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THE best and largest assortment of Pamphlet Literature, entertaining and unexceptionable in tone and influence, embracing works from the pen of T. S. Arthur, Mrs. Grey, Miss Pickering, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Mowat, Charles Lever and other distinguished writers, ever offered in this market, may be found at
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AT LOW PRICES.
A LARGE stock for sale in a large or Small way at wholesale prices for *Ready Pay.*
KENT, GRENELL & Co.
Franklin, June 8, 1852.

TEA—The best in the county you will find at SEYMOUR'S.

Second Arrival.
THE subscribers are now receiving their second stock of Fall and Winter Goods, and have the pleasure of offering to their customers one of the largest stocks of Goods ever brought to "Old Portage." The day for selling goods at large profits has passed, and now to sell a "big pile" and "at small profits," is the motto. We would merely say we *have the Goods*, and let those who may favor us with a call, testify as to prices.
Nov. 29, 1852. C J C PRENTISS.

NEW GOODS
AT CAMPBELLSPORT.
AGAIN we call the attention of the people to the arrival of an entire new stock of Fall and Winter Goods. Our business has so much increased that it has warranted us in purchasing a very large assortment.
It is generally admitted a so, that our selections in regard to style and quality, are superior to any brought to this section of the country. The Ladies are already convinced of the fact, and if they will call, we will endeavor to show them goods that will in every way suit their wants and taste.
A fine lot of
READY MADE CLOTHING,
particularly Over Coats. Oh how comfortable a good thick Over Coat is in a cold stormy day; but how much more comfortable not to empty your pockets entirely to PAY for them.
BOOTS AND SHOES.
We have double the number that we ever had before, consequently a great variety, and all warranted to be 2 *per cent cheaper than last year.*
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All those who want handsome Crockery, don't forget to call and examine our fine Tea Ware. No better styles can be found this side of the mountains.
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J. H. BOSTWICK & Co.
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THE OHIO STAR.

A Family Newspaper, Devoted to General Intelligence, Miscellaneous Reading, and the Rights of Man.

VOLUME XXIV.—Number 9. RAVENNA, WEDNESDAY FEBRUARY 2, 1853. Whole Number 1205

For the Ohio Star.

The Best Plea for the Maine Law.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

Late one evening, as I laid me
In the fire-shine on the floor;
Such a trick my fancy played me,
As it never played before.
For I thought me at Columbus,
Standing by the House of State;
Where a host in countless numbers,
Seemed for audience to wait.

Women—children—and no other!
Not a father nor a son;
Not a husband nor a brother;
Women, children, every one:
Gaunt and haggard with starvation,
Thronged the State House' ample floor;
And I deemed such deputation,
Never waited there before.

There were babes in beauty tender,
Maidens, blighted in their bloom,
Nursing mothers, wan and slender,
Matrons, bending toward the tomb.
Fast they entered—never speaking;
And I smiled,—how could I know
'Twas the Maine law they were seeking,
In their poverty and woe!

Then one spoke—"Oh, rulers! hearken,
Nor in anger turn away,
That your pleasant halls we darken
With our wretchedness to-day!
Once for us were hearth-fires burning,
Where, when daily toil was done,
To a plenteous board returning,
Came fond husband, sire and son.

"But the tempter came, and lured them
To the haunts of evil men;
Pressed the wine-cup and assured them
"Only once,"—and yet again.
Till at last, each cheerful dwelling
Grew a bare and roofless shed;
But the poison still was selling,
And our children cried for bread!

"Oft we wept, implored, upbraided:
Vainer than the idlest song!
For the tempter still pursuided,
And the appetite was strong.
Now in friendless desolation,
Plead we for these fallen men,—
Only bar the foul temptation,
They may be restored again."

Then a child with sunken features,
And long fingers, slim and pale;
Toward the wondering Legislators
Turning, followed up the tale.
"We are vagrants—Oh our Rulers!
All your little ones we know,
Sit in school rooms and in churches,
But *we have no clothes go!*

"Only give us back our fathers,
From the sinks wherein they lie;
So from work-shop, field, and forum,
We may bless you till we die."
Then I felt my heart was bleeding,
And my eyes would over-flow
For the little children pleading,
In their poverty and woe.

But I woke—and quick upstarting
Rubbed my eye-lids with my hand,
Saw the hickory faggots parting;—
And each little severed band
In an ashen shroud was lying,
And the taper had burned low;
Yet I heard those pleaders crying
For the Maine Law in their woe!

The Loved One was not There.

BY ELIZA COOK.

We gathered round the festive board,
The crackling fagot blazed,
But few would taste the wine that poured,
Or joined the song we raised.
For there was now a glass unfiled—
A favored place to spare;
All eyes were dull all hearts were chilled—
The loved one was not there.

No happy laugh was heard to ring,
No form would lead the dance;
A smothered sorrow seemed to fling
A gloom in every glance;
The grave had closed upon a brow,
The honest, bright, and fair;
We missed our mate, we mourned the blow—
The loved one was not there.

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. B. Peterson, 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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(Concluded.)

'It's a delightful evening, Mr. Wilkins,' said the latter, during a slight pause, allowing her face to expand into what she conceived a most fascinating smile.

'Yes it is very pleasant,' he replied, deliberately, the recollection forcing itself upon him, more strongly, at every word, that, without, it was foggy, and the air filled with a penetrating mist.—'It is a little foggy, but still it is mild and pleasant.'

Gertrude saw at once that she had made a blunder, but still she had gained what she wanted, the particular attention of the young man, and therefore cared but little.

'Have you been to any parties, lately?' she said, now that she had his ear.

'Not very lately,' he replied. 'Let me see? Yes; I was at one week before last.'

'Ah, indeed! Where was it?' she asked with animation.

'At Mr. Berlin's,' replied Wilkins.

'Indeed! Have they begun to give parties? Why the girls are mere children yet,' said Gertrude, affecting surprise.

'Caroline is quite a womanly sort of a body; and entertained the company with ease. She is getting to be quite a favorite with the young men,' remarked Mr. Wilkins.

This did not exactly please Gertrude and she replied—

'I never saw much in her that was interesting. Indeed, I have always looked upon her as forward beyond her years.'

Mr. Wilkins was less pleased with this remark, than any he had heard, either on the present or preceding evening, and he turned with a feeling of relief towards Genevra, who made some observation intended to divert the conversation from the censorious turn it had taken. Directing his remarks towards her, he elicited replies and observations that caused her to rise every moment more and more in his estimation. This, of course, did not escape the lynx-eyed observation of Gertrude, and her jealous and indignant feelings were kindled into an active flame. After he had gone, Gertrude went up to her chamber, for she could not feel at ease in the company of her father and mother, or Genevra, since the latter had so suddenly changed, and sat with them usually during the evenings, but little.

It was near ten o'clock, and while Mr. and Mrs. Hardamer, with their daughter, were engaged in some pleasant conversation, that a low and hesitating knock was heard at the front door. On opening it, Mr. Hardamer perceived a pale-looking, and poorly dressed lad, who seemed evidently disposed to shrink out of the circle of light made by the candle he held in his hand.

'Well, sir, what do you want?' said Mr. Hardamer, not recognizing at the moment his old apprentice.

'Don't you know me?' said Isaac, in a hesitating voice, for it was he.

'Ike? Is it possible!' exclaimed Mr. Hardamer, holding the light close to the face of the boy. 'Well, what do you want?' he added, in a sterner tone.

'I have a letter for you from Genevieve,' said Isaac.

'From Genevieve! Then come in, and let me have it,' replied the old man in a kinder tone.

Isaac entered, and was ushered, in a moment, into the room where sat Mrs. Hardamer and Genevra.

'Bless me! Isaac! Is that you?' said Mrs. Hardamer.

'Yes ma'am, it's me, I believe,' said the boy, sadly.

'Come take a seat,' said Mr. Hardamer, 'and let us have the letter you say you've got.'

Isaac drew a letter from his pocket, the seal of which Mr. Hardamer broke, and then read aloud It run thus—

MY DEAR FATHER:—I have met with Isaac, and have persuaded him to go home. He will hand you this. From what he has told me, he has suffered a good deal since he went away, and is anxious to get back again. Speak kindly to him. I have pledged myself for his reception—and for the sake of your absent child, do not let him be punished in any way. I am sure he will be both industrious and obedient, and try all he can to please you. Thomas he tells me, has gone to sea, and William is keeping bar in a grog shop in Washington, and is turning out badly. Give to mother and sisters my affectionate regards, and believe me ever your obedient child.

GENEVIEVE.'

After finishing the letter, old Mr. Hardamer went up to Isaac, and extending his hand, said,

'Welcome home again, my boy! You have brought a good recommendation.'

The unexpected manner of his old master, brought down the feelings of the boy still more, and in spite of all his efforts to restrain himself, he burt into tears.

'I will try and please you,' he said, with an effort, as he regained some command over himself. 'I confess that I acted wrong when I went away. But I have suffered enough in mind and body for it. I am willing to make up to you all the time I have lost.'

'If you come back in that spirit, Isaac,' replied Mr. Hardamer, a good deal moved, 'we shall, I am sure, get along well enough. We have both, no doubt, been a little too blame for the past.—But,' he said in a more lively tone, 'let bas bones be bas beens,' and for the future let us all try to do better, and to be better.'

After Isaac had related, at the request of his master and mistress, where he had been, and what he had done while away, Mrs. Hardamer handed him a light, and directed him in his way to the garret, where Jimmy slept, and whose bed he was now to share. It was after eleven o'clock, when Isaac entered the garret. The noise of opening the door awoke the little boy, who, raising up, looked with surprise upon the apparition of his old fellow apprentice.

'Well, Jimmy, you see I'm back again' said Isaac, setting down the candle with an air of confidence and satisfaction, for he began already to feel about one hundred per cent better than he had felt for some months.

'I'm glad of it,' replied Jimmy, as soon as his eyes were fairly open and his mind comprehended the meaning of Isaac's unexpected appearance; for you'll like things now a good deal better than you used to.'

'Well, I'm glad, too, Jimmy. And so things are different to what they used to be?'

'O yes, indeed are they,' said the little boy, earnestly. 'Why, I hav'n't been scolded nor beat for a long time. When Mr. Hardamer tells me to do any thing, he doesn't speak so loud and cross as he used to, nor threaten to give me the stirrup. And Mrs. Hardamer is different, too. I get a great many more good things to eat than we used to; and she takes care of my clothes, and gets me new ones, too. I'm glad you've come back, for I know you'll be satisfied. But, I hope you won't plague any of them, like you used to.'

'No, indeed, Jimmy, that I will not!' replied Isaac, warmly. 'But hasn't the old man got no other boy but you?'

'No, I'm the only one yet,' said Jimmy.

'The shop's been moved since I went away.—Where is it now?' asked Isaac.

'We're down in South street. Mr. Hardamer got a cheap little shop down there, and so he moved away from Market street.'

'Have you got much work, now?' said Isaac, continuing his interrogations.

'Yes, we've got as much as we can do.'

'How many jours have you?'

'We've got six,' replied Jimmy, 'and Mr. Hardamer was just saying yesterday, that he would have to seat another.'

'Well, I'll save him that trouble,' said Isaac with an air and tone of satisfaction. 'But how are the girls, Jimmy? The old man and woman are certainly very much changed, and I should think from what I saw of Genevra this evening, that she is a little altered.'

'She has been different for a week or so,' replied Jimmy. 'And I hope it will last. But Gertrude is pretty ugly yet. The others are about the same. But, you know, they never used to trouble us much. Genevieve's husband has come and taken her away. And she seemed so glad to go; and all the family, except Gertrude, seemed so pleased with him, that I am sure he must have changed too. I was very sorry when she went away, for she has been very good to me. And Anne, she has married Mr. Ilberton!' continued the boy his whole manner changing to a lively exhibition of delight. 'Every body loves her. And she didn't forget me, neither. I went to see her after she was married; and she told me that she was going away for a little while, but would come back to live, and, that if I would be a good boy, she would always be glad to see me. And I know she will. If it was for nothing else, I would behave myself just to please her.'

'And so would I, Jimmy,' replied, Isaac with warmth. 'It was she who persuaded me to come home, or else I wouldn't have been here now.'

'She persuaded you! Why where did you see her?' asked the little boy in surprise.

Isaac referred to the meeting on board of the steamboat; and the two boys continued to talk over the past for an hour before they fell off to sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHOWING A PREFERENCE.

When Genevra went to her room on the night of Mr. Wilkins's second visit, she was surprised to find Gertrude still sitting up, with a countenance indicating great perturbation of mind.

'I thought you were in bed and asleep long ago,' she said.

'Did you, indeed?' responded Gertrude, with a sneer.

To this Genevra did not reply; and her sister broke out passionately:—

'You'er a mean, sneaking snake in the grass, so you are!'

'Really, I don't know what you mean, Gertrude?' she replied, pained exceedingly at this unexpected outbreak, and no little irritated in her feelings at the sudden and unaccountable charge.

'O no, of course not!' responded Gertrude.—'Hypocrites are always very innocent! But I can see through all your tricks, as clear as daylight. Didn't I tell you, night before last, I want to know, that Mr. Wilkins came here to see me; and yet you tried to draw him off all you could.—Do you suppose I couldn't see through you ha!' and Gertrude walked about the sitting bed chamber, enveloped in a perfect atmosphere of angry excitement.

Here was a new difficulty for Genevra, whose good resolutions were of a very recent date, and who trembled every day, under temptation from the evil within her, excited by some outward circumstance, on the brink of a departure from them. She was conscious of feeling gratified with the attentions paid her by Mr. Wilkins, and of being pleased with his conversation; and this rendered her present position still more embarrassing. For some moments, owing to a powerful struggle of evil against the good principles of her mind, she remained silent. At length, she said, slowly, while a slight shade of sadness was in the tone of her voice:—

'Indeed, Gertrude you bring a wrong charge against me. I made not the slightest effort to divert Mr. Wilkins's attention from you.'

'It's a lie,' responded Gertrude, in a positive, angry tone; while her face burned, and her eyes flashed with the evil affections that were ruling her.

Genevra felt, for a moment, the wild activities of evil principles all aroused upon the instant; but, almost involuntarily, she turned her thoughts upwards, and, in the silence of a troubled heart uttered this prayer—'Deliver me from evil.'

Instantly she felt a consciousness, that in silence lay her only hope for self-control; and sealing the words within her lips, that were fast rising upon her tongue, she quickly disrobed herself, got into bed and turned her face to the wall.

Gertrudes anger had reached its culminating point, up to which it had suddenly ascended, and now it began slowly to decline. She, too, prepared for rest; and in a few minutes put out the light, and got into the same bed with her sister. Still, she was so much excited, and kept indulging her angry feelings against her sister so constantly, that she felt no inclination to sleep. Nor could Genevra, although she lay perfectly quiet, find oblivion for her troubled thoughts and wounded affections in refreshing slumber. It was probably an hour after Gertrude had lain down, and while she was still kept awake by the agitation of her feelings, that her sister whom she had supposed fast asleep, suddenly sobbed out, though vainly endeavoring to control herself. Genevra's thoughts had been busy with many painful reminiscences; and these, with the disturbance of mind produced by her sister's unkind remarks, had kept her awake. Gradually, she fell into a state of nervous, half dreamy wretchedness. In vain did she try to force from her thoughts the ideas and images that distressed her. They constantly recurred, upon every effort to banish them, in new forms and with added pain. In the end she lost the control of her feelings and sobbed aloud. For more than a minute this continued, before she could restrain the passionate outbreak. Gertrude as startled, for a moment, and something like a shade of regret for what she had said, passed through her mind.—But evil thoughts quickly displaced the momentary good impression, and she hardened her heart against her sister and experienced an emotion of pleasure at having given her pain. But Genevra soon regained her self-control. The sudden abolition subsided, and a peaceful calm fell upon her spirit. In a few minutes more, her senses were locked in quiet and refreshing sleep. The same sweet slumber did not visit the eyelids of Gertrude. Many frightful dreams startled her from her pillow; and more than once, when thus suddenly awakened, did she shriek, trembling with a strange supernatural fear, close to the side of her sister. When the morning dawned she blessed the light that revealed her from the terrors of an imagination that gave form to evil thoughts and feelings which she delighted to cherish.

A few days afterwards, Gertrude was invited to spend the evening out, and, it so happened that Mr. Wilkins dropped in after night, and found Genevra alone. He was more pleased at this than he was willing to acknowledge to himself. And notwithstanding the scolding which Gertrude had giving her, Genevra felt a secret delight, which she in vain endeavored to banish.

The conversation that passed between them during the evening, was, mainly, of a general character; but almost involuntarily did each examine the words and tone of the other, as if in search of some meaning concealed beneath the uttered sentiments. The visit closed by an invitation from Mr. Wilkins, to attend with him a concert to be given on the succeeding evening. Genevra of course accepted the invitation. But now a new source of trouble and difficulty presented itself. Such a marked preference for her company would, doubtless, so exasperate Gertrude, as to cause most unpleasant consequences. While still seated, after Mr. Wilkins had gone away, turning and turning the difficulty over in her mind, without perceiving any way of escape, her sister came home.

'Has any body been here?' she asked, fixing her eyes scrutinizingly upon Genevra.

For a moment the perplexed girl hesitated, and then replied,

'Yes, Mr. Wilkins has been here.'

'He has?' said Gertrude, in a tone indicating surprise, disappointment, and rising anger against her sister.

'Yes,' was the brief and simple reply of Genevra, who felt a little irritated at the manner and assumption of her sister, as well as troubled at the aspect of things.

'You sent him word, I suppose, that I was out,' said Gertrude, making the charge with a manner that indicated her belief in the truth of what she alleged.

'Why, Gertrude?' responded Genevra, suddenly rising to her feet.

'You needn't put on that hypocritical face, young lady. I know you,' said Gertrude with a sneer. 'You're just the one for such a mean, low lived trick. But never mind, I'll be even with you!'

And so saying, Gertrude took up a light, and hurried off to her chamber. Mrs. Hardamer's attention had been attracted by the loud and angry tone of Gertrude's voice, and she was just on the eve of coming down to see what was the matter, when that young lady hurried past her chamber door. A feeling of uneasiness still prompted her to descend. She found Genevra with her head buried in her arms, which were resting on the table before her.

'Genevra, what is the matter, child?' she asked, in a voice of concern.

Genevra lifted her head, and her mother perceived that the tears were fast flowing from her eyes.

'Tell me, my child, what is the matter?' she repeated, more anxiously.

As soon as Genevra could so far control her feelings as to speak, she said—

'Gertrude has been talking very unkindly to me; and it seems as if I could not bear it.'

'What was it about?' asked Mrs. Hardamer.

Genevra hesitated a moment or two, and then said—

'I would rather not say what it was about, mother, just now; but, indeed. I am not to blame, for I have not done what she charges against me.'

'Then, Genevra,' replied her mother, 'if you have done nothing, it will all come right at last. But do not, let me beg of you, engage in any quarrel or dispute with Gertrude. No good, but much harm can come from it. I would rather see you suffer wrong in silence, than have any jarring with your sister. I cannot tell you, my child, how greatly your recent effort to do right has effected your father and myself. Do not disappoint us in the hope we daily cherish, that you will never again give way to wrong desires and passion.'

'I will try, and not disappoint you,' replied Genevra, the tears starting afresh from her eyes 'But I find it so hard to keep down my feelings, when any thing happens to irritate me. I am sometimes afraid that all my efforts will be of no use. And to think of being as I have been—Oh, mother! I wouldn't for all the world act, and think, and feel as I once did!'—and the afflicted girl looked eagerly into her mother's eyes with an expression that asked, as plain as words, for some direction, or some power of self control.

Mrs. Hardamer, in her efforts to rest from higher motives than such as had governed her for so many years, encountered as painful difficulties as those against which Genevra had to struggle. And she, too, had felt the insufficiency of human effort. But, in the sincere desire for a change of character, a desire created out of the very painfulness of her former state, a new light had dawned upon her. From an almost paralyzing sense of human weakness, had sprung up a confiding trust in that Being who is Goodness itself, and Wisdom itself. And she had, already, many times, when sorely tempted, lifted almost involuntarily her heart, and breathed an inward prayer for help. Nor had she failed to remark, that, always, after this silent invocation for aid, the evil that was struggling within her had less power, and soon retired, leaving her mind in a state of tranquility. Her first thought, when Genevra ceased speaking, was to direct her to the same source for that power over evil which she did not herself possess; and she said—

'I have already learned, my dear child, that our own efforts to shun evil will soon prove insufficient to protect us in temptation. We must look to Him who is the source of all good; and, if we do so, then we will be enabled to conquer even our own bad passions and desires. In no other way, I am sure, can we successfully fight against our constant propensity to give way to angry feelings or selfish thoughts." And, as Mrs. Hardamer endeavored to point out the right way to her child, her own mind was enlighted, and she saw more clearly the truth she was endeavoring to impart. In this, she realized what thousands have experienced, but few observed, viz: that so soon as we make the effort, from pure motives of regard to others, to impart to them right and timely instruction, our own minds become enlightened, and we are constituted mediums to them, whereby they receive and appropriate what is good and true.

When Genevra went up to her chamber, her sister had already retired. No word was uttered by either, and in a short time she sunk away into a peaceful slumber. On the next day, her greatest trouble was the anticipated effect the knowledge of her invitation to attend the concert with Mr. Wilkins that evening, would have upon Gertrude. One thing she resolved, and that was, to seal her lips in silence, no matter what her sister might say to her. After turning over the matter in her mind, she determined to ask her mother's advice, and, accordingly, stated her difficulty. Mrs. Hardamer thought a few moments and then said—

'I will try and manage this for you, Genevra. Let me inform Gertrude first of your invitation, and perhaps I can prevent her ill temper from breaking forth.'

Genevra was, of course, very glad of this kind of interference, and felt a good deal relieved in mind. Gertrude was bitter in her language against her, when Mrs. Hardamer told her that she was going to a concert that night with Mr. Wilkins. But there was something in her mother's tone and manner, that soon checked a further expression of angry feelings.

'And remember,' said Mrs Hardamer, in closing, 'that you must not use any improper language to Genevra. You have accused her falsely, and there you must rest. Neither your father nor myself can any longer suffer you to jar and quarrel as you have done. We are both positive in this, and will be obeyed.'

The way in which this was uttered, carried with it to the mind of Gertrude, a conviction that she must yield at least a degree of external obedience; but it in no way modified the inward feelings of resentment which she bore towards her sister These she still cherished with added rancor.

Happily relieved from an unpleasant collision with her sister, Genevra dressed herself, and, when Mr. Wilkins came for her, was ready to go with him. Gertrude did not show herself when he called. She was in her chamber, chewing the cud of bitter and evil fancies.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP.

It was probably a month from the time in which the incidents of the last chapter occurred, that Mr. Wilkins dropped into the shop of old Mr. Hardamer. After a conversation of some ten or fifteen minutes on the ordinary topics of the day, the former said:

'I've been thinking for the last week, or so, of making a proposition to you.'

'Well, what is it?' said Mr. Hardamer.

'I don't know what you will think of it,' replied the other, 'but it strikes me, if we were to unite our shops, it would be better for both of us.'

'Why as to that,' said Mr. Hardamer, 'I don't know what to say. I have never thought of any thing of the kind; but as you have, suppose you state some of the advantages.'

'Well, they are just these, as I think,' replied Mr. Wilkins. 'My shop is larger and a better stand than yours. Your custom is not half what it would be, if you were where I am, and mine is hardly enough to justify my expenses. If we join, our custom will, I am sure, double, and mine cannot fall off; so that it must be advantageous to both of us. I could then do all of the out door work, which would be a relief to you of course. And the business would not then suffer while I was away from the shop.'

'That all seems to look very well,' said Mr. Hardamer, 'and, at first sight it seems to me that such an arrangement would be advantageous to both of us. Still, I should like to turn it over in my mind for a few days.'

'That, of course, you ought to do,' said Mr. Wilkins.

'By Saturday, I will give you an answer, one way or the other,' said Mr. Hardamer, 'and, in the mean time, do you look at the subject in every possible light.'

On Saturday, Mr. Wilkins called in again, when Mr. Hardamer said—

'Well, I have thought a good deal of your proposition, since you were here, and the more I think about it, the better I like it. My own affairs are assuming a brighter aspect, and I know your business to be good. And let me say to you, Mr. Wilkins, that there is no man in the business with whom I would have any connection, except yourself.'

'I thank, you, warmly, for your good opinion,' replied Mr. Wilkins. 'I have, too, thought much of the subject since I mentioned it to you, and see no reason for not entering, as soon as each one of us can suitably arrange his own business, into the co-partnership. And this matter in a fair way of settlement, I might as well say to you, that, if you have no objections, I should be pleased to form a closer alliance. I like your daughter Genevra.'

'And if she likes you, why there's an end of the matter,' said Hardamer, with a broad smile of satisfaction, which he could not conceal.

That evening, Mr. Wilkins called in to see Genevra, as he was now in the habit of doing almost every day, and Mr. and Mrs. Hardamer left them, as usual, alone. Gertrude was ensconced in her chamber, in no very amiable mood, a place of refuge from the presence of Mr. Wilkins, which she did not fail to seek whenever that gentleman was announced.

'I've got a letter here, from Genevieve,' said Mr. Hardamer to his wife, after they were alone, drawing from his pocket the welcome epistle.

'Indeed!' ejaculated Mrs. Hardamer, with pleased surprise—'then read it, for I am very anxious to hear from her.'

Mr. Hardamer put on his spectacles, and after unfolding the letter, read:—

'MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER.—Four pleasant weeks have hurried by, like so many days; and now I must lay aside every thing and write to you, for I know that you are very anxious to hear from your child. Four weeks! It does not seem possible that it is so long since I left you But happy days pass swiftly. I have found Mr. Anderson's mother every thing that my heart could desire. She loves him with a yearning tenderness; and has received me as if I were her own child. Mr. Anderson has two sisters, one of them married, and away from home; the other, single, and with us. She is a good girl, and seems to delight in any thing that pleases either her brother or myself. I never saw a family where there was such harmony and good feeling existing between all the members. Mr. Anderson, who, although he has no diploma, has a license from some medical college, intends practicing medicine in this county, and has given notice to that effect. He seems to be very much liked here; although he was formerly, as you know to well, very wild and inconsiderate. Already, he has had several calls, and the neighbors say that he will do well.

'Mr. Ilberton's father lives close by us, and Anne spent a whole month with them. She has just gone home. They were all delighted with her. She promised me that she would call and see you; —I hope she will frequently, for I know you will like her very much; and she will be of so much use to Genevra, who I sincerely hope, is still trying to do right. Speak to her affectionately from me, and tell her, that, only by perseverence in the good way she has entered, can she possibly find happiness.'

* * * * * * * *

'Heaven bless her!' said the old man, wiping his eyes, as he finished reading the letter from which the above is an extract—'She's no happier than she deserves to be.'

After a brief pause, to collect her thoughts and feelings, Mrs. Hardamer said—

'I have, too, a little pleasant news. Mr. Wilkins has offered himself to Genevra.'

'I'm a little ahead of you there,' replied Mr. Hardamer, smiling. 'He has made proposals to me for her hand; and, besides that, we have agreed to go into business together.'

'Why, when did all that happen?' exclaimed Mrs. Hardamer, in surprise and pleasure.

'It all happened to-day. And a good day's business I should call it,' said Mr. Hardamer, a little proudly.

Sometime within a month from that evening, a small wedding party assembled at Mr. Hardamer's. Among those present, and as pleased as any, were Isaac Wilson, and little Jimmy. Both were neatly dressed, and both were cheerful countenances. From the quiet, happy face of this newly wedded child, the old woman's eyes often turned to those of his only two apprentices, and on occasional sad thought would cross his mind, as memory called up the forms of two others, who might have been there, and as cheerful, too, if he had extended to them that care and watchful regard which a master should always have over his apprentices. But he banished such thoughts as quickly as possible. Gertrude forced herself, from pride and maidenly shame, to appear pleased. She kissed the cheek of her sister, after the ceremony was preformed; but the act was not from love. It was only for the eyes of others. In her heart she cherished feelings towards Genevra so nearly allied to hate, that, if they could have been seperated from all associated affections, and presented to her in their true character, she would have been startled at their hideous deformity. Ever and anon, as her eye would rest upon the happy face of her sister; and then glance from it to the manly countenance of her husband, would she feel fresh pangs of jealous indignation. But Genevra was too much absorbed in her own delight, to perceive that any one present was disturbed. She was even deceived by her sister's manner towards her, and fondly thought that she, too, had seen her error, and had resolved to cultivate kinder and gentler sympathies. But we turn away from the pleasant scene, in which was but one troubled heart, and that one troubled because evil thoughts and disires were cherished.

The new and brighter aspect which affairs had now assumed, had the effect to encourage the heart of Mrs. Hardamer. She, too, like her husband, could not help glancing back, and, in noting the changes of a year, she found the words again recurring to her thoughts; 'Sweet are the uses of adversity.' The troubles and disappointments which she had experienced had been wonderfully effective in tearing the scales from her eyes. And, now that there seemed to have come the dawn of a better day, her resolutions to perform all known duties were strengthened because, in the new light which had broken upon her mind, she saw, clearly that only in the way of duty could there be true happiness. Never until recently, since her children were babes, had she found as much pleasure as pain in their company. Her own, as well as their unhappy tempers, had created a condition of things the very opposite of domestic tranquility. But the example of Genevieve had done a great deal towards correcting much that was wrong in the disposition of her three younger sisters.

The gradual process of change which had been going on in Mrs. Hardamer's own mind, also had good effect. And since Genevra had tried to cast away some of her evils, there had been a different sphere prevading her whole family—a sphere which none but Gertrude could resist—and her resistance was becoming every day more feeble, because she found it a vain resistance. And, with this wonderfull change, both Mr. and Mrs. Hardamer saw that a condition of worldly prosperity was also opening before them. But, affliction had done its legitimate office. They no longer looked to riches and to the privileges of wealth as the true sources of happiness. A state of freedom from evil affections, bringing internal peace, they perceived to be the only state truly desirable. With this, riches would prove a blessing; without it, a curse.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

The double co-partnership formed by Mr. Wilkins, none of the parties had cause to regret. His wife still preserved in her efforts to act from higher principles than the mere selfish ones that had ruled her so long, and which she was pained to perceive, continued to rule her sister Gertrude. The business had increased, since he and Mr. Hardamer joined their shop, even more than either of them had anticipated. Work came in upon them with a rapidity and steadiness that made it necessary, in a few months, to nearly double their force. In the present was cheerfulness and contentment, and in prospect a high degree of prosperity.

Leaving, now, the different members of this family to act out in their legitimate spheres, their several duties, we will briefly sketch an incident or two in the lives of some other characters introduced in the course of the story, and then assign the whole to the reader. It was, probably, about twelve months from the time of Genevra's marriage, that a man of dissipated appearance, though perfectly sober, applied at the shop of Hardamer & Wilkins for work. The trade was brisk, and hands in demand, and so the journeyman was promptly seated. He gave his name as Wilson. There was little in his appearance that was prepossessing, for he was miserably clad, and his countenance indicated the free indulgence of sensual passions. Still, he did not seem to be a bold transgressor, for he rarely joined in the conversation of the shop; and he certainly showed a disposition to reform, at least, one bad habit, for he resolutely refused to touch any kind of intoxicating drink. Gradually his looks improved, and after he had obtained new clothes, he presented quite the appearance of a respectable man. Still he went out but little, and always seemed to be thinking about something that troubled him.

'Come, Wilson, let's have a plate of oysters and some brandy punch,' said one of the journeymen to him, on a Saturday evening. 'It does one good, now and then, to indulge a little.'

'No, I would rather not,' said Wilson.

'O nonsense, come along! I believe you're actually afraid to drink,' urged the other, with a slight expression of ridicule. 'If the truth were known, it would be found, I expect, that you are an old hruiser at the bottle, and are afraid to touch it for fear of getting drunk.'

'I expect it would,' replied Wilson, gravely, while a shade of sadness flitted over his countenance.

'Then you won't go with me?' said his fellow journeyman.

'No, indeed, that I will not!' responded Wilson, positively. 'A burnt child, they say, dreads the fire.'

'Well, you can do as you like,' said the other—'but thank fortune! I am man enough to drink when I please and leave off when I please.'

Wilson did not reply, and the other went out, leaving him alone with Isaac.

'Well, I'm glad you didn't go,' said Isaac, warmly, after the tempting and ridiculing journeyman had gone out. 'I never have felt like touching any kind of liquor since I saw my old fellow-ap-