

## LITERATURE.

## THE EVENING WIND.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou  
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,  
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;  
Thou hast been out on the deep at play,  
Riding all day their wild blue waves till now,  
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their  
spray,  
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee  
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone;—a thousand bosoms round  
Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;  
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound  
Livelier, at coming of the wind at night;  
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,  
Lies the vast inland stretch'd beyond the sight,  
Go forth into the gathering shade; go forth,  
God's blessing breathed upon the fainting earth;

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,  
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse  
The wide old wood from his majestic rest,  
Summoning from the innumerable boughs  
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast;  
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows  
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,  
And 'twixt the o'ershadowing branches and the grass.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head  
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,  
And dry the moistened curls that overspread  
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep;  
And they who stand about the sick man's bed  
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,  
And softly part his curtains to allow  
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go; but the circle of eternal change,  
That is the life of nature, shall restore,  
With sounds and scents from all the mighty range,  
Thee to the birth place of the deep once more,  
Sweet odours in the sea air, sweet and strange,  
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;  
And, listening to the murmur, he shall deem  
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

## THE TREASURE.

## A TALE.

In the upper apartment of an old-fashioned house in Paris were seated an old man and a young girl, whose appearance corresponded with the aspect of their habitation; for in both were alike visible a certain air of neatness and good taste, which can embellish even poverty itself, and give an air of elegance to the lowliest abode. Everything was in its place; the brick floor was carefully scrubbed; the faded green tapestry was free from every stain; and the windows were furnished with coarse curtains of white muslin, so thickly covered with darts, that it almost bore the appearance of embroidery. A few flower-pots stood outside the open window, and perfumed the room with their fragrance.

The sun was about to set, a purple light illuminated the humble dwelling, glancing on the fresh bright countenance of the young-maiden, and playing around the white hairs of the aged man. This latter was reclining in a rush-woven arm-chair, which a careful and loving hand had furnished with cushions, carefully stuffed with tow, and covered with patched chintz. His mutilated limbs rested upon an old *chauffé-pied*, converted into a stool, and his only remaining arm rested on a small table, on which lay an amber pipe and a tobacco case, embroidered with coloured beads.

The old soldier had one of those bold and furrowed countenances whose roughness is tempered by its frank and kind expression. A gray moustache concealed his half-parted lips, as he fixed his eye with an unconscious smile upon the young girl. She was about twenty years of age; a brunette, in whose winning and flexible features every passing emotion was portrayed. She held in her hand a newspaper, which she was reading aloud to the old man. Suddenly she stopped, and seemed to listen.

What do you hear? inquired the invalid.

Nothing, replied the young girl, while her countenance was expressive of disappointment.

You thought you heard Charles? inquired the soldier.

It is true that I fancied so, replied his young companion, slightly colouring; his day's work must be finished, and this is his hour for returning.

When he does return, remarked Vincent in a tone of vexation.

Susan was on the point of seeking to justify her cousin, but her judgment was doubtless opposed to the attempt, for she stopped short, looked embarrassed, and then fell into a reverie.

The invalid soldier passed his hand across his mous-

A small stove for the room.

tache, and twisted it impatiently, his usual gesture when anything annoyed him.

Our young conscript is making a bad campaign of it, he at length began. He returns here out of humour; he leaves his work to frequent taverns and the race-course: all that will end badly both for him and us.

Oh do not say so, uncle! You will bring him ill luck, replied the young girl in a tone of deep emotion. I hope it is only a moment of delusion, which will quickly pass away. For some time past, my cousin has got some strange notions into his head, and he has not the heart to work?

And why so, pray?

Because he says he can't expect to better himself by his labour. He thinks that an artisan, let him work ever so hard, can have nothing to hope for the future, and therefore deems it best to live merely for the present hour, without carefulness, and without hope.

Ah! so that is his system, is it? replied the old man, knitting his brows. Well, the honour of inventing it does not belong to him. We had also in our regiment reasoners of that kind, who gladly avoided marching with their comrades because the way was so long, and who dragged on their dull existence in the depots, while their companies were taking possession of Madrid, and Vienna. Your cousin, you see, does not seem to be aware that by putting one foot before the other, even the shortest legs will get to Rome at last!

Ah, if you could only get him to be of that opinion! exclaimed Susan with anxious earnestness. I have often tried to change his mind by reckoning up how much a good bookbinder such as he is might economise; but when I come to the total, he shrugs his shoulders, and says that women understand nothing about calculations.

And so I suppose you gave up the matter in despair, my poor child? said Vincent, looking at her with a smile of mingled sadness and affection. I see now why your eyes are so often red!

My uncle, I assure you!

What makes you so often forget to water your gilly-flowers, or to sing your merry songs?

My uncle!

Susan looked down as if confused, and twisted the corner of the paper. The old soldier laid his hand affectionately on her head—Come, then; I do believe she thinks I am going to scold her, he continued in a tone of brusque kindness. Isn't it quite natural that you should be interested about Charles, who is now your cousin, and who one day, I hope—

The young girl made a sudden movement.

Well; well; no, we won't talk any more about that, said the veteran, checking himself—we won't talk any more of that just now. But let us speak a little about this good-for-nothing boy, for whom you feel some friendship—that is the proper word, I think—and who on his side, feels kindly towards you.

Susan shook her head. He used to do so in former days, said she; but for some time past, if you knew how cold he seems, how indifferent to me!

Yes, remarked Vincent pensively, when one has once partaken of exciting amusements, the pleasures of home appear insipid; it is like drinking home-made wine after cherry brandy; one can understand that, my child; many of us know that by experience.

But they have been cured, observed Susan; therefore Charles may be so too. Perhaps your speaking to him, uncle, might do him good.

The old man shook his head doubtfully. Such faults, as his are not cured by a few words, my child—acts are necessary. A man can no more be suddenly transformed into a reasonable being, than into a good soldier; he requires exercise, experience, fatigue; he must learn his business at the cannon's mouth. Your cousin, you see, is deficient in will, because he does not see before him any object to be attained. The great thing would be to find one which would stimulate him to persevering industry, but this is no easy matter; however, I will think about it.

It is he this time! exclaimed Susan, who had recognised the hurried steps of her cousin as he ascended the stairs.

Silence, then, said the veteran; we must not seem to have been talking about him, so go on reading to me.

Susan obeyed; but the tremulousness of her voice would quickly have betrayed her emotion to the ears of an attentive observer. Whilst her eyes rested on the printed characters before her, and her lips mechanically pronounced the written words, her thoughts were absorbed by her cousin, who had just then entered the room. As the reading continued, the young workman did not feel himself obliged to speak; so, without saluting either his uncle or cousin, he went over to the window, and stood leaning against it with folded arms.

Susan went on reading, without understanding a word she said. She came to that series of unconnected facts which are always to be found under the head of 'Varieties.' Charles, who had at first appeared *distracted*, ended by listening, almost in spite of himself.

The young girl, after reading a list of robberies, fires, and accidents of divers kinds, came to the following article:—A poor pedlar of Besancon, named Peter Lefevre, resolving to make a fortune at any cost, conceived the idea of setting out for India, which he had heard spoken of as the land of gold and of diamonds. He sold what little he possessed, reached Bordeaux, and embarked as cook's assistant in an American ship. Eighteen years passed away, and no tidings were re-

ceived of Lefevre; but now at length his relations have received a letter announcing his approaching return. It informs them that the *ci-devant* pedlar, after enduring unheard of fatigues, and incredible change of fortune, had arrived in France blind of one eye and short of an arm, but the possessor of riches valued at two millions of francs.

Charles, who had listened to this article with growing interest, could not suppress an exclamation of surprise—Two millions!

They will serve to buy him a glass eye and a cork leg, ironically observed the old soldier.

There is good fortune for you! continued the young workman, without heeding his uncle's remark.

And which it cost him a good deal to obtain, added the veteran.

Eighteen years of unheard-of fatigues! repeated Susan, dwelling upon the words of the paper.

What matter, when a fortune was in view! replied Charles eagerly. The difficulty does not lie either in travelling over a bad road, or in encountering stormy weather to reach a good shelter, but in having to walk on with nothing in prospect at the end of our journey.

And so, continued the young girl, timidly raising her eyes towards her cousin—so you envy this pedlar's lot. You would give all your youthful years, one of your eyes, one of your hands!

For two millions? interrupted Charles; most assuredly. You have only to find me a purchaser, Susan, at this price, and I will engage to give you a portion for pin-money.

The young girl made no reply, but turned away her head; her heart was heavy, and a tear trembled in her eye. Vincent also was silent; but he had again begun to twist his moustache with a morose air. There was a long silence.

Each of the three actors in this scene was engaged in pursuing a peculiar train of thought. The sound of the clock striking eight aroused Susan from her reverie. She rose hastily, and began to lay the cloth for their evening repast. It was a short and gloomy one. Charles, who had passed the latter part of the afternoon in a tavern with his friends, would eat nothing, and poor Susan had lost her appetite. Vincent alone did honour to the frugal repast; for the hardships of war had accustomed him to maintain the privileges of his stomach in the midst of the most trying scenes. But his hunger was quickly appeased, and he returned to his arm-chair near the window. Susan, who longed to feel herself alone, soon put everything back into its place, took a light, kissed the old man, and retired to her little chamber overhead. Vincent and his nephew were left tete-a-tete; and the latter was also preparing to take his leave, when the old soldier made a sign to him to shut the door, and to come nearer to him.

I want to speak to you, said he, seriously.

Charles, who expected to receive some reproaches for his late conduct, remained standing before the old man, but the latter made him a sign to sit down.

Have you reflected well on the words which you spoke a few minutes ago? he inquired, looking fixedly at his nephew. Would you really be capable of making a long and sustained effort in order to gain a fortune?

I!—Can you doubt it, uncle? replied Charles, surprised at the question.

Then you would consent to labour patiently, to work without intermission, to change all your habits?

If my doing so would accomplish any purpose—Yes. But why do you make the inquiry?

You shall be made acquainted with my reasons, said the veteran, opening the drawer of a little *escritoir*, in which he kept the old newspapers which were lent to him by one of his fellow-lodgers. He searched some time amongst them, and at last took out one, in which he pointed out to Charles an article which he had marked.

The young man read it half aloud. Some steps have lately been taken with the Spanish government for the recovery of a treasure buried on the banks of the Douro after the battle of Salamanca. It would appear that in the course of this famous retreat, a company belonging to the first division, to whom the charge of several tumbrils had been committed, was separated from the main body of the army, and surrounded by a force so superior to themselves, that any attempt at resistance would have been in vain. The commanding officer, seeing that no hope remained of being able to cut his way through the opposing forces, took advantage of the darkness of the night to have the tumbrils buried in the earth by some of his soldiers in whom he reposed implicit confidence, then, feeling assured that no one would be able to discover them, he ordered his little band to disperse, so that they might each separately endeavour to escape through the lines of the enemy. Some few had the good fortune to succeed in rejoining their division; but the commanding officer, as well as all the men who knew where the tumbrils had been concealed, perished in the attempt. Now it has been positively affirmed that in these tumbrils were contained the money required for the expenses of the whole invading army—namely, a sum of about three millions.

Charles paused: his eyes sparkled with delight; and he looked inquiringly at the veteran. Were you one of that company? he exclaimed.

I was, replied the soldier.

You know of the existence of this depot?

I was one of those whom the captain charged to