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Old friends call and see me.
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Selected Poetry.

Our Country's Call.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the ax, fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the rolling plow;
The rifle and the fife must blow
For arms like yours were finer now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light desk, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls; away, away;
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the manliest sway
That Time is all his course has seen.
See from a thousand coverts—see
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must tread the banded traitors back.

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest! leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the ax must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defense;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye who throng beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of strand,
In numbers like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck against his shore.

Few, few were they whose swords of old,
Won this fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be.

—[N. Y. Ledger.

Oh, Portius! is there not some chosen curse
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man,
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin.

Choice Miscellany.

[From the New York Independent.]

LOST AND FOUND.

A Strange Story.

BY A CANADIAN CORRESPONDENT.

Rain, rain, rain—patter, splash, patter. What a dismal night! It poured off the roofs of the aristocratic mansions in the Royal Circus into the flooded areas below; it streamed down the spouts in torrents; it blew in my face, blew at my back, streamed down my mackintosh, rained from my silk umbrella. Such a night! and such a profession to necessitate my going out into it! I ejaculated fretfully. I was a doctor, and had been called out from my study fire. It was only to the next square, and yet I was completely saturated ere I reached it. Dismal and uncomfortable as I had found the storm, I eagerly rushed again into it with a strange perversity the moment my professional duties were over. Its fierce, dreary, resentful mood was more in harmony with my own tempest-tossed spirit than the scene of love and joy left. The sight of a fair young mother, a tender, anxious father, recalled too vividly the first years of my own married life, with their bitter ending.—Vainly I strove to banish the humiliating memories fraught with shame and sorrow. They were beyond my control.

Feeling that battling with the elements, undergoing any personal inconvenience, was better for me than the solitude of my room, the companionship of my own thoughts, I trudged fiercely up and down the streaming pavement, seeking to find in the wailing, howling winds, the ceaseless patter, a voice for the passions that mastered me. At last the storm in some measure abated, the tumult of my feelings subsided, and in earnest I turned my face homeward, thinking of the sweet face that would watch for her father's returning step, while I was strongly alive to the discomfort, no less than the folly, of my situation. As I entered the crescent shaped street on which stood my home, an unusual sound arrested me. It seemed the voice of a singer;—but I must be mistaken, all was again still. No; list!

"Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet.
An' like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
An' she's all the world to me,
An' for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee."

A short, convulsive sob, which I was now near enough to hear, told what the tremulous, unsteady tones had already betrayed, the hardly restrained emotion of the singer. The voice was one of rare compass and sweetness, yet neither that nor the peculiar circumstances of the singer would account for the bewildering thrill the first notes of the familiar old ballad sent through me. It was as if a master-key had unlocked the chambers of my heart, and sent gushing through my startled frame passions and feelings which had slumbered till I believed them dead. I hastened on a few steps, axious to see what voice had power thus to move me, and what fate compelled any woman to brave that dismal storm. There on my own steps the singer stood—a slight figure dressed in dripping, shabby black, as the lamp that hung over my door informed me. Poor creature, I thought; the old story—better days, reduced circumstances, idle, drunken husband, starving children. Ere I had made up my mind to address her the door opened, and I stood back in the shade to see what would transpire.

In the door stood my daughter Ada, peering curiously out into the darkness, and behind her stood Miss Forbes, who had been her governess, and still resided with her.—When the woman saw them she stepped hesitatingly forward and spoke, but in so low a tone that I could not distinguish her words.

"Come in; come and get warmed and dried; your sing so sweetly," Ada's musical voice urged, laying her hand on the stranger's arm, but the woman shrank from her touch and glided back into the shade, while she seemed to be refusing the proffered invitation. Miss Forbes and Ada consulted a moment, and then Ada sprang lightly up the stairs.

"Is this Dr. Morris's house?" the singer asked, in that hushed, earnest voice which is so audible.

"Yes, it is. Do you know him?" answered Miss Forbes, startled out of her usual imperturable calmness by the eagerness of her questioner.

A hurried "No" as Ada reappeared, satisfied Miss Forbes, and she did not notice how the woman clutched her hands nervously and groaned.

Ada held a woolen shawl of her own and a purse in her hand. She folded the shawl and threw it around the slight shoulders, and placed a piece of money into the now passive hand.

"Oh dear! such a night to be out!" shuddered my delicately reared child, shrinking back from the cold. The woman still lingered, gazing eagerly on her, then, ere Ada could prevent, she took hold of her hand and uttered a fervent,

"God bless you, my child, and guard you from sin and sorrow. Farewell."

In a moment more she had glided down the steps, passing me so closely that her dripping garments brushed me, yet evidently unconscious of my presence.

"Why, how very strange! Who can she be?" I heard Ada exclaim as she shut in the warmth and light.

It was strange. Who indeed could it be? Why should my name move her? and why should her voice have so moved me? A horrible suspicion forced itself upon me. I must follow her and put it to rest or confirm it. The lamp at the corner of the crescent just revealed her for a moment, gliding round the corner. With this clue I pursued, and soon sighted her. Fearful of her suspecting that she was followed, and trying to elude, surmising the quarter of the town she would be likely to occupy, I took a short cut through the back streets, and came out on Princes street just as she passed. She walked slowly and wearily now. I could scarce, without suspicion, keep pace with her, so I lingered at the engraver's windows, which were still unshuttered. Now passing and now allowing her to pass, I tried to see her face, but it was resolutely turned from the glaring shop-windows. I could just tell that it was a pale, wasted, delicately outlined face, and I could tell no more.

Several times I almost gave up the chase as a wild one, when a step, a movement, a glimpse of the figure, would again stir me, and with renewed earnestness I would again follow. On, on, on, up George the Fourth's Bridge (my scene is laid in Edinburgh,) down Candlemaker's Row, I followed slowly that weary, shabby-looking figure. Closely she had gathered the shawl my daughter had given her around her shoulders, yet I could see that she shuddered. Now she stopped, and a hoarse, hollow, racking cough rung her death-knell to my practiced ear.—Her days, be she who she may, were numbered—numbered all the more surely and shortly I knew they must be from this night's exposure. Now she had passed the Grassmarket, and paused before a baker's shop, which was already crowded to the door with haggard, hungry-looking men, women, and children.

I stood at the window, unmindful of the curious look cast from bleared, famine-sharpened eyes at my unwonted appearance on such a night in such a place, at such an hour. I saw old age, which bore no crown of glory, but deep wrinkles traced by vice and wretchedness, tottering on a staff; fierce, besotted, hardened-looking men; pinched, sharp eyed, half-clad women; and children with only fragments of clothing on them, old in vice though young in years, alike jostle the little figure in faded black. "She was none of them. What right had she to be there?" was the thought their actions gave utterance to. It might be half an hour, for many who came after her were served before her, ere she finally succeeded in getting her errand, a loaf of bread, for which she put down a half sovereign. (I had given it to my daughter only the night before to buy a new book.) How the sharp, hungry-looking eyes glistened as they saw the gold, and now many sharpened, curious faces scanned its owner. I could not yet see her face, but she took the change without looking at it, put the loaf under her shawl, and turned away. Again I followed her, till she disappeared down a cellar stair, at the head of which I could just decipher on a painted board—

"Coals, milk, and groceries.
Mangling done here."

This was not her home, I knew; so I stood back awaiting her reappearance, for the first time asking myself how this was all to end? I could not tell—circumstances must decide. In a few moments wearily she dragged herself up again, behind her a boy carrying a bag with a few pieces of coal in it;—at least so I judged from its black, sooty appearance. I had not far to follow this time. They both disappeared up a narrow arched court that stood at the head of the stairs.

I tried to grope my way in too, almost suffocated by the unwholesome vapors of the place. Judging it best to await the reappearance of the boy who was carrying the coals, as he would likely be able to give me all the information I wanted, I retraced my steps. I had not long to wait. He soon returned, whistling with true boyish nonchalance "Nancy Till," swinging his bag round his arm.

"Who is that woman?" I asked, approaching him.

"Duzznt know," answered the boy, scanning me as closely as he could, though I had taken the precaution to turn my back to the light.

"Has she been long here?"

"P'raps. Be you the beak?" (*Anglice*, policeman.)

"No," I answered, slipping a shilling into his hand as the surest method of untying his tongue. "Tell me all you know about her. I am a friend."

Holding the shilling up between his finger and his thumb for a moment, as if to satisfy himself of its genuineness, he gave an account, of which the following is the substance:

That about eighteen months ago or two years, he was not sure which, Mrs. Arnott had first come to his mother's shop. It was she who sold "coals, milk, and groceries." That his mother thought she was a widow, though she never told any one anything about herself. "Never spoke to nobody," the boy said. That she did white sewing for the shops, was dreadful hard up times, had been sick lately for a month, and had been obliged to sell almost all she had.—That his mother had been very kind to her while she was sick. That she had got some money to-night. She thought she'd be comfortable to-night anyway.

The boy was evidently anxious to know the object of my inquiries, and lingered about after I had dismissed him; so as I did not care to be watched, I turned away after securing a particular description of the exact door at the head of the stair occupied by Mrs. Arnott. I went to the foot of the stair that there might be no mistake. I needed some time to collect my unsettled, thronging memories, so I walked away.

What were these memories?

It was now nearly eighteen years since Minna Arnott became my own wife!

It was twelve years since that fearful night, when I returned home from a professional visit to find my young wife (she was but seventeen when I married her) gone. Whither? I was too soon informed. The friend I had trusted, the wife I loved, had betrayed me—had fled together—where? I scarce cared to ask. I was legally freed from the now hateful bond. Her name was forbidden, and I strove (how vainly those who have loved deeply will know) to shut out the memory of her existence—and I thought that save for the child she had left me I had succeeded. I had vowed that should she ever kneel, pray for my forgiveness I should turn from her and leave her in her misery, as she had left me. All these twelve lonely, unhappy years, I forgot the wife I had loved. I remembered only the woman who had deceived and dishonored me—who had taken with her the sunshine from my life. I had even shrunk from the caresses of my own daughter, when she too strongly reminded me of her mother. I had looked calmly forward—revengefully I had almost said—to this meeting for twelve years, and now that accidentally—providentially, if you will—it had occurred, my heart fluttered as if it had beat but for sixteen summers, instead of gathering rust for five-and-fifty. My brain was in a whirl. I could decide on no single course of action. Like an accusing angel my conscience, long silenced, stood up and charged me with being accessory to my wife's fall. She came to me a gentle, loving girl, grateful for the love that had placed her above want, a friendless orphan, who clung confidingly, leaned lovingly upon me. I was twenty years her senior; had marked out for myself an ambitious course, from which even my love for her did not divert me. I loved her passionately, too; but my love, after its first heat, was second to my ambition. Naturally suspicious, I doubted whether her love was aught but gratitude, and to test it I grew exacting. Conscience now upbraided me with having frequently, coldly, even sternly, repulsed her when she sought by a thousand devices that love only could suggest to win from me the endearing epithets I had been wont to lavish so freely upon her. Then he—my friend—came to reside in our neighborhood. He was much younger than I, more nearly her own age, ardent in temperament, generous, and kindly. The frequency of my absences made me glad to accept his services for her, and the two were consequently thrown much together. I must have been mad, infatuated, or I would have anticipated the result.

And he? Where was he now? I could not yet think calmly of the possibility of his being yet alive. Unyielding, stern, and prompt in manner, I had always been well adapted to face and battle with the harsh realities of life, but totally unfitted for the display of the gentler graces. Consciously wanting the tact to pour the oil of consolation and forgiveness on the wounded spirit, in the manner and degree that it was able to bear, I felt strongly the need of a third party, able to sympathize with both, loved by both, who should stand as a mediator between the injured husband and the erring, desolate wife. And for that office, who could be more suited than our daughter, equally near to both? Partaking sufficiently of my stern, rugged nature to appreciate me, she alone had dared to plead with me for her mother, to beg of me to try at best and learn her fate.

I knew that the yearning for a mother's love was stronger with her than any feelings of resentment for the shame and dishonor that mother had brought upon her. But I would not seek her till I had again looked on my wife, (as I could scarce realize the wreck I had seen to be,) till I had satisfied myself that I had not been merely giving the rein to imagination, and investing a stranger with the loved features, and grace of movement, once my pride.

I crept again down the court, up the broken stone stairway, carefully bending my head to avoid obstructions, for from the stifling air of the stairway I judged its hight to be considerably less than mine. Up, up, till I had passed four landings, with their numerous doors, and still I had another to climb. The increasing cracks in the doors, and evidences of dilapidation, showed me that there the grades of poverty were distinguished by their hight—first floor being comfort in comparison with the wretchedness of the attic. When I at length climbed as far as I could go, a racking cough, the same intensified which I had heard on the street, directed me to the object of my search. The door, it would not close, was tied inside by a rope to a nail, leaving a sufficient crack for me to see in. A small but cheerful coal fire lessened while it displayed the dreariness of the room. At the room I merely glanced; the figure at the fire, crouching almost over it, took all my attention. Her bonnet and shawl were thrown off, but the face was still from me gazing into the fire. She was weeping, I knew from her movements—very bitterly, as an occasional sob told me. She had the shawl my daughter had given her in her hands. I saw her press it to her lips and murmur, "My child, oh! my child!" I stole softly down stairs. I could trust myself no longer. The pride, anger, sternness, and resentment of years were fast thawing away, leaving me weak as any child. At the first cab-stand I hailed one, and directed him to drive me home; then requesting him to wait for a few minutes, I hastened up stairs to my daughter's room, and hastily told all I had seen. In a moment, as I had expected, she sprang up and said, "I must go to her, go to my mother." "And tell her all," I said. I knew I need say no more, for she understood my strangely conflicting emotions. Taking my arm she came down stairs with me, strangely excited I knew by the trembling of the hand that rested on my arm. I would willingly have spared her the pain, the humiliation she must experience, but I could not do without her. We had changed positions. My reason yielded involuntarily to her warm heart. We spoke but in monosyllables during our long ride.

When we reached within a street of our destination I dismissed the carriage, and we walked down the now almost deserted street, which no longer derived even a semblance of cheerfulness from the lighted show-windows. I could feel how tightly Ada's arm grasped mine in terror as we turned down the narrow court, which scarce afforded passage for two. I took her hand as we ascended the stairs, cautioning her to silence.—Very slowly was our ascent made, for Ada, unnerved already, and unaccustomed to such scenes, fell at almost every step. At length we reached the head of the stair. The door was ajar, as before, but the fire had burned down, and, dark and comfortless-looking, scarce revealed the slight figure crouching still over it. She moved not, though she must have heard the steps ascending.

But now I was afraid I had asked too much of my child. Excited and trembling, she leaned heavily upon me, and she whispered, "I cannot go in, papa." I saw that she could not realize that that drooping, attenuated, wretched-looking creature could be her mother, and she shrank from the recognition. Again she whispered, "It isn't! It can't be her!" But just then, as I hesitated between returning and going forward myself, she rose with the shawl still in her hands, which she again pressed to her lips, and going to a small box that stood in a corner, untied what seemed to be a bundle of rags. An ember blazed up for a few moments revealed to us its contents. A doll and bunch of corals were alternately pressed to the thin, faded lips. I remembered when she had bought them for our child. Ada, too, recognized them. A small gold locket, which I had given her after our marriage, containing my likeness, was pressed again and again to her lips, while we could hear the low voice murmuring. "God bless them, my husband and child." Ada gently withdrew her hand from my arm, and, stepping forward, gently knocked. A cloth was thrown over the carefully preserved mementoes, and then *her* voice bade her daughter "come in."

"My mother!" was all Ada said, as she sprang forward, but, it was enough. In a moment they were locked in each other's arms. Bewildered at the unexpected entrance, the woman raised the face that lay on her breast, sobbing convulsively, and gazed into it. "It is my child," she at length said, satisfied it was no dream, but a reality.

There are scenes which the pen itself is powerless to describe. This was one. Freely from my heart I granted Minna the forgiveness she knelt to ask for the great wrong she had done. That night I had seen more clearly than I had ever done where I had been to blame. I have loved my wife passionately, but that love was vailed under a calm, cold exterior. What her temptations had been I knew not—asked not; I only asked if he, the destroyer of my peace, were yet alive.

He had died ere a year had passed from the time she left me; killed in a gambling quarrel; died bitterly repenting the great wrong he had done. As I listened the bitterness died out of my heart. I felt thankful that I had not yielded to the first wild promptings of revenge. I felt solemnly the power of him who in my pride and rebellion I had rejected. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." He had died in a disgraceful brawl in the noon of his days, in a foreign land, the victim of deep remorse, consigned to a dishonored grave, unwept save perchance by the woman he had so foully wronged.

"And you," I asked, "what did you?"

"I sewed for my daily bread; washed, ironed, did anything I could find to do for ten long years, depriving myself latterly of the necessaries of life that I might save enough to bring me back to my native land once more to die. I wanted, unseen, to look on your faces once more, and I did so many a time, when you did not know. I have longed to clasp my daughter to my arms, but my sin stood before me, an impassible barrier. I have longed to throw myself at your feet and seek but forgiveness. I thought I could die then in peace, but you looked so stern, so unrelenting, I dared not, when I knew it was I that had brought that expression to your face. I supported myself by sewing for the shop, and managed to live; but I have been sick for a month, and reduced to the last extremity, and here none can help another. To-night I carried back some work I had finished, hoping to get for it sufficient to buy me a morsel of bread. I had tasted none to-day. My hands had been weak and trembling, and the work would not do. It was sent back with me. In desperation, unable to bide the cold and hunger up here, I wandered up and down the streets, not caring whither I went, till I had reached without noticing, your door. I leaned against the railings, unable to banish the gnawings of hunger. I saw light and warmth inside, and, regardless of everything but the longing for food and shelter, I commenced to sing "Annie Laurie." You had often praised my skill in singing it. When I saw at whose house I had asked for food and shelter, I shrank back and refused to go in, dreading recognition. You know the rest."

The account was frequently interrupted by that tell-tale cough that shook the weak frame so violently. In tears and silence we listened; no words of reproach on our lips, no looks of coldness and rebuke in our eyes. Oh no! She had sinned, but she had also suffered. She shrank from my proposal that she should now accompany us home, but she yielded when I said, 'Then you do not accept my forgiveness.'

"Oh yes!" she faltered; "but I am so unworthy. I have so wronged you."

"Let the past be forgotten."

So we went away from that attic, the silent witness of how hard are the wages of sin, unmindful of the strange faces that peered out upon us from the adjoining doors, for the unusual sound of voices in the lonely woman's room had awakened their curiosity. Minna only taking with her the doll and corals, the locket and shawl, the dearly cherished relics of other days. The rest the next day I gave to a poorer than she.

Having the precaution to take a latch-key with me, we entered without disturbing the servants; and then leaving my wife (the word sounded strangely to my ears) in my daughter's care, who supplied her with garments, I left them together. I passed a sleepless night in my study. Not the least marvelous of the exciting events of the evening was the wondrous change that had passed over myself. I could only explain this change by remembering that "He who hath the hearts of all men in his hands, turneth them as the rivers of water whithersoever he will." In that midnight hour I felt his power, his omnipotence, his love, and I bowed to them. I knelt humbly at his feet, thanking him for his kindness in remembering me though I had despised and rejected him. I sought his grace and pled his promises, nor did he prove unfaithful to them. I thought of Minna's words, "Had it not been for Christ's love, which allowed me, poor Magdalen though I was, to claim his promises, I should have often sought relief in death from all my sorrow and despair, but he granted peace even to me."

And even in this I could afterwards trace the workings of an overruling Providence. If her desertion had left me desolate and despairing, her return had restored to me a joy, a faith, a Friend I had never known before.

The near approach of death silenced the wondering of officious friends. For, as I had dreaded, the excitement and exposure of that night hastened her end. She never rose again. Ada and I watched unremittingly by her, attracted by the chastened, humble, repentant spirit that lingered in the worn body. The waters of her life had been turbid and winding, but the end was peace. As we stood alone beside her to catch her last whisper, we thought not of her sin, but of the great and manifold sorrows out of which she had come,—as gold tried and purified in the fire. We did not bury her in the family lot, for she forbade it; nor have we put a tombstone over her grave, for she forbade this also. But the beautiful spot where she lies, though unmarked by any monument, is not unvisited by a husband and daughter in whose hearts the dead woman's memory grows greener by time. Since the making of that grave, no text of the Holy Word has so often come to my mind as this: "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Under the Bells.

Who has not seen the church under the bell? Those lofty aisles, those twilight chapels, that cumbersome pulpit with its huge carvings, that wide gray pavement flecked with various light from the jewelled windows, those famous pictures between the voluminous columns over the altars which twinkle with their ornaments, their votive little silver hearts, legs, limbs, their little guttering tapers, cups of sham roses, and what not? I saw two regiments of little scholars creeping in and forming square, each in its appointed place, under the vast roof; and teachers presently coming to them. A stream of light from the jewelled windows beams slanting down upon each little squad of children, and the tall background of the church retires into a grayer gloom. Pattering little feet of laggards arriving echo through the great nave. They trot in and join their regiments, gathered under the slanting sunbeams. What are they learning? Is it truth? Those two gray ladies with their books in their hands in the midst of these little people have no doubt of the truth of every word they have printed under their eyes. Look, through the windows jewelled all over with saints, the light comes streaming down from the sky, and heaven's own illuminations paint the book! A sweet, touching picture indeed it is, that of the little children assembled in this immense temple, which has endured for ages, and grave teachers bending over them. Yes, the picture is very pretty of the children and their teachers, and their book—but the text? Is it the truth, the only truth, nothing but the truth? If I thought so, I would go and sit down on the form *cum parvulis*, and learn the precious lesson with all my heart.—[Thackeray.

The Legislature Elect.

Below we give a complete list of the members elect to the next Legislature of Ohio. The publication of the list has been delayed by reason of the tardiness of the returns to the office of the Secretary of State. The list is, however, now full and complete as found below:

SENATE.

1st District—Hamilton—Wm. S. Groesbeck, Thos. W. Whetstone, Benjamin Eggleston.

2d District—Butler, Warren—A. G. McBurney.

3d District—Montgomery, Preble—Lew. B. Gunckel.

4th District—Clermont, Brown—John Johnson.

5th District—Greene, Clinton, Fayette—Mills Gardner.

6th District—Ross, Highland—George W. Robey.

7th District—Adams, Pike, Scioto, Jackson—Benjamin F. Coates.

8th District—Lawrence, Gallia, Meigs, Vinton—Henry S. Neal.

9th District—Athens, Hocking, Fairfield—Alfred McVeigh.

10th District—Franklin, Pickaway—A. L. Perrill.

11th District—Clark, Champaign, Madison—Samson Mason.

12th District—Miami, Darke, Shelby—William B. McClung.

13th District—Logan, Union, Warren, Hardin—John Hood.

14th District—Washington, Morgan, Noble—William P. Sprague.

15th District—Muskingum, Perry—William E. Fink.

16th District—Delaware, Licking—John A. Sinnet.

17th District—This District is included in the 28th, under the operation of the apportionment law.

18th District—Coshocton, Tuscarawas—A. T. Ready.

19th District—Guernsey, Monroe, Noble—John D. O'Conner.

20th District—Belmont, Harrison—Isaac Welsh.

21st District—Carroll, Stark—Geo. Harsh.

22d District—Jefferson, Columbiana—Robert Sherrard, jr.

23d District—Trumbull, Mahoning—Samuel Quinby.

24th District—Ashtabula, Lake, Geauga—Peter Hitchcock.

25th District—Cuyahoga—John P. Robinson.

26th District—Portage, Summit—Lucius V. Bierce.

27th District—Medina, Lorain—J. Monroe.

28th District—Knox, Morrow, Wayne, Holmes—Davis Miles.

29th District—Ashland, Richland—Thos. J. Kinney.

30th District—Huron, Erie, Sandusky, Ottawa—John Kelley.

31st District—Seneca, Crawford, Wyandotte—William Lang.

32d District—Mercer, Auglaize, Allen, Van Wert, Paulding, Defiance, Williams—Charles C. Marshall.

33d District—Hancock, Wood, Lucas, Fulton, Putnam—Charles M. Godfrey.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Adams—David C. Vance.
Allen—John Monroe.
Ashland—John Taylor.
Ashtabula—Abel Krum.
Athens—J. W. Bayard.
Auglaize—Charles Boesel.
Belmont—Wilson S. Kennon.
Brown—E. B. Fee.
Butler—John McClellan.
Carroll—Leonard Marsh.
Champaign—Anson P. Howard.
Clark—Richard D. Harrison.
Clermont—John Ferguson.
Clinton—John Q. Smith.
Columbiana—James W. Reilly.
Coshocton—Andrew J. Wilkins.
Crawford—John S. Reisinger.
Cuyahoga—Franklin J. Dickman, Chas. H. Babcock, Seneca O. Griswold.
Darke—Louis B. Lott.
Defiance, Paulding and Williams—P. W. Norris.
Delaware—James R. Hubbell.
Erie—Joseph W. Pierce.
Fairfield—J. C. Jeffries.
Fayette—James Purcell.
Franklin—Geo. L. Converse, Otto Dresel.
Fulton—Ezekiel Masters.
Gallia—Joseph Bradbury.
Geauga—Benjamin B. Woodbury.
Greene—John M. Miller.
Guernsey—Joseph Ferrill.
Hamilton—Peter Zinn, George Keck, William Stanton, Milton Saylor, W. J. Flagg, James Huston, Amsi McGill, Henry Brachman, Theodore Marsh.
Hancock—William Gribben.
Hardin—Jonathan H. Sieg.
Harrison—John Latham.
Henry—Benjamin A. High.
Highland—N. H. Hixson.
Hocking—Manning Stiers.
Holmes—Daniel Shuhl.
Huron—Ezra Stewart.
Jackson—Isaac Roberts.
Jefferson—Joseph Means.
Knox—Wait Whitney.
Lake—S. S. Osborn.
Lawrence—Benjamin F. Cory.
Licking—George B. Smythe.
Logan—William H. West.
Lorain—Sidney S. Warner.
Lucas—James Myers.
Madison—Milton Lemen.
Mahoning—Robert M. Montgomery.
Marion—John Bartram.
Medina—Myron C. Hills.
Meigs—Edward Tiffany.
Mercer and Van Wert—Alexis P. J. Snyder.
Miami—Jonathan H. Randall.
Monroe—John Keyser.
Montgomery—Peter Odlin, Jefferson Patterson.
Morgan—George W. Wallar.
Morrow—Joseph Gunsulus.
Muskingum—Thaddeus A. Reamy, Jacob Glessner.
Noble—Oliver Keyser.
Ottowa and Wood—Asher Cook.
Perry—William H. Holden.
Pickaway—I. N. Ross.
Pike—Thomas Wilson.
Portage—David L. Rockwell.
Preble—Absolom Shiver.
Richland—William Blecker.
Ross—Daniel J. Crouse.
Sandusky—Alonzo Thorp.
Scioto—Martin Crane.
Seneca—Rassellus R. Titus.
Shelby—Charles W. Wells.
Stark—Solomon Lind, Joseph Schell.
Summit—John Johnson.
Trumbull—George W. Howe.
Tuscarawas—Albert Bates.
Union—William H. Robb.
Vinton—John Fee.
Warren—James Scott.
Washington—O. Lewis Clark.
Wayne—John Ault.
Wyandotte—Jonathan Maffett.

The Legislature, according to the Ohio Statesman, stands as follows:

Of the 32 Senators 24 are Union men, and only 8 are Democrats.

Of the 70 Representatives 48 are Unionists, and 22 Democrats.

Union majority on joint ballot 72. Good enough!

THE division of families in the war is strikingly illustrated in the case of two of the most distinguished families in Kentucky.

Henry Clay, the grandson of the statesman, is assistant adjutant under Brig.-Gen. Richard W. Johnson, in Kentucky. His uncle, James B. Clay, is a violent Secessionist, now under bonds to appear for trial for treason. Another uncle—Thomas, in the U. S. service—is responsible for the appearance for trial of James B. Clay. A brother, Thomas Clay, jr., is on the staff of General Beauregard. His sister's husband, with whom young Clay resides in Louisville, has lately entered the United States service, with two other brothers, for the war. Here is another example: John J. Crittenden has one son who is a Brigadier General in the rebel service, and after having served and been honored by the Government for many years. Another son is a Brigadier General in the army of the Union, but holding his commission from the State of Kentucky. Another holds the rank of Captain in the Federal army. John J. Crittenden himself, at the age of 76, bears arms as a private in the Home Guards of Frankfort.

Items.

People live uncommon long at Brighton. There are two men there who are so old that they have forgotten who they are, and there is nobody alive who can remember it for them.

Why is a fine woman like a locomotive? Because she draws a train after her, scatters the sparks, transports the mails, (males,) and makes us forget time and space.

A person said to physician:—"Well, doctor, Mr. B. is dead, notwithstanding you promised to cure him." The doctor replied: "You were absent, sir; you did not follow the progress of the cure. *He died cured.*"

"It is very difficult to live," said a widow, with seven girls all in genteel poverty. "You must husband your time," said a sage friend. "I'd rather husband some of my daughters," answered the poor lady.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One square, (ten lines or less,) one or three insertions..... $1 00
Each subsequent insertion..... 50
One square, three months..... 2 00
" six " 4 00

☞ Business Cards, of four to eight lines, published one year and paper for..... 6 00

☞ Merchants' advertising, not exceeding one-fourth of a column at any time, $10 per year. A half column, not exceeding four changes, $20. A column, not over four changes, $35.

☞ Advertisements not accompanied with written directions will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

☞ SPECIAL NOTICES AND BUSINESS CARDS ADVERTISEMENTS once and a half the rates of ordinary advertisements.