

VOL. XVI.

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THE STORY OF A PIN.

XXVII.--(CONTINUED.)

Borghese re-entered, and found Madame duced. Wolff seated between the two sisters, who knew not how to express their gratitude.

'Tell me, Jeanne, have I not been worthy of your namesake, Jeanne d'Arc, in the camp of the English ? They have all bit the dust !? And who has sent us this unhaped for relief ?' asked Jeanne.

'Your mother,' replied Borghese, 'and when you shall be less agitated, dear children, you may read the last wishes of that tender mother who still watches over you. It was George who made this fine discovery in searching behind the portrait which you lent him. But weep no more,' said she, embracing them warmly.

' Do you wish to enter into our conspiracy for George's happiness ?'

' Do with us what you wish,' said Jeanne, exhausted by so many emotions.

break his vow. But it is you, Jeanne, who the mansion. should come to relieve him from it. Your days of trial are ended. His mother wishes to see you married as soon as possible. Your apart- ciated all your attachment, all your knowledge, ment, which you will find exactly like this, is and, above all, your devotedness. You have ocready in a separate suit of rooms. You will be cupied yourself with my fortune: it is now time in your own house. We came on horseback, that I should remember yours, since you appear but we have also a carriage. You must go there to forget it. I know you have some savings. 1 to carry there the things that are indispensible wish to double them, to put you in a position of to you at first, and, above all, your sketches and becoming a partner in the house of Wolff and to you at first, and, above all, your sketches and paintings ; you will find, for the rest, everything ready to receive you. And beg Madame Blanchemain, your good neighbor, to come with you .--You will feel more at ease by her presence until the great day with which we are occupying our-netwe. But, above all, be prudent. George 'Ah, well,' said Monsieur Wolff, 'we are selves. But, above all, be prudent. George knows nothing about it, and Monsieur Wolff about to have a serious conversation. Sit down wishes that he should have all the pleasure of there. I will go and look for a plau of partnerknows nothing about it, and Monsieur Wolff this surprise."

'Anna,' said Jeanne, embracing her sister, 'do you still believe in the presentiments of storing days?

She passed before the garland which ornamented the crystal vase, and kissed a little cross. "We resign ourselves to you,' she said with

these paints. I will run to Madame Blanchemain."

An hour after, the two ladies and their good

duties were attended to with as much care as in the little white house, when Borghese entered and asked if Monsieur Wolff could be intro-

Monsieur Wolft was confounded before the bim, feature for feature, the ideal of his favorite on us. Corregio. He thanked the young ladies for having lent themselves to his plans for surprise. He told them all the affection he bore to the attach him to himself permanently.

'But Mademoiselle,' he added, 'your distance breakfast. from us took away half of his heart, and we could no longer dispense with you.'

They agreed that the young ladies should remain in their apartments until the first interview; and Monsieur Wolff, greatly amusing himself at the effect which he wished to produce, withdrew to prepare the denouement which was very easy to foresee.

Two hours after, Monsieur Wolff was walk-Ah well,' said Borghese, 'George will not log with George in the great English garden of of Monsieur Wolfi; and he had not hands enough

' My dear George,' said he, ' it is some years that we have worked together; I have appre-Company. Will you agree to that ??

'Dear sir,' said George, 'my devotion to you was purchased, and I have nothing to wish. This new mark of your esteem and confidence render

ship which I have sketched out, and it will not

be a bad arrangement to lock at it here.' George remained upon a garden seat, under some thick acacia and haze! bushes, which leaned against the pavillion so recently transformed into the white house.

His reveries were directed towards his proteges. He now knew that they were relieved gaiety. 'Come, Anna, bring these studies and from trouble, and he saw himself more and more in a position to secure their fortune. His heart was gladdened in these thoughts, when he fancied he heard through the foliage the sound of a

ferings are forgotten in a smile?

communion. 'You have suffered too much?' said George.

'You, also,' said Jeanne ; " but each has calm countenance of Jeanne, which recalled to followed the way of duty, and God has had pity

They left them some time to exchange these tender words; then Anna, then their friend Borghese, Madame Wolff, and Monsieur Wolff, back this pin,' said she to him, in a low voice, worthy George, and all which he wished to do to surrounded them. They came to give them notice that Madame Blanchemain had prepared

'How is it, George,' said Monsieur Wolff I appointed a renderrous to talk of business, and I find you engaged in conversation with the neighbors. We will return there by-an-bye: to-morrow we will talk of business."

Then he gave him a letter from his mother, which informed him that she would come in a few days to assist at his marriage.

George threw himself weeping into the arms to respond to the testimonies of friendship from every one.

XXIX.-RESTITUTION.

It was in the little Church of Saint Germain, that Jeanne and George wished to be united without any parade. They made but few invitations, but some unknown friends interested themselves in the denouement of their simple romance.

When they passed under the peristyle, George took the holy water, and offering it to Jeanne:

"Do you remember ?' said he.

She replied by a glance.

They wished to kneel before the alter of the Virgin. It was there that George had come to pray, on the first day, for the success of his undertaking.

Jeasoe bad not the constrained and timid air which some maidens assume on being conducted to the altar.; nor had she any more the gay and careless air with which young ladies sometimes conceal their embarrassment; her charming features possessed the calmness and serenity belonging to the consciousness of duty accomnlished.

Her form, flexible as a blade of grass, gave no evidence, even on this solemn day, of any constraint.

Her bridal dress was most simple, and had nothing remarkable but a crown of wild roses, which appeared living. In the symbolical bouquet which trembled in her girdle, the eye was attracted by a drooping eglantine, which discorered in the depths of its lightly tinted cup, a beautiful drow of dew, which was no other than a fine pearl; it was a gift of Madame Wolff .--The dramond cross, a family souvenir, was suspended from her neck by a black velvet ribbon; and-to tell the whole, the poor pin had not been forgotten; it was resting completely happy upon the bosom of the bride.

good mother of George, who was completely as far as the eye could see, into the very bears Madame Blanchemain left them in this silent happy at the good fortune of her well-beloved of noble Normandy. son.

and Borghese, the two benevolent faries who had were liberally scattered, and round which the prepared this dream. The good Madame Blanchemain was radiant.

When George found himself in Jeanne's little chamber, she leaned upon his shoulder. ' Take 'it is truly yours.'

XXX.-POSTSCRIPT.

It was thus that I, the poor little pin, returned to the possession of my dear and ancient master.

The increase of his fortune would have allowed him a more costly summer residence, but he purchased of the good Madame Blanchemain, and he wished to preserve unchanged, the little white house of Saint Germain.

If any one asks how I have been able to recount so many circumstances to which I have not been a party, it must be admitted, for my justification, that all the events of this simple history have been frequently repeated and commented upon before me in the young household.

And to-day do you wish to know where I yet rest? Bring yourself to the little chamber whose view is extended to the distant horizon, and whose window is garlanded with roses.

A cradle is in the middle of the chamber, and around the cradle they are all silently regarding a beautiful sleeping infant. George holds Jeanne by the band; Anna, the second mother of the little angel, is occupied with the thousand details of household affairs. 'It will be the perfect picture of Jearne,' said Madame Blanchemain, taking a pinch of snuff with satisfaction.

And L, poor little pin, I fasten the swaddlingcloth of the sleeping infant.

But ask of me nothing more. We will leave our friends at the highest point of happiness of which the wise can dream. These delicious moments are of short duration. It must be foreseen that unhappiness, that inevitable guest, guards all its rights, and the pin which hears the beatings of thet little heart, a pledge of the future, will lasten, some day, perhaps, a shroud ! Now, in all fables there is a moral. Seek,

therefore, the one which can be drawn from this beautiful history

ther, he would not so carefully have followed, in

They were up at day light. Their household friends mingle in a like feeling, and all their suf- the bride on his right hand, and on his left the semicircle of richly wooded hills, which stretched,

No. 17.

At your feet the glorious sea came dashing in George was placed between Madame Wolff to a shore over which great masses of bold rock waves used to play in the summer-time, however little obstacle was afforded to their fury when fierce winds blew up a storm in the cruel wintertime.

> But perhaps the most attractive feature of theplace to me was a splendid river, within a mile's walk of the village, which was plentifully sopplied with fish, and afforded me many and many a day's amusement, and not a little excellent. sport.

> My time was pretty well my own, and I had made up my mind for a tolerably long spell of idle enjoyment; so, under these circumstances. it may not appear strange that I resolved to take up my quarters al-----

The inhabitants of the place were mostly poor fishermen, who used to ply their trade nearly thewhole of the week, and by great good back frequently got back to their wives and families towards its close.

A very pretty cottage, with a bay-window commanding a splendid view of the sea, took my fancy immensely, and though it was rather a humble sort of place, I determined if possible tomake an impression on its possessors, in order to ... secure two rooms for my use during my stey .----Alphonsme was certainly not the most sweet-tem-. pered woman I have ever met, in fact rather the contrary; at the same time I fully personded myself that a great many disagreeables would be counteracted by the possession of my much-coveted bay-window.

Alphonsine evidently ruled the establishment with a rod of iron. She was a tall, thin, illfavored looking woman, who was always prepared for a wrangle, and who looked uncommonly sharp after her own interests. However, by paying pretty leberally and in advance, I soon won, her heart, and I flatter myself that it was by excellent generalship on my part that I contrived very soon to be entirely in her good books. Her hard face used sometimes actually to relax into a grim kind of smile in my presence, and I fancied her barsh voice used almost unperceptibly to soften in addressing me. Besides, she was accustomed to bustle about in a rough kind of way

in order to get things straight and comfortable, It George had not loved and respected his fa- and I really think tried to do her best to make me feel at home. What more could I want than this? And then she had two delightful necially friendly, and who tended to enliven meup a bit whenever I chanced to be at all dull .----The boy was about thirteen years old, and his sister, who looked a year or two younger, was m-, deed a lovely child. She was as fair as a hily, and had that sweet expression of countenance which is so often found among the peasants m . Normandy; her eyes were large and exquisitely blue, and with all this she had a decided will of her own. But then she was the daughter of . Alphonsine. It was some little time before \$ made the acquaintance of the master of the establishment; for he was always busy fishing, and, as I have said before, the fishermen who lived in ... the village seldom got home before Saturday. evening, and had to be off again either on Sunday even or by daybreak on Monday.

neighbor were in the carriage; the two amazons galloped beside them.

you not feel more happy in occupying yourself had made such an impression upon him one sumwith the happiness of others? Is it not more mer evening, the evening of his leave-taking at like living ?'

1 have never passed a better day,' replied Madame Wolff, ' and you have been heroic.' And they congratulated each other at the re-

sult produced by their stratagem.

Madame Blanchemain, in the rapidly rolling carriage, half believed it only in a dream, and had a thousand things to say. The two sisters held each other by the hand, thinking of their mother, and of George, of the past and the future.

XXVIII.-AT LAST!

It was towards evening that the equipage not wish then to breakfast with us? reached the mansion, and entered by a gate .---Dinner was ready in Jeanne's apartment, which, with the exception of some indispensable addi- doubt I am dreaming, and I fear to awake.' tions, tauthfully represented the chambers in the white house. Mademoiselle Borghese and Ma- is not my fault,' said Madame Blauchemain, dame Wolff remained to dinner, and to provide opening the door ; 'we have moved : that is all for the most favorable installation of the new- the matter.' comers.

But can we not, on this evening, see the poor exile,' said Jeaune. ' To know him so near are doing. Joy makes me afraid.' And he reus, and yet so unhappy !'

' It will be too late,' said Borghese, ' and you have been sufficiently excited for one day. You have great need of repose. For the rest, let continue feeding her cananes. me assure you, I will go and carry him good dear children, as in your little white house ; your | taken a dwelling here.' friends are watching over you.'

Jeanne and Anna did not attempt to thank you ?' her. A look, a smile, the pressure of a hand, expressed all they felt.

When alone, they fell upon their knees and at the organ ?" thanked God for these happy events. They found upon a praying desk the little diamond cross attached to the will of their good mother. Jeanne read in a trembling voice these few words, writ- ! ten with an unsteady hand:

Dear children, love each other in remem- tune.' brance of me, and never leave each other .-So long as you are united, I will be with you.? at the door.

How happy they were at having found in their own hearts, and George's also, the accomplishment of this respected will.

The night was passed without sleep, and ap. peared to them unending. They reviewed in their minds the various and rapid incidents meet George. which had brought such a change in their destiny.

chamber organ. Listening with more attention, he was not long in recognizing the same plain ' Louise,' said Borghese to her friend, ' do tive melody which Anna loved to play, and which the white house.

He arose, sought his way through the thick bushes, and he could not believe his eyes, on finding before him a pavilion with the parlor, the white roses which tapestried the ground floor, and clambered up to embrace the windows of the second story-in fine, the perfect imitation of the place which his thoughts were unceasingly picturing to him.

The parlor window was opened.

' Well, now,' said a well-known voice, ' how proud you go by, Monsieur George! You do

'Are you here, dear Madame Blanchemain ! Have I become mad? Speak again; without

'If you dream when you are wide awake, it other.

George entered with fixed eyes. 'Take Madame Blanchemain, who asked permission to priest was blessing their union.

"We !' exclaimed George ; ' is she then with piness.

dame Blanchemain ; ' do you not hear her sister most touching address. He had taken for his

'I beg you, go up with me, dear Madame Blanchemain; I can scarcely support myself.' 'Come, child,' said Madame Blanchemann, and learn to endure happiness, as it may perhaps be necessary some day to endure misfor-

They ascended a little stair-case and knocked

'Come 10,' said a joyous voice.

Jeanne, surrounded by her studies, was seated at her work-table; a spleadid bouquet was before her.

"At last !' said Jeanne, arising, and going to themselves to see them again.

Jeanne was the mark of all eyes; and bore all these glances very well, responding by a friendly sign to persons whom she recognized. 'She has nothing,' said a mother to her

daughter.

'Does he take then the two sisters?' said another lady.

'It is really what he had better do,' replied a neighbor, 'for one could not live without the

'Heaven bless them,' said the poor people, whom George had not forgotten.

Harmonious music came to impose silence upon this meagre conversation, which is the accare,' said he, 'it is dangerous that which you customed small change of these ceremonies. It wos not difficult for George to know that the garded this dining hall, so like that where he had clever Mademoiselle Borghese had wished to passed some happy moments, and he regarded raise to heaven these pious chants whilst the ful to his proteges.

Every one was bent in reflection, under the 'O yes,' said the, 'it appeared that you no influence of those pure accents which respond to news, and that your troubles are ended. Sleep, longer wished to come and see us, so we have the feelings of the faithful united in the little church. Each one took his little share of hap-

The good father, who knew so well the most 'Ah ! but will you not go and see ?' said Ma- secret thoughts of Jeanne, made the assembly a text these words: 'Seek, and you shall find;' and, although the priest referred to moral generalities, and abstained with propriety from all al lusion to the adventures of the newly-married couple, the attentive audience bore in mind all which they knew George had found by his spirit of study and observation, from a pin, to the worthy woman whom he had come to demand of God in this same place, and whom he led to-day before the altar of the Virgin.

The carriages were in waiting ; they went back to Paris, after having exchanged some most north of France, I came across a little seaside want you both. Go into the garden to get affectionate farewells with friends who promised village which possessed so many charms that it me something to make a salad of. Come

Monsieur Wolff, who had wished to conduct myself away from it. Who could dare to describe those moments of Jeanne to the Church, presided at the entertain-

memory of hun, his most insignificant directions, and he would not have stooped to pick up children, a boy and a girl, with whom I was eea pin.

If he had not picked up this pin and placed it in his sleeve, he would not have interested Monsieur Wolff.

If he had not had taste for the beautiful and good, he would not have met, in the Munich gallery, the image of the one whom the future had reserved for him.

If he had not acquired experience in works of art, he would not have been sent to the Jardin des Plantes, and he would not have found in his way the same one whose image and remembrance already occupied has thoughts.

If he had not been hopest and courteous, he would not have won the wholly sisterly and devoted friendship of Mademoiselle Borghese, who led him as by the hand.

If he had yielded his pin to the whim of a beautiful lady, be could not have lent it to his charming unknown, nor formed that first fragile boad which began to unite their two destinies.

If he had sought his pleasure only, and if he had not applied himself to the study of a foreign language, he would not perhaps have been in America, and he would not have found, at the other end of the world, the means of being use-

If he had required the poor pin, when it was necessary, in obedience to Jeanne, to submit to the painful exile, he would have been less worthy of her.

If he had not passed through the church, upon entering Saint Germain, perhaps he would not have found the one his heart was seeking for, or, at least, he would not have entered her dwelling with so religious a feeling.

And what has held all this together ? A pin.

THE END.

PIERRE PREVOST'S STORY OR. TRUE TO THE LAST.

CHAPTER I.

was the greatest difficulty in the world to tear now !'

outflowing confidence, during which two pure ment which was given at his house. He had situated on a mobile chill, was enclosed almost in a about the expedition to the sea shore.

However, Saturday soon came round, and with it Pierre Prevost.

He was about five and thirty years old, very dark and singularly handsome. IIIs hair, which was thick, fell about his head in ringlets ; be was short, and had most expressive eyes. I was not long in perceiving that he was in every way a great contrast to Alphonsine. His expression was sad, and he seldom or never smiled; and I noticed he seemed to shrink rather nervously from the piercing look with which he was very frequently favored by 'la belle Alphonsine." His sweet and handsome face soon disposed me favorably towards him, nothwithstanding that there were circumstances which occurred on our first acquaintance which would otherwise. have tended to prejudice me entirely against bim.

I was smoking a pipe and chatting quietly to Alphonsine in the great chimney-corner on the evening I allude to, when all at once the two children came tearing in from school with their book under their arms.

'He is come !' cried they, in their shrill treble voices. 'We saw his boat just coming near the shore. He will be on the sand almost in a moment. We may go and meet him, may we not, mother?

What's the use ?' said she, in rather a more. disagreeable tone than usual. I am sure he In one of my summer rambles through the would much prefer to come alone. Besides, I

The last words settled the matter, and the-It was indeed a lovely spot. The village, children were soon off, without another word