

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE TREASURE.

[Concluded from our last.]

BUT the hopes awakened within him by this conversation with his uncle was too splendid to allow of his sleeping. He passed the night in a sort of fever, calculating the means of gaining as quickly as possible the desired sum; settling how he would employ his future riches; and passing in review, one after another, as realities, all the chimeras which heretofore had only floated like dim visions before his imagination. When Susan came down next morning, he had already gone off to his work. Vincent observing her surprise, nodded his head and smiled, but said nothing. He had recommended secrecy to the young workman, and resolved to maintain it himself. Moreover, he wished to see whether Charles would persevere in his good resolutions.

The first months of trial were full of difficulty to the young workman. He had contracted habits which required no small resolution to break through. Idleness seemed insupportable to him. He was now obliged to struggle against that capricious fickleness of purpose which hitherto had influenced his actions, to surmount the impulses of weariness and disgust, and to resist the importunities of his former companions in dissipation.

This was a difficult task. Many a time his courage failed, and he was on the point of returning to his former habits; but his earnest desire to attain the proposed end reanimated him in his course. Each time that he brought to the veteran his weekly savings, and perceived how insensibly they were increasing, he experienced a renewal of hope which gave fresh ardour to his endeavours—it was only a little step towards his end, but still it was a step. Besides, each day the effort became easier; for in proportion as his life became more regular, his tastes took a new direction. The assiduity with which he laboured throughout the day rendered his evening repose more welcome; the separation from his noisy and reckless companions, lent a new charm to the society of his uncle and his cousin. Susan, had recovered her gaiety, as well as her frank familiarity of manner. Her every thought was given to her aged uncle and to Charles; and each day her careful love adorned their humble home with some fresh charm, and drew still closer those bonds of tenderness and affection which can make the lowliest dwelling the abode of happiness and peace. Charles was quite surprised in finding in his cousin attractions which he had never before discovered. She became insensibly each day more necessary to his happiness. Without his being aware of it, the aim of his life was gradually changing; the hope of obtaining the treasure promised by Vincent, was no longer his only spring of action; in all he did, he now thought of Susan, his constant desire was to merit her approbation, to become dearer to her.

The human soul is a sort of moral daguerreotype; let it be surrounded by images of order, of industry, of self devotion; let it be illuminated by the sunshine of affection; and each of these images will imprint themselves upon its surface, and remain there for ever firmly fixed.

The life which Charles was now leading gradually extinguished his ardent ambition; he saw within his reach a purer and simpler happiness than any of which he had ever before formed a conception; his paradise was no longer a fairyland, such as the Arabian Nights depict, but a narrow circle, peopled with homely joys which he could without difficulty embrace within his grasp. And yet this transformation, visible to all around him, remained a secret to himself. He did not know that he was changed, he only knew that he was more tranquil and more happy. The only new feeling of which he was conscious was his love for Susan. The treasure he was labouring for, instead of being his principal object, he now looked upon only as a means towards making his union with Susan more joyous. He looked forward to it as an important addition, but still only as accessory to higher hopes; also he now began to feel the greatest anxiety to know whether his love was shared.

He was one evening pacing the little apartment, while Vincent and Susan were chatting together beside the stove. Their conversation turned on Charles's former master, who, after thirty years of a life passed in honest labor, had just put up to sale his little bookbinding establishment, that he might retire to the country with his aged wife for the remainder of his days.

'Now that is a couple,' said the old soldier, 'who knew how to turn this world into a paradise; always of one mind, always in good humour, and fully occupied.'

'Yes,' replied Susan, thoughtfully, 'the richest couple on earth might well envy their lot.'

Charles, who had just then approached the stove, stopped a moment, and looked fixedly at his cousin, inquired, 'Then you would like your husband to love you, Susan.'

'Why, yes—certainly—if possible,' she replied, smiling and slightly colouring.

'You can have your wish, then,' said Charles, warmly. 'You have only to say one word.'

'What word,' my cousin, said Susan, with some emotion.

'That you will accept me for your husband.'

replied the young man: adding with respectful tenderness, as he saw the surprise and confusion which this abrupt avowal of his intentions had produced in his cousin, 'Oh do not let that annoy you, Susan; it has long been my most earnest desire to ask you this question. I only waited on account of a certain reason with which my uncle is acquainted, but you see how it has escaped me against my will; and now, only be as frank as I have been. Tell me whether I may hope that you can love me; our good uncle is there, so that you need have no fears that you are doing wrong.'

The young man's voice faltered; he took his cousin's hand, which he pressed within his own, and a tear trembled in his eye. Susan was silent, for her heart was too full to speak; and the old soldier looked at them both with a smile of mingled playfulness and feeling. At length putting his arm around the young girl, and drawing her gently towards Charles, he said gaily, 'Well, now, speak, my little one.'

'Susan,' exclaimed her cousin, still holding her hand; 'one word, only one word—will you be my wife?'

She hid her head upon his shoulder, and a half articulated 'Yes' escaped her lips.

'Eh, well now, I declare,' cried Vincent, clapping his hand on his knee; 'there was a great deal of difficulty about saying that much. Now you must both give me kiss,' said he, kindly taking their hands. 'I will leave you this evening for talking over your secrets, and to-morrow we will speak of business.'

The next morning the old man taking his nephew aside, announced to him that the sum which was required for their journey was now complete, and that they might set off for Spain as quick as they pleased. This news, which ought to have enchanted Charles, filled him, on the contrary, with painful emotion. To think that he must leave Susan at the very moment when their intercourse was becoming such a source of happiness—that he must encounter all the uncertainties of a long and difficult journey, when it would have been so sweet to stay in his now happy home. The young man was almost ready to curse the millions which he must go so far to seek. Since the time when he had gained a new object of interest in life, his desire for riches had gradually lost its hold upon his mind. What use was there in seeking for wealth to purchase happiness—he had found it already. He did not, however, express these thoughts to his uncle, but merely declared himself ready to accompany him at an hour's notice. The old soldier reminded him that age was less hasty than youth in its movements, and asked for a few days' delay previous to their departure. 'Meanwhile I wish, Charles,' said the old man, 'that you would borrow from our neighbors those old newspapers which tell of the famous depot on the banks of the Don; we can look over them carefully together, and may perhaps find some information that shall be useful to us on our arrival there.'

The young man having made the desired application, they were, in the course of half an hour, seated side by side, poring over some well-thumbed papers. Charles at first found only the details with which he was already familiar—the refusal of the Spanish government—the fruitless researches of some Barcelona merchants. He thought that every document had been read when his eye rested upon a letter signed by a certain P. Dufour.

'Peter Dufour,' repeated Vincent: 'that was the name of the quarter master of the company.'

'So he is called here,' replied Charles.

'Heaven save me! I thought the brave old boy was in the other world long ago; he was the confederate of the captain. Let us see what he has to say for himself.'

Instead of answering, Charles uttered a cry of disappointment; he had looked over the letter, and on perceiving its contents had turned deadly pale.

'What on earth is the matter?' inquired Vincent.

'The matter indeed!' repeated the young workman. 'The matter is, that if Dufour speaks the truth, we may just as well stay at home.'

'Why?'

'Because the tumbrils were filled with powder instead of silver.'

Vincent clapped his hand to his forehead with an exclamation of surprise and disappointment. Susan laid down her work, and fixed her eyes mournfully on her cousin. The latter was the first to recover from the stupor occasioned by this unexpected discovery. After a few moments he rose up with a look of cheerful animation, and approaching Susan, seized her hand exclaiming, 'After all, here is my best treasure—one I would not give up for all the silver that may be buried in Spain and France too! So cheer up, good uncle, and let us make the best use of what is left to us. With true hearts and strong hands we can never be poor. Can we, Susan?'

'Never,' she replied, and her eyes expressed even more unbounded confidence than was implied in the single word uttered by her lips.

The old man slowly raised his head, and repeated the well known proverb, 'L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose.' Then after a moment's thought, he continued, 'I hoped to have seen you both wealthy before I died; but perhaps it is best as it is. Don't let us forget, however, your savings, Charles—Peter Dufour's letter cannot rob us of the two thousand francs; and added he smiling, 'I have some savings of my own, thanks to the management of this good girl: we will see what can be done with it all.' So saying, he rested his head on his elbow, and seemed for a while

lost in meditation. At last he raised his head, and cried out joyously, 'I have it—I have it!'

'What have you, good uncle?' exclaimed the young people simultaneously.

'Patience, patience!' cried the veteran with a knowing smile; 'you shall know it all in good time. Will you call a hackney coach for me, Charles? I have some business out, and it is still early in the day. Susan child, I shall want you to come with me.'

His desire was obeyed, and as he drove through the streets, he acquainted her that his heart was set upon establishing them both in the business which had just been relinquished by Charles's former master. 'And,' added he, 'Mr Lebrun is an honest man, and will lend me a helping hand in the business. What say you to my plan, child?'

'Oh, it would only make me too happy, dear uncle!' she gratefully replied.

They called on Mr Lebrun, and were so successful in their negotiations, that on being again seated in the coach, the old man knocked his stick with vehemence on the floor, exclaiming, 'By the ashes of the Little Corporal he shall have it!' Susan kissed his hand with joyful affection. 'Only let me see you settled in your own *maison*, and I shall die happy,' said the old man with some emotion. 'But remember, Charles is to know nothing about all this yet,' he continued, looking earnestly at the young girl.

'It will be very hard to keep it from him, uncle.'

'But it must be kept,' rejoined Vincent in a decided and somewhat grave tone.

Susan was silent; for she knew there was no appeal from such a decision. It was very difficult, however, for her to keep this secret from her lover; and it would have been still more so, but that Charles was so fully occupied at this moment, that he had but little leisure for conversation.

About a fortnight afterwards, on a fine holiday, Vincent proposed to the young people that he should treat them to a drive. 'And afterwards,' continued he, 'you can go out together, and enjoy more of what is going on.'

This they joyfully acceded to. At the end of a few minutes' drive, to Charles's great surprise the carriage stopped at the door of the *magasin* which had formerly belonged to his old master.

'What is the man about?' he inquired rather impatiently.

'We shall see, we shall see,' replied the old man, smiling.

The steps were let down. Vincent, leaning upon Susan, got out and entered the shop. Charles was about to follow them, when the name of 'CHARLES VINCENT,' in large gold letters placed above the entrance, arrested his eye. For one moment he stood petrified; the next he hastened into the shop, and embraced his uncle and cousin in a transport of joy, exclaiming, 'Ah, this is your secret! and you have kept it from me all this time,' said he reproachfully to Susan.

'It is the last I will ever keep from you,' she replied, looking somewhat confused.

'Yes, yes; it was all my fault; so don't scold her. No scolding to day,' repeated the old soldier, hobbling into the back room, where a huge block of wood was burning brightly on the hearth, and a small table was laid for dinner. The furniture was plain but neat, and the tablecloth white as snow. Vincent, shaking his nephew by the hand, said, 'Charles, you are welcome as the master of this house.'

'Thank you, thank you a thousand times, but,' turning to his cousin, 'I do not care to be the master of it, unless Susan promises to be its mistress.'

'And so she will,' interrupted the old man, 'Don't you remember her promise?'

'Yes, but I wish her to repeat it once more.'

Susan blushed, and gave him her hand.

'Need we say what a happy and joyous evening followed this explanation.'

Before many days had elapsed, Mr and Mrs Charles Vincent were installed in the formal possession of their new habitation. Susan carried the same cheerful and elastic spirit into her married life which had sustained her in her earlier and more trying course; and even in her most busy moments, she found leisure to talk with the old soldier, as he sat by the fireside in a comfortable arm-chair, with his beloved pipe and pouch placed conveniently at his side.

A year passed away, and the first anniversary of their wedding day found this happy trio still happier than on the eventful day which fixed them in their present comfortable dwelling.

At supper, the old man drank to the health and prosperity of the young couple.

'Thank you, good uncle,' said Charles, 'whatever share of enjoyment may be mine, I have to thank you for much of it, as it was you who first taught me that happiness does not lie in wealth or distinction, but in a life of honest industry, and a mind at peace with itself. You too, I have partly to thank, for having given me here a greater treasure than ever I hoped to have possessed, had our expedition into Spain been crowned with the most entire success.'

The coldest hour of the twenty four, is five in the morning, and the warmest is from two to three in the afternoon. The mean heat is from half past eight to half past nine. The highest range is in July, the lowest in December.

COLUMBUS.

As scarcely anything relative to this wonderful man when alive, is without interest, so even that which befel him after his death is not the least curious or remarkable part of his history. He died at Valladolid in 1506, and his funeral obsequies were celebrated with much pomp, and his body deposited in the parochial church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, of that city. In 1513 his remains were transported to the Carthusian monastery of Las Cuevas, at Seville, in the chapel of St. Ann, in which chapel were also deposited those of his son Diego, who died in the village of Montablan, on the 23rd Feby. 1526. In 1536, both bodies were removed to Hispaniola, and interred in the principal chapel of the cathedral of the city of San Domingo. Here they were permitted to remain undisturbed until 1795, when on the occasion of the Island of Hispaniola being ceded to France by treaty, the Spanish authorities wishing to pay honors to the memory of that "general of the seas," the remains of the admiral were exhumed and conveyed to the Island of Cuba.

On the 20th December, 1785, the most distinguished persons of San Domingo, the dignitaries of the church, and civil and military officers, assembled in the metropolitan cathedral. A small vault was opened above the chancel, in the principal wall. Within were found the fragments of a leaden coffin, and the remains of a human body. These were carefully collected and put into a case of gilded lead, secured by an iron lock, the key of which was delivered to the archbishop. The case was enclosed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and ornamented with lace and fringe of gold. On the following day there was another grand convocation at the cathedral. After this a funeral sermon was preached by the archbishop. At four o'clock the same afternoon, the coffin was transported to the vessel, with state and ceremony, with a civil, religious and military procession, banners wrapped in mourning, chants and responses, and discharges of artillery. The most distinguished persons of the several orders took turns to support the coffin, which was received on board a brigantine called the Discoverer, which, with all the other shipping in the port, displayed mourning signals, and saluted the remains with the honors due to an admiral.

From St. Domingo the coffin was conveyed to the bay of Ocoa, and there transferred to the ship of war, San Lorenzo, which arrived at Havana, island of Cuba, on the 15th January 1796. The principal authorities repaired on board the ship, accompanied by the superior naval and military officers. The remains were removed, and were conveyed to land in the midst of a procession of three columns of boats. Two followed, in one of which was a marine guard of honor, with mourning banners and muffled drums. In the other were the commandant general, the principal minister of marine, and the military staff. In passing the vessels of war in the harbor, they paid the due honor to an admiral and captain general of the navy. On arriving at the Mole, the remains were met by the governor of the Island, accompanied by the Generals and military staff. The coffin was then conveyed between files of soldiers which lined the streets, and formally delivered to the governor and captain-general of the island, the key given up to him. The coffin opened and examined, and the safe report of its contents authenticated. This ceremony being concluded, it was conveyed in grand procession, with pomp, to the cathedral. Solemn ceremonies to the dead were performed by the bishop, and the mortal remains of Columbus deposited in the wall on the right side of the grand altar.

Since the above date, no further mention is made on the subject of the mortal remains of the discoverer. It were to be hoped that they might henceforth be permitted to rest in peace, until the hour when both quick and dead shall be summoned by the sound of the tramp of the Archangel of Heaven.

PRETTY GOOD, PAT.

An Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often and profitably employed as a stowage, was observed intently gazing at a steam engine that was whizzing away a swift race, doing his work for him, and lifting the cotton from the hold of a ship, quicker than you can say "Jack Robinson." Put looked till his anger was pretty well up, and then shaking his fist at the "tarnal critter," he exclaimed—

"Choog, choog, choog, apot, spot, stame it, and be bothered, ye ould child iv the devil that ye are! Ye may do the work iv twenty-five fellies—we may take the bread out iv an honest Irishman's mouth, but be the power's, now, ye can't vote, old blazer, mind that, will ye."

A QUICK RETORT.

Whoever undertakes to put a joke on the "Razor Strop Man," is sure to get floured in the long run. Last Monday, while selling his strops in Plymouth, and expatiating the while on the evils of rum drinking, a tipsy fellow cried out, "If rum made me lie as fast as you do in selling your strops, I'd quit it to-day."

"Very good," replied Smith, "the only difference between your lying and mine, is this: My strops enable me to lie in a good warm bed, while rum makes you lie in the gutter."

The tipsy man sloped, evidently lying under a very great mistake, in supposing that he could get the upper hand of the "Razor Strop Man."