THE TREASURE.

Translated from the French of Emile Souvestre for the Banner of the South. By R D. T., of South Carolina.

In an attic chamber of a poor looking mansion sat a young girl and an old soldier.

The furniture of their modest apartment, while it bore witness to the poverty of the occupants, testified also to the self-respect which sustained them under its trials. Order, taste, and neatness gave an air almost of elegance to the simple arrangement of the few articles of comfort that Still surrounded them. Everything was just in its right place; the fire burnt brightly in the nicely swept hearth, the carpet, though faded, was stainless and free of cust, while the snowy muslin curtain which shaded the little garret window, seemed almost embroidered by the numberless darns that kept it together. Some few jars of simple flowers ornamented the half-raised window, scattering their sweet perfume through the little chamber.

The sun was just setting. One lingering ray still illumined the lowly dwelling, giving an added charm to the glowing cheek of the young girl, and seeming to revel in the long silvery locks of the old veteran. He was half reclining in an old arm-chair, which the thoughtful love of his young purse had made most comfortable to him by the many soft cushions she had manufactured, and covered with patch work of bright colored chintz. An old footstool had been converted into a resting place for his wounded foot, and the only arm left to him by the fortunes of war, rested on a small round table on which stood his meershaum and the little tobacco bag embroidered with pearls.

The old soldier had a strongly marked and deeply forrowed face. But the harsh outlines were softened by an expression of perfect candor, and most winning frankness. An immense grey moustache hid the halt smile which played about his lips, as his gaze rested almost unconaciously on the young girl. While he is looking after indulging in strong liquors. I know this spent the greater part of the day in trolicking the past thirty years. But where could we get ship. Such was precisely the condition of our at her, we will try and see her as he did.

She was about twenty years of age - a perfect brunette, with tender and expressive feasome clear limpid stream, whose beautiful trea ingly.
sures are seen at a glance. She held a paper in The Suddenly she stooped and seemed to listen

What is the matter ?' asked the old man. 'Nothing!' she replied and her countenance

expressed her disappoitment.

'You thought you heard Charles ?' asked the soldier.

'Yes, it was that,' replied the young reader, his day's work must now be over, and it is about his usual hour for coming in.'

When he does come in, you mean,' replied Vincent in an irritated tone.

Lucille's lips parted quickly as though she would wish to speak and justify her cousin. But her better judgment prevailed, for she checked not look so conscious and confused? herself instantly, and then seemed to fall into a reverse.

Old Vincent took hold of his moustache with his only remaining hand, and began twisting it violently. This was his usual manner of express-

ing his indignation against his nephew.

Our young soldier is marching on the wrong road, Lucille. He often comes into us at night table. in most uncivil moods, neglects his work to go and amuse himself at fetes and public houses, squanders all that he earns; and mark you child, all this is going to end badly for him and for

Ob, do not speak so dearest Uncle! It comes like a prediction of evil for him, said Lucille, in a sweet, pleading tone. 'He is passing through a fiery trial, but will come out unscathed I feel sure. For some time past my cousin has seemed entirely changed. He no longer works with his old energy and ambitton.

But what has caused this sudden change? Well Uncle, he says he has nothing to look forward to, and thinks that a working man has so little prospects for the future, that it is wisest to live on from day to day, enjoying what the passing hour gives, without one thought beyond it.

'Ab! ha! This is bis idea then,' said the old man frowning, and twirling his moustache fiercely. Well! it has not even the merit of orginality. We had in our old regiment, certain wise-acres like this cousin of your's, who excused themselves from marching with us because they thought the road too long and tedious, consequently they remained inactive, and inglorious in the depot, while their companies were entering in triumph Madrid, and Berlin, and Vienna. Your cousin does not seem to remember that by resolutely will at last take one to Rome!"

'Ah Uncle! If you could only make him think million of francs.'

so,' said Lucille eagerly. 'I tried to influence him, by counting up what so good a mechanic as he is, could, with proper economy, realize. But when I had finished the calculation, he merely sbrugged his shoulder, saying in a short, impatient manner, that women knew nothing of such things !?

CATHOLIC

'And then straightway you fell into despair, you poor foolish child,' continued Vincent with a tender smile. 'I know now why my little nurse's eyes are so often red of late.'

'On no! no! Uncle-I assure you"-

'I know too why those poor lilly flowers so often droop now for want of fresh water in their jars; why my birdie no londer sings as she waits on her old Uncle!'

'Uncle! Uncle! for pity sake!'-

Here poor Lucille broke down - and casting down her eyes, nervously twisted the corner of

The old soldier rested his hand tenderly upon her head. 'Do you thing petite that I am going to scold you?' he asked in a quick, friendly tone. After all, it is only natural you should feel an | pect at the end of it. interest in Charles. He is now your cousin, and at some future day I hope—'

Here the young girl moved quickly. Well-no then. We wont speak of it any more, said the old soldier stopping suddenly. 'I always forget in speaking to you women, that one must pretend ignorance. We will not mention the subject again. But let me return to that that price, Lucille, and I promise you a fine reading. worthless good for naught, for whom you cherish such friendly feelings-that is the right word ma petite, is not ?- and who in turn is equally

friendly in his sentiments towards you! 'Lucille shook her head. 'That is to say, Uncle, he once felt them,' she added sadly. But | fiercely. for some time past he has changed entirely; he is so cold in his manner, and seems absent and worried when with me.'

' Yes,' replied Vincent, thoughtfully. ' When one has tasted the feverish and intoxicating pleasures of the world, the simple joys of home become insipid. It is like drinking unripe wine, malady well child; most of us have passed through

But all have survived the trial. Uncle, so why tures, whose every emotion revealed itself in may we not have hope for Charles' recovery to rapid and sudden changes. To look into her full more healthful feeling also? Perhaps if you were dark eyes was like gazing into the depths of to speak seriously to him,' she added besitat- or emotions subservient to the necessity of re-

The old man shrugged his shoulders mereduher hand, and was reading aloud to the invalid. lously. Such maladies are not to be cured by words, but by deeds,' replied he. 'One can no more manufacture a reasonrble man all of a sudden, than he can improvise'a good soldier. Expersence is necessary child—the ordeal of discipline and fatigue, and the baptism of the canon. Your | died up stairs. cousin fails in energy and perseverance, because he has no definite aim in view. We must try and find one for him. But this will be no easy matter. I will think of it."

'Ah! here he comes! I am sure of it this time,' interrupted the young girl, who had quickly recognized his rapid step on the stairs.

'Hush! silence in the ranks!' exclaimed the old soldier. 'Go on with your reading, and do

Lucille obeyed. But her trembling voice would soon have betrayed her agitation to a more attentive observer. Whilst her eyes followed the printed words which she mechanically read aloud, ber ears and thoughts were intently occupied with ber cousin, who had just entered the room, and thrown his hat and gloves upon the unceasingly, to change your habits of life?'

Finding his Uncle and cousin thus engaged, Charles did not salute either of them, but crossing the room, leaned upon the window sill in an abstracted, absent kind of manner.

uttered.

She had reached that column of the newspaper which is formed of a kind of mozaic work of odds and ends, grouped together under the head of

chppings. Charles, who had at first seemed absolutely unconcerned, by degrees seemed interested in spite of himself. After the appouncement of divers robberies, fires, accidents, deaths, etc., the young girl read aloud the following communication: 'A poor pedlar of Besancon, named Pierre surrounded by a large party of the enemy, as to Lefevre, desirous to accumulate wealth at any cost, suddenly determined to go to India, which country he had beard spoken of as the 'Eldorado' of the world. He disposed of the little property he possessed, went to Bordeaux, and sailed as cook's mate, on board of an American vessel. After an absence of eighteen years. during which time nothing had been heard of him, his relations suddenly received a letter announcing his immediate return. The letter also said, that after untold labor and fatigue, and un heard of freaks of fortune, the former pedlar was alone knew the spot where caussons were buried, putting one foot before another, the shortest steps returning to his old home with but one arm and all perished in their unfortunate flight. Now, it one eye, but owner of a fortune valued at two has come to light, and is proven beyond doubt, soldier, and Charles now felt how much in earn-

clamation.

· That would do to buy him a false arm and a glass eye!' said the old soldier ironically.

with enthusiasm, not seeming to have heard the sarcastic remark of his Uncle. ' Yes, great good luck,' continued the soldier,

and it cost him so little! Only eighteen years of his life, and an eye, and an arm !

'Eighteen years of unheard of fatigue and disappointment, repeated Lucille slowly, dwelling upon and emphasizing the words of the jour-

'Who would mind that!' exclaimed Charles, to gain such a fortune at last. The difficulty does not lie in entering upon an unknown and buried it. I could as certainly identify the spot panionship which he at first tried in vain to fatigueing journey, nor even in bearing all the as I do the position of the bed in this room. inconveniences of the route. But the real trial is to march steadily on, without some sure pros-

her eyes to her cousin, and so, Charles, you that you may please to propose. could envy the fate of this pedlar? You would be willing to give eighteen of the best years of effort would be very useless. your life-one eye-one arm?'

· For two million?' interrupted Charles ' most marriage portion for your pin money?

The young girl turned away without answer ing. Her heart was filled with sadness, and a great tear trembled on her eye lids. Vincent the year 1812, on the banks of the Duero, had goal. was silent also, but he twisted his moustache been refused by the Government of Madrid.

little scene seemed absorbed in thought.

her reverie. She rose quickly, and busied berself in preparing the table for their supper.

The meal, which was taken in absolute silence. did not occupy many moments. Charles had with his young and riotous companions, consequently he could eat nothing now. Lucille had chase of the land? lost her appetite-Vincent alone did justice to the simple repast. His habits as a soldier had are better off than we are? We can put them taught and trained him to make all other feelings in rossession of our secret, if need be. cruiting his bodily strength. But his hunger was men to believe us, or on the other hand, in the society of his Uncle and cousin. soon appeased, and he returned promptly to his fear of an abuse of the confidence one would cushions and his arm-chair near the window.

After arranging every thing again in order, Lucille, felt the necessity of being alone. She took up the light, and after tenderly embracing your cousin the other day-when the spoils are ments to their simple life, by some little surprise. her Uncle, retired to the little room she occu- to be shared, suppose the lion should suze the some unexpected attention, which won more and

Vincent and the young man being then left alone. Charles wished to bid his Uncle good night, and retire also, but the old soldier told him longed horror of a law suit. What is the use, I to lock the door and come back to him, adding, 'I wish to speak very seriously to you, Charles.'

As he anticipated nothing but reproach, his nephew remained standing; but Vincent made a sign for him to sit down.

Have you weighed well the words you gave ulterance to just now, young man? Are you really capable of making a great and prolonged effort to gain a fortune at last?

'I? Con you doubt it, Uncle?' replied Charles surprised even at the doubt implied by the question.

And you are willing to be patient; to work

'Yes, certainly, if I were to gain anything by it. But Uncle what do you mean by asking these questions?

'You shall soon know,' said the invalid, who opened the drawer of a little secretary near him. Lucille continued reading aloud, though she and taking out several newspapers, turned them did not take in the meaning of a single word she carefully over. Finally he selected one, handed it to Charles, and pointed out the following paragraph which he read in a subdued tone:

Overtures have lately been made to the Spanish Government with regard to certain caissons' buried somewhere on the banks of the Quero after the battle of Salamanca. It seems | do. that during that memorable retreat a company -belonging to the first division of the army, which had these caissons in charge became separated from the general army, and so entirely make resistance useless. The officer who commanded them seeing how impossible it was to make their escape, availed himself of the dark ness of the night to have the caissons buried by some of the soldiers in whom he felt the greatest confidence. Then feeling satisfied as to their safety, he disbanded his little company, ordering each one to try and make his escape through the lines of the enemy.

Some few of them succeeded in regaining their division; but the officer and the men, who that these coffers contained all the money of the est he was. Vincent encouraged him by repeat- girl.

Charles, who had listened with growing inter army: that is to say, gold, amounting to some ing anew that he held his fortune in his own est and attention, could no longer repress an ex- eight or ten million. Charles stopped reading, and looked at the old

HRONICLE

'Two million!' be repeated in a tone of amaze- | soldier with sparkling eyes. ' Were you one of that company?' he asked

' I was one of them,' quietly replied Vincent. 'Ah what good luck!' said the young man 'You know then the existence of these

chests? 'I was one of the men honored by the confidence of my Captain, and charged with the care of burying them. I alone amongst them all, es-

caped the balls of the enemy." Then Uncle, you can give some clue. You can help in the search for them,' continued

Charles, in a still more excited manner. 'With the greatest ease and certainty. Our Captain made us note the angle formed by the projection of some rock and the hill where we

Charles sprang up from his chair. 'Then your fortune is made Uncle. But why solutely essential to overcome that capriciousness have you never spoken of this before? The which had bitherto regulated his actions, and 'And so,' said the young girl timidly raising French Government will surely make any terms that he should resist all temptations to return to

Why do you think so?

assuredly I would. Find me only a purchaser at necessary for prosecuting the search. Go on strength to resist and overcome them all.

who found from it that the demand relative to a the money each week to his Uncle he felt that search for the caissons buried by the French in he was advancing one step nearer the promised

But why ask their permission at all? oh-There was a long silence. Each actor in the jected Charles. What is the necessity for are the sails. Give them up to be the sport of making it an official matter, when we can make every passing wind, and he is swept along with The clock striking eight roused Lucille from the search quietly and secretly? Once on the spot, buy the land, and who can prevent our perly trimmed and regulated and the navigation digging it, or suspect any discovery we might make!

'I have often thought of this matter during the money necessary for the voyage, or the pur-

Can we not apply to some of our friends who

if this risk should prevent our success after all. If it should turn out—as in the table you read to voyage, all the harassing perplexities of uncertainty, with the addition, perhaps, of the prosaid to myself, of undertaking so troublesome an affair? I have only a short time left to live. management and care of my little Lucille, we get along in comfort from day to day, and what more do we want? I laugh at the rest, as I would once have scoffed at a squadron of Cossacks.

'And so Uncle, you will let this glorious chance for a fortune slip away from you? You cast away riches in this prodigal way?' said tenderness, and every image will stamp itself in-Charles in a feverish and excited manner.

'For myself most assuredly. But for you, nephew, it is a more serious matter. I have seen some time past how ambitious you have become, and that you are sacrificing everything that you may associate with those who are better off than you are. Very well. Allons donc! Do you get me the necessary means for this voyage, and I will go with you in search of this treasure.

Are you in earnest Uncle? You? Bring me two thousand francs-that will secure the treasure I promise you. Will that

'That will do my Uncle,' cried Charles exultingly-ther he added in a more anxious tone: never earn so much.'

Work on bravely-bring me your pay every week, and I promise that you shall be satisfied. But only think, Uncle, how small my salary

' That is my affair.'

'You said just now you would be willing to labor eighteen years for it, and were willing to give an arin and an eye beside." 'Ab, if I could but be sure-'

'To gain a treasure at last. I swear it to you Charles, by the ashes of Napoleon.'

This was the most solemn oath of the old

keeping now, and the young man went to bed, firmly resolving that no effort should be wanting on his part to secure it.

But the conversation with his Uncle had completely banished sleep. He passed the entire night in feverish calculations as to the sum requisite for realizing his hopes, and dreaming all manners of bright dreams as to his future. When Lucille came down the next morning, he had already gone off to his work.

Vincent enjoyed the surprise of the young girl, but merely smiled and shook his head saying nothing. He intended keeping Charles' secret, and before speaking of it, wanted to see if he could keep his newly found resolutions.

The first months were the most trying. The young book-hinder-for such was his trade and occupation-had formed habits of life and combreak through, and perseverance in his work seemed to him often insupportable. It was abhis old life at the instance of his companions. 'Perhaps so,' said Vincent. But I think the This was a most difficult undertaking. His courage often failed, and he was frequently on the point of yielding to these temptations, but Because Spain has refused the permission the importance of the aim proposed, gave him

His increased industry, and attention to work. He held out another paper towards Charles, brought an increase in his salary; and in taking

Each day these efforts became more and more easy. Man resembles a vessel whose passions every current. But let them be only once probecomes less and less dangerous. Let the anchor finally be cast in some secure haven, and there is nothing more to be feared for man or young artisan. In proportion as his life became more regulated, his taste became more elevated. His close and hard work during the day made his evening's rest most grateful to him whilst giving up the feverish and exciting amusements of his The difficulty, Charles, would be in getting young companions, gave a greater charm to the

Lucille had resumed all her former winning necessarily be obliged to place in them. Then, manner in her intercourse with him. Entirely and solely occupied with thoughts of Vincent and Charles, she added each day some fresh enjoywhole. We would have all the fatigue of the more their affectionate appreciation. Charles was surprised to discover in his cousin attractions and graces which he had never before taken the trouble to notice. She became insensibly perfectly indispensable to his happiness, and before he was aware of it, the great aim and hope of Let the millions go to the Devil! I have my his life was entirely changed. The desire of two hundred francs of pension money, and my securing the treasure promised by Vincent was Cross of the Legion of Honor. Thanks to the no longer the sole aim of his ambition. His thoughts now constantly dwelt on the noble qualities of Lucille. She became the motive power of all his actions, and he only cared to win her approval and esteem. The human mind is a kind of moral daguerrectype. Surround it by objects of love and order, or beauty and devotion; then illuminate it by the warm sunshine of delibly, and remain impressed there forever.

The life that Charles was leading cooled off by degrees his ardent desire to amass wealth. He now recognized and yearned for a happiness more in his reach. His Paradise was no longer a fairy-land conjured from the ' Arabian Nights,' but was to be found in one small room, kept warm and glowing by purest household joya .-And this great change in his feeling had been most unconsciously effected. The element of happiness introduced into his life bad softened everything else to bim. The 'millions,' once the object of his most ardent desire, instead of being now his principal aim and end, had become secondary to his more and dearer hopes, and conscious of his growing love for Lucille, he be-But where am I to get this money. I can came restless now to know if his affection met with a returo.

One evening he walked up and down the room, while his Uncle and cousin sat near the stove. They were both speaking of Charles' late em. ployer, who after thirty years of honesty and industry had realized a competence and was about But, Uncle, how many years will it take retiring to the enjoyment of a country life, with with his aged and good wile.

'Ab, there is a fine old couple, who bave truly made for themselves a Paradise in this world !-Always united, always contented, always industrious and charitable,' said Vincent.

'Yes,' replied Lucille earnestly, 'The wealthiest on earth might envy them their simple lot!

Charles stopped suddenly before the young