The Jeffersonian Democrat.

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Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to them, in Geauga and adjoining Counties.
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☞ Collections promptly made.

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I Have opened an office at the house of Elias Strong, where I shall perform all work in Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry, in the most approved and workmanlike manner.
☞ Particular attention given to preserving the Natural Teeth. M. STRONG.
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WILL be in Chardon on the first Tuesday o each month. Room at Chase's Hotel.

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☞ Blank Books Ruled and Bound to Order.—Old Books Rebound. 526tf

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Book Illustrations, Buildings, Horses and other Stock, Ornamental Borders, Letters, Vignettes, Agricultural and Commercial Cuts in tints, Seals, Stamps, and Machinery, in every variety of style. 502tf

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PATENT AGENCY,
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We are prepared to transact business of every description, relating to Inventions, Drawings, Caveats, Specifications, Patents, Infringements and the Patent Laws.
BRAINERD & BURRIDGE,
502tf SOLICITOR OF PATENTS.

From the Oberlin Student's Monthly of Feb., 1859.

SOUL SIGNS.

As the wind harp sings the changes
Of the ever-varying wind,
So the voice betrays the feelings
Passing through the human mind;
Loud, when passions dark and bitter,
In their tempest fierceness roll,
Desecrating inner altars—
Through the deep depths of the soul.

Sad and low, when white-hued sorrow
Takes the place of blissful things,
That have cheered our snow-white winters,
And made glad our flower-crowned springs;
Soft and sweet, when words of kindness
Fall upon the mourner's ear,
Drawing often times the angels
From their blessed homes to hear.

Calm and holy, when Religion
Stands high priest within the soul,
Changing not its rich-toned key-note,
Though around the wild storms roll.
Eloquent, when high aspirings,
Like the skylark, heavenward go;
By the accents of these soul-tones,
It is ours the soul to know.

And the soul looks out from faces—
By the starriness of eyes
We may know who holds communion
With the things beyond the skies.
On the brow is stamped the impress,
If a faith sublime and deep
Points the road that leads to heaven,
And the feet that highway keep.

If we drink from Truth's Great Fountain,
Round the brow a halo lies,
Of a steady, lustrous shining,
Visible to angel eyes
And this halo throws a brightness
O'er the face that mortals see,
As the golden beams of sunshine
Rest upon the grassy lea.

If with Christ we suffer anguish—
If a crown of thorns we wear—
If up Calvary's rugged pathway,
It is ours the cross to bear;—
If we do it nobly, bravely,
With the faith of Him who died.—
Through the face will shine the glory
Of a sorrow sanctified.

Perfect peace oft lies on faces,
Where such souls have sought their rest,
As the sun leaves, in its setting,
Clouds of glory in the west.
If the soul be all illumined;
By the hand of God divine,
Holiness, and love, and mercy,
Will above its features shine.

But, if sin rests on the altar,
When the lamp light we should place,
Nought but doubt, and gloom, and anguish,
Will be written on the face.
We can have our faces mantled
With a calm, celestial light,
Or reflect the mystic shadows
Of a dark, terrestrial night.

One will tell of Joy's baptism,
One betray despair and woe.—
By these soul-lights, and soul-shadows,
It is ours the soul to know.
And the soul too gives the motion—
Slow and heavy, when within
Lies a heavy weight of anguish,
From the burden of a sin.

Light and fleetly tripping footsteps
Mark the spirit glad and gay;
All subdued and trembling are these,
Pointing out the mourner's way.
By a noble, high expression,
By a calm and holy mien,
By a voice of flute-like music,
Is a perfect, true soul seen.

Ever where these truly mingle,
Harmony of life is found,
Which will send its heaven-taught music
As a flower its fragrance round.
And this harmony will follow,
As a blessing freely given,
If we strive to tune the life-harp
For the minstrelsy of heaven.

And the soul will give forth music
Such as God will love to hear—
Such as angels and archangels
Bend to catch with listening ear.
Thus will life have played its solo
Here upon the shores of time,
To the grand and glorious music
Of eternal truths sublime.

Our Military Correspondence.

FROM THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.

CAMP MOSS HOUSE, KY., June 4th, 1862.

DEAR DEMOCRAT:—I fain would write to you of our inactivity, while, in nearly all the other departments, our glorious troops are acheiving shining victories.—But I assure those who have friends in this division, that, although we are and have been for some time apparently inactive, we are holding in check an enemy which might well attract the attention of a force much superior to our own. It is well known to our officials that within supporting distance of Cumberland Gap, there are forces sufficient to swell the enemy's number at the Gap to twenty thousand; then I think it is well for us to be cautious. We are within eight miles of the enemy's works.

A few days ago, I visited a place called Log Mountain, about six miles this side of the enemy's fortifications. After climbing an hour, I reached the top. Several officers were viewing the enemy with glasses. I could see, without the aid of a glass, in the dim distance, the outline of their camp, and their line of earthworks could be traced distinctly. Presently, through the kindness of a Lieutenant, I got a peep through a glass. Never before did I see such a city of tents. Before I had seen this second Gibraltar, I was quite anxious that we should make an advance, but I must say my ideas of an advance suddenly vanished. Several times I have heard and seen this expedition spoken of, as of the least account, when compared with others of like character; but the present indications are that this will soon be one of the most important of the enemy's positions, as it is one of the strongest.

The heavy timber has been felled for miles around the Gap. The Gap itself appears, when viewed from Log Mountain, like a notch in the vast range of mountains. There, on either side, the slope is quite gradual, excepting here and there a rugged peak shoots up. Their line of fortifications on the left of the Gap, extends, I should judge, for upwards of half a mile. Beside numerous rifle pits and extensive redoubts, at the extreme left, the highest point is being strongly fortified, and mounts a 64-pounder gun. On the right there is a high, rocky point, which is extensively fortified, and, unless siege is given them, this point will be almost impregnable. The enemy have a strong force at Big Creek Gap. Gen. Spears, with his brigade, holds them in check. We have quite extensive fortifications, which have been built under the direction of Col. DeCourcey. He is one of the ablest officers in this division.

Our pickets are often alarmed, and frequently some one who is not disposed to be on the lookout, gets bagged.

Three men have been sent from this Regiment to recruit in the several Counties in Ohio. I hope Old Geauga will not be backward in sending a few good men to this Regiment. If persons have a desire to go into the service, they cannot do better than to join us. P.

For the Jeffersonian Democrat.

Biographical Sketch.

Died April 14th, 1862, near Beardstown, Ill., ALMA BEALS, aged 28 years.

If great men have great virtues, they have, usually, also, great faults; and the biographer, too often becomes but the attorney at the bar of public opinion, with gilded rhetoric, or specious sophism, to extenuate his client's vices, vail his faults, and duly magnify his faded virtues. It matters not that his life has been a failure; a solemn, fatal failure, in all that life really means. Eternal interests and the glory of God are all unattained, yet his life is written *a success*—the success of one who should win a game at cards, while bright hopes, solid honors, large estates, were lost by default, in the same hour. I have not seated myself to write of such greatness as this, though I shall write of wisdom, of excellence, of riches; of one greatly honored and well beloved of those high in blessings and in power; for she is a King's daughter, and now dwells at home, in the Palace Royal of the skies.

ALMA BEALS,—for such was her name,—was born in, I think, Geauga Co., Ohio; and, when yet but eight years old, i. e., in the winter of 1842, removed with her parents to Illinois. Here her soul began the great inquiry. The divine invitation became to her a living letter; its record, her deepest study. She become a close student of the quick and powerful word, under the guidance of that "spirit of all truth," the Holy Spirit.

It was under the preaching of Elder Kane, a minister of the Christian order, in Jacksonville, and sometime in her eighteenth year, ('51,) that Miss Beals entirely gave her heart to God. I have not pretended she was rich, or great, in this world's esteem; though she does appear to have been most tenderly loved by all who knew her—more, indeed, than is common. But what I mean to say is, that, in becoming a child of God, an heir of Heaven, a disciple of Jesus, a prospective companion of angels and the saints in light, she accepted the highest honor, and entered upon the most exalted career ever opened to human kind. Soon after her adoption into the family of God, her home and membership were removed to Beardstown, or its vicinity, where uniting with the same order, she continued to exhibit to all the power of that vital "Faith that works in all the life by love."

Hers was not a sectional or merely denominational religion. The cause, the hope, the image, and the love of Christ were its distinguishing elements. Some of the family were in the Methodist communion; others, I believe, in the Congregational; but all found alike, in Sister ALMA, the same cordial helper; the ever-ready and self-sacrificing co-worker. Possessing that leading, though truly feminine, type of mind so justly prized in all society, she was an invaluable helper in the Sabbath School, the picnic party, the benevolent society; in fine, wherever a Christian heart, an ingenuous mind, and ready, skillful hand were essential. In securing aid for the erection of a neat, tasteful Methodist Church, (Griggs' Chapel,) near her father's house, her talents became useful, and were freely given.—None more willing and efficient than she.

We have seen the first great essential in her (or any) character—A DEEP AND THOROUGH BUT TRULY LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY Flowing from this, and deepened yet by native ardor, was that untiring devotion to her parents. Being scarce nineteen at the death of her mother, the two-fold treasure of her filial heart was bestowed on her father. Miss Beals was a MODEL OF FILIAL DUTIFULNESS. But sickness came—wasting Consumption. Slowly Alma pined, though patient and resigned to the last, and drew away, first from the active circle; then the social, then the worshiping; all save the little circle of home; a home where, for years, she had presided with all the dignity and taste of woman.

In an interview with one of her brothers on the near approach of death, she said: "Brother, I must soon die. I cannot remain much longer with you. But I feel that the Lord is my Shepherd. I have no fear." "O," said she on one occasion, "I have a broader home—a broader home than this." Speaking of an aunt whose exemplary piety had won her to the way of life, she said earnestly, "Aunt Thalia shall be my light into Heaven," (she being already there.) It was on that remembered morning, (April 4th,) that, coming into a room adjoining the sitting-room, she called her father to come in and sit by her side awhile. She talked of heavenly things, and sat there till she died, ceased to talk, and fell asleep in Jesus.

A comparative stranger to the family—a minister of a church differing widely in many respects from hers, I candidly offer the life of this young believer, (twenty-eight years in all,) as an example, her death as an incentive, for all that would do good. Ever ready for any good word and work, she is summoned to a wider sphere.

O. C. DICKERSON.

Thoughts for Young Men.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action; it must certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate himself. His books and teachers are but helps: the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental power in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen the most, or who has read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an over-loaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it a man that can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy had the pre-eminence, not because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but self-discipline had taught him how to bend it.—*Daniel Webster.*

FLOYD and Price are pretty good Generals, take 'em as they run.

How Words are Abused.

A cotemporary complains that some of the noblest words in the English tongue are daily prostituted to ignoble uses, and says that "the constant application of great words to small things is gradually undermining the native strength of the language, insomuch that, in order to make an impressive statement, it is necessary to pile a Pelion on an Ossa of Adjectives." The complaint is well founded, but whether the nuisance can be materially abated by any force or frequency of rebuke is questionable.

The evil is widely spread, but it may be seen in its most malignant type among half-educated people and—young ladies. The latter are especially addicted to adjectives of the small kind, and even these are generally too weak for their use until they have been "raised to the third power" (as a mathematician would say) by being put in the superlative degree. In the intense vocabulary of the excitable damsels, a simply pleasant thing is "charming," and a disagreeable one "shocking." Whatever is fine is "splendid," at the very least; and nothing that is deemed in bad taste is ever otherwise than "horrible," or "awful."

In this same hyberbolical strain they speak of a pretty bonnet as "delicious," and describe an agreeable gentleman as "fascinating." But it is not the adjectives alone that suffer; the verbs are tortured quite as mercilessly as their adjuncts. The commonest things are "doted on" and "adored," or "abominated" and "detested;" while "love" is lavished on objects of taste, appetite and affection. The same person assures you that she "loves" her mother, her lap dog, and raw oysters! What more could she say of her Redeemer?

We once heard this indiscriminate use of superlatives quietly rebuked in a passage of conversation, which was nearly as follows: 'Don't you think Miss So-and-so is perfectly beautiful?' said a young lady to Judge B., *apropos* of a good looking school girl whose name had been mentioned. "She is pretty," said the Judge. His fair interlocuter looked puzzled and disappointed. "I appreciate your admiration of your friend," said the Judge, "but perfect beauty, my dear girl, is somewhat rarer than you seem to imagine. I do not know that I have ever seen an example of it in man or woman. Pretty girls are plenty enough; good looking women are not uncommon; decidedly handsome ones are occasionally met with. I have seen (in forty years) half a dozen who were beautiful; but a 'perfectly beautiful' woman is what I have not seen hitherto."

The young lady looked a little astonished at first; but, having reflected a moment, it occurred to her that the Judge might be in the right, and that she did not mean anything like the panegyric which she had pronounced—and she said so. "Why, Judge, you are so awful critical, I only meant to say she was pretty." "I thought so," said the Judge, "but how could I know that your idea was not as extravagant as your opinions? You must excuse me for the mistake, since it was not wholly my fault." And so ended the discourse.

The Eagle's Stategy.

As the mountains around the Konigs Sea abound in chamois, the eagle very naturally resorts there; and opportunity is frequently afforded of witnessing his tactics, modified by circumstances. The following account gives an instance of most cunning stratagem; but it also shows how impotent for attack the eagle is when his victim is not entirely exposed. A good sized chamois buck had got upon a ledge of rock, and was gazing downward and about him as these animals like to do. An eagle perceived him; but, as the bird could not approach close to the rock on account of his breadth of wing, he resolved to obtain the prize he had marked as his own in another manner. So he sailed by the chamois on his narrow path as near as he dared to come; then again and again; and as the animal retreated in order to quit his perilous position, the eagle wheeling round in a smaller circle, met him instantly, to hem in and cut off his retreat. By thus rushing past within a few few feet of him, and filling him with terror, he hoped to bewilder the chamois, and cause him to fall over the precipice, in which case he would have but to descend and carry off his booty. And in fact, the chamois, from trepidation probably, in turning a corner, slipped with one hind foot over the ledge. He lost his balance, and fell headlong over the rock, as the eagle intended that he should.—But, after lodging for a short time on an intervening slope, the carcass rolled off, and came toppling down into the lake.—The whole proceedings had been watched by two persons in a boat. They now rowed across to get the chamois; while the eagle, disappointed of his victim, wheeled above them, watching all they did.—*Forest Creatures; by Charles Boner.*

THE LOWER CLASS.—Who are they? The toiling millions, the laboring men and women, the farmer, the mechanic, the artist, the inventor, the producer? Far from it. These are Nature's nobility—God's favorites—the salt of the earth.—No matter whether they are high or low in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or humble in position, they are the "upper circle" in the order of nature, whatever the factious distinction of fashionable society. It is not low, it is the highest duty, privilege, pleasure, for the great men and the whole-souled woman to earn what they possess, to work their way through life, to be the architects of their own fortune. Some may remark the class we have alluded to as only relatively low, and in fact the middle class. We insist they are absolutely the very highest. Is there a class of beings on earth who may properly be denominated low? If so, it is composed of those who consume without producing, who dissipate the earnings of their fathers and relatives, without laboring for anything themselves.

NOTHING can be had in this world without paying its full price. The foolish mother fears to let her son pursue the natural sports befitting his age, lest he should be run over or drowned. She will not pay the price of bravery and manliness, and therefore her child grows up a cowardly booby.—*Emerson.*

A King in Captivity.

A communication from Valparaiso, brought by the last West Indian mail, has the following: "An event which probably may lead to the interference of the French government, has just taken place in South America, in the Araucanian provinces, tributaries of Chili. A Frenchman, originally from Perigeux, named Tonnens, had established himself among the tribes of the Gunchis, Hilicks, and Viliks, who people Araucania, to the south of the Rio Biobio, between the Andes and the sea. The superiority of M. Tonnens enabled him to acquire great influence over these semi-barbarous populations, to whom he had rendered great services; and about two years ago many of the tribes proclaimed him king. He took the name of Orelie Antoine, and imposed upon himself the mission of organizing and civilizing the country.—His projects and growing power gave umbrage to the Chilian government, which had in view to seize on Araucania. But King Aurelius, being an energetic man, determined to resist. He traversed the country to consult with the chiefs about repulsing vigorously any attacks of the Chilians, and came to an understanding with the Chief Guentecol, who could of himself furnish 40,000 Indians. Continuing his expedition, he arrived on January 4th in the plain of Los Perales, and was resting himself with his followers under a tree, when a detachment of Chilian cavalry sent by the Governor of Nacimento, threw themselves upon him, forced upon horseback, and conducted him to Nacimento, where he was thrown into prison. One of his followers, gained over by the Chilians, had apprised them of his movements. One would understand this act of violence if the tribes governed by King Aurelius had belonged to Chili. But the Araucanians always refused all temptation to submit, and concluded in 1773, with Chili, a treaty of peace, which secured them the right of having a resident minister at Santiago.—Consequently the arrest of King Orelie Antonie on his own territory is an odious violation of the rights of men. Let us add, that among his papers have been found the draft of a code of laws and plans of administrative organization confirming all that has been said of his leaning to civilization."

A Shrewd Irishman.

An Irish Priest was seen standing at the corner of one of the squares in London, about the hour of dinner. One of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, addressed him:

"O! Father O'Leary, how is your rivirince?"

"Mightily put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put! who'd put out your rivirince?"

"Oh! you don't understand; this is just it—I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I forgot the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it is 7 o'clock."

"Oh, is that all," was the reply. "Just now be aisy, your rivirince. I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away flew the good-natured Irishman round the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired, "Is Father O'Leary here?" As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed—

"No! bother on Father O'Leary, he is not here, but he was to dine here to-day, and the cook is in rage, and says the dinner will be spoilt."

Paddy leaped from the door as if the steps had been on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest—

"All right, your honor's rivirince; you dine at 43, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"Oh, Pat, said the grateful pastor, the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your rivirince; I have got your malady, I only wish I had your remedy."

Jeddo—the Largest City in the World.

A very erroneous idea is indulged in by many people in relation to the largest city in the world, many confidently asserting that London—or, as it is frequently termed, the Great Metropolis—is far superior, both in size and number of inhabitants. But such is not the case. Jeddo, the capital of Japan, is, without exception, the largest and most populous city in the world.

It contains the vast number of 1,500,000 dwellings, and 5,000,000 of human souls. Many of the streets are nineteen japanesers in length, which is equivalent to twenty-two English miles.

The commerce of Japan far exceeds that of any other city in the world, and the sea along its coast is constantly white with the sails of ships. "Their vessels sail to the southern portion of the empire, where they are laden with rice, tea, sea-coal, tobacco, silk, cotton, and tropical fruits, all of which find a ready market in the north, and then return freighted with corn, salt, oil, isinglass, and various other productions of the north, which have a market in the south."

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.—Two Kentucky regiments met face to face, and fought each other with terrible resolution, and it happened that one of the Federal soldiers wounded and captured his brother, and after handing him back began firing at a man near a tree, when the captured brother called to him and said, "Don't shoot there any more—that's father."

A Federal volunteer and a Rebel soldier were found dead with hands clasped. It is supposed that they fell side by side, mortally wounded, and making friends, died in peace. What a contrast to the spectacle around!

A SURE CURE FOR HYSTERICS.—Dr. March says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion, there is nothing like "flying round" to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician, he says, when they only need a scrubbing brush.

Selfishness.

No child was ever born that did not love itself better than its companions.—Let a mother set a dish of fruit before a child when there is a group of other children standing near, and the first impulse of the child is to appropriate the whole of the fruit for itself, and to look upon those other wistful eyes as eyes of enemies.—The mother begins to try the child, and says:

"My dear, divide the fruit, and give some to Mary and William."

The command is unwelcome to the child's selfishness. It does not want to divide; but the mothers authority compels it to do it and it does it with many tears. But when it is done, the mother talks to the child, and says:

"How noble it is to be generous!"—The next time the child has to divide fruit, it does it reluctantly; its selfishness has to be crucified, and it suffers; but does give away two out of six apples. And then it is praised. By this time it begins to get an idea that there is good in giving things away, and gives the third. Then it looks for praise, and the praise instantly comes, and it gives the fourth. Praise follows giving, and giving is rewarded by praise, till it comes to the last one, when it hesitates. And the next time, perhaps the child is so much pleased with the remuneration of its higher feelings in the act of giving away, that it distributes all its fruit and stands with nothing for itself. And the parent says to the child, "This is honorable."

Thus the child's better feelings are in the ascendency, and its selfishness is compelled to take a subordinate position! and the child grows up to be a true, noble, manly boy. And he does not divide; he squanders in giving. He empties everything, and walks like a prince, feeling, "It is my nature to give, and I prefer to do it."

There is no pain about his giving. The boy that gives freely would be ashamed to have it supposed that it cost him any struggle to give. He has overcome, he has crucified the element of selfishness within himself; and, being generous has become a pleasure to him.

This illustrates the fact that although every struggle between a higher and a lower feeling begins with the suffering of the lower; yet, when the lower is subdued and brought uder the control of the biger, that which was painful at first becomes pleasurable. We see not only in children, but in ourselves, that although Christian cross-bearing or self-denial begins with pain, if the process is rightly carried on it ends with pleasure and peace.—*Beecher.*

The President and the Army.

A Norfolk correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, in speaking of President Lincoln, says:

No General to-day is more popular with the soldiers than that plain, homely, gaunt man who has walked unostentatiously among them, towering like King Saul above all those about him, and equally eminent for his humanity, foresight, good sense, and even military skill. He is our Providential man—the Moses of our Israel. Said a Soldier of the 10th New York Regiment, to me last evening, "Our boys who could vote, most all voted against Abe Lincoln for President, but next time we are all for him. He is a man and a soldier, if he doesn't wear an officer's coat." A better testimony yet is the voice I hear to-day from the hospitals at Fortress Monroe, where he visited the sick and wounded, whether from loyal or Rebel States, (for he is President of the whole country,) and spoke a kind and feeling word to each sufferer, so that they murmured from their beds of pain, "God bless the President."

A SMART YANKEE GIRL.—We relate a true story, which is a gratifying instance of successful Yankee enterprise. A young girl, belonging to a respectable family in reduced circumstances, four years ago learned to operate sewing machines, and then went out from this city to Peru to teach the art to Spanish girls, and to establish the business in that country. She has enjoyed uniform good health, and has realized from three to four thousand dollars a year, beyond her expenses. About a year ago, she married a wealthy old Spaniard, who, dying, bequeathed to her a fortune of eighty thousand dollars, and thus placed her in very comfortable and independent circumstances. She now writes to urge her relatives to emigrate to Peru and share her good fortune.—*Newburyport Herald.*

NEVER affect to be other than what you are. Learn to say, "I do not know," and "I cannot afford it," with most sonorious distinctness and emphasis. Men will then believe you, when you say, "I do know," and "I can afford it." Never be ashamed to pass for what you truly are, and who you are, and you are on solid ground. A man is already of consequence in the world, when it is known that we can implicitly rely on him—that, when he says he knows a thing, it is so.

THE story is told of a New Zealand chief, that a young missionary landed at the island, to succeed a sacred teacher deceased some time before. At an interview with the chief, the young minister asked: "Did you know my departed brother?" "Oh, yes! me deacon in his church." "Ah, then you knew him well; and was he not a good, tender-hearted man?" "Yes," replied the pious deacon with much gusto, "he very good, me eat a piece of him."

WE are more inclined to hate one another for points on which we differ, than to love one another for points on which we agree. The reason perhaps is this: When we find others that agree with us, we seldom trouble ourselves to confirm the agreement; but when we chance on those that differ with us, we are zealous both to convince and to convert them.

A Trophy for Ohio.

Capt. Phelps, of the Flag Steamer Benton of the Mississippi Flotilla, has presented to the State of Ohio the rebel flag taken from the Gen. Bragg. We give below Captain Phelps' letter and Gov. Tod's reply, with the inscription which the Governor has caused to be affixed to this memorial of that remarkable victory:

CAPTAIN PHELPS' LETTER.

U. S. FLAG STEAMER BENTON, MEMPHIS, TENN., June 7th, 1862.

To His Excellency, David Tod, Governor of Ohio:

SIR:—I have sent to you for presentation to my native State, the flag which was flying from the peak of the rebel gunboat and ram, the General Bragg, when captured in the naval action off this city yesterday morning.

The General Bragg is one of the rebel steamers saved, and is now being prepared for the use of the Government as a war vessel.

Of the eight vessels of the enemy in this action, but one escaped; three lie buried in the depths of the Mississippi; another is a wreck on the Arkansas shore, and three, damaged by our shot, are saved.

I feel great satisfaction in being able to present to the State of Ohio this trophy, taken in an action which terminated so disastrously to the rebel cause.

I have the honor to be, respectfully, your obedient servant, S. L. PHELPS,
Lieutenant Commanding Benton, and Acting Fleet Captain.

THE STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, COLUMBUS, June 11, 1862.

S. L. Phelps, Lieutenant Commanding Benton, and Acting Fleet Captain, Memphis, Tenn.:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have the proud satisfaction of receiving, with your appropriate autograph letter of the 7th, a flag with three bars and thirteen stars, taken from the peak of the rebel gunboat and ram, the General Bragg, so gallantly captured in the brilliant engagement of the 6th inst., off Memphis.

This flag, with the enclosed inscription and the letter attached, shall be placed in the trophy museum of our Capitol, as a proud memento of your most successful achievement.

Ohio, your native State, received the news of your great and crowning success, in clearing the "Father of Waters" of traitorous obstructions, with a thrill of intense delight.

To the Navy of the Union, and especially to the Navy of our great inland rivers, must we ascribe a due share of the glory achieved in crushing out this gigantic rebellion.

Permit me, in the name of Ohio, to congratulate you and the gallant officers and men of the Upper Mississippi Flotilla, on the splendid victory won before Memphis.

In behalf of our people, as well as for myself, I most heartily thank you, for the great service done our beloved country, and for the honor of making Ohio the recipient of this trophy and mark of your patriotism.

Most truly yours,
DAVID TOD, *Governor.*

The following is the inscription which Governor Tod has caused to be affixed to the trophy:

"Flag taken from the peak of the rebel gunboat and ram, the General Bragg, captured off Memphis, Tenn., June 6th, 1862, in the brilliant engagement between the Union Flotilla, Upper Mississippi, and the Rebel Flotilla, in which three rebel gunboats were sunk, one burned, and three captured; one only escaping. This flag, as a trophy, is presented to his native State, by S. L. Phelps, Commanding the United States flag steamer Benton, and acting Fleet Captain.

Presented through David Tod, Governor of Ohio, who attaches this inscription and the autograph letter of Lieut. Phelps, written June 7th, on board the Benton, off Memphis.

Columbus, Ohio, June 11, 1862."

Rich Rebel Confessions.

Two letters, one from Commissioner Judge Rost to rebel Secretary Hunter, and the other from Captain Huse to Major Gorges, of the rebel War Department, have reached the authorities at Washington, instead of those at Richmond, and have been published. They are curious and important. Judge Rost acknowledges that there is no use for his staying in Europe. The conversation he held with the Spanish Minister at Madrid, of which he gives a full report, showed him that Spain would not act without England and France, and he was obliged to confess to his Castillian questioner that those powers had no faith in the Confederacy. After he had made a long talk about the ineffectiveness of the blockade, he was shrewdly asked why his Government did not send him out authentic news of events in the South. To this Rost made unsatisfactory replies, for he could not without admitting that it was next to impossible for advices to reach him. Captain Huse's letter shows that he could buy arms enough if he only had the money. He, however, was $400,000 in debt and Confederate paper was far from being "gilt edged."

INFLUENCE OF HOT WEATHER UPON NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN SOLDIERS.—In the medical statistics of the army from 1837 to 1854, transmitted to Hon. J. D. Bright, President of the Senate, By Jeff. Davis, Secretary of War, July 28, 1856, on pages 609 and 621, will be found a statement showing the power of endurance of a South Carolina and a New York regiment; respectively. South Carolina 1st, 1,034 men, campaign of 1847, eighteen and a half months' service, loss by disease, 509; New York 2d, 1,063 men, seventeen and a half months' service, loss by disease, 276. From this comparison of a Northern regiment with a Southern one, in a hot country campaign, it appears that the Southern regiment lost by disease very nearly twice as many as the New York regiment in about the same length of time, and the loss from all other causes was one-third less to the Northern than to the Southern regiment.

MANY who would not for the world utter a falsehood, are yet eternally scheming to produce false impressions on the minds of others respecting facts, characters and opinions.

THERE are great men enough to incite us to aim at true greatness, but not enough to make us fancy that God could not execute his purpose without them.