The Jeffersonian Democrat.

J. O. CONVERSE, Proprietor. A Weekly Newspaper, Devoted to the Dissemination of Republican Principles, Education, Temperance, Literature, Agriculture, and the News of the Day. TERMS--$1,50 per Annum.

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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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Bay City, Mich., March 15th, '61 554tf

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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.

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502tf SOLICITOR OF PATENTS.

Glorying in Their Shame.

Nearly every family in Charleston is said to have a copy of the following Song:

REBELS.

Rebels! 'tis a holy name!
The name our fathers bore,
When battling in the cause of Right,
Against the tyrant in his might,
In the dark days of yore.

Rebels! 'tis our family name!
Our father, Washington,
Was the arch-rebel in the fight,
And gave the name to us—a right
Of father unto sons.

Rebels! 'tis our given name!
Our mother, Liberty,
Received the title with her fame,
In days of grief, of fear and shame,
When at her breast were we.

Rebels! 'tis our sealed name!
A baptism of blood!
The war—ay, and the din of strife—
The fearful contest, life for life—
The mingled crimson flood.

Rebels! 'tis a patriot's name!
In struggles it was given;
We bore it then when tyrants raved,
And through their curses 'twas engraved
On the doomsday book of Heaven.

Rebels! 'tis our fighting name
For peace rules o'er the land
Until they speak o' craven woe—
Until our rights receive a blow,
From foe's or brother's hand

Rebels! 'tis our dying name!
For although life is dear,
Yet freemen born and freemen bred,
We'd rather live as freemen dead
Than live in slavish fear.

Then call us rebels if you will—
We glory in the name;
For, bending under unjust laws,
And swearing faith to an unjust cause,
We count a greater shame.

The Tools Great Men Work With.

It is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed, it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors.—"I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvellous things—such as his wooden clock, that accuretely measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hands, but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard, enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color. An eminent foreign *savant* once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratory, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a study, and pointing to an old tea-tray on the table, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance and a blow-pipe, said: "There is all the laboratory I have!" Stothard learnt the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie, in lieu of pencil and canvas. Berwick first practiced drawing on the cottage-walls of his native village, which he covered with sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the fields by night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies, by means of a thread with small beads on it, streched between his eye and the stars. Frankl'n first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross-sticks and a handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose, while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow handle.

A Picture of Mr. Lincoln by John Bull.

To say that he is ugly, is nothing; to add that his picture is grotesque, is to convey no adequate impression. Fancy a man six feet high, and thin out of proportion; with long, bony arms and legs, which somehow seem to be always in the way; with great, rugged, furrowed hands, which grasp you like a vice when shaking yours; with a long, scraggy neck, and a chest too narrow for the great arms at its side. Add to this figure a head cocoanut shaped and somewhat too small for such a stature, covered with rough, uncombed and uncombable hair that stands out in every direction at once; a face furrowed, wrinkled and indented as though it had been scarred by vitriol; a high, narrow forehead, and, sunk deep beneath bushy eyebrows, two bright, somewhat dreamy eyes, that seem to gaze through you without looking at you: a few irregular blotches of black bristly hair, in the place where beard and whiskers ought to grow; a close set, thin lipped, stern mouth, with two rows of large white teeth, and a nose and ears which have been taken by mistake from a head of twice the size.—Clothe this figure, then, in a long, tight, badly fitting suit of black, creased, soiled and puckered up at every salient point of the figure, (and every point of this figure *is* salient;) put on large, ill-fiting boots, gloves too long for the bony fingers, and a fluffy hat, covered to the top with dusty, puffy crape; and then add to all this an air of strength, physical as well as moral, and a strange look of dignity coupled with all this grotesqueness, and you will have the impression left upon me by Abraham Lincoln.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

COMMODORE FOOTE.—This distinguished officer is now staying at Cleveland, and we learn from the *Plain Dealer* that a decided change for the better has taken place in his condition within a few days. He is now able to sit up and take a little exercise, occasionally, besides being in excellent spirits—a good sign, we believe. The country will most certainly be pleased to learn of the noble soldier's steady improvement from day to day.

OUR DANGER AND OUR DUTY.

A Sermon preached by Rev. E. D. Taylor, in Burton, Sabbath, May 18th, 1862, at the Funeral of Lieut. C. H. Talcott, who fell April 7th, in the Battle of Pittsburg Landing.

[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

"In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him."—*Eccl. 7th, 14th.*

God only is great. His being fills all space, by His power he upholds all creatures, and, in His wisdom and goodness, He disposes all events. Worlds and motes are alike the objects of His concern. He presides over the seasons, and notices the falling sparrow. Life is His free gift, and death comes at His command. He fills all the springs of prosperity, and adversity is only His goodness withheld or disguised. If we are prospered, it becomes us to rejoice supremely in the Lord, and, if we are afflicted, there is nothing better for us than to consider our follies, and humble ourselves under the Divine hand that chastens us.

The occasion which has this day convened us, and the objects which are passing before our eyes, are very suggestive of *adversity*. Here are the accompaniments of death, and here is the garniture of the grave. "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." But we deplore no ordinary demise, and we perform no ordinary sepulture. That a man has fallen with the dew of his youth upon him, that a family has been invaded by the iron hand of the destroyer, that a lovely son and brother has been torn from yearning hearts and cherished hopes, that a constant friend, a virtuous citizen and an active Christian has been taken from earth in the midst of his labors, were reasons enough why we should make this place a Bochim. But alas! there are still higher motives to sorrow; there are still graver reasons why we should *consider*. We build to-day the sepulchre of the Christian patriot, and the Christian *soldier*. Our tears are an index of a grief that fills the land; and our sighs are responsive to a wail of anguish and bereavement that breaks from a multitude of homes throughout our afflicted country. Our loss proclaims our *Nation's peril;* and, as the funeral march to a soldier's grave is beaten, Liberty herself, upon her lofty fane of strength and beauty, may well assume the drapery of bereavement, and become the chief mourner of her murdered sons. Our friend and brother has not fallen a prey to disease. None of the nameless casualties to which our lives are ordinarily exposed, has laid him low. He lies not before us the victim of private revenge and the assassin's dagger; but the deadly missiles that mangled his body and drew his heart's blood, were hurled by the more potent and wicked hand of Arch-Treason and Rebellion. Those missiles were aimed at a *Nation's* heart; they were designed to arrest the universal progress of intelligence, freedom and religion.

As the circumstances of the occasion demand that our words be few, let us attend more directly to the exhortation of the text. "In the day of adversity *consider*," by noticing,

1st. The *cause* of the troubles which have overtaken us.

And I shall but echo the sentiment of every intelligent, patriotic and Christian heart, when I declare that cause to be *the hatred of popular liberty, and the lust of unbridled power.*

Before our fathers engaged in that memorable struggle which secured to us our national existence, they wrote upon the banner which they unfurled to the winds of heaven, to which they pointed the inquiring nations as the index of the motives which impelled them, under which they fought and died, and by whose emblematic aid they went forward to ultimate victory and independence; they wrote, I say, upon that banner: "We hold these truths to be self evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." And when, after such a baptism of blood as nations seldom experience, they had secured an acknowledgment of their independence by the mother country, and were about to adopt a national Constitution, that there might be no misunderstanding with regard to the design and meaning of that instrument, they prefaced it with this introduction:

"We, the People of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

If the Constitution proper is ambiguous, its *preamble* is not. That asserts that the Constitution was adopted, and the General Government formed, "to promote a more perfect *Union*;" to "insure domestic tranquility; "to establish justice," to "provide for the common defence," to "promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."—And it was not adopted by a sectional clique, but by the "*People of the United States.*" And the troubles that are upon us are not the result of any obnoxious act of our National Congress. They are not caused by Louisiana making war upon Maine, or South Carolina taking arms against Massachusetts, or Virginia seeking to retaliate upon New York, for some real or supposed injury; but these troubles are caused by men who are opposed to the very principles upon which our Government was established, and who would annihilate the very objects which the Government ought to promote. We talk about a "Southern Confederacy." But, while the *armies* of the Rebellion have, as yet, been confined to the Southern States, the spirit and aim of the Rebellion are as broad and comprehensive as our national authority and domain. The civil war which is raging in our country, and which is sending multitudes of our noble fathers, husbands, sons and brothers to an untimely grave, is emphatically a war of ignorance against intelligence, indolence against industry, lust against chastity, perjury against truth and loyalty, barbarism against civilization, despotism the most irresponsible and cruel against constitutional liberty and equality, and of bigotry, blind, unscrupulous and determined, against religion, enlightenment and progress. This Rebellion is a "covenant with death and an agreement with hell." Its serried hosts and all its enginery of war are in hostile array against our common schools, our free presses, the liberty of speech, the sanctity of our homes, the independence of our pulpits, the progress of liberal ideas, and of individual and national virtue. The spirit that animates the Rebellion has shown what it is capable of doing for a nation by its workings in the slaveholding States during the last seventy-five years; for, notwithstanding the numerous checks which have been imposed upon it by its intimate connection with freedom, it has crippled every single interest, material, intellectual, social and religious, that has felt its power. And, if it has wrought only *death*, political and moral, while connected by many arteries with the living heart of freedom, pray, what ruin would it not work in a nation, were it left without restraint? The fatal shot which slew our noble brother, was aimed at your heart and mine, as well as his. It was aimed at our Government, at our country, and at all that is most dear to us, as citizens of these United States.

2d. Let us consider our *duty* in this time of tribulation.

And, if there is any period in our national existence in which a *peculiar* obligation has been thrown upon American citizens to show themselves *men*, that period is the present. The Rebellion has shown itself strong, and only strength has sufficed to meet it. Our Government holds its present favorable position, by the mercy of God, only through the most determined and energetic efforts. And such efforts must be continued. The people are beginning to see, as they never saw before, that there is no sympathy between liberty and oppression; that they cannot coalesce, and that all efforts to harmonize their conflicting elements and interests must result in disaster. No historical fact can be more easily demonstrated than this: that a large majority of the founders of this Republic contemplated the early extinction of Slavery. They anticipated such a result from the influence of a growing intelligence, and the expansion of liberal and Christian principles. How greatly mistaken they were, in those anticipations, is shown by our present distresses. And, since the past and present prove alike that slavery will "either rule or ruin," there is but one thing for the loyal people of this country to do in reference to this subject, viz: demand that our Government be, now and henceforth, administered according to the letter, the intent and the spirit of our Constitution. That it protect States and people in the exercise of their rights, and not prostitute itself, as a minister of unrighteousness in the hand of the oppressor. Our Constitution, as it is, without amendment, and without change, is sufficient to render our Government all that it was designed to be, and all that it ought to be, the promoter of liberty, justice, equity, intelligence, industry and religion, throughout its entire jurisdiction. God declared to the world long ago, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people;" and our country will never enjoy its former prestige and prosperity, unless people and rulers shall fall back upon the first principles of sound morality, and declare that "justice shall stand though the heavens fall."

Liberal principles have had three periods of peculiar trial upon this Continent. The first was when the Puritans planted themselves, for conscience sake, upon the "wild New England shore," amid wild beasts, wild forests and wild Indians, upon a sterile soil, and under an ungenial sky. Then those principles triumphed over the natural elements, the ruthless savage, and the severest privations and sufferings of a pioneer life, and caused the "desert to blossom as the rose." Their second period of peculiar peril was when this Nation was born, and Liberty built here her home. Then those principles showed themselves more than a match for the cunning, the bribery and the armies of a British King and Parliament. And those principles are having their third and most fiery ordeal at the present time, while the spirit of despotism raises its impious crest, under the guise of State-sovereignty, and darts its deadly fangs at the very heart of Freedom.

The result of this last and fiercest struggle cannot be doubtful, if we are true to our fathers, true to our children, and true to our God. O, it is a privilege to live in such a time as this, to those who have the wisdom to perceive their obligations, and the virtue and manliness to meet them. The past and future are looking upon us. We are a "spectacle to men and angels." The friends of truth and liberty throughout the earth, and unborn generations will bless us, if we are faithful to our trust. We take no hasty measure of human life, and of the mighty sacrifices which are now being made by the loyal people of this country, in the cause of freedom, when we declare that our Government is worth *far more* than we are paying for it; and that, if it costs the lives and property of this entire generation, to wrest our noble and God-given inheritance entirely from the grasp of the oppressor, and secure perpetual and unmixed liberty to those who shall succeed us, we shall not transmit to future generations a legacy too dear.

Every loved one who has gone out from us to brave the hardships and dangers of the camp and the field, every one that languishes in the hospital and the prison, and every mouldering form that fills a soldier's grave, appeals to us most eloquently, to make an ultimate *end* of that institution, which underlies all our distresses, and whose malignant spirit is the life and power of the Rebellion.

There is much to encourage in this time of tribulation. "The stars in their courses" seem to be fighting for us, we can almost perceive the angels of the Lord going before our armies, and God, by His word, His spirit, and His providence, is pointing us plainly to our duty, and admonishing us to do it. If we take hold of His strength, and walk according to His counsels, righteousness and peace will soon embrace each other in our national affairs, and glory will abide in our land. But, if we shirk our vast responsibilities, and let this time of our visitation pass unimproved, the star of promise which has hung so long in splendor over us, will sink, at length, in fearful night.

Of the deceased, it does not become me to say much, as my acquaintance with him was not extensive, and your own cherished recollections of him are, no doubt, his best eulogy. He was amiable, intelligent and upright; and a filial trust in God seemed to be the ruling element of his character. That trust he doubtless cherished under the fatigues of the march, the labors and privations of the camp, the sufferings of the hospital, the perils of the field of conflict and carnage, and the untold pangs of ebbing life. He did his duty, and fell with his armor on, in the face of Freedom's foes and ours.

Let not the hand of sympathy and affection write his epitaph, "His days, alas! were too soon numbered;" but let the hand of Faith grave deeply on the monumental tablet,

"Here lies a man of fifty years, who died at twenty-eight."

On whom doth his mantle rest?

From the N. O. Delta, June 8

Execution of Wm. B. Mumford.

Early yesterday morning, it was announced that Wm. B. Mumford, the man sentenced to death for tearing down the United States flag hoisted on the Mint by Commodore Farragut upon the occupation of the city by the Union forces, would expiate his offense on the gallows.—Crowds were soon wending their way toward the Mint, where all doubts were dispelled by the ghastly spectacle of a gallows projecting from a window in the second story of that building, fronting on Esplanade street, directly under, as it were, the flagstaff that had borne the colors in question.

In the mean time, the unfortunate man was awaiting his fate in the Custom-House. On the evening of the 5th inst., three days ago, the order of execution was read to him by Deputy Provost-Marshal Stafford, he being charged with carrying into effect the details of the sentence in consequence of the illness of Provost-Marshal French. The document reads as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, N. O., June 5th, 1862.

SPECIAL ORDER No 70.—William B. Mumford, a citizen of New Orleans, having been convicted before the Military Commission of treason and an overt act thereof in tearing down the United States flag from a public building of the United States, for the purpose of inciting other evil-minded persons to further resistance to the laws and arms of the United States, after said flag was placed there by Commodore Farragut of the United States Navy.

It is ordered that he be executed, according to the sentence of the said Military Commission, on Saturday, June 7, inst., between the hours of 3 A. M. and 12, under the direction of the Provost Marshal of the District of New-Orleans; and for so doing this shall be his sufficient warrant. By command of

Maj.-Gen. BUTLER, General Com.

Mumford exhibited little emotion, and comported himself with great coolness and self-possession.

About 9 o'clock A. M., a strong escort, composed of the 12th Maine Volunteers, Col. Kimbell, set out from the Mint, and, arriving at the Custom-House, the prisoner passed into their custody, his hands tied behind his back, but otherwise his movements unimpeded.

He seemed to be a man of about forty years of age, middle-sized, his face deeply pitted with smallpox, and wearing a very heavy beard. He was calm in his demeanor, and his countenance exhibited no trace of the dreadful ordeal he was undergoing, except that it was frightfully pale. As he passed out under the escort of two officers, he waved a last adieu to some one in the crowd.

Before he started, he was accorded the mournful privilege of bidding farewell to his wife and children. The meeting was, indeed, a sorrowful one.

Passing out through the entrance on Old Levee street, he entered an army wagon, accompanied by an officer, and to the solemn sound of slowly beaten drums, the cortege passed on, a troop of cavalry riding in advance, and the prisoner in the center of a column of infantry. On each side of the street, before and behind the funeral procession a great crowd went on in decorous silence to witness the last act of the tragedy.

At 9 o'clock A. M. the prisoner arrived at the Mint, and alighted. It was noticed his eye immediately sought out the scaffold. He gazed at it for a moment, and then naturally turning away his head, entered the building through the portico, and was immediately conveyed by two officers into a private apartment.

While sitting here he entered into conversation with several gentlemen present. He stated that he was prepared to die. That no doubt he had committed many errors during his life, but he hoped that they would be forgiven him.

In a few moments a large black cassock was brought in, and he was invested with it, his neck handkerckief and collar were removed, and it was announced to him that it was time to die. Getting up, he walked firmly out on the scaffold, and stood in the bright sunlight with thousands of eyes fixed upon him.

The order of execution was then read amid a breathless silence. Then concluding it he was asked if he had anything to say to the assembled multitude. He signified that he had.

He then, addressing the crowd, stated, in substance, that he was a native of North Carolina, but had been a citizen of New-Orleans for many years. That the offense for which he was condemned to die was committed under excitement, and that he did not consider that he was suffering justly. He conjured all who heard him to act justly to all men, to rear their children properly, and that when they met death they would meet it firmly. He was prepared to die; and as he had never wronged any one, he hoped to receive mercy.

Having concluded, his face was covered with a black mask, his head enveloped in a large hood, and the rope put around his neck; his hands and legs were securely tied, and he stood alone upon the platform.

At 13 minutes before 11 A. M., after a moment's pause, that seemed an age to every one present, the signal was given, the platform, loaded with iron to accelerate its fall, swung heavily down with a sullen crash, and in a few minutes the soul of Wm. B. Mumford passed into the presence of his Maker.

During all this time a vast crowd swayed to and fro in front of the Mint, and thronged the levee, every eye fixed upon the awful scene; while along the line mounted men galloped, preserving order. Upon the consummation of the sentence the assemblage quietly dispersed to their homes.

After hanging 25 minutes, Dr. W. T. Black, acting surgeon to Gen. Shepley's Staff, and Dr. Geo. A. Black, agent of United States Sanitary Commission, approached the body, and ascertained the heart had ceased to beat. It was allowed, however, to remain suspended about 20 minutes longer, when it was cut down and placed in a coffin prepared for the purpose. At 5 o'clock, P. M., it was conveyed to the Firemen's Cemetery, and there interred. *Resquiescat in pace.*

WHAT IT COST TO HAUL DOWN THE AMERICAN FLAG.

The Delta of the 8th instant says: "So far as our knowledge extends in the matter, it is the first instance upon record of a man being tried, found guilty, and executed for laying violent hands upon our National flag, and the lesson it conveys is a solemn, and, we trust, will prove a salutary one. Mumford, though standing only as a representative of parties equally guilty at heart as himself, had the misfortune to mingle a little more rashness with his treasonable intents than some of his traitor associates, and paid the penalty with his worthless life."

The Showman's Courtship.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

There was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsey Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squenched their thurst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerds; them measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsey's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin' house, and nabers used to observe, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our several mothers (Betsey's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so they couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitely Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankered intensly arter the objeck of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzom. I'd try to do it but my tung would kerwollup up agin the roof of my mowth and stick thar, like deth to a deceast African or a country post master to his Offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn floor.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zefler disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her father's pastur. We'd bin rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & drivin the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks.—Wall, we sot thar on the fense a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luvinly round her waste.

I cleared my throte and tremblingly sed, "Betsey, you're a Gazzelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waited to see what effeck it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed,

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsey, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so thare now—cum!" with which observashun she hitched away from me.

"If thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I strikin my buzzom with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowed her bed down & commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

"Ar, could you know the sleeplis nites I worry threw with on your accout, how vitles has seized to be attractiv to me & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't doubt me Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere sunken cheeks—"

I should have continered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortunitly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur kersmash, tearin my close and seveerly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsey Jane sprung to my assistance in dubel quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite she sed:

"I wont listen to your noncents no longer. Juss say rite strate out what yon're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitely to the parson's, and was made 1 that very nite.—*Vanity Fair.*

Collecting Taxes in the Rebel States.

The bill for the collection of direct taxes in the insurrectionary districts has become a law. It provides for the sale of real estate, in certain cases for this purpose.—Where owners have abandoned their land to engage in the rebellion, and the same shall have been struck off to the United States at vendue, the Commissioners proposed to be appointed may lease the same, under such regulations as will secure proper and reasonable employment at wages, or upon shares of the crop of such persons and families as may be residing upon the land. The proceeds of the leases and sales are to be paid into the Treasury, one-fourth of which is to be paid over to the Governor of the State wherein such lands are situated, or his authorized agent, when such insurrection shall be put down, and the people shall elect a Legislature and State officers, who shall take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and such fact shall be proclaimed by the President for the purpose of reimbursing the loyal citizens of said State, or for such other purpose as said State may direct, and one-fourth shall also be paid over to said State as a fund to aid colonization or emigration from said State of any free person of African descent who may desire to remove therefrom to Hayti, Liberia, or any other tropical State or colony.

A MAN is the healthiest and the happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle.

Senator Sumner and the President.

Senator Charles Sumner has addressed the following private letter to a friend, which the Boston *Journal* publishes. It should be read by all:

SENATE CHAMBER, June 5 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: Your criticism of the President is hasty. I am confident that, if you knew him as I do, you would not make it.

Of course, the President cannot be held responsible for the misfeasance of subordinates, unless adopted or at least tolerated by him. And I am sure that nothing unjust or ungenerous will be tolerated, much less adopted, by him

I am happy to let you know that he has no sympathy with Stanley in his absurd wickedness, closing the schools, nor again in his other act of turning our camp into a hunting ground for slaves. He repudiates both—positively. The latter point has occupied much of his thought; and the newspapers have not gone too far in recording his repeated declarations, which I have often heard from his own lips, that slaves finding their way into the National lines are never to be re-enslaved. This is his conviction, expressed without reserve.

Could you have seen the President—as it was my privilege often—while he was considering the great questions on which he has already acted—the invitation to Emancipation in the States, Emancipation in the District of Columbia, and the acknowledgement of the independence of Hayti and Liberia—even your zeal would have been satisfied, for you would have felt the sincerity of his purpose to do what he could to carry forward the principles of the Declaration of Independence. His whole soul was occupied, especially by the first proposition, which was peculiarly his own. In familiar intercourse with him, I remember nothing more touching than the earnestness and completeness with which he embraced this idea. To his mind it was just and beneficent, while it promised the sure end of slavery. Of course, to me, who had already proposed a Bridge of Gold for the retreating fiend, it was most welcome. Proceeding from the President, it must take its place among the great events of history.

If you are disposed to be impatient at any seeming shortcomings, think, I pray you, of what has been done in a brief period, and from the past discern the sure promise of the future. Knowing something of my convictions and of the ardor with which I maintain them, you may, perhaps, derive some assurance from my confidence. I say to you, therefore, stand by the Administration. If need be help it by word and act, but stand by it and have faith in it.

I wish that you really knew the President, and had heard the artless expression of his convictions on those questions which concern you so deeply. You might, perhaps, wish he were less cautious, but you would be grateful that he is so true to all that you have at heart. Believe me, therefore, you are wrong, and I regret it the more because of my desire to see all my friends stand firmly together. If I write strongly, it is because I feel strongly; for my constant and intimase intercourse with the President, beginning with the 4th of March, not only binds me peculiarly to his Administration, but gives me a personal as well as political interest in seeing that justice is done him.

Believe me, my dear Sir, with much regard, ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Going into Battle.

You have often wondered whether the men wore their overcoats, knapsacks, haversacks, and carry their blankets, when going into battle. That depends upon circumstances. Some-times, when they are marching, they find themselves in the battle almost before they know it. I remember that on the 18th of July, three days before the battle at Bull Run, some regiments of the army were marching towards Mitchel's Ford, a fording-place on Bull Run, when suddenly the enemy fired upon them, and the men had to fight just as they were, only a great many threw down their coats and blankets and haversacks, so they could fight freely and easily. You also wonder whether the regiments fire regularly in volleys, or whether each man fires as fast as he can. That also, depends upon circumstances, but usually, except when the enemy is near at hand, the regiments fire only at the command of their officers. You hear a drop, drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by a rattle and roll, which sounds like the falling of a building, just as some of you have heard the brick wall tumble at a great fire.

Sometimes, when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon a regiment to cut it to pieces, the men form in a square, with the officers and musicians in the center. The front rank stands with bayonets charged, while the second rank fires as fast as it can. Sometimes they fire sin four ranks deep, the two front ones kneeling with their bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them they would run against a picket-fence of bayonets. When they form in this way the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the roar is terrific, and many a horse and rider goes down before the terrible storm of iron hail.

THE RETURNED PRISONERS.—Instructions have been sent to Brigadier General Harvey Brown, of New York, to muster for payment about fourteen hundred returned prisoners now arriving in that city from the Department of North Carolina. Payment will be made to these men as soon as the muster rolls can be completed. Such of these men as may have been exchanged will be granted leave of absence for twenty days. The remainder will be furloughed till exchanged or discharged. Those in the latter class will report their addresses to the governors of their respective States at the end of each month, in order that they may be promptly notified should exchanges be made for them.

GEN. FREMONT'S CYPHER.—When Gen. Fremont was at the West, his most secret dispatches to the President were sent in Maygar, which was as good as cypher, since no traitor knows the tongue. What a compliment to the native tongue of Kossuth—"No traitor knows the tongue! It is said that there is no record of any Hungarian being in the rebel service, though there are many in our army."