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Thursday Morning, Jan. 18, 1855

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE AT BALAKLAVA.

[The London literary correspondent of the *Tribune* recently said that TENNYSON could not write on the themes of the present war, but the following thrilling lyric which we take from the last *London Examiner*, is a splendid refutation of that criticism.]

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred,
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
'Forward, the Light Brigade!
'Take the guns,' Nolan said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

'Forward, the Light Brigade!'
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundred;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare
Flashed all at once in air
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
With many a desperate stroke
The Russian line they broke;
Then they rode back, but not****
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:—
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade!
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred! A. T.

THE TURNING POINT.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

Lucy Holmes was one of the most light-hearted, frolicksome beings that ever shook ringlets. Thoughtless! yes, thoughtless as the sunbeam on the floor. Often would old farmer Holmes smilingly smooth back her hair, and call her his mad-cap girl; and then sigh as he wondered whether time and care would bend down that light spirit, or break it at once. Lucy had no mother, and aunt Tabitha used to say that she had her hands full with her. Aunt Tabitha was very prominent in the church—one of those people who always draw their mouths down and their eyebrows up, and assume a lugubrous tone when they talk about religion. 'I never can get Lucy to think of anything serious!' was her perpetual complaint to Deacon Fowler's wife, their next neighbor. 'I think that at seventeen, it is about time she should see the vanities of this world, and be converted.'

'Oh, well! young people will be a little gay.'

'Lucy is more than a *little* gay. I wish I could get her to set under the new minister in the South Church. He is getting up a revival and has anxious meetings every evening. Sister Wickfield told me she had a delightful season there the other night.'

Aunt Tabitha thought a great deal of dignified behaviour, and Lucy often awakened her righteous indignation on that point. She would dance about the house, and often, with sun-bonnet in hand, bound into the very room where her aunt sat in great converse with her 'revival preacher,' or some of the 'sisters.' Lucy would often mimic. Mr. Holmes would shake his head saying, 'My daughter! your aunt means well. It is unfortunate she deals so much in cant phrases. They are ridiculous to you, and very offensive to me. It is sometimes a fault among religious people. They lay open to ridicule the religion really dear to them. They debase it in the eyes of the world, for very few take the pains to separate the gold from the dross; and they make their conversation very unwelcome, to say the least, to many good people whose taste and refinement turn from everything of the kind. As for me, I am a plain man, and don't pretend to much taste, but I don't like such things. Let not your good be evil spoken of.'

Lucy always listened to her father's words with a glimpse of the beauty in simple religion, standing by itself, refining and enobling; she lost it again when she viewed the robe in which Mrs. Tabitha enveloped hers; and she wondered whether it was only a robe, and not a necessary adjunct.'

Lucy was fond of gay colors, and feathers and flowers, and aunt Tabitha cast up her eyes at the sight of them as part of the vanities of life. Lucy's perfectly formed frame and bounding spirits impelled her to the natural exercise of dancing, and aunt Tabitha held it was a crying sin in a church member to allow his daughter to conform so much to the world. But Lucy danced on, and sung on, as much a child as she was at twelve years of age.

In the outskirts of the village at Greendale stood a dilapidated cottage—hut, rather. The reckless, dogged look of the man who sat smoking his pipe in the doorway, and the lazy, dirty children who lay about, told the character of the inhabitants. The good people of Greendale had a Missionary society, and a society for the relief of the poor; but the poor must be 'worthy deserving objects,' not ragged, idle outcasts, and all their missionary sympathies were engaged for 'fields' on the other side of the word, (barrioboola Gha, perhaps,) overlooking the real missionary ground at their very doors. They thought more of educating little East Indians, who, even when elevated, would still be an inferior race, than of enlightening those in whose veins ran the proud Saxon blood, formed for action and rule, now swaying the destenies of the world. Did I say all their sympathies were engaged? Stop! there were some visionaries among them who cried out in horror at the ignorance and moral degredation of the New Zealanders, and never took the trouble to inform themselves that there were those in their own village, in the heart of their own New England, who could hardly answer the question, who made you?

Why! no one ever went to Sam Tucker's cottage. Two ladies had tried it once, but half frightened by Sam's dark looks, they never come a second time. Joe Tucker, the eldest son, had grown up to be nineteen or twenty—ignorant and degraded, but not wicked as might be expected.

One day all Greendale was startled by the intelligence that a murder had been committed. Mr. Read, one of the largest farmers, had been knocked down in his own fields, by a blow of a rake handlein the hands of Joe Tucker. The young man had been hired as a day laborer during harvest. Some altercation had occurred, and in a moment of passion he had given the fatal blow. He had escaped, but the constables were out after him in every direction. Before the day was over, handbills had been spread through the neighboring villages and towns, and information sent to the Boston and New York police.

Joe would soon be taken—there seemed no doubt of that, yet day after day passed, and he still eluded the search. One afternoon, about a fortnight after the occurrence, Lucy Holmes was returning from a ramble in the woods, when she was terribly frightened by the sudden appearance of Joe Tucker in her path.

'Don't scream, Miss, don't scream! Ye needn't be afeared,' said Joe, who looked ghastly and emaciated. 'Only listen to me. I wouldn't harm a hair of your head. Can't you give me a morsel to eat, I'm starving to death?'

'I wish I had something for you, but I havn't,' faltered Lucy.

'Then I must give myself up,' he groaned. 'I've lived on roots and berries for the last week. And they'll hang me for getting angry. God knows I never meant to kill the man. Yes, they'll hang me, for such as I am have no friends.'

'Don't oh! don't talk so,' said Lucy, the warm tears filling her eyes as she looked on the wretched outcast. 'You have one friend at least. Indeed I would do anything for you I could.'

Joe looked up in surprise. It was the first word of kindness from a stranger that in the whole course of his life had ever fallen on his ear. He knew not what to make of it.

'*You* a friend to *me?*' he said. 'You forget who I am.'

'No, I do not. At this moment I would give almost all I possess to have the power to do something for you.'

The accent and look were not to be mistaken. The wild rude heart on which they fell was thoroughly subdued. Joe moved a few steps off, and leaned his face against a tree.

'Bless you! bless you for those words,' he said, in a broken voice. 'If I could have heard such as them before, perhaps—but that's over now. All's over now.'

'No! no! I am sure you are sorry for what you have done, and——'

'And what? What is before me even if I should get out of their clutch? And I'll find it hard to do that. The officers are all over I suppose.'

'Yes!' and Lucy shuddered and looked around.

'So Bill told me a week ago. He brought me something to eat, and they tracked him to my hiding-place. I had a desperate dodge that time. That's a week ago, and I havn't been able to let him know where I am, or get a crust of bread since.'

'Will you trust me?' said Lucy.

'Ay!' returned Joe Tucker, after a long look on the pale girl.

'Then come with me. You wouldn't be able to stay here long at any rate, for I heard father say they were to have a thorough scouring of all the wood to-morrow morning.'

She turned and hastily traversing the lonesome wood-path in which they had been standing, came to some pasture land owned by her father. Springing over the stone wall, she led her companion by a short cut across the fields and through the orchards. The shadows of the twilight were thick around when they reached a low, dis-used out building. She opened the door.

'Here you are safe for the present,' she said hurriedly. 'No search will be made here. As soon as I possibly can I will bring you soome food.'

As she turned to go, Joe laid his hand upon her arm. 'You will not betray me?' said he with gleaming eye.

'You wrong me, indeed you do—I would sooner die.' Said the excited girl.

Joe withdrew his grasp, and she reached her own room she hardly knew how, and sat down to think over what she had done. This was the wild, thoughtless, petted girl! Her woman's heart, true as the needle to the pole, had sprung up for the call for kindness.

'Now Lucy,' commenced aunt Tabitha, when she appeared in the sitting-room, 'this is what I call scandalous. I know how late you got home. I saw you run up stairs. Where have you been?'

'Out taking a walk.'

'Taking a walk, indeed! You'd have been much better employed at home doing something useful. But if anything is of use, that's enough for you—you don't like it. I suppose you will be too tired to go to prayer-meeting with me this evening. You always have some excuse.'

'Yes, I can't go,' said Lucy.

"Oh! what *are* you coming to? Do you ever think of the state you are in, Lucy?'.

She did not answer, and her aunt departed for "meeting" with an expression of pious horror.

Mr. Holmes kept good country hours, and all in the house were supposed to be in bed at ten o'clock. Lucy glided down to the buttery, & filled a basket as large as she could carry of the best there was. Then she paused, while a nervous trembling stole over her. What was she about to do?—Go forth alone, at night, to put herself in the power of a murderer. How much she would have given to run away into her own room, and bury her face in her pillow, and shut out all responsibility—all necessity for action. But not so—the pallid and hungry-worn must not die, felon though he be. She took up the basket and unbolted the kitchen door, when the watch-dog began to bark.

'Hush! Bruno, hush! be quiet!' she said, as the animal came toward her.

Recognizing the familiar voice, he submitted to be caressed, but would not leave her. She knew not what to do. His barking might have already awakened somebody—she started at every sound. She harshly ordered the dog away, but his low growl at this alarmed her far more. He evidently scented the meat in her basket, and kept continually jumping about it.—Almost in dispair, she went round to the other side of the house, and pulling out a large piece of meat, threw it to him, and immediately he plunged his teeth into it.—Then she speed away breathlessly.

The night was dark and damp. Her feet were soon wet, and her slight form chilled through, but it was another feeling that was shaking in every limb.

Other fears than those of discovery, or the nameless ones of the night made her breath come short. All was dark in Joe's hiding-place, and her trembling fingers could not move fast eno'gh in pushing back the slide of the dark lantern she carried. With the first ray of light, she caught the gleam of a pair of fierce eyes in the fartherest corner. She shuddered and drew back.

'Don't be afeared, Miss,' said Joe, coming forward.

Like a famishing wolf he seized on the food. Not a word was spoken for many minutes, but bread and meat and pies and pickles were fast disappearing. At last Joe looked up. To Lucy the sight of the avidity with which he ate had been far greater reward than thanks, but tumultuous, broken words rushed in deep sincerity to his lips, as he looked on the slight young figure before him. Lucy was half frightened at the strength and vehemence of his expressions, but he again entreated her not to have any fears of him.

'You have saved my life, and can you think I'd harm you? You're not more safe in your own father's parlor than here, murderer though I am.'

'Mr. Read is dead, I suppose,' said he after a pause.

'No, he is living yet, though there is no hope of his recovery.'

'I'm glad he isn't dead,' said Joe, drawing a long breath. 'There isn't blood upon my head yet.'

'How are you to get away?' asked Lucy.

'I can't tell.'

There was a long silence. 'I don't see any way,' said Lucy, 'but don't be discouraged. I'll do all I can. Something may happen. You can stay here in safety. You have food enough there for to-morrow, havn't you? I'll come again to-morrow night.'

'God bless you Miss,' was the half choked response, and that night the hunted felon slept soundly on the premises of the sheriff of the county.

'They're off to look after that wretch, Joe Tucker,' said aunt Tabitha, coming into Lucy's room next morning.

At dinner, Mr. Holmes' first words were 'We may give it up now. Joe Tucker was about here a week ago, but he's off now, I'm persuaded. He'll not run far though. They've got some of the knowing ones on the watch, and they'll ferret him out no matter where he is. Why, Lucy, what on earth is the matter with you? What makes you flush so?'

Lucy was taking her first lesson in the art which every woman must learn—command of countenance. She stammered out some excuse, and left the dining-room as soon as she could. After dinner the consciousness of her secret made her fancy suspicion in her father's every look, and when night came how softly she crept down stairs!

She provided herself with a piece of meat for Brono, and then opened the kitchen door and softly called him. Leaving him deeply engaged, she took her way to the old corn-house. Joe received her with a kind of affectionate reverence, as if she were a being of another sphere. He had made himself a den in the loft, so concealed that one might search long without finding it. Lucy had brought him some books and papers, but she found he was but an indifferent reader. She could devise no plan of escape, and they both thought it best to wait awhile.

She had spent the morning in thought, an occupation very new to her. Joe Tucker's life seemed to depend on her, and if the burden of a fellow-creature's fate would weigh heavily on any one, how much more on the joyous little heart that had never known a care. How should she manage his escape? She though for a moment of trusting her father's kind heart and warm, generous feelings. In her child-like ingeniousnesss he longed to do so. It seemed so terribled to have to decide anything of such importance for herself and by herself. But no! she remembered his strict sense of justice, and stern, unbending integrity.

Aunt Tabitha appeared at the breakfast-table the next morning with her cap-strings flying, and her bows drawn together.

'Some one one must have been in the buttery these last two nights,' she commenced. 'There's heaps of things gone. There's a nice leg of lamb, hardly touched at dinner, and two large pieces of pork—they're gone. And those apple-pies I made the other day, two of them were gone yesterday morning and now two more, and a whole pot of my best pickles, and a jar of sweetmeats and I don't know how many loaves of bread and cakes and rolls of butter. I'm thankful I know nothing about it.'

Lucy played her part very well this time, and her father and aunt wondered in vain. Still the attacks on the larder did not cease, and aunt Tabitha suspected in turn each of the two 'helps,' and then every one of the workmen on the farm. One night Lucy had just descended to the buttery, when she turned round and saw her father just behind her.

'Why, Lucy,' said he, 'is it you who commit these depredations?'

Lucy forced herself to speak calmly.—'Why, papa, could you think I ate all those cold shoulders of lamb and sirloins of beef aunt Tabitha laments so pathetically? I want some sugar to drop lavender on,' and taking a few lump, she proceeded up stairs before her father. He laughed.—'A pretty fool I have been to jump out of my bed at this hour for such a minx as you. I thought I had the thief. I'll not do it again at any rate.'

The weeks went on. Poor Joe Tucker learned to love the very ground on which Lucy stood. Nothing so pretty, so sweet and delicate had every come near him before. His untamed heart was naturally warm and affectionate, and now it was stirred to its inmost depths. The passionate devotion with which he worshiped his benefactress was a strange feeling to his wild, ignorant soul. It seemed to open a new world to him. Every visit showed Lucy more and more of the ardor of the poor fellow's attachment, and every visit saddened her more as she felt her own deficiencies. She had a consciousness, dim at first, that this was the time to sow the seed of good in that untutored heart, and hers the hand to cast it—but she knew not how to do it. She thought how fluent aunt Tabitha would be in such a case, but that was not exactly the fluency she wished for.

For seven weeks Joe Tucker remained concealed in Mr. Holmes' out-building.—The excitement seemed to be lessened, and Lucy thought he might try to escape. She had just received her liberal quarterly allowance, and she gave him every cent of it. She disguised him with a complete suit of one of their working-men, and one night in October stood beside him for the last time. Poor Joe could not speak. He began several times, 'Miss Lucy'——and then choked up. His sobs spoke for him.

At last Luch wiped away her streaming tears, and took his sun-burned hand in both of hers. 'Joe,' she said, 'promise me that when you get to California, you will try, to the best of your knowledge and ability, to be a *man*—an honest and good man.'

'I do promise,' said Joe, 'I swear it by God in heaven.'

Lucy placed a small bible in his hand, and in five minutes he was gone.

The next morning she saw the doctor pass in a great hurry. Mr. Reed was dying, they said. The brain fever in which he had lain ever since the occurrence, seemed running to its close. Lucy thought of Joe and wept. The guilt of blood was really on his hand and conscience then.—But at noon other tiding came. What had been thought the agony of death was but the lower crisis of the fever, and now the surgeon though he might recover.

He did recover, and on her father's bosom Lucy confessed all that she had done for Joe Tucker. That father sat astonished, and then his eyes filled, and he clásped his daughter to his swelling heart, wondering that in the thoughtless child should have been hidden such capabilities of feeling and action.

Aunt Tabitha might have preached to Lucy to the end of time, and produced no effect; but the impression of those midnight visits to the half ruined shed, where she had felt the want of inducements and hopes above tl is world, could not be effaced. It was made at a critical time in her life, just as childhood was taking its leave, and thus was she gently brought to the source of all help. She was as happy and as mirthful as ever—danced and sung just as much—went to none of her aunt Tabitha's favorite anxious meetings—even declined 'sitting under' the 'revival preacher'—but even aunt Tabitha could not question the sincerity of her Christian character, for truly her 'light so shone that saw her good works, and glorified her men Father in heaven.'

News, good news come from California. Lucy received a letter from Joe. He had learned to write for the purpose of writing to her. He had obtained a situation as partner in a store, and was sober and industrious.

"I keep my promise, Miss Lucy," he wrote. "I keep away from bad company, and try to learn something and be something—and its all for your sake."

And this was Lucy's own work. At the turning point in Joe Tucker's life her kindness had met him, and fixed the direction of his future course. How different it would have been had she shrank from the poor outcast, and he had been given up to the law. True, Mr. Read had lived and he would have suffered nothing but a short imprisonment, but what would have been the prospects at his release? Lucy heard from him every few months, there was no change in him—he continued a useful and worthy member of society. Was she not fully justified in stopping the course of justice?

OATH OF OFFICE IN IOWA.—The Iowa Legislature elected two men last week to attend to the fires in the hall. They were qualified by taking an oath to "support the Constitution of the United States and keep good fires in the house."

Is Religion Beautiful!

Always! In the child, the maiden, the wife the mother, religion shines with a holy, benignant beauty of its own, which nothing of earth can mar. Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth! they are in like pit-falls, dark in the brightest day, unless religion threw her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before.

Religion is very beautiful—in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We can never enter the sick chamber of the good but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song is—"Lo! peace is there."

Could we look into thousands of families to-day when discontent fights sullenly with life, we should find the chief cause of unhappiness, *want of religion in woman.*

And in felons' cells—in places of crime, misery, destitution, ignorance—we should behold, in all its most terrible deformities, the fruit of irreligion in woman.

Oh religion benignant majesty, high on thy throne thou sittest, glorious and exalted. Not above the cloud, for earth-clouds come never between thee and truly pious souls—not beneath the clouds, for above these is heaven, opening through a broad vista of exceeding beauty.

Its gates are the splendor of jasper and precious stones, white with a dew light that neither flashes nor blazes, but steadily proceedeth from the throne of God. Its towers bathed in a refulgent glory, ten times the brightness of ten thousand suns, yet soft, undazzling eye.

And there religion points. Art thou weary, it whispers, "rest up there forever." Art thou sorrowing, "joy." Art thou weighed down with unmerited ignominy, "kings and priests in that holy home." Art thou poor, "the streets before thy mansion shall be of gold." Art thou friendless "the angels shall be thy companions, and God thy friend and Father.

Is religion beautiful? We answer that all is desolation and deformity where religion is not.

HOW I WOULD PREACH IF I COULD.—"I am tormented," said Robert Hall, "with the desire of preaching better than I can." I am tormented, say I, with the desire of preaching better than I can.

But I have no wish to make fine pretty sermons. Prettiness is well enough when prettiness is in place. I like to see a pretty child, a pretty flower; but in sermons prettiness is out of place. To my ear it should be anything but commendation, should it be said to me, "You have given us a pretty sermon."

If I were put upon trial for my life, and my advocate should amuse the jury with tropes an I figures, or bury his argument beneath a profusion of flowers or his rhetoric, I would say to him, "Tut, man you care more for your vanity than my hanging. Put yourself in my place—speak in view of the gallows, and you will tell your story plainly and earnestly."

I have no objections to a lady winding a sword with ribbons and studding it with roses when she presents it to her hero-lover but in the day of battle he will tear away the ornaments, and use the naked edge on the enemy.

KIND WORDS.—Kind words do not cost much. They never blister the tongue or lips. And we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter.

Though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much.

They help one's good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul.—Angry words are fuel to the flames of wrath and make it blaze the more fiercely.

Kind words make other people good natured, Cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them, and bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful.

There is such a rush of all other kind of words, in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and boisterous words, and war-like words.

Kind words, also, produce their own image on men's souls. And a beautiful image it is; they soothe, and quiet, and comfort the heart. They shame him of his sour, morose, unkind feelings.

FRESH AIR.—Horace Mann has well said: People who shudder at a flesh wound and a trickle of blood, will confine their children like convicts, and compel them month after month to breathe quantities of poison. It would less impair the mental and physical constitutions of children, gradually to draw an ounce of blood from their veins, during the same length of time, than to send them to breathe, for six hours in a day, the lifeless and poisoned air of some of our school rooms. Let any man, who votes for confining children in small rooms and keeping them on stagnant air, try the experiment of breathing his own breath only four times over; and if medical aid be not on hand, the children will never be endangered by his vote afterwards.

THAT'S SO.—A New York journal is of opinion that there are other fools besides those who live on the Fifth avenue. Listen to it:

"Think not, laborer, extravagance is confined to the laces, silks and satins of the rich alone. When a target company of fifteen of twenty working men waste their money on a band of music twetny or thirty strong, to parade the streets, that is extravagance. When one day in the week is fooled away, and only five are made work days, that is extravagance. It was the very height of extravagance for a poor man, in prosperous times, to be spending all his means—those means which, if possible, should have been saved for such a day as this. Thus, it is not the fault alone of the rich, but of the poor, too, that we are now as we are. There is a good deal of truth in these remarks. They may be unpalatable, but they are 'founded on facts.'"

☞ We extract the following lines from the poems of Thomas Mackeller, author of "Droppings from the Heart." These poems were published in 1847 by Carey & Hart. The lines below have much of the quaintness and pathos of Hood. They will, no doubt, find favor with the Printer, whose toils and troubles are feelingly described.

THE DOOM OF THE PRINTER.

A printer weary and wan,
His face all mortally pale,
Aslowly plodded his homeward way,
Before the dawning early day;
Broke out in bitter a wail.

His voice was husky and low,
As though his lungs were gone;
And he coughed and gasped and coughed again
And he pressed his hand to his breast in pain,
While thus his plaint ran on;

"A world of toil is this?
It hath no joy for me:
'Tis labor by day, and labor by night,
By the light of the sun, and by candle light,
Labor continually.

"Some men have rest,
But Sabbath for me there is not;
It is toil all the week, and toil on the day
That God has given to rest and to pray—
Lo! this is the printer's lot!

"When I was a boy," he said,
"I played on the hills of green;
I swam in the stream—I fished in the Brook,
And blessed was I to sit and to look
Unfettered on nature's scene,

"For twenty sad years and more,
My life was worn away
In murky rooms of poisonous air,
When I've yearned for a sight of the valleys fair
And the light open day.

"An innocent prisoner doomed,
My heart is heavy within:
Oh why should a man untainted by guilt,
Who the blood of a creature never hath spilt
Be pent, like a felon, for sin?"

The printer then coughed and sighed—
The stars were growing dim,
And he upward glanced at the morning sky,
And he inly thought, it was good to die,
And death would be rest to him.

His heart was tired of beating;
He prayed for the Lord above
To pity a man whose heart had been riven,
To toil, for other men's interests given,
And he sought his mercy and love.

He fled to his humble home;
His infant awoke to cry.
"Oh, father! oh, mother! I'm hungry for bread!"
And the printer bowed with an aching head.
On his Mary's bosom to die.

Oh ye, who have never known
The richness found in a crust,
When nothing is seen on the desolate shelf,
And the poor man's pocket is empty of pelf,
Receive my story on trust.

Say not in your careless scorn,
What boots the tale to you?
The rhymer who traces these rough written rhymes,
Has known of such sufferers in other day times
And much of his rhymes is true.

Remember this holy truth—
The man who aloof hath stood
When a heart-broken brother for succor did crave
And he stretched not a finger to bless and to save
Is verily guilty of blood.

FATHER AND CHILD.—The Chicago *Press* relates the following affecting incident during the trial of Green, the Chicago banker, for the murder of his wife:

The prisoner appeared in his place accompanied by his little boy of 6 years, who sat upon his father's knee, the only being in the world who ha l affection enough for him to exhibit it in that dark hour. The little fellow is a bright and handsome child possessing his father's outline of head and expression of feature, and yet in the winning innocence of childhood. The similarity and contrast between the two, was striking and painful. At some allusion of the prosecuting counsel to the dismemberment of his family, that stern old man pressed his little boy to his heart and bowing his head over him, wept in bitter agony. The lad unable to realize the position of his parent, yet with the sympathy which distinguishes childhood, burst into tears, and with infantile wonder looked from his father to the multitude and the speaker. It was a sad and touching sight.

☞ Young Man, have you got a library? No. Why not? I can't afford it. Why can't you afford it? Because I'm too poor. Do you smoke cigars, eat oysters or drink brandy smashes? Yes, all three. How much do they cost you per annum? A trifle—a mere trifle—only a mere trifle. How much do they cost you a day? Well, as I am very temperate, only about a dime for cigars, fifteen cents for liquor, and a quarter for oysters. At the end of the year do you feel any better than you would if you had refrained from the use of cigars and oysters? No, I can't say that I do. Well they cost you each day fifty cents; or a little more than one hundred and eighty dollars per annum. Oh not so much; but stop, let me see—yes you are right—a hundred and eighty dollars a year. Now that sum would purchase you a first rate library; yet you spend it for what—aye, for what? Do you not comprehend the reason that you are too poor to have a library—do you comprehend the reason.

MECHANICS.—The following beautiful extract is from Bulwer's celebrated play, entitled the "Carpenter of Rouen." It is a high compliment to mechanics:

"What have they not done? Have they not opened the secret chambers of the mighty deep, and extracted its treasures, and made the raging billows their highways, on which they ride as on a tamed steed? Are not the elements of fire and water chained to the crank, and at the mechanic's bidding compelled to turn it? Have not the mechanics opened the bowels of the earth, and made its products contribute to our wants? The forked lightning is their plaything, and they ride triumphant on the wings of the mighty wind. To the wise they are flood-gates of knowledge, and Kings and Queens are decorated by their handiwork. He who made the universe was a mechanic."

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.—Ladies will be glad to learn that alcohol will wash kid gloves of all collors, without either statning them or leaving an unpleasant odor about them. The gloves are simply drawn upon the hand and carefully rubbed with a piece of clean white flannel, wet with alcohol, until the soil is removed, then hung up to dry, and slightly stretched, when the original color reappears. This we have from one who has tried it successfully.

What of Appearances!

'That family,' said a friend of ours who called to visit a family which we had told him were sadly in want, "that family do not look so poor—I never should have thought of offering charity to them. I never will judge again by appearances."

That is right; that is just what we desire to impress upon our readers. The vast suffering is to be found where appearances do not indicate want. Such was the case with the family in question. A woman with six little children, from four to fourteen, father mother and children all born in this city, knowing no other home, and always dependant upon the exertions of the husband and father; when he was taken away how could they live, as they always had done, in comfortable circumstances, in a good house, with abundance of home comforts, wearing good clothes, which, without renewed, *would* wear out? Yet, by the closest economy, and untiring industry, they have lived—the pawnbroker furnished part of the means—until now, a year from the father's death, without making known their extreme want—still striving to "keep up appearances," with only one good bonnet for four heads—until now, at this inclement season, out of food and fuel; out of money; out of anything more to pawn; and above all, *out of work;* how must that mother have looked upon her family, in whose faces starvation was staring? And yet she could not beg.—Even to her most intimate acquaintance, she hid her woes and want. Relatives, able to assist them, they have none in the city. Only by accident one of their friends found out their destitution, and made it known to us. Yet they "do not look so poor," and others would think as our friends did, "I never should have thought of offering charity to them."

Now, reader, look about you and see if you cannot find some one who 'does not look so poor,' who is really in want. Not, perhaps, in want of charity, but assistance to get through the present 'pinching time.' Offer such a little loan. Give them work. Go security for rent, so that they shall not be turned out doors by a hard landlord.—Take into your own family to feed through the winter, one mouth out of a family that have but little bread, and have not tasted meat for months.

Do not try to calm your conscience by giving a dime to a beggar. That is not charity. It is of no use to give money to such as go through the streets upon a daily round, turning up eyes trained to the business of begging for 'one cent.' Charity consists in helping those that will help themselves; in seeking out proper objects of benevolence; in lifting up those who have been trodden down by fate, and not sunk to beggary by crime.

What of appearances? You cannot judge—or you may judge wrongly. There is a great number of families, such as the one we have noticed, greatly in need of a little assistance, who do not appear like beggars—who 'do not look so poor'—yet to whom a few dollars now would save from utter degredation. Think of the temptations in the way of the starving poor, particularly of the numerous class of poor sewing girls, out of work, and open your heart and hands; take care that by your neglect you are not the means of their fall.

Judge not by appearances: Be charitable. Do good.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Tied Down at Home.

A friend of ours, living not far from Pontiac, was one day importuned by his wife to take her a ride. The gentleman being a man of business pleaded his engagements, when the wife replied with the old story, that she must be "tied down at home." The husband replied that if any person would furnish him with clothing to wear, and enough to eat and drink, he would be willing to be "tied down at home."

A few days after, the gentleman came home earlier than usual, and being fatigued, lay down on the sofa and fell into a sound sleep. His wife took cords and slyly tied his hands together, served his feet in the same way, and made him fast to the sofa. She then set a table with all that the house afforded, and placed an extra suit of clothes within his reach. This done, she started to pay a friend a visit. Upon her return late in the evening, she found her husband in the same position, except he was wide awake, and very mad.

"What on earth does all this mean?" says he.

"Nothing," quietly remarked his wife, "except the consummation of your earthly wishes—enough to eat, drink, and wear and to be "tied down at home."

They were seen riding out the next day.

THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK.—Dr. Cumming beautifully remarks:

"The builder builds for a century; we for eternity. The painter paints for ageneration; we for ever. The poet sings for an age, we for ever. The statuary cuts out the marble that soon perishes; let us try to cut out the likeness of Christ to endure for ever and ever.

A hundred thousand men were employed in Egypt to construct a pyramidal tomb for a dead king; let us feel that we are engaged in a far nobler work in constructing temples for the living God. In my humble judgment, the poorest parish school in our land with no other ornaments than the dew-drops of the morning to gild it, and the sun beams to shine upon it, is a nobler spectacle than the loftiest European cathedral with its spires glistening in the setting and rising suns of a thousand years."

One of the best things of the day was said by the captain of one of our steamboats lately. A bolt of canvas bolted overboard his boat. The captain bolted after it, and exclaimed, as he got it on board again, "As I went in for a duck, I was bound to have the canvas-back.

A man who admires a fine woman has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband, than one who admired the Hesperian fruit would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.