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WHAT CHEER HOUSE,
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Starved.
The other night two women died of want and privation in the streets of London. One was discovered by a policeman in the morning, sitting in a crooked position on a stone. On removal to a doctor's in the neighborhood it was found that she was quite dead.

The deep night fell o'er London,
With its fog and darkness and gloom—
It fell o'er the streets of the city,
With pleading, hunger-plagued features—
With aspect weary and worn;
And the wild March blast, as it hurried past,
Fluttered her tattered tulle.

No home in all wide London!
She shrunk from the chilly air,
Close her tattered mantle,
Round her shoulders cold and bare,
And from the bent of the rain and sleet
She crouched on the lonely stair.

And through the streets of London
The homeless crowd went on;
No eye saw the homeless woman,
No ear heard her piteous moan,
No kindly heart that had human
Care for the homeless one.

Death walked through the streets of London,
He saw the woman lying
In her lonely misery;
He took her hand, and in accents bland,
Said "come away with me."

Day dawned on stately London;
The sun shone warm and bright
On the woman's crouching figure,
In its unshining plight—
On her garments old and tattered,
On her features still and white.

Starved in the streets of London!
Yet mayhap a mother had smiled
In the dim-lit days of infancy,
In the laughing of an infant child!
These eyes that now glow with stony tears,
Saw—'tis well, 'tis well!

Scathing Criticism on Dr. Russell's American Career, before a London Audience.
BY GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

The question being—"Was President Lincoln justified in refusing permission to the Times correspondent to embark with the Federal army?"

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: No debate can show victory unless there are two sides. To-night, therefore, there has been but one. Russell is the only one who has taken the negative of the proposition. He said:

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received telegraphic dispatches from London as to the wretched condition of the allied forces, described by "our own correspondent," which made the Russians more vindictive and more determined, more destructive, and stimulated them to make greater exertions to pour down troops to the Crimea.

England may thank Russell for additions to many a Crimean graveyard; many a noble home in England has been made sad by this reckless trader in human reputation, who yesterday came snarling, like a whipped schoolboy, before the British people, in a three column attack upon the American Government, simply because that Government has enforced its orders, not against Mr. Russell only, but against all the correspondents of the world, American as well as European.

France, he forgets to mention, was the dear ally of England in the Russian war, yet he refused permission to enter the French camp, although the allied Generals were acting in concert. The Emperor sent a special order prohibiting his entrance inside the ranks. It was enough to see the Times play into the hands of Russia, by slandering the English army, without libelling the French as well. President Lincoln has only followed the action of some other distinguished names. Do you think that the British Government would allow any newspaper correspondent, in the employ of any other Government, to criticize any of the movements of the army on the field of battle? ["No."] How strange that this same Russell should ask a favor of the President when a short time ago he accused of manslaughter in hanging the slave trader, Gordon.

But, to continue—In 1856 he was sent to Moscow to paint the picture of Alexander's coronation, and he will do him the justice to say that he painted it well. From this college he dabbled him L. L. D. The next year he was in India, and in 1858, established that lamentable failure, the Army and Navy Gazette. And now we come more directly to the question in debate—Was the President justified in his expulsion?

IN LEAGUE WITH THE REBELLION.
Received at New York with open arms, introduced at our clubs, and in our families, his first letters, and prize his first libel, declaring that there was no Union feeling, no Union sentiment, no Union army, in the North; predicting the entire collapse of our Republic. He went to Washington, where doors opened wide again to give him welcome, and again he replied with another sneer against the Federal resources. He passed on to Charleston, and there it was that he found the gentleman, the chivalrous officer, the aristocratic Cavalier, and the Abolition Russell fell in love with negro slavery, and Southern loyalty. From this point he wrote that Republicanism was dead in the South—the Confederacy was a king—and the Prince of Wales was suggested. That noble Prince, who, a few months before had been insulted in Richmond, the only place where he was not well received in the western world. Acting on these letters, and his Confederate conspirator, Bonch, the secession British Consul at Charleston—Lord John Russell made his first false step in acknowledging the rebels as belligerents, and it is not the fault of those British spies that the Foreign Secretary did not acknowledge the Confederacy. Under the sacred code of diplomatic letters, it is fair to presume that at this time he made his plans to furnish through the British dispatch bags to the rebel General the entire plans of the Northern Army, [Oh! and where's your proof?] as well as to keep "Yankee" and the "No. Government" thoroughly posted, through the dispatches of Lord Lyons to the Foreign office, acting the double part of a British informer and a rebel spy! [Disseas, and proof, proof.]

You ask for proof—I refer you to the diplomatic correspondence, in the month of October, between Seward, Adams, and Lord Lyons, demanding the recall of Bunch, for sending rebel papers from the Southern leaders to the Confederate ministers here, through Lord Lyons' dispatch bag, and the Foreign Office. Seward having tripped up the British Government in this equitable piece of diplomacy, Lord John Russell afterwards sent his special messenger by every steamer to Washington, and it is a singular fact that Yankee was the first to obtain every information on both sides of the line, the moment this arrangement was made [hear, hear!]; but go on, Russell was next at Fort Fisher, which he falsely predicted would soon be recaptured by Gen. Bragg; but recent events have proved that although Gen. Bragg may be a good dog, Gen. Holdfast is a better.

At the commencement of the war, Mr. Russell was sent out to describe the vicissitudes of the strife. We know him as we know all your writers, and are first to discover their talents—Thackeray was known in every village, and returned to England with money in his pocket; he was told, when he was defeated at Cambridge, that there were only three men on the electoral list who had ever heard of him. Russell reigned supreme as the king of correspondents, and his graphic descriptions of Crimean and Indian warfare were familiar to us all. So many errors have been committed to-night by the speakers who have preceded me, you had better let me give a hasty glance at his career: first stating three distinct negatives.

RUSSELL'S HISTORY—LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN.
Russell is an Irishman, not an Englishman—Russell was not the Times' correspondent in Italy, and you ought to know as well as I, that he was poor Rowley, and not Russell, who succeeded Cook in China. Nobody seems to know whether Russell was born in 1816 or 1821, but graduating at Trinity, he commenced writing for the Times in 1843. Living in a secession time, when O'Connell was the sensation leader, Russell became a sensation letter writer, and, with the exception of the short period from 1845 to 1847, when he was on the Chronicle, he has been chief of the Times staff. It may have become a brilliant literary dog often practiced to open the door to good society. [Oh!] The gentleman says oh! but it is notorious that he never held a brief, wore a wig, or gave a legal opinion. He did what Carter Hall and Makepeace Thackeray did before him—paid the hundred pound barrister's fee to obtain the *locus standi* of the West End. In 1854 and 1855 he was the tyrant of the army of the Crimea, and so unfairly did he use the means at his command, there are many officers now in the British army who treat him with the scorn he deserves. His attack upon the commissary department did more to prolong the contest than is generally known. I was told, when at St. Petersburg, after the war, that the Empe-

lor's taste runs in the latter vein. Consequently he sits the truth wherever he can, so that he may more effectually float the lies with which he caters to the willing appetite of English secession. [Where's your proof?]

RUSSELL A PROPHECY.
Mark some of his prophecies, and the proof shall be ample. Did he not say that Burnside's expedition would be a failure? You know that it was a perfect success. Did he not say that we had no power of raising an army out of our volunteers? You know how false has been the assertion. Did he not say that we had no rifles, no artillery, no officers, no Generals? You know, gentlemen, that never before was an army so thoroughly equipped. Did he not say that it was impossible to save the Border States? And yet, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and Maryland are all back again, and the North Carolina are knocking at the Union door. Did he not say that the rebel army would make a terrible fight at Manassas? And yet how rapidly they fled at the advance of McClellan. Do you want more proof, gentlemen, of this miserable slanderer's lies? Take Island No. 10; did he not say that there would be no rebel resistance there? And yet the cannon have been roaring there for weeks in front; while we cut a twelve mile canal up to their back door and bagged their entire army of six thousand men. Did he not say that the American people would not take up the first shot, and the second, and the third? Did he not say that our people were bankrupt, our Government insolvent, our treasury empty? Did he not say that the Americans would not allow themselves to be taxed? And yet, gentlemen, time has shown that he is not only a false prophet, but a systematic liar! [Disseas.] Gentlemen, you must excuse my digression [loud laughter] while I continue my dissertation of this libelous charlatan—[the paid agent to misrepresent everything American.]

[A gentleman arose to say that Mr. Train's language was unparliamentary, and while the debate was quite free, the epithets used and bitterness displayed by Mr. Train was quite unbecoming.]

Mr. Train continued—"You know, gentlemen, that I usually express my own thoughts, not yours. My words are persuasion caps, not flint locks; and I told you on the spot that I should bring revolvers to bear against Mr. Russell and the speakers who defend him, if they put any more firecrackers in my breeches. [Loud laughter, and hear, hear.]

A PROPHECY WITH A GLASS EYE.
To continue: As Mr. Russell's letters returned to America, our independent press soon discovered instead of an able-bodied, healthy argument, nothing but false hair, false teeth, dyed whiskers, a glass eye, and a wooden leg—in other words, a stereotyped sham instead of a fine specimen of English honesty. It will be remembered that some time ago correspondents were prohibited from following the army; this was followed up by the Government seizure of the telegraph offices. Here was discovered a fine nest of traitors, and when do you suppose was the chief robber in the band? Why, William Howard Russell, the reliable correspondent of the London Times.

WHAT OBTURSED THE TIMES' VISION.
The mystery was at last solved, the secret came out, and the hostility of the Times, the secession spirit of the Government—was explained; and the gigantic plot discovered, which already has filled many a western graveyard, and has ruined, is ruining, and will continue to ruin thousands in England! The time has arrived for the world to understand that the whole action of the Times, through its leaders and correspondents, has been to weigh gold against the rebel cause, to enrich human life and human misery. Somebody has made millions—nigger points to Rothchild and some distinguished names in political life as the accomplices of the Times in this nefarious plot to involve the English and Americans in an inhuman war, that they might make a few more hundred thousands in the Stock Exchange. [A voice—"You have no right to make such a statement without proof." Cries of order.]

RUSSELL AS A STOCK OPERATOR.
Unfortunately, I have too much proof. Among the dispatches seized by the Government, this one was discovered: "Washington, Dec. 27th, half past 2 P. M.—from W. H. Russell to Samuel Ward, New York Hotel. Act on this telegram as though you heard good news for you and me." This, you remember, was the crisis of the Trent affair. Russell had just obtained the important secret from Lord Lyons, that the rebel Commissioners would be given up, and sent his orders to purchase and left, all kinds of stocks in the New York market; and to make the speculation sure, he wrote a letter to the Times that night, to buy the next day's steamer, saying that he knew Mason and Sillid not only would not be given up, but that there was every prospect of immediate success. Now, I maintain that such acts are sufficient to condemn him at the tribunal of English public opinion, and to fasten upon the Times the entire responsibility of the terrible distress that now exists in the manufacturing districts, and now agitates the mind of the London laborer and the London poor. It is well known that important dispatches were suppressed by your Government for three weeks, and that important operations took place upon the Stock Exchange through the *Rebels'* broker. Read the well reply of the Morning Post to the Morning Star.

THE CROWNING ACT OF MEANNESS.
In conclusion, I may mention the meanness and the last of Russell's contemptible course in America. Well knowing the order of the Department prohibiting all correspondents from following the army, he sneaked on board the Government transport under the quasi protection of his American friend General McClellan; and it was that the Secretary was obliged to re-issue the order, never for a moment supposing that any English gentleman would have done so mean a thing. The impudence of the man out-Russells Russell. Think of him writing to the Secretary of War to know if he (the Secretary) really meant to act on the order that he (the Secretary) issued—following it up with an audacity almost beyond belief, by writing to the President to know if he permitted his Secretary of War to take any such action! To show you the impertinence of the thing, let me suppose a case. Ireland has seceded; I arrive in London as the correspondent of the New York Herald; having met Lord Clyde in the Crimea, I obtained permission to accompany him to Ireland, having first written my letters to the Herald rid-

ding the English army, English Generals and English Ministers—proving beyond a doubt how impossible it was for England to recover Ireland. At this moment, these letters having returned to England, the Secretary of War calls Lord Clyde's attention to an order prohibiting correspondents from joining the army. Imagine my indignantly waiting upon Lord Palmerston to know if he meant to act on the order; and then, if you can, imagine my having the audacity to have penetrated the gloom of Osborne to see if some higher power couldn't make the Premier rescind his instructions. [Laughter.] I think, gentlemen, I have succeeded in defending the Administration and Stanton.

Russell went to America an Abolitionist; he came back, as most Englishmen do, a pro-slavery man. He went to America as a gentleman; he returned, after outraging all the rules of good society, to chuckle with his employers over the fortunes that had been made over this stock-jobbing operation. I called him a robber—is it not robbery to deprive widows and orphans, by frightening them into getting their stocks at ruinous prices? Is it not villainy to paint a lie so that it shall resemble truth? Is it not murder so to disseminate these lies as to prolong a contest at the cost of human lives? Is it not damnable to speculate in human flesh, placing pounds in the scale against human life? Is it not criminal, by the repetition of continued falsehoods, to create an animosity between two people, that it may be difficult to ally? He said our mob would not give up Mason and Sillid; but when you know he said it in order to speculate upon the Stock Exchange, you can see what reliance could have been placed upon the report of the battles that are now being fought.

He went to America bloated with the conceit of his own importance. The American journalists have tapped him, and his sudden collapse is a well-merited retribution to his employers. Under the impulse of champagne and good brandy, he can paint a battle scene; but how shall, low aside from this, how feeble his correspondence generally appear!

A DWARF AND A GIANT COMPARED.
De Tocqueville visited America, and wrote a searching analysis of our institutions. Russell has had ample time to do the same; but has he done it? No. What has he told the English people of our enormous resources—our gigantic energy—our terrible resolution? What has he said about our progressive agriculture—our increasing manufacturing strength? Where has he described our progress in shipbuilding, and in railways, and in telegraphs? What has he told the English people of our educational systems, our common schools and our colleges? What essays have been written analyzing our social and political life? Pray, in what respect has he followed the noble example of De Tocqueville in giving Europe a philosophical treatise on republican institutions?

Gentlemen, I have finished. "In sitting down let me say that had I been in Washington, I would have allowed him to have followed the army in order to show how little we cared for his continued slanders. But I think I have said enough to make you admit that President Lincoln was quite justified in not entirely consulting William Howard Russell as to the policy of the more or less United States of America. [Loud cheers.]

Pulpit and Play-House.
When James Sheridan Knowles, the best of modern play-wrights—and a bad actor—became a Baptist brand, there was great rejoicing over a theatrical brand plucked from inevitable burning. In the sketches from an old playgoer's portfolio, contributed by "Chat" to the Boston Herald, that clever writer, who heard Knowles' first sermon in London, says:

The idea that one of those sons of Babel—one of those pretts of perdition, a play actor, should be gathered into the folds, was triumphed forth as a special act of saving grace! Heaven forgive me!—but I have a shrewd suspicion that when the last Great Account is made up, there will be to the full as many players as persons on the right side of the Book. I believe that as good sermons are often preached on the stage as in the pulpit, and that as wise texts may be selected from Shakespeare as from Solomon. Possibly I may be deemed past praying for by certain round, fat, oily men who wear white chokers and talk through their noses, but I cannot help that, and in truth I do not at all care. Let me add that many of the sacred similes which are most earnest in their denunciations of the stage, have been taught what little of oratory they were capable of comprehending by stage actors in private lessons. If I wanted to portray the character of a consummate hypocrite, I would seek my model, not on the stage, but in certain pulpits that I wot of.

DEATH IN BATTLE.—In Richter's "Salina," the hero thus speaks of the idea of death in the presence of battle. He is fighting in behalf of the Greeks, and it is with the army at the siege of Napoli di Romania:

Believe me, nowhere does one think more rarely of death than in camp among the dying. Man is here a flame, not ashes. We see the flag waving above the course of battle, but look not at the graves which it runs through, or at those who prepare the graves; and the throbs of dying, even a single throbs, appears only as one more, the last motion against the enemy. No stilled anguish as of a close chamber oppresses the feelings, but strength or the cause uplifts them. In the midst of the kingdom of ideas and deeds, which nowhere stand so near each other as in battle, the outer life is easily given up, and if a single child of Greece or a trembling old man stands to ask for your saving hand, you are willing to go forth like a lion against the barbarian horde, and the flash of powder seems to be the silver flash of life.

When the bill providing for the protection of the American eagle came up in the House of Representatives of Minnesota, on the third reading, Mr. Severance, the author of the bill, arose in his defense and addressed the House as follows:—"Mr. Speaker, I have only to say that any man who will in any way injure or take the life of our national bird, is mean enough to carry rotten sardines in the same pocket with rusty fine-cut tobacco, and pass the same around on the account of the communion table; or he would empty the canteen of a rebel prisoner and sit on it, and whistle a Confederate air through the key-hole of Washington's tomb."

Crinoline, Sidewalks, Dogs.
An old bachelor of St. Louis sends the following grievous bill of complaints to the "loaf" of the Missouri Republican:

MOST WORTHY LOCAL.—Permit me to invoke your most potent aid in remedying two grievous wrongs that are perpetrated upon your humble petitioner and a confiding public generally. The subjects of my complaint are dogs and sidewalks. First I will proceed to lay before you the complaints I will make against the latter. The dogs will afterwards speak for themselves.

In good old early days, when sidewalks were unknown, man and beast took the same paved pathway; it is true man did not then, as now, experience the delights of being jostled by clouds of crinoline and sometimes lost to view in their floating folds; nor did fair creatures then in now wear trails to sweep the way before him; nor did man then as now, when thoughtlessly stepping on the hem of fair women's trailing garments, receive a scolding look—that is even more beautiful in its anger—and hear the ejaculation, "you ugly thing," from fair lips, whose words of scorn, even, are music on the ear. Man then experienced none of these delights of modern pedestrianism, and that was sure he trod upon a firm foundation, and that no man-trap lay in his pathway. But now the sidewalks of this great city are full of man-traps; there is a man-trap to almost every twenty feet of sidewalk, in the shape of a sort of circular iron grating that communicates with a mysterious chamber beneath, denominated coal holes. These places are not only dangerous when open, but often more dangerous when closed and not secured. Your humble petitioner has been a victim. I not long since placed my confiding foot on one of those closed gratings, when it gave way and I descended—but fortunately the aperture was not large enough to admit my whole person, and I rested my case on the sidewalk. I was not angry; oh no! I thanked the kind gentleman who helped me up again into the world, blandly smiling in agony upon the proprietor, who said he had "sent his man to fasten the thing," brushed the dirt from my clothing, and hobbled on a bruised limb for many days, with only feelings of gratitude to the man who made the trap that he did not make it large enough to admit the exit of my person from this world of sorrow in that unguarded manner. Some crusty property-holder may reply to me, that if I do not like the walks, I am at liberty to take the street. But I will assure him that I am in no further danger. It is for a harboring and forgiving public that I now speak. I am wary now—highway—and I could no more fall again into one of those traps than I could have the small-pox twice, or be hung more than once for offending the supporters of the man trap system. Dear Mister Local, you will give this matter the attention of your pen?

My second complaint, as I have before said, is of dogs. Oft in the midnight dark, Ere slumber's chains hath bound me, I hear the cursed bark.

Of those who help howling round my ears, I live, Mr. Local, at one of our great hotels and back in the sunshine of false blessedness, and endeavor to enjoy that peace and tranquility which is only known to a clear conscience, untroubled by "Mrs. Cauley lectures." But alas for my peace, there are two dogs in an alley near by, that bark slumber from my eyelids. One of the canine voices is deep bass, the other baritone, and they blend into one ceaseless bark. There is a third dog that occasionally joins his voice with theirs; but as I am not quite sure that he is not resorting to them, I will ask a suspension of public interest in his case until it can be investigated.

I freely make the confession, Mr. Local, that I am a bachelor who sometimes chuckles in his sleep at his freedom when he sees among his married friends the silken tie of matrimony get into a snarl. But common honesty (so general among bachelors) compels me to confess I am seriously led to doubt whether any Benedict with a very new specimen of his progeny in close proximity to his apartment, is kept more awake during the night than I am by these canine lectures.

Now, dear Mr. Local, cannot you do something for me in my tribulation? Can you, in your wisdom, suggest a remedy? HAZLE.

Anecdote of a Strange Character.
An anecdote relative of Dom Maclachlan, the Counselor of the Portuguese Embassy, who died in Paris a year ago, has just appeared in print: That gentleman was a great ornithologist, and had formed an extensive aviary, comprising the rarest species of birds, which had been his special study for years. Desirous of ascertaining the age attained by several of the species, reported to live much longer than man, Dom Maclachlan had their ages duly registered, and made careful arrangements for their being transmitted from hand to hand, until the end of their lives. A blue and black bird bequeathed by him to Mr. Geoffrey St. Hilaire, is already very old; as is many other of the collection. The deceased ornithologist having a whimsical wish that his funeral, whenever it should occur, might be attended by a host of feathered mourners, had regularly, through the last seven years of his life, at three o'clock in the afternoon, placed plates of meat, cut up fine, on the balcony of his residence, on the Quai Voltaire, sprinkling at the same time a quantity of bread crumbs on the floor of the apartment. The jackdaws and sparrows, so numerous in that part of the town, came, punctual as the clock of the neighboring French Academy, to regale themselves at that hour. In order to ensure the attendance of his winged pensioners at his funeral, the eccentric Portuguese had only to give directions in his will that it should take place at three o'clock precisely. This he did, and on the day of the funeral, the jackdaws and sparrows came for their dinner at the usual hour. Not finding their accustomed meal, they were led in their lamentations, to the intense amazement of the friends of the defunct, assembled at his obsequies. Let us hope that the ghost of the grim laborer was able to be present on the occasion, and to enjoy the success of the scene so patiently prepared beforehand for the justification of his survivors.

What is a Battle?
A battle after all is only a pummeling match on a large scale; the side which can best stand being beaten has the best chance of beating.

That men are not afraid while the battle is raging around them, and comrades falling fast on all sides, is very true; but that is not because they are too brave not to know what fear means, which is only an absurd way of saying that they are too irrational to know what their danger is; but because a passive emotion of fear is incompatible with the active exertion required of head, legs, and arms. The commander-in-chief has to think and the full private to act during the action, and both thinking and acting are states which put an end, for the time present, to the sympathetic emotions. The surgeon amputating a patient's limb, is conscious of nothing but the operation itself—[The nurse to give way for an instant he would be unnerred and unmurdered. During the trying moment he is a being of pure intellect, devoid of feeling or emotion of any kind. And unless he could put his understanding under an exhausted receiver, and work for the time in *vacuo*, he might give up surgery, and had better adopt the study of some of the fine arts instead.]

We would say that the general who is most brave will win the day, but that fears lead; nor is the distinction a mere trifling about words. The normal state of two armies marching to battle is the state of fear; the general trembling for his reputation, the drummer boy for the loss that he left behind, and the lips he kissed so fondly when drawn for a conscript a few days before—To all that mighty host there is the awful alternative, death or victory; it may not be a passage of Westminster Abbey to all, but the prize is in proportion to the stake. The commander-in-chief stakes his all on the issue, and so does the drummer boy. The one cannot hazard more than life and honor, and the other cannot hazard less. In such a lottery as this the boldest may hold his breath, as the ball whizzes in the roulette of battle and fortune hangs in suspense between the combatants.

This is why many excellent and able men have been unable to qualify themselves for the profession of a surgeon. They were unable to master their passive emotions in the operating room, their nerves were too finely strung, and consequently their intellect never had fair play; they could never rise to the perception of the beauty of an operation, and forget the suffering of the patient. A surgeon is not heartless, as some suppose, because he forgets the one class of emotions and can even induce a new train of emotions. If the patient were a dear relative he would not attempt the operation. A look might unnerve him and the more the feelings are compressed the greater their gust when once the self-command is lost, and like waters breaking through a dam, they sweep all before them.

To apply these remarks to a field of battle—Men there screw their courage to the sticking point. They talk nonsense about not knowing what fear means, but like Maebeth they can do all that does become a man—who dares do more is none. Sir Alexander Ball, than whom a braver man never walked the quarter-deck, confessed that when a boy he was put into the ship's launch on a cutting-out expedition; it felt the tears rise in his eyes, and he would have given words to choke down his emotions. But a kind word from an old boatswain soon set him all right again; and once the first natural gust of fear was gone over, he felt no more return of it, and got on in action as well as the oldest seaman. This is the real state of armies going into action; at first the strong sense of danger is uppermost in the mind, but as soon as this is conquered by the sense of duty, there is then no return of these qualms, unless as sometimes happens the army finds itself in a trap or a *cul de sac*, with cannon on all sides, and then the sensation of fear returns with overwhelming strength, in proportion as it has been kept under so long.

POVERTY AND DEBT.—Poverty is a bitter draught, but may, and sometimes with advantage, be gulped down. Through the drinker makes very few, there may, after all, be wholesome goodness in the cup. But debt, however courteously it is offered, is the cup of a wife's, and the wine, speed and delicious though it be, an eating poison. The man out of debt, though with a crack in his shoe-leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above him; but the debtor though clothed in the utmost bravery, who is but a serf upon a holiday—a slave, to be reclaimed at an instant by his owner, the creditor? My son, if poor, see wine in the running spring; it takes a thousandth part of the only way 'ere' and acknowledged a white-washed garnet the fittest housing place for a gentleman; at this, and the debt. So shall thy heart be at peace, and the sheriff be confounded.

A CORRESPONDENT from Harper's Ferry (June 11th) writes to a Philadelphia paper the following incident: According to the report of a doctor who came in to-day, General Jackson, preannouncing upon his recent success, manifests a disposition to be dictatorial to the Government at Richmond. In reply to a telegraphic proposal from Benjamin, concerning some proposed movements of Jackson's army, he later said:

"Send me more troops and fewer orders." The doctor does not say how the wily Secretary received the intimation.

"Nisi" said one negro to another, "is you married man?" No, sir; but I wish I was. "Why so, Clem?" "Because a man dat marries now-a-days, marries a great deal more dan he bargained for. He sot 'only wench himself to de woman, but to a laborin' up prepared' chalk, a' quantal ob whaledness, eight cofee bags (for skirts) one poodle dog, an' a set ob wags neckers, which will keep de servant girls busy 'round de house de whole blessed time. Wheder de fun pays for de powder, is a matter ob debate."

The British Admiralty has granted to the Atlantic Telegraph Company the service of ships necessary for extending the survey of the route along which the cable is to be submerged. Negotiations were in progress the result of which will undoubtedly lead to raising the capital necessary to complete the enterprise.

At sixteen, a woman prefers the best dancer in the room; at two and twenty, the best talker; at thirty, the richest man.

The Powder River Mines.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we are enabled to announce that the richness of the mines throughout the entire Powder river region, is placed beyond peradventure by recent reports which have come to us through the most reliable sources. They are found to be not only rich, but what is better, they give abundant promise of permanence. In this essential particular, the Powder river mines are perhaps superior to those of Salmon river or Oro Fino, it being the general opinion among miners that the mines in the neighborhood of Florence, although very rich, will be exhausted in a few years. Then again the Powder river mines are far more favorably situated for working permanently than those of the other localities mentioned. They are much nearer and far more convenient of access, and the climate being less severe than in those points higher up in the mountains, these mines may be worked to advantage when the other localities are frozen up and covered by an immense depth of snow. While mining operations are in all of them more or less embarrassed in consequence of scarcity of water during the dry season, this difficulty may be easily remedied in the Powder river mines, from the fact that the face of the country is not so level as to prevent successful ditching, and there are numerous streams contiguous to these mines which may be made to pour their waters through the various mining camps, thus affording all an abundant and never failing supply. It is an easy work to build ditches in a country situated favorably for them, if the mines justify the trouble. The question of paying mines having been settled to the satisfaction of those interested by a thorough system of prospecting, several large ditches have already been surveyed out and commenced. When these are finished, and a good supply of water brought in, we have reason to believe that the Powder river mines will furnish as rich a yield of the shining ore as any of the mines of the northern country.

A gentleman of this city who spent several weeks in those mines, and took some pains to gain information respecting their richness and extent, with a view to business operations, gives us a most flattering report of his investigations. He says the district of mining country in which Auburn is situated, is at least eleven miles long and eight miles wide, and is almost one continuous mining camp, affording mines for the employment of several thousand men. Within this area the following named camps are situated, all of which are known to yield well: Auburn, Griffin's Gulch, Elk Creek, Wilson's Creek, Rich Flat, Freeze-out Gulch, Blue Canyon, Willow Creek, French Gulch, Forty-nine Gulch, Jackass Gulch, California Gulch, Five-bit Gulch, Deer Creek, Bear Creek, and Union Flat. On the head-waters of John Day's river there are three mining camps already established, consisting of Granite Creek, Otter Bar, and South Fork. There are supposed to be about a thousand men employed in these last named camps, and they are paying reasonably well. Now diggings have been discovered on Middle Powder river, twenty-one miles east of Auburn. Twenty-one companies are at work on this stream, with what success we have not learned. On Pine Creek, about fifteen miles from Auburn, good prospects have been obtained. On French Gulch recently, fifty dollars was taken out of forty buckets of dirt. While we have heard of several rich strikes in these mines and some large lumps, it is evident the gold is here more generally distributed than in the other mines, and the yield being much more uniform can be calculated upon with greater certainty.

THE ELECTION IN SHOSHONE COUNTY.—The Union ticket was elected in Shoshone county, by upwards of one hundred majority. The following are the officers elected:

Representatives—S. S. Slater, A. B. Andrews, James Orr. County Commissioners—S. F. Leonard, S. Jewett, D. M. Fraser. County Clerk—P. S. Black. County Treasurer—W. A. Adee. Probate Judge—Wm. James. Coroner—G. R. Sheldon. Assessor—Stanford Capps. Henry Martin received 270 votes and J. P. Parker 161 votes for District Attorney.

THE ELECTION IN THE UPPER COUNTIES.—We have no definite returns from Nez Perce and Idaho counties. Report says the Union Democratic tickets are elected in both these counties by large majorities. Sanford Owens is elected sheriff of Nez Perce, and J. J. Standford sheriff of Idaho county. Capt. R. Bledsoe is elected Joint Councilman for Nez Perce and Idaho counties. No returns from Spokane and Missoula.

MILITARY.—Four companies of the Oregon Cavalry will leave the post to-day or to-morrow—three of them to meet the incoming emigration, and the other for Lewiston.

GREEN CORN.—Green corn has been abundant in our market during the past week. A number of fine fields of corn in this vicinity will compare favorably with the crops produced in the middle and western States.

DOWNED.—One of the deck hands employed on the steamer Okanagan, fell overboard a short distance above Wallula, on Tuesday last, and was drowned.

COURT.—The district court of Spokane county will meet at Plinkney City on Monday next. Judge Oliphant left for that place some two weeks since.

The Itinerating Showman's Mouthpiece.

True to its promise, the Oregonian has given us another edition of the "principal facts" connected with the Beatty-Garrison vicious descent upon our city a few weeks since; and in this attempt that paper has kept just about as near the truth as it did in giving currency to Beatty's infamously lying report. It says we intimated that the Oregonian should copy our article in justice to the people of Walla Walla county. We intimated no such thing, inferentially or otherwise, as the article will show for itself to all who will take the trouble to read it; nor could we have reasonably expected, from the apparent eagerness exhibited by that paper in giving credit to Beatty's story, that it would copy our denial of the allegations therein made if requested to do so, and thus evince a disposition of fairness towards our city in a laudable effort to preserve a good name against the malignant aspersions of an unscrupulous liar. We believed that the good sense and judgment of a discriminating public—and we ought to say as much for the editor himself—would place at least as much confidence in our statements touching this affair, as in those of an itinerating showman; but notwithstanding the fact that the Oregonian disavows its endorsement of Beatty's "statement," and wishes it "distinctly understood that it favors neither side," at the same time it tells its own words, and in truth would have its readers believe that very statement, and would have the officials of Walla Walla county in particular "receive the unqualified condemnation of every honest patriot and law and order loving citizen of the country." We can attach no other meaning to the article as it is. It is true that paper says "if" such a state of facts exist, Beatty has been wronged and the people should be condemned; "if" another state of facts exist, why then it is clear that Beatty is a scoundrel. It cowardly sneaks behind a very small word in its attempt to be "everywhere in general and nowhere in particular," and instead of coming out frankly owning that it has been grossly imposed upon, it interposes this very convenient but equivocating provision "if," in order to detach itself from the responsibility naturally attending the publication of foul aspersions upon private character.

The main reason assigned by the Oregonian for "believing the statement," is the alleged fact that Beatty "represented Walla Walla county in the last legislature of Washington Territory." The editor probably made this blundering statement through ignorance. It is not at all likely that he intended to tell an untruth; but Beatty told him that he represented Walla Walla county in the legislature, and he supposed it was so. It is a pity the editor could not have had this among the allegations which make up Beatty's "statement," as it would have enabled him to sneak out of the responsibility of his publication. For the Oregonian's special edification, we will state that the "talented tragedian" never represented the people of Walla Walla county in the legislature; and further, that the only indication of confidence he ever received at the hands of those people was a prompt and emphatic refusal to place him even on a committee of resolutions. Whatever indiscretions the people of Walla Walla county may have committed, they have never descended so inconceivably low in the scale of manhood as to lend their suffrages to place such a creature as Beatty in a responsible and honorable position. And we want the Oregonian to take this statement back, as a refusal to do so would be manifestly unjust to the people of Walla Walla county. We don't want its readers to be misled by such a ridiculous statement, and besides it would cast a stain of eternal infamy upon the county.

The Oregonian publishes as additional corroboration of the "statement," a certificate of discharge given to Beatty by Justice Horton. In words it is an "honorable discharge," but the facts are that the Justice had no means of arriving at this conclusion from evidence adduced upon an examination—for there was no examination; nor could he possibly have done so from "information obtained" outside of the record, so that the certificate is without authority and void. The truth is that the "honorable" part of this discharge was wrunged from the Justice by the menacing attitude of the soldiers under the lead of the man to whom it was given—the justice himself apprehensive of positive violence. And Beatty owes his own deliverance from a felon's cell to the part of the complainant of personal violence to himself.

We might easily obtain, and in fact have tendered the use of any number of responsible names certifying the truth of our charges against this man for whom the Oregonian has become so willing a mouthpiece; but we will not gratify it by parading certificates or names in our columns, satisfied that an "intelligent public" will discriminate fairly between the people of Walla Walla and the man whose infamous deeds and disgraceful conduct have subjected him to their most sovereign contempt.

ANOTHER STEAMER.—The Oregon Steam Navigation Company are building a new steamer at the Deschutes. It is to be much larger than either of their old boats.

SMALL POX AT LEWISTON.—We are informed there has recently been a case or two of small pox at Lewiston.

QUALIFIED.—The various county officers elected for this county have qualified and entered upon the duties of their respective offices.

NEW PAPER.—A new paper, to be called the Albany Inquirer, is soon to be established at Albany, Oregon.

THANKS.—To Mr. Charles Russell, E. Kelly, Wells, Fargo & Co., and Morrison & Co., for newspaper favors.

Letter from Lieut. Mullan.

MILITARY ROAD EXHIBITION, Camp on Coast of Astoria River, July 15th, 1862. E. B. WHITMAN, Esq.—Dear Sir: An express has just reached my camp from Fort Benton, bringing dates as late as July 10th, to the effect that the entire emigration had left Fort Benton and had taken the military road across the mountains for their respective destinations. Fifty had already reached the Deer Lodge gold mines, where, being well pleased with the gold prospects found, had determined to remain; and from the excellent accounts that I hear from these mines by the present express, the probabilities are that many of the emigrants will make their permanent settlements on the mountains. I had dispatched two of my men as far back as the Deer Lodge valley, with an express to the emigration to say that I would await them at the Camp d'Alene Mission, my main camp, on the first of August, and would be glad to extend them any service and aid within the limits of my means. My work being completed by that date, we shall move towards Walla Walla.

do not apprehend any special trouble on the line, though we never know when to expect difficulties in an Indian country; but I have notified Capt. Marsh that it would be well to send our main command until our arrival, so as to ensure protection and security to the emigration in case of Indian disturbances. The steamer Emma left Fort Benton on the 6th of July for the mouth of the Yellowstone, to there meet the Isabel from St. Louis with freight and passengers, and would return some time in August to Fort Benton, where this boat would find its regular route to St. Louis. One of your enterprising citizens, Mr. W. J. Terry, went down on this steamer to St. Joseph, Missouri, from which point he would take the Oregonian stage for Salt Lake to there purchase a cargo of flour for the Deer Lodge mines. The probabilities seem to be that the entire troops, together with the amount of flour shipped from Salt Lake, will be ready to start on the demand for the mines during the next year.

My correspondent from Fort Benton writes me that that point during this season reminded him of the early days of the Oregonian stage, in that the route for the interior of Washington Territory to develop up the resources of the Pacific of the mountains.

The supplying these mines from the Pacific slope is a matter of the greatest importance to the officials of Walla Walla county. It is true that some attention, in order that St. Louis may not alone be the supply depot. I have always been a supporter of the route to Salt Lake, and this route should be opened by the most direct line from the Missouri to the Columbia, the eastern valleys of Washington Territory would necessarily have two markets from which to select their supplies. And as the route to Salt Lake is, in fact, a branch road to the Columbia, the eastern valleys of Washington Territory would necessarily have two markets from which to select their supplies. And as the route to Salt Lake is, in fact, a branch road to the Columbia, the eastern valleys of Washington Territory would necessarily have two markets from which to select their supplies.

The election last Monday passed off quietly, and without any exciting details to know, as to the result, though it is the general impression that the Union Democratic ticket is elected. More soon.

Letter from Powder River.

AUBURN, Oregon, July 20, 1862. EDS. STATESMAN.—The Powder river mines have at last become a fixed fact—a place where miners dig gold. The prospects, in fact, are all against the country last spring, are now reversed, and the future is flattering enough. I do not intend to paint a fancy sketch, nor to touch the reality with so bright a tinge as the reports of the Oregonian, but to state as well enough alone, may become at all dazzled. For miners who understand the business, and who have not claims elsewhere, Powder river is the place to go to. The reports of the Oregonian, however, are not to be taken as a guarantee of success, but as a warning to mining men in many of the gulches—the scarcity of water, and unless the ditches now being constructed are completed soon, mining operations in the gulches will be suspended. This difficulty will soon be remedied, for the gulches are rich enough to justify companies to construct ditches, and I never saw a mining country anywhere enjoying better prospects than this. There are two gulches now being brought in from Elk Creek, which will afford water for about one half of the claims in this immediate vicinity, and there is an effort to bring in water from the Powder river. This will probably not be done this summer, and it is possible that we will have an intermission on some of the gulches for a couple of years.

We have reports of new discoveries every day, and usually they are corroborated. The main excitement now is in the direction of John Day's gulch, where good diggings have been discovered. Elk Creek and three other tributaries of John Day's river. Parties returning have no better than that the prospects there are no better than those obtained here, but that water is plenty, and the facilities for working are at a great better.

Prospecting parties have lately gone up Snake river and report fair prospects—how "fair" I do not know, but they are not only one of the reports of the country; though in truth the cry of "hubbub," when applied to any locality here seems about "played out."

There are now some twelve or fifteen wagons on the way from Salt Lake City to this place, loaded with flour. We will welcome them, for nothing like competition in the trading line will so greatly benefit the "honest miner." It is a pity that the Government should be so slow in its effort at least to keep out competition from Utah.

I am also told that the vanguard of the emigration has already arrived in the Powder river valley. The number on the road will equal that of 1852. As they must come by Powder river, we will most likely have a large population here this fall; for would not a fresh arrival from the mountains be an anomaly indeed? I am glad for them, indeed, that their arrival here will be so opportune.

Auburn is becoming a place of some importance. There are now fifty to three hundred inhabitants in this place, and it is fast filling up. The traders are doing well, and the only regret of a miner is that there are not more of them. We are here every Sunday. There are some three or four "D. D.'s" here, who conduct the exercises. During the week some of them engage in mining, and others in saving lumber with a view to, and plenty of ground to work. Let such as come here see that they have a supply of provisions for the winter, so that they can be here early next spring.

Yours, MISEB. FROM LEWISTON.—Our "private correspondent" writes us from Lewiston under date of July 20th, as follows: "Everything here is moving along in the usual way, i. e., the usual way for Lewiston—not just as we citizens would like to know whether the 'Col' element has done its best to drown us out, another comes to blow us out. Having once engaged in the 'big' myself, I am somewhat accustomed to being 'blown up'; but the thing being blown out or having my eyes blown full of sand every time I go out for an evening walk, I can't account myself too. Nor I am not at all surprised to find that the 'Col' element has done its best to drown us out, another comes to blow us out. Having once engaged in the 'big' myself, I am somewhat accustomed to being 'blown up'; but the thing being blown out or having my eyes blown full of sand every time I go out for an evening walk, I can't account myself too. 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