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BY DAVID OVER. BEDFORD, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1857. VOL. 30, NO. 48.

Select Poetry.

From Moore's Rural New Yorker.

THE ANGEL OF THE PINES.

BY MRS. MARY J. HOLMES.

Darkness was o'er all the south land,
O'er the land of flowering vines,
While the night wind moved but faintly
Through the music breathing pines,
Red and fiery were the heavens,
Hot and arid all the air
For the pestilence which wasteth
In the noontide hour was there.

All day had its dark browed victims
Fallen before its mighty power,
Till at last its fearful shadow
Fell upon a beauteous flower.
She, who, in the Savior's presence,
Now, a white robed angel shines,
She, the gentle blue eyed Jessie,
She the Angel of the Pines.

In the cabins, rude and lowly,
She had soothed the bed of death,
While the stricken ones had blest her
With their last expiring breath.
And, when now, upon her pillow,
She lay dying, cold and pale,
Broken was the midnight stillness
With the negroes' mournful wail.

Men with strong hearts, dusky maidens,
Matrons, wrinkled, old and gray,
Children, too, with tear stained faces,
All for her, the loved one, pray,
But in vain, for where the waters
In the bright green pastures flow,
There a countless throng of children
Wait for her, and she must go.

And as if she heard them calling
Her to join their shining band,
"Sing to me," she faintly whispered,
"Tell me of the Happy Land."
Softly, then, the tall Magnolia
Rustled in the evening breeze,
While the mocking-bird's wild music
Echoed through the distant trees.

And amid the south wind's sighing,
'Mid the wondrous night bird's lay,
'Mid the tears and lamentations,
Passed she from the earth away.
Fromether white and blue-veined forehead
Pushed they back the golden hair,
And the mother shrieked with anguish
As she felt the death-dew there.

Ere the morrow's sun had risen,
Ere the darksome night had fled,
A little grave beneath the cypress,
Made they for the early dead.
Where the whispering pines sing to her,
Where the moonlight softly shines,
There they lay her,—there we leave her,
Jessie, Angel of the Pines.

Brockport, N. Y., 1857.

HARD TIMES COME AGAIN NO MORE.

Let us pause in life's pleasures, and count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
Oh! hard times come again no more.
Chorus—'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary,
Hard times, hard times come again no more;
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,
Oh! hard times come again no more.

While we seek mirth and beauty, and music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door,
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say
Oh! hard times come again no more.
Chorus—'Tis the song, &c.

There's a pale, drooping maiden, who works her life away,
With a worn heart, whose better days are o'er;
Though her voice would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh! hard times come again no more.
Chorus—'Tis the song, &c

'Tis a sigh that is wafted across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is wafted across the shore;
'Tis a dirge that is murmured around the lowly grave,
Oh! hard times come again no more.
Chorus—'Tis the song, &c

AGRICULTURAL.

TO MAKE SYRUP AND SUGAR FROM THE SORGHO.

From Mr. H. S. Olcott's new work on "Sorgho and Imphee, the Chinese and African Sugar Canes," we extract the following directions for cutting and grinding the stalks, now ripe, and boiling down the juice into syrup or even into sugar.

These directions are so simple and clear, and the machinery they require so easily procured or constructed, that we trust every one who has raised a patch of Sorgho this season will try to make at least a few gallons of syrup.—They will of course understand that the canes are only sweet when fully or very nearly ripe, and that such as do not perfect their seed will afford but little or no sugar. Still we would urge even those whose plants are killed by frost before perfecting their seeds to give them a trial and report their success or failure for the guidance of others. They can easily tell, by cutting a stalk and tasting its pith, whether it will afford sugar or not. The mere killing of the leaves by frost will not, we presume, destroy the saccharine properties of the stalk.—But let us hear Mr. Olcott:

CHEAP AND SIMPLE PROCESS FOR MAKING SUGAR OR SYRUP ON A SMALL SCALE.

The first thing is, permit the sorgho to fully ripen as in that condition it makes the best syrup, and will be free from the grassy flavor complained of in previous experiments. This, as has been previously said, is known by the seeds becoming black and hard. When fully ripe, then, with a corn-cutter, a large carving knife, or what is better, a small hatchet, cut the canes off close to the roots, strip off their leaves as far as the joints extend, and chop off the rest of the stalk, saving the seeds for future planting, if the cane proves to be of good quality; if not give them to the chickens.

The next thing is to extract the juice from the stalks or canes. This must be done by pressing them between rollers. If there is a cider mill on the premises, it will be all sufficient; pass those through it, just as you would crush apples, catching the juice in some clean vessel with as few chips of dirt as possible.

A VERY CHEAP MILL.

If there be no cider mill in the neighborhood, must make a shift to construct one yourself, or get the nearest carpenter to do so, nothing but wood being required for all you have to do. The way to get about it is as follows: Choose some straight pieces of any hard wood, twelve or fourteen inches across, and saw one piece off 30 inches long, and the other 48 inches. These are to make your two rollers, and as nearly round as you can get the log, so much less trouble will there be to fashion the work. Having got your wood, take the blocks to the nearest carpenter, and tell him to make you two journals on the ends of the shortest piece two and a half inches larger in diameter than the block will be when made perfectly round.—If he has a turning lathe, he will be able to do it all in a couple of hours. Let him make the axles or journals seven inches long each. You have now one roller finished, the other is like it, only after making a journal on one end, he measures along the same length as the other roller, which will be sixteen inches, and then cuts into the block another journal like the others, leaving beyond it eighteen inches of sound wood to spare, of the same girth or diameter as the roller part. Through this eighteen inches that you have left over, cut a square hole or socket, large enough to put a good stiff wooden lever in or through it, so that when your rollers are set up on end in frame, like a windlass, you can walk round with the lever, and so turn the mill. If there is a blacksmith in the neighborhood, it would be well to get him to put an iron hoop above and below the lever hole or socket, to prevent the strain, which will be considerable, from splitting the top.—You have now the roller complete: the next step is to make the frame that holds them together. Take two pieces of timber nine feet long and nine inches square; if you have them; if not, round barked timber will do; dig two holes in the ground six feet deep and four apart wherever you wish your mill to stand. Put the posts into them, and fill the earth in again, beating it down so as to hold these uprights as stiff and immovable as possible. These are the supports of your mill, and have to bear all the strain, so you must see that they are strong and firm. Now get a slab of wood, six feet long sixteen inches broad and eighteen inches thick, set your two rollers on it, standing upright and closed together; mark the two holes for the lower journals, and cut them out six inches deep.

You must now cut a couple of notches at the ends of the slab, fit those two notches between the two posts and pin them tight. Now you have the bed plate of your mill. Set the rollers upright on it, with the journals in the holes you have cut for them, and proceed to cut the upper frame plate in the same way, except that it must be made in two halves, owing to the socket part where the lever goes preventing your slipping it over both journals, as was done in the other case. For the upper frame plate taking two pieces, six feet long, nine inches broad, and eleven inches thick, fit them nicely round the journals, and fix as before. To keep the two pieces from spreading when the strain comes, either clamp them together with wooden clamps or wedges, or hold them together with a dovetail tie. The mill is now complete put in the lever, and you are ready to crush the canes. Cut a small gutter round the rollers in the wood of the bed plate, leading to a spout, to prevent the juice from running all round and being lost. The above need not cost a farmer ten dollars where wood is plenty, is sufficiently strong, and will crush a hundred gallons of juice per day if required.

Of course it will be understood that a mill like that described above is merely a make shift for experimenting with, for you could only get half the juice by it that an iron one of the same construction would yield.

CRUSHING OUT THE JUICE.

Having brought your cane to the mill, and adjusted your lever, either let a man walk round with it, or attach a horse or pony. Pass the canes through two at a time, till you have sufficient juice for boiling, say ten or fifteen gallons, which should be crushed out in half an hour. Now build a fire place with stones, or set up two forked poles, and put another across, on which sling your pot, which may be of sheet-tin, but had better be of cast iron. Let it hold say ten gallons. Get a small tin skimmer at a tinsmith's shop; and you are prepared to commence boiling.

BOILING AND CLARIFYING.

Everything being ready, slack a teacup full of lime, mix it to the consistency of cream and set it by for use. Light your fire, with charcoal if you have it, for it makes no smoke, but if you have none, use dry kindling wood. If possible so arrange your rude fire-place as to let the fire reach no more than half way up to the sides of the pot. Put five or six gallons of juice into the pot, set it on the fire, and when it becomes milk warm, add one large tablespoon full of cream of lime, and mix it thoroughly through the juice. Now take the whites of two fresh eggs, beat them up with a teacup full of the juice from the pot, and when thoroughly mixed, pour back and stir them well through the mass, bring it to the boil as soon as possible but the moment you see the first signs of boiling lift the pot off the fire, set it on the ground, and let it remain quiet for fifteen or twenty minutes. You will have perceived that after adding the cream of lime and eggs, as the simmering went on, a thick scum began to rise; this you must not disturb, but allow to gather on the top, till you take the pot from the fire as directed, and allow it to settle fifteen or twenty minutes. At the end of this time carefully remove the scum, and you will find if you have carefully followed these directions, that the juice has become clear and bright, ready to boil down to the consistence you require, whether of syrup or sugar.—Having removed the scum, empty the contents of your pot into some clean vessel, which have convenient. Fill up the pot again with the raw juice and proceed as before. This is the process of clarifying or defecating, and is absolutely necessary, if you do not wish to have a dark dirty syrup, tasting of cane stalks and almost unfit for use.

After clarifying and skimming the second pot full, as directed, set it back on the fire and boil down as rapidly as possible. As the quantity reduces by boiling, keep adding fresh juice from the first clarification, so as not to let the syrup get too low in the pot, or it will get burned. If any scum rises, remove it with your skimmer; and by following these directions you cannot fail to make a good syrup.

The preceding remarks suppose that you have only one pot to operate with; but it is very much better to have two, as it will save twenty minutes time, and fuel, with each kettle of syrup you make; because as I have shown you, you have to wait twenty minutes after taking the pot from the fire to allow the scum to rise and settle, so, if you have not another pot on, it is so much time and fire wasted. With two pots in use you replace the first on the fire as soon as you take the other off, and proceed to boil down.

SYRUP OF AN EXTRA QUALITY.

Should you wish to make a very extra syrup for table use, get a flannel bag, of almost any shape, sufficient to hold two or three gallons, and filter the juice through it after you have skimmed it, then boil it down as before.

HOW TO KNOW WHEN THE JUICE IS BOILED ENOUGH.

It is a matter of importance to those who have never boiled syrup to, know when the juice is boiled enough. There being nothing like experiments, I would advise such to get a cup full of molasses, heat it, and, taking a small quantity on a spoon, to watch how it runs down, and when the drops come, how they elongate and break in the middle, the upper half springing back with a jerk, and the lower forming a ball and falling back into the cup again. Three cents in money and the expenditure of five minutes time, will go farther in educating the eye to a good judgment than an elaborate series of directions.

I will give one other method, however, of knowing when syrup is cooked enough. Dip your skimmer into the boiling liquid, take it out and allow the syrup to run off it; a few drops will remain on the edge, falling at intervals. If these break with a long string between, which at the break jerks back to the dipper again, and which, when taken between the finger and thumb, feels like molasses, it is fair to suppose your syrup is sufficiently boiled and you may take it from the fire.

REDUCING TO SUGAR.

For making sugar it will be necessary to boil this same syrup down, till the steam escapes from it in little puffs, and when the skimmer is dipped into it, the falling drops break short and fall solid. These simple tests, and a few failures, will enable one to make good sugar. When enough has been boiled, pour it into a wooden box or tub to cool slowly, standing it in a warm place. Let the box be large enough to allow of the sugar standing only 1½ inches deep; boil another lot, and pour over the top of the first, and a third over the top of the second, mix them altogether, and allow the contents to cool. If by the next morning there should be no signs of chrystals; take a handfull of raw sugar and stir it in; in all probability it will start chrystalization; but if it should not do so immediately, do not despair, for it may stand for an entire fortnight and then suddenly strike into sugar.

A HIDING PLACE OF ROBESPIERRE.

A curious discovery has lately been made, while repairing the house formerly occupied by the Jacobin Club, during the great revolution, and now known as the Hotel de Londres, in the Rue St. Hyacinthe, St. Honore. The Club which guided the destinies of the revolution during some few years had often boasted of allowing the ambition of Robespierre and other leaders to progress so far, and no farther; and the members by vote had passed a law which entitled the majority to exclude from any particular *seance* any particular member whose interests might lead him sway the opinions of the club. Robespierre, whose ambition had rendered him an object of suspicion had often been voted out of the assembly; and it has been a matter of surprise to the historian of the time that he could so long have maintained his influence in spite of the violence of the opposition thus permitted. The secret is now revealed.—A small room—a hiding place in the thickness of the wall—has just been discovered, opening by a trap door into the very hall where the deliberations were being carried on, and whence he could listen to the measures to be taken against him, and, thus forearmed, have power to defeat them. It is evident that this hiding place must have been occupied by Robespierre; and when first entered by the workmen, the traces of his presence were still visible in the journal which lay upon the table, and the writing paper, from which had been torn a small portion, as if for the purpose of making a memorandum. The only book which was found in the place was a volume of Florain, open at the second chapter of Claudine. It was covered with snuff, which had evidently been shaken from the reader's shirt-frill, and bore testimony to the truth of history which records the simplicity of the literary tastes of Robespierre.—His presence seemed still to hang about that small and solitary space, as though he had quitted it but the moment before; and, singular enough, the marks of his feet, as though he had recently trodden through the mud, were still visible on the tiles with which the flooring is composed.

THRILLING ADVENTURE IN A GAMING HOUSE.

It was in the spring of 18— that I found myself gliding upon the waters of the mighty Mississippi, and bound for the Crescent City, New Orleans.

With a single exception I found no travelling acquaintances on board the boat, although I had been two days upon my journey, which was becoming quite monotonous. The individual with whom I singularly enough, fraternized, seemed like myself, to have little inclination to extend his acquaintance among the passengers, though he continually seemed to be on the lookout for some one, and from the operations of two or three individuals, whose profuse display of vest chains and jewelry, and proficiency of cards at the table in the saloon betrayed their profession, I more than once set him down as a police-detective in disguise.

He called himself George Thorn, of Kentucky; so his card read, which he gave me in exchange for mine. In truth he was a noble specimen of that State. Full six feet in height, a clear, intelligent blue eye, broad forehead, a light curly hair, muscular arm, and a chest of a Hercules, he challenged the admiration of more than one of the passengers, as with his serious and never smiling face he paced the promenade deck, or sat buried in thought in the saloon.

"Do you ever play cards?" said I to him, as he left a group that were standing about a table of four players, and noting the progress of the game. I had frequently seen him invited, but he invariably, like myself, refused to participate in the game.

"Oh yes," said he; "but where is the use of playing here? those fellows (nodding toward the players) know every card in the pack by the backs, and they are trying to pluck some poor pigeon from among the passengers, but as yet with indifferent success, beware of them, sir."

I thanked him for his friendly warning, and at the same time expressed my astonishment at his affirmation. To convince me he called the steward of the boat, and ordered him to bring a fresh pack of cards, which were brought, and he handed the pack to me, bidding me shuffle them. I did so, when he immediately selected nearly every ace and king from the pack, without looking at the face of them. Next he dealt them in two parcels, when, upon examination, I found that all the cards of real value in the game were in his hand, although I could not detect the least unfairness as he dealt them.

"You see," said he smiling at my look of astonishment, "the advantage an expert in these matters has even over a skillful player."

"I do, indeed," I replied, astonished at my fellow traveller's dexterity, and beginning to think that he might be a reformed gambler, or one playing the possum for some purpose or other, but as he did not urge or even invite me to play, nor had played with any one else, and threw the cards aside with an expression of disgust too natural to be assumed, I came to the conclusion that my travelling acquaintance was a riddle yet to be solved.

Early the next morning the boat arrived at New Orleans, and amid the hurry and bustle of disembarkation, I lost my friend, the Kentuckian, not seeing him to bid him adieu. The same evening however, after visiting the theatre, I was enjoying the cool air and the fragrance of a Havana, in the rotunda of the St. Charles Hotel, and conversing with a friend from the North, whom I had fortunately met, when whom should I encounter but my steamboat friend.

After the usual greeting our conversation turned upon our trip down the river, our fellow passengers &c. when my fellow traveler remarked if I would like to witness the interior of a gambling house or "hell," as it is sometimes more appropriately called, he would be pleased to show it to us as one of the sights or "lions" of the city. Never having witnessed anything of the kind, both I and my friend assented; and after a short walk found ourselves within the precincts of one of those glittering and gorgeously furnished establishments—vestibules to the infernal regions—where men were engaged in various games at hazard.

The interior of gambling houses has too frequently been described to need a repetition.—The Faro Bank, with its crowd of betters—the *Rouge et Noir* table, with its anxious circle, and groups of players at other games of which I was ignorant of the name, were all busily engaged as we entered. We had passed through two apartments, and had reached a third, in which were but four players, playing in pairs at different tables. As we entered we sat at an unoccupied table for a moment, when as we did so, we heard one of the two men nearest us say to his opponent:

"That's the last dollar, luck is yours, and I'm cleaned out."

"But you wear a good ring," said his opponent. "See! I give you a chance for revenge. I'll back my ring against your's on the next game. It's a ring I won at play from a Kentucky boy, who came to New Orleans to see the sights," said he carelessly.

How little did he know those words so lightly spoken had sealed his doom!

"No," said his opponent, rising. "I'll meet you to morrow night. I won't pledge my jewelry yet."

As the player who was sitting with his back partially toward us, mentioned Kentucky in his conversation, I saw Thorn listen with eagerness, and as he twisted the ring he offered to bet upon his finger, I saw the Kentuckian turn deadly pale.

His eyes glowed like fire for an instant, then his countenance assumed its usual calm and placid look, and to our amazement he rose and walked across the apartment to the player, who had just been left by his companion, and courteously proposed to try a hand with him, if agreeable, and if we, his friends would excuse him for a short time. Of course we assented—so did the gambler, who appeared at first somewhat surprised at the proposition, but probably resolved to try his skill on the new comer.

The cards were dealt and the game proceeded. We were sufficiently near to see that the pieces of gold which constituted the first stake were won by our friend's opponent; so, also, was the second. The third stake Thorn gained and thus they went on, alternately winning and losing, till at last Thorn carelessly said:

"That's a pretty ring you offered to bet awhile ago, stranger. Will you sell it?"

"Well, as to that, said the other, "it's pretty enough; and cost me enough, for a young fellow pledged it to me about three years ago as a sort of note of hand, which he promised to redeem with five hundred dollars that he owed me—a debt of honor, sir: but he never paid it, so I retain the ring. No, stranger, I guess that I will not sell it."

"But the owner, you should have made him pay. Five hundred dollars is a dear price for such a bauble."

"Why as to that," said the player, as he gathered up his cards for the next hand, "he couldn't come to time very well; for he paid the debt of nature, as they say, the same night and that canceled my obligation. Ah! the stake's mine, there's always luck in this ring, sir, I believe," said he, as he drew the money toward him. "Suppose we try a large stake;", and he prepared to shuffle the cards again.

"As you like," said Thorn.

"Well, what shall it be?" said his opponent, "anything from one to five hundred;" and he threw a bank note of that denomination carelessly upon the table.

To our surprise, Thorn drew out a wallet from his pocket, and produced an equal amount; then sweeping the cards they had been using from the table to the floor, he called for a fresh pack; and as the attendant brought them, he passed them rapidly through his hands and gave them to his adversary, remarking to him, as he did so, to 'mind his deal this time,' fixing upon him a searching glance as he went through that operation. The game was known as bluff or poker, I know not which, but at any rate one in which the players bet on the cards they hold. Thorn and his opponent having glanced at the cards commenced the game.

"I'll go one hundred," said Thorn, commencing.

"Two hundred better than that!" said his opponent.

"Another hundred!" continued Thorn.

"H'm'm! three hundred better!" said the gambler, producing his notes.

"Three hundred more!" said Thorn quietly.

The game was getting exciting to us as spectators; three thousand dollars lay upon the table to be decided by the cards held by the players, each of whom seemed from his bets to be confident of success, though their countenances betrayed not the least emotion.

"One hundred more," said the gambler again.

"I call you," said Thorn.

"Ah! three kings and an ace!" said the sharper.

"Three aces and a king! said Thorn quietly, as he displayed his own cards, and with his eyes fixed steadily upon his opponent, folded up the money.

"Fortune favors you," said the gambler, socially, too well schooled to betray any emotion or chagrin at the result.

"So it seems," said Thorn.

"But I hope to meet you again, sir, for I must have my revenge after so heavy a run of luck as this," said Thorn's opponent; "and I have no doubt your friends will join us in a social sit-down, for if you are as good at cracking a bottle, singing a song or telling a story, as holding a hand at cards, those who are your friends are fortunate."

"I must confess," said Thorn, "that I am not of a convivial or musical turn, though I can occasionally tell a good story. I have a little history now, sir, upon my tongue's end that will be of uncommon interest to you."

"To me! Pray tell it sir," said the gamester with a laugh. "It will be a good wind up to the evening's entertainment."

It was now past midnight absorbed in the excitement of the game, we had scarcely noticed the flight of time, or that the adjoining rooms were nearly deserted by their occupants, at the other end of the apartment in which we were. The other players had finished their game long since, and been spectators of that between Thorn and his opponent.

"About three years since a young man in Kentucky, the confidential agent of a large business firm, was entrusted with a sum of money, and commissioned to transact some business in New Orleans. it was his first visit to that city; he started happy, leaving behind him a young wife and a lovely infant. Unfortunately, upon one of the Mississippi boats or immediately upon his arrival at New Orleans; he fell in with a "professional"—a man of play—you understand.

"By the management of the "professional," the young man was enticed to a "hell," induced to play, plied with wine, stripped of his money—in short, to use a "professional" word "plucked."

"Ha! ha, the old story," said the gambler; "the fate of all pigeons!"

"But I have not finished; that which most interests you is yet to come.

"Indeed, go on."

"The young man was perfectly sobered at his loss; he returned to his hotel; stung with remorse and half crazy with excitement, he placed a pistol to his head and blew out his brains, leaving a tarnished name as an inheritance to his wife and innocent child."

"But what is all this to me?" said the gambler, now pale as ashes beneath the flashing eyes of the speaker; "Is it a moral lesson you're about to read here, or a sermon you have to preach?"

"What is it to you?" continued Thorn, his voice quivering with excitement. Ah! I'll tell you what it is to you. This meeting of you and I to-night, which for three long years I have sought, is not mere chance. The hand of Heaven is in it. 'Twas three years ago this very night—aye, this very hour!" said he, glancing at his watch, "that the young man I spoke of rushed madly into eternity—no by his own hand, but his opponent at the card table is he that should be accountable for the deed of blood. The amount of money he lost is just the amount I have won this night from you, *that very ring upon your finger is his*—I AM HIS BROTHER AND YOU ARE HIS ASSASSIN!"

Thorn pronounced these words in a clear, ringing voice, and, as he concluded, brought his hand down with a blow upon the table at which they were sitting, which was instantly overturned, as he and his opponent started simultaneously to their feet. They were scarcely six paces apart springing from their chairs, and both drew their weapons as they rose.—"Die! liar!" shouted the gambler, discharging his weapon the moment he gained his feet.—The bullet ripped open Thorn's waist coat, and his watch flew into fragments from his pocket, dangling by his chain, at the same moment his arm, slowly rising, became rigid as that of a statue—the pistol he held exploded, and the gambler fell back a corpse upon the carpet.—This all passed so suddenly ere we could interfere, that we stood as almost paralyzed for an instant—the servants alarmed by the noise—and the police came rushing into the apartment. Thorn quietly surrendered himself, merely turning to us and the other two who were in the room, saying as he did so: Gentlemen bear witness that I fired in self defence, and that I received the villain's first shot here," and he pointed to his shattered watch with a smile, and turning, left the room with the officers.

He was tried and acquitted, as it was clearly proved that his adversary fired upon him first. The fact that the gambler was a notorious rascal, whom the community could well afford to spare, might have had influence with the jury. I have not met Thorn since, but the recollection of that fearful scene is yet fresh and vivid in my mind, though many years have passed since it was enacted.

The Lady Who Wears No Hoops.

We saw her on the street. She was of medium height, with large, black, brilliant eyes, and an intellectual face. Her garments were plain, but neat and tidy, and she wore no hoops!

This lady had a large bundle on her arm.—It was work, "slop work," containing many thousand stitches, all made with her own fingers. The load was heavy, and bore hard on her delicate frame. But she walked fast and slid easily through the crowd, for she wore no hoops!

We glanced at the hand which grasped so tightly the bundle which she carried. It was delicate, yet browned by exposure and labor.—No silken glove protected it from the rays of the sun, and though almost faultless in shape, it presented evidence of hard usage in the world. Yet it was a hand that would have looked lovely on a fashionable skirt, but that it will never do, for this lady wears no hoops!

We watched her carriage. Despite her burthen, it was graceful. Her step was regular and elastic, her head erect, and her tread soft. There, thought we, is natural grace, though the lady wears no hoops!

But is she a lady? Aye, and a true one.—Follow her, with that bundle, to her employer's store, and listen to the language of a lady, as it falls sweetly from her lips. See with what a grace she receives her pittance for her labor, and how, smiling and happy, she returns to her home, and you will declare her a lady, if she does not wear hoops!

Follow to her home. Observe the cleanliness of the apartments, and the neatness which pervades her household. See her, as she puts her little and orphaned ones on the cheek, and gravely and sincerely thanks God that she is favored with health sufficient to enable her to labor for their support, and you must acknowledge that she is a lady, a true lady even if she does not wear hoops!

She is a lady, a true lady, because she devotes herself to her woman's mission. Her children's welfare, her children's happiness, lie nearest her heart, though condemned to adversity. She pursues her way cheerfully, though sadly it may oftentimes be. She prefers to bestow all the attractions heaven and education have given her to her home, humble as it may be, and has neither time nor attention to bestow upon such frivolities as hoops. Those who choose may judge a gentleman by the cut of his cloth, and a lady by the immensity of their crinoline, but we contend that there are many ladies, true ladies, who do not wear hoops!—*Nashville Gazette.*

A Romance.—The New York *Tribune* says:—"The young daughter of a respectable physician, residing in Brooklyn, was married a few days since to a dentist 'just over the way,' under circumstances which have made the affair the subject of much comment. The lady is only seventeen years of age, and after a brief acquaintance with the dentist, a mutual attachment sprang up between them. The father was opposed to a marriage, and ordered the dentist not to enter his house. He also sent the daughter off to school, in the vain hope that she would forget her lover. This failing in the desired result, he brought her home, and it is rumored was about placing her in a convent. The young lady, hearing of this tripped across the street, and claimed the protection of her affianced. 'Now or never' said she; 'if you mean to marry me, do it this hour.' A clergyman was immediately sent for, and the indissoluble knot tied forthwith. The indignant father made one attempt to seize his lost daughter, but the new husband bade him off. No reconciliation has yet taken place."