

down by grief and excessive toil. And now his mother, whom sorrow had thrown upon a bed of sickness, was with her four children, suffering the bitterest poverty. He, the eldest, had resolved to seek for assistance, and had gone at first from village to village, then had struck in the high road, and at last having begged everywhere in vain, had come to Dantzic.

The merchant's heart was touched. He had but one child, and that boy appeared to him as a draft at sight, which Providence had drawn upon him as a test of his gratitude.

"Listen, my son," he began, "have you, then, really a wish to learn."

"O, yes, I have indeed!" cried the boy; "I have read the catechism already, but I should know a great deal more, but at home I had always my little brother to carry, for mother was sick in bed."

Herr Richter suddenly formed his resolution.

"Well then," he said "if you are good, honest, and industrious, I will take care of you. You shall learn, have meat and drink and clothing, and in time earn something besides. Then you can support your mother and brothers also."

The boy's eyes flashed with joy. But in a moment he cast them to the ground again, and said sadly. "My mother all this while has nothing to eat."

At this instant, as if sent by Providence, an inhabitant of the boy's native village entered Herr Richter's house. This man confirmed the lad's story and willingly consented to carry the mother tidings of her son Gottlieb, and food and a small sum of money from the merchant. At the same time Herr 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. Herr Richter at once furnished the boy with decent clothes, and at noon led him to his wife, whom he accurately informed of little Gottlieb's story, and of the plans which he had formed for him. The good woman readily promised her best assistance in the latter, and she faithfully kept her word.

During the next four years, Gottlieb attended the schools of the great commercial city: then his faithful foster-father took him into his counting-room, in order to educate him for business. Here as well as there, at the writing-desk as on the school bench, the ripening youth distinguished himself, not only by his natural capacity, but by the faithful industry with which he exercised it.

With all this, his heart retained its native innocence. Of his weekly allowance, he sent the half regularly to his mother, until she died, after having survived two of his brothers. She had passed the last years of her life, not in wealth it is true, but by the aid of the Richter and of her faithful son, in a condition above want.

After the death of his beloved mother, there was no dear friend left to Gottlieb 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 now dispose of at his pleasure, to a trade in Hamburg quills. When by care and prudence he had gained about one hundred and twenty dollars, it happened that he found in his native village a considerable quantity of hemp and flax which was very good, and still to be had at a reasonable price. He asked his foster-father to advance him two hundred dollars, which the latter did with great readiness. And the business prospered so well that the third year of his clerkship Gottlieb had already acquired the sum of five hundred dollars. Without giving up his trade in flax, he now trafficked also in linen goods, and the two combined made him in a couple of years, about a thousand dollars richer. This happened during the customary five years of clerkship. At the end of this period Gottlieb continued to serve his benefactor five years more, with industry, skill, and fidelity; then he took the place of book-keeper, who died about that time and three years afterwards he

was taken by Herr Richter as a partner into his business, with a third part of the profits.

But it was not God's will that this pleasant partnership should be of long duration. An insidious disease cast Herr Richter upon a bed of sickness, and kept him confined to his couch. All that love and gratitude could suggest Gottlieb now 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 wife grieving, until, in the sixty-fifth year of his life, Herr Richter closed his eyes in death.

Before his decease, he placed the hand of his only daughter, a sweet girl of two and twenty years, in that of his beloved foster-son. He had long looked upon them as his children. They understood him; they loved each other; and in silence, yet affectionately and earnestly, they solemnized their betrothal at the bed side of their dying father.

In the year 1828, ten years after Herr Richter's death, the house of Gottlieb Bern, 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 especially to watch over the interests of their worthy owner, for worthy he remained in his prosperity. He honored his mother-in-law like a son, and cherished her declining age with the tenderest affection until, in her one-and-seventieth year, she died in his arms.

As his own marriage proved childless he took the eldest son of each 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, of honest industry, and of misfortune, passed in peace from this world.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."—Psalms xxx. vii. 37.

[ORIGINAL.]

CARMEN PRO PUBLICO.

BY SYLVICOLA.

Go ask the foe if England's sons
Are craven on the battle field,
If he to death or victory runs,
Who strikes upon a British shield.
Tho' 'fore his sword-path yawn'd the grave,
That deathless fire glows in his breast,
Which in the past hath led the brave
Against the turban'd tyrant's crest.

And when the dauntless Scot appear'd
Amid the blaze of battle strife,
His war-shout o'er the din was heard,
With victory and with valour rife.
He knows his course, tho' fire and sword
With awful front before him stood,
Tho' myriads round his pathway pour'd,
He went 'till he was tomb'd in blood.

But how shall bard atone his lyre,
To sing of Erin's deathless fame,
Can minstrels spirit reach the fire,
That burns around Hibernia's name.
Unequal'd on the gory field,
Unmatch'd, unrival'd at the bar,
The first to fall, the last to yield,
Hibernia's peerless children are.

INSTANT, C. S.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

Stories of female intrepidity are more interesting than even the doings of the Texan Rangers, and we are sure our readers—such of them particularly as have rejoiced in the manning of a battery, by Mrs. Chase,—will be pleased with the following:

It was in the year 1832, towards the close of November; a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little road-side inn, situated between Hornberg and Rottwell, on the frontiers of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of the hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the traveller's ears with the moaning of the north-wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The inn keeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself, house-keeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet-de-chambre to the stray visitors in the best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active and good-humored German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck and the travellers having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected round the stove—Father Hoffkirch, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance. The conversation turned on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was a little more than a gun shot from the inn door; it was a tradition unfortunately; but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy veracity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings.

All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company.

A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly the young Krettel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger; but this fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel only requested that the inn door should be left open until her return, and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she had really visited the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Krettel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but she perceived that object of fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought, she unloosened the horse, leaped on the saddle and fled like lightning. She was pursued; but redoubling her speed she reached the inn yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away. When the brave girl recovered she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leathern valise was attached to its saddle; but Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened except in the presence of the Burgomaster.