

while has nothing to eat.' At this moment as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Richter's house. The man confirmed the lad's story, and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son William, and some food, and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time, Richter directed his book keeper to write a letter to the pastor of the village, commending the widow to his care, with an additional sum enclosed for the poor family, and promising further assistance.

As soon as this was done, Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, informing her of little William's story, and of the plan which he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the matter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years young William attended the schools of the great commercial city. His faithful foster-father then took him into his counting house, in order to educate him for business. Here, at the desk as well as on the school form, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it. With all this he retained his native innocence and simplicity. He regularly sent half his weekly allowance to his mother until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life not in want, it is true, but, by the aid of the kind Richter and her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother there was no dear friend left to William in the world, except his benefactor. Out of love for him, he became an active, zealous merchant. He began by applying the superfluity of his allowance, which he could not dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg guilds. When by care and prudence he had gained between twenty and thirty pounds he found that in his native village there was a considerable quantity of good hemp and flax, which was to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster father to advance him forty pounds, which Richter did with great readiness. The business prospered so well, that, in the third year of his clerkship William had acquired the sum of one hundred pounds. Without giving up his trade in flax, he trafficked in linen goods, and the two combined made him in a couple of years two hundred pounds richer. This happened during the appointed five years of clerkship. At the end of this period William continued to serve his benefactor five years more with industry, skill, and fidelity. Then he took the place of the book keeper, who died about this time, and three years after he was taken by Richter as a partner into his business with a third part of the profits.

But it was not the will of Providence that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him for two years confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest William did to repay his benefactor's kindness. Redoubling his exertions, he became the soul of the whole business, and still he watched long nights at the old man's bedside, with his grieving wife, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Richter closed his eyes in death. Before his decease, he placed the hands of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two and twenty years, in those of his beloved foster-son. He had long looked upon them both as his children. They understood him; they loved each other, and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly, they solemnised their betrothal at the bedside of their dying father.

About ten years after Richter's death, the house of William Berne, late Samuel Richter, was one of the most respectable in all Dantzic. It owned three large ships employed in navigating the Baltic and North Seas, and the care of Providence seemed to watch especially over the interests of their worthy owner. He honoured his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with tenderest affection, until, in her seventy second year she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless, he took the eldest sons of his two remaining brothers, now substantial farmers, into his house, and destined them to be his heirs.—But in order to confirm them in their humility, he often showed them the needle which had proved such a source of blessing to him, and bequeathed it, as a perpetual legacy, to the eldest son in the family.

It is but a few years since this child of poverty, honest industry, and sincere gratitude, passed in peace from this world.

PUBLIC BULL-FIGHT AT MADRID

The Plaza de Toros stands immediately outside of the gate of Alcalá. It holds fourteen thousand people, and during summer always fills; indeed, the tickets then are at a premium. I was surprised to find that on a Monday, being the bull fight day, the cab drivers raise their fares, having so many demands to satisfy. I walked slowly up the Calle del Alcalá, watching the excited populace, and at half past three o'clock found myself seated on one of the upper benches, looking down on the vast amphitheatre and the motley company there assembled. The boxes resemble balconies, those of private parties being partitioned off from the space allotted to the rich public. Below them are wooden forms, also protected from wind and rain; while the crowd occupy stone seats around the ring, uncovered, but protected from the arena, first by a circular walk, and

then by a palisade six feet high. A stone step surrounds this palisade on the inside to enable the chulos, who assail the bull with flags, to leap out of his way when he turns to attack them. From the windows of the passage behind the boxes, you obtain a fine view of Madrid and the Guadarama hills. A guard of soldiers attends every bull-fight, for the spectators sometimes become mischievous, and their rulers think that rows may end in revolution. Government owns the Plaza de Toros at Madrid, and gives the net proceeds to the charities. Before the performance commenced, the crowd of cloaked figures below became very noisy, and every now and then a sombrero was tossed into the arena to raise a laugh at the expense of its owner. Soon after half past three o'clock, a yell of impatience echoed through the amphitheatre; then sounded the trumpets and drums, and the actors entered to exhibit themselves and bow to the director who sat in his elevated seat near the box of royalty. First came the matadors and chulos on foot, all richly dressed in parti-coloured garments and jackets of silver twist. The province of the former is to end each act by stabbing the bull in a vital part with a two-edged sword, while the animal tries to gore a bright red flag, which they hold in the left hand. The latter run round the brute with flags of other colours, to excite his ire and make him rush more furious to the conflict. The picadors followed on horseback, gaily attired, and wearing armour under their clothes to protect them when unseated from the horns of the bull. Behind them, adorned with fantastic trappings, entered two teams of three mules each, which drag the carcasses out of the arena when all is over. This ceremony being ended, the combatants dispersed, the trumpets sounded again, and in rushed an infuriated brown bull, unhorsing one picador in his wild career, and in a moment afterwards hurling another horse and rider to the earth. A third time he charged, and again his assailant rolled in the dust; but the chulos kept him, with their flags, long at bay over the body of the fallen man. His fourth charge proved more successful, for his horns, entering the poor horse's belly, caused instantaneous death. A fifth time the bull assaulted a picador, and his unfortunate steed shared a similar fate. Again and again the brute returned to gore the mangled body, from which flowed torrents of blood. This amusement he seemed to relish, for the chulos could not for a long time tempt him from the spot: but the audience loudly expressed their disapprobation by shouting "Cavallo," in which most lustily I joined. Then the drums sounded, the picadors retired, and the chulos, advancing to the bull, adroitly stuck into his neck barbed rods, called banderillas, in order to render him more furious. Then came the matador with his bright red flag and sword, and plunged the latter up to the hilt in the animal. But he had missed his aim, and another sword had to be procured. A second time he stabbed him, and then proved more successful, for the bull instantly fell; the spectators cheered, the military band struck up a lively tune, and the mules were driven in at full speed into the arena to drag out the carcasses. As soon as these were removed, a large black and white bull rushed madly into the ring, bellowing with fury. His first exploit was to drag out the entrails of a horse, which, throwing its rider, galloped in this maimed state several times round the arena, till caught by a spectator who leaped the palisade. Six times did another picador charge this combatant, and four times he and his steed parted company; but they rose again to renew the conflict the sixth encounter proved fatal to the horse, and only a few minutes elapsed before two other charges also breathed their last. The third bull showed evident symptoms of cowardice. He fled from the picadors and refused to charge. So the chulos ran for squibs, and stuck them into his neck, which rendered him furious enough. The matador, whose duty it was to slay the animal, missed his stroke several times; the audience each time raised a louder and louder yell, hearing which the poor man seemed to tremble from head to foot; at length the bull crouched down from exhaustion, and a chulo despatched him with a dagger. The fourth bull was soon killed. The fifth animal, a huge black one, charged the first picador he saw, hurled him to the ground, and leaping over his prostrate enemies, bounded madly away. But his ardour speedily cooled, and he refused to face the foe. Just as the drum sounded for the matador to despatch him, I left he circus, for it began to get both dark and cold, but not a single person out of the 9,000 present departed before me, although, perhaps, all of them had seen the same spectacle hundreds of times previously. Men, women, and little children seemed quite absorbed with the contests, and expressed their interest by constant shouts, especially of applause, when some poor worn out horse, gored by the infuriated animal, bit the dust. Although the mangling of horses is a spectacle repulsive to every human mind, yet this great national amusement was neither so disgusting nor so exciting as I expected. Instead of prancing high mettled Castilian steeds, eager to encounter an enemy, you find in the ring emaciated and broken kneed old horses, the worn out hacks no longer useful to the cab drivers, so terrified that their riders can with the greatest difficulty induce them to face the bull, and so feeble that they die almost without a struggle. The most horrible scenes occur when the horns of the beast drag out their entrails, or enter often into their bodies without touching a vital part. I saw a white charger which had been gored so frequently, that a spectator would have imagined him

painted red. He had three legs out of four broken, but notwithstanding, when I left my box, his rider had not dismounted. As to the interest caused by the conflict, I do not see how any one can feel it to be so great as that felt in a good horse race, or a spirited run with the fox hounds. There is no uncertainty, no doubt, as to the result; the bull must kill the horses, and the matador must kill the bull.—Baxter's "Togus and the Tiber."

From Hogg's Edinburgh Instructor.

TRUTH.

A spirit form of majesty
Still wanders o'er our earth,
And in its silent dignity
You trace its heavenly birth,
Unchanging, earnest, flourishing,
In never fading youth,
All love and honor cherishing—
That spirit form is TRUTH.

Spreading its power far and wide—
Unaided and alone—
To crush black falsehood's bitter pride,
The spirit Truth has gone.
And though in that great moral fight
Truth oft is stricken down,
Ere long it vindicates its right,
And gains the victor's crown.

It lights the path of poverty
With radiance from on high,
And wipes the tear of agony
From many a weeping eye;
It raises up the widow's head,
When by affliction tried,
And in the hour of sorest need
Stands proudly by her side.

Where thoughts of gain would tempt the soul
To stray from virtue's road,
Truth then secures the firm control,
And points the heart to God.
When noble minds, in shrinking fright,
Quail 'neath the liar's frown,
Truth magnifies its mission bright,
And treads that liar down.

It steels the heart in virtue's cause
To vice's richest bribe,
And counteracts by noble laws
The poison we imbibe.
Defying station, pomp, and state,
The power of the strong,
It cringes not beneath the great,
Nor justifies the wrong.

It needs no tinsel varnishing
To show its native worth,
Nor aught of earthly garnishing
To prove its heavenly birth.
But in the Christian's life it shines—
To him 'tis largely given—
And at his death it but declines
Brighter to blaze in heaven.

Shame on us, that its blessed power
Can boast so little done!
A burning shame! that every hour
Sees some life lie begun.
Deep, deep disgrace, that all the arts
That treachery can find
Are used to crush poor drooping hearts,
And manacle the mind.

O, heaven born Truth, when wilt thou come,
With all thine earnest grace,
To make all earth thy chosen home,
And us thy chosen race?
Is it when fight shall have the might,
And mercy be in men?
When only love shall shed her light?
Hark! Echo answers, When?

FLETCHER AND HIS NEPHEW.

The Rev. Mr Fletcher of England, had a very wild and profligate nephew in the army, a man who had been dismissed from the Sardinian service for very bad conduct. He had been engaged in two or three duels, and had spent all his money in vice and folly. The wicked youth waited one day on his eldest uncle, General De Gons, and presenting a loaded pistol, threatened to shoot him unless he would that moment advance him five hundred crowns. The general, though a brave man, well knew what a desperate fellow he had to deal with, and gave a draft for the money, at the same time speaking freely to him on his conduct. The young man rode off in high spirits with his ill-gotten money. In the evening, passing the door of his younger uncle, Mr Fletcher, he called on him, and began by informing him what General De Gons had done; and as a proof, showed a draft under De Gons' own hand, Mr Fletcher took the draft from his nephew, and looked at him with surprise. Then after some remarks, putting it into his pocket, said, 'It strikes me, young man, that you have possessed yourself of this note by some wrong method; and in conscience I cannot return it but with my brother's knowledge and approbation.' The nephew's pistol was in a moment at his breast. 'My life,' replied Mr Fletcher, with perfect calmness, 'is secure in the protection of an Almighty power; nor will he suffer it to be the forfeit of my integrity and your rashness.' This firmness drew from the nephew the observation, 'that his uncle De Gons, though an old soldier, was more afraid of death than his brother.' 'Afraid of death!' rejoined Mr Fletcher, 'do you think I have been twenty five years a minister of the Lord of Life, to be afraid of death now? No, sir, it is for you to be afraid of death. You are a gamester and a cheat; yet call yourself a gentleman! You are the sedu-

cer of female innocence; and still, say you are a gentleman! You are a duellist; and for this you style yourself a man of honour! Look there, sir,' pointing to the heavens, 'the broad eye of Heaven is fixed upon us. Tremble in the presence of your Maker who can in a moment kill your body, and forever punish your soul in hell.' The unhappy prodigal turned pale, and trembled with fear and rage. He still threatened his uncle with instant death. Fletcher, though thus threatened, gave no alarm, sought for no weapon, and attempted not to escape. He calmly conversed with his profligate relative; and at length, perceiving him to be affected, addressed him in the kindest language, till he fairly disarmed and subdued him! He would not return his brother's draft, but engaged to procure for the young man some immediate relief. He then prayed for him; and, after fulfilling his promise of assistance, parted with him, with much good advice on one side, and many fair promises on the other.

A FOX'S REVENGE.

A respectable man of the county of Montgomery resided on the banks of the Hudson river. One day he went to a bay on the river, to shoot ducks or wild geese. When he came to the river, he saw six geese beyond shot. While setting there, he saw a fox come down to the shore, and stand some time and observe the geese. At length he turned and went into the woods, and came out with a very large bunch of moss in his mouth. He then entered the water very silently, sank himself, and then keeping the moss above the water, himself concealed, he floated among the geese. Suddenly one of them disappeared under the water, and the fox soon appeared on the shore with the goose on his back. He ascended the bank, and found a hole made by the tearing up of a tree. This hole he cleared; placed in the geese and covered it with great care, strewing leaves over it. The fox then left; and while he was away the hunter unbent the goose, closed the hole, and resolved to await the issue, in about half an hour, the fox returned, with another fox in company.—They went directly to the place where the goose had been buried, and threw out the earth. The goose could not be found. They stood regarding each other for some time, when suddenly the second fox attacked the other most furiously, as if offended by the trick of his friend. During the battle he shot them both.—Murray's Creation.

PULLING ONE WAY.

A story is told of a bridegroom who rejoiced in certain eccentricities. A day or two after his wedding, he requested his bride to accompany him into the garden. He then threw a line over the roof of their cottage. Giving his wife one end of it, he retreated to the other side, and called out, 'Pull the line!' She pulled at his request as far as she could. He cried, 'Pull it over!' 'I can't,' she replied. 'Pull with all your might!' Shouted the whimsical husband. But in vain were all the efforts of the bride to pull over the line, so long as the husband held on to the opposite end. But when he came round, and they both pulled at one end, it came over with great ease. 'There,' said he, as the line fell from the roof, 'you see how hard and ineffectual is our labour when we pulled in opposition to each other; but how easy and pleasant it is when we both pull together. It will be so, my dear, through life. Let us, therefore, always pull together.' In this illustration, homely as it may appear, there is sound philosophy. Husband and wife must mutually bear and concede, if they wish to make home a retreat of joy and bliss. One alone cannot make home happy. There must be a unity of action, sweetness of spirit, a great forbearance and love in both husband and wife, to secure the great end of happiness in the domestic circle.

VALUE OF GEOLOGICAL KNOWLEDGE.

The neglect of geological knowledge in architecture has produced the most deplorable consequences, in the premature decomposition of magnificent structures, owing to the perishable quality of the stone employed in their erection. The Capitol, at Washington, in the United States, is rapidly crumbling down to its very base; and thus one of the most splendid senate houses in the world presents a memorable record of the human ignorance which refused, although a very easy page in nature's book was offered for perusal. This Capitol is built of perishable sandstone, while the marble quarries which have supplied materials for the admired public Buildings of Baltimore lie within forty miles. The new church of St. Peter's, at Brighton, has already the appearance of dilapidated antiquity. Several colleges have been entirely rebuilt. The bridges of Westminster and Blackfriars which cost respectively £427,000 and £153,000, and are neither of them more than a century old, have several times required repairs nearly equivalent to renewal.

WORTH A SHILLING.—The other day a lady fell off the Brooklyn boat into the East River; a poor Irishman sprang over and rescued her. When she was safe on deck again, her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a shilling. Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, Pat said, as he pocketed the coin, 'Arrah, don't blame the jittleman, he knows best; mayhap if I hadn't saved her, he'd have given me a dollar.'