

Evidently some internal conflict was going on. Suddenly he stopped, opened a casket which lay in his scrutoire, and took from it a bank note of a thousand francs. His friend watched him with curiosity, not knowing what he was about to do. He twisted the bank note, applied one end of it to the lighted taper, and then throwing it on the hearthstone, watched until the curling flame had devoured it.

His friend amazed at an action which would seem strange for any one, but especially for one whose parsimony was notorious, ran to him and caught his arm.

'Let me alone,' said the officer in a hoarse voice.

'Are you mad?'

'No.'

'Do you know what you have just done?'

'I do: I have punished myself.'

Then when no trace of the note remained save a little light dust, the hero, for so we may call him, added—

'I solemnly vow that whenever I lose my temper, I will inflict punishment on my love of money.'

'I approve of your sacrifice,' said his friend.

The promise was faithfully kept. From that time the avareicious man paid for the faults and failings of the ill-tempered husband.

After every outbreak he appeared before his own tribunal, and submitted to its self-imposed penalty. The condemned culprit then opened his casket, and pale and trembling with suppressed agitation, took out a note and burned it. The expiation was always in proportion to the crime: there was a regular scale of penalties, varying according to the nature of the offence, from 100 to 1000 francs.

A few of these chastisements had the happiest effect on both the defective phases of our hero's character. By degrees he became not only mild and good tempered, but ready to dispense his treasures in ways which, if more agreeable to his friends, could not, however, be esteemed more useful to himself than the notes which he had consigned to the flames.

OUTLIVING CELEBRITY.

The garden and the galleries of the Palais Royal have just lost one of their most faithful and oldest frequenters. He was a little man, with gentle look and placid smile, who came there daily to take his walk and seat himself in the open air, when the weather was favorable. His somewhat vulgar appearance, the simplicity of his manners, and the commonness of his dress, bespoke lowly rank and humble circumstances. He was well known to the loungers, the children and their nurses, and to the sparrows that flutter about on that spot. On familiar footing with all, he crumbled for the birds a bit of the bread from his breakfast—was always ready for a gossip with those whose faces he knew, whether they wore cap or bonnet—picked up the hoop—or gaily threw back the ball to the young ones at play. Towards noon, if the sun was bright, he went to the cannons fired off, and seemingly always with fresh pleasure. Such are sometimes the habits of worthy men living on their means, and who quietly bring their career to close, at peace with the past, satisfied with the present, and giving themselves no care about the future.

Seeing him as he was in these latter days, no one would certainly have guessed what he had been formerly. You might have been told—'this little man, copulent and bent down, was one of the most brilliant cavaliers of his time.' 'Very likely,' you might have answered, 'and these changes, produced by the ravages of time, are common enough.' But you would indeed have been astonished, to hear it added, 'this simple person, so poorly clad, had the right to cover his thread-bare frock coat with ribbons, with crosses, and with badges, and to suspend from his old black cravat the Collar of the Golden Fleece. Such as you see him, he is a man who has been possessed of enormous wealth, who has been the favorite of a Queen and the master of a King, and who has governed royally a mighty kingdom. Twenty sheets of parchment would not suffice for enrolling the titles and other dignities with which he was invested. The ring that he wears on his finger tells of his marriage with an Infanta of Spain, a Princess of the house of Bourbon. In a word, this poor devil, whom you take for a retired shopkeeper, is none less than Don Manuel Godoy, Duke of Alcudia, and Prince of Peace.'

Yes, truly, he it was—that humble loungee in the Palais Royal! And, after all, why should one be astonished at this metamorphosis, in an age so rife with startling downfalls? How many of these shadows have we seen come and go; how many of these pale phantoms of a grandeur that is eclipsed! This one, like many another, gave rise to philosophical reflections on the part of those who knew his name and his history, so romantic and so dazzling at the outset. Besides, all favorites commence in the same way, and succeed through the same prejudices and the same means.

Don Manuel had a well-set figure, and an agreeable face; he sang well, and touched the guitar as few Hidalgoes can; he wore becomingly the splendid uniform of the Body Guards; he was lively, graceful, bold, and enterprising, and troubled himself very little about the Spanish proverb which says, 'hands off the Queen.' What more is wanting to ensure success in a gallant court, governed by a feeble king and an impassioned Queen?

He had, therefore the fortune of Potemkin, —but not his genius. At twenty eight he was Prime Minister, was loaded with honors, and was so decidedly the greatest man of the kingdom that he entered the Royal family itself, the King having given him his own niece in marriage. All this that he might tumble from his lofty eminence, and leave nothing but a vacant place among the loungers of the Palais Royal!

When the spring comes round, and with it come the Easter holidays and the renewal of the theatrical year, and the dramatic artists, who at that season congregate in search of engagements, and establish in the garden of the Palais Royal their centre of operations, they will not fail to enquire after the worthy old soul who had made himself their friend. So soon as they arrived at head quarters, at the close of a campaign, Godoy would hasten to meet them and installed himself in their midst. He knew them all, and liked them; he took pleasure in their conversation, informing himself with interest of their successes and their failures, and listening with curiosity to their gossip from behind the scenes. No one was better posted up than he as to the state of art in the Provinces: no one carried so correctly in his memory the personnel of the dramatic army garrisoned in the Departments. He was acquainted with every one's name and his history, from his first appearance: they knew him only under the name of Manuel, for he carefully preserved his incognito, and the secret of his former greatness.

More than once, Managers seeking members for their companies have made proposals to him. 'You will be just the thing for the line of elderly lords—Will you accept an engagement to play the leading second-rate parts? I can offer you the place of prompter—or of deputy-manager, to address the audience.' The Prince replied modestly, that he thought he had not talent enough for an actor, and that as for administrative employment, his income, slender but sufficient, enabled him to dispense with it.

The smallness of this income did not prevent him assisting with his purse these hapless comedians, who remained upon the field of battle without engagements and without means. He shared with the unfortunate the little that he had, and contented himself with a portion—he who had once shown himself so ostentatious and so prodigal, he who had drawn with full hands upon the treasures of Spain and the Indies, and who, in the decline of his life, replied by the scantiness of his fortune, to those who had accused him of peculation and extortion, and of carrying away millions with him when he went into his protracted exile.

He died this week, in a small apartment which he occupied in the second floor, in the Rue de la Michodiere—he who had occupied and personally filled the palaces of Buen-Retiro and the Escorial. And further—and perchance it was by way of compensation—this man who had numbered so many enemies, and whose life had been so often threatened by conspiracies and risings, died peacefully in his bed, at the age of eighty eight.—*Paris paper.*

HE DOES BEST WHO DOES HIS ALL.

BY THE REV. DR. ASPINALL.

He does his best, who can no more,
Through the sunshine, through the rain,
Pressing on with even pace,
Hoping in the midst of pain,
Striving yet to win the race,
Win or not, whatever befall,
He does best who does his all.

He may wear a purple robe,
Never gain a world's renown,
None may deify his breath—
Round his brow no laurel crown,
Circle now, or after death;
Yet whatever him befall,
He does best who does his all.

Rise, then, man! and gird thy loins,
Rise, and make thy labor play!
Working at it main and might,
Working while it's called to-day,
Ere the day be turned to night,
Certain, be it great or small,
He does best who does his all.

Brother, you and I have both
A respective part to fill,
Ere we sleep beneath the sod,
And, though greater thine be, still
Let us act them each to God;
Knowing this, that, great or small,
He does best who does his all.

From the Builder.

LONDON.

The stranger in London, who has no connection or circle of acquaintance, such as requires time to form, is apt, especially if he is of a thoughtful and not over buoyant disposition, to experience a strong reaction of feeling. When the excitement produced by the "great city" has passed away; when its sights have been seen, and the streets, with their shops, have grown familiar; then he begins to understand what it is to be a hermit amongst millions. The sense of self-importance is crushed; he knows no one, and no one knows him: he is a mere atom amongst the thousands that sit around him—a drop of rain that has fallen into the ocean; and it is a long time before he becomes reconciled to his loneliness. But the manly and cheerful mind gets over all this, and the streets of London become full of instruction and entertainment, truly a living panorama: the most

humble and dingy-looking streets have some points of interest; the shops, from the coal shed and potato store to the stately show-room, with its plate-glass doors and mirrors that multiply its extent, are full of animation; on either side ample accommodation is offered on the most reasonable terms, such as hats that you can fold up and put into your pocket, cloaks impervious to rain, boots and shoes the neatest, easiest, and cheapest, clothes of the newest cut, and warranted to wear at least for some time, patent sauces, patent medicines, patent harps, patent mangles, portable steam engines and economical boilers, iron and brass bedsteads, invalid sofas and chairs, bazaars, &c., with "no charge for admission," Britannia metal that cannot be distinguished from silver, goods selling off at an immense sacrifice, and every thing, in short, for money that money can buy.

HOME MADE FURNITURE.

The simplest and cheapest kind of furniture, by which an air of taste may be given to a cottage, consists of a plain box or bench, made of boards, by the hands of the master of the dwelling, stuffed with hay, corn husks, moss, or hair, held in its place by a covering of coarse canvass, and covered with chintz by the mistress of the cottage. Seats of all kinds are made at a very trifling cost in this way, so that, with a little ingenuity, a room may, by the aid of a few boards nailed together, a little stuffing and canvass, and a few yards of shilling chintz, be made to produce nearly the same effect as one where the furniture is worth ten times as much. The next step is to add square pillows or cushions to all the benches, seats, or couches, in order that any person sitting upon them may have a support for his back without touching the wall. Another of the cheapest and simplest seats for a cottage, is the barrel-chair. These chairs are easily made by sawing off a portion of the barrel—nailing on a few boards to form the seat, and leaving a pair of the staves a little higher than the others, to form the back or arms. To make the high-backed chair, the staves must be pierced out a little, the outside or rim of the back being confined in its place by a piece of hoop, neatly applied. The seat and back are stuffed with any cheap material, covered with strong coarse canvass, and covered with chintz.—*Downing.*

HOAXING LEARNED BODIES.

The broadest and most laughable attempt of this kind we ever heard of, is related by the venerable Mathew Carey of Judge Breckenridge the elder. The Judge it seems had a mortal antipathy to philosophical societies which was the most remarkable from his being a scientific and well read man. But he at length explained the mystery, by stating that he had been rejected by the American Philosophical Society, of which he was a candidate for membership, in revenge for a democratic vote he had given in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, against what was the "province money." And he resolved to be revenged in return. He not only wrote his satirical work called *Modern Chivalry*, but he palmed off upon that body some most ridiculous deceptions. Among other things, he took his grandmother's fan, and having ingeniously twisted, gummed and painted and prepared it, sent it to the society as the wing of a bat! Mathew Carey says, "It was received with due solemnity, and a vote of thanks was passed to the donor. A debate arose as to the species of bat to which it belonged—and a committee of seven was appointed to ascertain whether it was the wing of a Madagascar or Canada bat. The Committee sat three weeks, and after consulting Buffon's Natural History, and Goldsmith's *Animated Nature*, they reported that it must have belonged to a Madagascar bat. It was pronounced the greatest curiosity in the Museum, except a large sheet of brown paper which he hung in the chimney and disguised with soot and dirt, and palmed upon the society as a part of a Brahmin's shirt!

HOME.

I know of no passage in literature more beautiful and affecting than that where Xenophon, in his "Anabasis," describes the effect produced on the ten thousand Greeks, when after passing through dangers without number, they at length ascended a sacred mountain, and from its peak and summit caught sight of the sea. Dashing their bucklers, with a hymn of joy they rushed tumultuously forward. Some wept with the fullness of their delirious pleasure, others laughed, and more fell on their knees and blessed that broad ocean. Across its blue waters, like floating sea-birds, the memorials of their happy homes came and fanned their weary souls.—All the perils they had encountered, all the companions they had lost, all the miseries they had endured, were in an instant forgotten and nought was with them but the gentle phantoms of past and future joys. One was again scouring on his fleet steed across the hoof-trodden plains of Thessaly; another reclined beneath the flower-crowned rocks of Arcadia, and gazed into the dreamy eyes of her whose form amid battle and bivouac, was ever with him; a third recalled that proud day when, before the streaming eyes of his overjoyed parents, and amid the acclamations of all Greece, he bore off from amid competitors the laurel wreath of the Olympian victor. Oh! home, magical spell, powerful home! how strong must have been thy influence, when thy faintest memory could cause these bronzed heroes of a thousand fights to weep like tearful women.—With the cooling freshness of a desert fountain, with the sweet fragrance of a flower found in winter, you came across the great

water, to those wandering men, and beneath the peaceful shadow of your wings their souls found rest.

From Moustoun's 'Hesperos, or Travels in the West.'

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY AT BOSTON.

In most of the northern cities, the burial grounds are points of great attraction, and often places of favorite resort, and to the Bostonians they seemed to be congenial and meet spots for recreation. I had no peace from the solicitations of my friends till I had paid a visit to the Mount Auburn Cemetery. It is a place of interment somewhat after the fashion of the far-famed Pere-la-Chaise but with some striking differences. These are attributable partly to the widely opposite characters of the French and Americans, and partly to the comparatively few monuments to the dead which are seen at Mount Auburn. In Paris the friends and relations of the deceased deck the graves of the departed with wreaths of never-dying flowers, and thus seem at least to keep memory alive in their hearts. The less sentimental Americans, on the contrary, content themselves with a magnificent tomb, and then bury their dead and their memory (to all appearance) in one common grave.

The Cemetery is about five miles from Boston, and near the town and university of Cambridge; it is of great extent, though how large I did not inquire; this, however I know, that we wandered about till I was fairly tired out, up hill and down dale, and through the most beautiful woods, and along well kept and sequestered paths and carriage drives. There is an entrance to the cemetery between two lodges; they are built of granite, and are in very good taste, and over the gateway is the beautiful and appropriate verse, 'The dust shall return to the earth from whence it sprung; but the spirit shall return to God who gave it.'

Most of the tombs are very simple in their character, the stern religion of the descendants of the puritans rendering all ornament and appearances of decoration very obnoxious to them; neither did we find many with any particular notice of the departed, further than the name and age engraved on the stone. Here and there, however, the family vault of some of the wealthy inhabitants of the city were conspicuous, from their being monuments of white marble instead of granite, of which by far greater number were constructed. The favorite emblem—and, indeed, it was almost the only one—seemed to be the broken pillar, and this, seen through the gloom of the cypress trees, has a very beautiful effect.

A small chapel is in progress of erection; its site is well chosen and it will be, when completed, a very fine work of art. It must be remembered that these silent memorials of the dead are not thickly crowded together, and that in this respect Mount Auburn differs greatly from Pere-la-Chaise; you come upon them unawares, in sequestered and sheltered nooks, and little wooded hollows, or nestled under gentle eminences. There are an infinite number of paths and roads in the burial ground, each of which bears a separate name, generally that of a tree or flower. In every direction you perceive boards fastened to the trees bearing such names as 'Violet' or 'Mossy Paths'; I noticed also, 'Narcissus,' and 'Holly,' as well as 'Cypress,' and 'Cedar Avenues.' Each walk is named after the particular plant, tree, or shrub, which in it or around it most abounds; by far the most impressive of these avenues is 'Cedar Path'; there is something in the contrast of the dark gloom which hangs about it, with the glaring sunshine without, which fill the mind with sensations of awe and reverence. There,

Cedar and cypress threw
Singly their depth of shadow, chequering
The greensward, and, what grew in frequent
tufts.

An underwood of violets that by fits
Sent up a gale of fragrance.

The sight of this really romantic cemetery, so different from, and so superior to, any we saw in our less utilitarian country can boast, may be character of its Boston founders imbrary in my estimation, for I could not previously have believed it to be in the nature of these unpoetical and unideal people, to dedicate to the dead so lovely a resting place.

A FATALIST.—A western newspaper published the following:

I knew an old man who believed that 'what was to be would be.' He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested, in early times, by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some of the family had taken it out. As he would not go without it his friends tantalized him by saying there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die till his time came, anyhow.

'Yes, yes,' exclaims the old fellow, 'but suppose I were to meet an Indian, and his time was come, it would not do not to have my gun!'

SECRET OF COMFORT.—Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pains, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones alas! are let on long leases.