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POET'S CORNER.

"To charm the languid hours of solitude,
He oft invites her to the Muse's lore."

EASTONIANA.
No. 1.

OLD ISRAEL.

There stands an old man in the weather,
With snubby nose,
And boots in want of upper leather,
And half-dared hose;
His form is neither lean nor fat,
His visage thin.
And underneath his dripping hat
A chuckling grin.

His eyes are small and stony gray,
A cunning brace
As ever caught the solar ray,
In sable face;
And when his lips bespeak a smile,
Those lurking eyes
Beneath two shaggy brows the while
Peer out in lies.

His coat is white, his breeches brown,
And lame his gait,
He owns a phrenologic crown,
And woolly pate;
He's always seen upon the street,
With jug or barrell,
And people call him when they meet
"Old Israel Carroll."

Beside the marsh old Israel lives,
A piece of ground
That bilious fever yearly gives
To all around;
But he remains unscath'd and free,
Upon the spot,
Nor all the fall complaints that be
Harm him a grot.

Old Israel drives before his cart,
A sorrel pair
Of noble steeds, no sound can start
In earth or air;
They ne'er were known at any time,
By night or day,
In years, nor yet in youthful prime,
To run away.

But this is strange—since all they wear
Can scarcely hold,
The harness in long use and tear
Has grown full old;
And more the marvel still, I think,
These nags should tarry
Since they have neither food nor drink,
But bones to carry.

Our hero seems to be inspired
With Paddy's notion,
That oats and corn were not required
For loco-motion;
And hence has taught these frames of bone
Still growing thinner,
To travel on without a groan
Or sigh for dinner.

"The christian man" some author says
"Befriends his beast,
"The knotted thong in mercy stays
"Nor stints the feast;"
But if so strange a rule's confined
To Israel's case,
Instead of Heaven I fear he'll find
Another place.

Old Israel is a monied man,
And nought the wonder,
He picks up all the fips he can,
By trade or plunder;
Manure in many a broken heap
Adorns his lot,
He buys old horses very cheap
To turn to rot.

Our hero as a doctor too,
Oft plays his part,
And young and aged not a few
Consult his art;
The marshy pool he searches well
Old roots to find,
Then mixes them with magic skill
To suit his mind.

But all his deeds I cant rehearse
And therefore close,
I'm glad he's found a place in verse
Before he goes;
Soon will the old man bear along
The last, last load—
And leave for aye the steamboat throng,
And old point road. CHIPS.

Miscellaneous.

A COW IN THE BOX, ALIAS A COUGH IN THE CHEST.

The following amusing incident which befel a Frenchman, is narrated by the Boston Bee.

"We were not a little amused at the phonogramic exhibition, the other evening, by a story, told by Prof Church with reference to the difficulty he had to meet in learning to pronounce the English language—whose barbarous orthography is, so totally at variance with its elementary sounds. The gentleman said, that the first time he ever visited London, he caught a violent cold on the passage. He had studied English at the French University, and made about as much progress in giving correct sounds to the words, as a green Yankee might be supposed to do in the French tongue, with nothing but a Dictionary for a guide. Some things he knew, and some he din't know; one thing however, he felt and that was that he needed a physician to cure his cold. Accordingly he sent for one, and in the interim, wishing to show Dr. John Bull how well he could talk English, he took Nugent and found that '*toux*' was '*cough*,' in the latter tongue.

'C-o-u-g-h,' spelled the Frenchman, 'how they say that? I have him! P-l-o-u-g-h [illegible], and c-o-u-g-h is *cow*. I got a cow! [illegible] entered and began to feel his [illegible] seemed right.

'I have no trouble dare,' said Professor Church, putting his hand to his throat '*I got cow!*'

'Well, I am not a cow doctor!' said the surgeon indignantly, 'why do you send for me to see your cow?'

'But you will not understand me!' said the disconcerted Frenchman, 'here is my cow—here;' and he thumped his breast in desperation.

The doctor shook his head, as tho' he thought him demented. The Professor again had recourse to his Dictionary, thinking if he got the precise locality of his cow the Doctor would understand. Accordingly he looked for the word '*chest*' and found the first definition to be '*a box*,' then shouting as loud as he could, he exclaimed,

'Now you understand, *I got a cow in my box!*'

The doctor burst into a roar of laughter, and the poor Frenchman, almost died of chagrin. When the Professor told the story, the audience were perfectly convulsed, and fully appreciated the gentleman's enthusiasm, as he concluded by saying—

'If your Phonography can do any thing *for my cow*, it will be a great thing!'

A LOAFER AT NIAGRA.

"I was exceedingly amused (says a correspondent of the Knickerbocker,) at the air and manner of a decided loafer, a sentamentalist withal, and a toper, who had come out of his way Buffalo to see the Falls. "Landlord," said he to Boniface of the cataract, "and you gentlemen, who stand on this porch witnessing the pittiless rain, you see one before you who has a tempest of sorrow beating upon his head continually. *Wonst* I was wo'th twenty thousand dollars, and I driv the saddlin' profession. Circumstances alter cases: now I wish to solicit charity. Some of you seem benevolent, and I am not destined to rank myself among those who could travel from Dan to Beersheba and say all is barren. No—I scorn to brag—but I'm intelligent beyond my years, and my education is complete. I have read Wolney's ruins, Marshall's life of Washington, and Pope's Essay on Man, and most of the Literature of the day, as contined in the small newspapers. The fack is, my heart is broke, and I'm just Ishmealing about the globe with a sombre brow and a bosom laden with woe. Who will help me—speak, single, gentlemen—who will "ease my grief" and drive my cares away?" as Isaac Watts says in one of his devotional poems."

No answer was returned. A general laughter arose. The pride of the mendicant was excited, rage got the better of his humility; and shaking his fist in the laces of the bystanders he roared out:

"You're all a pack of pooronary common people. You insult honest poverty; but I don't hang my head a' that," as Burns says. I will chastise any man here for two three cent drinks of Monongahela whiskey; yes tho' I have but lately escaped shipwreck, coming from Michigan to Buffalo, and am weak for the loss of strength; yet I will whip the best of you. Let any one of you come over to the Black Rocks Rail Road Dee-pot and I'll lick him *like a d——*"

"Never mind that part of it," said one, "tell us about the shipwreck."

"Ah!" he continued, "that was a scene! twenty miles out at sea on the lake–storm bustin upon the deck—the waves like mad tailors, making breeches over it continually; the lightnin' bustin' over head and hissin' under water—the clouds meeting the earth; the land just over lee bow—every mast in splinters—every sail in rags—women a schreechen—farmer's wives, emigratin' to the west, calling for their husbands—and graves yawnin' all around! A good many was dreadfully sick, and one man after casting forth every thing beside, with a violent rench threw up his boots. Oh, gentlemen, it was awful! At length came the last and destructive billow. It struck the ship on the left side in the neighborhood of the poop, and, all at onst I felt something under us breaking away. The vessel was parting! One half of the crew drowned—passengers were praying and commending themselves to heaven. I alone escaped the watery doom."

"And how did you manage to redeem yourself from destruction?" was the general inquiry.

"Why, gentleman, the fact is, I have seen how things was agoin, and *I took my hat and went ashore!*

We believe there is some truth in the following, which we heard narrated under circumstances that prohibited our getting the names of the parties. A Southern gentleman, boarding at Howard's Hotel, while sitting in front of the house, had his ears regaled with such sounds as "going—going—a handsome gold lever watch—going for $18 only $18," &c. He withstood the temptation some time, but at length sauntered into the (mock) auctioneer's office. He happened to be tolerably conversant with the ways of the world and had the good sense to read the daily papers; and fully aware that every gold watch sold at such places has its exact counterpart, to all appearance, in pinch-beck-gift, carefully kept in the "settling office," he bid $22 for one that took his fancy.

It was knocked down to him very promptly, and the auctioneer, holding out his hand for the watch, that it might be duly "entered," asked the Southerner to step into the other office. But the buyer declined any secrecy in the matter, and preferred keeping the watch he had bought in the possession of its now legitimate owner.

The "Peter Funk," perceiving that he was likely to be in the wrong box, leaped over the counter, bolted the door, and began to act the bully. For this, however, the Southerner was well prepared, and, producing a revolving pistol, demanded that the door be unbolted. This was refused, and threats of violence were resorted to. The buyer then, having duly warned the aggressor, fired one barrel, merely aiming to singe the assailant's whiskers and effecting nothing more.

Other participators in the hoped-for spoils joined in the attack, but they were all kept at bay by the formidable weapon; the firing, the loud talking and the closed door, soon attracted a crowd and the Southern gentleman's acquaintances;—the door was burst open and all the partners in the establishment were conducted to the Tombs. As the affair has not been made public we presume that it was "compromised."—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

[For the Star.]

THE FIRE!

At midnight—while
All nature seemed reposed in slumber sweet,
Except the brilliant stars and gentle moon,
Which all appeared as much engaged as ere.
The hum of business, with the busy world,
Was hushed in perfect quiet: no rustling of the frost-nip'd faded leaves was heard:—but was
As calm as any night I had ever seen,
Since eighteen summers, with their suns and rains,
Imparting life and beauty to the snow
And storm-slain rose, with all its kin; and with
Their gentle, unseen zephyrs, bearing on
Their soft and tireless pinions, fragrance from
Reviving things, had cross'd my youthful head.

While I, with all the weary ones,
Lay sleeping on my welcome couch, the sound
Of '*Fire! Fire!!*' echoed in my ears, which soon [ed
Aroused me from my slumber sweet: I turn-
And thought it all a dream; and soon again
Resigned myself to nature's claims: but ere
I fell asleep, again, in many tones,
Re-echoed in my room, the sound of '*Fire!*'
Which soon deprived me of my wonted rest.
To see from whence it came: and as I look'd
I saw a light, not far from where I lay,
Rise far above the moss-deck'd house roofs, of old
And time-worn cottages, which was decking the
Wide, moon-lit canopy with red and black,
Which beautiful appeared, perhaps, to all,
Save ONE, to whom the scene appear'd all else
But beautiful and sweet.
I then arose, and placed my garments on
My agitated frame in haste, and ran
With all the anxious ones to aid them in
Extinguishing the raging flames. And when
I there arrived, I looked, and saw among
The crowd, a female form, who had escaped
The dangerous, fatal element herself,
Half frantic she appeared. Her hair was long and dark,
And fell in broken ringlets o'er
Her beautiful uncovered neck; while from
Her upturn'd eyes ran streams of burning tears; [breast,
She clasp'd her hands upon her heaving
And fell upon her knees, and then exclaimed,
"*My child, my child is yet within the walls*
Of my consuming house." And while she thus [was
Was grieving o'er her Infant's fate, there
A man, with polish'd hat and figured cape,
And leathern girdle tightly drawn around
His robust frame, on which was placed,
In large metalic letters, the initials of
The bearer's name, His pants were roughly placed
Within the tops of his coarse boots. A man
Thus dressed drew nigh, and saw depicted in
Her pallid face the grief she felt: and in
A tone of sympathy and care inquired
The reason why she wept, for what she mourned?
She raised her streaming eyes and fixed them on
The stranger: then in a voice tremulous
With grief, expressive of the keenest pain.—
(Meanwhile the fountains of her heart afresh
Were broken up, and tears again coursed down
Her cheeks,) as she replied, and said, "*My child,*
My dearest child is yet within the walls
Of yon consuming chamber, lying on
Its couch asleep."
The man affected by the distressing tale,
Ran hastily for a ladder; which he got;
He raised it to the window nearest to
The sleeping child, and then ascended, step
By step, till to the window came: he raise'd
The sash and look'd, and saw the couch on which
The Infant lay: he leap'd within amid
The suffocating smoke and raging flames,
And fearlessly approached the child, and
Caught it in his arms and bore it to the place
Whence he went in;—and down the steps he went—
And though the crowd pursued his course to find
The anguish stricken mother. "*Here*"—said he—
But ere another word could be expressed, she
Arose and cried "*My child is yet alive.*
Thank God! my child is yet alive." She caught
It in her arms, and pressed it to her heart,
Then to her lips, and kissed the one she thought
She'd see no more. J. C. D.

"Poor fellow, he's the worst foe to himself." How frequently is this futile and drivelling expression used and misapplied. There is not a shadow of truth in it, neither is it susceptible of argument to prove it.—Life is replete with instances innumerable where a course of profligacy and wrong has forever crushed and blasted the peace and happiness of wife, children and friends, while the *real* actors in the drama were apparently happy in the reflection that others should say—"Poor fellow, he's the worst foe to himself."—*Printer.*

THE MAN OF THE HERMITAGE.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD, ESQ.

The evening sky is glowing with the soft warmth of the autumnal dawn; far, far overhead arches the azure dome of the Heavens, and far, far around sweeps the gorgeous prospect of wood and field, uprising hill and green meadow, the wood clothed with rainbow hues, the hills all dusky-brown, while the long grass of the meadow glitters with the first frost of autumn.

Our way has lain along yonder green meadow, our footsteps crisping the tall grass at every step—come, let us rest ourselves on yonder stump of a giant oak, let us look forth upon the sky from the interval between the shrubs yet green with summer, and the chesnut tree, heavy with fruit its long limbs sweeping across our vision, while the broad healthy leaves quiver to and fro to the impulse of the momentary breeze!

'Hark! A footstep!

A bold and determined footstep, yet an ancient man emerges into view, and stands before the interval of shrubbery and chesnut trees, between our view and the red dawn of the uprising sun.

One hand resting on a well-used cane, while the other lifts the white hat, half darkened by crape, from his brow, he stands silent and immovable, right between our eyes and the uprising sun.

Tall, straight and erect as the red hunter of the forest in figure, with the port of nature's own moulded kings, the quiet majesty of command in every gesture of his limbs, he gazes to the sky, and the blush of down falls softly over his noble face, the lofty massive brow with the snow-white hair, rising in masses around its thoughtful outline the keen piercing eye, shadowed by the grey brows, the determined nose, the firm mouth with compressed lips, the high cheek bones, the bold prominent chest, and the furrowed wrinkles of his visage—all are crimsoned by the kiss of the uprising sun.

This is a strange old man, and he walks abroad at an early hour. Who is the stranger?

Look again—he still gazes on the heavens—d've mark his ey[illegible] mark how dilates, flushes and—by my soul—it burns! Mighty thoughts cross the Old Man's soul at this hour, swelling memories fill his aged heart—eighty years upon him with all their story of the world's ways and wrongs, yet the ancient stranger hath blood, warm blood in his veins, and his soul is yet young, fresh as the swaying leaf of autumnal chesnut tree.

Tell us! What are the mighty thoughts that cross his brain? Are they thoughts of God? Calm dreams of good old age looking back to well spent years? Mighty reveries of former glories; the scene where the million applaud, while the laurel falls freshly on the brow of the Conqueror, or the crowded temple where the old fire god, Eloquence, stirs men's hearts to high purposes and glorious deeds, or the chair of office, shaken to and fro by the rockings of the popular earthquakes, or does he dream of the quiet solitude of the eternal grave?

Who is the stranger standing calmly and erect between us and the light of the uprising sun, with the red blush of the down falling over his wrinkled face and snowy hair?

Not a farmer in all this neighboring land but has seen him thus traversing the fields at early dawn, wrapt in absorbing thought; not a plough-boy, urging the sleek horses along the furrow in the calmness of purple twilight, but has looked over his shoulder and beheld the tall stranger, striding slowly on along the verge of yonder hedge, his calm face upturned to the sky, while his eye dilated and flashed with silent yet mighty thought.

Who is this stranger?

It is the happy Sabbath morn, and passing through the wicket gate, built on the old stone wall, we enter the rustic graveyard and stand before the country church, rising grey and massive into the clear sky, with the old doors and window sills eaten by decay, clumbs of green moss on the roof, the shadows twittering round the ancient steeple, with the sunshine glimmering over the cracked bell and rusted vane.

We enter—we seat ourselves on the steps of the altar, for the church is crowded; we listen to the words of the ancient preacher, whose message is of Life and Peace to the minds of men, from the Lord Jusus: the Crucified; the Arisen, and the Mediatorial.

Who comes here?

As I live' tis our ancient friend, who stood between our vision and the dawn not long ago. Aye, he comes slowly along the isle, his white hat, blackened by crape, in one hand, his cane in the other, while every eye beholds his lofty brow, the snowy hair, and the commanding countenance seamed by the wrinkles of age.

Silently he takes his seat—all give away at his presence—silently he listens to the word of God, silently the Sabbath morning wears away.

Who is this ancient man?

A new scene!

Here, crowding round the banisters of the circular railing in front of the pulpit, kneeling on the steps of the altar, bowing the heads low in silent awe come young and old, rich and poor, come red lipped youth, blooming maidenhood, mature matronage, stern manhood, and silver-haired age.

In the midst stands the preacher, holding aloft the cup and bread of God, speaking of the mystic meanings of these Divine emblems as he extends the sacred food to the lips of age, or bestows the wine of life on the silent adoration of youth.

And here kneeling with a rosy-cheeked maiden on one side, an aged veteran of the cross on the other, here silently bows the stranger, his long white hairs hiding the muscular hands passed tremblingly over his visage, as he lowers his head in voiceless prayer, ere he prays, that ancient man, he extends his hand, receives the cup and bread of God, and that voice so full, so stern, so bold in its slightest tone, trembles with the syllables of the Redeemer's name, murmuringly speaks the word of hope—"Jesus!"

Who is the stranger that stood between us and the red dawn a few moments ago, that now bows, prays, trembles while he eats the bread and drinks the wine of God.

Who is this ancient man with the wrinkled face and the snowy hair?

Come back with me twenty-eight years through the pathway of time—come back with me to a strange scene, where our question may find its answer.

A wide city, with temples, mansions and homes, wrapt in a heavy pall of smoke, groups of pale-faced citizens, standing at the corners of the streets, the silence of night resting on the place, in broad day, while the thunder of distant cannon breaks the air.

Now ask who is the stranger?

Ask the mother, secreting the babe in the dim nooks of her home, on whom next to God she relies for protection in this dread hour, when the red hand of British ravage seems already thrust before his eyes; ask the aged father with his blooming and dark eyed daughter, kneeling at his feet in speechless alarm, while she clasps his knees; ask the gray haired man, who shall stay the path of the red-coat hireling with his cry of "Beauty and Booty," who shall rescue the pure girl from the polluted grasp of the Ravisher?

The mother, the father, speak one name of hope, one name of salvation!

People of the wide city of the South trembling while the thunder of British cannon is at your gates, cluster at your street corners in fear, hiding yourselves in the nooks and chambers of your proud mansions, tell us who is your salvation in this hour? Who leads your sons, your brothers, your fathers, on to the march of death without the city walls, in this moment of death and horror?

Again that name of glory breaks on our ear?

Bold Backwoodsman of the west speeding through flame and smoke, speeding over dead corpses of your red coat foes, tell who is your tall warrior, mounted on his white war horse, pointing his sword around to the death he dares, fearless in that horror, undismayed, while around his horse's feet scatter the shot and rain the death-hail?

The question passes from our lips and yet again—that name of glory comes echoing through the gloom of battle!

Who is the stranger of the autumnal meadow, who is the communicant of the Church of God, who was the salvation of the fair city of the South, the hope of woman and the stay of men, the leader of the Backwoodsmen and the terror of the British hirelings?

On the pillar of our country's history, side by side with the immortal names of Washington, Hancock, Adams and Jefferson, side by side with Wayne, Lee and Gates; with Madison and Marshall, an answer is recorded in these letters of gold—the name—ANDREW JACKSON.

Go down to your grave, oh! mighty hero, go down to your resting place of glory, while in your ear rings the fame of a whole word. On your venerable head of snow falls the sunshine of God's own presence. Go down to your grave, full of years, burdened with blessings!—May the hand that would fling the dart of calumny on your hairs be palsied—may the tongue that would assail your closing brows with slander or falsehood be speechless forever.

Honored by men, sanctified by history smiled on by God, slowly and quietly go down to your grave of glory mighty Man of the Hermitage, while a whole nation shall wail for the death of the Hero—the immortal ANDREW JACKSON?

WORK FOR CHILDREN.

There is no greater defect in educating children than neglecting to accustom them to work. It is an evil that attaches mostly to large towns and cities. Children suffer much from it. The parent never considers whether the child's work is necessary or not to the child.—Nothing is more uncertain than their future independence and comfort—much depends on being accustomed to work—accustomed to provide for the constantly recurring wants that nature entail on us.

If this were not so, still it preserves them from bad habits—it secures their health—it strengthens both mind and body—it enables them better to bear the confinement of the schoolroom—and it tends more than anything else to give them just views of life.

It is too often the case that children provided they spend half a dozen hours of the day at school, are permitted to spend the rest as they please.—Thus they grow up in the world without a knowledge of its toils and cares. They view it thro' a false medium. They cannot appreciate the favors you bestow, as they do not know the toils they cost. Their bodies and minds are enervated, and they are exposed to whatever vicious associations are within their reach.

The daughter, probably, becomes that pitiable helpless object, a novel-reading girl. The son, if he surmounts the consequences of your neglect, does it probably after his plans and station for live are are fixed, and when knowledge, for one of its important objects, comes too late.

No man or woman is fully educated if not accustomed to manual labor. Whatever accomplishments they possess, whatever their mental training, a deduction must be make for ignorance of that important chapter of the world's great book.—*U. S. Journal.*

STRANGE ADVENTURE OF A FEMALE;

Effect of Novel Reading on a Romantic Imagination.—A Clarksville (Tenn.) paper gives the following romantic narration:

"On Thursday, 28th ult., a mild and interesting personage, in the garb of a man, alighted from the stage in this place, and in ten minutes was seeking employment among the tailors. The feminine appearance, soft, sweet voice, and extremely delicate features of this individual led every one to suppose that it was a female. A tidy frock coat, always buttoned, a chapeau gracefully worn, and tidy boots and trowsers, adorned the person of this mysterious visiter. Darkly flowing locks, lustrous and languid black eyes, and sunny smiles dimpling upon the cheek, marked this personage as a very handsome and interesting young *gentleman*, and the knowing ones said it was a *girl*, (as in fact she was.) She reported herself as having come from Norfolk, Virginia. When conversed with by those familiar with Virginia, she evinced a perfect familiarity with the geography and scenes of that State. Every village, every hamlet, every thing remarkable in the different roads from Norfolk she remembered and detailed. Her name was Aaron Brown. 'That,' said her landlord to her, 'is the name of our candidate for Governor.' 'Well,' she replied, 'I don't know but I may be a candidate too, some day.'

She claimed to be a tailor, and on Saturday Mr. L. gave her employment in his shop. She would not pull off her coat, as she was subject to rheumatism; she would not sit upon the tailor's bench, it was so uncomfortable; she could not saw on tailor's work at all, well, but when something thin and light was given her, she proved herself at home. She could make shirts very well, and made the one she wore, her mother had taught it to *him*. She was discovered to blush at each uncouth expression uttered in her presence, and shrank from each familiar approach. Curiosity was on tip-toe, gossip was on the alert, and *he* or *she* as this interesting visiter was promiscuously styled, became quite a *hero* or *heroine*.

On Saturday morning an old gentleman, with sad careworn features, alighted at the Native American Hotel. He was her father, and happended, as guided by some invisible friend, to put up where his daughter was staying. They met, but he did not recognize his daughter. She paused at a gentleman's gate, stepped in, and politely asked for the kind favor of a pen and ink to write a note. In a few moments her distressed old father received the following:—

'I am in this place, I have seen you, but despair of finding me. I will elude you. Farewell forever. YOUR DAUGHTER.'

Her father was recognized to be a highly respectable old gentleman residing near Nashville. Every one was touched with sympathy at his apparent suffering and distress, and all were anxious to assist him in reclaiming his wayward daughter.

After a various and unsuccessful search on Sunday evening, it was at length ascertained where she was concealed, and a few gentlemen repaired to the house, but the person who was concealing the object of their search, resisted their entrance and refused to give her up. They returned, and having obtained a process of law, repaired again to the house. It seems that this new friend and his wife had heard her story, and become interested in behalf of the poor unfortunate wanderer thus pursued. A slight scuffle ensued, which fortunately resulted in injury to no one, and she was taken captive, but not until she had attempted to draw a Bowie knife with which she had been provided, for her defence. In a moment she was in her father's arms and fell upon his neck, weeping bitterly, but declared she would not go home. He then promised her that he would not take her home, but would carry her to a place which he had selected, (we suppose it to be the lunatic asylum,) and she consented to go with him. It only remained to provide a more suitable dress, and those unhappy visiters who had excited so intense an interest departed on their journey at the dead hour of night.

The father of the unfortunate female evinced for her the deepest and most tender feeling. Why should he not? She was, and had ever been a darling child.—He could not, he said, believe her conduct criminal, nor did any one else. She had been from childhood affectionate and dutiful, and exemplary in her conduct. He had discovered for many days before she had left home, a certain degree of melancholy upon her. She had long been passionately fond of reading novels, and the passion had grown upon her until she deserted every other enjoyment. Some vision of romance had flitted before the eyes of this unhappy girl, and alas! she pursued it until she had nearly ruined herself, and broken the hearts of a doating family."

"Music and drawing taught here," as the man said when he was pulling an ungreased hand-cart throught the streets.

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