

THE WEEKLY PORTAGE SENTINEL.

JAMES W. SOMERVILLE, PROPRIETOR.

THE UNION—IT MUST BE PRESERVED.

OFFICE IN PHOENIX BLOCK THIRD STORY

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Poetical.

The Rainbow.

BY AMELIA.

I sometimes have thoughts in my loneliest hours,
That lie on my heart like the dew on the flowers,
Of a rambler I took one bright afternoon,
When my heart was as light as a blossom in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen
showers.

The breeze fastened down and blew open the flowers,
While a single white cloud, to its haven of rest
On the white-wing of peace, floated off in the west.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow varcolled
Its soft tints of purple and gold!
'Twas born in a moment, yet, quick as its birth,
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth,
And, fair as an angel, it floated all free,
With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the ocean! how gentle its swell!
Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell,
While its light sparkling waves, stealing laughingly
o'er,
When they saw the fair rainbow knelt down to the
shore?

No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,
Yet I felt that the spirit of worship was there,
And bent my young head in devotion and love,
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!
How boundless its circle, how radiant its rings!
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air,
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;
Thus forming a circle as brilliant and whole
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul—
Like the wing of the Dove, calmly unfurled,
It bent from the cloud, and encircled the world.

There are moments, I think, when the spirit re-
ceives
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves,
When the folds of the heart in a moment unclose,
And the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;
And then, when the rainbow had passed from the
sky,
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;
It left my full soul like the wing of a dove,
And fluttering with pleasure, and fluttering with love.

I know that each moment of rapture or pain
But shortens the links in life's mystical chain;
I know that my form, like that bow from the wave,
Must pass from the earth and its bosom in the grave,
Yet O! when death's shadows its colors unclose,
When I shrink from the thought of the coffin and shroud,
May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit unfold
In her beautiful pinions of purple and gold.

Miscellaneous.

The other day we saw several Irish laborers trying to decipher a notice headed "public sale." The notice although tolerably plain, could not be read by the Emeralds, and they requested us to read it for them, which of course we did. At the conclusion one of them turned to his companions and remarked in a very impressive manner: "Well, be jabbers, I'll never buy of a man who's so nagerly that he won't get his advertisements printed; he chided the printer and he'd chate me!" They all acquiesced in his decision.

An accident occurred on one of our railroads recently, caused by the axel of the tender giving way, detaining the train several hours. A lady enquired of a gentleman passenger why he was so delayed; he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by dangerous consequences—the sudden breaking off of a 'tender attachment.'" The lady looked serious, and was silent.

"Why, George, what are you hoeing in the garden for at this time of night?" "Well, I was awful dry, mother, and don't the Bible say 'Ho every one that thirsteth!'" The old lady drew her head in, closed the window and collapsed.

A jurymen having applied to the Recorder to be excused from serving, on account of deafness, the latter asked, "Could you not hear the charge to the grand jury, sir?" "Yes I heard every word of it," was the reply, "but couldn't make any sense of it."

A missionary in New Zealand was lost in the bush. Those who went in search of him met a troop of savages, of whom they inquired if they had anywhere seen the missionary. "If I had found him," replied one of them, "I should have eaten him!"

At a hotel table one day, one bonder remarked to his neighbor:—"This must be a very healthy place for chickens." "Why?" asked the other. "Because I never see any dead ones about."

Distressed Father—"I am sure I don't know what to do with my boy Tom.—He has acquired such an inveterate habit of lying."

Sympathizing Neighbor—"Make a lawyer of him, sir, and his fortune is made."

A runaway thief having applied to a blacksmith for work, the latter showed him some handiwork, and asked if he understood such kind of work. "Why, yes, sir," said the other, "I guess I've had a hand in 'em afore."

There was a strife in a congregation about the location of a new church, and a good old lady said that the upper part of the congregation conquered, and so named it Concord.

A theoretically benevolent man on being asked by a friend to lend him a sovereign; answered briskly, "With pleasure;" but suddenly added, "Dear me, how unfortunate! I've only one lending sovereign, and it is out."

John Eastman's Luck.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

"That's just my luck," angrily exclaimed a young mechanic, dashing down a note which informed him that, during his absence from his business, a gentleman had called to complete a partial contract with him for a heavy job of work, and not being able to wait, had taken it to another workman.

"I was born to ill luck," he continued, "and there is no use trying to contend against fate."

"How long were you absent from your shop, John?" inquired a quiet-looking old man who was sitting by.

"Not over an hour or so; perhaps two hours."

"Had you not an engagement to meet this gentleman to-day?"

"Why, yes, and started for my shop for the purpose, but thought I would just drop in to Smith's to see how that western land investment was likely to turn out, and in the excitement I forgot the hour until it was too late—so here is a good two hundred dollar's worth of work gone, all for my wretched luck."

The old man smiled faintly, but went on questioning.

"And how about your land investment—is it likely to prove as profitable as you anticipated?"

"There is another specimen of the way in which my cards turn up. It seems the man of whom I bought had no legal claim to it, and my title is not worth a cent."

"How much money did you invest there?"

"Three hundred dollars—money that I had been laying by ever since my marriage to help to purchase a house and lot—but it is gone now, and I am not likely to get anything beforehand again, very soon."

There is Jones, he bought land at the same time, and now it is worth ten times the money he paid out for it—he always was lucky."

"I believe he employed an agent to examine all the deeds and titles carefully before he purchased, did he not, John?"

"Yes, he paid him an exorbitant price, too; I never would encourage such extortion. Besides, Edwards, who sold me my claim, assured me that he knew it to be perfectly good, and I could never have had the face to question the honesty of an old neighbor."

"It seem he had the face to cheat you out of your money," said the old gentleman, smiling again, but more faintly than before. "Is there no chance to recover anything of him?"

"None at all. Jones told me confidentially, a couple of weeks ago, that he suspected all was not right, and advised me to keep my eye on Edwards, but I thought there was no hurry, and yesterday I learned he sailed from New York, and no one knows where. So I have to make the best of my luck."

"You use that word *luck* pretty freely, John—may I ask what you mean by it, and on what ground you charge all your misfortunes to it?"

"Why, you cannot deny, Uncle William, that some men are constitutionally unlucky, while others, with no greater advantages, and seemingly in the very same circumstances, will prosper in every undertaking. I could give you plenty of instances here under our own observation."

"Suppose you give one, that will do very well."

"Well, then, I can mention none better than Jones and myself. We began life together as mechanics, with nearly equal advantages in every respect, except that I had little the better of him, in inheriting that little farm of my father's. We were married at the same time, and our wives were both prudent, careful housekeepers—models in every respect. My family is no larger than his, but look at the contrast now. His business has gone steadily upward, until he has all he can attend to, with the help of several apprentices, while I who have always been called the best workman, can hardly find employment for one. I am still living in an inconvenient, rented house, while Jones has a snug little home of his own, with garden, fruit, and every comfort of life. His children are healthy, and his wife looks no older than when he married her, ten years ago; while my poor Mary is thin and care-worn, and my doctor's bill is almost as much as my rent. I am sure I have made every possible exertion; I work as hard as Jones, but there is such a thing as *luck*, and mine, thus far, has been bad enough."

"Now, John Eastman," began the old man, slowly, "I want you to listen to me.—You talk about *luck*, and I, an old man, who have seen seventy odd years of life, I tell you there is no such thing as *luck*. The thread of your destiny was never put into the hands of the blind goddess, Fate, to be twisted and tangled at her will. I believe in a Divine Providence that overrules all things, but I believe that every man makes his own track through life, and is responsible in a great measure for its roughness."

"Then you would throw all the blame of a man's misfortune upon himself. That seems rather hard."

"It is a great thing for a man to learn to distinguish between those things which are results of his own unwise action, and those that spring from causes beyond his control."

"I admit this, but I am sure I have always tried to act according to my best judgment, and a man can do no more than that."

"If you will not be angry with me, John, I would like to talk to you about your best judgment."

"Oh, there is no fear of that, Uncle William—you know I always take your advice kindly, although I can't quite agree with you in your ways of thinking."

"People that take advice so kindly are not sure to make use of it, but no matter.—When I came in this morning I found you in a great rage over your bad luck in losing that job of work which I suppose went to Jones, as his shop is always open. Pray, who was to blame for that but yourself, for neglecting your engagement to meet the agent? And will the evil results stop with the loss of this one job? Those men, as you well know, have occasion for thousands of dollars worth of work in your line every year, and it will not be natural that in deciding where to go in future, they should distrust a man who failed to meet an appointment in which his own interests were involved? Ah, John, I see more *bad luck* in store for you there."

"I intended to keep the engagement, but the disappointment about my land put it all out of my mind."

"That land business again; now look at that and see how much *luck* had to do with it. Which was the wiser, Jones, who paid a competent person for making sure his claim, or you, who trusted to *luck*, and the honesty of a speculator, and so lost the whole?"

"Well, I may have erred in judgment in some cases, but, after all, I am a firm believer in the wisdom of the old proverb, which teaches that some men were born with silver spoons in their mouths, and some with wooden ones."

"Very likely, John, very likely; but the accident of birth is nothing, and the wooden spoon, if rightly handled will carry more to the mouth than the silver one. All depends on the management."

The old gentleman took up his cane and went out of the shop, saying, pleasantly, "You must learn to carry your spoon more steadily, friend John, or you will never find it of much use, be it silver or wooden."

"Just like Uncle William," said John Eastman to himself as he looked up his shop and turned towards home, "he is always laying the blame of my misfortunes on my own shoulders, and yet one cannot get angry with him. Heigho! this has been an unlucky day to me; I would not care so much about the land if it were not for Mary, she will be dreadfully disappointed that the money is gone."

As he opened the door to enter his house, his wife looked up from her sewing, with a happier expression on her pale face than he had seen there for a long time, as she eagerly asked, "Have you seen Mr. Ward since long, John?"

"No—why do you ask?" replied he, with an involuntary sinking of his feelings as he half guessed the reason.

"He was here just after you went to the shop this morning, and told me to tell you, in case he did not see you that he had decided to sell the house and lot about which you spoke last summer, and if you wished still to purchase he would make easy terms with you. You might pay three or four hundred down, and the rest as you were able. I am so glad John that we have at least a chance for a home; that place you know is exactly what we want, and the terms are so reasonable."

"But, Mary," began her husband with the air of a man who does not know what he is saying, "I have about decided not to buy this year, my business—"

"Oh, John, do not go to objecting. You have always been going to buy next year ever since we were married. There is nothing now in the way—the money you have in the bank is just enough for the first payment."

"Well, Mary, you may as well know first as last that I invested nearly all that money a few months ago in western land. I did not say anything to you about it, for I knew it would worry you, and I had no doubt in my mind that you would be as good as dead."

"In spite of his efforts, John Eastman looked ashamed, and felt very much as if he had been robbing somebody, and in truth he had robbed his wife and children of a pleasant home, to gratify his propensity to try experiments in making haste to be rich. He wondered he felt this when he looked at his wife, as she sank back in her chair and gave utterance to a despairing sigh. In the ten years of her married life she had learned some hard lessons, and it was not often now that she looked forward to the future hopefully, but all this morning her heart had been dwelling on the sunny picture of a home that was to be her own; a home that she might make beautiful for her children, that they might have it for a pleasant memory, or for a moment it was hard to let it go, but she was one of those women whose characters are best set forth in the few words, 'loving and patient,' and long before John Eastman finished his dinner and left for his shop, her face was as calm and sweet as ever, and her husband carried it image away with him, to haunt him all the rest of the day.

"Well, I do declare," exclaimed Miss Sally, the neighborhood gossip, as she watched from her window the comers and goers, "I do declare there is John Eastman gone right by Smith's without stopping.—Something must be to pay with his folks."

"Smith's was the village grocery, and, as a sign over the door declared, the post-office, a favorite resort for that class of *male gossip* so numerous in most vicinities, and t

had long been a habit with John Eastman to call in on his way to and from his shop.—This day, to the astonishment of others besides Miss Sally, he walked rapidly past.—Something was evidently "to pay," as that lady confidentially asserted, and as the young man took up his tools and set himself earnestly to complete a long neglected job, there was a look of resolution in his face that was an encouraging promise for the future.

Towards evening the gentleman who had brought the work to be done, came in evidently surprised to see it nearly completed, as he had been put off so long. Before he left he mentioned in a hesitating manner, that he had some more that he wished done. "I like your style of finish rather better than Jones', but—" and he seemed unwilling to finish his sentence.

"I understand you, sir," said the mechanic, "you fear it will not be attended to in time. I assure you that I am determined for the future to confine myself strictly to my business, and whatever I engage to do shall be done. I have waited for *luck* long enough, and now I am going to make some myself."

"That's right, that's right," exclaimed the gentleman, grasping him cordially by the hand, I always said there was no better workman in the land than you, if you would only stick to your shop, and let speculating alone, and now I am sure you will succeed."

And he did succeed, although not without a good many hard struggles with his besetting faults. Several months after the conversation with Uncle William took place, the old gentleman looked into the shop where he was busily at work, and called out in his cheerful voice:

"Well, friend John, what are you about?"

"Learning to handle my wooden spoon, Uncle William, and I find it does very well since I gave up all hopes of finding a silver one," was the young man's laughing answer. It seem to be pretty generally understood that John Eastman's luck has turned.

How He Dyed for Love.

An amusing story is told, as an episode to a story in a foreign review, about a military young gentleman who *died* for love. The affair occurred in Paris. The hero was named De Marsay. He was violently enamored of a very pretty woman whom he met by chance in the street, and discovered afterwards to be the wife of a "dyer" in the Rue de Marais. Whether she was disposed to favor his addresses, or acted in concert with her husband to punish him, is not very easy to say; the result, however, would incline to the latter supposition. At all events she gave him a rendezvous, at which they were surprised by the dyer himself—a fellow strong as Hercules, and of an unenviable temper. He rushed wildly on De Marsay, who defended himself for some time with his rapier; a false thrust, however, broke the weapon at the hilt, and the dyer springing forward caught poor Gustave round the waist and actually carried him off over his head, and plunged him neck and heels into an enormous tank filled with dyestuff! How he escaped drowning—how he issued from the house and ever reached his home—he never was able to tell. It is more than probably the consequences of the calamity absorbed and obliterated all else; for when he awoke the next day he discovered that he was to tally changed—his skin, from head to foot, being dyed a deep blue! It was in vain that he washed, boiled himself in hot baths, and assayed a hundred cleansing remedies; nothing availed in the least; in fact, many thought that he came out only bluer than before. The most distinguished chemists were consulted, all in vain. At last a dyer was sent for, who in an instant recognized the peculiar tint, and said:

"Ah, there is but one man in Paris who has the secret of this color, and he lives in the Rue de Marais."

Here was a terrible blow to all hope; and in the discouragement it inflicted three long months were passed, De Marsay growing thin and wretched from fretting, and the ploy and work-bench and resort to selling silks and laces, toys and rat-traps, tobacco, etc., for a living. It is useless for a man of prudence and experience to urge that bankruptcy is the fate of all such as forsake the farm and resort to the counter for a living. Inexperienced in the business, their failure is a mere process in process of solution; the first reaction in commerce and currency will sweep them overboard and they will go down. A successful farmer possessing a family has no more right to forsake his well secured farm-boat for a leaky, shabby, cob-web, lace-lined boat, than he has to resort to intemperance and gambling. Stick to your farms; your lands will never desert you nor cease to supply your wants, unless you first desert them. The mercantile business is a lunge to whoever is inexperienced in it. Like gambling, it must be understood to make it pay, and to him who bets on a card who cannot tell as well what it is by seeing the back as seeing the face.

QUESTION FOR A DEBATING SOCIETY.—A pickerel was caught the other day, with a squirrel in his stomach. Query—Did the squirrel go into the water after the pickerel, or the pickerel go up a tree after the squirrel?

A western man, after listening patiently to a hifalutin description of a new-fangled sewing machine, had only strength enough left to exclaim, "It is only *zee-zee-zee!*"

Jehu, The Fast Man.

An American is but a man; no law of life has been suspended for his sake, and any outrage of the virtues that make true earnestness will bring him into the same trouble that beset all transgressors. Rashness, imprudence, caprice, foolhardy and heated action, thinking like lightning and doing like the thunderbolt, may be fine fun for a while, but such play turns out the dearest kind of work that must be done over again. "A fast man" is one thing, and an earnest man quite another. Jehu, the son of Jonathan, drives furiously in the year 1859, as old Jehu drove in Bible days. He yokes the unwhipped horses of speculation and over-trading to his chariot of business, and vanishes in a cloud of dust, and to-morrow is hailed out of the ditch from beneath the ruins of his equipage by some poor patient donkey that has been plodding on for behind. Jehu drives fast in domestic affairs; up goes the brown stone front, in and out of doors flash Mr. Jehu and the little Jehus, resplendent in diamonds and taffets; what a crowd mobs his saloon on reception nights!

Alas! one silent gentleman rings the bell, calls Jehu aside, and lo! the sheriff has dissolved the illusion, and old Slow jogs up to the auction and buys out the concern at a ruinous discount. How Jehu cracks his whip in the Senate. Onward and upward, new worlds to conquer; a fig for justice, hurrah for success; man and God stand aside!—Alas, the poor creature is only running himself blind and mad, and will soon lie breathless, his hot cheek pressed against the cold adamant of the higher law. Poor Jehu does no better at his books—he may study himself into any of the fifty American diseases, shriek through high pressure oratory, write new theories of the universe in extemporaneous raves in the newspapers, and swear upon the stump; old Germany can take the noisy boy on his knee and teach him his A B C's. Jehu is attractive, but his steeds all ways run away with him. It is a sorry ambition, this range of being "fast," better be an earnest man, an earnest worker, and grow as the years grow, and you will see all along your way the bleaching bones of these insane runners for the prize of life.

A Cheese Story.

One night in autumn, two travelers whose homes were among the green hills of Vermont, stopped at a small country tavern in New Hampshire. During the evening, one of them got to talking with a farmer of the place upon farming matters generally, and the relative agricultural advantages of Vermont and New Hampshire particularly.

"The farmer, as might be supposed, maintained the superiority of his own State, New Hampshire; and to prove it, told how much butter and cheese his wife had made that season. Not so much to show the excellent laboring capacity of his wife, he added, by way of explanation, did he make this statement, as to prove how much greater in quantity, was the milk of cows fed on New Hampshire grass, than that of those grazed elsewhere.

"Well," said the traveler, "that's nothing to what they do in Vermont. Why one man up there made thirty tons of cheese last summer, and he was a small farmer, too."

"I guess you have set that a little high," said the farmer, unwilling to concede that there was a better farmer in Vermont than himself.

"Didn't Jim Maynard make thirty tons of cheese last summer, Tom?" asked the traveler of his companion.

"I don't know how much cheese he made," replied the other, with gravity, "but I remember that he run two sawmills with the whey!"

The farmer "caved," and acknowledged that such farming as that couldn't be excelled.

Stick to the Farm.

It is a peculiar part of the programme common to high pressure times, when speculation runs riot and drives reason and prudence into obscurity, that men forsake the plow and work-bench and resort to selling silks and laces, toys and rat-traps, tobacco, etc., for a living. It is useless for a man of prudence and experience to urge that bankruptcy is the fate of all such as forsake the farm and resort to the counter for a living. Inexperienced in the business, their failure is a mere process in process of solution; the first reaction in commerce and currency will sweep them overboard and they will go down. A successful farmer possessing a family has no more right to forsake his well secured farm-boat for a leaky, shabby, cob-web, lace-lined boat, than he has to resort to intemperance and gambling. Stick to your farms; your lands will never desert you nor cease to supply your wants, unless you first desert them. The mercantile business is a lunge to whoever is inexperienced in it. Like gambling, it must be understood to make it pay, and to him who bets on a card who cannot tell as well what it is by seeing the back as seeing the face.

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LAWS OF OHIO.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

[No. 70.] AN ACT

To amend Section 22 of an act passed March 7, 1851, entitled "An Act directing the mode of trial in Criminal Cases." Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That section twenty two of an act entitled "an act directing the mode of trial in criminal cases," be and the same is hereby amended so as to read as follows: Section 22. In all prosecutions for crimes and offenses, it shall be the duty of the clerk, upon a precept being filed therefor, to issue writs of subpoena for any person in this State whose testimony may be deemed material on the trial, and may direct the same to the sheriff or corner of the county of which he is clerk, or of any county of this State, where said witness may reside or be found, who shall serve and return said writ as in other cases, or such officers, by writing endorsed on said writ, may depose any disinterested person to serve and return the same.

Sec. 2. That Section 22 of the above recited act be and the same is hereby repealed.

Sec. 3. This act shall be in force from and after its passage.

WILLIAM B. WOODS,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
E. BASSETT LANGDON,
President pro tem. of the Senate.
March 14, 1859.

[No. 72.] AN ACT

Supplementary to an act entitled "an act to incorporate the State Bank of Ohio and other Banking Companies," passed February 24, 1845.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That whenever a receiver shall have been or shall hereafter be appointed pursuant to the 41st section of the act to which this is amendatory, a certificate by the clerk of the proper court of the appointment of such receiver shall be sufficient authority to him to take possession of the books, property, rights, credits, and effects of every description of the independent banking company, in respect of which he is such receiver, and shall be full authority to the sheriff of the county where such banking company is located, to give such receiver full possession of such books, property, rights, credits, and effects with the aid of the county if required so to do, by such receiver.

Sec. 2. Whenever the said receiver shall have reason to believe that any such banking company has issued notes of circulation in violation of the act to which this act is an amendment, or that such banking company is entitled to any rights, credits, or effects, which have been improperly taken by any officer, employee, or stockholder thereof, or by any other person, and which are in the hands of the taker or any other person or persons, to whom the same may have been transferred, or into whose hands the same may have otherwise come, it shall be the duty of such receiver to investigate fully all the facts and circumstances touching such transaction, and for that purpose he is hereby authorized, if he deem it necessary and proper to do so, to issue subpoenas for any persons found within the county, where such subpoenas shall be issued, commanding them to attend before him at a time and place, in such county, to be designated in the subpoenas, to testify, touching such matters as may be required of them by the receiver, and such subpoenas shall be served by the sheriff of such county, and the receiver may also insert in such subpoenas, a clause requiring the production before him of such books and papers as may be designated therein, and he shall have the same power to enforce obedience to such subpoenas, and to punish for disobedience thereto and for refusing to testify in such case, that justices of the peace are clothed with in all cases of subpoenas issued by them.

Sec. 3. Such receiver may institute suit in his own name as such receiver, for all rights, credits, and effects, belonging to such banking company, in either the court of common pleas or superior court of Franklin county; and upon such suit being instituted, he shall file in such court a report of his doings, together with the testimony taken up to that time as such receiver, and all the testimony shall stand in all respects as the testimony in such a case, and any party may except to any part of such report, and ask a new reference, or take further testimony, and the court shall have full power to proceed on the case, as it may deem proper as in other cases after reference; and report made by a master. Provided that nothing herein contained shall be held to deprive any party to such suit of trial by jury where such party would have been entitled to a jury trial if the receiver had filed no such report.

Sec. 4. This act shall take effect from and after its passage.

WILLIAM B. WOODS,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
E. BASSETT LANGDON,
President pro tem. of the Senate.
March 14, 1859.

[No. 76.] AN ACT

To amend the second section of "an act to provide for the uniform government and better regulation of the Lunatic Asylums of the state, and the care of Idiots and the Insane."

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That the second (2d) section of "an act to provide for the uniform government and better regulation of the lunatic asylums of the state, and the care of Idiots and the insane," passed April 7, 1856, be and the same is hereby amended, provided that all rights, powers and immunities acquired thereunder shall not be affected thereby, and that this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

WILLIAM B. WOODS,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
E. BASSETT LANGDON,
President pro tem. of the Senate.
March 14, 1859.

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To amend the second section of "an act to provide for the uniform government and better regulation of the lunatic asylums of the state, and the care of Idiots and the insane," passed April 7, 1856, be and the same is hereby amended, provided that all rights, powers and immunities acquired thereunder shall not be affected thereby, and that this act shall take effect from and after its passage.

WILLIAM B. WOODS,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
E. BASSETT LANGDON,
President pro tem. of the Senate.
March 14, 1859.

[No. 76.] AN ACT

To provide for districting any county in the State, where the Commissioners of said county have failed to district in accordance with the provisions of an act to amend an act, passed April 13, 1853, entitled "An act for the Assessment and Taxation of all property in this State, and for levying taxes thereon, according to its true value in Money," passed April 12, 1853.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio, That in any county of this State, where the county commissioners have failed to district their county, at their June session in 1853 in accordance with the provisions of section thirty-three of an act for the assessment and taxation of all property in this State, and for levying taxes thereon, according to its true value in money, it shall be lawful for them and they are hereby directed to district said county at any subsequent meeting of said commissioners, prior to the first Monday in April, 1859.

Sec. 2. This act shall be in force from and after its passage.

WILLIAM B. WOODS,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.
E. BASSETT LANGDON,
President pro tem. of the Senate.
March 14, 1859.

[No. 74.] AN ACT

To amend section one of an act entitled "an act to amend section 68 of an act entitled an act to provide for the creation and regulation of Incorporated Companies in the State of Ohio," passed March 4, 1858.

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