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SPANISH BULL-FIGHTS.

The bull-ring of Madrid is a new circular amphitheatre built of brick and stone, 300 feet in diameter, with 20 rows of stone seats, one above another. There is a central seat for the President of the ring, who is generally some gentleman or nobleman. There are also rows of private boxes, and a king's box.

The whole exhibition is under the direction of an association of distinguished citizens,—usually noblemen,—who appear in their uniform of gaudy colors and gay costume, which always delights the taste of the Spaniard. A large gate opens into the ring, which is approached by a wide way, which is connected with the various stalls of the bulls in the rear. Each bull is confined in a separate stall, with food and water let down to him from above. There is a large yard in the rear, connected with the stalls, where the bulls are sometimes baited before the fight. The bulls intended for the ring are raised in the mountains of the western part of Spain and about Seville, which is the great centre of this sport.

The exhibition of each bull consists of three acts, all of which are performed in about twenty minutes. First, at a signal of the president, the door is thrown open, and the bull, dazed by the glare of the light, dashes into the ring. He sees the picadors drawn up on the right of the ring on horses, each rider having a long pole and a short sword. The bull makes for the first picador, whose skill is shown in turning his horse so as to shun the plunge of the bull or turn him away, or, failing to do this, to put his horse as a shield between himself and the bull. If the bull misses the first picador he dashes for the second, and so on. This act lasts only a few minutes, but in it many horses are killed by being disemboweled. The treatment of these poor animals is one of the most horrid features of the ring. They are blindfolded, and if only wounded, the wound is sewed up or stopped with tow, and they are again driven into the ring, until death ends their agonies. None but the poorest animals are used for the ring, but the cruelty is all the greater, as their means of defence becomes less. The bull is never killed by the picadors. If, however, he is a coward and will not charge, he is despatched at once with all manner of hissing and derisive epithets from the crowd, who call him a coward, and nothing but a cow. The dogs are set on him, who grapple him by the nose and bring him down, when he is stabbed, or he is houghed—that is the cords of his hind legs are cut with a long knife from behind—and he is then disposed of and drawn out. If the bull is a brave animal, then, after a few minutes' contest with the picador, the second act begins. At a signal from the president the trumpet sounds and a body of young men, called chulos, or merry-makers, enter the arena gaily dressed and with colored cloaks. They flaunt these in the face of the bull and entice him away from the picadors. They are exceedingly dexterous

and skillful in escaping from the plunge of the infuriated animal. I was told by a gentleman that he had seen them, when the bull was rushing on them, leap between his horns and over his back. They will, as they leap one side of him, fix a little goad with a colored ribbon attached into his neck, one on each side and exactly opposite each other.

The last trumpet announces the third act. Upon the signal, the matador, the executioner, comes in alone. He is the man of science. On entering, he bows to the audience, throws his cap on the ground, and swears he will do his whole duty. He has in his right hand a long, slender sword, and in his left a red flag. After enticing the bull, with the flag, to make a few plunges, at the proper moment, as he darts one side to let the bull pass, he strikes the fatal blow; and if he is skillful he pierces him to the heart between the left shoulder and the blade, and so quickly is it done that he draws the slim blade without a drop of blood, brandishing it aloft, while the bull in his last plunge falls, the blood gushing from his nostrils, and dies without a struggle. The team of mules, with flags and bells, are now driven in, and the bull is drawn on a low hurdle around the ring, amid the shouts of the audience.

In one afternoon six or eight bulls are killed in this way. Frequently a picador or a matador will be gored and killed. He is then borne off to the priest, who has a room adjoining the ring, and there, forgotten by the noisy crowd, his soul is prepared for heaven, and he passes from the bull-fight to paradise. Such is a bull-fight, the Christian amusement of Catholic Spain. There are more than one hundred bull-rings in the kingdom.

Yet the Spaniard has his arguments by which he will defend this his national amusement, and it is fair to give him the advantage of them. He says every nation must have amusement, and a historical and traditional one if otherwise good, is the best. That there is more or less cruelty in all national sports. The Englishman and American will play with his fish and slowly drown him; will slaughter the buffalo for sport; hunt lions and elephants for amusement. They shoot pigeons and pheasants for the fun of killing them. Common people in all countries, with wives and children, attend executions.—*N. Y. Observer.*

PROVIDENTIAL PROTECTION.

The following singular narrative is from a volume by a Canadian missionary, who has recently published certain recollections of his past life and labors:—

About this period I went to attend the sale of the effects of Mr. M—, a respectable farmer, who had died at one of my out settlements a few months before. He had left a widow, a very amiable and pious woman, and three children, to mourn his loss. The lone widow thought herself unequal to the management of the large farm which her husband had occupied. She therefore took a cottage in the

village where I lived, and was now selling everything off, except a little furniture.

After the sale was over I went into the house to see her. I congratulated her upon the plan she had adopted, and remarked that she would be much more comfortable, not only in being relieved from the cares of a business she could not be supposed to understand, but in a feeling of security, which in her unprotected state, in that lonely house, she could hardly enjoy.

"Oh! no," she said, "not unprotected; far from it. You forget," she continued, with a mournful smile, "that I am now under the special protection of him who careth for the widow and the fatherless, and I feel quite confident that He will protect us."

And he did protect them, and that very night too, in a most extraordinary and wonderful, and, I may add, miraculous manner. The farm-house was a solitary one; there was not another within half a mile of it. That night there was a good deal of money in the house, the proceeds of the sale. The mother and three young children, and a maid servant, were the sole inmates. They had retired to rest some time. The wind was howling fearfully, and shook the wooden house at every blast.

This kept the mother awake; and she thought she heard, in the pauses of the tempest, some strange and unusual noise, seemingly at the back of the house. While eagerly listening to catch the sound again, she was startled by the violent barking of a dog, apparently in a room in the front of the house immediately beneath her bedchamber. This alarmed her still more, as they had no dog of their own.

She immediately rose, and going to her maid's room, awoke her, and they went down together. They first peeped into the room where they had heard the dog. It was moonlight, at least partially so, for the night was cloudy; still it was light enough to distinguish objects, although but faintly. They saw an immense rough dog scratching and gnawing furiously at the door leading into the kitchen whence she thought the noise she first heard had proceeded.

She requested the servant to open the door which the dog was attacking so violently. The girl was a determined and resolute creature, devoid of fear, and she did so without hesitation; when the dog rushed out, and the widow saw through the open door two men at the kitchen window, which was open. The men instantly retreated, and the dog leaped through the window after them. A violent scuffle ensued, and it was evident, from the occasional yelping of the noble animal, that he sometimes had the worst of it.

The noise of the contest, however, gradually receded, till Mrs. M— could hear only now and then a faint and distinct bark. The robbers, or perhaps murderers, had taken out a pane of glass, which had enabled them to undo the fastening of the window, when, but for the dog, they would

doubtless have accomplished their purpose. The mistress and maid got a light, and secured the window as well as they could.

They then dressed themselves, for to think of sleeping any more that night was out of the question. They had not, however, got down stairs the second time before they heard their protector scratching at the outer door for admittance. They immediately opened it, when he came in wagging his tail, and fawning upon each of them in turn, to be patted and praised for his prowess. He then stretched his huge bulk, at full length, beside the warm stove, closed his eyes and went to sleep.

The next morning they gave him a breakfast any dog might have envied; after which nothing could induce him to prolong his visit. He stood whining impatiently at the door till it was opened, when he galloped off in a great hurry, and they never saw him afterwards.

THE MOTHER OF THE SPURGEONS.

Rev. Dr. Ford, of America, recently paid a holiday visit to London, and thus alludes to the Stockwell Orphanage: "There were five Spurgeons present, and all said a few words. The father, John Spurgeon, his two sons, J. A. and Charles H. Spurgeon, then the two sons of Charles H., Master Thomas and Charles. It was an interesting sight. After the meeting, Mr. Spurgeon introduced me to his father, and we conversed together, as we walked about the grounds, for some considerable time. Of course I asked him of his family. He is sixty-six years of age. He has eight living children. He has spent his life in the ministry. In the course of the conversation he said, 'I had been from home a great deal, trying to build up weak congregations, and felt that I was neglecting the religious training of my own children, while I toiled for the good of others. I returned home with these feelings. I opened the door, and was surprised to find none of the children about the hall. Going quietly up the stairs, I heard my wife's voice. She was engaged in prayer with the children. I heard her pray for them one by one by name. She came to Charles, and specially prayed for him, for he was of high spirit and daring temper. I listened,' said the old gentleman to me, tearfully, 'listened till she had ended her prayer, and I felt and said, "Lord, I will go on with Thy work. The children will be cared for."—*Children's Friend.*

HARMONY OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Now, at eighty-two and a half years of age, still, by God's forbearance and blessing, possessing my mental powers unimpaired, and looking over the barrier beyond which I soon must pass, I can truly declare that, in the study and exhibition of science to my pupils and fellow-men, I have never forgotten to give all honor and glory to the infinite Creator—happy if I might be the honored interpreter of a portion of His works and of the beautiful

structure and beneficent laws discovered therein by the labors of many illustrious predecessors. For this I claim no credit. It is the result to which right reason and sound philosophy, as well as religion, would naturally lead.

While I have never concealed my convictions on these subjects, nor hesitated to declare them on all proper occasions, I have also declared my belief that, while natural religion stands on the basis of revelation, consisting, as it does, of the facts and laws which form the domain of science, science has never revealed a system of mercy commensurate with the moral wants of man. In nature, in God's creation, we discover only laws—laws of undeviating strictness, and sore penalties attached to their violation. There is associated with natural laws no system of mercy. That dispensation is not revealed in nature, and is contained in the Scriptures alone. With the double view just presented, I feel that science and religion may walk hand-in-hand. They form two distinct volumes of revelation, and, both being records of the will of the Creator, both may be received as constituting a unity, declaring the mind of God; and, therefore, the study of both becomes a duty, and is perfectly consistent with our highest and moral obligations.

I feel that, as this subject respects my fellow-men, I have done no more than my duty; and I reflect upon my course with subdued satisfaction, being persuaded that nothing which I have said or omitted to say in my public lectures, or before the college classes, or before popular audiences, can have favored the erroneous impression that science is hostile to religion.

My own conviction is so decidedly in the opposite direction, that I could wish that students of theology should be also students of natural science—certainly of astronomy, geology, natural philosophy, and chemistry, and the outlines of natural history.—*Prof. Silliman.*

DIED FROM DRINKING TOO MUCH WHISKEY.

Primus Moore, the colored man alluded to in our last as being in a precarious condition from having taken into his stomach an immense quantity of intoxicating liquors, having been picked up in the street in nearly a dying condition, and conveyed to the station house, breathed his last about 1 o'clock yesterday morning from the effects of his excessive debauch. Coroner Hewlett was notified, and held an inquest over the body during the afternoon, as it lay in the guard room, the jury returning a verdict that deceased came to his death from inflammation of the bowels and congestion of the brain from the effects of alcoholic drinks.

There was nothing in the evidence to show that there was any wager in the question. He and some other colored men met up with an old acquaintance who, to rid himself of their importunities, finally bought a half gallon of whiskey and let them help themselves, and the consequence was that Moore far transcended the limits of prudence, and paid the penalty with his life.

Deceased was a stout, able-bodied man, and the very personification of good health, his age being about 35 years. He leaves a family.—*Wilmington Star.*

How Patrick proposes to get over his single blindness—By proposing to Bridge-it.