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BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Dr. J. C. Willis, Physician and Surgeon—Streetsboro, Ohio.

H. Pratt, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office in F. W. Seymour's building on the public square, nearly opposite the Court House.

Jno. Donne Wellman, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Office on Main street, No. 109.

E. H. Wain, M. D., Physician and Surgeon, Ravenna, Portage County, Ohio, Office at the old stand of Stricker & Witt, Ravenna, March 6, 1859.

Dr. B. T. Speltman, Dentist—Ravenna, Ohio. Office in Seymour's Block, over the Post Office.

H. Birchard & J. W. Tyler, Attorneys & Counselors at Law, Having agreed to become jointly interested in their professional business in Portage county. They may be consulted at Ravenna during the terms of court or at their offices in vacation.

Address in vacation—Birchard & Tyler, Warren, Co. or Birchard & Tyler, Franklin Mills, O.

L. V. BIRCHARD, J. N. JEFFERSON, Attorneys at Law, Office over Smith's Drug Store, opposite the Court House.

F. W. TAPPAN, Attorney & Counselor at Law, & Solicitor in Chancery, Office nearly opposite the Potters House, Ravenna, O.

Strawder & Brown, Attorneys at Law—Ravenna, Ohio—Office at the Court House.

H. H. Willard, Attorney and Counselor at Law, AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, Palmyra, Portage County, Ohio, August 21, 1848.

Ranney & Taylor, Attorneys & Counselors at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Office over Seymour's store.

Barius Lyman, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ravenna, Portage Co., Ohio, Office in Hazard Building, over S. & R. A. Gillett's store, Ravenna, June 1, 1849.

R. P. Spalding, Attorney at Law—Cleveland, Ohio—Office in Parsons' Block—Superior Street.

D. M. SOMERVILLE, TAYLOR, HAS removed his shop a few doors west of the post office—Ravenna, Ohio.

M. & E. A. Gillett, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, &c., north side public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

F. W. Seymour, Dealer in Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Crockery, Boots, Shoes, &c., north side public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

Rowell & Brother, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c., Mason's Block, Main street, Ravenna, Ohio.

H. L. & J. May, Dealers in Fancy Dry Goods, Bonnets, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes, Ready Made Clothing, Carpeting, &c., at their New Store, Main st., east of the Public Square.

Reed, Greenell & Co., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Iron, Nails, Hardware, &c., Franklin, Ohio.

G. & J. Bennett, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Stores, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, &c., Brick Block, west side public square, Ravenna, Ohio.

E. T. Richardson, Dealer in English and American Hardware, Saddlery, Stationery, Cutlery, Trimmings, Iron, Nails, Steel, &c., at the old stand of Mason's Block, Ravenna, Ohio.

HALLOWAY'S, THE best and largest assortment of Pamphlets, Literature, entertaining and useful in tone and instruction, containing notices of T. S. Arthur, Mrs. G. M. Pickering, Mrs. G. M. Mowbray, Charles Lever and other distinguished writers, ever offered in this market, may be had at HALLOWAY'S, Oct. 27.

IRON AND NAILS, AT LOW PRICES, A LARGE stock of iron and nails, or Small work at wholesale prices, at Ready Pay, KENT, GREENELL & Co., Franklin, June 8, 1852.

THEA—The best in the county you will find at Reynolds's, Ravenna, O.

The State of Ohio, Probate Court, Portage County, ss. I, Court of Probate, John Sawyer, Jr., Guardian, to Harrison H. Moulton, ss. Petition to sell land, his said ward.

To Harrison H. Moulton, you are hereby informed that on the 20th day of November, A. D. 1852, said guardian filed his petition in the Probate Court of Portage County, Ohio, to obtain an order for the sale of the following real estate of his said ward, viz: situate in Brimfield Township, Portage County, being one undivided third part of a part of Lot No. 42, west of N. and S. 20 7/4 acres; also one undivided third part of a part of Lot No. 43, west of N. and S. 17 1/2 acres; also one undivided one fourth of one fourth of one half of 20 acres of land in lot No. 41, in said township, bounded east by land in the property of C. A. Gardner, on the south by land in the property of J. M. Twichel, on the west by highway and Twichel's said land, and on the north by J. H. Lott.

URAH SAWYER, Jr., Guardian, By D. LYMAN, Nov. 20, 1852.

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Life's Voyager.

By Mrs. H. L. BOSTWICK.

Friend, thy boat is manned and ready— Step in boldly, now, but steady— See, the morning's crimson beaming Tints thy canvas' snowy gleaming; Stand up firm, and brave, and cheerful; Let no phantoms make thee fearful; Though thy course may often vary, And thou, chart in hand, be wary, Plunging now 'twixt towering highlands, Touching now at flowery islands, Now becalmed from morn till even.

Yet, 'mid scenes of Fear and Beauty, Single-eyed, see but thy duty; Shrinking not from hardest labor, So thou help thyself or neighbor, Shouldst thou see a vessel gliding Near the place where shoals are hiding, Compass lost, and falsely reck'ning— Spare not halting, spare not beak'ning, Speak out kindly yet most strongly, 'Friend, thy boat is headed wrongly— Is a frail bark near thee keeping? Crew at play, and night-watch sleeping, Speak out boldly, yet most meekly, 'Friend thy boat is manned too weakly, Cry good cheer, to such that halts there, Cry good speed, when one outlaws thee, Shouldst thou hear the breakers rumbering, Tack at once, and waste no grumbling, Now and then a bescon phanting, Aid to some behind thee, granting; Though in moonless midnight groping, Still keep watching, still keep looping, Far above, the stars are peeping, Through the mist-wreaths light is creeping, Soon upon your white sails shining, It shall mark the storm's declining, Then worn eyes may slumber lightly, And the morn shall break—how brightly! And at last securely speeding, With soft airs, streyed forth from Edon Gently all thy sails expanding, Thou shalt safely make the landing.

Now, push off—Heav'n's watchers heed thee, So farewell—good Angels speed thee!

INSUBORDINATION: OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

An American Story of Real Life.

By T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1848, by T. S. Arthur, in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

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(Continued.)

'That's quite a familiar sound,' remarked Wilkins, in a quiet tone. Centrade looked at him as if she could have annihilated him. 'Your father is pretty busy now, I believe?'

'Yes, I will play, if you wish me to,' responded Geneva, moving quickly towards the instrument. 'What will you have?' 'Washington's March,' said Wilkins. Instantly Geneva struck the keys with full force, introducing the drum whenever she could manage to give it a deafening bang, and thus succeeded in drowning the noise of the hammer. But marches, like every thing else, must have an end; and in the pause that succeeded, the ears of the poor girls were agonized by the terrible sound below.

Another tune was quickly called for, and during its performance, Geneva left the room, and descended with rapid steps to the back shop. 'What do you mean, did you insolent ruffian?' she half screamed to Ike, who, seated on his bench, with a shade over his eyes, was still hammering with all his might. 'He looked up with a simple, bewildered air, but made no answer. 'What are you filling the house with this eternal din for, I want to know!'

'Nothing, Miss Geneva, only I'm making myself a pair of shoes. You see I've got none fit to wear,' poking up at the same time his foot, covered with an old shoe, the toe of which gaped like the mouth of a cat-fish. 'Why don't you make your shoes in the daytime, and not disturb every body in the house at night?'

'Cause I ain't got no time in the day.' 'I'll tell you on you, so I will!' said the increased young lady. 'Why, I ain't done nothing, Miss Geneva,' replied Ike, as demurely as possible. 'But if it disturbs you, I'll do it in the morning.' And so saying, he replaced his hammer upon his bench, pushed his shoe under it, and threw off his pastboard shoe. 'Don't let me hear any more of this, remember that, sir!' and the offended beauty swept off as quickly as to lose the sound of Ike's humble 'No, Miss.'

'It was a charm!' he exclaimed, as soon as Geneva had retired; and hurrying on his jacket, he blew out the candle, and in a moment or two was in the street. On the next morning, after breakfast, old Hardamer went into the back shop, and standing before Ike, addressed him in a loud, angry tone with 'What were you doing here last night, I want to know!'

'Only hammering out a shoe, sir.' 'Well, what business had you hammering out a shoe at night, this time of year?'

Uttering a fierce oath, Hardamer sprang quickly to his feet, and made towards Ike, who stood calmly by his seat, waiting for the result of his bold innovation upon ancient usages. Blad and mad with passion, the short, thick old fellow planged into the corner, sent him tumbling over backwards into the corner, among the laces and rolls of leather.

'That's true enough. He has no one to blame but himself. Tyrants make rebels. Boys know what's what as well as anybody.' 'Humph! I reckon they do,' added Bill. 'Do you think Thompson's boys will ever rise on him? No, indeed; he's a reasonable man, and treats 'em well.'

'But he has one big, though, you know,' said Tom, 'who hates Ike as he does a snake, and says Ike's a canting old hypocrite.' 'Who's that? Abe Shriver?' 'Yes.'

'We all know what he is. Didn't Mr. Thompson pick him out of the gutter, and make him all that he is? I hate an ungrateful fellow, and I hate Abe Shriver!'

'You don't believe him, though do you?' 'Why shouldn't I believe him, Bill?' 'Why, just because Abe is a mean, low fellow, and how lie tell a lie as the truth.'

'But he says Thompson is a hypocrite, Bill,' continued Tom, 'and that he cheats his customers every day, if he does have prayers eight and morning.'

'I wouldn't live with him; that's all.' 'They say his boys have a pretty tough time of it.'

'Yes. Harry Sands, who lives there, says that they're worked 'most to death, and half starved in the bargain. And I should think so, for they all look as yellow and lantern-jawed as bull-frogs.'

'There's no particular use in my going up stairs,' said Ike. 'Because, you see, I'm not going to allow you to touch me again. I'm 'most too old for that, now.'

'Hold your tongue, you sounder!' 'Well, I was only saying that—'

'Hold your tongue, I say! Off, up stairs with you!'

'Yes, and the chimney-sweep despises the miller; but the world can see where the honor lies.'

I should be sorry if I was suspected of having a notion to all of them.' 'What do you think the old fellow is worth, Wilks?'

'That's more than I can tell.' 'But, what do you think I've heard his property estimated at a hundred thousand dollars. Do you think he is worth that much?'

'Hardly. And even if he was, it wouldn't go far among six daughters.' 'He hasn't that many, has he? I thought there were only three.'

'Yes, he has, though. There are three young-ones.' 'Bless us! That alters the case. I've been calculating on a neat little plan valued at something like thirty thousand dollars. With that much I could afford to have the postical Miss Geneva quartered upon me. But half that sum is too little.'

'I've no idea that he's worth a hundred thousand dollars, myself,' said Willis. 'He may be, but I doubt it.'

'What reason have you for doubting it?'

'No particular reason—It's only a notion of my own.'

Anderson went home to his room that night, and found upon his table three letters, each containing an earnest demand for money. His pockets were empty; the sum allowed him by his father for his incidental expenses having been all squandered weeks before, though more he knew could be expected in that quarter before the usual period, for his father was a poor farmer in Virginia, who found it as much as he could to meet the expenses of a large family at home, and spare from his slender income the sum of five hundred dollars a year, to carry his son through a course of medical studies in Baltimore. That son, as may be supposed, but poorly appreciated the sacrifice which his father made to give him an honorable start in the world. Already he had spent two years and a half in Baltimore, and in the ensuing winter he must offer for graduation. How little he had improved his time, may be known from the fact, that his preceptor had but a few weeks previous to his introduction to the reader, felt it his duty to admonish him in strong terms, and to represent it as being very doubtful whether he could get a diploma, unless he applied himself with vigorous attention for the next few months. His own case seemed to himself to be rather a hopeless one, in view of accumulated debts and accumulated desires. And the only remedy he could hit upon was to marry a rich wife. He had tried for some time to get introductions to rich girls, but the few he had met seemed to take but little fancy to him, until accident threw him in the way of Miss Geneva Hardamer. The usual question, 'Is she rich?' always asked by him, on being introduced to a new face, having been answered by the pleasing information that her father was worth at least a hundred thousand dollars, he determined to follow up in the pursuit without delay. He was somewhat disappointed in the lady, and a little dampened in his ardor by the information that the interesting sisters were six in number. But after reading over his diary, and reflecting seriously upon the prospect before him, he came to the conclusion that, as it was the first fair chance for a rich wife he had met with, he had better not let it slip.

On the third evening after his visit, he called, a second time, on Miss Geneva, and on leaving at eleven o'clock, proposed a walk with her on the next evening.

'I shall be most happy to walk out,' she said, hardly able to keep down her exuberant feelings at the idea of having, at last got a nice young fellow suared.

Punctual to his engagement, Anderson called, and in a few minutes, Geneva's arm was trembling in his. They extended their walk to the Waterloo row, and then crossed over into Delaware street, and out to the bridge. This was, at that time, a very fashionable evening walk, and hundreds strolled out every moonlight night.

Anderson modified his voice to the gentlest and softest tones, and talked of brooks, fountains, and green meadows, until Geneva's poor head was almost turned. He frequently alluded to his father's beautiful seat in Virginia, and spoke of it as a little paradise. His sisters, he said, were dear good girls, and were all impatient for him to return home.

'How I should like to live in Virginia,' said Geneva, as Anderson dwelt upon the lovely spot he called his home. 'I have always admired the Virginia character.'

'They are a fine, frank, hospitable people. Somewhat proud, it is true. But then, we have something to be proud of,' said Anderson, elevating his head, and stepping forward with a bearing as dignified as he could assume.

'Virginia's a great gift of; more than a thousand miles, ain't it, asked Geneva?'

'Oh, no. It's not a hundred miles to some parts of it. Our place is about two hundred miles from here.'

'Is that all? La! I always thought it was such a distance! How long does it take to get there?'

'I can easily go home in a couple of days. You go down the Potomac river in the steamboat.'

'Ah, indeed! Is the Potomac a river? Why I always thought the Potomac was a tavern. I heard father say, once, when he went to Washington, that he staid at the Potomac House.'

'That tavern was called after the river. The Potomac is a splendid stream running into the Chesapeake Bay.'

'I've often heard of this Chesapeake Bay; where is it, Mr. Anderson? But, perhaps I'm too inquisitive.'

'Don't you really know where the Chesapeake Bay is, Miss Geneva?' asked Anderson in astonishment.

'Indeed, I do not, sir. I never was very proficient in geography. It was such a dry study. I remember a little about the maps; and before I left school could easily find places, when our mistress would point out on the edges of them the latitude and longitude. But the never could recollect much about it, except that Greenland and Lapland were in the North Pole; and that the Torrid Zone was situated in the Antantanal Equinox.'

Anderson felt too solemn to laugh; for it was no pleasant discovery for him, that the only being who was likely to make him a rich wife, was as near as could be, a fool.

about Byron the other night. I've read the Bride of Abydos since I saw you. It is a glorious thing. There is no doubt of that,' said Anderson, pleased that Geneva had so promptly read the poem after his recommendation.

'You said just now that you would like to live in Virginia,' continued Anderson. 'Were you really in earnest?'

'Indeed I was,' she replied, trembling all over, and pressing closer to his side. 'I've always had an idea that it was a delightful place. Pokenontas, the Indian Queen, lived there once.'

'How would you like to go there?' he said, acting upon a desperate resolution to bring matters to a speedy close.

'I should like it of all things in the world,' replied Geneva, fully understanding her part.

'If I were to ask you to go there with me, what would you say?' he continued, advancing a little nearer to the point.

'How should I go with you, Mr. Anderson? I don't understand you,' she said in feigned surprise.

'Go as my wife, of course! You don't know how dear you are to me, Geneva. I couldn't live without you. Since I first saw you, I haven't slept an hour at a time, and to-night I am determined to know my fate. Don't say no to me, or I shall die, dear Geneva!' he continued, taking her hand. 'Have I anything to hope?'

'Oh, sir! Oh, sir! I shall faint! Who'd 'thought it? Don't let me fall!' ejaculated the astonished maiden, leaning her full weight against her enamored swain. 'There! Let me sit down!'

'It so happened that they were at the bridge when this scene occurred, and Anderson gently eased her down upon one of the stone elevations that rose at each end.

'Oh, dear!—Oh, dear!' she continued to ejaculate, in an agitated manner. 'It took me so suddenly!'

Gradually she recovered herself, and soon cast upon Anderson most loving glances.

'I love you from the moment I first saw you,' she said, more calmly; 'but dared not hope it was returned.'

'You are dear to me as the apple of my eye, and have been from the first,' replied Anderson, in passionate tones.

But enough of this. That night, neither Geneva nor her lover, as he had declared himself, slept much. She, from excess of delight, had no inclination to sleep, and he, from very different emotions, lay awake hour after hour. At times he repeated of the rash step he had taken; but his embarrassed condition would then stare him in the face, and reconcile him to the revolting necessity. He could not conceal from himself that he had made quite an uncalculating aversion for Geneva, but it was quite as apparent, that he had a regard for her father's money. But the old man could not fancy him, and when he asked for his daughter, gave him a peremptory denial. He had his own reasons for this. It was useless to talk of his unpaid tailor's and bootmaker's bills.

Presuming upon the forgiving disposition of all fathers, Anderson proposed an elopement, and in two or three weeks from the time old Hardamer had refused to give the hand of his daughter to a young, idle spendthrift, that daughter, who thought herself a little prouder than her father, took the responsibility of giving herself away.

Since her father's refusal to countenance the visit of Anderson, he had ceased coming to the house. But Geneva had contrived to meet him at a friend's, and one night, at eleven o'clock, she failed to return home as usual. Her absence, up to that hour, was thought to be nothing remarkable, for all the girls were in the habit of running about with beaux, or visiting at the houses of acquaintances, until ten or eleven o'clock, almost every night.

After sitting up until one o'clock for their sister, Gertrude and Geneva became alarmed on account of her absence, and awakened the old folks.

'Where can she be, Gertrude?' asked the mother with a strong expression of anxiety.

'Indeed, ma, I can't tell. She never staid out so late before.'

'Has she ever seen that grace