

sued, and the same family circle assembled round the hospitable board.

Five years passed away, and in the midst of all this happiness, beloved by his family, honored by his fellow citizens, M. Madec was smitten by the hand of death. An old wound reopened—all that medical skill could do was tried in vain—and he felt his end approaching. The Bishop of Quimper came to see him in his dying hours, and asked him for a confession of his faith.

"My lord," said he, "I have wandered through many lands, and seen many diverse faiths; but I know of none save Christianity which can soften the sorrows of the present, and shed a brightness over the future."

These were almost his last words. He was followed to the grave by the greater part of the population of Quimper, and to this day his name is remembered with veneration and affection by the inhabitants of his native town.

From the London Family Economist.

ON FITS.

BY OLD HUMPHREY.

THOUGH no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions; and as I shall charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits; I am visited with them myself, and I daresay that you are also: now then for my prescriptions.

For a fit of passion: walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. 'Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry; for anger resteth in the bosom of fools.'

For a fit of idleness: count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro. 'Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep; and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.'

For a fit of extravagance or folly: go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a jail; and you will be convinced.

'Who makes his bed of briar and thorn, Must be content to lie forlorn.'

'Wherefore do you spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not?'

For a fit of ambition: go into the churchyard, and read the grave-stones. They will tell you the end of a man at his best estate.

'For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.'—Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.'

For a fit of repining: look about for the halt, and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, the afflicted, and the deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions. 'Wherefore doth a living man complain?'

For a fit of envy: go to Brighton, Cheltenham, or some other place of the kind, and see how many who keep their carriages are afflicted with rheumatism, gout, and dropsy; how many walk abroad on crutches, or stay at home wrapped up in flannel; and how many are subject to epilepsy and apoplexy. 'A sound heart is the life of the flesh: envy is the rottenness of the bones.'

For a fit of desponding: look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom. 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God.'

For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind, whether they are a load to the shoulder, the head or the heart—the following is a radical cure, which may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician: 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord for he shall sustain thee.'

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE SOCIETY OF FOUR.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

SOMEWHERE in — state, and in a school that shall be nameless, were my young ideas taught to shoot. I will say, in justice to the teachers, all of whom are exemplary and respectable ladies, that if at this present time, and in the dim future, said ideas do not take right aim, or in any way fail to hit the mark, the fault lies at my own door. Our seminary was in 'a perfect love' of a situation; in the midst of beautiful and extensive grounds, near a silvery stream, and overlooked by towering hills.

We were happy there, we girls; for Providence blessed us with teachers almost wholly exempt from the too common faults of persons in their exalted station. I, of course, mean severity; principles sternly upright; and those mistaken and unreasonable ideas, that the freeborn spirits of young ladies in their teens, must be curbed by the sober hum-drum rules of propriety. We had pretty much our own way, until our parents or guardians found it out, and then, adieu, to the classic shades of — seminary. By the way, it is my private opinion, that the system of subduing the wills, and making mental machines of the intellects of *faune maydens*, in our pattern seminaries, is the great, lamentable cause of their being such spiritless, submissive wives in after years. I am convinced that there is an alarming conspiracy formed

by fathers and guardians, to patronise only such institutions of female learning as are calculated to keep damsels in subordination, in order to prevent them from fulfilling their natural, lofty destiny—from aspiring to equal power and influence in church and state. . . . I now only think to amuse you, reader mine, by giving a little history of a novel kind of society which at one time existed in our school. Its very name proclaimed its exclusiveness, for it was entitled 'The Society of Four.' Let me see; there was Bessie Stevens, a regular out-and-out beauty, presidentess; Kate Richmond, the liveliest and most charming of brunettes, secretary; Mag Melton, a rich southern's daughter, treasurer; and Grace Greenwood, private member; for, being of a modest turn myself, I felt a blushing unwillingness to be honoured with any office.

We had a constitution, which stated that the objects of the society should be *fun first, fun last, fun always*. We bound ourselves to keep nothing in the least degree laughable, from one another; and that, in order to have every joke, or amusing occurrence, *new*, we would be close to all the world, but open as day to the society. A heavy fine was the penalty for a stale piece of pleasantry. The funds of the society were to be appropriated to buying presents to bribe monitresses, to connive at egresses and ingresses, and to purchase nice things of the cook (a most obliging woman), for refreshment, after our arduous labors. The times of meeting were to be as often as we had opportunity; and last, we pledged ourselves over a glass of lemonade never to betray one another, but to assist in any piece of practical witchcraft where assistance was required; and to avenge, singly or collectively, any affront offered to any one of us. Immense capabilities for all sorts of fun and nonsense we found this secret society to possess. As just the right spirits were first engaged in it, those who were impressed with its value and devoted to its interests, it succeeded admirably for one entire term; but a vote having been passed to admit some three or four others to its honors and privileges, it happened mysteriously that soon after they were let in, the important sayings and doings of the society were let out—and it fell; and 'what a fall was there, my country-women!'

Our principal was a widow with one fair son, a promising youth of nineteen or twenty. Well, in the palmiest days of our society, young Hal came to spend a college vacation with his 'ma.' He showed himself to be, from the first, that sad creature, that pitiable piece of unfinished manhood, a dandy! But the partial mother evidently doated on the lad. She made a grand party for him, and introduced him to all her pupils who were beauties or heiresses. When he had honored our seminary with his ethereal presence some three weeks, one of our number being monitress, the society met in my room. While Secretary Richmond was reading her report, I, who had just commenced Euclid, was puzzling over my lesson for the morning, the never-to-be-forgotten 'fifth proposition.' The report ceased, and still I kept at my book, stumbling along over the 'dunce bridge,' when I was roused by the silver voice of Mag Melton, addressing the presidentess thus—'I beg leave to state, in the way of fun and business, that I have received a *bona fide* offer of marriage.' Love before mathematics, for ever! Away to one of the right angles of the room sped Euclid, cutting the air in a horizontal line, and springing up with a 'you-don't-say-so sort of expression of face, I drew my chair into the semi-circle by the window. Mag then made known that Master Hal had proposed, in form, professing the warmest admiration for her, but oddly enough, not mentioning her fortune. As the young gentleman was what Kate Richmond called 'a little soft,' we 'guessed his declaration was something quite laughable,' but were sadly disappointed when Mag averred that he really wooed in such elegant and poetical language, that, had he not been guilty of burlesquing the tender delicacy of our sex, by dandyism, she could never have pierced his heart with a cruel 'no!' which flew from her lips like 'a bullet from a rose-bud!'

In less than a week the learned society again met, and we were electrified to receive a similar announcement from our presidentess! Ay, from the Honorable Bessie Stevens herself! The indomitable Hal made her a declaration, which, as well as she was able to judge, was the same, *verbatim et literatim*, which he had before made to our little treasurer. Alas! bullet the second had whizzed through his devoted heart! A few evenings from this, I was sitting rather late, in my little dove-cote of a room, penning an examination composition on 'the sublime and beautiful,' ever and anon threading my fingers through my curls, and gently irritating the organ of ideality, when my door opened softly, and the officers of the society entered, in pursuance of a call for a special meeting.

'Monsieur Tonson come again!' Kate Richmond reported, that the declaration of love which the presidentess stated she had received, sounding to her, Kate Richmond, rather familiar, she, on reaching her room, drew Bulwer's last novel from under her pillow, and found said declaration in a certain love-speech of the gallant hero. Kate has presentiments sometimes, and put the book, which was in pamphlet form, in her pocket. On the fourth day, while walking in the seminary grounds, she was joined by the great rejected, who had then and there made her an offer of his hand, and what heart he had left. He went on with his set speech, smoothly and glibly for awhile, but getting slightly embarrassed before the end, by the fixed gaze of the lady's round black eyes, Kate leisurely drew forth

the novel, and opening at the declaration scene, with a half-arch, half-innocent smile playing around her lips, said demurely, 'Suffer me to prompt you, sir!'

He bowed and vanished! No, I am not sure he stayed to bow, but I am sure he vanished; for the first things we saw on our way down to breakfast the next morning were his travelling trunks in the hall, and the stage rumbled away from the door soon after.

Ah, Hylas! sweet youth! He had been borne down the tide of love by the mischievous nymphs, and then left to float alone! The last was evidently 'the unkindest shot of all,' his poor little heart was quite riddled. The thanks of the society were voted to Kate Richmond, for furnishing the best joke on its annals. I, of course, did not refuse my vote, though, to tell the truth, slightly provoked at Kate, for exposing the fellow so soon, and thus preventing me from sharing in the triumphs of my roguish friends—a triumph seldom exactly displeasing to the heart feminine—and thereby capping the climax to the discomfiture of a vain and assuming coxcomb.

From Hogg's Instructor.

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

A Mother died, and the home where once
The light of her love had smiled,
Held nought to gladden the widow'd heart,
Save the care of a motherless child.

And that care grew into a doating love
For his gentle, fair-faced boy,
Who brighten'd again that cheerless home
With the voice and the smile of joy.

But a shadow fell on the child's glad brow,
And a light gleam'd in his eye—
'Twas pure and mild as the blue that breaks
Through the clouds of a summer sky.

'Twas his mother's eye—and like her he grew,
More beautiful in decay,
While the shadow of heaven deeper fell,
As he droop'd and pined away.

And the father tended his fading flower
With more than a father's care,
And night by night at his pillow watch'd,
In silence, with tears and prayer.

One night, when softly the slumbering boy
Lay folded to his fond breast,
Sleep fell on the weary watcher's eyes,
And long and quiet was his rest.

In a dream of that night a vision came,
And hover'd around his bed—
'Twas the face of the dead, but an angel form,
With a glory round its head.

And o'er him it bent its angel face,
And the boy from his bosom took,
With a smile like that which had beam'd on
him,
With her latest word and look.

Then a strain of music, heavenly sweet,
Through the stillness softly broke—
Then a voice like an angel's whispering
From the lips of the spirit spoke.

'Thy treasures are all in heaven,' it said,
'Let thy heart be also there.'
He strove to grasp the receding form,
And clasp'd but the empty air.

He woke, and the cheek his hand had touch'd
Was clammy, and cold, and chill;
The little arm, half-round him thrown,
Was lifeless, and stiff, and still.

He thought of the vision, and o'er his soul
A hallowing calm he felt;
Yet he bow'd his head o'er his child, and wept
Ere down by the couch he knelt.

He knelt—'O God! thou hast taken back
What but for a time was given.
Teach me to bow to thy will on earth—
My treasures are safe in heaven!'

ISABELLA CRAIG.

NEW WORKS.

From Eldorado; or Adventures in the Path of Enterprise: by Bayard Taylor.

SAN FRANCISCO BY DAY.

By nine o'clock the town is in full flow of business. The streets running down to the water, and Montgomery street, which fronts the Bay, are crowded with people, all in hurried motion. The variety of characters and costumes is remarkable. Our own countrymen seem to lose their local peculiarities in such a crowd, and it is by chance epithets rather than by manner, that the New Yorker is distinguished from the Kentuckian, the Carolinian from the Down Easter, the Virginian from the Texan. The German and Frenchman are more easily recognised. Peruvians and Chilians go by in their brown ponchos, and the sober Chinese, cool and impassive in the midst of excitement, look out of the oblique corners of their long eyes, at the bustle, but are never tempted to venture from their own line of business. The eastern side of the plaza, in front of the Parker House, and a canvas hall, called the Eldorado, are the general rendezvous of business and amusement—combining 'Change, park, club-room, and promenade, all in one. There, everybody not constantly employed in one spot, may be seen at some time of the day. The character of the groups scattered along the plaza, is oftentimes very interesting. In one place are three or four speculators, bargaining for lots, buying and selling 'fifty varas square' in towns, some of which are canvas, and some only paper;

in another, a company of miners, brown as leather, and rugged in features as in dress; in a third, perhaps three or four naval officers, speculating on the next cruise, or a knot of genteel gamblers, talking over the last night's operations.

The day advances. The mist which after sunrise hung low and heavy for an hour or two, has risen above the hills, and there will be two hours of pleasant sunshine before the wind sets in from the sea. The crowd in the streets is now wholly alive. Men dart hither and thither, as if possessed with a never-resting spirit. You speak to an acquaintance—a merchant, perhaps. He utters a few hurried words of greeting, while his eyes send keen glances on all sides of you; suddenly he catches sight of somebody in the crowd; he is off, and in the next five minutes has bought up half a cargo, sold a town lot at treble the sum he gave, and taken a share in some new and imposing speculation. It is impossible to witness this excess and dissipation of business, without feeling something of its influence. The very air is pregnant with the magnetism of bold, spirited, unwearied action, and he who but ventures into the outer circle of the whirlpool, is spinning, ere he has time for thought, in its dizzy vortex.

THE VIEW FROM CHAPULTEPEC.

I wish there was a perspective in words—something beyond the mere suggestiveness of sound—some truer representative of colour, and light, and grand aerial distance; for I scarcely know how else to paint the world-wide panorama spread around me. Chapultepec, as I have said before, stands isolated in the centre of the valley. The mountains of Toluca approach to within fifteen miles beyond Tacubaya, and the island-like hills of Guadalupe are not very distant, on the opposite side; but in nearly every other direction the valley fades away for fifty or sixty miles before striking the foot of the mountains. The forms of the chains which wall in this little world, are made irregular and wonderfully picturesque by the embaying curves of the valley—now receding far and faint, now piled nearer in rugged and barren grandeur, now tipped with a spot of snow, like the volcano of Toluca, or shooting far into the sky a dazzling cone, like the cloud-girdled Popocatepetl. But the matchless valley—how shall I describe that? How reflect on this poor page its boundless painting of fields and gardens; its silvery plantations of aloes, its fertilizing canals, its shimmering lakes, embowered villages and convents, and the many-towered capital in the centre—the boss of its great enameled shield? Before us the aqueducts ran on their thousand arches toward the city, the water sparkling in their open tops; the towers of the cathedral, touched with a break of sunshine, shone white as silver against the cloud shadowed mountains; Tacubaya lay behind, with its palaces and gardens; further to the north Tacuba, with the lone cypress of the 'Noche Triste,' and eastward, on the point of a mountain-cape shooting out toward Lake Tezcuco, we saw the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Around the foot of our rocky watch-tower, we looked down on the heads of the cypresses, out of whose dark masses it seemed to rise, sundered by that weird ring from the warmth and light and beauty of the far-reaching valley world.

From Albert Smith's Months at Constantinople.

AN ENGLISH CLOWN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

I went in the evening to the 'Grand Circo Olimpico'—an equestrian entertainment in a vast circular tent, on a piece of open ground up in Pera; and it was as curious a sight as one well could witness. The play-bill was in three languages,—Turkish, Armenian, and Italian: and the audience was composed almost entirely of Levantines, nothing but fez-zes being seen round the benches. There were few females present; and of Turkish women, none; but the house was well filled, both with the spectators and the smoke from their pipes which nearly all of them carried, there was no buzz of talk,—no distant hailings, nor whistlings, nor sounds of impatience. They all sat as grave as judges, and would, I believe, have done so for any period of time, whether the performance had been given or not. I have said the sight was a curious one but my surprise was excited beyond bounds when a real clown—a perfect 'Mr Merriman,' of the arena, jumped into the ring, and cried out in perfect English, 'Here we are again—all of a lump! How are you?' There was no response to his salutation, for it was evidently incomprehensible; and so it fell flat, and the poor clown looked as if he would have given his salary for a boy to have called for 'Hot Coddins!' I looked at the bill, and found him described as the 'Grottesco Inglesse' Whittayne. I did not recognise the name in connection with the annals of Astley's, but he was a clever fellow notwithstanding; and when he addressed the master of the ring, and observed, 'If you please Mr Guillaume, he says, that you said, that I said, that they said, that nobody had said, nothing to anybody,' it was with a drollery of manner that at last agitated the fezzes, like poppies in the wind, although the meaning of the speech was still like a sealed book to them. I don't know whether great writers of eastern travel would have gone to this circus; but yet it was a strange sight. For all that one could tell, we were about to see all the mishaps of Billy Button's journey to Brentford represented, in their vivid discomfort, upon the shores of the Bosphorus, and within the range of the sunset shadows from the minarets of St Sophia.