# CATHOLIC CHRONICLE 

the treasure of the harz. [Translated from the German for the Catholic Mintror. 1
The corporation of the shepherds of Roten. burgi in Franconia, had met, accordang to their
tume-banored custom, in that litte
own, tor their andiual assembly. They had trasacted their business, had enjoyed a corporation dione
at the tun of the ' $G o l d e n ~ L z m b, ~ a n d ~ a ~ r u s t i c ~$ bull on the greensward ort the doncers started for their villages, , 0 some had come a distance of six or eight miles to attend the festival The oider and ricber shepherds remaned the tind, where, seated arouda a loog latec coo spend a sociable ereniag. Some ciscussed flocks. The generous wne unloosed their tongues meceed teliug sitories. Fromi adrentures with 10 the rugged mountan paths, ther passed to and tole succh frightful tales that some of the quiet tradesmen of the town, who had. rema:ned hef listened onif the moire eagerly. amed Father Martun, 2 merd tlotic wigg locks and logg beard bad bee weemed to hare aa noaxbausitible fuad of marvel. ous adventures. Mangs of the topers had re-
tired, and the reraianag fem had drawn closer o that end of the table nearest the wide chim nef, Matich blazed a buge log fire, when he evening will
bat smack of the hare told many aurenture yourt imagination, and yet, without swerving from
thet trutbit 1 mighb $r$ rolate a certan story of $m$, younger days mateb mould ectipse all you hay thati 1 . ,ould not have time to finish it at this si-
thay? When the old man commenced to speaks, al hhere was a general cry:
' Your story, Father Martua! your storf, to And they all preesed bum 50 much that the old shepterd could 'rot ressist. He took a long pull
at the jug, smoked his plipe, wiped bus dripping begar: paan from rriend or protection, and lad to beg my dails coree a strang and hard, youth, I tooks servic
pita a farmer of Hard, who engaged me me mixad his purerous flocks of sbeep. For mor tana two years 1 had follomed his occupation,
when, returiag to the farm one evening, I foand bat I fad logt tea sheep. The farmer ordere it the forest, brough the titick moods, my dogss harlag struck
 ad resure the sesco eort morning. Toward maddight, gust as I mas a about falling into a soun sleep, my uog commenced growlog and took re
fuge between my legs, with har brstling and ege between ny legs, vith batr brstling and ras sometibigg wrong, and I jumped to "iny feet buman form of almost gggatic stature. Tu spectral being seemed covered, with bair ; his ort of crown encircled bis head, and his loons on a young sapling. He beckoned to ne, but
could not budge; $I$ felt cold :all over, and , mity timbs 'quaked with fear.'
CThou chicken-bearted fool, sald the gpec reastres.of the Harz. Come . whlt me, and
thou witt bave as much gold as thou cans
${ }^{\text {carry. }}$. treed to shakke of the spell of terror that verwielmed me, and makiog lue ign or the
Crapunt, Satant I do not mant thy gold
Therpectre leughed ironically, and said . SS Cowardy fool, thou retusert meail: -He turoed as if to go go but see

## cis Tink well refeect, poort foil.


onit aingeetions: Lieire met puumonster


MONTREAL, FRILAY, AUGUST 3, 1866
 ©Thoi shalt regret the lost opportunity? Then, after remaining awbilie in thouigbtful "Remember well what I am going to tell hee ; treasure mp words, and some day whei majest turn the information to profit. An umLuse quantity of gold and precious stones is alled the Brockea. This treasure lies in eene, guardiog by it for eleteren as bunded day. I tave been glardiag in for eleren wanded years,
from that day any one can take it mbo wistes ;my mission das ceased. I bad intended giving it ince I sam you tendiog your sheep on the rocken.
bad to do to reach proceesed to treasure teil me wha are as fresh in my memory as If I bad heard them yesterday.
here inguire the was to the dark hitle ralle nomn formertly as the Kiop's Vale. There 50u until you reach a stone bridge buitt near a saw.
mil. ght of the stream thil you get to a place where buye rock rises to to bed. At a stone's throw Dio Dig wilibout fear, and you will reach the you will discorei a square, fala stione of some
three fee: diameter, well sealed in its bed of cemean. Remore that stone, ast you mill hase
care. You will hare to craml on all fours, for the inne is rery low, and you had better carry miner's lamp betweea your teeth. Doa't mind nd you will core 10 a wide fight of stars o eventy-two steps, by which you will descend to
spacions ball in the very centre of the moun
"TXree doors open at the further end of thi here lie the ashes of the former proprietor he treasure ; touch it not. The coor on the pirits. Go straight to the middle door ; it is ecured by 2 strong lock and beary bars of iron
ut to will open of uselt the moment you sail

Pex Tilis
"This root is not uncommon; you cannot do anttang mitbout in. The doors can defy the
strongest levers and minuog tools. Any unter of esperience in our mountains will tell you " Do not besitate, and fear not, 1or no karm will happen to you, though the door mas open
with a coise as louct as a clap of tuunder. You vill be dazzied by tie magnoficence and spleator of the gems rith which the walls of the care are crilegious theft. In the centre of the care
stands a brazen che:t of buge dimensions: $1 t$ is arry- you will have enough for a tifelume.Doreover, you will be permitted to retura tare mes to the care, taking care to close the aper-
are each time. Souid cupidity tempt poo to attempt a fourth visit, you moild be not oily disappoated, but sererely punished. You know
now how to reach the freasure of King Bructoremember my instructions. - As the spirit said these last words, wo dog
commenced barking, and I leard the sistant rummbe of whels and the crack of 2 maggoner's Old Father Martio thus ended his story. Some of the listeners laughed; and toid bime it
must be a dream be tad had; o others believed it ust be a dream he kad had; others believed sers knowirg gand wise, and bept a discreet cunaing fellow; the came to the conclusion that bere must be a asequel to the story-be manted o kiow if the old shepherd bad sttempted a og 2 tresh. jug, he replensbbe
Laiss and asked dim innocently

- Well, Father Martin, did jou ever visit cave, and find out rheether the spirit had tolid you \& Nou I, 'replied the old shepherd, ' I never ved a step to tind that
"And whydd you tot t pose mysell to son oivetrick of the evil one, , and

 ond

C What a pty, Father Martio, that poi biare You could bare made use of. 'the 'Openeanll',
now jou are too old to climb the Brocken. now fou are too old to climb, the Brocken.
knem o procure it is through the agen woovpecker. In spring-trime you watch one of
these birds, and discorer io what bollow tree be bas made has nest. Oice the hitte ones hatched,
you seize the opportunity of the parent brad learing ts nest op oq quest of food, and porent stop the
hole pith a stout hole mith a stout plug Then hide mhere you
can watch the tree. When the bird returss and inds its nest closed, it will scream mith anguish, must bave with you a red clook or mantli, and
amait the retura of the woodpecker, ever if pou have to stay there two days.. The bird will $r$ r instant to touches the plug, the tatter will come out with the noise and force of a cork from a
botele of champagee. You must lose no tume spreadiog the red cloth under the tree. The
woodpecter, thubking $t$ it if fire, will he frightened woodpecter, thoking tit is fire, will he frigbtened,
and drop the root.
Some people build a fire of
 If you hold it with the naked, band ; you mus
These particulars, so manutely described by
id Blase, furnished neer fooid for discussion and Tid Blase, furnished nep foot for discousion, and

## Among the crowd of topers, one old felion

 Jad reunaned silent, but mithout losing a a orordAt mbat had beea said. This man mas known ot what had beea said. This man mas known as
Master Peter Bloch. He tad been once a rich man, the orner of the pricipal tan of Roten
burg, and purreyor-in-chief oi the Senate. H mas then a gay corapanion, loving fun and goo
cheer, and bad many friens ; but tumes had sadt changed, and master Peter, in his old age, was poor wretch, leadiog the ifife of a brute.
He bad marrued early, when fortune log upon bim, but had made ao unhapps spoic Bess [such was Mrs. Bloct's, fanihint appella-
tion] was a vixen ratemper ste mas giferd with viper's torgue, that attacked friends as well as foes. She quarrelied mitt her besband on t tee
very day of their wedding, because he acci
deatatly trod their freendid foresam even ther that their med-
ded life would see more storns than sunstine. ded life would see more storns than sunstine.-
Ttey were not mistaken. Peter Blioch was neere
Lo koow pacee under bis roof.
Therr first ckild mas 2 bos
There first octild was a boy. The foolssbly Tond father spoiled him by continual unduigence, Litchen or near the dinner table set for the
boarders; and would help himself to acy choice morsel he saw fit. Lustead of scoldng, , etter
round laugh and give bim a s sice of breal or piees of pie-crust, 10 eat mith his meat. Nots
miti Bess ; whenever she caught her greed heir pilferigg or interfering with her cultaiary arrangements, she would dg a him and beat har-
soundy sith the bitchen ladle or anpthang she happened to hold in her band. Bloch would
then ruo and intercede for the culporit, and a then ruo and intercede for the culprit, and
quarrel would be the result. 1 I is not to be won listument, where they could eat therr meals druk therr wine un peace.
What with too mucb eating and rough hand
ling, fitte George dred in his eigbth year. But a second child, the pretty hitte Luç, resisted both the stufirigy process of her father and the
scoldings of her mother. At the time our story
less. leter had found arithmetic the hardest study bis school days. It was a bard tling for hio
 tion with the principles of modern cater almays strove to give a good dionerif for lithe money, insted of a bad dioner for riuch money.-
In a fer years be mas a balk
The Town Council appointed, Peter Bloc
 broken out in Rotenburg, the ieport spread that
the:" Jews bad poosoned the basins. The mot drioe the poor chaildren of lisael from the toma and sacked their houses, mhich was. the very ob.
ject of tbe originators of the report. To
To
 his act of justice, Master Peter
Poor Peier had verer been remarkable fo letely. Béss udertook the 'bobining and reat


wortk, snd often also earried bard knocks-any
httle neglect or act of resistanee
 had been in reality a donkey.
Lucy greered manch to see her poor father illtreated. She bad become very expert in in all
sorts of needle-work, and earned a great deal
 orever, of saring a feer sous, by de priving her
one elf of every little indulgence, in order to slip
 Thus st was that be happened, to be one of the the festral.
$H e$
 him her hand, and he bad been obliged to refuse, for be could not gire ber the smallest dowry.ruatha was an industrous, well behaved young
man, but he was poor; and Peter, who kner wat bis daughter looked favorably on the young
man's suit, regretted bitteriy that
his porert man's suit, regretted bitterify, that his poverts
should preerent him from securiog her bappiness. Ensconced in a cornaer of the public room, b but had remiained musing on his bard fate, an
thinking by what mazas te could mary thinking by what means be could marry
daughter to ter lover, , and quit playng beast His merest and currostry were aroused by
Father Martin's story, but mhen the sequel came and old Blase esplained so minutely the manner to procure the magic root, Peter became oll ears; and, and resolved to attempt the discopery of th reasure. While the company were discussing in the Brocken, feastang bis eyes on untold riches then, again, securing bis daughter's happiness

When Peter Bloch reached bis bumble hom he idea of a risit to the Brocken had become setlled plan in his nunc. . His only regret was wait some months before be could procure the amous Open-all; but now be bad bope to sus
ain him and strengthen him. At times the ques iace the spint spole to old Martin, suppose omebody else bas bad a similar revelation, and bas appropriated the treasure?? But be woul seemed to urge bim on -he doubted not the final result. Chmbing quietly to the loft where be
asualiy slept, be lit bis little lamp, toolk pen, iols sualiy slept, be ar: his little lamp, took pen, iol nante particulars related by the two shepherds
very word of theirs was graven on his me-
The morning dowa found bull finishing his
 hand. sou dave spent the cried the amable wife, riaking tie tnoney you rob me of daly
Master Peter was too much accustomed to
matrimonial storms to mond the first squall,
d: mas in a very uarufted tone that be answet
'My dear wife, don't get mad. I am think
ing. of something that will make us rich and
'You find a was to make monev?" exclaimed ne irate dame. 'You fool, what have you been My wiff? said the ; 'I don't know men I ma ie, and I want to arranye my afairs.?
Lucy, who orerbeard this commenced crying; she thought ber father might bave a presentiment of approaching
'Your will!' she cried, and she laughed ironi cally ; 'Your will! pou' inveterate,'good for-no bad, aud jou talk of making a will. .What have ou to bequeath?
Peter disdained to reply, or was probably no
disposed to a passige eof-arms with bisis wife. He brugged bis shoulders and went about his usua ad from the mill.

- Spring was approaching, and Master Pete had completed bis preparationg "Deining bio ion of Lucy. With this monery he bad , bero large valick mot ontouteatherist that, and,


last, one bonest little fellow came breathless to
tell him be bad found a black woodecker. Peter remarded the urchia generousify an' from that day followed with the utmost solicitude the progress of nddification of the voodpecker.stening attentively for the first weak chirp. One any his patience was tany voices of the young brood, and thought it
was the most hearenly music bis ears bad ever He still manted oue thing, haweier. : Red loth had long sioce gone out of fashion, and he only mas known to possess a crimson cloats and oly was kown to possess a crimson cloac, and
that was the town bangman. Reter bad almays hesitated to approach ths dread personage; but he screwed up his courage, and baving called on
him, obtanned the loan of the garneent for a small Peter follon old Biase's intructions to th Ptter, and met with entire suceess. At the sight of the red mantle, the frigutened woodpecker dropped the root, and it was quickly 5
wrapped in moss and stowed in Peter's pocket. Master Bloch returned home with bead erect and a bappy expression on bis wain features that she was much surprised and not a little mortified she was much surprised and not a little mortifeu tances favored his projects. The next, day was
a festual, and Bess and her daughter went to a festival, and Bess and her daughter went to
church, and he was left alone to mind the bouse. curch, and he was left alone to mind (he bouse.
He resolved to decamp during their absence.bad already shoo a large safe, secueed by seven heary locks, the keys of matcy never left has wife's girdle. It was there the prudent Bess sept her hoards: not only her gains, but little
sums presented from time to time to tuic by ber godfather. Peter was not permited tod to meddle curious about the probable amount of bits wife sarings. Here, then, was an opportunity to he power of the Open-all. Uncopering care sully one end of the package, he touch the mas in their bolts simultaneously, and' the door flew open, revealng to his astonished gaze numerous
little rolls of money, carefully piled up, on the


## $$
\begin{gathered} \text { shelves. } \\ \text { Petes } \end{gathered}
$$ <br> P

was going to possess a mealth and argu:ag toat be bis hoarded money would be like a drop of water a lake, he swept the little piles in his capacious e pushed back the door, which closed of atself, and started gaily, alter shutting the sitreet door nd putting the
It was passed noon when Bess and Lucy reurned home. They stood aghast when they
ound the door locked and that no one angwered thear knocks. After much delay, and when Bess bad made herseif hoarse calling. Peter in the sbrillest tones, she sent for the locksmith to open
the door. 'She wis in a terrible passion, and prepared herself for a vigorous attack on Pete the moment be fould return. But the day women were lost in conjectures.- fearful forebodings presented themselves to lweir minnds--
Lucy sat bathed in tears, for she loved dearly her Lucy sat bathed an tears, for she loved dearly her
old father, and Bess could not remaia degf to the voice of ber conscience, reproaching her with the -usage which had driven Serbaps could conceal no longer the terror, of her - Lucy 'Lucy,' she cried; ' may the Lord forgive me, Poor Lucy had not dreamed of anything so rell' sens. A yell of horror escaped 'ber, and she to give way to a paroxgsm of uncontrollable As soon as it mas day, Bess engaged some most diligent tiquiries gave no clue to the mysterious disappegranee of Peter, He bad left the
town when everybod wat church, and no one town when everybo
bad ooticed him.
Lucy still mourned, but, the practical Bess made up her mind bo bear, with ber Jose. Stll, the bagg to the mill Sh She pust, buy a ass acted, oth ber customary actve enefgr, agood
 the gafe tit os eppty h Theatuptyashed top




