in any respect an inviting sput,-leaning tombstones, long rank grass, a cold bleak-looking building, with a dirty moss-grown spire, surmounted by a vane, whose intermittent creaking made desolation more dismal, and gave the place it ornamented the air of a building whose sole use was to serve as a receptacle for ghosts. -The woman was clearly quite familiar with the desolation of the place, for not perceiving the stranger of whom it was clear she had come in search, she at once, without a second look, passed over to the opposite quarter, where hearing a grave, above which was erected a small column surmounted by a cross, greatly defaced, she beheld the object of her search, prostrate on the earth, unconscious of everything, save the intense is trame with agony

mer out an imperfect explanation as to whom she was. He asked if Miss Horner died a Catholic ? She answered-Yes. Where was her father ? He had left the place, none knew where he had gone. Pressing a well-filled purse into band, with a request that she would preserve the tomb from further desecration, the stranger disappeared in the gloom. A moinent more, and the sound of the gate closing behind him, announced that he was gone.

Nor of his name, or of his race, Had left a token or a trace.

Wardenlaw is still a barren hill, and bleak to the eye, as of old; but to those who know of the story realized there, there is a spirit of the spot which smooths its ruggedness and peoples its solitude. To one who knows that the spot on which he treads is the scene where a human heart has druck delirium, or some wretched spirit has writhed in pain; that the hills have looked down upon, and the valleys have beheld the struggle of the soul torn by the contest between religion and honor, and apostacy and love; who can comprehend the grandeur of soul requisite to encounter moral annihilation in the conflict despising the promptings of interest and affection-to such an one there is a charm in these desert places stronger than that evoked by battle-fields and crumbling towers, a broken spirit and a wasted form; the shattered citadels of honesty and truth are a more thrilling light to the good and the brave than all the glories of the castle-crowned Rhine.

A solitary one will sometimes stray to the scene of our tale to ponder on the hopes and the fears, the weakness and the grandeur, the failings and the stern resolves of the human heart, but many a journeyer passes by and notes it nothing but a dreary spot, nor dreams that ever it saw a struggle and a victory that would have cast a halo round the proudest brow. No marble rises there to mark the spot; a robber feud or royal tryst of vanity and lust had gained a monument or founded a bower, but the heroism of self-sacrifice has few admirers among our race, and in a nation of stolid materialists.

THE END.

THE STORY OF A PIN.

INTRODUCTION.

Of all manimate objects, a pin is perhaps that which is the most closely connected with the events of human life; and, if a pin could speak, it

pins. A waiting-maid, after a long conversation with the unexceptionable clerk of the pin department, laughingly took me from the glass vase, your attention ?' and fastened me in her cape. And it was thus that I was transported to a splendid mansion in the quarter of the Chaussee d'Antin.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1865.

III .- GRANDEUR AND DECADENCE.

What luxury and what pomp! In going through this grand ball, in examining the brilliancy of the pictures, of the rich gildings, of the

rich bangings which decorated the walls, the splendor of the saloons and the princely furniture, I remembered those bundred wretched artizans who had united their efforts and their vigilance, that I might make this triumphant entrance, upon the bosom of a waiting-maid, into these gilded saloons.

" Make haste, Julia,' cried a shrill voice from the further end of a boudoir hung with silken tanestry; 'And have you ordered that ribbon?' 'Here it is, Madame; O, if you only knew how much trouble I had to match it.'

' Keep quiet, Miss, and give me a pin.'

Julia hastily snatched me from her cape, and, handing me to her mistress, turned all her attention to the mirror.

I was skilfully placed so as to fasten a most graceful bow of ribbons upon the neck of my fair mistress. She set out immediately, as the carriage was in waiting. What a delightful destiny for one who had so recently entered the world. What strange things I was going to see and to hear ! The footman opened the carriage door and ,we departed.

But in the middle of the court, my mistress leaned out to give an order, and - behold me fellen, yes, fallen, between two flag-stones, in the large court. There was a great stir there of goers and comers ; and, as well as I could judge, there were vast officers in the court, where numerous clerks were passing to and fro, receiving and paying money; for all those who entered carried great bags of crovn-pieces, or pocketbooks which appeared well filled.

My head rested upon the edge of the pavement, and I could see and notice particularly a young man of modest deportment, with a pleasant, yet dignihed air, who was about to enter the court, then, appearing to reflect, retreated some steps, then finally gained courage, and advanced, with a resolute, yet somewhat dejected inauner, towards a great glass door which hore the inscription: 'Bureaux et Caisse.' His countenance interested me, and 1 wished to be nearer to him, and to know him better; for I had Jiscovered that I possessed the strange gift of divining by contact the mind and the character of those who carried me. 'If he should pick me up,' said I to myself, ' how lovingly I would cling to him.' But his thoughts were elsewhere ; the ingrate took ao notice of me. I presently saw him issue from the glass door. and the person who was showing him out, explained by his gestures that they could not grant him that which he appeared so earnestly to desire. However, upon renewed entreaties, the head of the department pointed out to him the windows of the principal room from which I had just descended in such brilliant company, and consented even to send an office lad to conduct hun to the master of the house. Presently, I saw them both engaged in a brief conversation, behind the panes of the middle window.

sold to fine ladies, perfumery, gloves, ribbons and you appeared to find a valuable object ; you steam which urges the packet-boat to all quarters picked it up as I believe. Will you tell me of the globe. what important object that was, which attracted

> The poor young man was confounded. He perhaps had thought no further about me, or he hardly dared to say that so foolish a motive had stopped him. However, his eyes dropped to his coat-sleeve ; he saw me bravely raise iny head ; and taking me out, he showed me pitifully to the rich banker.

> ' I beg you, sir, to excuse a very childish ha bit,' he said to him : ' my poor father, whom I have lost, learned me to save even a pin, and I did it in remembrance of hun, in accordance with the orderly habits which he wished me to acquire.

And he replaced me in his sleeve.

' My child,' said the banker, . you need not blush, nor consider it a slight thing to know how to stoop to pick up a pin. It is something so creditable, that I, who have really no need of your services, as I had the unhappiness of telling you a short time since, will now accept of them upon trial.

He wrote some words upon a paper, and rung for an office boy :

'Conduct this gentleman to the superintendent of correspondence,' said he.

And he took leave of the new initiate with a wave of his hand.

The name of the bank er was Monsieur le Ba. ron Wolff. He was a man whose intelligence had placed him in the first rank in financial affairs. He had innumerable connections in both hemispheres ; a character for irreproachable probity : and claimed to know men, and to discern their peculiar aptitudes. A good portion of his immense fortune was devoted to the encourage ment of the arts and the useful branches of industry, and to the relief of the unfortunate .--What a fine thing is fortune, what a fine power has gold, when it falls into the hands of the liberal and pure-minded !

So the Baron, whose eyes followed his young protege to the door, could not restrain the hope that horoscope. which as yet rested solely upon my head, might be justified by the coming trial. IV. THE TRIAL.

We open anew the great glass door which gives entrance to the offices. We are conducted to the superintendent of correspondence, who reads the commands of the master, looks with surprise at the new comer, as if the task which it

The new clerk knew something about this when he opened the immense bundle of the day's correspondence. He endeavored to use much order in the classification of these various letters. He put in one pile the drafts and moneys, in another the fault-finding letters, in another the orders and commissions; for the house of Wolff united to its banking business a forwarding and commission house, which employed a large number of persons. He summary of all the orders, an analysis of all the complaints, an account of the moneys, and hastened to present himself to Monsieur Wolff.

"Already,' said the banker, with a smile .----And he cast a hasty glance at the splendid penmanship of the novice, and his even rows of figures.

'Do you speak English ?' he asked in that language.

And the conversation continued in English.

Although Canada formerly belonged to Frence and French customs are still preserved in Lower Canada, English is the language of the country, the correspondence is curried on in English, and a knowledge of the language is indispensable in getting through creditably in this work.

' Have you ever been in England ?' asked Monsieur Wolff, resuming French; astoaished at the purity of accent of his young clerk.

" No, sir ; but my mother, who is well educated, and who speaks English perfectly, taught me the rudiments of the language, and I have embraced every opportunity of speaking it and hearing it spoken.'

'Shake hands,' said the banker, briskly, in English, 'you are one of us. Now, my dear child, tell me your name, and from whence comes to me so pleasing a lad, who, but for a pra, 1 would have let escape me, notwithstanding my pretensions of making no mistake in faces."

CHAPTER V .- WHERE WE COME FROM.

The young man had, as we have said, a genteel form, and a prepossessing appearance. He appeared to be a little more than twenty years of age. His eyes were large and soft, with long lashes and eyebrows, which gave to them as much an expression of sweetness as of brilliancy. His forehead was high, open, lair, pure as that of a young girl ; no bad thought had ever yet sullied the purity of the creature of God. His black hair, rich and abundant, set off an oval face, which expressed artlessness, calinness, and tain self-reliance. A light moustache shaded his full lip, and a budded beard was scattered over his chin of twenty years. He was slender but well formed ; there was a little negligence about his dress, it must be said; his countenance was natural and without embarrassment. Greatly encouraged by the agreeable recention of the Baron, he continued the conversation in English, perceiving the great pleasure which his new patron took in discoursing in that language, which, in Europe, is the language of business, as French is that of literature and eloquence. ' My name is George ; I am twenty-two years of age, and I belong to a family of artists. My father sank under the heavy weight of labor; and inv mother remains a widow, with many children, living in the country. She has provided, with energy and without other resources than that energy, for our education. She dissuaded me and not without reason, from the difficult career of an artist, and I look forwad eagerly to the time when I can be of use to her, and, in my turn, can support our family. After having finished my studies, I acquainted myself with foreign languages and commercial matters, in the house of one of our relatives in Germany. Since future. Then his thoughts were raised to Provi- iny return, I have sought in vain to make use of inv acquirements. All doors were closed against me, because I came unrecommended, and without this pin, which I shall always keep as a precious The banker had listened to him with the greatest attention, observing with a penetrative steadiness, which migh have embarrassed a less candid nature, the pleasing expression of his features .----Elis was so beautitul, so choice a nature ! such Tweifth-The polisher' shakes it in a vessel that moment. I saw him stoop, pick me up, France, as a loved and respected grandmother; fore the pure flame of hie is dimmed or extinguished oy bad passions. Monsieur Wolff, after loped upon the ancient territory of the Iroquois, which was submitted to him, again raised his eyes 'Very well,' said he ; '1 do not ask you for This venerable person is sixteen and a half years any other security than yourself; you shall be politely to return to the first floor, from which old. Such an activity supposes great needs, a the head of the Canada service ; you shall carry : more than a hundred hands, before I became an we had both but just descended, he so sad and I constantly renewed call for the productions of a on the correspondence. Your writing pleases more advanced civilisation ; an exchange of the me, and it is that that I am most particular The gentleman had a firm and intelligent ap- natural products of the soil, for the products of about. Strangers are bound to judge of the gentleman had a firm and intelligent ap-I was packed, with some millions of my com- pearance. His forehead was high and open, his the refined industry of the old world; of an im- care we take of their affairs by the precision and stond beiore per, and in a voice as the bided there. Dis- civilization. The box, which served us a pricon, he silently regardeded the new comer, and then such baste to live, in such baste to acquire pos- your/predecessor's permanship was not sufficiently and another the baste to be builded there.

grief which was convulsing I indescribable. The column bore the inscription :---

Here Lieth the Body of Emily Horner, Who died August 17th, 1851, Aged 25 Years, Of your charity, pray for her soul.

R. I. P.

It is a dreadful thing to stand above the grave of one you have loved with a pure and an ardent affection: to look upon the cold and narrow resting-place of a father, a mother, a wife, a sister, or a child; to pause by the side of a tomb where, in solitude and silence, moulders into dust the form round which your very thought and of workmen, the brass wire which is to become hope was centred, to feel that henceforth the the pin. world is desolate and life a blank, to feel the crushing weight of utter hopelessness, and writhe in as agony you cannot shun and cannot bear; to have the thoughts of by-gone times, and scenes, and things rushing through the mind like molten lava, almost driving reason from her throne. In whatever relation the stranger stood to the tenant of the tomb was never known, but very close relationship could alone account for the extreme grief manifested by him. The woman whom we have mentioned as discovering hun at the grave was the same who, at the last meeting of Charles Chifford and Miss Horner, met the latter to escort her home; she had since then become a wife, and was residing in the village. After she parted from the women who accompanied her, when she observed the stranger entering the graveyard, it suddenly occurred to her that it might be Charles about to visit the grave of his lost love; she therefore burried to the spot, to ascertain whether her conjecture was true, and, if so, to impart some information with which she was charged ; the position of the pios from the bran. visitor, where she found him, confirmed her m her opinion, but she did not dare to intrude rudely upon the sacredness of his sorrow, and, after a moment's hesitation, retired a short distance bebind some other tombs, to await his departure, when she intended to accost him. She waited with this resolve hour after hour. Night came on, and darkness enshrouded every object, and still the stranger prolonged his vigils. But suddenly, when the patient woman was beginning to denly, when the patient woman was beginning to a man bare of the matters by the precision and despair of her watch, the object of her anxiety panions, in a carriage, and we were burried away bis ever moment while active intercourse. Bur a comment while active intercourse and lively. For a moment while active intercourse and lively which we exhibit in our reports. despair of ner watch, the object of her anxiety patients, in a carriage, and the service of his eyes penetrating and lively. For a moment ishly active intercourse. People are there in We lost one of our best correspondents' because is a voice so husky, as to to be sold as discreet slaves into the service of he cilcult according to the cilcult a concerted by the sudden appearance and sepul- was opened in an elegant store, and we were art- said to him briefly and curtly, concerted by the sudden appearance and appearance a

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would doubtless relate some curious things. For my part, there have happened to me some adventures strange enough-1 was about so say piquant enough, to justify me in begging an intimate friend to perpetuate the memory of them. A PIN.

I.-BIRTH.

God said : ' Let there be light ; and there was light !' Poor mortals ! so vain of the particle of divine breath which animates you, and inflates your pride, how many of you must combine your efforts to create—a pin !

Let us reckon :

First-In a vast manufactory, complicated machinery, animated by the power of steam, produces, with the united efforts of a multitude

Second-The 'straightener' straightens the wire, and cuts it into bits.

Third-The ' pointer ' dresses the end of the wire on a grindstone.

Fourth-The 'cutter' gives to the pin the desired length.

Fifth-The 'twister' disposes the wire spirally for the head.

Sixth-The ' head-cutter ' catches and fixes the head.

Seventh-The ' cook ' tempers the head. Eighth-The 'fashioner' gives to the head an elegant turn.

Nigh-The 'scourer' gives the pin a first cleaning.

Tenth-The 'whitener' is charged with tinning it.

in cold water.

filled with bran.

Thurteenth-The 'winnower' separates the

Fourteenth-The 'pricker' makes rows of holes in the paper.

Fifteenth-The 'sticker' put the pins in the holes.

A great number of persons assist in each of these operations; and I indeed passed through article for sale.

11 .- ENTRANCE INTO THE WORLD.

We charted the low of the valiantial car been from the

" Try,' appeared to say the young man, with a modest and persuasive countenance.

'I really can not,' seemed to reply by no less expressive gestures, the master of the dwelling ; and he bowed deliberately, like a pre-occupied man taking leave of his interlocutor.

I saw the young man carry his handkerchief to his eres, and, bowing, he withdrew with a melaucholy smile.

marble steps of the peristyle; it was very slowly he bravely opened the bundle of papers from that he crossed the great court, his eyes fixed upon the ground. A ray of the sun lighted up my little bead at the instant when he was pass-Eleventh-The 'extinguisher' gives it a bath | ing me. His eyes rested on me. and I have never since feit such pleasure as I experienced at and already much worn.

At this same moment, we heard the great window open, and a voice said in a loud tone : once; I wish to speak to him.

A Swiss in livery came to us, requesting us so joyful !

was desired he should attempt, was evidently beyond his capacity. He himself conducts us to the grand office hall. This was divided by iron railings into compartments, as in a geographical ehart the earth is divided into different countries -and further, like the chart, each of these compartments was inscribed with the name of some country. We passed by England, Germany, Russia, the East Indies ; we reached a particular bureau which bore the inscription : Canada. The chief of the department offered an easychair to the candidate, and said to a clerk :

> 'Bring the gentleman the mail from Canaga. You have two hours, sir, to examine it, to extract all the orders from it, and you will carry them at a certain hour to Monsteur Wolff.'

By my contact with him, I was enabled to know the impressions of my worthy young man. I was satisfied with him. He took his place with an unpretending, yet confident, air, at the same time returning thanks. His first look was for the poor little pin, by whose help he had been adjuitted to his present trial. His memory now carried him back to his father, and to the wise counsels which he had received from him ; then to his mother, who was still so disturbed about his dence, who had perhaps offered him this opportunity of being useful to those who had so great need of his assistance. Having composed and It was very slowly that he descended the three consoled himself with these solutary reflections talisman, I'--Canada.

Canada, as I have learned from a pin from that country, is a country full of life and vigor, into which civilisation is being rapidly introduced and in which all eyes are directed towards an one as comes fresh from the hand of God bewipe me carefully, and place me in his coat- a country in which the richest products of nature sleeve, which was of a somewhat scant pattern, abound. These cities are commenced and deve- having inspected with a rapid glance the work before the geographies in our own country have | to George, as if calculating, as the Americans say, time even to recognise the fact of their coming all that his good appearance promised of frank-Baptiste, tell that young man to return at into existence. I have been told of the oldest ness and integrity. native inhabitant of a city of forty thousand souls.